



Points East

THE SINO-JUDAIC INSTITUTE 中國猶太研究院 מכון סיני יהודי

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CHINESE POLICIES REGARDING RELIGION AND CHINESE JUDAISM

by Jordan Paper

Over the last couple of years, I have noticed editorials, letters and articles in this newsletter and Jewish publications with regard to assisting the descendants of the Chinese Jews return to Judaism. Sometimes these writings reflect a misunderstanding of the Chinese official attitude towards religion as well as of Chinese Judaism itself.

Chinese Government and Religion

Chinese government and religion have been intertwined as far back as they can be traced over the past several thousand years. Chinese governments began from elite clans gaining supremacy over others leading to dynastic kingdoms and then empires which continued into the 20th century. These ruling clans assumed a familial paternalistic-maternalistic relationship with the people they ruled, and their clan-oriented rituals became the primary state rituals. Over two thousand years ago, these rituals filtered down to the population as a whole, and religion centered on family became the normative religion of China. Save for the imperial clan-state rituals, this government attitude and this religion continues to today.

A second major relationship between state and religion begins with the collapse of the first successful Chinese empire eighteen hundred years ago. The imperial rule decayed leading to increasing social and economic chaos, and the populace lost faith in the established ideology. Consequently, a religio-political movement, perhaps stimulated by a vague awareness of the Buddhism then entering China, spread throughout China. The effort to put down this civil insurrection further weakened the government, and the generalissimo that put down the rebellion eventually named his son as the first emperor of a new dynastic regime. The remnants of the religious movement shorn of its political dimension became the seed for the Daoist religions.

Since that time, when dynastic regimes began to fail, they were often opposed by Buddhist inspired religio-political movements. As the last dynasty failed in the mid-19th century, a new movement arose, an indigenous mode of Christianity, the Taiping (which took its name from the text of the first such movement mentioned above). It would have replaced the failing government had not Western powers, wanting a weak Chinese government and taking umbrage at the idea of a Chinese Christian messiah – the founder understood to be via possession the

(continued on page 6)

SURVIVAL IN SHANGHAI A MEMOIR (WITH TWO POSTLUDES)

by Lotte Marcus

Part I. Vienna, Austria 1938

I was an 11 ½ year school girl when Hitler's soldiers in turreted tanks rolled into Vienna to such a welcoming, even triumphant, entry that some said the army had been invited by fellow Austrians. It was not surprising then, that within a short period of time, a series of anti-Semitic Rassengesetze (racial laws) were set in place to make Austria judenfrei (free of Jews). The end results of such actions would be one of many steps that led to one of the twentieth century's ugliest chapters in world history.

My family – my mother, father and I – were immediately affected. My father was fired from the Oesterreichischen Kreditanstalt as the bank was "aryanized". Businesses became expropriated by Aryan employees of former Jewish owners. And the formerly young Austrian unemployed, now in German uniforms, were encouraged to ransack, rob, and force Jews, whose only crime was to be there on the street, to hand over goods and cash. No Jewish person was safe. There were no defenders, only attackers. Intimidation was the name of the game; imprisonment and murder its method.

Considering the threat – to my parents; six adult siblings; and to 187,000 of Vienna's Jewry – the Jewish community reacted as best as they could. My father, like most others, went into action – he left no stone unturned to get out. He wrote letters to the United States. He looked for relatives in Israel (then Palestine). He applied for jobs in banks abroad. He did anything and everything to find an avenue of escape even though my family, like thousands of others, considered themselves natives, considered themselves as Austrians, as "included". My father had been a Lieutenant in World War I, had fought in the Austrian Army on the Russian front; his father before him had immigrated from the East, from Sudetendeutschland. But now we became full-time applicants. We became excluded. But to do so we had to become excluded "correctly".

In order to leave, all our private information had to be gathered. My father was marched from office to office. First, to secure our birth certificates, our proof of residence, our proof of taxes paid, our police record (or lack thereof), proof of affiliations with religious or political organizations, proof of money loans paid or unpaid, proof of land purchased or sold – all so that someone up there could finally say that, accord-

(continued on page 8)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Featured Article:

Chinese Policies 1
 Survival in Shanghai 1

From The Editor 2

To the Editor..... 3

Articles:

Kaifeng Jews Today 3
 WUPJ Looks to the East 4
 Study of Inter marriage 5
 Youtai: What is in a Name 16
 Naim Dangoor Fund 18
 Two Reports on Int'l Seminar 19
 Historic Jewish Haven 20
 Moise House: Building
 in Beijing 21
 Hot Economy Keeping Jews
 in India 21

Book Nook 17

SJI MEMBERSHIP

Country	Total
United States	200
China	21
Israel	13
Canada	10
England	7
Australia	4
Japan	2
France	1
Germany	2
Indonesia	1
South Africa	1
Switzerland	1
Taiwan	1
TOTAL:	264

FROM THE EDITOR

As you can tell from a glance at our cover page, we are kicking off the Chinese New Year and our 24th volume a revised Chinese name for SJI, the addition of a Hebrew name, and a wonderful new logo for the Sino-Judaic Institute. Our original name ended with “xue-yuan” which translates as institute but, perhaps reflecting the original intent of the founders, is used more often for “college” or “academy,” i.e., some sort of teaching institution. The new characters “yan-jiu-yuan” are used primarily for any kind of “research institute.”

Our logo combines the *ding* and the *magen Daveed*, two symbols well-identified with each of our core communities. According to Den Leventhal, the board member who came up with the original idea, “The *ding* has some vague religious undertones in that it was associated with the “official” Confucian court rituals of China’s imperial-bureaucratic governmental system - dating back to even before Confucius. It was used primarily for burning incense. Thus, one could say this design has a loose, even amorphous, association with traditional Chinese ancestor worship, with Confucian philosophy, with ancient dynastic governmental symbolism, and, later, with various Buddhist and Daoist temples that adopted this symbol of moral power. Today, even the CCP has these pots prominently placed about Zhong Nan Hai and other such formal authority sites. Thus, the *ding*, as a symbol, has been a *continuo* in Chinese culture from its most ancient times to the present.”

The *magen Daveed*, or shield of David, on the other hand, is an ancient global but relatively new Jewish symbol. Its use as a Jewish symbol dates primarily from the 17th century by European Jews. In the Muslim world, and in Kabbalist and alchemist circles, it had magical or mystical powers. (Perhaps that’s why it was also a medieval European symbol for beer-brewers.) In the 19th century, however, it was adopted by European Jews as the symbol *par excellence* to distinguish their institutions and objects in the same way that the cross or crucifix represent Christianity. Its universal acceptance spread with its adoption by the Zionist movement and, ironically and sadly, by the Nazis, and lastly by the State of Israel.

(continued on page 3)

Points East

Anson Laytner, Publisher

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Ideally, we would have chosen to use the seven-branched *menorah* as the quintessential Jewish symbol—its use goes back to the ancient Temples, it is seen on the Arch of Titus, and today it is the symbol of Israel—but aesthetically it didn't work with the *ding*.

Our thanks to graphic artist, Clarie Yam, for devoting much more time than she was paid on this project. You can see her work at www.clarieyam.com.

Anson Laytner

TO THE EDITOR

I read an online article that stated that recent DNA testing of the ancestors of the Kaifeng Jews shows they are "distant relatives of Armenian, Iranian and Iraqi Jews." Unfortunately, it did not give a source. I have looked all over the internet and in my books on the Jews and nothing else mentions this. Do you or someone else in your organization know of where I might be able to find this info. I am currently working on a time sensitive project and I would very much like to address this material. I hope you can help. I look forward to hearing from you. Thanks.

Jim R. McClanahan,
dagan75@hotmail.com

Do you know where I can locate information about the family background of Michael Kadoorie of Hong Kong? I have the list, of course, of his famous parent and grandparent: what I am looking for are the family connections, perhaps through the maternal line, throughout Southeast Asia. All the obvious material glosses over anything but the list of famous men and the ties to Bombay and London. Any help you may give, or sources I might access, will be greatly appreciated.

Ruth Cernea, rcernea@verizon.net

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Points East.**

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Kaifeng Jews Today

[IWCHINATOUR.com is a local travel website invested and established by China Travel Service Co., Ltd (CTS). It offers professional and international class services to its clients thanks to the high technologies incorporated in the platform infrastructure and integrated tourism resources in Beijing.

IWCHINATOUR.com is also run by CTS. This material comes from its website. A]

Due to the poor conditions for research on religions (as a result of the political atmosphere), research on the Kaifeng Jews and Judaism in China came to a standstill until the beginning of the 1980s, when political and economic reforms were implemented. The establishment of diplomatic relations between China and Israel in 1992 accelerated the research work in this field on both nations. Research on the Jews in China gained new attention around the world through the reappraisal of the experiences of around 25,000 Jewish refugees in Shanghai during the Nazi period.

In recent years, research into the history and culture of the Kaifeng Jews has been conducted not only in China, but in other countries as well. Increasing academic interest in related subjects will continue in the foreseeable future.

It has been stated that in appearance, the Kaifeng Jews were indistinguishable from their non-Jewish neighbors.

The current situation of Kaifeng Jewish Descendants is complex. Within the framework of contemporary rabbinical Judaism, only matrilineal transmission of Jewishness is recognized (a Jew is a convert or someone whose mother is a Jew), while Chinese Jews recognized only patrilineal descent. They are not, therefore, recognized as Jews by other communities and are consequently ineligible for automatic Israeli citizenship under the Law of Return. The Israeli embassy in Beijing will therefore presumably reject Chinese Jewish descendants requesting to make aliyah. Most descendants of Kaifeng's Jewish community are vaguely aware of their ancestry, but having no direct sources of information, the vast majority is unaware of what that actually means.

While the official attitude toward the descendants of Kaifeng's Jewish commu-

nity is comfortable, their treatment by their fellow-citizens is not always so. Kaifeng is home to a dynamic Muslim community, which is very cohesive, having survived 50 years of isolation and officially-sanctioned hostility (largely, presumably, because of the relationship between the Hui, Uyghur, and Kazakh ethnicities and the Chinese government). In that period, Kaifeng Jewish descendants were protected and helped by Muslims, to the point that they became largely indistinguishable from the Muslim community. That changed with the opening up of China, when Kaifeng's Muslims reestablished links with Muslims elsewhere. The community received assistance from Muslim nations, and adopted much of the prevailing anti-Israeli, anti-Jewish attitude. The Kaifeng mosque propagates "Conquered Jerusalem" anti-Israeli propaganda, and local Muslim population has developed an increasingly hostile attitude toward Jews. Since few outside Jews ever visit Kaifeng, this hostility is channeled toward the descendants of the Kaifeng Jewish community. There are rumors of pogroms, information about which is reportedly censored by the Chinese government. Because of this situation, many descendants of the Kaifeng Jewish community prefer to pass as ethnic Han.

The last census revealed about 400 official Jews in Kaifeng, but that number may be suspect. It is difficult to estimate the number of Jews in any country, but in China it is nearly impossible. Numbers may change simply because of a change in official attitudes. For example, the number of ethnic Manchus during the last Manchu emperor was estimated at 2 million; after the fall of the Manchu Empire, Manchus—fearing persecution—virtually disappeared and only 500,000 were counted in the succeeding census. When official policies regarding minorities were changed, affording them protective rights, the number of ethnic Manchus jumped to 5 million. There are potentially hundreds of thousands in Kaifeng and its environs that may claim Jewish ethnicity. Thus far, most overseas Jewish communities have been indifferent toward the putative descendants of the Kaifeng Jews. Recently, however, a family of Kaifeng Jewish descendants has formally converted to Judaism and have become Israeli citizens. Whether or not more Kaifeng Jewish descendants will follow in this family's path remains a matter of speculation.

Kaifeng Jewish descendants are befriended by local Christians and protected by them. Christians are a growing power in China, and show interest and kindness toward Jews. Remains from the synagogue and the Jewish Street are collected and built into new Christian churches.

The World Union for Progressive Judaism Looks to the East

by Rabbi Joel Oseran

excerpted from World Union For Progressive Judaism, Issue #346 – 29 January 2009

Progressive Judaism in the Far East

One of the “new frontiers” for Progressive Judaism, and one of the most fascinating of challenges for us as a World Union, is Asia and the Far East, particularly China. After recently spending several months in the region, I want to share with you some of the recent developments there, and some ideas for the future.

Asia and the Far East are geographically part of the Union of Progressive Judaism (UPJ) region of the World Union, with its regional office located in Melbourne, Australia. The UPJ includes Australia, New Zealand, India, China (which includes Hong Kong) and Singapore. The UPJ is a dynamic and superbly organized region, with a long history of top lay and professional leaders who work in close cooperation with our Jerusalem headquarters. Our efforts to develop Progressive Judaism in the region reflect a true partnership.

The Jewish community in China and Singapore today consists primarily of expatriots from North America, Europe, Israel, Australia and a very few from South America and South Africa. Most work for leading international companies with professional interests in the region, while some are entrepreneurs engaged in personal and/or family businesses. While most expats are on a limited contract of between two and five years, some have found the Far East irresistible and have settled there permanently or semi-permanently. Most of the veteran leaders who helped to establish the Beijing, Hong Kong and Singapore congregations are long-term residents who have been in the region for decades. In total, there are

approximately 800 individuals affiliated with the three congregations, though numbers expand greatly around the High Holidays.

Our Current Progressive Communities

Kehilat Beijing traces its roots back to 1980 with the first Pesach *seder* organized by the Jews in the city. The community actually came together in 1995 and serves the religious needs of the variety of progressive Jews (Reform, Conservative, Reconstructionist, secular). It does not have a full-time rabbi, but arranges to have visiting rabbis for the High Holidays and special occasions.

Hong Kong’s United Jewish Congregation (UJC), was established in 1988 and it, too, became the one progressive Jewish home in the city for Reform, Conservative, Reconstructionist and secular Jews. The UJC formally affiliates with the World Union and regularly sends representatives to regional and international conventions of our Progressive movement. It has a full-time rabbi, Rabbi Stan Zamek, a cantorial soloist, and an educational director.

The United Hebrew Congregation in Singapore, also affiliated with the World Union, was officially established in 1995 and serves as the one progressive congregation for the Jews in the community. For the past 16 years, Rabbi Lenny Thal (formerly senior vice president of the Union for Reform Judaism) has served as the UHC’s rabbi for the High Holidays. Rabbi Thal, since retirement, will now make extended annual visits to Singapore in the fall and spring...

Emerging Progressive Communities: Bangkok and Shanghai

While the existing congregations in China and in Singapore have matured and stabilized over the past two decades, there are two “newcomers” to the area that figure into our World Union planning for 2009: Bangkok and Shanghai. Many expats living in those communities have asked us about Progressive Judaism and how they might go about establishing a congregation. And while the two cities are quite different in terms of their culture, social settings and demographics, they nevertheless both have significant expat populations and economic development potential – and they want to “make it happen.”...

[In the fall of 2008, I arranged to be in Bangkok for the High Holidays, to lead services and to put into motion our plans to establish a Progressive community there.]

My essential partner in that effort was Narissara March, who together with her husband, Michael, and their two children, has lived in Bangkok for several years. (Prior to Bangkok, the March family lived many years in Hong Kong and was an active member in the UJC.) Narissara worked tirelessly to find a suitable location for the services, to publicize them in local papers and on Internet sites, and to help spread the word far and wide. The UJC in Hong Kong generously contributed 40 High Holiday *machzorim* (High Holy Day prayerbooks) to help the community get started, and NFTY in Israel lent us a *Sefer Torah*.

It was a joyous occasion indeed to conduct the first ever High Holiday services in Bangkok under the banner of the World Union. Nearly 30 people attended; families, singles and some visitors to Bangkok who had heard there would be a Reform service in town. Interestingly, most of the “locals” had never met one another before, even though they had lived in Bangkok a long time.

At our community dinner after the first night’s Rosh Hashanah service (Thai cuisine trumped gefilte fish and chopped liver), we conducted an informal group meeting to discuss what we wanted to do in the future to build the community, and how to organize our efforts. It was clear that everyone wanted to keep the group going and establish a Progressive Jewish community in Bangkok. A few people volunteered to take on specific roles to help “make it happen,” such as building a Web site for communication and information purposes; others offered to help organize upcoming holiday celebrations. I am pleased to report that the group recently met to celebrate Hanukah, which included not only latkes but a fun-filled art project where the children each made personal Hanukah menorahs.

Our Future in Shanghai

The desire for establishing a Progressive

community is strong in Shanghai as well, but it will require a different strategy. Shanghai is clearly China's economic juggernaut, with a population of over 17 million, and is fast becoming the nation's indisputable commercial and banking center. Over the years, we have been in contact with a number of Jewish professionals and business executives to discuss when and how the World Union would help establish a Progressive community in the city.

While Rabbi Lenny Thal was serving the UHC in Singapore as visiting rabbi for the High Holidays, he joined Steve Denenberg, the UPJ's executive director, for several days in Shanghai, traveling there after Sukkot and before the UPJ annual conference which was scheduled to take place in Melbourne, Australia in early November. Rabbi Thal organized an intense few days of work, including Shabbat evening services, study sessions, planning meetings and even a musical concert by the well known Jewish singer, Robyn Helzner, whose visit to Shanghai coincided.

Dozens of people took part in the various events, convincing us that we are on the right track regarding the need to establish a Progressive community in Shanghai, yet we recognized several distinct challenges. The city is a sprawling metropolitan area of over 700 square kilometers, without a single Jewish "neighborhood" where we can focus our efforts. Moreover, as in many communities in Asia, expats are constantly in flux, resulting both in demanding travel schedules and actual relocations to other cities and countries. We will need to identify a core nucleus of community leaders who will partner with us to establish a long-term functioning congregation. Nevertheless, these are not unique challenges to Shanghai and we firmly believe that there is indeed a real commitment on the part of a number of Jews in the city to "make it happen."

Looking Ahead

Fortunately, despite the financial constraints confronting all congregations and organizations, we know that developing these new centers of Progressive Jewish life in the Far East is eminently doable!

The local communities are not without their own means, and recognize their responsibility to take on the lion's share of leadership and financial commitments to ensure successful growth. The World Union looks forward to welcoming many of their dynamic constituents into the ranks of its international leadership.

The role of the World Union will be to help coordinate and orchestrate the coming together of local human and material resources; to energize and assure Jews in the region that it is possible to create progressive Jewish communities to meet the needs of their families; and, as articulated in our Mission Statement, to "strengthen Jewish life in Israel and throughout the world by supporting and advancing a Progressive approach to Jewish tradition."

The pursuit of our Mission in Asia and the Far East will have important consequences for Progressive Judaism in the 21st century. While this part of the world is not home to a huge number of Jews, it will become ever more dominant in world economic, political and human affairs...

Many may wonder how the World Union can establish itself in a region where Chabad is already so strongly entrenched. While I was in Bangkok leading Progressive High Holiday services, Chabad was conducting services in three different locations in the city. In fact, according to Israel radio, Chabad in Bangkok organized the largest Rosh Hashanah holiday dinner in the world, with 4,000 (mostly Israeli back-packers) enjoying kosher food around the tables.

But we faced a similar situation many years ago with respect to the former Soviet Union, where Chabad was already well organized and spread out. Our belief now, as it was then, is that we have an obligation to offer religious choice to all members of our Jewish family, wherever they live. By sharing the blessings and values of a modern, egalitarian, pluralistic Judaism that so many of us enjoy, we practice and ensure our commitment to Jewish life and the future of the Jewish People.

Rabbi Oseran is Vice President, International Development, for the WUPJ.

Study of Inter-marriage Between Asian & Jewish Americans

www.BecholLashon.org / www.InEveryTongue.org is seeking participants for a study to be conducted in 2008-2009 by Helen Kim, PhD and Noah Leavitt. The research will be published in a book that will examine the racial, ethnic, and religious identities of Asian-Jewish couples and families.

While much attention has focused on interfaith marriages between American Jews and their non-Jewish spouses, we know very little about marriages of racially and ethnically diverse couples where there is at least one Jewish partner. Nothing has been written about Asian-Jewish families.

We are looking for a wide range of participants, including those who have children, and those who do not, those who are more religiously involved, and those who are less involved, and individuals from Chinese, Japanese, Korean, and other Asian backgrounds. We are also seeking participants who have converted to Judaism, and those who have not.

The research covers a wide range of subjects including childhood and adolescent experiences, family dynamics, religious and cultural practices, professional involvements, civic and community commitments. All information is completely confidential and anonymous.

To be part of the survey, go to:
http://www.surveymonkey.com/s.aspx?sm=aMTolisna69KQYrge5EFFw_3d_3dF
 or for more information call:
 415.386.2604

Please forward to anybody who may be interested in this study.

Chinese Policies

(continued from page 1)

younger brother of Jesus – joined forces with the Chinese army. This combined army, led by a British general, succeeded in putting down the rebellion but devastated central China.

Christian missionaries had been banned from China over a century earlier when the Pope issued an edict affecting the religious practices of Chinese converts that countered the viewpoint of the Chinese emperor. Incensed that a foreign power would dare to regulate an internal Chinese matter, the emperor kicked out all the missionaries. Christian missionaries only came back following the treaties forced on the Chinese after the two Opium Wars, the last giving missionaries and Chinese converts extraordinary powers over ordinary Chinese and local governments, leading to popular hatred of Christianity. Many Christian converts and missionaries were killed by the people in the late 19th century “Boxer Rebellion.” When China was again unified under a strong government after the Chinese Communist Party won the civil war, most Christian missionaries were again kicked out of China. The missionaries were perceived as the frontline troops of Western imperialism.

It is to be noted that rarely in the well-documented history of China has the government persecuted religion per se, but it has suppressed religious institutions that rivalled the government for power. For example, the government suppressed Buddhism several times, the last in the 9th century. Buddhist monasteries, which paid no land taxes, and monks and nuns who also paid no taxes, had become so vast and numerous that the tax burden on non-monastic land and ordinary persons became impossibly onerous. The government was in imminent danger of fiscal collapse. It then cracked down on the institutions, limiting the number and land-holdings of monasteries and the number of monks and nuns. It did not ban Buddhism and had no concern about the beliefs and practices of individual lay Buddhists; it was not persecution.

Today, the U.S. and other Western countries attempting to weaken rapidly advancing China have criticized China for persecuting religion, thus violating human rights. The few cases brought forward over and over again are deliberately

misleading in this regard.

Concerning the Roman Catholic Church, the Chinese government will not allow an institution within China controlled by a foreign power. Hence, they will not permit a church controlled by the Vatican. As for the underground fundamentalist Protestant churches, the government suspects institutions that refuse to register of sedition. This perception is reified given these churches are surreptitiously supported by American churches. There are Protestant, Orthodox and an independent Catholic churches registered with the government in China.

Chinese Muslim communities have an even longer history than Chinese Judaism. Chinese Muslims were well integrated into Chinese culture, and many became high officials and military leaders. The situation with Uighur Muslims, their country attached to China as part of the Manchu Empire, is quite different. They have always resisted being part of China and are now supported by foreign Islamacist movements. China understands this situation as one of a militant separatist movement and terrorism rather than a matter of religion.

The situation with Tibet again is not a matter of religion. Tibet has always been closely linked to China in various ways, especially with regard to the spoken language and culture, as evidenced by traditional clothing, architecture, eating utensils, etc. At one time the kingdom of Tibet conquered much of China. Contemporary maps of “Free Tibet” often reflect that conquest, showing borders enclosing most of China. More recently, Tibet had been controlled by monasteries whose abbots (lamas) vied for hegemony under the nominal authority of the last Chinese (Manchu) dynasty. Most of the population were serfs working the monastic estates.

England, fearing the expanding Russian empire would encompass Tibet, sought to attach it to the Indian part of its empire, creating in the Western mind the understanding that Tibetan culture was closely related to India rather than China. England named the abbot of the monastery in Lhasa, the Dalai Lama, the ruler of Tibet, although the Chinese government recognized the Panchen Lama as the superior lama. In 1950, with the reunification of China, China reasserted control over Tibet, and began the end of

involuntary serfdom. In 1956, the CIA fomented a revolt, which as expected failed but brought the Chinese army into Tibet, thus creating a military emergency in the west to balance the U.S. armed Taiwan in the east, then threatening to invade China. A second revolt led to the formation in India of a Tibetan government in exile supported by the U.S. which has since been used for anti-Chinese propaganda.

During the Cultural Revolution, Tibetan monasteries were severely trashed by Tibetan youths, as local youths everywhere in China were urged to destroy everything considered non-modern, including religious buildings and artefacts. Neither Tibet nor religion was selected out. Everything old was considered evil. The most recent Western complaint regarding religious freedom in Tibet is that monks who burned alive Han Chinese in Lhasa were arrested for murder. This is a very new interpretation of religious freedom and of Buddhist practices. The present Chinese government will not accept as the political ruler of an autonomous Chinese region a person chosen by assumed transmigration from a dead person to an infant nor allow the socio-economic structure to revert to serfdom.

The final major instance of claimed religious persecution is the Falun Gong, although in Chinese language writings, the movement does not claim to be a religion. The founder became a *qigong* master in China, *qigong* being a form of mental and physical exercise, self-control and projected power with a very long history. When he moved to the U.S., it was claimed in some Chinese texts that the founder was God; Chinese adherents were taught that he controlled their life and death; and according to their website, he received his teachings from outer-space aliens.

Once in the U.S., he suddenly had considerable funds and exceptional communication facilities. When the institution was able to surround a government building with 10,000 persons on very short notice and demand recognition by the Chinese government – implying acceptance of himself as the true ruler of China – the government considered the movement a serious danger and banned it. The most startling of these communication abilities was when the institution took temporary control of all Chinese television transmission, a feat that can only

be accomplished by the NSA. Since then the most bizarre stories of Chinese persecution of Falun Gong members, as well as of a vast number of adherents, has been the basis of assumed religious persecution in the West. To the contrary, it is understood by all those Chinese with whom I have discussed this matter, both in China and in Canada, that the institution is a creation of the CIA.

In summary, perceptions of religious persecution in China are not understood that way by the Chinese government and people. Rather, these cases are perceived as foreign powers seeking control over aspects of China if not the destruction of the government itself or as separatist movements. The government, save for the period preceding and during the Cultural Revolution, has had no concern regarding individual religious beliefs but is concerned about institutions, all of which have to be registered and not subject to foreign control.

Rather than persecute religion, Chinese governments have traditionally supported virtually all aspects of religion in China as a means of garnering their good will. For example, the synagogue in at least Kaifeng was built with government support. Chinese governments routinely gave titles to deities that became popular. This practice continues to today. When martial law ended in Taiwan and new religious movements became licit, the government encouraged a hitherto never institutionalized aspect of Chinese religion, mediums, to organize themselves into a registered institution. This enhanced the status of mediums, and it gave the government limited oversight of a major aspect of Chinese religion.

Chinese Judaism and Western Assistance

An often expressed concern is that the assumed Chinese persecution of religion would not allow assistance to those descendants of the Chinese Jews who wish to return to Judaism, or it would put them in danger. As delineated above, this is not a meaningful concern, unless that assistance is perceived as promoting a Judaism within China subject to foreign control. Thus, the Israeli government is quite correct in maintaining a hands-off position on this matter.

The political situation in Israel has provided the ultra-Orthodox precedence on matters of religion and led to the official

recognition of two Chief Rabbis, whose decisions can affect all Jews in Israel (and recently all Orthodox Jews in North America). Hitherto, Judaism never had the equivalent of the Pope. Hence, if a renewed Chinese Judaism is subject to decisions made in Israel rather than by the synagogue congregation itself that would be a serious concern.

More problematic is which Judaism will be promoted for these descendants. The Jewish basis of Chinese Judaism was what is now called Oriental or Mizrahi Judaism. It is the Judaism practiced in Persia which during the various Iranian empires included Baghdad and its environs. This form of Judaism is far older than the Ashkenazi and Sephardic traditions.

The Jewish merchants who travelled to the Chinese port cities and then along the inland waterways to Kaifeng in the 10th or 11th century probably left from Basra, and some may have later come from Yemen. They spoke and wrote Judeo-Persian. The most famous theologian when they left was Saadia Gaon. To this Mizrahi basis over the centuries they added rituals to respect their deceased and the Patriarchs that accorded with Jewish practices but also accorded with normative Chinese religion in having rituals directed towards the dead of the family and clan (the Patriarchs perhaps understood as the founders of the Jews as a macro-clan). Thus, they fully practiced Mizrahi Judaism and partially Chinese religion: they were indeed Chinese Jews.

This type of development is inherent to the spread of Judaism, a religion based on the oral and written Torah, as distinct from Israelite religion, which was temple-centered focusing on sacrificial rituals. As Judaism spread throughout the Hellenistic and Roman ports long before the "Diaspora," unlike later Christianity, it was not perceived to be a threat to the social order; that is, Judaism did not deny the normative family and state rituals. Judaism, as in China, was perceived by non-Jews to be compatible with their own way of life; thus, Judaism not only prospered but attracted many non-Jews to its rituals and teachings. Similarly in the present-day U.S., the vast majority of Jews are now perceived by the general populace to have values and lives similar to their own; consequently, many Jews can be found in prestigious positions.

To the contrary, after the Jesuits lost the century-long Rites Controversy – the Jesuits allowed Chinese converts to continue to take part in family and state rituals – Christianity was comparatively unsuccessful in China. From the mid-19th century, missionaries assumed that Chinese converts could not remain Chinese in culture or take part in family and state rituals; thus, converts were perceived as dangerous to the social order.

Those Jews who have studied Chinese Judaism in depth tend to understand it as one of the most successful modes of Judaism in Jewish history. It lasted for nearly a millennium, as long as Ashkenazi Judaism; the synagogue in Kaifeng, rebuilt several times, functioned as long as the oldest synagogues in Europe. From at least the 17th century, that synagogue was one of the largest in the world. Chinese Jews had become high government officials, and were respected by many of the upper class (based on education in China) for both their Chinese and Jewish learning. The latter was found appealing by many Chinese literati.

Yet Chinese Judaism is nowadays often posited, especially by those of Ashkenazi background, as being a failed Judaism – a failure due to assimilation and a lesson for Jews today of the dangers of assimilation. But Ashkenazi, as well as Sephardic, Judaism is no less assimilated. Chinese Jews came to speak Chinese and the mark of Ashkenazi Judaism is Yiddish, a German (Plattdeutsch) dialect. Ashkenazim came to wear the clothing and adopted the diet of Poland and the Ukraine, as the Chinese Jews wore Chinese garb and ate (kosher) Chinese cuisine. Genetically, the Ashkenazim are primarily European with some Turkic and Semitic elements, while the Chinese Jews are similarly Chinese and Semitic. It is difficult to understand the logic of this denigration of Chinese Judaism.

Chinese Judaism collapsed 150 years ago due to a combination of external factors, not to any inherent flaws in Chinese Judaism. First, in the 16th century, to counter piracy, the government pulled back communities from the coast and ended Chinese as well as foreign maritime trade (and the caravan route was no longer open). The major ports had synagogues, which allowed the Jews in inland Kaifeng to remain in contact with Persian Judaism. Ending maritime trade cut the Chinese Jews off from Judaism

elsewhere. Secondly, in the first half of the 19th century, the Yellow River ("China's Sorrow") massively flooded and destroyed the city, including the synagogue (the third time in eight centuries). Members of the Jewish community went to the newly opened port of Shanghai to seek help from European Jewish merchants to rebuild their synagogue and reconnect with Judaism, their last rabbi having died. Money was collected but subsequently diverted to help Jews in Russia suffering from pogroms. Finally, the above mentioned Taiping Movement and the resultant civil war left Kaifeng again destroyed with its population scattered. Thus, the Chinese synagogue community came to a functional end, although memory of the tradition continues among their descendants.

This is being brought up because the tendency for educating the descendants of the Chinese Jews who are interested in Judaism is to teach Ashkenazi culture as essential to being Jewish, to turn Chinese into north-eastern Europeans. Such an attitude is not only ethnocentric and imperialistic but would render the lives of those who return problematic. If the Judaism practiced and lifestyle lived was incompatible with Chinese culture, it would place those Chinese into an untenable situation. Chinese culture is homogeneous, albeit with regional differences, yet highly tolerant of differences so long as the behaviour of individuals and families accords with Chinese culture; religious ideology in itself is not a traditional concern.

For the first century or more of Judaism in China, it was a religion of foreigners, and foreigners are not expected to act as Chinese. In the port cities, for about twelve hundred years, foreign merchants, usually Arabs and Jews, lived in extraterritorial enclaves and were to regulate and police themselves. More recently, Europeans and Americans in Shanghai lived in similar enclaves with extraterritoriality. Those that wished to assimilate to Chinese culture were fully welcome to do so and thereafter perceived as Chinese and not foreign. Extraterritoriality is no longer an option in the present context and would be irrelevant to Chinese.

What then should be done? First, the descendants of the Chinese Jews could be introduced to their traditional mode of Judaism: Mizrahi. Second, an effort

could be made to translate the Jesuit recording and descriptions of 17th and 18th century Chinese Judaism and the Kaifeng synagogue, in spite of some misunderstandings which should be noted, into modern Chinese, so that their tradition is accessible. Third, one or more rabbis needs to be trained from among willing descendants, and the "ordination" should not be one that renders them subject to authorities external to China. For a return, if desired, needs to come from within not from the outside or it is not a return to Chinese Judaism but a conversion to a European Judaism. As most Christian missionaries looked down on the Chinese and despised Chinese culture, assuming that to become Christian meant to adopt the ethnos of the missionary, so teaching a northeastern European mode of Judaism to Chinese Jews is equally demeaning to their own Jewish past.

Chinese Minorities and Chinese Judaism

Minorities are officially recognized in China as a people who are not Han (ethnically Chinese) but are citizens of China. Minorities have their own language, traditional clothing, customs, religion and a locale, usually on the margins of China, in which they have been present for many centuries. The distinction is based on ethnicity not religion.

There is one anomaly, Chinese Muslims, who are known as Hui. Until, 1949, this term referred to those central Asian Muslims (other than the Uyghur) living in northwestern China, but afterwards the term became confused and those in central and southern China, distantly of Arab and other origins, were included. The latter were probably included among the Hui out of confusion during the rushed creation of the People's Republic of China. Most Hui are culturally Chinese save that they practice Islam, with its dietary practices, etc.

Minorities have a privileged position in China, often receiving free medical care and education, and are not subject to the one-child policy. Hence, various groups, such as some Chinese Christians, are trying to become recognized as a minority. Given the privileges and government expense for these, the list of 55 official minorities is not likely to be expanded.

It has been suggested that the descendants

of the Chinese Jews put themselves forward for minority status. The suggestion must be from those with short memories. Throughout the history of Jews living among Christians, Jews had, until Napoleon, special minority status, frequently including the requirement to wear distinctive clothing so they could be readily identified for persecution. When they did not in the mid-20th century, they had to sew a yellow star on their garments in Nazi controlled Europe. Is the suggestion really being made that Chinese Jews separate themselves from the general population?

For many centuries, the Chinese Jews did very well as Chinese. This is because China is the only civilization in which Jews suffered no discrimination or persecution; they were accepted as ethnically Chinese with some minor differences. Who can predict the future for those in the midst, not the fringes, of China who are officially and identifiably different? Moreover, if the Chinese Jews were convinced they must replace their Chinese ethnicity with a foreign ethnicity to be Jewish, they then would be perceived as foreigners, not a minority. Given that China in its long history has had occasional bouts of xenophobia, to be distinguished as a foreign community at some time in the future could be dangerous.

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Survival in Shanghai

(continued from page 1)

ing to the German government, you were legal to leave (not that you had been forced to leave) with a passport issued by the German Reich. "By order of..." on a document, stamped and signed by this or that head of an office, a Gauleiter, a soldier, a newly appointed official, was law.

My father learned to scope out which Beamter might speed up or slow down this process; who might make you wait longer or ask you to come back with one

more bit of information, because in the recesses of his new position –he, newly-installed in this position of pseudo-power, might secretly enjoy the spectacle of the Long Line before him. Often my father made me come with him, pushed me forward amidst desks and benches, so that “das suesse, kleine Maederl” (the sweet little girl) would soften the heart of the bureaucrat and we might beat it out of there faster than the applicant behind us, who had nothing to sweeten his application with. Nevertheless, we applicants were objects of indifferent mercy. Between us and the people behind the desk lay The Great Divide.

To secure the passport was only the beginning of the story. The larger question - where to go once you had your papers - was feverishly discussed, 24/7, in the privacy of our home with friends, relatives, neighbors, and it became more urgent when our original home was requisitioned by a young, blond, military officer who, profusely apologized to us as he was writing down each item he was appropriating from us. After all, he was merely “following orders”.

All foreign Consulates, all Embassies, in Vienna were inundated with applicants. They were no longer places that might help vacationers or businessmen to travel abroad, but places that were the source of magical power – to provide entry not to a country but to life itself. More Long Lines. They snaked for blocks. Some folks hired substitutes to wait in one consulate while they checked out another, or merely hired them to hold their place in line, as rumors flew. When would the English Consulate pass out new applications? Would the French? What about Australia? Or would we find a relative in Sweden whose name and address we would find at the Swedish Consulate? Or the American Consulate? What was the name of the Pole who fought with my father in World War I and whom he later met on his honeymoon in Italy (ein ganz fescher Kerl – a really smart fellow). Would the International Jewish Congress persist to increase the quotas for European countries? What about work permits in England, Holland, Italy—and would they take children? My father, like all the other applicants, carefully dressed for the occasion as if that was a prerequisite to finding a new life: the light green trench

coat with upturned collar, the dark green fedora hat, the briefcase, all of which my mother approved of: “They make you look smart.” It was important to make a good impression on the Herr Konsul in case you should even get in to see him.

So it was by sheer accident that my father, on the way to somewhere else, saw yet another Long Line in front of yet another Consulate, on 3 Beethoven Platz, Bezirk, with at least 45 persons waiting, when one of them recognized my father and hailed him: “Come on, get in line. This is the day. (Ja, heute geben sie doch. Visas nach Shanghai, kommen Sie doch, koennen Sie es gleich in Ihrem Pass-schrift haben.” (Yeah, today, they are giving out Visas to Shanghai. Come on, you’ll just have it stamped into your passport...) My father just fell into yet one more Long Line which, he would tell us over and over again to his surprise, was actually moving and really, “It didn’t take all that long”. He was pleased too, because just on that day he happened to have our German Reisepasse (passports) on him. “I had all the right documents. I just turned them in. The clerk disappeared and, after a while, my name was called and there they were, everything in order: three passports, signed and stamped.”

“Yes,” my mother said, “and you didn’t have to speak Chinese?” “The Clerk was German and spoke English.” “Did you get to speak to the Consul? – Did he speak English?” “I just moved from one desk to the next.” “And you didn’t even have to pay?” We stared down at Chinese characters we neither could read nor understand.

A few weeks later, after Krystallnacht, on November 9, 1938, and after a body bag brought the remains of my father’s brother, Alfred, from Dachau (the first labor camp we ever heard of), and after I had been told at my skating rink that I could not dance in the next ice show because of the new racial laws, my father actually bought our steamship tickets for the Conte Biancamano, one of the Italian steamship company’s luxury liners that took six weeks to go to Shanghai. My relief was enormous. I would no longer have to wait up in bed, scanning the window for my father’s returning shadow, or listen for his footsteps as he turned the key to open the large oak door into our flat, on the fourth floor of Schulerstrasse 20, as he had safely crested another day in the Long Line and avoided disaster.

Part II A: Shanghai, 1939-1942

“Look, “ my appalled mother said, as new impressions gave way to newer ones, “This is hard to believe: they are letting young boys pull these rickshaws? And there are no laws against that?”

“What kind of cooking oil are they using here, ja das hab’ich noch niemals gekannt, (I’ve never seen anything like it) on the street”, or “Is it some machine oil, das macht mich ganz krank, weisst du das schon? “ (That makes me really sick, do you know that?)

“Yesterday, I saw someone defecating right on the street. He saw me too and looked right through me—what cheek!”

When the over-sized moving van pulled up in front of our cobbled, narrow street, on Avenue Du Roi Albert in the French Concession of Shanghai, and brought our belongings on a storage van from Vienna, then by rail to Geneva, Italy, and by boat via the Suez Canal to Shanghai, she couldn’t believe her eyes. Had she really stowed away all that furniture herself? My father right away declared we’d have to get rid of everything: simplify. Life would be different from now on. Period. We’d live without any ballast. Kapisch? (You get it?) And my mother complied. His word was law. He had become our leader, our Moses.

Picture my mother, as she is stared down by Chinese furniture dealers, who themselves are barely eking out a living, bargaining with her, item by item. Her living room chandelier under which she had presided over family meals; the kitchen chair on which she had set laboriously squeezing tomatoes for fresh juice (“so full of vitamins!”), while she chatted happily away and I happily allowed her to minister to me – all parts & particles of her quickly receding past from which she withdrew without a single complaint – drew deep into herself – so deep that I would much later remember two Muttis – like two masks over the same face – one a youthful, laughing one (from before the war) and the other always close to tears that never fully emptied (from the time of arrival in Shanghai to long after the war).

They called Shanghai “the International City”. Would you call a city with one hundred thousand foreigners and four to six million Chinese “international?” I

doubt it was international from the point of view of the native water carriers, the laundrymen, the street corner cooks. I didn't know it then, but we came into a city divided into three distinct parts: the French Concession, the International Settlement and the Chinese Municipality of Greater Shanghai; though the Japanese were inching their way back, landing some council seats. Each municipality celebrated its own holidays; each had its own schools, its own tax collectors, courts, police and security guards – administered by the Shanghai Municipal Council. Shanghai was not governed by China. By 1940, the influx of Jews became so great – eighteen to twenty to thousand refugees had come within one year and a half – which the Council agreed to demand two hundred British pound per person as a landing tax from refugees to be able to debark in Shanghai. In other words, one and half years after our arrival, we could not have made it: we would have lacked the landing money! Ours had been good timing! Shanghai, the Open City, closed quickly once the waves of refugee arrivals kept coming. The fear was that the refugees would strain the city's resources. After all, our homegrown refugee committees had no official power, no status, so we once more were excluded! Like the city's Chinese poor, we were without political advocates – even as the Italian Shipping Company, Lloyd Triestino, continued to sell steamship tickets (and garner handsome profits) to bring more refugees to Shanghai. With the municipalities' powers' divided, nobody was in charge. Both the native Chinese and, we, the uninvited guests, had no voice. I don't think I could even conceive – nor was it discussed – how close to political anarchy we were!

Nothing like this was talked about at our increasingly sparse dinner table. My father and I became a team of workhorses. He applied to and was rejected as a clerk in foreign banks. He and a friend worked on a low welding patent, which he wanted to bring to Chinese shops to lower cost. He ended up a philatelist, a stamp dealer – his once youthful collector's avocation became his trade in a time of increasing inflation. He sold foreign stamps to Russian immigrants, to American businessmen, to wealthy Chinese. As for me, Girl Friday, from ages 12 to 14, I sorted, cleaned and pasted stamps into albums; I taught English to Chinese, to Japanese; I played Viennese

songs and Italian tangos in foreign bars, part of an accordion quartet; I became an English secretary to the nicest German import/exporter (who not once asked about our European presence in Shanghai.) For a while I was the only "white" face in a sea of Chinese salespeople in a department store that played Chinese love songs for its customers. The department store bosses used me for what I was – a bridge to the remaining British subjects in Shanghai. We were the only ones who still provided pre-war tea biscuits that came in large tin cans – but at the end of the day I scraped sugar bits from the bottom of the tin and brought home crystal sugar wrapped in paper. It made me glad to see my mother smile, as she'd say: "Na, was hast du heute nach Hause gebracht?" (So what did you bring home today?)

I thrived. Whereas the adult world had lost their set of traditional historic and cultural instructions, I learned that the rule in Shanghai's divided territories was that there was no rule and hence every man (or child) forged for him/herself! I apprenticed as an ardent survivalist. I cut "deals". If a policeman stopped me, it wasn't to enforce the law, it was a pretext to ask for "kumshaw" (a bribe) or when I traded a European woodcarving for cash, my parents smiled and no questions were asked. Or, later, when our Ward Road Hospital was lacking medications, I didn't hesitate to set out on my bicycle and ride from one individual pharmacy to another and secure what we needed. With pidgin Chinese, I wrangled "deals" and no merchant I ever dealt with saw my Caucasian face, my female gender, my youth, as a handicap. I closed a deal with a formal bow, wearing my girlish knee socks and scuffed shoes. For pocket money, I used my long black hair as capital. I sold it as it regrew two or three times before Pearl Harbor. It seemed Chinese made hairnets out of human hair not out of thread. While I showed the barber how much I wanted to have cut off my hair – against a price that depended on the weight of my excess hair – an apprentice trimmed and trimmed – while another quickly swept up my hair so I was never quite sure whether the weight was totally accurate. I sold it even as I was busy preventing that I wouldn't end up totally shorn and bald! I smuggled into the Japanese part of town, sneaking under barbed wire at spots where no guards were posted to buy up imported Japanese

tuna, which I sold to Jewish grocery stores in our part of town.

The lack of hygiene and the dramas that were played out on the street were my mother's nightmare. I walked past them, past the human villages of rickety sampans (boathouses), right across from the skyscraper western banks on the Whang Po River only half a block away, inhabited by families whose laundry, excrement, and cooking stoves on hot days gave a stench of oil, coal and smog. I walked past Chinese water/brick/wood carriers/laborers/slaves who balanced straw baskets on bamboo poles, who dance-walked their cargoes in an inexhaustibly fast rhythm to a singsong breath that never faltered. I saw beggars who scratched their ulcerative leg sores with newspaper pages with the left hand while holding out hands for alms with the right hand. I had never seen emaciated mothers nursing their babies on the street; or water carriers balancing hot water for sale in wooden pails slopping over and burning barefoot children; or ornamental rickshaws carrying elegant ladies weaving in and around fat pigs brought to market by farmers from the countryside; or hungry horses collapsing on the street; or a circus artist who had trained a snake to rise and rise to the accompaniment of his thin, high pitched voice singing an atonal melody. As the snake rose, his eyes stayed on the snake; he ignored the copper coins that fell from passersby into his tin cup, the singsong never stopped, the song never rewound.

Today, traveling to another country, I'm a sojourner, I'm curious. I'm untrammelled. But as child, as a guest, who has not been invited to sit at the table, you don't see and you don't ask to be seen. I (and many of my compatriots) totally missed the painted communal histories and legends presented on the street by all the anonymous beggar/poets. While my parents were shocked, I accepted all situations as given, poverty as the Great Stalker. I never inquired how these social situations had come to be or how they might be improved.

Even so, the human melee was not hostile. Once I was lost and disoriented trying to find my way to a store, a ways from where we lived, and an Indian Sikh policeman – white-turbaned, mustachioed, green uniform, leather belt for his pistol – gently guided me back in

his native Indian English, though he and I were culturally, ethnically, from different planets.

I didn't know it then but the Japanese were inching forward again, having just bombed Shanghai in a war they lost in 1937, two years prior. That drama, as well as the waxing and waning civil war between warlords that occupied the larger Chinese landmass, was not in my consciousness.

Fast forward: in 2004, my oncologist, Dr. Dwight Chen, an American-born Chinese, in Los Gatos, who successfully performs a hysterectomy on me for endometrial cancer a few days later, tells me that his parents had been in Shanghai while I was there. They were refugees from Nanking¹ but so powerful are the blinders we refugees had protectively developed that it wasn't until he pointed this out to me, sixty years later, that I recognized the parallel stories of his parents' escape from murder and ours. We were so placed in Shanghai, with survival on our minds, that we ignored the political and economic oppression that affected the thousands of Chinese, who were now flooding into the city. Much as we had done too. Where were they? How did they survive?

We learned to ignore the inequality right in front of our eyes. We adapted to the dominant culture, not the Chinese, but the White British culture which, through the business sector, its citizens, its language, was the most evident. I learned "in praxis" finally what "colonial" meant: it meant the ability to use the resources of another country for the benefit of your own so that British businessmen from Hong Kong, from Manila, from Bombay, embraced the managerial life – under an arrangement with the Shanghai municipalities. The British worked as managers, as middlemen, with the Chinese as their laborers. They relaxed with their own "kind" in private clubs – an oasis from the world, from which both Jewish refugee and the Chinese were publicly excluded. At the British Race Course, horse and dog races punctuated the monotony of the high-class life and a sign was posted: "Chinese and dogs not allowed" – though amahs, children's nannies, were accepted. The Chinese, on the street, on the other hand, called all of us – Russians, British, Europeans – white, while we, the refugees, called them "yel-

low". Sometimes when I walked in the morning to the Shanghai Jewish School in the International Settlement, Chinese children would follow me, yelling "nakojin, nakojin" (white man, white man) and then scurry away. For a long time, I couldn't tell one little boy's Chinese face from another. I simply couldn't find the expressive feature in the eye under the Mongolian fold or in the face: so I never could tell whether this was the same or a different group of children chasing us, especially when they were wearing their blue cotton-gown uniforms. Did we look the same to them? Did the music of our language strike them as harsh as their tonal language sounded to us? I could not profit from life's gut lessons. And my parents were too busy with their tasks, and my new girlfriends would have laughed at me out of embarrassment for not having the answer either. Everything conspired so that we refugees, and they, our non-host Chinese, led parallel lives.

Except for my mother: sometime before Pearl Harbor, drawn by a window in a Chinese children's clothes shop, a Chinese mannequin dressed in an American Indian outfit topped by black-and-white feathers, annoyed her. She knew better! Didn't she know that I had read many of Karl May's imaginary Old American West novels with such imaginary figures as the friendship between Winnetou, a noble Red Indian Chief, and old Shatterhand, an American pioneer of German descent; and had she not remembered that I, in the halcyon playtime of the days that were now gone, had made my own outfit in Vienna not with blue Chinese cotton but with cotton khaki pants and shirts. So she decided to bring this by-now redone outfit to the Chinese owner to show him what a "real American" Indian outfit might look like. Since she was Caucasian, the owner appeared to honor my mother's expertise. With Pidgin English and with much finger pointing, "I makee - you buyee", she convinced the owner to hire her. From then on, this Austrian Jewish refugee lady became the expert for the Chinese clientele of Karl May's imaginary (but to the Chinese "real") American Indian suits. Hundreds of them.

"White" folks became "international" only when they were around each other, and so it was that the teaching staff at the Shanghai Jewish School where I attended for 2½ years, a school founded

by British Ashkenazi and Sephardi (British subject) Jews, was indeed "international". Everyone was from somewhere else: In Form IV, V and VI, an Irish teacher, Ms. O'Dwyer, taught us the Magna Carta; a Russian immigrant, Mr. Kahane, the landmass of modern Russia; and Ms. Hekking, the wife of a Dutch businessman, taught "spelling and grammar". Within six months I spoke English. I read voraciously in English – romances "Gone With the Wind"; adventures "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and Dumas' "The Three Musketeers". I wanted to forget German.

There was a Synagogue right on the school grounds but I only attended because I had a crush on Tommy, a tousled, poetic-looking, choir boy, son of Russian immigrants. He winked at me in class! And I waited for eye contact when he sang in the choir. For him I might have become religious but he disappeared; and to call somebody on the telephone and inquire what happened would have been "gauche", forward, in bad taste. A refugee kid calling a Russian kid on the telephone? Unheard of!

The impulse of the Shanghai Jewish School was to keep Jewish children in the Far East oriented to a future homeland – to end the Diaspora, which in our case had just begun! Our choleric headmaster was Mendel Brown, an ex-pat British subject, who later would die in a Japanese internment camp. He taught "Judaism" exactly in the same way as it had been in Vienna. He used the same sacred texts, only now he taught a little older population. The stories, whether they were the victory of the Maccabees or the Exodus, became history not religion. History as facts. No one linked our own Exodus to Shanghai with the story of the flight from Egypt. No one explained to us why it was that the Chinese were the only ones that labored in the kitchen and why it was that no Chinese students sat in our classroom. And why it was that the second language we learned was French – not Chinese!

The Shanghai Jewish School had its famous benefactors – the Sassoons, the Abrams, the Kadoories- who allowed money for children's camps, schools and job openings. As charity cases, we refugee children never caused trouble in school. We learned to be grateful and quiet.

Occasionally, very rarely, we questioned “the way things were” amongst ourselves but with never an idea about whether there was anyone (no ultimate agency) that could, would, or should do anything. I noticed one day that a rickshaw coolie, in trying to get business from us away from other vendors, had pointed to his tight calves – like a horse trader who might show off his horse’s leg muscles. “Chop-Chop (quick, quick)”, he said, touting his running skills. When my school buddy said that this was a practice that should be outlawed (that it was a social problem) and to do so people should simply refuse to ride rickshaws, I responded that this wouldn’t solve the problem, the man had to feed his children, and if people didn’t ride them, he’d starve (that it was a personal problem). But that was as far as such discussions would go.

In the meantime, nostalgia and industriousness combined so that little Viennas and little Berlins sprung up in Shanghai – food being a great leveler of cultures! At the Barcelona, in the French concession, they served Wiener Schnitzel (breaded veal cutlets); at the Frankel’s Wiener Konditorei (bakeries), they served Kafee mit Schlagobers (coffee with whipped cream); at the Fiaker, a small orchestra played Viennese Waltzes; and Roserl Albers Gerstel made the homesick audience cry when she sang in Yiddish “Ja, Ein Yiddishes Maederl...” Our refugee men insisted on wearing their stiff Homburg hats in a sea of soft tasseled Chinese silk caps. My father actually thought I should learn the millinery trade because the Chinese might learn to buy them from us! The adults were marking time until the war was over to take up their “real lives” again. We children improvised and grew in spite of ourselves...

Part II B: SHANGHAI: Pearl Harbor and After

By the early 1940’s, out of 20,000 or so refugees, nearly 2,000 were living in the Alcock, Ward, Wayside, Chaoufoong and Pingliang camps; while another 6,300 folk who lived outside the camps received free meals daily. The cost was borne by the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee. Unlike those folks, my little family was marginally self-supporting – hand-to-mouth – but we fed ourselves.

These conditions ended on the day of Pearl Harbor, December 8th 1941, and

the opening of the war in the Pacific, when the Japanese rode up the Yang Tze River in a small gun boat and, in Gilbert & Sullivan fashion, marched smartly onto the one British warship, HMS Petrel, and the USS Wake, both stationed in Shanghai Harbor, and took the boats (and Shanghai) without a fight. Within hours, the Japanese placed all the foreign embassies under Japanese guards and designated foreign nationals to wear armbands to identify themselves. The Japanese army sought to run the city. They replaced the Sikh (Indian) turbaned policemen – they just disappeared from the streets. They set up control of banks by posting adolescent, 19-year old soldiers in front of them under the supervision by the military and the navy. The Imperial Japanese Army occupied a civilian city – Shanghai was burning!

Now, once more, we were under a (Japanese) military culture. – From the frying pan into the fire? Soon, the latest oppressor newcomers were testing their muscles: In Feb. 1943, they turned on us. Unlike the British who became “enemy aliens”, we were pronounced as of Nov. 1942 “stateless” –i.e. no one was legally responsible for us. Our German passports, once again, were useless though one of my friends’ parents upon arrival in Shanghai had presented them then to the German Consulate “just in case thee would be a change in regime!” So in February 1943, by yet another Japanese proclamation, “for military reasons” the Japanese ordered us into a designated, six-mile circumference area, a ghetto: Hongkew. From now on, we couldn’t leave without permission from the man who was appointed to run us. To this day I have not been able to figure out what the Imperial Japanese Army gained from this coup except to exert arbitrary power for its own sake. (A characteristic, it appears, when I look at the evidence that is not consigned to any particular nationality and has to be fought over and over again!)

Here are two vignettes from that time: My boyfriend’s name is Herbert. He’s 18 and I’m 14. He has a paper business: he’s my supplier for comic books to make toilet paper for our refugee population. I look to him for business savvy. We discuss sizes of papers, weights of paper, densities. We walk the five miles of the Ghetto at night after he stands under our apartment window whistling six bars from Schubert’s 9th symphony. There’s a

curfew. One moonlit, calm night, on one of the empty streets, we’re seated on an empty military truck, feet dangling away from the road. Herbert is spinning out our future, a time when the war will be over...when we hear a noise. A Japanese soldier with a bayonet in hand is leaping up on the truck from the street side. Our backs were turned away from him, while in the front, soldier no. 2, the driver, starts up the engine. Soldier no. 1 yells, holds his bayonet out; soldier 2 stops the truck. Now both confront us. I understand in an instant: we’re not refugees. We’re not Jews. We’re the enemy aliens. Herbert says “jump and run,” which I do on one side; Herbert jumps and runs on the other. We both came home safely, but since we didn’t have any telephones, we didn’t know until the next day what happened to each other. To this day I do not know why we weren’t killed, maimed or wounded. Sometimes, in dreams, I am still running.

The official head of the Ghetto was Kano Ghoya, a civil servant. He loved Western culture and was considered a kindly man until he was appointed to administer Hongkew and the issuance of passes whereby we Jews were allowed in and out (excluded and included) of our designated area (for stateless folks) only for the purpose of employment.

So look at me now, as I apply for the permission to go and teach outside the area – permission that, at the arbitrary behest of his office, could be renewed for four weeks, six weeks, and three months. The Long Line now is in the ghetto. People have been waiting since early morning. It is hot. The line moves slowly. I already know from the folks ahead of me that Mr. Ghoya was in a bad mood. I’m fearful because my pass has a small tear in it. The queue brings me to the large door of the office. Ghoya’s office is on the second floor and people are lined up all the way. There is silence – once in a while interrupted by a gunshot sling of words – then silence again. Someone is getting a reprimand.

Finally I’m inside the office. Ghoya is a slight man. He is sitting in a swivel chair. He has a cigar lit. His feet are up on the table. He drinks a sip of water as he motions me forward. I don’t greet him. I hand him my pass. Suddenly he leaps up from his chair as if a wasp has stung him. I can’t move. He speaks a grunt English – as if he forced words out in

puffs or as if he poured Japanese sounds into English words:

"You want to go to the English Settlement? No more English Settlement...It's all Japanese now!" He looks me up and down as if making a profound decision.

Me, stammering: " Sir, I teach Chinese children...English..."

"You what? You lie. You...I see you...you go sleep with foreigners...this pass." he is whipping it with his hands now "is a lie..."

"No, Sir."

"This pass, you bring me...this corner, here, is bent...you bring back a bent pass, I beat you..." Then a pause. He walks over and brings a small pot of glue. Fix it now."

I take my finger into the white glue and under his gaze I glue two tiny pieces of cardboard paper together. He seems to have tired of his own performance with the last admonition:

"You don't take care of your pass? Next time I beat you...and then, in a changed tone of voice, "Next. Please. Next."

On Saturday nights, when the Jewish orchestra played, another Ghoya appeared. Dressed in black suit and tie, he'd come to the theater with a guard of several soldiers. One would go to the orchestra pit and ask that the performance be interrupted. The orchestra was asked to stand. Ghoya made an appearance as if he was an emperor. Everyone rose. When he took his seat, everyone was allowed to sit: the performance went on. He called himself "King of the Jews."

In 1944 and 1945 things went from hard to worse but I sought an out for everything. With the same boyfriend, I smuggled contraband goods in and out of the ghetto. We put cans of tuna, of Japanese jams, into the pockets of our jackets or we covered them up on the back of our bicycles as if they were books. When the Pao Chia, the refugee sentry, was hired to guard us, we'd walk the entire length of the ghetto to look for where we could get out in case our passes weren't valid. Survival justified the means. Our transgressions were minor: I put less paper than I had said in the bundle of toilet paper I sold. I stole sugar

from the Shanghai Department Store I worked in because we had none. My girlfriends and I once cut a hoarded, large Hungarian chocolate bar belonging to an unknown person in half and devoured it all by ourselves. It never occurred to me that there was something wrong. It felt like freedom when actually we were cowed. We had no rights so we seized upon whatever we could. (This "practicum" of survival is still with me. This dawned on me recently with respect to a situation that almost kept me from coming to the United States. By 1944/45, I had contracted amoebic dysentery. The latter carries a larvae, found in human feces, which, when detected, would have made it impossible for me to come to the United States. Entrance denied. Luckily, I (and my feces) sneaked by; the larvae were hidden. Fifty years later, dining out on this anecdote, it occurred to me that I could have put my mother's feces in the place of mine. Who would have known the difference? But in retelling an old anecdote, my survival mechanism kicked in with a solution!

In Dec. 1944, my father, at age 47, has a first urinary bleed while he is waiting for his ghetto pass confronting the same way I did our new Long Line. He's diagnosed with kidney cancer. He's operated in our Ward Road Jewish hospital, by one of the many surplus refugee doctors. My mother gets the news that his cancer has already metastasized. During the three months that he had left to live he never showed me the worries he had about the fate of his sister and brother-in-law who had fled to Hungary, or about his brother's family's fate in Czechoslovakia, nor his father and uncle who had remained under the care of a servant in Vienna. That's how my family was. My mother attended to his every physical and emotional need so well and with so much devotion and with so much energy that I still hear my father's low tone of voice as he whispers to me, "Your mother is an angel!" I, true to form, bring him maps of Europe, which we spread out on the hospital bed. My father, an ex soldier in WWI, likes battle strategies. In fact, it was both his war wounds and his decorations that had earlier made him doubt that the Nazis would turn on war veterans like himself. But now, with the help of a short wave radio, we marked red flags on the towns that were falling into Allied hands. We knew in March 1945 that Paris had been liberated in August 1944 and that the Americans were plowing through Ger-

man towns. It would be a question of time as to when surrender would come. But my father's knowledge that the war was won was struck down by our knowledge that the battle for his life was lost. So the three of us lived between seesawing moods of ardent hope and deep, hard-etched grief.

We buried my father in a plot outside of Shanghai that had been purchased by the Juedische Gemeinde – 300 graves that eventually became 1,200. The plot sat between two Chinese rice paddies – untended, with a small marker. We lowered the coffin into the foreign ground. I knew my father wasn't in that coffin.

In spring of 1945, the Pacific theater of war became active, reached even into Hongkew, our ghetto community. Island-hopping American bombers made reconnaissance flights over Japanese holdings over the Pacific. We had long suspected that the Japanese had chosen Hongkew for our segregated area because they had their military installations on its outskirts. Did they use us as cover against the Americans? Were the Americans aware of our existence? In effect, because of this constellation, we knew we might well be bombed by either Japanese anti-aircraft flak or by American bombing raids. I learned first hand that day-to-day warfare is full of unintended mistakes and, hypothetically, we might be killed by our very own American liberators!

Nightly we'd wait to see if there would be another raid. First came the sound of high-pitched sirens. This immediately caused an adrenaline rush throughout my body, an intestinal twist, and nausea so profound with a simultaneous dash to our house's one bathroom (for seven other occupants) on Kungping Road No. 355. After the siren I waited for the first droning hum of "planes" overhead. To my burning intestines it made no difference whether they were Americans or Japanese. Nor would it make a difference to the dead which nationality's bombers killed them. A 60-second silence was like an eternity. Then came a sharp-toned whistle – a long, flying arch of metal – that ended in a rattling, window-shaking explosion. Most of the time it came from Japanese anti-aircraft guns that sent aircraft shells, smoke and shrapnel through our open-air ghetto. No American plane was ever shot down to my knowledge. When not in the bathroom, I hid under desks and tables. Sometimes it took hours

for the stomach to calm down.

I volunteered at the Ward Road Jewish Hospital where I also worked as a secretary and where my father had just died a few months previously. I saw my first naked, burned and dead Chinese body lying on an abandoned stretcher. All I could do was find a white sheet to cover it.

On August 6, 1945 – I'm now 18 years old – we learn that a new kind of bomb had destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. ("What's a mushroom cloud?" we asked ourselves.) Emperor Hirohito had surrendered. The mighty American army won. We danced in the streets. Exuberantly, we were unaware that the decision to drop the bomb had opened up Pandora's box in the form of the atomic era with its own set of agonizing choices: for we, the great Western nation, the "civilized" army, caused the greatest number of casualties inflicted by any army in any war against a CIVILIAN population in order to save the continuous sacrifice of more American soldiers with the prolongation of the war. To stave off the dictatorship of Germany - to halt the Holocaust - we, the defenders of good against evil, changed the face of warfare – first by the use of the bomb and secondly, by the firebombing of civilian population centers. Air strikes on London, Berlin, Dresden, and Hamburg made civilians – women, children, and the elderly – the entire population – victims of warfare – as Kurt Vonnegut writes in "Slaughterhouse 5."

Within a few days at the end of this terrible war, a group of young Jewish men, my boyfriend among them, sought out and found Kano Ghoya. "We beat the heck out of him", they said, and then let him go. The good Old Testament eye-for-an-eye, or a-tooth-for-a-tooth, injunction – release from deep fear – prevailed. It took no time for victims to become executioners. Forgiveness? Forget it!

And one day, the Flying Messiah arrived in the person of Air Force Major Fine; tall, handsome in his khakis. Stationed in Peking, he had heard of the plight of "a bunch of refugees in Shanghai". He requisitioned a plane, flew to Shanghai, requisitioned a jeep and drove to the Ward Road Hospital, bearing boxes and boxes of antibiotics, (new at that time) tablets and injectables!! Our European-trained doctors read the new medications

as if they were reading Braille.

Within a few more weeks, American Air Force fliers and personnel came to use Shanghai as a way station to deploy soldiers home to the United States. The mood was celebratory. The Army opened 29 Post Exchanges – in fact, American grocery stores all over the city – in warehouses, offices, and clubs. They brought a Wunderhorn of supplies: cans of Spam, boxes of Hershey kisses, Wrigley's chewing gum, beer cans, drinks, cigarettes. We were bug-eyed at the casualness of both small and large equipment – airplanes, jeeps, cars, spare parts, sleeping bags, water cans, Kleenex. Who had ever seen tissue paper folded within each other? Or chewing gum wrapped twice - first in aluminum, then wrapped again in painted and then in printed-paper!

This bonanza of equipment provided employment for a lot of refugees including myself. My boss from the hospital simply made me his secretary when he became the civilian overseer of the Post Exchanges. The young soldiers wanted to know from us where the Chinese girls were. We couldn't tell them, but we spent evenings with them drinking, singing, gossiping, talking. "Let me tell you, in America, we..." and we'd be off and running. They showed us Army movies. We did sing-alongs to "Give me Land, Lots of Land, but Don't Fence Me In..." We followed the balls that bounded to the music on the screen reveling in every new, casual luxury! Who said America was not paved with streets of gold?

Shortly after that, the so-called imperturbable Chinese turned on the Americans in the streets of Shanghai. Signs like "Yankees Go Home" sprang up all over the city, on walls, on placards. American sailors, jubilant to be on their way home to their families, their home land, ran exuberant races against other high-on-victory soldiers on the main street, stopping traffic – but who cared? Sweet was the fruit of victory! The sailors didn't know they were turning 100 years of colonialism on its head when they put the Chinese rickshaw runners into the rickshaws, then raced one another while the cheering sailors on the sidewalks passed drinks, laughed while the Chinese bystanders laughed with them: "clazy, clazy." I didn't know it then but within months after the Yankees had gone home, a new tactical theater of war was born that would last for the next 50 years - between

an emergent Chinese-style communism that toppled Chinese warlords, that confiscated land - a holocaust of its own was born. Human evil, alas, is not the exclusive property of Nazis; but those subjected to it, as a class of Chinese soon would be, would submit to other rigorous methods (forced labor, forced communalization of land, incarceration, centralized power) that would create its unique, unforgettable and unforgivable tragedy.

Part III. Postlude I: Carmel, California 1987

It was not until 49 years after Hitler marched into Austria, and 40 years after the war ended – by now I've become an American citizen, with an American ex World War II Jewish soldier- husband, with three healthy children ages 32, 29 and 26 years old, three years after my mother's death at age 83 – that I choose to confront and talk to my adult children, not just about my survival, but about my breakdown – my bout with post traumatic stress. It took place at a time of peace, shortly after my marriage in 1952. First it was the glare of bright lights on the street that bothered me; then I couldn't stand sunlight; then I couldn't stand the hustle and bustle of people. I felt claustrophobic in a movie theater. I couldn't stand to wait in line for anything – the bank, the market, a store. When I heard the guttural sound of spoken German, I became nauseous. At a close friend's dinner party, I experienced my first panic attack, which was followed by weeks and months of intermittent nightmares. The players in my past scenarios were there, insistent and recurrent like a drumbeat. My mother was in bed with strange gentlemen; my father was looking for her. The sound of the telephone and the sound of air raid sirens went on and on, couldn't shut them off, even upon waking. Letters marked "Confidential" were brought to me by Maxerl Werner, the concierge's son in Vienna who came to the house on Krystallnacht. He carried his gun. Or he'd stand on a tank. Sometimes he looked like Ghoya, the King of the Jews. I was sewing swastikas on armbands on a sewing machine that wouldn't sew fast enough. I couldn't keep up. The pile next to me always grew bigger. I had unstoppable chattering of my teeth and of my body: It lasted on and off for 2½ years. I was functional during the day but the night became another universe. My husband was there for me. My panic didn't panic him. I see him at night as he fiddles with the dial by our bedside radio to find

some music to distract me with...The shakes stopped when my oldest daughter was born in 1955, and they became better with the birth of each subsequent child...

But I also wanted my adult children to understand the total number of losses the Holocaust had engendered in just one Viennese family: out of 42 adults and children, only 27 had managed to get out about 15 had perished in the camps or were shot on desperate escape attempts, fleeing down strange roads or towards hostile borders on a futile last minute lunge towards freedom.² Berta P., the family retard had disappeared, along with my Grandfather's maid, Marie. Grandfather Lustig perished in Theresienstadt, as did my father's brother, Richard, his wife Lilly, my cousin Marianne. Dachau killed Uncle Alfred. My father's cousins, the Picks, were shot at the border as they were attempting to escape to Israel via Yugoslavia. My parents' best friends – the Gronners, prominent in Vienna – murdered, a cousin Clara, a suicide, and her sister, a survivor in London. Today, an elderly, childless, cousin in Vienna, and I are the sole survivors of my father's family. But my mother's family is part of the 20th century's Diaspora – we resettled in America, in France, in Canada, in Israel. We're a family via greeting cards, by mail. Intermittently, we visit each other in between long pauses. We've lost the Village and we have regrouped as best as we could.

To my young adult children, I show letters, photos, more documents. We trace journeys on maps. They respond generously, attentively. But they can't miss what they have never had. I am a story to them. I have learned to live with my residual sense of loss of "Heim" (home). It was ripped away. While my children were small it showed as a minor loss. My husband and I could never fight over which family we would spend Thanksgiving with. And at family gatherings, there was no one ever there to say to my children that one or the other might have taken after my father or his brother or his uncle; there was no one to recall the way my grandfather used to like to blow cigar rings into my face. I brought no family history, no family gossip, to pass on to my children. If I want to describe this kinesthetically – it's as if the right side of my body carries all the weight, its gravitas, while my left side is weightless. Once I heard myself ask one of our

grown-up children when she returned from a trip to our Carmel Highlands Home: "So how does it feel to come back to the house that you actually were born in?" I quickly realized that this was a dumb question until I understood that what I really wanted to say was "how come the ground didn't shift under YOUR feet?"

Postlude II Carmel, Calif. 2008

By now, Shanghai has become an entrenched memory of my youth, of my past. As a licensed psychologist and still working, I'm now on the receiving end of people's memories, of their trauma, I have treated Vietnamese refugees, Salvadorian immigrants, Russian political refugees, Mexican farm workers, and, very lately, traumatized soldiers back from our war in Iraq. I'm no stranger to the ongoing streams of forced migrations – Jews and non-Jews – the expelled, the incarcerated, the visa-hounded, the "ethnically cleansed" the tragically unrescued and neglected current crop of the world's politically, ethnically, economically, or racially mass of "undigestables" the worlds' latest illegitimates – who walk on foot, who run through forests, grope through mountain passes, cast off in makeshift vessels and overloaded fishing boats, who brave storms and attack dogs, brutal border guards and cynical booty hungers, and who crawl through miles of hand-dug tunnels or rat-infested sewer pipes, who are locked in airless car trunks – in order to reach some tantalizing, idealized, desperately clung to dream of political and economic "freedom". And I know that each refugee, economic or political, legal or illegal, is very much dependent on a person or an organization all along the way: for each person or organization has the power to instill radical hope to diminish the residual consequence of the refugee past. Which is why what happened a few years ago might be a fitting end to this memoir.

In 2003, in Carmel, I received an unexpected phone call from a woman, a stranger, by the name of Manli Ho. It seems that a mutual friend had told her that I might be a person who still had her family's German passports, the ones that brought us out of Vienna and to Shanghai.

"Well" she said, "you see, I think it was my father who gave you your visa..." "Your father?" I said, non-plussed, and I invite her to come to Carmel to look at

our papers.

Manli Ho, turns out to be a doe-eyed, articulate alert Chinese-American woman who has driven from San Francisco for our meeting bearing a fluffy, Chinese lemon cake. I pour tea as she, my husband and I, bend over the 65 year-old German passports, which I've rescued from an old steamer trunk.

"Look" she says excitedly "here's my father's signature, on Visa No. 1681, issued to Margarete, your mother (with your name in the passport) and Visa No.1787 issued to your father, on October 18, 1939. "In other words," she went on, "it looks like my father issued at least 106 visas on one day alone."

"Your father? At the Chinese Embassy?"

"My father, Dr. Feng Shan Ho "....."

"I'm sorry:" I said, "Should I know that name?"

"No, you shouldn't and very few do. But he was the Consul General at the Chinese Embassy in Vienna from 1938 to 1940. I had not been born then. But years later, when my father died in 1996, I wrote his obituary in 1998 and wrote the lines, "assisted Jews in 1939", I found I hardly knew any details about this work, except that he was chastised and demoted by his superiors for issuing so many visas to emigrating Jews. In fact, when he died, Beijing sent a wreath but not Taiwan"

"I had no idea.....we thought the visas were just one legal loophole that no one had uncovered...."

"No. My father had been in Vienna just a few months. Because he was German-speaking, he had friends who were Jewish. He knew they were afraid of being taken by the Gestapo and, attempting to reassure them, he said "Just tell them you are going to Shanghai and I'll be there giving you the visas." When he confronted the Gestapo on behalf of his friends, they backed away. So what began as a reassurance to his friends became a ritual to him.

I was stunned: As she is speaking, I see my dead father again, 41 years young, looking so smart in his green trench coat, in his darker fedora hat. He is holding on to a briefcase with all its documents

intact, moving forward in the Long Line, at yet another Embassy, after a long, discouraging day making hour after hour of previous (fruitless) embassy rounds, passing by chance the Chinese Embassy at Beethoven Platz. When his acquaintance calls out to him, he moves into the line, until he disappears through a door. But—some time later—he emerges again, this time with a new spring to his step, and the precious lottery winning visas to Shanghai stamped into our passports! Abruptly, I see in mind, a swift double exposure: the young girl I was then, relieved, and so relieved to have won the lottery-ticket visas, now juxtaposed with the elderly woman I've turned into, who has suddenly realized, while Manli was speaking, that *there were no winning lottery ticket visas for anybody*. Our visas were, in fact, the result of an act of deliberate conscience – and courage – on the part of a single man whom we had never –until now – even known the name of.

“You mean your father wasn't just following regular consular laws or; protocols? I mean, we knew, of course, that Shanghai, as an International City, didn't require entry visas. But, still we needed *something* to show before the Nazis would let us leave the city...”

“My father didn't feel what he did was all that *exceptional*.” Manli said. “In his mind, it was the least he *could* do...the only way he felt he could make a difference.”

For 65 years, my father and I – and others who left Vienna – had had no idea that Dr. Ho³ was even aware we existed, saw us from the other side of his ambassadorial desk. But with a few strokes of his pen that day, he retrieved us – and many others – from the “tender mercies” of the Nazis, thus resurrecting our hitherto hopeless, but now suddenly salvageable, and even more miraculously livable (halleluiah) Futures...So let us bow our heads in honor of Dr. Ho and others like him (not, enough, alas) who risked stepping forward when few would – or could – to defy the Nazis with solitary acts of human sympathy and solidarity, reminding us, by such brave actions, of the common sisterhood and brotherhood of humanity itself.

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¹ All documented in The Rape of Nanking by Iris Chang

² Two thirds of Austrian Jewry escaped; one-third was killed (about 60,000).

³ For more on Dr. Ho see “Diplomat Rescuers and the Story of Feng Shan Ho” produced by the Vancouver Holocaust Education Center in partnership with Visas for Life: The Righteous Diplomats and Manli Ho.

Youtai: What is in a Name?

A Proposal for Changing One Chinese Character in the Word for Jew

by René Goldman

As I sit in contemplation of “YOUTAI”, the Chinese word for “Jew” underneath the title *Points East* (and elsewhere) I admit to feeling a degree of annoyance. Admittedly, this word has been in current usage for 170 years and most Chinese and foreigners familiar with the Chinese language do no more bear in mind the meaning of the first character in isolation, than speakers of English think of the word “good-bye” as being an abbreviation of “God be with you”. Nevertheless, such is the pejorative nature of the character “YOU” that, in my opinion it gives cause for submitting to China's language authorities a proposal for replacing the radical “dog” in it with the radical “person” (ren). I am aware that no such character can be found in any dictionary, but there exist precedents for creating new Chinese characters, not only by the Japanese, but by the Chinese themselves.

The transcription “Youtai” for Yehuda/Yehudi (Judea and Jew) was coined by Protestant missionaries Walter Medhurst and the notorious Karl Gutzlaff (well characterized by Li Changlin in his article “Present-Day Chinese Attitudes Towards the Jews” in POINTS EAST, November 1997) in their Chinese translation of the Bible published in 1837. That

their choice of the character “YOU” with its graphic anti-Semitic representation was intentional is evident from Medhurst's explanation of the meaning of “YOU” in his “Chinese-English Dictionary” as a “doubtful”, or “suspicious” person. In any case, as Sinologists, Medhurst and Gutzlaff would have been aware of the fact that the Chinese used the radical “dog” in their transcription of the names of alien peoples (or even sometimes native groups, such as the Hakka) as a way to show contempt.

In his *Chinese-English Dictionary*, Herbert Giles provides nearly two columns of explanations for the meanings of the character “YOU” including: still, yet, notwithstanding, as though, scheme. All of these imply uncertainty, deviousness, a person or a thing that is virtual, not genuine. The Jesuit, F.S.Couvreur, in his *Dictionnaire Classique de la Langue Chinoise*, includes among his explanations of the meaning of “YOU”: small dog; “un singe qu'on dit etre d'un naturel hesitant” (a monkey said to be of a hesitant nature), and other such examples that convey hesitancy and doubtfulness.

In her book *Chinese perceptions of the 'Jews' and Judaism: A History of the Youtai*, Chinese scholar of Judaism Zhou Xun amply documents the negative representations of the Jews contained in the writings of Protestant missionaries in China: these are enough to make one shudder at the thought of how much anti-Semitic venom might have been distilled in their preaching and writing in Chinese by countless missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic. It is truly a wonder, and it is greatly to their credit, that the Chinese have by and large not been affected by anti-Semitism, that cancer in the womb of Western civilization, and that China has always been a hospitable country to the Jews. It seems to me that, by appealing to that tradition of tolerance imbedded in China's tradition, one might be able to persuade the Chinese to change the radical in the character “YOU”.

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BOOK NOOK

Chinese and Jews Encounters Between Cultures, by Irene Eber.

Vallentine Mitchell, London & Portland, OR, 2008.

reviewed by Maisie Meyer

Irene Eber's exceptional book *Chinese and Jews Encounters Between Cultures* is the result of two decades of patient collecting of data: documents, interviews, articles, letters, published and unpublished memoirs, newspapers, Chinese literary magazines, and Yiddish works in Chinese translation; anything relevant to nineteenth and twentieth century Jewish communities.

This collection of essays on Jewish-Chinese encounters about a century ago is not intended to be a coherent history. Eber illustrates several moments in Chinese and Jewish history when both peoples met one another, either physically or by means of a written text. She shows that the Jewish-Chinese encounter was not only a one-way road. Seven essays discuss the several kinds of imprints Jews have left in China, the eighth deals with the reverse process Martin Buber's interest in and response to the ideas of philosophical Daoism.

The first part of the book deals with the arrival of Jews in China during the Tang Dynasty in the 9th century and their organization and life in the remote and isolated community of Kaifeng, the settlement of Jews after the Opium War in the mid-nineteenth century and finally the story of the Jewish refugees from Nazi persecution who streamed into China in the twentieth century.

The first essay is a brief overview of the history of Jewish in China. Eber shows that there was not a monolithic Jewish community, but several communities which were culturally different: the Jews of Kaifeng; Shanghai-including the Baghdadi, Russian and refugee communities; Hong Kong; Harbin and Tianjin. She concludes with an account of World War II and its aftermath.

In the second essay Eber argues convincingly that the Kaifeng Jews process of integration into Chinese society- their sinification - has not led to assimilation and extinction of all Kaifeng Jews. In-

stead, this process led to the maintenance of Jewish identity and to the persistence of Jewish memory. Because of a unique process of acculturation and transformation, which began about 200 years after their arrival in Kaifeng, their identity was strengthened rather than destroyed allowing for its persistence into the twentieth century.

The third essay addresses two interrelated issues. Firstly, the Nazi pressure brought to bear on the Jewish population and the voluntary and involuntary choice of Shanghai as destination by a large number of Jews. Secondly, the means set in motion by the Shanghai Municipal Council and the Japanese in 1939 and 1940 to keep the refugees out of Shanghai.

Eber's fourth essay does not intend to establish the relationship between Schereschewsky's Old Testament and the Union text's Old Testament. Instead she examines how the translator transposed the text from one cultural context into another, outlines Schereschewsky's Jewish background and how he viewed the "translation enterprise." She gives a brief summary of the "Term Question" and goes on to discuss uses of transliteration and techniques of translating, concluding with a discussion of the notes he appended to the text to clarify terms and obscure passages.

In the fifth essay Eber focuses on a number of Psalms in the 1895 *guanhua* translation by Schereschewsky mainly because he used the Hebrew Masoretic text as his source and it was his first attempt at casting the biblical text into the northern spoken language.

The sixth essay deals with the early reception of the Old Testament in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in China, which is part of China's encounter with the West, and with Christianity. Eber explores several themes found in their interpretation because its reception led to their translation. Transposition facilitated reception, because the translation was no longer culturally foreign, and in time appropriation when writers and intellectuals integrated the biblical text in their creative work and polemical writings.

In the seventh essay on translation literature in Modern China, Eber examines the questions of what Chinese writers knew about Yiddish literary history and about Yiddish authors, and how they evaluated them; what kind of stories were chosen for translation? Who were the translators and why were they interested in Yiddish literature? What sort of problems did they encounter with Jewish idioms and expressions? Eber points out that although the Chinese neglected to consider the use of Hebrew, they felt that the Yiddish literature in the spoken language of the people was akin to Chinese efforts with language reform.

The eighth essay illustrates the reverse process of the Chinese encounter with and reception of Jewish thought - namely the reception of Daoism, by a Jewish thinker Martin Buber who combined it with his specific religious and philosophical agenda. Eber suggests that Buber may have been the first among Jewish philosophers who appropriated ideas from Daoism and integrated these into a specifically Jewish philosophical discourse. She considers his sustained philosophical interests a unique phenomenon in Jewish thought and striking contrast to the brief and incidental literary encounters, when Yiddish writers were temporarily attracted to China or Chinese themes.

The essays of this collection are outstanding in their depth and breadth of analysis, in Eber's characteristically lucid style. They are of importance not only to the Sinological reader but also to a wider readership interested in intercultural relations and contacts between peoples, together with the transposition of ideas from one cultural context to another.

Irene Eber also has published: *Voices from Shanghai, Jewish Exiles in Wartime China*, Chicago-London: University of Chicago Press, 2008.

Dr. Maisie Meyer has a Ph.D from the London School of Economics. She is the author of From the Rivers of Babylon to the Whangpoo: A Century of Jewish Life in Shanghai and various articles on related topics. She is presently completing a book of biographies by former Shanghai residents.

The Jewish-Chinese Nexus: A Meeting of Civilizations

edited by M. Avrum Ehrlich

Routledge, London-New York, 2008. 328 pages

About the Book

The Jewish Chinese Nexus explores through a collection of articles the nexus between two of the oldest, intact, starkly contrasting and most interesting civilizations on earth; Jews and Chinese. This volume studies how they are interacting in modernity; how they view each other and what areas of cooperation are evolving between their scholars, activists and politicians and what talents, qualities and social assets are being recognized on each side for the purpose of cooperation and exchange.

Featuring contributions from some of the most important scholars and activists from China and from around the Jewish Diaspora, the essays purview China related themes including the fascination of Chinese with Jews and Judaism and its potential value in Chinese national and religious reconstruction; religious and ethnic identity; East – West interactions. It deals with the growing Jewish community in China and its impact as well as the development of Jewish studies in China and the translation of Jewish texts into Chinese and their impact.

The work is a first of its kind, identifying an emerging meeting point between these two people and arguing that despite the giant contrasts in their national constructs they have nonetheless other important patterns and themes in common which pave the way for fruitful cooperation and mutual respect.

Table of Contents

Part 1: Contemporary Jews in China

- Overview of the Jewish Presence in Contemporary China, M. Avrum Ehrlich.
- China's Realities from the Viewpoints of "Foreign Experts", Matthias Messmer.

· Contemporary Development of Jewish Life in Asia: A Personal Memoir, David C. Buxbaum

Part 2: Comparative Culture and Thought

- Crossing Boundaries between Confucianism and Judaism, Galia Patt-Shamir and Yaov Rapoport.

· Confucianism and Judaism: A Dialogue in Spite of Differences, Galia Patt-Shamir.

· Judaism and its Referential Value to the Cultural Reconstruction of Modern China, Fu Youde.

· Rethinking the Nanjing Massacre and its Connection with the Holocaust, Zhang Qianhong and Jerry Gotel.

Part 3: Chinese Perceptions of Jews

· A Chinese Perspective of Judaism and the Jewish People, Fu Youde.

· Israel and the Jewish People in Chinese Cyber Space Since 2002, Zhang Ping.

· The Influence of Jewish Literature in China, Fu Xiaowei and Wang Yi.

Part 4: Jewish Studies and Literature

· Australian Jewry, its Relations with China and the First Steps in Jewish Studies, Sol Encel and Suzanne D. Rutland.

· The Developing Role of the Hebrew Bible in Modern China, Yiyi Chen.

· Modern Hebrew Literature in China, Zhong Zhiqing.

Part 5: Kaifeng Jewish Descendants

· The Contemporary Condition of the Jewish Descendants of Kaifeng, M. Avrum Ehrlich and Liang Pingan.

· Chinese Government Policy towards the Descendants of the Jews of Kaifeng, Xu Xin.

· The Judaism of the Kaifeng Jews and Liberal Judaism in America, Anson Laytner.

Part 6: Phenomena of the Jewish Chinese Nexus

· Adopted Chinese Children into Jewish Families, David Straub

Part 7: China-Israel Relations

· Sino-Israel Relations at the Start of the Second Decade: A View from Shanghai & Jerusalem, Ilan Maor.

· Economic and Cultural Relations between China and Israel since the Establishment of Diplomatic Relations in 1992, Jonathan Goldstein.

· China's Potential Contribution to Middle East Co-Operation, Liang Pingan

Naim Dangoor Fund Established at Nanjing University

The Exilarch's Foundation has made an initial generous grant (and Nanjing University will match it with a substantial amount) to establish an endowment fund in support of the Institute of Jewish Studies at Nanjing University, China. The endowment will be named The Naim

Dangoor Fund for Universal Monotheism Studies. Income from the endowment will be used to enhance the Institute's research and teaching of monotheism, the core concept of three monotheistic faiths in the world. A better understanding of this concept will deepen the understanding of the world by the Chinese people. It will also advance its efforts to recruit and retain a distinguished director. The directorship position will be named The Naim Dangoor Directorship of the Institute for Universal Monotheism in honor of The Exilarch's Foundation's founder.

Philanthropist Naim Dangoor is an Iraqi-born Jew who moved to Britain in 1964 and made himself a successful property investor and developer in London. In 1978, he created the Exilarch's Foundation, which grew into a major philanthropic institution that provides support for education and other causes in UK and in Israel. He received the Order of the British Empire from the British Queen in 2006 for his generous contributions and far-reaching vision of today's world.

The Institute of Jewish Studies at Nanjing University, established in 1992 to meet a growing demand for Judaic studies in China, is increasingly recognized as a leader in its field and an important resource for information and guidance in China due to its great efforts and the establishment of worldwide ties to Jewish academic circles. Its MA and Ph.D. programs on Jewish studies aim at training a new generation that could promote the study of Jewish subjects among Chinese college students.

Reflecting on the commitment of the Exilarch's Foundation to the Institute of Jewish Studies, Institute founding Director Xu Xin said, "This gift of an endowment from the Exilarch's Foundation will enable us to extend the scope of the Institute of Jewish Studies. It will enhance our ability to collaborate with other institutes, and with various doctoral programs in co-sponsoring programs and in training and encouraging students to carry out research on Universal Monotheism important to understanding the world civilization in general and seek to find a universal project for world peace that recognizes the significance of each human being throughout the world."

Two Reports on the International Taskforce Seminar “Teaching the Holocaust” in China

Report 1
by Wolf Kaiser

The seminar took place at the Yunnan Haigeng Conference Center. One hundred and five participants – including the lecturers – were registered. The lecturers came from the UK, Israel, the United States, Germany and China. Prof. Xiao Xian, Vice-President of the Yunnan University in Kunming, represented the hosting academic institution. Most of the Chinese scholars currently working in the field of Jewish studies and Holocaust history, gave lectures at the conference.

The participants were university or college lecturers, teachers and graduate university students studying history, foreign languages or international relations. They used the break between the terms for taking part in the conference. Most of them are based in South-Eastern China. Many had not had an opportunity before to study the Holocaust in depth.

Almost all participants spoke English although the level of understanding and phrasing complicated matters was different. Consecutive interpretation was provided for all lectures of non-Chinese lecturers. When Chinese scholars were lecturing, whispering interpretation was available for the non-Chinese participants. During the workshops, Chinese colleagues or students fluent in English made sure that all students could actively participate.

The seminar covered a wide range of topics: history, religion and culture of the Jews, anti-Semitism, the rise of Nazism in Germany and Nazi race policy and, of course, the Holocaust, but also the history of the Jews in China, Jewish and Holocaust studies there today, as well as Israel and the Middle East in Chinese perspective. The participants thus had the opportunity to link Holocaust history to topics more familiar to them. The program combined lectures in the plenary including questions and answers sessions with workshops for smaller groups. The participants did not hesitate to ask ques-

tions and express their view. The scholars chairing the sessions made sure that the discussion was focussed on the topic on the agenda. The workshops offered different perspectives on the core topics, individual stories exemplifying the general historical developments and showing their impact on human beings, and educational tools for teaching Jewish history, the history of anti-Semitism and Holocaust history. The workshops on the Holocaust given by lecturers from four different countries were repeated so often that every participant had the opportunity to take part in each of them.

Information given during the day was completed by documentaries shown in the evenings. They also had a visible emotional impact on the participants and provoked comments and questions.

An important element of the seminar was the testimony of Holocaust survivor Joanna Millan who was born in Germany and deported to Theresienstadt as a child. After her liberation, she was brought to the UK where she lives today. Her testimony informed about her story and the fate of her relatives; it also gave an insight into her enormous efforts to reconstruct her biography and collect information about her family. Obviously, it was not easy for the participants to imagine the situation of a child in a Nazi concentration camp. Comments of participants were focussed on a question particularly relevant for the Chinese society today: How can we learn about gross human rights violations and commemorate the victims without nurturing hatred against the nation historically responsible for the crimes?

During and at the end of the seminar, many participants expressed their gratitude for the unique opportunity to learn about Jewish history and the Holocaust. They were interested in reading more about these topics and including them into their lessons.

Dr Wolfgang Kaiser is Educational Director of the Wansee House, Berlin, Germany

Report 2
by Paula Kitching

Narrative:
The Conference was held at a conference centre on the edge of Kunming where the

participants were also accommodated. Participants arrived on the Monday and the conference began on the Tuesday with an introduction and welcome from Professor Xiao Xian, Vice Chancellor of Yunnan University.

The first three days were very full with a mixture of keynote lectures and workshops, the latter being conducted by educators from the represented organisations: London Jewish Cultural Centre UK, Yad Vashem Israel, the Wansee House Berlin and US Holocaust Memorial Museum Washington. The keynote themes were reinforced in the workshops which examined methodology of teaching the Holocaust. Each student had the opportunity to attend every workshop. In keeping with previous recommendations, the survivor testimony was moved to the third day, allowing students more time to assimilate and discuss issues raised. The workshops proved extremely successful; dialogue with participants developed over the days. The increased range of visual material offered reflected recommendations made the previous year.

The evaluations on both keynotes and on workshops were excellent, with all participants wanting more conferences. However, a change in the structure of future evaluation forms is being considered.

On the final day lectures were given on the history of the Jewish experience in China as well as lectures on the relations between the state of Israel and the People's Republic of China, by lecturers from various Chinese universities.

Final results:

- Overview of the history of Judaism
- Examination as to the purpose of Holocaust education in all its wider ramifications.
- Detailed lectures and workshops on the history of antisemitism reinforced through evening film presentation.
- Concept of racial ideology.
- Development of the Holocaust from the social, political and legal exclusion, through the ghettoisation process and the Einsatzgruppen's actions, to the establishment of the death camps.
- Each workshop provided a different approach to understanding and communicating the events of the Holocaust and how to explore and examine specific aspects of it.

Participants were provided with materials, approach tools and skills for exploring complex historical events re minority history. They were given the opportunity to hear eye witness testimony.

Some of the workshops emphasised the individual Jewish experience as well as the wider experience of the Holocaust.

List of presenters:

Professor Xiao Xian, Yunnan University
 Professor Fu Youde, Shangdong University
 Professor Yin Gang, Chinese Academy of Social Sciences
 Dr Zhong Zhiqing, Chinese Academy of Social Sciences

Jerold Gotel, London Jewish Cultural Centre, UK,
 Paula Kitching, London Jewish Cultural Centre, U K

Joanna Millan (Holocaust Survivor), London Jewish Cultural Centre UK
 Lynn Williams, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, Washington, USA
 Richelle Budd-Caplin, Yad Vashem, Israel

Dr Wolfgang Kaiser, the Wansee House, Berlin, Germany
 Prof Gilya Schmidt, University of Tennessee USA

List of Sponsors:

International Task Force for Holocaust Education, Remembrance and Research
 London Jewish Cultural Centre
 Fondation pour la Mémoire de la Shoah
 Institute of Southwest Asia Studies of the Yunnan University

Paula Kitching is a lecturer and writer at the London Jewish Cultural Centre.

Historic Jewish Haven In Shanghai Faces Demolition

by Louisa Lim

excerpted from National Public Radio, Morning Edition, February 11, 2009

In the 1930s, Shanghai was the only place in the world to offer visa-free sanctuary to Jews fleeing Nazism — 20,000 ended up in Shanghai. In 1943, the Japanese restricted them to a one-square-mile area, which became known as Little Vienna...

A pianist and a violinist used to play popular music for customers at the White Horse Inn, or Das Weisse Rossl. The waitresses wore dirndls — traditional

Bavarian outfits — and the menu featured Wiener schnitzel...

Today, the building still stands. It's easily identified by a distinctive fluted circular turret. Below that, painted on its wall is the Chinese character "to be demolished." The White Horse Inn is among a number of buildings inside the Jewish district to be knocked down to make way for a widened road.

As they start work, the demolition crews are uncovering layers of the past, like unwitting architectural archaeologists. By knocking down shop facades, old shop signs beneath are revealed, like one for Wuerstel Tenor, a sandwich shop, which had been covered for decades.

They will pull down other fading shop fronts at the heart of Little Vienna, as well — those of Cafe Atlantic and Horn's Imbiss-stube (Horn's Snack Bar).

"The existing refugee coffee shops [and] restaurants were a shining light in the lives of the refugees, who did not know how long their isolation and misery would last, should they survive," says Rena Krasno, who has written about her experiences living through World War II in Shanghai.

"In these eateries, they felt they were back in Europe ... and for a short time eliminated their painful fate from their minds," she says.

Dvir Bar-Gal is an Israeli journalist who is writing a book about Shanghai's Jewish past. He also leads tours around the Jewish quarter. For him, the question is how important it is for a society to keep its past. If the demolitions go ahead, he fears there will be less and less to show visitors, and he fears the little-known story of Shanghai's Jewish past will be in danger of being completely forgotten...

In 2005, the Chinese government declared 70 acres of the Jewish ghetto a conservation zone. The White Horse Inn and buildings slated for demolition are inside that zone, but aren't designated protected buildings.

Ruan Yisan, a professor at Tongji University in Shanghai, oversaw the designation of the conservation zone three years ago. Yet he had no idea about the demolitions until alerted by NPR. After visiting the area, he vowed to take action.

"I'll start making appeals to see what options there are," he says. "These are important historical sites in the conservation zone. If you knock them down, it will never recover."

But the professor notes that preserving history is difficult — and unpopular — in China.

"Normal people all want these buildings knocked down, the government wants to knock them down, the developers want to knock them down. It's only us conservationists who want to keep them."

For local government officials in Shanghai, the case is a classic example of the challenge they face in balancing the city's modernization with conservation of its past. But Cheng Jun from the Hongkou district urban planning and management bureau says the demolitions are necessary to form part of a larger road network.

"In the future, the amount of traffic will be far greater. And we must build roads for that, otherwise the traffic in the city center will be a catastrophe," he says. "When we drew up the conservation zone, we decided then to widen this particular road, as the impact would be relatively small."

Another official, Chen Jian from the Hongkou district government, emphasizes that many other historic buildings, dating back to the time of the Jewish ghetto, still remain, including the Ohel Moshe Synagogue, which has become the Shanghai Jewish Refugees Museum.

"We'll do our best to remove and save some of the most valuable artifacts, if feasible," he says. "But that's not to say that we won't demolish these buildings..."

Join The Sino-Judaic Institute

Membership in the Institute is open and we cordially invite you to join in supporting our endeavor.

**Contact: The Sino-Judaic Institute,
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