EVERYDAY SILENCE AND THE HOLOCAUST

Irene Levin

ROUTLEDGE

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Everyday Silence and the Holocaust examines Irene Levin's experiences of her family's unspoken history of the Holocaust and the silence that surrounded their war experiences as non-topics.

A central example of what C. Wright Mills considered the core of sociology – the intersection of biography and history – the book covers the process by which the author came to understand that notes found in her mother's apartment following her death were not unimportant scribbles, but in fact contained elements of her mother's biographical narrative, recording her parents' escape from occupied Norway to unoccupied Sweden in late 1942. From the mid-1990s, when society began to open up about the atrocities committed against the Jews, so too did the author find that her mother and the wider Jewish population ceased to be silent about their war experiences and began to talk. Charting the process by which the author traced the family's broader history, this book explores the use of silence, whether in the family or in society more widely, as a powerful analytic tool and examines how these silences can intertwine. This book provides insight into social processes often viewed through a macro-historical lens by way of analysis of the life of an "ordinary" Jewish woman as a survivor.

An engaging, grounded study of the biographical method in sociology and the role played by silence, this book will appeal to readers with an interest in the Holocaust and World War II, as well as in social scientific research methods. It will be of use to both undergraduate and postgraduate scholars in the fields of history, social science, psychology, philosophy, and the history of ideas.

Irene Levin is Professor Emerita in social work at Oslo Metropolitan University. She has been co-editor of *The Holocaust as Active Memory*, *Social Work and Sociology*, and *Families and Memories*. She has also written *Norwegian Jewish Women: Wartime Agency – Post-War Silence in Women and War*, *The Escape from Norway in Civil Society and the Holocaust*, and *Silence, Memory and Migration in Families and Migration*.

Diane Oatley is an award-winning freelance writer and literary translator. Originally from the United States, she began her studies of English literature at the University of Maine and went on to complete an MA in comparative literature at the University of Oslo.

"This is such an important book, combining biography, autobiography and scholarly, meticulous documentary sourcing and analysis. Irene Levin's moving account of her mother's experience poses vital questions about silence and silencing, about agency, choices, complicities and responsibilities, and about whether, why and how these are recollected. This compelling personal story, in its rich, undeniable and specific detail, not only testifies powerfully to the history of how more than half of Norway's Jewish population came to be deported and murdered by the Nazis, it also documents the resourcefulness, creativity and courage of Jewish men and women, and some non-Jewish allies, enabling her parents to escape to Sweden. Crossing memoir, biography and critical interrogation of received histories of World War II Norway, this book challenges us to reconsider what is remembered and the partialities of recall, both on the part of survivors for whom the trauma of the holocaust is so pivotal a feature of their collective psyche that it need not – and perhaps cannot – be talked about explicitly, and on the part of the Norwegian state and its institutions. While fragments and allusions may be all that can be tolerable for those who those who lived through it, Levin shows how we who come later need to hear, learn and speak cogently and clearly about what happened and the individuals, organisations and policies that enabled, sometimes parried and ultimately claimed the authority to say how it happened. By simply recording and documenting her mother's story, Levin cleverly undoes received national and personal investments in particular historical narrations and occlusions, warding off spurious elisions between these. This book needs to be read by all who want to understand how genocides can happen and can be resisted. So relevant for our times."

Erica Burman, *Professor of Education, University of Manchester and UKCP Group Analyst, UK*

"Told through her mother's accounts, Irene Levin's gripping tale of what happened to a Norwegian Jewish family during and after the Second World War, has huge contemporary relevance. It underlines Hannah Arendt's point about the banality of evil and demonstrates the continuing sources of antisemitism. I read it in one session. I could not put it down."

David Silverman, *Emeritus Professor, Sociology Department, Goldsmiths' College, University of London, UK*

"Told retrospectively from the point of view of an adult daughter, this is the eminently readable story of the impact of Nazi occupation on the family life of a Norwegian Jewish mother and young daughter during World War II.

Commonly overshadowed by accounts of the War's impact on Jews in Germany and Poland, the story on the very first page raises a vexing question applicable to all people: 'How could this happen to us?' Divided into three periods of family life before, during, and after the War, and by way of a mother's notes and notebook and a daughter's recollections, we are witness to the successful growth, adaptive silence, and subsequent ruinations of family living. Demonstrating universal truths in narrative particulars, the book will appeal both to scholars and nonscholars for its depiction of the ordinary contours of social relations in times of chaos."

Jaber F. Gubrium, *Professor Emeritus of Sociology, University of Missouri, USA*

"In *Everyday Silence and the Holocaust* Irene Levin weaves together silence and unsilencing of her mother; of herself and of the Norwegian Jewish community of the 1940s. Her project is personal, political and socio-historical, bringing back to mind C.W. Mills' understanding of the biographical as a powerful instrument in the understanding of political processes. However, this intriguing project extends the biographical by becoming an eye opener on the normalization of institutional cruelty."

Orly Benjamin, *President of the Israeli Sociological Society (ISS) and Professor, Department of Sociology and Anthropology, Bar Ilan University, Israel*

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To Nicolai, Patrick, Leah, Simon and Mikkel

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FOREWORD

C. Wright Mills said that social science "deals with problems of biography, of history, and of their intersection within social structures" (Mills 1959/1980, p. 159). This approach to studies of social life is the core of the biographical life course tradition in which Irene Levin's book belongs. This tradition has a long history in the social sciences. The first major sociological work that used biographical material was William Isaac Thomas and Florian Znanecki's (1918–1920) *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America*. The autobiography of the peasant Wladek filled one of the five volumes of this huge empirical work. A number of different types of "human documents" were also part of the data; letters, diaries, newspaper stories including letters to the editor, were all drawn upon as empirical sources in the study. The tradition of using such material in sociology lay dormant for many years after technical advances in computer technology in the postwar era made analyses of large quantities of data possible. Questions of methods in the period after World War II focused on discussions of advanced statistical techniques. Only Herbert Blumer's symbolic interactionism, a theoretical approach he developed with inspiration from George Herbert Mead's social behaviourism, contributed much to qualitative research during these years. However, his discussions at the time were more concerned with methodological and philosophy of science issues than with methods topics. In his writings, he sought to distinguish the social sciences from the natural sciences. He was critical of the ideals and practices that some social science approaches adopted, without debate, from the natural sciences (Blumer 1954, 1956). This was particularly related to the use of concepts. He made a distinction between definitive and sensitizing concepts. The former refer to the classification of objects under particular operational criteria and were

used in the natural sciences. In the social sciences, concepts were of a different order and he named them *sensitizing concepts*; they were instruments that focus attention towards specific traits in the social world. They suggested a *direction* in which to look, rather than, as definitive concepts do, tell us *what* to look for. Inspired by Blumer's thoughts, Barney Glaser and Anselm Strauss published their book *The Discovery of Grounded Theory* in 1967. They discussed qualitative research as a starting point for developing new theory. Influenced by Blumer's sensitizing concepts, they adopted the notion of *theoretical sensitivity* when making use of established theories and concepts in analyses. In order to achieve this aim, they formulated detailed methods principles and practices for doing qualitative studies. In the late 1960s, the focus shifted from a fixation on large data sets to discussions of the value of studying a few cases in context. The revival of the biographical research tradition in Europe in the 1970s was in part helped by the renewed interest in qualitative methods during this period.

This is the wider methodological framework within which Irene Levin's book must be considered. As such it is an excellent example of how a biographical account set in its historical context can help us understand the "private troubles" of individuals in relation to the "public issues" of relevance to their experiences and actions (Mills 1959/1980). Moreover, the author makes use of important concepts, such as "silences," in a sensitizing way, they give her a direction in which to look in order to understand and put into words particular experiences from living in a family whose members had survived the Holocaust.

The idea for writing this book developed gradually. When Irene Levin cleared out her mother's home, she found lots of little notes. Some consisted of only a few sentences whilst others were pages long. They did not make much sense to her at the time, so she just put them aside. Although as a social scientist, the author is well versed in qualitative methods, she did not consider these notes' relevance as "data" at first. Her mother had not addressed these notes to any particular person, and they were never referred to in conversations between mother and daughter. They seemed to have been written for herself only, as expressions of emotions. After her mother's death, Irene Levin gradually came to interpret the content of these notes as data that shed light on important events during the war from her mother's viewpoint.

Her parent's experiences during the war were not topics of discussion in the family. The Holocaust was part of the family history but became a "silence" that was taken-for-granted; it was not a "family secret." The issues it implicitly referred to became a poignant presence in their absence from conversations. Everybody knew about the events and as a young child, Irene learned to interpret the silences in her own ways as children do. Only much later did she learn that many of her family had been killed in the Holocaust.

The phrase used when referring to this was a general "many were taken" without any specific references to who and how. As a grown-up woman and a professor, did she get involved in finding out about the specifics of her family history and make attempts to fill the knowledge gaps she had lived with? Since she uses significant concepts in a sensitizing way, she makes an analytical distinction between the notion of silences on the one hand and secrets on the other, which is related to the family's specific experiences during the historical context of the Holocaust:

> The unspoken was absolutely not a collection of secrets. It was not repressed, it was not hidden – on the contrary, it was present at all times, simply not put into words. The nature of the experiences my mother wrote about in her notes and which she later tried to explain to me, was wholly unique, virtually unfathomable, and outside the parameters of ordinary language. We are accustomed to sharing our experiences by putting them into words. But if the experiences in question are beyond comprehension or involve unprecedented events, how do we speak about them?

There are few Jews in Norway; they are the smallest of the minorities. Details of their history in the country have not been widely known and debated until in recent years. Irene's mother thus considered the thoughts she struggled with and to some extent turned into self-blame, a matter for her as an individual only; they were "private troubles" because they were not part of the wider social discourse that forms a "public issue." Half a century after the end of the German occupation of the country, in the mid-1990s, the government initiated a process to acknowledge the suffering that the survivors of the Holocaust had experienced; only then did Irene Levin's mother's traumas become part of a "public issue." When their experiences were acknowledged as important topics in the wider social conversation Jews found an opening for their voices to be heard in the public debate. For the mother, and for others of her generation who had suffered similar fates, the public acceptance opened up a space for breaking years of personal silences.

The quest for facts about what had happened not only to her family but to most Jews who lived in the country at the time led her to collect huge quantities of material about the historical context of the first half of the 20th century. Levin focused on information of specific relevance for Jews in Norway and thus searched public records and archives and did interviews with Jewish people who were about the same age as her mother. She applied a full-scale contextualist life course study design in order to render her mother's biography, and that of her whole family, fathomable. She uncovered the implicit, and very often explicit, antisemitic attitudes and

actions of the bureaucracy in pre-war Norway. In old applications for citizenship, for instance, she found that bureaucrats had written antisemitic notes in the margins of applications that were rejected. The search for the unknown circumstances of her family's history thus uncovered the wider realities faced by Jewish immigrants who came to the country at the end of the 19th/beginning of the 20th century. A specific original trait of this book is that it sheds new light on the brave role that ordinary Jewish women played during the autumn of 1942 when the deportations of Jews to extermination camps started. Their efforts were important in the escape process for some of the families who survived.

The book thus discusses many aspects of the Norwegian occupation history that have not been at the forefront in accounts about the period. The fate of the Jewish population during this time, and for instance, the participation of Norwegian citizens in the tragic events around the arrests and deportations, are still contested topics in society. When questions of "who-did-what" and "who-knew-what-when" about the extermination camps are brought up in discussions about this period, the debate quickly becomes heated.

Irene Levin's book is an example par excellence of how powerful a biographical approach to the study of the intersection of biography and history in the social sciences can be. It is as such a must read for students and scholars in the fields of the social sciences.

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Author of *Biographical Life Course Research. Studying the Biography-History Dynamic*, London

PREFACE

When my mother, at the age of ninety-six, moved into the Jewish Senior Centre and Home for the Elderly in the neighbourhood of St. Hanshaugen in Oslo, I came across a number of handwritten documents in the flat that had been her home since the early 1980s. I am her only child and discovered these papers in the drawers and on the shelves as I was cleaning out the flat.

My two children and I wanted to make her new home a mini version of the one she was leaving. Some decisions were easy to make. The Rococo furniture with golden leaf upholstery in the sitting room would accompany her, as would the paintings, the silver, and the mirrors she never walked past without pausing for a moment to study her reflection. Sometimes when I mentioned that there was clutter in the closets, she would reply that she hadn't had time to do anything about it. And that she was born this way. The atmosphere of the flat was dignified, but systems and organisation had never been my mother's strong suit.

Among all the beautiful things and the clutter in the closets were piles of newspaper clippings that she wanted me to read. As we were going through her belongings, we came across a few pages filled with my mother's handwriting, some on a bookshelf, others among old receipts, and still others at the very back of a closet. I saved them, thinking I would read them later when I had the time.

My mother died in 2013 at 101 years of age. It wasn't until two or three years later that I took out the handwritten pages, read a bit here and there, and put them away again. At first, they appeared to be mainly random scribblings. Some were lengthy accounts, while others were short fragments, almost like to-do lists. Some of the pages seemed old, the edges worn. She had also left behind a notebook in which she had transcribed some of the contents of the

handwritten pages. The notes were not dated, but the handwriting indicated that they were from different periods of her life. Some could have been written during the 1960s or 1970s, others perhaps in the 1980s.

I understood that for the most part, these were notes she had jotted down about her experiences from the war, but also about her childhood in Oslo, or Kristiania, as it was called at the time, and disagreements within the family. It was not immediately evident to whom the notes were addressed. It was as if she had been writing to herself – like a type of therapeutic exercise. But here and there I could also hear her voice: "Irene – you *must* remember this!"

The notes were mainly about what we referred to as Shoah, the catastrophe – World War II – and included statements such as "this time the prisoners were rescued" and "a lot of time passed before we understood (…)." The incomplete and ambiguous nature of the notes lent them gravity. She wrote about her father's arrest: "They were unable to organise transport before this (…)" "We never talked about it – when father was sent away (…)." She never finished these sentences. That was all she had written about the arrest. The sentences reminded me of the silence I had grown up with.

The notes led me to see my mother in a new light. I discovered a woman of action, in contrast to the prevailing narrative about Jews as passive victims. Mother wrote about what she did and didn't do, about the actions she took when she found herself in great danger. Was there something unique about her conduct or was her behaviour similar to that of others?

It was when I started reading these notes not solely as the statements of an individual, but as messages about the actions of a community, that I decided to write this book. Mother became the example that shed light on the lives of many others and on a part of recent Norwegian history that is seldom discussed. My work on the book brought me to the National Archives of Norway in Oslo to investigate whether the actions of other women and men were similar to those of my mother.

My curiosity was both scholarly and personal in nature. Hand in hand with my professional pursuits, I began asking new questions about my own history. What I discovered were experiences and events that had been there all along – just never spoken about. The implicit and unverbalised knowledge that I learned to interpret as a child, I now began to question as an adult scholar. Did the gaps in the stories mean something? Was the silence a clue that would lead to greater understanding? I have lived my entire life in a community that included survivors of World War II, but in spite of this, I didn't actually know very much. On one occasion, I summoned my courage and asked someone who had survived the persecution of the Jews during World War II about her thoughts. The answer I received was: "Don't ask. It was much worse than you think."

The notes were replete with dilemmas and choices. I know that throughout her entire life, my mother blamed herself for what she was

unable to accomplish when the arrests were taking place. For her, it was about failing to save her father. The events followed her at all times. They were like an ever-present silence. When on the rare occasion she spoke about the war, she did so indirectly, in incomplete sentences and in unexpected situations.

Time did not heal all of my mother's wounds. She never made peace with the injustice that had been committed. Perhaps the most incomprehensible aspect of her experience can be summarised by a question: How could this happen to *us*? We were just as Norwegian as anyone else.

Why didn't my mother ever tell me about her notes? I thought I knew everything about her and the war. Granted, many years had passed before she started telling me anything at all, but in the mid-1990s, when the Norwegian government officially acknowledged its historical and moral responsibility for the crimes committed against the Norwegian Jews during World War II, she started to speak. I thought that what she told me at this time was the whole story.

Eventually, I realised that the notes filled in some of the gaps in the stories she had told and lent a greater specificity to those stories. Maybe it was easier to write about what had happened than to speak about it. In our conversations, she was obliged to face my reactions; when she was writing, she faced only herself. When we spoke, our conversations often veered off topic. Although her notes had been written several decades after the events they describe, in a strange way I experienced what was written there as being truer, more *definitive* than our conversations.

And that is the story I will tell you now.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It was Espen Søbye who suggested that I write a book about my family's experiences from World War II. Thank you for all your help and support throughout the entire process, especially during the final phase!

I would extend a huge thank you to Maria Schwaller Rosvoll, Kjetil Braut Simonsen, Marie Louise Seeberg, and Per Ole Johansen for their important contributions to the work on the manuscript!

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PART I

Before the war

FIGURE 1.1 My mother and father's wedding. My father's niece Sylvi was a bridesmaid. August 30, 1936.

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Mother and father get married – a wedding and a shop

When my mother, Fanny Raskow, married my father Herman in 1936, it was not only the beginning of their life together but also the start of a working partnership (Figure 1.1). Both my parents were born in Kristiania (now Oslo) – my mother in 1912 and my father six years before. Their parents came to Norway from Tzarist Russia in 1904 and 1905, respectively. My mother's family came from a tiny village – *stetl* – in the north of what today is Lithuania. When my mother's mother, Dora, wanted to illustrate how tiny the village of Samalan (or as it is called today, Zemale) was, she did so using the image of the horse-drawn *droshkies*: no sooner had they entered the village on one side than they had exited on the other. My paternal grandparents came from the city of Vilna (now Vilnius).

In "Russia" they were poor and oppressed. That is why they left. They were persecuted and robbed, and the pogroms made life in the village unbearable for the Jews.[1] It was said that in the neighbouring village, the Cossacks impaled children with their bayonets.[2] My maternal grandmother told us that when the Cossacks rode through the village, the children would hide in the cupboards.

In the old country, they did not have permanent employment. Mother's grandmother Golde prepared food for the weddings and parties of the more privileged class. Her husband did odd jobs. For a period of time, he slaughtered livestock which he then transported to market on his one-eyed horse and sold.[3]

They ended up in Norway because other family members had settled here. They were links in a migratory chain reaction: one family's relocation led to the next.[4] In my mother's family, they told each other that Norway was a good country to live in, because there they knew how to read and write. My maternal grandmother had heard this from her cousin Isak, who had fled Russia to escape the compulsory five-year military service.[5] He was the first member of my mother's family to emigrate to Norway. The year was 1898.

When my parents married, the contrast with the old country could not have been more pronounced. The wedding reception took place at the venerable Hotel Continental in Oslo, and my mother's parents paid for everything. The dress code was white tie, and the women wore long evening dresses. The celebration became a symbol of their place in Norwegian society and their aspirations: it was as if two members of the bourgeoisie had tied the knot on this Sunday in the end of August. The temperature on the thermometer was 13.5 °C and the sun never put in an appearance, but this did not put a damper on the festivities. There was no sign that the newlyweds' parents were first-generation immigrants nor that until recently they had been struggling to acquire Norwegian citizenship.

The menu was printed on shiny pink paper with the hotel logo embossed on the front cover.[6] In keeping with tradition, kosher food was served: there was no shellfish and only meat from livestock slaughtered according

to the ritual prescribed by Judaism. The meal began with an appetizer of "smoked salmon with spinach," followed by "Flounder filet tout Paris" and a refreshing "melon surprise." For the main course "grilled salmon with bearnaise and pomme Parisienne" was served. For dessert, they had a wedding delight and the traditional Norwegian marzipan wreath cake *kransekake,* along with coffee and cognac. The wines were Sauterne: a red wine from 1928, and a sweet "Rich, well-aged Bual" for dessert. The music commenced with Norwegian melodies such as "I Love You" by Grieg, followed by "Erotikon" and "To Spring." Then the Yiddish melody *Der Rebbe Hat Geheissen Lustig Sein* ("The Rabbi Said We Should Be Happy") was played, to highlight that this was a multicultural gathering[7] (Figure 1.2).

FIGURE 1.2 My mother as a bride, August 30, 1936.

The gifts were all in silver; the guests had pooled their resources to give the newlyweds wedding presents that they would cherish. Their parents had purchased a coffee service at the well-known jewellery store David-Andersen on the main street of Oslo, Karl Johans gate. The service was in a simple, functionalist style and wholly in keeping with the fashion of the time. Other guests gave them a silver vase. The newlyweds had hoped to receive silverware for a table setting of twelve in the new Norwegian Odel design that had come onto the market the year before. Since my parents had decided to adhere to the Jewish dietary rules, the silverware would only be used when meat was served. My mother had learned the rule about separating meat and dairy at home. Her family followed more of the Jewish traditions than my father's family had done. The restriction regarding the mixture of meat and dairy was based on an old, ethical convention prohibiting the cooking of a calf in its mother's milk.[8] After the Norwegian government banned the traditional Jewish method of slaughter in 1930,[9] meat was seldom found on the menu in Jewish homes. If meat were to be served for Shabbat and on holidays, the Jewish butchers would procure the meat from Sweden.[10]

Naturally, the wedding celebration was primarily about the future. In their speeches, the guests must have spoken about all the prosperity and joy that awaited the newlyweds. Becoming Norwegian was an unstated objective underlying most of their actions. At the same time, the Jews faced a dilemma. They did not want to let go of their old traditions. Becoming a part of Norwegian society must not be to the detriment of a cultural heritage that had been passed down for generations. It was as if those who had now settled in Norway were united in the effort to avoid a situation in which they would have to choose one over the other. For them, both cultures were important (Figures 1.3 and 1.4).

This perspective fostered unity and also meant that they took care of one another. They applauded one another's successes and shook their heads over misfortunes. Comments were made, yes, also reprimands might be offered. The guiding principle was at all times the Norwegian culture and society. Mastery of the language was particularly important. If you spoke Norwegian fluently, that was positive. If, on the other hand, you spoke with a heavy accent or only Yiddish, you were considered old-fashioned. When a man began to explain in broken Norwegian about all the *likene* (meaning corpses) he had in his cellar, when he meant to say *løk* (onions), everyone enjoyed a good laugh at his expense.

I think during the period between the two world wars many of the Jews in Norway felt they carried the responsibility of a higher purpose on their shoulders. Their lives were not only about themselves. The life of each individual was a reflection of the group as a whole. This is how they were perceived by the surrounding society and that is how they saw themselves.

FIGURE 1.3 My paternal grandparents Sofie and Heiman Raskowitz on my parents' wedding day, August 30, 1936.

If a Jewish person did something wrong and his name appeared in the newspaper because of it, the entire group experienced shame, or *schande* as they said in Yiddish.[11] The opposite was true if something positive occurred. When a member of the community was granted citizenship, everyone celebrated. As a minority population, they possessed a form of wisdom, according to which they understood that everything they did had consequences for others, not solely for themselves. This type of wisdom was deeply ingrained in each of them and had been passed down for generations.

Before the wedding party, an announcement had appeared in the monthly Jewish magazine *Hatikwoh* about the upcoming nuptials.[12] *Hatikwoh*, (The Hope), was published from 1929 to 1939 with Harry Koritzinsky from The

FIGURE 1.4 My maternal grandparents Dora and Rubin Pinkowitz on my parents' wedding day, August 30, 1936.

Jewish Community (Det Mosaiske Trossamfund) in Oslo as editor. Through the magazine, the Jewish residents of Norway stayed informed about significant news events at home and abroad and its purpose was to serve the interests of the Jewish community. If a Jewish individual was awarded the Nobel Prize or well-known Jewish authors published books, these events could be read about in the magazine. On the last pages of each issue, the editor provided a list of marriages and births.

Name changes were also announced there. My father, for example, changed his last name from Raskowitz to Raskow at the time of his engagement to my mother in 1934, because it was "too awkward and difficult to pronounce in Norway."[13] A notice about the name change was printed in the magazine.[14] This type of simplification did not mean that they were ashamed of their Jewish heritage; it was an expression of their desire to adapt to Norwegian society (Figures 1.5 and 1.6).

FIGURE 1.5 An outing, probably to the popular recreational destination Sollihøgda, in 1932. From the left: Aunt Frida, my maternal grandmother Dora, my father Herman, great-grandmother Golde and my mother Fanny. Seated in front: mother's cousin Rosa Bogomolno.

The name changes were often made in conjunction with special family events, as was the case for my father. Others, such as my father's three-year-old brother Jos, did so when he and his wife had a child. The new citizen of the world was not to be encumbered by a foreign-sounding name. When such an application was reviewed by the Ministry of Justice, the reply might read like the response to Jos' application a few years previous: "As for the reality behind the application for a name change, I have had my doubts, but since the name Raskow is a simplification of the name Raskowitz, the petition may be granted. I am not in favour of imposing Norwegian orthography on a dyed-in-the-wool Israelite."[15]

Up until the celebration of their wedding, my mother and father had lived in the homes of their parents, as was customary at the time. Seven months before the wedding, they had opened the hosiery and knitwear shop *Sol trikotasje A/S* in leased premises at Hegdehaugsveien 26, just behind the Royal Palace. My father had until this time worked in his father's tobacco shop in the immigrant neighbourhood of Grünerløkka and my mother at Petrine Nielsen, a well-known clothing shop that specialised in "Suits, Dresses, Coats and Ensembles" as advertised on the emporium's clothes hangers.[16]

FIGURE 1.6 Day trip to Bygdøy, 1913 – eight years after the family migrated to Norway. Standing, from the left: Salomon Pinkowitz, David Levin holding his son Robert, Isak Jelaawitz, my maternal grandfather Rubin Pinkowitz, and Benjamin Pinkowitz. Kneeling, from the left: Marie Levin, Ester Jelaawitz, my maternal grandmother Dora Pinkowitz, and Henne Pinkowitz, Benjamin's wife. The children, from the left: Fanny Jelaawitz, Dora Jelaawitz, Herman Jelaawitz, David Jelaawitz, with my mother Fanny on his lap, Aksel Scheer, Fanny Scheer, Jenny Levin, Fanny Levin, and Rolle Scheer.

The store's location at the lower end of Hegdehaugsveien was respectable, but a business address on Bogstadveien, a few blocks further up the hill would have been far better; Bogstadveien was the most coveted street for retail even before World War II. The entrance to my mother and father's shop was two steps up from the pavement. The size of the space was around 40 square metres, including a back room, and the shop had two display windows, where passersby could admire aprons that resembled dresses with buttons down the front and knee-length pantalettes underneath. The day the shop opened they did not yet have much merchandise to speak of. My mother therefore contacted the drivers from her former place of work in Grünerløkka, and they brought empty boxes which my parents placed on the shelves so the interior would not appear so desolate (Figure 1.7).

On the first day, they opened in the late afternoon, at approximately the same time that the decorator finished, my mother wrote. At closing time, she

FIGURE 1.7 The knitwear and hosiery shop Herman Raskow at Hegdehaugsveien 26, Oslo.

was proud to report that there was 36 kroner[17] in the till. Every day they put ten kroner in a large Kilner jar for expenses.[18] At Petrine Nielsen my mother had earned 220 kroner per month.[19] Now they did their best to manage and run their own business.

My mother had contact with the customers and stayed primarily out on the shop floor in front of the counter, while my father took care of purchasing and operations. This was the conventional division of labour at the time – if the wife participated in working life at all. In my parents' case, there had been no question. They needed the money and for that reason, they both worked. For my mother, work was not solely an obligation. She loved the excitement of sales and the contact with customers. They did everything themselves, from washing the floor to waiting on customers. They kept the coke furnace burning from morning to evening. It was "hard work, but also fun," she concluded in her notes.[20]

From the time my mother was a little girl she had dreamt of being a shop assistant. Her notes contain stories of how she played being a make-believe shopgirl as a child with her father, Rubin. He would pretend to be "shipping broker Jokumsen" who called and ordered five kilos of potatoes. And she would answer "the telephone" holding one hand against her ear. "Of course,

Mr. Jokumsen, five kilos of potatoes." Working in a shop was the profession with which my mother was most familiar and it was also the most common occupation for Jewish women. Some worked in the tobacco factories. The women rarely received vocational training – not unlike other women from the working class at this time.

Also my mother's mother had worked in retail. My mother was proud of her own mother who had started a private sales outlet. Several places in her notes she writes about how her mother's shop came about. It must have been sometime in the mid-1920s that my grandmother came up with the idea. She wanted to improve the family finances, but in a way that would not interfere with her responsibilities as a mother and wife. She contacted well-known businesses and advertised in the newspaper: "From a private flat – inexpensive," according to my mother's notes. Customers arrived and before long business was "booming".

My grandmother placed her wares in piles on the dining room table. At first, she only sold hats. She purchased entire shelves full of surplus goods at a low price. When she bought everything "in bulk," the suppliers would adjust the price accordingly. At the time, everyone wore hats, so there was a great demand for her products, and people came to her shop from all over the city. She would pay one krone for each hat and sell them for three. If anyone doubted whether a hat was attractive, my grandmother would put it on her head and model it, and the customers used her as their mirror. She was one of those women who could wear any kind of hat. People bought the hats and the venture "was declared a success."

But she could not continue in this fashion. Packing up and unpacking the wares every day was not practical. After operating this way for almost ten years, my grandmother leased a flat on the first floor and converted it into a shop. There was no street-level entrance. The customers had to enter the backyard and from there, take the stairs to the first floor, where there was a door leading into the flat that had now become my grandmother's hosiery and knitwear shop: *Sofienberggatens tricotasjeutsalg*. My grandmother, my grandfather, and their two children Rolle and Frida lived in the flat above the shop. The year before they organised the wedding celebration for my parents, they began leasing the shop premises for 91 kroner a month.[21]

After the wedding, the newlyweds moved into a leased 54 square metre flat near Adamstuen, southwest of the Ullevål hospital. The district was a subdivision of the Great Ullevål farm which was located north of the hospital. The Adamstuen district was named after the merchant Adam R. Steen who owned the land until 1807.[22] To improve access to the hospital, the municipality of Oslo annexed the area in 1911. Stensgata 44, the street address of my parents first home, was located on the border between Oslo and Aker, but their building was zoned as part of Aker.[23]

The building was new and designed by the architect Arne Korsmo. My father's cousin had tipped them off about it. They knew nothing about this architect by the name of Korsmo but trusted the cousin's advice. She was a modern woman and they liked that about her.[24] They believed that they would be able to afford the monthly rent of 117.50 kroner. The new flat had running water with a bathroom and WC – as opposed to a privy in the hallway or in the backyard. In this sense, their standard of living differed from that of many Jewish people who lived in Grünerløkka. When my mother and father were going to start a new life together, they looked to the west side of Oslo, as most people of their generation had done.[25] My parents were not the only Jews who moved to the western part of the city but were nonetheless among the first members of their families to move out of the immigrant neighbourhood of Grünerløkka.

The flat on Stensgata signalled that they were on the right path, a path that involved adopting Norwegian, middle-class values. They had changed their surname, they spoke the language, and they embraced Norwegian norms and values, such as a love for Norwegian nature. It was my father who was the enthusiast when it came to outdoor recreation: skiing in the wintertime and trekking in the forest in the summertime. He took my mother out to the Maridalen Valley on Sundays. They brewed coffee and pan-fried Mother's homemade fishcakes over an open fire, in their minds a meal more delicious than any dinner at an exclusive restaurant. My father loved spending time in the Norwegian outdoors and was an all-round athlete. His name could be found on the lists of winners when the Jewish Youth Association held sports competitions and for a period of time, he headed their athletics committee.[26] He began training to earn The Norwegian Sports Confederation's physical fitness achievement badge in 1934, but he did not receive the gold certification until after the war. For eight years he took tests in several sports, including cycling, cross-country skiing, and swimming.[27] This was not a culture he had inherited from his parents and he was among the first Jewish residents of Norway to earn the gold certification. Their love for Norwegian nature became a strong bond between my parents.

The application for Norwegian citizenship

When I read my mother's notes about the wedding celebration, the opening of the shop, and their relocation to the new flat, what strikes me is how bright the future must have appeared at this time. My mother and father became more and more "Norwegian" with every passing day. At the time of their marriage, my mother had been a Norwegian citizen for a few years. Since she was born in Norway, she was automatically granted the "right to citizenship" at the age of twenty-two. My father, who was slightly older, had been a Norwegian

citizen since 1928. My mother's brother Rolle, who was two years her senior, was also a Norwegian citizen, while her little sister Frida would become a citizen when she turned twenty-two a few years later.[28]

Citizenship was about security. It made no difference that you felt Norwegian if you did not also have the papers to prove it. There was an unwritten rule that Jews had to wait longer than other immigrants to become Norwegian. There was almost no point in applying before one had lived in Norway for twenty years, even though the general requirement was five years.[29] The qualifying period of residence was shortest for Swedes. The Romani people, who at the time were called *sigøynere,* or gypsies, were not "allowed access to the kingdom."[30] The applications from Jewish residents were delayed and sandbagged by the caseworkers "because they were Jews" and "they usually had to apply several times and wait much longer than others."[31]

When I open the folders containing the applications for citizenship at the National Archives of Norway, it is like taking a deep dive into the prevailing perceptions of the Jews during this period. In my maternal grandfather Rubin Pinkowitz's application, it is remarkable how carefully and almost apologetically he expressed himself – as if he were adapting to the practice of the Ministry of Justice. It would feel "strange" if his application were not approved, he concluded.[32] He felt wholly and fully Norwegian. All of his children were born in Norway and were employed here. He had resided in Norway for twenty-seven years now and wanted to stay. The application was so important that on August 12, 1935, he contacted the supreme court lawyer Roald Dahl for help.

The Ministry of Justice evaluated applications according to criteria such as length of residency, whether the applicant was able to support himself and his family, whether or not he had a criminal record, and if he had a fixed residence in Norway.[33]

In my grandfather's case, they learned that he never received benefits from the poor-relief scheme. Even so, the welfare administration doubted his capacity to support himself and his family on an annual salary amounting to 2,200 kroner; this was below the average income of the time, which was around 4,000 kroner. For that reason, the welfare administration did not approve the application in its recommendation. And there were others who had doubts. The Oslo Chief of Police Kristian Welhaven did not believe that "the applicant" could provide for himself and his family and denied the application. County Governor Ingolf Elster Christensen followed the police chief's lead.[34]

My grandfather had reported that he earned 3,000 kroner this year, and the caseworker took issue with this, since the amount was greater than the amount indicated on his tax assessment. When Grandfather pointed out that it was difficult to specify his salary since he had just opened a small shop with

his wife, the caseworker interpreted this as an "excuse." Neither did they accept that he referred to the error as a "misunderstanding." A handwritten comment from one of caseworkers can be read in the margin: "typical?"[35] Writing notes in pencil in the margins was not uncommon.[36] This was how the ministry staff communicated among themselves. At this time, they were not fettered by the Freedom of Information Act or the right to disclosure.

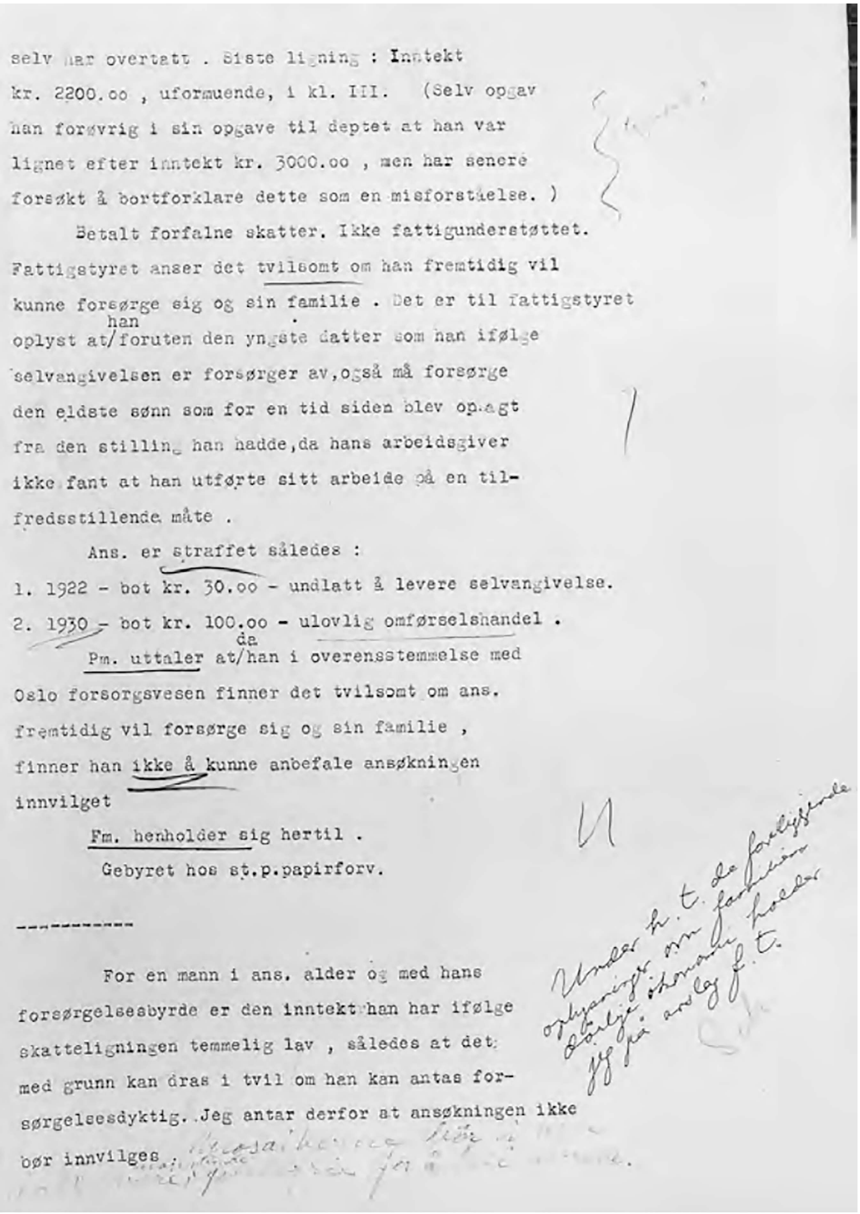
The authorities were subsequently supposed to ascertain whether my grandfather had a criminal record. According to Oslo Police Headquarters, Rubin Pinkowitz had no such record, though he had been fined 30 kroner in 1922 for not submitting his tax return on time.[37] A few years later he had been obliged to pay a penalty of 100 kroner for having forgotten to apply for an itinerant sales permit. Both had long since been paid.[38]

As an itinerant salesman, or "peddler" (*kramkar)* as it was also called, Grandfather had in the 1920s made his living travelling around the country, carrying his wares in a knapsack on his back. The work was tedious and exhausting but afforded him flexibility and he saved money towards a down payment on and the costs of premises for a shop. Local merchants did not appreciate the competition from Jewish travelling salesmen and the latter were stigmatised as dishonest. The Jews became "the shopkeepers' scapegoats."[39] The sheriffs were also on their backs and many were encumbered with penalties and fines – as was the case for my grandfather.

The caseworker at the Ministry of Justice denied the application. All the grounds for the denial were underlined in pencil. The arguments were based on his inability to support his family. Subsequent to the review, the assessment is written in by hand: "To become Norwegian, Mosaics should be at least relatively flawless."[40]

The handwritten comments tell a story that differs from the more official arguments in the typewritten letter. Questions about his finances and criminal record were discussed there. The comments in the margins were more subjective appraisals of matters such as Norwegian-ness and race and based on common perceptions of the Jews that were typical of the times. What emerges in the margins neither led to any discussion between the caseworkers. The statement regarding how Mosaics should be relatively flawless was not particularly controversial during this period. None of the people who reviewed the application expressed disagreement or asked for clarification of this statement. It was as if the comments in the margins were directed at others who it was assumed would share the opinions they expressed. Professor Per Ole Johansen writes that during the interwar period of the twentieth century, the Ministry of Justice developed joint procedures in which it was common to speak about Jews in a derogatory fashion[41] (Figure 1.8).

The Ministry of Justice presents its conclusion regarding my grandfather's application for citizenship: "Based on the available information about the family's poor financial situation, I am denying the application for the time


selv har overtatt . Siste ligning : Inntekt
kr. 2200.oo , uformuende, i kl. III. (Selv opgav
han forøvrig i sin opgave til deptet at han var
lignet efter inntekt kr. 3000.oo , men har senere
forsøkt å bortforklare dette som en misforståelse.)

Betalt forfalne skatter. Ikke fattigunderstøttet.
Fattigstyret anser det tvilsomt om han fremtidig vil
kunne forsørge sig og sin familie . Det er til fattigstyret
oplyst at/han foruten den yngste datter som han ifølge
selvangivelsen er forsørger av, også må forsørge
den eldste sønn som for en tid siden blev opsagt
fra den stilling han hadde, da hans arbeidsgiver
ikke fant at han utførte sitt arbeide på en til-
fredsstillende måte .

Ans. er straffet således :
1. 1922 - bot kr. 30.oo - undlatt å levere selvangivelse.
2. 1930 - bot kr. 100.oo - ulovlig omførselshandel .

Pm. uttaler at/da han i overensstemmelse med
Oslo forsorgsvesen finner det tvilsomt om ans.
fremtidig vil forsørge sig og sin familie ,
finner han ikke å kunne anbefale ansøkningen
innvilget

Fm. henholder sig hertil .

Gebyret hos st.p.papirforv.

For en mann i ans. alder og med hans
forsørgelsesbyrde er den inntekt han har ifølge
skatteligningen temmelig lav , således at det
med grunn kan dras i tvil om han kan antas for-
sørgelsesdyktig. Jeg antar derfor at ansøkningen ikke
bør innvilges .

FIGURE 1.8 From my grandfather Rubin's application for Norwegian citizenship of 1935. The handwritten remark "typisk!" (typical) can be seen in the margin at the top of the page. At the bottom of the page, the handwritten comment reads: "To become Norwegian, Mosaics should be at least relatively flawless."

being." Acting Director General Jørgen Herman Vogt Scheel signed an abbreviation of his surname in red pencil: Sch. On November 30, 1935, the denial of the application was sent to Rubin Pinkowitz and provided no explanation for the decision. Minister of Justice Trygve Lie signed along with Senior Secretary Juel Røstad.

It was not long before my grandfather re-applied, in August 1937. He had then resided in Norway for twenty-nine years. He used the same lawyer. When the application was finally submitted on November 9 of that year, the lawyer apologised for his delay and made a personal recommendation, stating that the applicant in "every sense" had behaved correctly in their meetings. "We can certainly say that he and his wife are now 'acclimated'."[42]

His annual income was now 5,000 kroner, an increase of more than 100 percent since his previous application. Nonetheless, Police Chief Kristian Welhaven upheld his former assessment: "his finances are as before." The county governor concurred with the police chief's conclusion – this time as well.[43]

It is evident that the caseworker was irritated by the police chief's assessment: "One cannot actually say that his situation is unchanged. Two years ago the applicant had recently taken over a small business, ½ year before. Previous to this he had been a salesman, with an annual salary of 2,200 kroner. Now he is being taxed for 5,000 kroner, at least."[44]

The caseworker subsequently made the argument that since "this Jew" had supported himself previously, there was no reason to think he would not continue to do so. The welfare administration's statement had also changed. The applicant had now resided in Norway for twenty-nine years and since his financial status "is now, to the best of our knowledge, in order, there are no objective grounds for denying the application."

At this point, one might think that the caseworker was recommending approval of the application. But suddenly the arguments move away from financial matters to focus on Norwegian-ness and race: "even though the applicant is Jewish and will therefore never be properly Norwegian and as such is undesirable."[45]

It was as if the ministry was dragging its heels to the bitter end. But since his period of residence was twenty-nine years and his financial standing was beyond reproach, they finally agreed to approve the application. And the subjective assessments regarding Norwegian-ness are nowhere to be found in the conclusion: "It would be unreasonably punitive to deny the application now." Carl Platou had been appointed director general. He made the final decision, written in turquoise pencil: "Agreed." He then crossed out the proposal to deny the application in the introduction and chose approval.

Minister of Justice Trygve Lie signed the approval, along with Head of Division Edvard Lassen. Rubin and Dora Pinkowitz pledged their allegiance to Norway's constitution on February 1, 1938.[46]

The period following my parents' wedding was characterised by a large amount of uncertainty for the Jewish population of Norway. In the monthly magazine *Hatikwoh*, the tone of the articles became increasingly serious. The editor Harry Koritzinsky monitored the developments in Europe closely. For every issue, he wrote an editorial offering an analysis of how he interpreted the political events. After "Anschluss," the annexation of Austria into the German Reich, the headline read: "The Austrian Jews and Us." The lead proclaimed: "With one fell swoop, the position of the Jews in Austria has changed" and "Austrian Jews subjected to the most disgraceful acts and violations and in a manner far more disturbing than when the Nazi regime was introduced in Germany."[47]

In issue 10 of 1938, the headline of the lead story was "In Times of Crisis": "Judaism is today facing a potentially disastrous catastrophe. In many nations, the Jewish world is under threat of total ruin. Of Germany's more than 600,000 Jews, approximately one-third have been deported or have had to flee."[48]

In the same issue, the magazine published the full speech given by Odd Nansen for the ten-year anniversary of the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation (NRK). There he spoke about the basis for his humanitarian work in Nansen Relief, which he had helped found two years before. Large portions of the speech were about the Jewish people's suffering and he stated: "Yes, even those of us up here in our peaceful corner of the world" will be obliged to contend with "the grotesque face of the war."[49]

In the autumn of 1939, *Hatikwoh* reported on "The War in Poland." The "horrible" war was covered by the Norwegian national press, while the Jewish Press Agency was sparing in its coverage, Odd Nansen wrote. What was happening to Poland's 3.5 million Jewish citizens? In Warsaw alone, the Jewish population was larger than the population of greater Oslo. Now the city was in ruins.[50]

In a later issue, the editor asked what the reason for the persecution could be. Why were Jewish people victimised in "virtually every nation"? Being made the scapegoats of other nations has been our "tragic fate since the beginning of the diaspora."[51] When the editor offered his summary of the year 1939, he called it "a black page in the history of mankind."[52] This issue was the magazine's last before the war. Fifty years would pass before it started up again.[53]

My mother never referred to the magazine in her notes, but I know that she read it, as did the other members of the Jewish community.[54] Through the magazine the Norwegian Jews stayed abreast of events in the community and in other nations. When the situation in Central Europe became critical, the articles became more focused, addressing almost exclusively the current political situation.

Notes

1 Store norske leksikon, 1978.
2 Mother's cousin, Eva Scheer, wrote about the family's early history in *Vi bygger i sand* [We Build in the Sand] (1948). This is from p. 66.
3 Eva Scheer, 1948, p. 30.
4 Espen Søbye, 2018, pp. 12–13.
5 Isak Jelaawitz came to Norway as a sixteen-year-old. In *Vi bygger i sand* [We Build in the Sand] (1948) Eva Scheer writes that at the time, the duration of the compulsory military service was five years, p. 46. Historian Vibeke Kieding Banik states that the military service could be much longer than this, up to twenty-five years (SMS, January 2020). Isak married his cousin, Ester, who was my maternal grandmother's oldest sister.
6 The menu card is on display in the permanent exhibition at the Centre for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities (HL-senteret).
7 The song played during the wedding dinner, *Der Rebbe Hot Geheissen Frelech Sein*, from 1961, performed by Tova Ben Tsvi, is available on YouTube.
8 From Exodus, 34:26 and 23:19, and Deuteronomy, 14:21. SMS from Michael Gritzman 17 January 2020.
9 Anders Snildal, 2014.
10 Conversation with Solveig Levin on 26 January 2020. The consequences of the ban on the kosher slaughter method are also discussed in the December 1929 issue of *Hatikwoh*.
11 Conversation with Solveig Levin on 28 January 2017.
12 The editor must have been a bit distracted when he wrote that Miss Frida Pinkowitz, who was my mother's sister, married Mr. Herman Raskow on this day. A correction was printed in the next issue. *Hatikwoh*, 1936, nos 8 and 9.
13 The Ministry of Justice and Police Affairs, application for name change for Herman Raskowitz – j.no 05877 – 7 November 1934.
14 The announcement of the name change appeared in *Hatikwoh*, January 1935.
15 The Ministry of Justice and Police Affairs, comments on the application for a name change for Joseph Raskowitz – j.no 2591 – j.no 3259–29 g, 25 September 1929.
16 While I was writing this book, I found the clothes hanger from Petrine Nielsen at the cottage.
17 From 1939 to 1946, the US dollar was equivalent to roughly 4.5–5 Norwegian krone (Translator's note). https://academic-accelerator.com/encyclopedia/norwegian-krone
18 NOK 36 in 1936 was equivalent to NOK 1379 in September 2019 according to the consumer price index of Statistics Norway (SSB).
19 NOK 220 in 1936 was equivalent to NOK 8428 in September 2019 according to the consumer price index of Statistics Norway (SSB).
20 When quotes are in quotation marks, they are from my mother's notes, unless otherwise specified. When quotes are from oral communication, the source is mentioned.
21 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 5, case 301. Rubin Pinkowitz.
22 Adamstuen, Wikipedia, 13 January 2020.
23 E-mail of 15 January 2020 from special consultant Johanne Bergkvist at the Oslo City Archives: "Checked the property register for Oslo of 1941, and the list includes the property at Stensgata 41B. Street numbers higher than this were zoned in Aker. Several Aker residents were listed in the address and telephone directory for Oslo, especially if they worked in Oslo." Oslo and Aker were merged in 1948.

24 Father's cousin Lisa Benjamin, who was interested in art, managed the shop Petit Art on Drammensveien in Oslo together with her husband, Louis.
25 Marta Gjernes, 2007, pp. 231–232.
26 My father, Herman Raskow, is mentioned in several issues of *Hatikwoh*, including April, October, and December 1929, in 1931, and in several subsequent issues.
27 Father took the tests for the gold certification of the physical fitness achievement badge in 1934. The Norwegian Sports Confederation awarded the gold certification on 12 February 1947 after he had taken the tests eight times. E-mail from Stig Andersson, Norwegian Sports Confederation, 27 January 2020.
28 RA/S-1041 Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, 52/1012/1938. Application for citizenship from Rubin Pinkowitz. Police Constable Alf Dybhavn's report to the investigative division of Oslo Police Headquarters of 10.16.1935 states in this context that the children would be automatically granted citizenship at the age of twenty-two. Espen Søbye makes the same statement, 2003, p. 44. While in Per Ole Johansen's article from 1905 "Twenty years for a Jew," he cites the Norwegian Nationality Act of 1924/25 which requires twenty-one years of residency for Jews born in Norway, pp. 32–33.
29 Per Ole Johansen, 2005, p. 59.
30 Jan Alexander Svoboda Brustad, Lars Lien, Maria Rosvoll and Carl Emil Vogt, 2017, p. 69 ff.
31 Per Ole Johansen, 2005, pp. 31–32.
32 RA/S-1041 Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, 52/1012/1938. Application for citizenship from Rubin Pinkowitz, first application submitted 12 August 1935.
33 Per Ole Johansen, 2005, p. 33.
34 RA/S-1041 Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, no. 52/1012/1938. Application for citizenship from Rubin Pinkowitz, 12 November 1935 (19 November 1935).
35 Ibid.
36 Conversation with Per Ole Johansen, spring 2017.
37 The fine was from 18 January 1922, for violation of section 110 of 22 February 1921.
38 The fine was for violation of the Criminal Code section 332, cf. Commercial Code of 1907, section 22 – of 10 June 1930.
39 Per Ole Johansen, 1984, p. 60.
40 RA/S-1041 The Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, no. 52/1012/1938. Application for citizenship from Rubin Pinkowitz, 12 November 1935 (19 November 1935).
41 Per Ole Johansen, 1984, p. 56.
42 RA/S-1041 The Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, no. 52/1012/1938. Letter from supreme court lawyer Reidar Dahl, 9 November 1937 to Auction Administrator of Oslo.
43 RA/S-1041 The Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, no. 52/1012/1938. Processing of application completed 5 January 1938.
44 RA/S-1041 The Ministry of Justice, 3 Office of Civil Affairs, G, Ma. Citizenship cases, no. 52/1012/1938.
45 Ibid.
46 Ibid.
47 *Hatikwoh* (10th year). May 1938, no. 5.
48 Ibid. October–November 1938, no. 10.
49 Ibid.

50 *Hatikwoh* (11th year). September–October 1939, no. 9 and 10.
51 Ibid. November–December 1939, no. 11 and 12.
52 Ibid.
53 The magazine was not published again until 1992, and then as *Hatikvah*, under editors Mona and Peter Beck. After the war, the news magazine *Jødisk nytt* was published for a short period, from 1946 to 1947 under editor Kai Feinberg. During the period 1976–1991, Oskar Mendelsohn was the editor of the Jewish congregation publication *Jødisk menighetsblad*.
54 Conversation with Solveig Levin, 26 January 2020.

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PART II

During the war

FIGURE 2.1 Mother photographed during the war, holding me in her arms. I was three months old at the time.

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The living would envy the dead

On the eve of April 9, 1940, the date of Germany's invasion of Denmark and Norway, my mother and father came home following a dinner in the home of her parents (Figure 2.1). My father's father had just died and they had observed the traditional week of mourning (*shiva*), during which immediate family members sit in the home of the deceased and receive visitors throughout the entire week following the funeral. The mourners accept the comfort of visitors and remember the deceased. All those who come to call receive a cup of coffee and a simple cake. Every morning and evening they recite the *kaddish*, the prayer for the dead. When the week is over, the bereaved are tired and all talked out.

My mother has described the events of this night in her notes. When they went to bed "they were tired, both body and soul." "Little did they know then that the time had come when the living would envy the dead."

In the middle of the night, my parents were awakened by the sound of a loud, blaring horn. "A siren? An alarm?" They understood immediately that it could not be a drill. "No, no," mother was certain. They dressed as quickly as they could. Down in the courtyard, the siren continued, but they could not see anything. Suddenly the sky turned black, then light grey, and then almost white. Mother also observed low-flying black aeroplanes in the sky above their heads. They ran down into the cellar and stayed there until they heard the danger-over signal. "Not much of the night remained after that," she concluded.

On April 10, Mother went out to buy groceries at a nearby shop. Helene Husebye kept the dairy shop open even though there was a war on.[1] Mother never made it up the steps because before she could enter the shop, somebody grabbed her by the arm and tossed her onto a lorry flatbed. Complete panic had broken out. Lorry after lorry was standing by to transport people out of the city. Private automobiles filled up and people were hanging off the sides of overcrowded streetcars.

The lorry carrying my mother drove past the district of Grefsen outside the city centre and onward to the Nordmarka forest. At exactly 11:30 a.m., the air raid siren sounded.[2] The population was told to evacuate Oslo and it was rumoured that the city would be bombed. Mother wrote that "German troops marched up the main street of Oslo, Karl Johans gate" and people stood by watching, stunned or paralysed. The national daily newspaper Aftenposten documented the great day of panic with a front-page article and photo the next day.[3] By chance, my mother was photographed on the lorry flatbed somewhere outside the city. "Nobody could understand what was happening. The situation was completely chaotic," she wrote (Figure 2.2).

FIGURE 2.2 Mother in a photograph that appeared in the newspaper Aftenposten documenting the Day of Panic, April 10, 1940. She can be seen standing on the flatbed of the truck to the left.

The situation became almost unbearable in the days following the German invasion. Great uncertainty reigned in the Jewish community of Oslo. Many people were beside themselves. Mother and Father decided to leave Oslo and make their way to the village of Gran in Hadeland. Before they left, they called other family members to let them know – "we asked them to follow us and they did. But the Germans came there as well," my mother commented.

Jos, my father's brother, also joined them in Gran, along with his wife Sonja and their ten-year-old daughter Sylvi, who had been a bridesmaid in my parents' wedding. Jos was a violinist and in the days of silent films had worked at Oslo Cinematographer. Starting in 1930, the cinemas no longer had any need for musicians, so he opened a small drapers shop in the Oslo district of Tøyen. He had met Sonja in Berlin while studying music there in the mid-1920s. Jos and Sonja were distant cousins but had never met before – he was from Norway and she from Poland.[4] In the course of the 1930s, they bought a piece of land in the Makrellbekken neighbourhood of Oslo and had plans to build a small house there as soon as they could afford it.

Together they leased a place to live on a farm in Gran. The farmer knew that his tenants were Jewish. The agreement was that the hosts would inform them in the event of imminent danger. There were many people who harboured refugees in the villages in the district of Hadeland during these days of April.[5]

While they were staying there, Mother went to the Gran railroad station one day to buy groceries with Sonja, and who should they run into but my

mother's Aunt Ester. The three of them stopped to chat and that was when they saw the enemy for the first time. Suddenly they heard German soldiers marching in step on the railroad tracks. The sound reverberated throughout the entire village: *Wir fahren gegen Engeland*. The soldiers were on their way to the headquarters located a few kilometres away in Brandbu.

Norwegian prisoners were walking in front of the soldiers – elderly people, children, men, and women. At the lead, Mother saw her cousin David – Aunt Ester's son. "He was dragging himself along wearily," Mother wrote. He was the gifted, introverted, and modest eldest son from the Jelaawitz family. When Ester saw her son accompanied by armed German soldiers, she fainted and fell to the ground. "This time the prisoners were rescued," my mother jotted down on one of the pages of notes I found in her flat. Mother wrote that the local sheriff showed solidarity and drove the prisoners back to where they belonged.[6]

Since my mother's family had fled Oslo helter-skelter, all they had brought with them were the bare necessities. Mother's grandmother, Golde Scheer, had left her medicine behind and cousin Bjørn needed boots. My mother then came up with the idea of travelling back to Oslo to see what was happening there. Her sister-in-law Sonja decided to accompany her while the men stayed behind at the farm.

Getting to Oslo was no easy matter. Public transport was suspended but at the crack of dawn every morning, a lorry departed from Jaren station. The driver agreed to give Mother and Sonja a ride, but would leave at five o'clock in the morning, so the two sisters-in-law had to get up in the middle of the night. They walked several kilometres to get to the station. The driver doubted that they would manage the trip. The flatbed was full of milk pails. The only option was to lie on top of them. "We'll give it a try," my mother insisted.

The driver covered them with a tarp. The April weather was capricious this year as usual, and they had no mittens or gloves. On the way to Oslo, they could see the results of the German bombing. In Nittedal razed houses attested to brutal battles. They heard gunshots. "It is not possible to talk about the trip from Jaren to Sinsen," she wrote. To their great surprise, the situation in Oslo was altogether different, where "the children were playing hopscotch in the streets. (…) Everything was calm and peaceful."

The agreement was that they would leave to return to Jaren at four in the afternoon. Mother and Sonja arrived at the appointed meeting place on time, but there was no lorry in sight. Five o'clock came and went, and at six o'clock the lorry finally appeared. Now the milk pails were empty. "If lying on top of pails full of milk was horrible, it was, if possible, even worse lying on the empty pails," but they survived the trip. The driver was

kind and drove them as close to the farm as possible. They walked the final stretch on the railway tracks – under the cover of darkness and out of sight from the Germans. They stumbled, fell, and got to their feet again, carrying grandmother Golde's medicine and cousin Bjørn's boots in the knapsack.

A few days later, Mother and Father decided to go home. "Then we lived an almost ordinary daily life until October 1942," she wrote, but added: "Of course, daily life and daily life." Mother mentioned a few examples in her notes: "If you sat down in an empty seat beside a German on the streetcar, you were arrested. If a German saw a Jewish person, child or adult, and felt like arresting them, they did." This was my mother's understanding of the situation. I believe, however, that at this time, a person would be arrested if they refused to take a seat beside a German. Whatever the case may have been, she finished the paragraph with: "We despaired."

Three months in 1942 – the anti-Jewish policy is intensified

During the first years of the German occupation, intended purview of the anti-Jewish policy was unclear.[7] The situation was dreadful for everyone, but a little bit worse for the Jews at all times. Jews were arrested and detained in Grini prison camp, only to be released again after a few months. One month after the war broke out, on May 10, 1940, the radios of all Jewish residents were confiscated. A year later, the radios of other Norwegians were seized as well.[8] Mother makes no mention of their radio being confiscated in her notes.

If a Jewish person had expressed opposition to National Socialism, he would be especially at risk. Moritz Rabinowitz from Haugesund had been visible in the press for a long time before the occupation, due to the articles he had written against National Socialism and about "the Jewish question." During the debate about the kosher slaughter as prescribed by Judaism, in 1929 he sent a telegram to the members of the Norwegian parliament voicing a critique of Farmers' Party representative Jens Hunseid. Other Jews did not approve of his conduct and made it clear that he was not speaking on their behalf.[9] Rabinowitz continued writing his anti-Nazi newspaper articles and from the start of the occupation he was wanted by the authorities.

Benjamin Bild was also politically active and arrested for sabotage and dissemination of communist propaganda, as were other union representatives at the Kjeller air base.[10] Rabinowitz and Bild were among the first Jews to be arrested. Mother did not write anything about these events either. Presumably, she thought that these arrests were about something *they* had done and therefore did not apply to other Jews. The situation in general was

fraught with uncertainty and arrests were made, often on the pretext that the Jews in question had collaborated with the resistance and were "saboteurs and disseminators of anti-German propaganda."[11]

Starting in January 1942, the anti-Jewish policy took a new turn through the introduction of a number of severe measures pertaining to the Jews in Norway, formalised through a *public notice*, *a government circular*, and *an amendment to the constitution*.

"The public notice regarding special stamps on identity documents of Jewish citizens," was issued by the Ministry of the Police, January 20, 1942, but the initiative had come from the German secret police (Sipo) a few months before.[12] Throughout the entire process of preparing these measures, Sipo exercised strict control over the ministry staff.

The public notice was printed in Norway's leading newspapers. Aftenposten buried it on one of the last pages. It was not easy to spot, surrounded as it was by adverts such as "Kværner Bruk's general assembly," "The Young Farmers Association's upcoming meeting," adverts for "Dental implants" and "Tax return assistance" offered by the Jewish lawyer Leon Jarner. Beneath the notice was a personal ad from "a very wealthy and good-looking man" who wanted to meet "a particularly beautiful woman."[13]

For the first time, my parents could read in a public notice that the national socialists operated with a biological definition of Jewishness. Anyone who had three or four Jewish grandparents or was a member of the Jewish community was required to carry an identity card stamped with a clearly visible, red J.[14] It was no coincidence that the notice was placed amongst insignificant adverts. The occupying forces wanted to minimise the significance of the stamp.[15] It was as if they wanted to create the impression that the Jews had nothing to fear. The notice contained no reference to the German secret police. This information had been removed against the wishes of the Ministry of the Police.[16] The notice then appeared to have been issued by the Norwegian authorities, which contributed to downplaying its significance.

The next measure was a government circular announcing a requirement to fill out a questionnaire.[17] The circular was signed by Karl A. Marthinsen, the commander of the State Police (*Statspolitiet* – STAPO), and sent to all police chiefs and sheriffs on February 6, 1942. The State Police was a Norwegian National Socialist armed police force active from 1941 to 1945 that operated independently from the ordinary Norwegian police force.[18] The initiative for the measure came from office of statistics of the National Socialist party the *Nasjonal Samling* (hereafter NS)[19] and was produced by the Criminal Investigation Department of the Ministry of the Police. The circular required all Jews over the age of fourteen with a J stamp on their identity cards to fill out a questionnaire in triplicate. The questionnaire contained questions

about their family situation, place of residence, education, income, and assets. Many postponed completing the form until a day or two before the March 7 deadline.

By having Norwegian officials supervise completion of the questionnaires, the Germans created a false sense of security, so unsuspecting Jewish residents would complete the questionnaire calmly and in good faith, rather than in the presence of "a menacing Gestapo officer and snickering member of the Norwegian Nazi party," as Per Ole Johansen wrote many years later.[20]

One of the first things Vidkun Quisling did on March 12, 1942, after being instated as Minister President, was to reintroduce a clause in the second paragraph of the Norwegian Constitution of 1814: "Jews are excluded from access to the Kingdom of Norway." The preparations for this amendment had been underway for quite some time and on October 1, 1941, Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs wrote to Supreme Court judge Vassbotten that if the ministry intended to restore the constitutional prohibition, it had to be done "reverently."[21]

The amendment had no consequences of significance for the Jews who were already in Norway and could be understood more as a declaration of intent.[22] Norway was to become *judenfrei*.

When my father Herman Raskow filled out the questionnaire, he took no chances and being the systematic and meticulous person that he was, tried to answer as truthfully as possible.[23] On January 1, 1942, his savings amounted to 21,008 kroner.[24] "Completed compulsory military service with the Royal Guard," he wrote. "Started my career as manager of Sol Trikotasje A/S. On August 1, 1938, I acquired and began operating this company under my own name." "When did you come to Norway," was another question. "Born in Norway," he replied, in other words, I am as Norwegian as you are. The last group of questions was about whether he had been reported to the police, charged, fined, or convicted of any crimes or misdemeanours. He then signed the form with his characteristic signature, which he had spent a long time perfecting.

I don't know why he filled out the questionnaire so carefully. Was he so honest because at the very least, he did not want the authorities to catch him in a lie or evading the truth? Or was it because he wanted to demonstrate that he had good intentions in Norway? Had he ingratiated himself with the authorities? I don't know the answer, but either way, opposition in this situation was not an option. *Not* filling out the questionnaire could also constitute grounds for arrest.

The completed form was sent to the Oslo and Aker Office of the Chief of Police, on April 21, 1942, where the accuracy of the information was checked. The chief of police confirmed that my father had not been "penalised" or "reported or charged of any crime here in the police district." The NS' office of

statistics would ascertain whether the business practices of Jewish citizens were criminal.[25] Seven days later, Herman Raskow's questionnaire had been processed by the Oslo and Aker Office of the Chief of Police.

When it was my maternal grandfather Rubin's turn to fill out his questionnaire, it was only the signature R. Pinkowitz that was his own.[26] His youngest daughter Frida did it for him – not because he didn't speak Norwegian, but perhaps because the situation made him nervous. When Rubin first arrived in Norway as an eighteen-year-old in 1908, the only education he had had was from a *cheder*, a Jewish religious primary school. It was therefore with no small amount of pride that he responded "Trade School" to the question of any education he had completed in Norway. He and his wife had owned and operated the shop Sofienberggt Tricotageutsalg, described as "Knitwear, hosiery, and ladies hats" since the summer of 1935. His reported savings were 7,794.38 kroner.[27] I believe that because he had been caught giving inaccurate information a few years before, the information he included on the form was now exceedingly precise. When he had applied for citizenship, the fact that he had reported an income that differed from the income indicated on his tax assessment had been used against him. As a kind of conclusion, written on the form now were the words: Rubin Pinkowitz – "Norwegian citizen" with "Polish" nationality.[28]

A problem arose when he was to give the year of his wife Dora's birth. Her eldest child Rolle was born on his mother's seventeenth birthday. This was a source of shame in the tiny Jewish community, even though she was not the only teenage mother at this time. Different birth years for Dora had therefore been in circulation, and her husband Rubin solved the problem by including both – 1893, followed by 1891 in parenthesis. Dora had never had a birth certificate and could therefore easily change her date of birth to make it appear as if she were older than she actually was. The State Police did not react to the two different years of birth on the questionnaire. This type of information did not interest them.

Rubin Pinkowitz had no criminal record, even though the police had records of a penalty paid in 1930 and a fine in 1923.[29] It took the Oslo and Aker Office of the Chief of Police eleven days to confirm that the information was correct and Rubin Pinkowitz's form was fully processed on July 6, 1942.

In Norway, it was easy to acquire an overview of the small Jewish population. The J stamp on identity documents and the questionnaires were the methods used by the occupying forces to acquire this overview. After we had begun talking about the events of the war, my mother once told me that she couldn't remember ever having a red J stamped in her passport. She thought this was strange but was open to the possibility that she may have been misremembering. Neither did she fill out the questionnaire because she was included in my father's.

In other countries, such as Poland, Lithuania, and Czechoslovakia, where there were large Jewish populations, the Jews were concentrated in ghettos, gathered within a small geographic area to ensure control over what would later come to pass. Also the yellow star of David, visible on outer garments, was a means of separating Jewish people from the rest of the population. Neither the ghettos nor the Star of David were necessary in Norway. There were Jews living in sixty-four municipalities, but the majority resided in Oslo or Trondheim.

What my mother considered an advantage, specifically, that there weren't many of them, that they constituted a microscopic portion of the Norwegian population, would soon prove to be without significance. For the Nazis, the number made no difference. In their minds, even though the Jewish population was small, their importance was substantial.[30]

Rumours begin to circulate

Mother wrote about the rumours that had begun circulating. "The Germans" would arrive in the middle of the night and arrest the Jewish men and send them to a work camp, she wrote. She did not know what a work camp was. But she did understand that this wasn't good news. During periods without a free press, people will commonly spread news through the grapevine. It was however difficult in this situation to ascertain who was trustworthy. The rumours could also be sheer disinformation, designed to spread fear. Many of the people they had usually consulted had now gone underground or fled the country. The newspapers were Nazified and not to be trusted. Listening to radio broadcasts was prohibited, and besides, the radios of the Jews had already been confiscated. "From the rumour mill we learned that the men would now be picked up," she said in an interview in the year 2000[31] – many years after she had written her notes. Did this mean *all* the men? What about the women? And the children? Neither did she know anything about the origin of these rumours. One day a woman from the neighbourhood rang the doorbell of their home on Stensgata and asked "point blank if she could purchase our carpet. When I shut the door, I had a lump in my throat …"[32]

My mother was aware that the Jewish men in Trondheim were arrested in the period October 6–October 12, 1942, and were being held in the Falstad prison camp. This caused my mother anxiety. But according to one of her notes, she reassured herself: "Trondheim yes, but Oslo no." Everyone knew about the horrible Gerhard Flesch, head of the secret police in Central Norway and in Trondheim. The situation had been worse in Trondheim than further south. This was nothing new and I know that my parents took these rumours seriously.

Several places in her notes she wrote that the people she feared were the Germans. In some places, she has written only an upper case "G" for "German," while in other places the letter is written in lower case. Sometimes she wrote out the entire word.

On Friday, October 23, 1942, the telephone lines were buzzing. The Jewish people were spreading the word that a mass arrest was right around the corner. They met, passed on brief messages, and went their separate ways. Time was running out and the atmosphere was one of panicked departure. The men tried to get away, to leave the city.

Rolle, my mother's brother, knew of a family who lived on the Larmerud farm in the district of Hadeland, located around one hundred kilometres from Oslo. This family was willing to help their Jewish friends. Early on the Friday morning of October 23, 1942, Father travelled to Larmerud with Rolle. Mother would keep the shop open for business and pass on news and information to the two men who had gone underground when they called every evening.

Rubin, my mother's father, could have accompanied them to Larmerud, but he preferred to seek refuge in a hospital. The hospitals were considered safe and if one was "in the hospital or hospitalised under the recommendation of a physician," this provided another form of protection.[33] Ever since Rubin had worked as a travelling salesman, he had suffered from a hernia. Now it was time to have it treated. Admission to the hospital would give him a hiding place and at the same time help relieve his suffering.

When Rubin visited the family physician Torjus Moe, on Friday, October 23, he knew that he had come to a friend. Dr. Moe grew up amidst the Jewish population of Grünerløkka. He opened his surgery at Schleppegrells gate 8, which also later became his home.[34] He had begun his residency training in internal medicine at Lovisenberg Hospital. His surgery was open a few days a week from 11:00 to 12:30 and 17:00 to 18:30. Torjus Moe understood what this was about. My grandfather was not the only person he had hospitalised at this time.

After his appointment with Dr. Moe, grandfather returned immediately to "Solheim," the family's country home in Nesodden. He was to be hospitalised on Tuesday, October 27. After a short ferry trip from Oslo, he disembarked at Ursvik on the west side of the Bunne Fjord. From the quay, he needed only to walk a short distance before he could see the old wooden house. My maternal grandparents had not owned "Solheim" for many years. The idea of acquiring a country home had come from my grandmother Dora, who had always dreamt of what she called the countryside. A slower pace, flowers along the side of the road, and leisurely coffee klatsches were some of her favourite things. She would bake the traditional Jewish bread rolls, called *bolkes*, in peace and quiet. She liked

serving them fresh out of the oven when people came to visit. If the guests came only for coffee, they might find an almond-caramel cake on the table, or sugar cookies, which my grandmother made so wafer-thin that they almost crumbled between your fingers.

The Nesodden property was a dream come true. A charming little one-and-a-half-story house, close to the shore, with three rooms, an alcove, and a glass veranda. The property measured 1,800 square metres.[35] The contract was signed by my mother's sister Frida, who was listed as the owner, but this was only on paper. The purchase price was 3,200 kroner, equivalent to slightly less than a year's salary.[36] My mother's parents made a down payment of 300 kroner in cash and subsequently paid interest and instalments twice a year.

The cottage and garden at "Solheim" became a beloved sanctuary. Rubin loved to putter in the garden there when he wasn't playing chess or listening to the gramophone. The Swedish theatre celebrity Karl Gerhard's political revue records from the 1930s were among the many gramophone records he kept in the summer house in Nesodden. The revue king Gerhard had written the song *I skuggan av en stövel* ("In the Shadow of a Boot") in 1934, which was recorded by the world-famous Swedish vocalist Zarah Leander the same year. "Europe has lost its mind" Gerhard wrote, referring to Albert Einstein and other famous Jews who had been forced to leave Germany.[37] My grandfather also knew Alice Babs' lyrics by heart. The song *Swing it magister* ("Swing it, maestro!") was one of his absolute favourites. When he started singing, everyone joined in.

"Solheim" was not solely important for recreational purposes, but also as a source of food at a time when everything was in short supply. The thirty-two plum trees, black current, and gooseberry bushes, as well as apple and pear trees, were an enormous resource. Harvest was hard work, but the jams and canned fruit were greatly appreciated by the family. The whole family came to "Solheim" for Sunday visits. It was not always easy to fulfil everyone's expectations for hospitality, but the visits were always agreeable. After Rubin had consulted with Dr. Moe, he sought refuge at "Solheim" (Figure 2.3).

Before my father left Oslo, he asked my mother to contact Jos and persuade him to leave for Larmerud. No sooner was Father out the door than Mother went up to see her brother-in-law at Schleppegrells gate 14 in Grünerløkka. The flat was on the fourth floor and because of her heart, she struggled to climb the stairs. Mother was born with a heart valve defect, which meant she was often bedridden for an entire day, unable to move. She and my father had considered surgery, but since such procedures had never been done in Norway, they did not want to take the chance.

FIGURE 2.3 Grandfather Rubin admiring the fruit trees at "Solheim" in Nesodden.

In Jos' home, the atmosphere was tense. Sonja had experienced harassment and pogroms before. She had grown up in Eastern Europe and witnessed the assassination of her father. When the rumours began to fly regarding the arrest of male Jews also in Norway, Sonja was well aware of what this could entail.

Their daughter Sylvi, who was now twelve years old, was as quiet as only a child can be when they sense danger on the horizon. My mother passed on the message: "Herman is at the Larmerud farm in Hadeland, and wants you, Jos, to join him there." In clear, concise sentences her notes describe how she tried to make her brother-in-law understand that it could soon be too late. The city was being emptied of male Jews. The Jewish women, like my mother, did everything they could to find hiding places for their spouses, sons, and fathers. They contacted friends and acquaintances, many of whom agreed to help, but not everyone.

She wrote that Jos had paced back and forth while she did her best to persuade him to leave. In a final attempt, she took him into the kitchen and spoke sternly to him, out of earshot of his wife and daughter: "Jos – Herman wants you to join him in Hadeland. Tomorrow it may be too late," her notes read. Jos replied that there was something he had to take care of first and my mother had to leave the flat without having accomplished her errand.

The hunt for no. 490 and no. 301

While my mother had her hands full alerting Jos and trying to convince him to leave Oslo, the State Police organised the arrest of all male Jews over the age of fifteen. This was to take place on October 26, 1942. Police sergeant Ole Homb was tasked with the assignment on October 23 by his superior, police inspector Knut Rød, who had received his law degree in 1927. Homb "handled the technical details in consultation with me," Rød wrote after the war when he was arrested for treason and incarcerated at Ilebu prison.[38] Although the police already had the information provided by the questionnaires all Jews had filled out in February–March of that year, the preparations for the arrests were extensive. Rød and Homb needed reinforcements. Homb recognised that Rød was the employee with the greatest stamina. He did not leave the office before 8:00 p.m. on Monday, October 26, at which time he had been working for thirty-four hours straight.[39]

Every male Jew was assigned a number. My father, Herman, was assigned number 490.[40] My grandfather, Rubin, was number 301.[41]

Homb led the practical preparations because he was an "experienced and competent investigator, extremely reliable."[42] Homb's good reputation was further bolstered after the arrests had been carried out, in the context of which he "had done particularly good work."

After the arrests, Homb reported:

> It has come to my attention that on the whole there is not great sympathy for the Jews. But when one detains people, regardless of whether they are cripples, old people, blind or insane, this is not well received. A good rule of thumb would have been to eliminate this criticism ahead of time.[43]

The order to detain the male Jews was issued by the German secret police, but they had no need to micromanage its execution. The German police and German soldiers would not carry out the arrest operation; this would be done by the Norwegian State Police.[44] In the event of any doubts about who was to be arrested, this was determined by the occupying forces.[45] During the early years of the war, the arrests of Jews had often been done by the German secret police, but not solely. As of October 26, 1942, it was first and foremost the Norwegian State Police and sheriffs who arrested Jews. In Oslo, the arrests were so comprehensive that the State Police had to enlist the help of the police force, the Norwegian Nazi party, and the Germanic SS of Norway.[46]

One might have thought that the police would have referred to the events of October 26, 1942, in special terms in the police log. This was not the case.

The officer on duty started recording information in a separate column on the left-hand side of the page, where the time of day was listed. An example of a typical entry would be: "The officer on duty relieved of his post by constable Fokstuen w/1 pistol, 65 bullets, 2 sets of handcuffs and 1 torch." This how the log read on the day all the male Norwegian Jews were to be arrested.[47]

According to the police log, usually there were around 20 policemen on duty but on this morning, there were 137. The names almost fill two handwritten, lined pages of the 8.5 × 11 inch notebook.[48] The officer on duty had already contacted a number of policemen during the preceding days and they were ordered to report for duty at 5:30 a.m. on October 26, 1942.[49] Finally, he made reference to information from police sergeant Ole Homb: "The list is not 100%."[50] "Reported for duty in conjunction with the operation" was the heading. The nature of the operation scheduled for this day is not specified.[51]

All the necessary pieces were in place for the execution of mass arrests in Oslo when Commander of the State Police Karl A. Marthinsen read out the order at the police station located at Kirkeveien 23, directly across the street from the entrance to Vigeland Park, at 5:30 a.m.: "The detainees are to surrender any valuables on their person, including money, watches, rings (except wedding rings), etc."[52] "The confiscated belongings" were to be placed in an unsealed envelope and handed over to the officer on duty, who would then deliver it to the police intendant. The list of the detainees was to be sent to police inspector Knut Rød at the Oslo and Aker division of the State Police.[53]

Police sergeant Roald Justad was also on duty at the Kirkeveien headquarters and heard Marthinsen's orders on this morning. He was a patrol leader and received an envelope containing several documents, among them a list of the names and addresses of ten Jewish men who were to be arrested. The envelope also contained a document listing the valuables to be confiscated from my father, number 490 – Herman. Police sergeant Eystein Bech was to arrest number 301 – Rubin, my maternal grandfather, and number 344 – my uncle Rolle.[54]

When Roald Justad rang the doorbell at Stensgata 44, he found the door locked and nobody at home.[55] Father was in Hadeland, and Mother in Grünerløkka visiting her mother. Justad therefore went down to the shop on Hegdehaugsveien. There he met the salesperson who informed him that "Raskow was on a bicycle trip and had left the week before."[56] The idea of a bicycle trip was not something she made up on the spot. My father loved bike riding. The police sergeant did not believe the story. For that reason, he wrote: "allegedly away on a bicycle trip."[57]

A confiscation form was issued that was to be filled out at the time of the arrest. The date of birth and address were already typed in. The rest was to be completed on the scene. The questions on the form were about finances. Were there assets "abroad" and "where and how were they deposited"? The police were supposed to "immediately" seize certificates for shares, savings bonds, promissory notes, life insurance policies, bank books, and anything else of value in the residence. Police sergeant Justad did not answer these questions. In the section for "other information" he wrote: "Went to the residence without result. Nobody was home and the flat was locked."[58]

When Justad returned from patrol, he handed in the form for my father to Homb. He continued to search for Father, who was now wanted or "missing." A large "K" at the top of the document on the right indicated that police inspector Ragnvald Krantz had reviewed the form. The policemen wondered if there could be an error in the street address, but they wrote on the form that the address was correct.[59]

The day Roald Justad came to my parents' door to arrest my father, he had only four days left in the employment of the State Police. He resigned on November 1 to avoid dismissal. Knut Rød wrote that since "Justad in practical terms does not make himself useful in the division, one would request that the matter be settled as soon as possible." The reason Justad was of little use was that he had been absent from work for a total of 116 days during the past year. Sometimes with a medical certificate, sometimes not.[60] Justad had assumed his position with the State Police in April or May 1941. He had been a uniformed policeman and a reserve constable at the Grønland police station. He returned there after he left the State Police. The papers state that he had "problems with his nerves."

Aunt Frida was working in her parents' shop when police sergeant Eystein Bech arrived to arrest my grandfather and Uncle Rolle on Monday, October 26, 1942. Neither of them were in the shop at the time. She therefore had to answer Bech's questions.

Bech wrote down the names and birthdates of all those who lived in the flat and confiscated three keys.[61] The summer house and a rowboat in Nesodden belonging to "Miss Frida Pinkowitz" were included on the form. For every question without an answer, he drew a line to indicate that the question had been asked.

When police sergeant Eystein Bech was to arrest the men in the family, he gave Aunt Frida permission to run the shop as before.[62] She was obliged to keep accounts and to surrender the money in the till and a portion of the goods in stock. In my mother's notes, she has written: "They took the engagement ring and watch off my sister's hand." She never received a receipt.

Upon completing his assignment, Bech wrote that my maternal grandfather Rubin was perhaps staying at the country house in Nesodden: "Waiting for admission to the hospital. Suffers from a hernia," the form reads. "The sheriff of Nesodden has been notified."[63] Then another policeman wrote: "Will be brought in." The meaning was crystal clear. This form had also been initialled by Krantz with his characteristic K.

More than a week went by before the sheriff of Nesodden, Anders Verlo, went to "Solheim" to see if Grandfather was there: "I was out there yesterday, but the gate and the house were locked and the curtains drawn. Nobody appeared when I called out or knocked on the door. Interviews with the neighbours disclosed that nobody had seen the man in the past few days. His home address is in Oslo, as we know."[64]

When twenty-five-year-old Eystein Bech came to arrest my grandfather, he was still in the employ of the criminal police.[65] Shortly thereafter, he started his preliminary military training in Sennheim (Cernay) in the German-occupied Alsace after being recruited to the Waffen SS.[66] The education at Sennheim had features in common with ordinary recruit training, but there was a large emphasis on Nazi indoctrination and learning the German language. After the subsequent recruit training, Bech served in the so-called 2nd SS and police, subordinate to the 6th SS Mountain Division Nord. Eventually Bech earned the rank of sublieutenant SS-Untersturmführer.[67]

Grandfather arrived at Diakonissehusets Hospital on Tuesday, October 27, carrying admission papers signed by Dr. Torjus Moe. The medical student Klaus Reimers Reksten admitted him to the surgical ward 1, room 242. The diagnosis was an inguinal hernia with a secondary diagnosis of bronchitis.[68]

The medical student gave him a thorough examination. He noted that fifteen years ago the patient had complained of "stabbing pains in the right inguinal of the groin, along with the formation of a small lump there."[69] The pains presented only when he coughed or was standing upright.[70] Grandfather's condition was not acute, but the doctors kept him under constant observation.

The "Arian" policeman

When my mother walked out the door of Stensgata 44 on the morning of October 27, her most important objective was to keep the shop open for business. She took comfort in the fact that the men in the family were safe – her husband and brother were in Hadeland, and her father in the hospital. As usual, she walked the two kilometres down to the shop. A streetcar fare was not costly, but why not save those coins instead? That was what people did back then.

Mother was at this time six months pregnant, but I think her thoughts were elsewhere on this morning. Nowhere in her notes does she devote attention to her pregnancy. She scarcely mentions it at all. Almost as an afterthought she writes "… because I was pregnant," but that was of secondary importance at the time. At the top of the page, she wrote my name and my date of birth, almost as a kind of reminder to herself.

Master baker Sim. Solberg owned the building at Hegdehaugsveien 26 where my mother and father's shop was located, along with Kari's cosmetics shop next door. Sim. Solberg's bakery was located at no. 24 and was traditional, with a dimly lit ambience and brown leather furniture. People came to the bakery from all over the city to treat themselves to his delicious mille-feuille. Just down the street, on the corner of Parkveien, was the bookstore Winju Simonsen which advertised: "If it is a good friend you need, Winju Simonsen will find you a book to read."[71] Winju Simonsen had put a Norwegian flag in the window and was reported to the police. Why the police had also confiscated 200 Christmas cards is unclear, but Winju Simonsen's bookstore was under Nazi surveillance.[72]

I don't know how much time passed after mother opened the shop that morning, before she looked up to find a blonde officer from the State Police facing her, on the opposite side of the counter. He was a young man, probably in his thirties, and he asked for Herman Raskow. My mother observed that he was "dashingly handsome."[73] Now he was demanding that she hand over the money in the till and the keys and to have the goods in stock sent to a depot in the Oslo district of Grønland. The officer had the right to do so on the force of the new law regarding confiscation of Jews' assets that had been passed by the Ministry of Justice the day before, but he did not cite the new ordinance. Now the shop was closed.

One might think that the shop on Hegdehaugsveien was merely my parents' livelihood. But it was actually their life project. Running the shop brought them into contact not only with customers, but also with the surrounding shops and the people of the neighbourhood, with whom they would chat and share experiences. The companies that delivered their wares were also a part of their network. Operating the shop opened the door to Norwegian society.

Mother did not speak about this incident often. But on the occasions when she did, she always added that "he looked so Arian, Irene." In this way, she helped me to understand the significance of the incident and the watershed event it had been. By stressing the word *Arian* she highlighted the defining difference between them. It was a momentous event, involving confrontation with a brutal, ruling power. The policeman's visit to the shop was a compelling reminder that she did not even have authority over what she and my father had built. They had run the shop together, as part of the process of

establishing a foothold in Norway. Now the Germans had put a stop to all activity related to the shop. This type of thing had never happened before and she was not prepared in any sense. To be thrown out of their own shop when they had done nothing wrong was a possibility she had never considered and the situation must have seemed unreal.

In conjunction with the new law regarding confiscation of the assets of Jews, the Nazi authorities had established a Liquidation Board, subordinate to the Ministry of Finance, which was to administrate confiscated valuables and belongings. After the policeman had taken the keys and the money, sent the goods to a central depot, and closed the shop, it was all in the hands of the Liquidation Board. Customers and business associates had to make inquiries there if they had unfinished business or outstanding claims.

Before the policeman left the shop, he ordered my mother to report to the offices of the State Police on Henrik Ibsens gate 7, the next day at a specific time.[74] He did not explain why. She was distressed and had nobody from whom she might seek guidance.

I am quite certain that above all, Mother wanted to prevent the arrest of my father and not do anything wrong. She therefore decided to follow the policeman's instructions. Retaliations occurred all the time, everybody knew this. I also don't think she thought about escaping. That would be a betrayal of her husband and brother who were hiding in Hadeland.[75] She also didn't understand that she was in acute danger. No Norwegian-Jewish women had been arrested at this point and she was aware of this.[76] Father rang every evening from a phone booth located close to the Larmerud farm where he was staying and received the latest news from Oslo.

On October 28, my mother walked up the front steps of the building at Henrik Ibsens gate 7 and into the offices of the State Police. She entered a huge lobby where desks facing the aisle were set up along the walls on both sides. Policemen sat at the desks working, while others walked back and forth. The few times my mother told me about this, she went to great lengths to describe it in detail so I would be able to picture the building and understand the situation she had been in on this Wednesday morning.

Suddenly she saw the policeman who had closed the shop the day before, his beige overcoat now replaced by a "black Nazi uniform."[77] She wrote in her notes that she was about to greet him, almost without thinking, but she noticed that he looked straight ahead without acknowledging her. That was when mother understood that she was in "the lion's den." Wasn't she supposed to follow the policeman's orders to come here? Had she been mistaken, was it not the same policeman? She must have been confused. Regardless, she turned around and left immediately.

What should she do now? She didn't have many contacts. And that was when Dr. Schaaning's name popped into her head. Doctors could be trusted and she knew him from her pregnancy check-ups.

Dr. Schaaning received her immediately. First, she asked for a medical certificate, and he confirmed that "his patient" was six months pregnant. She also had a serious heart defect for which she received treatment from chief physician Koppang. It was therefore important that she be given protection, he wrote on a prescription pad from the Oslo District Office of the Red Cross.[78]

She then told the doctor about her husband and his situation, and that she wanted to send a letter to the State Police. She did not own a typewriter. The doctor therefore typed the letter while she dictated: "I, the undersigned, Mrs. Fanny Raskow, of Stensgata 44, Oslo, hereby request that my husband Herman Raskow be spared from detention."[79]

When she wrote "detention," she was using the State Police's own words. She subsequently emphasised all the factors that could be of significance. Neither she nor "her husband" had criminal records. Father had served for six months in His Majesty the King's Guard. She needed his help because she would be giving birth soon. Her own mother was elderly and ailing and could not be of any assistance.

My mother does not mention such a letter in her notes and neither did she tell me about it. When I found it in the archives of the State Police, I couldn't believe it. Not only did I recognise her signature, but the way she expressed herself was also familiar. Why didn't she mention the letter in her notes or tell me about it?

The letter continues: "My husband left Oslo on the morning of Friday the 23rd and is currently in Grua, where his address is Larmerud pr. Grua st."

Before she concluded with "Respectfully," she had written: "As I am sure you will understand, my circumstances are extremely trying and I therefore hope that you will grant my petition. If deemed necessary to secure my husband's presence in Oslo, an obligation to report to the authorities on a regular basis could be imposed." And finally: "My husband will not under any circumstances abandon me in my current condition." I understand that my mother in this desperate situation did not understand that the consequences of revealing my father's address could be fatal. But why did Dr. Schaaning allow her to write such a letter to the State Police?

My mother was not the only pregnant woman who procured a medical certificate in this situation. Inger Jaffe[80] and Ida Gorwitz[81] also did so. Inger was from a non-Jewish family and had tried to persuade her brother to hide her husband: "You have only yourself to blame for marrying a Jew," was his response.[82] Ida begged to have her husband released so he could be with her for the birth of their child. At the time, their husbands were prisoners at the Berg internment camp in Tønsberg.

What was the response to such requests? If they were from non-Jewish Norwegians, the response might be: "… we have received your letter regarding the arrested Jew (…) We can inform you in this context that your letter, along with other similar type petitions we have received, will be addressed at a later date. *Heil og Sæl.*"[83] For the most part, the attitude of the police adhered to that of Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs who stated: "With respect to Norwegians, I am available at all times but any matters pertaining to Jews are not my affair."[84]

Neither Mother, nor Inger, nor Ida received a reply to their petitions, although the letters had clearly been reviewed by the State Police.[85] The handwritten comments on the letters illustrate this. On Mother's letter, in the top right-hand corner the word: "Detain" is written, followed by Father's number "490," and initialled OH, for Ole Homb.

I have pondered a great deal over why Mother never mentioned anything about the letter to me or in her notes. Now and then, towards the end of her life, when she started speaking about the arrests, she might say: "It took us such a long time to understand, Irene." When I think about this statement today, I hear it as a sigh of despondency over *why* it took them so long to comprehend that they were in grave danger. For a long time, she believed that her blonde hair would protect her and that only men would be arrested. In her papers, it is also clear that she was slow to grasp who in fact the enemy was – not solely the German occupying forces, but also the Norwegian State Police. How could she bring herself to reveal the address of Father's hiding place when her greatest wish was to save him? I have come to the conclusion that this was because she was desperate, virtually out of her mind.

After Mother signed the letter Dr. Schaaning had typed out for her, she went home to Stensgata 44. Not long after she walked in the door the telephone rang, according to her notes. It was her sister-in-law Sonja, who was beside herself because her husband had been arrested. Not long after Mother had called on her in their home, Jos was arrested and his wife and daughter witnessed him being taken away.

The incident was too much for Sonja to bear. The arrest reminded her of the pogroms her father had experienced in Poland. After a few days, she came up with the idea of trying to speak to the Gestapo. She would go to Gestapo headquarters on Victoria Terrasse in Oslo and tell them where Jos' brother, my father, was. By giving the Gestapo something they wanted, she thought perhaps they would return the "favour" by giving her something in return, specifically, the release of her husband. Sonja told my mother this over the phone.

On the afternoon of October 29, Father walked down to the Grua railway station to make his daily phone call and Mother's instructions were clear:

you must return to Oslo as quickly as you can and added: "someone may have reported you to the police … I will arrange a hiding place." The conversation is rendered in her notes. Mother had no hiding place for him; she only knew he had to leave Larmerud. The phone call from Sonja eliminated all her doubts. I have never heard her blame Sonja for planning to report Father's whereabouts to the Gestapo. On the few occasions when my mother mentioned her sister-in-law's phone call, she explained it to me as follows: "She was losing her mind, don't you see." She saw no connection between this and the fact that she had personally written to the State Police and given them the exact address of Larmerud farm where my father was hiding.

Mrs. Follestad starts organising the escape

After speaking to Father on the phone, my mother became frantic. In her notes she writes of how she paced back and forth in the tiny flat in Adamstuen, tears rolling down her cheeks. Father could arrive at any moment, and one thing was certain and that was that he could not stay in the flat.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. The neighbour, Einar Follestad, had heard the sounds of her distress through the walls. "Where is Herman?" he asked. That's the problem, she answered. He could arrive at any minute and she had nowhere to hide him. She was fully aware that three days before the State Police had been there to arrest him. At that time, nobody had been home. She was at her wits' end.

A few hours earlier on this Thursday, October 29, Einar Follestad's wife, Agnes, or Vava as she was called, had gone to her parents' home in Smestad to borrow their sewing machine. But her head was mainly filled with thoughts about how she could help her neighbours. When Vava finished sewing the dress and was about to leave, she summoned her courage and said to her mother: "I am so worried about Raskow." Her mother responded: "If there's a problem – bring him here."[86] Vava was aware that her parents were "quite idealistic," but she didn't know the exact nature of their activities.

From the moment the Follestad couple had moved into the flat next door to my parents, they had been curious about their neighbours with the unusual name. "Jews are living there," they said to each other. Vava found this fascinating. Her own great-grandfather, a pastry chef named Günther, had come to Norway from Germany, but that had been many years ago. As a child Vava had heard that he had apparently been from a Jewish family. But she realised intuitively that this was not something one spoke about. Once when Einar and Vava were having coffee with my parents, Mother asked

whether she would be able to help find a hiding place for Father if this proved necessary.[87]

Vava was not only worried about my parents. On the same day that she spoke about the neighbours with her mother, she paid a call on a family, who she thought, judging from their appearance, were Jewish. Not because Vava had a plan for where she would hide them, but because she could feel that they were in need. She did not even know the name of the family, who lived close to her home. "Do you need help?" she had asked. The woman who opened the door tearfully explained that the police had just been there and picked up her twenty-four-year-old son.[88]

Mother paced back and forth in the flat and had no idea that Vava had asked her mother, who lived in the Oslo neighbourhood of Smestad, if she could help Father. Einar Follestad quickly led my mother out of the flat and down to the courtyard where she waited for Father to return from Hadeland.

Dressed in the same clothes he had been wearing when he left Stensgata 44 a week before and with the same knapsack on his back, Father came home. He never went up to the flat. They immediately set out for Smestad.

Upon arriving in Smestad, Einar's father-in-law Carl Wilhelmsen dispensed with the customary formalities, because this meeting was not about getting to know one another. They all knew there was no time for such pleasantries. They took their seats around the kitchen table and Carl immediately dialled the phone number of Kristine Bonnevie, Norway's first female professor. Carl's daughter had married into the Bonnevie family and a strong bond of trust had formed between them. They were now working together to help people in need. "I have two sacks of rutabagas," Carl said when Kristine answered the phone, using the code word for refugees.

It was not long before my parents were on the road again, this time to the neighbourhood of Blindern where Kristine Bonnevie lived. They climbed the steep hill leading up to the house without difficulty, despite my mother's heart problems. Kristine immediately called her nephew, Harald Bonnevie Bryn.[89] Before leaving for a party that evening, he had given his aunt the number where he could be reached in an emergency. Twenty minutes later Harald and his wife Nanti were also seated at "Aunt Kristine's" kitchen table, dressed in formal attire. My mother was impressed that the Bryns had left a "black tie affair" to help them.

Now Harald had to establish who the refugees were. They could be informers. He interviewed them for an hour, until finally he struck the tabletop with the flat of his hand to emphasise his decision: "It's bad enough that my good friend professor Goldschmidt has been arrested. I will help you." The few times my mother told me the story of this encounter were after she'd begun speaking about these matters in the 1990s and also then

she would pound the table with her hand to illustrate the determination informing Bryn's decision.[90]

Up until this evening, my parents had no knowledge of Harald Bonnevie Bryn. They didn't know about his close connection with Father's cousin, nor that his home at the Lille Frøen estate was located right across the street from that cousin's villa.[91]

While Harald was interviewing my parents, a private driver waited just up the street. Using his own driver was safer than calling a taxi. Besides, the driver "James" was a personal friend of Harald. Now James drove my parents directly to the home of Finn and Valdis Nielssen at Griffenfelds gate 19. When they arrived, Finn and Valdis were waiting for them outside, holding their two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Tuva in their arms. "There you are, how nice," they said loudly and clearly when the refugees got out of the car. If anyone happened to be watching, they would think that this was simply a reunion of old friends. It was almost midnight. The long Thursday was almost over, the day that had begun with my mother's appointment with Dr. Schaaning and the phone call from Aunt Sonja that led to my father's immediate return from Larmerud. When they went to bed that night, they were in Finn and Valdis Nielssen's studio.

Finn Nielssen was an art critic for the national daily newspaper Dagbladet, and before the war, he had been on the staff of the newspaper Tidens Tegn.[92] He was also an artist and had a studio in the attic above the flat.[93] "A perfect hiding place," Valdis stated in a newspaper interview many years later.[94] They did not question that it was their duty to help the Jews because "these people had death on their heels."[95] A cupboard door in the entryway of the fifth-floor flat opened to a stairway leading up to the attic studio.[96] The studio contained both a bathroom with a toilet and a small bedroom. There were only two narrow windows and one large dormer window.[97]

Another door in the studio opened to a common attic space spanning the entire length of the building. If the police were to come, Finn or Valdis would pinch their daughter Tuva in the arm until she squealed. This was the signal that the refugees should run through the attic and take another stairway leading outside, where they could cross the field and head east, according to my mother's notes.

One day Valdis took my mother outdoors for a bit of fresh air. A meeting had been arranged. Mother's mother and sister Frida were waiting for her on a street corner. The message my mother received was clear. "You must think about yourself now and Herman + Rolle – we will manage to look after father – promise me this," she later wrote. In this way, the women in the family divided up responsibility for the men. "We went our separate ways. It was a very short meeting – it was important that nobody see or hear us."

I share these details as quotes because this is how my mother described the encounter to me.

Harald and Nanti brought news and a little food every day. They were my parents' only contact with the outside world. They explained that "it was becoming more difficult all the time to bring people to Sweden. Many were apprehended at the border."[98] Mother felt like hunted quarry. She had hoarded food in the cellar of their flat on Stensgata. This would come in handy now. Could she leave the studio to retrieve some food? Finn Nielssen called a taxi.

But then she changed her mind and asked the driver to take her to her mother's home instead. The taxi parked on a side street to avoid attracting attention. On the way up to the second floor, she met her brother, Rolle, who was headed down the stairs. "Where are you going?" she asked. He was going to report to a work camp. "They've been here every night asking for me. I don't want to put this kind of strain on mother. Where are you staying?"

Mother understood that she had to bring her brother to the studio where she was staying but had promised not to disclose their hiding place. If Rolle could hide at his friend's barbershop in Grønland on the east side of Oslo, she would go and ask permission to bring him to the studio. "I have a car waiting outside – come." The taxi brought Rolle to the barbershop first. He sat there and waited, his face covered with shaving cream. Seated beside him were German soldiers. It was Friday, and all the men were sprucing themselves up for an evening out on the town.

The taxi then took Mother in the direction of Mrs. Follestad's parents in Smestad, but what was the address again? At a phone booth at Heggeli Station, she looked up Wilhelmsen, Carl in the phone book and found the address: Priorveien 9. When she rang the doorbell at this address, a German soldier opened the door. The commotion of a party in progress inside made it difficult to hear what was said. "Eleven, eleven," she sputtered in an attempt to distract him. "*Nein, hier ist neun*," the German answered and slammed the door in her face.[99] "That I didn't drop dead – all I could do was pretend I was an idiot," Mother wrote in her notes.

As she staggered back to the taxi, she spotted Carl Wilhelmsen out in the garden, holding a rake. He had heard a car pull up – a rare occurrence on this little side street. He recognised the refugee from the other day. He made a slight pointing gesture with his index finger, so Mother would understand which door to knock on. The address had an A and a B entrance, and the house next door to the Wilhelmsen's was occupied by Germans.

When she was seated on the same kitchen chair as the day before, "the floodgates opened – just tears and no words." Finally, she managed to

explain about her brother who had no choice but to turn himself in. "Bring him," was the answer. But *she* was given a curfew. It was of course far too dangerous for a Jewish woman to be wandering around outdoors, a woman who had even rung the doorbell of a home inhabited by Germans.

Back at the barbershop, she saw only Rolle's eyes: "Life or death?" She nodded hesitantly. "I delivered my brother to the Wilhelmsens." According to her notes, on the way back to their hiding place she stopped by their building on Stensgata and went down into the cellar, but someone had already been there and taken the food.[100] By the time she'd returned to the studio, her hosts had been informed that she'd paid a call on the enemy. After that, leaving the studio was strictly forbidden! The next day Rolle joined them.

Nine days later, Finn Nielssen brought the refugees in the attic another message. He was now wanted by the police, so they could no longer stay in his home. He also explained that the route they had thought my parents would take had become too risky and that several people had been caught, Mother wrote. Rolle had made plans a few weeks before to be admitted to the hospital for removal of a growth that had been a source of discomfort for some time.[101] In this way, he would try to avoid arrest. He had managed to escape at the last minute once before. In 1940, he was working up north in Narvik and was arrested on the street, because the Germans wanted to use him as an interpreter. He was able to escape and he formed connections with the population of Ballangen, according to an entry in one of Mother's large notebooks.[102] From there, he was sent to London and returned to Norway in 1941.

Rolle was admitted to the national hospital Rikshospitalet. My parents packed up what few belongings they had and ran across the street towards their new hiding place at Griffenfelds gate 12c. They had no idea whom they might encounter there. There was no nameplate on the door.

Mother and Father entered the flat and walked into a kitchen that had just been vacated. "The food on the table was still warm," my mother's notes read, in recognition of the heroic bravery of the former occupants, who had left the flat at a moment's notice.[103] At some point during the next three days, a vicar would knock on the door three times – only then should they open the door. Never for anyone else.

The flat was cold, and there was no food, but they were safe. "We were left to our own devices." The next day there was a downpour and 20.2 mm of rain fell in a short period of time. It was Sunday, November 8, 1942. Mother snuck out in the rain wearing a raincoat she found in the hallway. She was worried about her mother. As she walked down to her mother's flat, she could see her husband Herman standing by the window, six stories above her head.

On Sofienberggata nobody was home. The neighbour had a spare set of keys. On the kitchen she found fresh baked bread rolls, or *bolkes*, under a clean, recently ironed, white cloth. They were certainly intended for her hospitalised father. Two of the bread rolls disappeared under her raincoat along with two logs of firewood that she bound together with twine so they would be easier to carry. Herman was still waiting anxiously by the window when she returned.

On the third day, my mother understood that they'd been forgotten. No vicar came knocking on the door. They had no food and no firewood. Something had to be done. On Monday, November 9, she discussed a hospital admission with my father and then dialled the number of the family physician Torjus Moe. His stand-in, Dr. Gunnar Grytting, answered the phone. "We are in trouble. My husband wants to commit suicide." That was all the doctor needed to hear to order immediate hospitalisation in a psychiatric clinic – with a diagnosis of attempted suicide.[104]

The State Police continued searching for Father. When Roald Justad failed to arrest him and could not find him at home or in the shop, Ole Homb assigned the task to Constable Ottar Mjærum. Mjærum made an inquiry with the sheriff's office in Lunner. He wrote the results of the telephone call in the State Police's records: "Herman Raskow left Lunner on October 29, presumably for Oslo." He signed only his last name and wrote neither the date nor other information.[105] Mjærum seemed half-hearted in making his inquiries.

Although Mjærum had not been in the employ of the State Police for long, I don't believe the sparsity of details in his report was due to a lack of experience, but rather because his loyalties were elsewhere.[106] During the war he provided the publisher Mats Nygaard with key information and when Mjærum was arrested in 1944 he was carrying top secret documents.[107]

Olaf Elverhøi was the sheriff of Lunner. He did not seem especially enthusiastic about performing his duties either.[108] He had provided a Jewish woman with identity papers a year and a half before and when he'd done so, omitted every indication of her Jewish ancestry.[109]

The next person assigned to the task of arresting my father was constable Olav Uppstad, on November 6.[110] The sheriff's office of Lunner was to investigate again whether my father was hiding in Larmerud, and subsequently inform Homb.[111] Uppstad called sheriff's offices all over the country in search of male Jews who had not yet been arrested. After the conversations, he wrote down the details on slips of paper, many of which have been preserved and to this day bear a clear imprint of a paper clip in the upper right-hand corner.[112]

The next day, November 7, constable Johan Gundersen was assigned to the case. Together with his colleague Arne Usler, he rang the doorbell of my

parents' flat at Stensgata 44. The tenant, theologian Andreas Løken, opened the door. Due to the housing shortage, my parents had sublet a tiny "maid's room" with an entrance to the kitchen. Løken explained that the Raskow family had not been home for about a week and that "He had not seen Herman Raskow since the new Jew ordinance had been introduced."[113]

The two policemen searched the flat for valuables such as "gold, silver and watches." They didn't find anything, but took with them "five Jewish gramophone records, a silk altar cloth, and ceremonial materials," "a folder containing certificates, a will, and three keys to the flat."[114] They did not understand the significance of everything they found. What Gundersen called an "altar cloth," was a small, silk tablecloth used to cover the Challah bread during the traditional Shabbat meal while the man of the house said a blessing over the bread. But Gundersen didn't notice the small case Mother and Father had attached to the wall beside the entrance door when they moved in. It signified God's care for the household. According to the Jewish tradition, it contains what is called a "mezuzah," a small parchment scroll bearing the monotheistic declaration of faith handwritten in tiny script: Shema Israel – Hear oh Israel – The Lord our God – The Lord is one.

However, these small cases caused no small number of headaches for other policemen. Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs received a letter from someone who had assumed possession of a flat in Løren, asking the following question: What is the tiny "box" that is attached to all the doorframes on the right side and angled towards the door?[115] The Minister of Justice forwarded the letter to the Commander of the State Police, Karl A. Marthinsen,[116] who in turn sent it to police inspector Knut Rød. Police sergeant Harald Birger Ekeland wrote a letter on behalf of his superior Knut Rød, explaining that "These cases are found in many styles, in different materials, wood, ivory and in different colours. On the back of many of the cases, there is a stamp reading 'Made in Poland' and the price has ranged from half a krone and upward. The text on the scroll inside is the same on all those we have seen in our division. For verification purposes, we enclose here such a case, which we had in our possession. *Heil og Sæl.*"[117]

Although the Norwegian State Police were not familiar with this custom, the police in other countries were. In the trial against Nazi leader Adolf Eichmann, it emerged that he was well-informed about Jewish culture and traditions.[118] Many members of the German secret police had expert knowledge of Jewish culture and religion and had learned Hebrew as well as Yiddish.[119] But in Norway, the Jews were nothing but a small, alien population.

On the doorstep of the psychiatric clinic, 6 p.m.

The admission papers for the psychiatric clinic state that my father had tried to jump out the window holding a razor blade in his hand. If Mother was to succeed in having him admitted, she had to resort to such dramatic descriptions. In the journal, they describe him as "cheerful and loveable" but concerned about his pregnant wife.[120] For the most part, he sat in a chair reading. He had lost four kilos in two weeks because of the events of late and "he (had) lost his business and his home," but he "thought this was a nice place to be."[121]

At the psychiatric clinic, he was treated like all the other patients with the same diagnosis. When the nurse served dinner on his first night, he sat calmly at the table, waiting to be given a knife and fork. But in this ward, they were only allowed to eat with a spoon. After the war, on the rare occasion that he would mention something about his escape, he emphasised how despite everything, there was something comical about the dire situation.

A number of Jews were in the same clinic and they could see each other through a glass wall and communicate using gestures. Father's brother-in-law pantomimed driving a car and Father understood that he was asking when he should try to get over the border.[122] If anyone had observed them, they would have believed that they were completely crazy, Mother wrote.

Mother visited Father every day. On the third day, a man took her aside. She thought he was a doctor. "We don't know for how long we will be in charge of this hospital. They call every day asking about the names of patients. Try to find a way to get to Sweden." Mother replied that she had no contacts.

In her notes, Mother calls this person Dr. Aaser.[123] For many years, I have tried to find out who he was. At this time, there was no physician on staff at the psychiatric clinic by this name, neither in the payroll records nor in any other documents. I have also looked into whether there was someone on the staff of other hospitals who could have been Dr. Aaser. Eventually I have come to the conclusion that my mother must have misheard his name. In the course of my work on this book, I came in contact with the son of Chief physician Gabriel Langfeldt, who was head of the clinic during the war. He thought it had to have been Head of Administration Bjarne Hånes who spoke with Mother after she had visited my father. Bjarne Hånes was responsible for admissions and discharges and was in charge of administration at the clinic. Hånes was active in the resistance movement during the war; an obituary published in the newspaper Fædrelandsvennen on January 4, 1982, confirms this. I have therefore come to the conclusion that Mother must have misheard his name and that it was Head of Administration Bjarne Hånes who advised her to find a way to get to Sweden.

Immediately after this brief conversation, Mother walked down to her mother's flat. No sooner had she entered than she was told that somebody had called wanting to speak with her. Mother went directly to the tobacco shop next door and dialled the number given by the caller. She recognised the husky voice of the woman who answered as that of the Jewish Elsa Rubinstein, although she did not identify herself. "I hear you are in trouble. We have arranged transport this afternoon at six." Mother was also told where she should leave the ration cards and the cash payment. They were to pay 1,000 kroner each, which corresponded with approximately one-half an average annual salary. In today's value (2019) this would be equivalent to 46,000 kroner.

Mother rang her contact at the clinic straight away, "but of course from another telephone," she wrote in her notebooks: "The show is this evening at six," was the message she gave and Father was immediately discharged from the clinic.

In the hospital journal I acquired from the psychiatric clinic, I had hoped to find confirmation that it was Hånes who had signed Father's discharge papers. It was not. Perhaps it was too risky for someone who was active in the resistance to use their real name. Father's discharge was signed by "Nurse Ragnhild." I would nonetheless maintain that it must have been Head of Administration Bjarne Hånes who instigated the organisation of my parents' escape to Sweden, that he was the one who called Elsa Rubinstein and instructed my mother on how they should proceed. How else could Elsa have known about Mother and Father's situation? She must have been contacted by Hånes from the clinic. Who had decided that they would pay 2,000 kroner, while others paid a lot less or considerably more?

My mother stood outside the psychiatric clinic, waiting for the car that would drive them to the border. My father was sitting in Hånes office, dressed in knickers and with a knapsack on the floor beside him. The car didn't arrive. Six o'clock came and went. Seven o'clock, eight, nine, and ten. Something must have happened. What should they do now? If they readmitted my father to the hospital, this might arouse suspicion when the police called the next day to ask about any newly admitted patients. They were constantly on the look-out for Jewish names. Hånes let my father spend the night in his office.

Mother walked back to her mother's flat after having first called the same number she'd called a few hours before. Elsa explained that something had come up. Due to her heart condition and her pregnancy, Mother needed a less strenuous route. Another group had therefore been sent on the transport that had initially been intended for them. Later she learned that the members of this group had been her brother Rolle along with Blenda Grusd, the latter's two children, and Elsa's cousin Albert Rubinstein.[124]

At six o'clock in the afternoon the next day, once again my mother waited outside the clinic. Father was standing by in the "doctor's" office. This time the car arrived on schedule. Mother was put in the front seat because she was pregnant. A family by the name of Katz – a husband and wife and their thirteen-year-old daughter Ursula – was seated in the back.[125] Mother's responsibility was now to provide the driver with chocolate and cigarettes so he wouldn't fall asleep. He had been making trips every single night. Father sat in the back seat with the Katz family, who had fled Germany just before the war broke out. Mother wrote that she felt sorry for them because they were once again obliged to flee. Evidence suggests that it was Harald Bonnevie Bryn's private driver James who was behind the wheel.[126]

The atmosphere was tense. Mrs. Katz wanted the driver to stop at their home because they needed to pick something up. Her husband went up to the flat. After a few minutes, the driver pulled out. As he turned onto Kirkeveien, Mrs. Katz cried: "But what about Rodrich?" He had not returned. How could they fail to notice that he wasn't there, a huge man wearing a bulky overcoat? The situation was rather comical. When they circled back, they found Rodrich standing outside the building. In his panic and disarray, all he had taken from the flat were three coat hangers, which he now held in his hands.

Up the street on Kirkeveien, by what was formerly Prestenes Church, they were stopped. Mother heard a Norwegian policeman shout "halt" in German. He held up one hand to indicate that this was a checkpoint. Also the Norwegian police used German words and expressions at this time. "Damn, we didn't get very far, did we," Father exclaimed.

The policeman, who was carrying a thick ring-binder, stuck his head through the open window and took a good look at the passengers seated inside. He wanted to see *Schein*, the driver's license. "Everyone thought this was the end." The driver had no license and now his teeth were chattering and his hands shaking as he searched through the glove compartment. To buy time he tried switching on the ceiling light. As he was groping for the switch behind his head, Father pushed his hand away and broke the light. It was obvious that they were Jewish refugees. Father was wearing sportswear and the Katz family were dressed in overcoats, as if they were on a Sunday outing.

Suddenly the driver said: "Is Thoresen on duty this evening?" "No, Thoresen has the night off," was the reply. "Drive, *aber schnell*." My mother understood that Thoresen was a code word. The car jolted up Kirkeveien as fast as the wood gas engine would permit. From then on, the name "Thoresen" signified the difference between life and death. Scarcely a word was spoken for the rest of the trip.

The driver took a route from Oslo through the area of Gjelleråsen, crossing the River Nitelva in the direction of Skedsmokorset village, through Frogner in Sørum, and then to Kløfta. They continued inland towards Kongsvinger on the old state highway 2. They met German motorcades driving in the opposite direction. From Kongsvinger they continued south, turned off in the direction of Åbogen, and from there travelled east towards the Austmarka district close to the Swedish border.[127]

Finally, the passengers could get out and stretch their legs. Father paid the transport fee. Mother does not specify in her notes whether the Katz family paid the driver. Father lit a cigarette and chatted with him. Now they were standing in open terrain and they could hear music and singing coming from a brightly lit area to their left. The driver made a sketch on a small sheet of paper that would serve as a map of the route they were to follow. Then they trudged away in the rainy autumn darkness. Father took the lead carrying a torch. His good physical condition and ability to navigate forests and fields would come in handy now.

Only the first few kilometres were on paved roadways; once they reached Masterud, the route continued on a dirt road. After a while, they approached a row of mailboxes on the right side of the road. Father immediately understood that something was wrong, since the lights in the house were on. The black-out ordinances applied to everyone except the Nazis and Germans. "It's not here," he said. "He let us off at the wrong place."

Mr. Katz wanted to rest, but Father insisted they had to keep going. Like a Scout leader he guided the little troop until they reached a mailbox bearing the V for Victory symbol, but he understood that it was a trick, designed to mislead them. Mother wrote. "We were supposed to walk past a footbridge." They shuffled wearily onward for a few more hours. It was difficult to see anything in the darkness. They passed the footbridge and kept going until they reached the next road on the right – where there was a tiny, green, tumbledown house: "Here it is," Father said. Every time Mother told this part of the story about their escape, she repeated that she never understood how he had figured out the correct route based on the sketch the driver had drawn for him.

At this point, they had walked around seven kilometres. They knocked on the front door of the main building of Tangen farm, and Henry and Einar Solbergseter opened the door. The two young men were astonished to see them and explained that the Germans were patrolling the area at all times, because they knew this was a common route for refugees. The evening before they had welcomed Rolle and his party. Harbouring refugees again would be too risky, but they knew where to take them.[128]

The two brothers rowed them across Lake Møkeren to the neighbouring farm Trosholmen where their uncle lived, who went by the cover name

Tordenskjold. The Tangen and Trosholmen farms not only had a family connection but also a connection through their work with refugees. The brothers' mother was the sister of Karl Trosholmen, who was now waiting in the yard, ready to welcome my parents and the Katz family.[129] It was almost five in the morning and not long before first light.

Karl Trosholmen did not want the refugees to enter the house because it would be too dangerous. They could not continue their journey until nightfall. Mrs. Katz fainted as they stood waiting beside the large tree in the yard. Tordenskjold then decided to allow the group of refugees to come inside after all, despite the risk this entailed.

In the hours before dusk, Trosholmen's son Asbjørn stood guard at the far end of a promontory. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the group walked down a trail through the forest and were instructed: "You must be completely silent. There is danger everywhere," my mother wrote. Tordenskjold, alias Karl Trosholmen, helped them into a rowboat and as each person boarded a faint "plop" could be heard. Tordenskjold rowed the five refugees south along the eastern shore of Møkeren and then across Lake Varaldsjøen. The oars were wrapped in fabric to muffle any noise. Mother could see armed German soldiers on patrol on the hills banking the lake. "Had they looked down towards the water, we would have been done for." The German police lived in barracks and confiscated cottages. Searchlight beams panned the southernmost parts of the lake, near the Swedish border. While they were rowing, they had to steer clear of the illuminated areas. Suddenly Tordenskjold announced: "Now you are in Sweden."

On November 15, 1942, they reached their destination and the party of five had made it to safety. They had just crossed the border by Mitandersfors in Bogen Parish. By the time they arrived in Sweden, Father had been on the run for twenty-three days, Mother for eighteen.

The arrest of Rubin Pinkowitz

Back home in Norway, the situation grew increasingly worse. Grandfather was in the hospital and my grandmother was struggling to find an escape route for them. Aunt Frida continued operating her parents' shop.[130] On November 17, the Quisling government introduced a law regarding an obligation to report to the authorities on a regular basis that also pertained to people who were one-half and one-quarter Jewish.[131] In conjunction with the heightened severity of the law, police constable Harald Birger Ekeland summoned Aunt Frida to his office.

Ekeland was an ambitious policeman. World War II provided him with opportunities for advancement within the police force. His membership in the Germanic SS and as leader of the Uranienborg chapter of the far-right NS party leadership were commissions that did not go unnoticed. At the time when he ordered Aunt Frida to report to his office, he had recently applied

for a promotion to police sergeant. His colleagues took note of Ekeland's enthusiasm.[132] When his work performance was to be summarised in the autumn of 1942, his superiors praised his management of the property-seizure cases in particularly glowing terms.[133] One week after Frida had reported to his office, his promotion was approved with retroactive effect starting on November 1. This also meant a wage increase to 5,120 kroner with three service increments of 320 kroner every third year. In addition to this came overtime and other benefits.[134]

On November 17 at ten o'clock in the morning, Frida arrived at the headquarters of the State Police. First Ekeland wanted to know why her father had not yet been arrested. Frida repeated what she had said before: her father had a hernia and had been admitted to Diakonisshusets Hospital for surgery. According to Ekeland "her father's case file had ended up in the wrong batch," and "the personnel responsible would be reprimanded."[135] Frida repeated: "My father is ill."[136]

Then Ekeland wanted to see the sales accounts that she was obliged to keep for the period October 26 to November 16. Cash she had retrieved from her father in the hospital was added to the income. Expenses were deducted from the total sum.[137] Ekeland went through the accounts. Everything seemed to be in order until he noticed an old debt of 1,000 kroner. The family had borrowed money from my paternal grandmother, Sofie Raskowitz. It was not unusual for family members to help one another. Now Frida had repaid the debt. Ekeland did not accept this and he demanded that she hand the money over to him.

Frida had also paid another debt before settling the accounts. The family owed Mrs. Anna Espetvedt Olsen, the landlord, 90 kroner for the installation of "3 double-glazed windows."[138] However, Ekeland was not interested in that, since the recipient of the payment had been a non-Jewish person. Had the recipient been Jewish, this payment would also have been included.

The next day Frida was back in Ekeland's office and handed over the thousand kroner from my grandmother. When he had received the payment, he continued writing the report to the Commander of the State Police that he'd begun the day before.[139] He also typed up the handwritten accounts from Frida, "Jew no. 301." "Payment received from Mrs. Frida Pinkowitz, Sofienberggt 10. 1540 kroner in cash, as a portion of cash sales from the above business for the period 10/26 until 11/16/42." The receipt was not signed.

Frida was obliged to confirm Ekeland's report – that no further goods had been delivered during this period and that no transactions had been made, beyond the cash sales.[140] "Reviewed and approved," Ekeland wrote and Frida had to sign the document. Ekeland then confiscated the keys. The hosiery and knitwear shop was now closed for business.[141] After the war, when Ekeland was on trial for treason, Aunt Frida had been called as a

witness for the prosecution. She stated at this time that "he had been extremely unpleasant and expressed antisemitic sentiments."[142]

Frida's meeting with constable Ekeland at State Police headquarters added to the mounting tension of an already critical situation. Grandmother had long been trying to find a solution for her husband. She discussed the situation with the nurses at Lovisenberg when she saw him during visiting hours. The State Police had made inquiries about other Jews, but not her husband. But now she was becoming very anxious.[143]

The border guide Karl Trosholmen had paid her a visit and informed her that my parents had crossed the border safely. My mother had given him a code word that only she and Grandmother knew about, so she would know that he was telling the truth. She also knew that her son Rolle was safe.

What to do about Rubin, Frida, and herself? The most important thing must have been to find a hiding place and escape route for him.

My grandmother predominantly spent her time in the company of other Jews, but she also had some good, non-Jewish friends, such as her neighbour and landlord Mrs. Espetvedt. The latter was willing to allow Rubin to hide in her home, but they may have considered this to be risky, since Grandmother lived in the flat next door. Were there other non-Jews whom she could ask for help? It was a lot to ask of anyone and she did not know many people who would make suitable candidates.

Every day she visited her husband in the hospital. And every day they exchanged the same look. What now? Have you come up with something? I will find a solution, she said and my grandfather Rubin was accustomed to trusting his wife and waiting for her.

It was not easy to ask for help. First, Grandmother had to consider whether the person could be trusted. Then she had to ask a favour that could put that person in great danger. She wracked her brains trying to come up with someone who might be willing to help. There *was* someone she thought she could trust – one family in particular. One day she summoned her courage and presented her predicament. The wife and daughter of the family said yes, immediately – they were willing to take Rubin in for a few days until my grandmother found another solution. But the woman's husband refused. The two women were unable to convince him. Harbouring Jews was a capital offence.

One day when Grandmother was visiting Rubin in the hospital, she spoke with a nurse about whether it "would not be wise to discharge" her husband. "But do you have somewhere to hide him?" the nurse replied. "If not, let him stay until tomorrow." In the end, grandmother and the nurse agreed that it was best for him to remain in the hospital. This conversation appears several places in Mother's handwritten notes, and though it is sometimes formulated differently, the message is the same.

At this time, Grandmother was desperately trying to find a hiding place for her husband and the State Police were working at full capacity on

the task of preparing the deportation of Jews from Norway. How long the planning stage had been ongoing is not clear,[144] but the order was sent from the Head of the Office for Jewish Affairs in Norway, Wilhelm Wagner, to the Commander of the State Police Karl A. Marthinsen, on November 24, at 8:00 p.m. Marthinsen organised the operation in collaboration with his most trusted colleagues. All Jews with a J stamped on their passports and their children were now to be deported. The exceptions were those who were married to individuals without a J in their passport and who were citizens of "the British empire, USA, Mexico, Central and South American states, the neutral nations and states associated with the German Confederation."[145] Women who were up to six months pregnant were also to be arrested. The ship's departure was scheduled for Thursday, November 26, 1942, at 3 PM at the latest.[146] Police inspector Knut Rød also took part in organising the arrests in Oslo. Solving the tasks at hand and practical matters was the priority. They did not question the underlying premise of the operation.[147]

The State Police were fully aware that there were still many Jews hiding in the hospitals whom they now had to "prepare" for "boarding" the following day.[148] Arresting people who were sick was considered a distasteful undertaking and when Police Intendant Ragnvald Krantz was assigned to task, he requested that he be sent to Berg prison camp instead where he would organise the transport of male Jews from there.

Police Sergeant Per Warendorph arrived at Diakonissehusets Hospital the day before the scheduled deportation. He was not in uniform. Had he been so, it is likely this would have aroused suspicion. He arrived accompanied by a colleague, probably before visiting hours, which started at 2:00 p.m. Warendorph reported to the acting chief physician of general surgery, Dr. Johan Friis.[149]

Police Sergeant Warendorph demanded that my grandfather be released into his custody and Dr. Friis objected. The patient could not be moved and therefore neither discharged. Any transport would have to be in an ambulance. Should the patient be subjected to any strain, the hernia could cause a twisted bowel, which would require surgery immediately.[150] At all times, Dr. Friis offered medical arguments. To no avail.

Warendorph had experience with the arrest of Jews from previous police operations. On October 26, he had been the patrol leader when all male Jews were arrested and on October 29, he participated in another operation together with Constable Erling Schiøtz. For that job both of them were paid overtime amounting to more than 400 kroner.[151] The State Police often used Warendorph as an interpreter. He had lived in Germany for a period of time during the 1930s and spoke fluent German. This was when he joined the NS.[152]

In this situation, Warendorph was not interested in what the doctor had to say. For him, the matter had already been settled before he arrived at the

hospital. No arguments could prevent him from carrying out his mission. A heated altercation broke out between the doctor and the police. "The ward requests a written arrest warrant," Dr. Friis wrote in the journal and "The ward refused to discharge the patient," he continued.[153]

"That's enough," one of the two policemen replied and pulled a police badge out of his pocket. Acting chief physician Dr. Johan Friis gave up then and complied, writing in the journal: "Discharged."[154]

Dr. Friis subsequently went into his office and wrote an explanation for why the hospital opposed the discharge.[155] Meanwhile, Warendorph waited outside. He then borrowed the physician's typewriter, turned over the sheet of paper bearing the explanation, and typed on the back: "The patient Robin Pinkowitz (see overleaf) has today been picked up by the police upon hearing the ward's statement, given today in conjunction with the patient's detention."[156] The misspelling of my grandfather's first name, as Robin instead of Rubin, had been consistent since the time of his admission to Diakonissehusets Hospital.[157]

When I searched through my grandfather's folder at the National Archives, I found a small, handwritten note signed by Dr. Johan Friis: "Discharged today under express protest."[158] The word "express" was underlined many times.

Dr. Friis also protested the following day.[159] Friis had previously been sent a form to be filled out that had been created by the State Police's head physician Dr. Hans Eng. Hans Eng was an active, fanatic Nazi who had not applied for the position with the State Police for financial or career-related reasons.[160] He was the on-staff physician for the police and the prison doctor at Bredtveit, and in that capacity he had also witnessed executions.[161] He was responsible for determining whether Jews who were ill were to receive treatment or be deported. When he went through the confiscation forms, he signed with his "standard order": "qualifies for detention" in red pencil, often in the upper right-hand corner.[162]

The form was sent to all the hospitals and is also found in my grandfather's folder. Here Dr. Eng has replaced the word "patient" with "Jew."[163] He requests information, about "the diagnosis" and "symptoms" and whether "the Jew" must remain under the observation of a "doctor." The hospital was asked to specify whether the admission was due to an actual or simulated illness.[164] The cover letter was signed by Knut Rød's secretary, Ole Homb, and dated November 24, 1942.

Dr. Friis never completed the form. At the bottom of the cover letter he wrote: "To be returned to STAPO since the patient was picked up yesterday by Const. P. Warendorph, the ward's objections notwithstanding." The next line: "We refer to the ward's statement of November 25, which the above constable received in conjunction with the detention." Then he added the

hospital's official stamp with the date, and his signature "Johan Friis, acting chief physician."[165]

Grandfather was not the only Jew who was hospitalised at this time, not by far. The historians Kåre Olsen and Bjarte Bruland have estimated that approximately 150 Jews sought refuge in hospitals in the autumn of 1942.[166] Between twenty-five and thirty of these were admitted to Diakonissehusets Hospital for periods of time.[167] When the hospital celebrated its centennial, in a commemorative booklet published for the occasion they describe how the doctors and nurses had done their utmost to prevent the arrest of Jews and members of the resistance. The patients were hidden in the bathrooms and the sluice room. The publication contains no information about what transpired between Dr. Friis and Police Sergeant Warendorph on Wednesday, November 25, 1942, in connection with the arrest of my grandfather.

When my grandfather was admitted to Diakonissehusets Hospital it was after a thorough assessment of what would be best for him. Going underground was considered even more dangerous than hospitalisation and the risk of being caught would have been substantial. The hospitals provided formal protection that derived from their unique status. Hospitalisation was therefore considered the safer option. Sick people have the right to treatment by a doctor and the patients are protected by their medical diagnosis and the doctors' oath of professional secrecy. Hospitals have always been considered a neutral zone and not a military target. Arresting people who are sick has been considered a war crime. What took place at Diakonissehusets Hospital on this day in November 1942 had never before happened in Norway. The arrests did not target criminals or members of the resistance; they targeted civilians. Those who were arrested in this raid were defined as a threat to the regime, as a potentially powerful enemy of the Arian race.

After my grandfather was arrested, Police Sergeant Warendorph went to the medical ward and arrested Elias Lasnik, whose youngest daughter Kathe, age fourteen, was visiting him at the time. Her biography states that she later told a girlfriend about how she tried to prevent the arrest.[168] Chief Physician Dr. Otto Jervell also objected because the patient was in need of further treatment at the hospital. Medical arguments did not help the patient's cause in this case either (Figure 2.4).

It is difficult to say how long the trip from the Diakonissehusets Hospital to Bredtveit Prison took.

Both patients were registered as having entered the prison at 4:00 p.m. Rubin Pinkowitz was assigned the number 314, Elias Lasnik, 315.[169]

My grandfather became an inmate of division F along with the other Jewish men. He handed in his ration card and 69.71 kroner. On the registration card, Police Sergeant Arne Ruud filled in his address, date, and place of birth, and

FIGURE 2.4 My grandfather Rubin and grandmother Dora with my great-grandmother Golde on her eightieth birthday, July 15, 1942. The birthday was celebrated at the family's country home in Nesodden.

across the card, the words "Norwegian citizen" are written.[170] The officer on duty Reidar Voigt produced, by order of Police Intendant Ragnvald Kranz, another document on which the statement "Deportation, Jew married to Jew. Norwegian citizen" is written by hand.[171]

The next morning, November 26, 1942, my grandfather was driven to the transport ship SS Donau at the quay for the America Line in Oslo. A total of 529 Jewish men, women, and children were sent out of Norway on this day. After four days on board in the cargo hold of the ship, the Norwegian Jews reached Stettin, in what was Germany at this time. There they were packed

into cattle cars. On December 1, they arrived at the extermination camp Auschwitz-Birkenau.

Refugees in Sweden

My parents crossed the Swedish border in a rowboat by way of Varaldsjøen Lake. They went ashore near Mitandersfors in Arvika municipality. From there, the police drove my parents and the three members of the Katz family to the village of Charlottenberg. It was still dark, early on the Sunday morning of November 15, 1942.

All refugees who crossed the border were interrogated. It was P.M. Medin who was responsible for the interrogations at the police station in Charlottenberg.[172] My father's account was probably longer and more detailed than the policeman's notes would suggest. In his version, it almost sounds as if this were an ordinary journey. None of the people who helped them escape are mentioned there, but their identities were not supposed to be disclosed in these interviews.

Medin wanted to know if my parents had been politically active, and if they had been convicted or charged of any crime. Father confirmed that they were carrying Norwegian money and identity papers. Almost as a curiosity, my father mentioned that this was his first visit to Sweden. Three sentences about my mother followed – that she was of "Jewish ancestry" (*judisk börd*), had officially certified identity papers, and concurred with her spouse's depiction of the events.[173]

They were exhausted when they finally arrived at Miss Johanson's boarding house. The welcome they received there was heartfelt and compassionate. It was as if the entire village of Charlottenberg was involved with the refugees who had escaped the persecution of the Jews in their neighbouring nation. The village residents were not quite sure what to do. "The sheriff brought two or three apples, and the doctor brought bananas," mother summarised. This was the first time since the beginning of the war that she had seen either of these fruits.

The escape had been a huge source of strain for both of them – although in different ways. Father had been responsible for the final, ten-kilometre stretch of the journey. There had been no guarantee that he would find his way through an unfamiliar forest in the dark. He also had to encourage the Katz family to persevere. Mother had her ailments. Her pregnancy was not advanced; it was mainly her heart that caused her difficulty. When Father was finally able to release a sigh of relief, he fell ill with a fever of 42 °C. Nobody doubted that this was a reaction to the entire experience. Mother watched over him for three days. One morning when she went out for some fresh air, she fainted. Later, lying in the bed beside my father's, she wrote on one of the pages that they were "safe, but ill."

They spent four days in bed. The Katz family thanked them for their help and continued on their journey towards Alingsås near Gothenburg, where there was a centre for non-Norwegian refugees. All three members of the Katz family had lost their German citizenship and were stateless. The centre for refugees with Norwegian citizenship was located in the old Kjesäter manor near Örebro, and my parents went there.

The Kjesäter refugee reception centre had already been providing sanctuary for refugees for a few months by the time my mother and father arrived on November 19, 1942. The refugee office of the Norwegian legation in Stockholm led the work. Formally speaking, this work was carried out under the direction of the Ministry of Social Affairs in London.[174] The Kjesäter refugee reception centre processed between 40,000 and 60,000 Norwegian refugees between the summer of 1942 and the end of the war.[175]

Registration was done upon arrival, followed by an interview the next day. My father was registered as a "merchant" and my mother as a "housewife," even though she had worked as a shop assistant since her youth.[176] The registration cards identify my parents as Norwegian without any reference to their being Jewish.[177] Following their registration, my mother went directly to Stockholm to apply for residency in Sweden. She never spent the night in Kjesäter.

Father did the interview for both of them. The interviews were more or less standardised. The purpose was predominantly to establish citizenship and any political activity.[178] The interviewer was not especially interested in the details of the escape itself and the only information Father provided was that they had fled with the German Katz family. At least, the interviewer did not write down any other details. Neither was there any mention of the fact that his brother Jos had been arrested and was now being detained in Berg prison.

Father's mother Sofie, however, who escaped two weeks later, just after the SS Donau had departed from the Port of Oslo, told the interviewer about the arrest of her son.[179] Several others who arrived at the refugee reception centre after November 26 told similar stories.

The duration of the interviews varied. For the most part, the contents filled one typewritten standard sheet of paper. The women's interviews were often shorter. In some cases, if a refugee was in possession of information of special significance, an additional interview would be scheduled.[180]

Father stayed at Kjesäter for three days before they sent him to work at a lumber camp in Öreryd with a number of other Jewish men. The purpose of this scheme was to improve the men's physical condition so they would be fit to work for the Norwegian military forces in Sweden. The Norwegian management in Öreryd did not specify on my father's registration card that he was Jewish.[181]

While Father stayed behind, Mother travelled to Stockholm with her girlfriends Jenny Bermann, Kathe Lasnik's older sister,[182] and Beks Meieran.

I don't know the name of the third girlfriend. What was important now was to secure residency in Sweden. Before my mother left, she received coupons valid for three nights at a boarding house close to the Royal Board of Health and Welfare's Bureau of Immigration, where they would apply for residency. At the boarding house mother reacted to the "smell of smoke." The room was as cold as ice and the sheets on the beds made of paper. She could not bear to stay there. She had heard about the Salvation Army's hotel on Drottninggatan, which charged five kroner a night. Since they were all sharing the same room, the cost was negligible,[183] and it was also pleasant and safe to room with others in the same situation.

The hotel room was spacious, with a bed against each wall and a water closet in the corridor. The hotel was not far from the Board of Health and Welfare's Bureau of Immigration. Five days after their arrival in Stockholm, Mother and Beks went to apply for residency in Sweden and to do what they could to have their husbands returned from the lumber camp. While mother did the talking, Beks waited outside.

All the caseworkers were trusted solicitors. Now they had their hands full finding placements throughout the country for Norwegian refugees. When it was my mother's turn, twenty-eight-year-old Sten Larson was waiting behind the counter.[184] Norwegians were not automatically granted residency in Sweden. They had to apply, but at this time during the war, it was unusual for such applications to be denied. It was a matter of assisting a sister nation.[185]

Larson was not visibly affected by my mother's story. This upset her; his face remained blank. She tried to offer other arguments – they had savings of their own and would not be a burden to the Swedish state, and she was also sick and pregnant. Finally, she suggested they go into an office so they could speak in peace and quiet. But no: "Pointless." On her way out she said to her friend: "Come on Beks, we'll try again tomorrow." This too she had written down on a sheet of paper that I found in her flat.

Mother had noticed a caseworker with "a cheerful demeanour" named Lorentz Vogel. The next day, she went straight to his office and told him why they were in Sweden. She wanted to live in the same place as my father now, since she would be giving birth in eight weeks, and she was having fainting spells due to her heart condition.[186] Vogel asked if she would consider living in Norrköping.[187] Without further ado, he stamped my parents' passports.

But Mother had another request: "You must forgive me, but my girlfriend's husband is also at the lumber camp." Vogel graciously stamped Beks' passports as well. But that was not all: "You must really forgive me, but my brother is at the lumber camp, too." She was instructed to have her brother Rolle send his passport the next day. Mother straightened out everyone's affairs. She then completed her first application for a residency visa in Sweden, which ended with the words: "I hope for your merciful compassion."[188]

The four girlfriends stayed at the Salvation Army Hotel for ten days.[189] One morning Mother told her friends about a dream she'd had the night before. There was something very strange about the dream. She had seen her father. Was he on a bus, a train, or a boat? It was difficult to say. She saw him through a narrow window that could not be opened. "I called out to him, 'Father, Father, it's me, wait' (…) He saw me but turned away; he didn't smile or wave, as if he were disappointed in me." She ran after him and shouted as loudly as she could: "Father, Father." She ran and waved, completely certain that he had heard her, but he did not turn his head and look. "It was so strange," she said.[190]

This story appears in two different places in her notes. The content is the same in both accounts, although the wording is slightly different. The three girlfriends in the room looked at one another, and then one of them said: "Then we must tell you. You father was deported on a ship that left Norway yesterday."[191]

The dream was the definitive sign of her father's reprobation for her failure to help him escape to Sweden. She had been a daddy's girl, and she hadn't saved him. In her papers, written in capital letters are the words: "I HAD ABANDONED HIM." Any joy she may have felt over having escaped to the safety of a country that had granted her a residency permit was gone (Figure 2.5).

Although she wrote this story down several decades after the war, it did not change her interpretation of the dream. She did not talk to me about it but did speak about it in the interviews she gave in the early 2000s. In the NRK film *Tidsvitner* (Time's Witnesses) produced by Edvard Hambro, which aired on Norwegian television in 2006, she looks up at the sky when she speaks about the dream, as if there were something metaphysical about it. I believe she thought the dream was a premonition and a connection between her and her father. For that reason, it was sacrosanct. When I read about the dream in her papers, I was not surprised. I knew that I had heard about it before, without being able to remember exactly when that had been. When I read through the papers, she was dead. What could I have done to alleviate her self-reproach? Probably nothing.

They spent the initial period in Norrköping searching for housing and preparing for my birth. My parents rented a pleasant, furnished flat, but when they moved in, everything that had made it a home had been removed. The pictures had been taken off the walls and the cutlery in the kitchen drawers replaced with an older set. It was not the same flat that they had visited a few days before. Mother never accepted it. Didn't she deserve to be surrounded by pretty things? In her opinion, it was a coincidence that she was a refugee. It could just as easily have been Sweden that was invaded, she said many years later.[192]

Eventually, preparations for my birth filled daily life more and more. But my mother's thoughts and emotions were far away from the peaceful

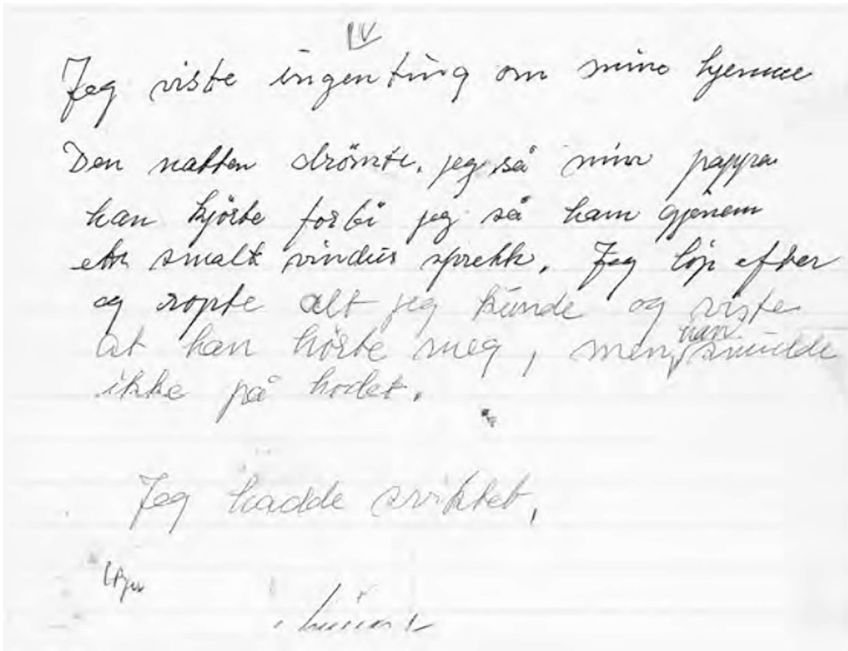

FIGURE 2.5 One of the many reflections written by my mother's hand that I found in her flat. In this text, she writes about her dream: "I knew nothing about the fate of family members in Norway. That night I dreamt I saw my father through the narrow window of a vehicle as it passed by. I ran after him and called out as loudly as I could and I knew that he heard me, but he didn't turn his head and look. I had abandoned him."

Swedish city where she was living. It was as if she wasn't living in the present. Everything was about what had been. The birth of a child, which should have been a joyful occasion, instead became a reminder of all those who were not at her side.

This was also true for other joyful events. About the preparations for her sister Frida's wedding, she said: "I can still remember how she cried when she ironed her wedding dress." Frida was to marry her fiancée Leon Leimann, and they had received permission from the Board of Health and Welfare to travel to Stockholm for the wedding. This was defined as being on "leave" from Norrköping.[193] The residency visa contained restrictions for where they could travel, especially for Stockholm and Gothenburg. They were not allowed to travel to these cities without first securing a special permit.[194]

Frida's wedding dress was simple. On the bodice she wore a brooch to which she attached fresh lilies of the valley. Although it was mid-winter, she

had managed to find her favourite flower. The dress was a light shade of blue and she wore a pillbox hat in the same colour. A veil hung over her face.[195] Frida said "I do" standing under a baldachin (Chuppa) in the synagogue, and chief rabbi Ehrenpreis officiated. The ceremony adhered to traditional rituals.[196] Before the groom crushed the glass under his heel in remembrance of the Temple's destruction and the wedding party exclaimed "mazel tov" in unison and congratulated them, the bridegroom lifted the veil as if he were seeing the bride for the first time. When Frida and Leon were married, no other family members were present, with the exception of Cousin Eva Scheer, who lived in Stockholm. She stood up for both bride and groom at the wedding.

After the ceremony, the bridal couple and maid of honour went out to eat and while they were seated at the table on February 11, 1943, the waiter brought them a telegram: "Fru Leimann's sister has given birth to a baby girl." Two important family events on the same day (Figure 2.6).

When Mother spoke about my birth, she always said: "Allmenna BB – 1 krone a day." Allmenna BB was the name of the clinic. Her use of the phrase "1 krone a day" was meant to underscore the degradation of being a refugee. Other mothers speak of the enormous happiness they experienced after giving birth to their first child. That's not how it was for my mother. For her, it was an experience fraught with pain and humiliation. Neither was she able to take pleasure in the fact that she had just escaped the persecution of the Jews in Norway and had not only rescued herself, but her baby as well. The feeling of having abandoned her father, as foretold in her dream, dug its claws into her and never released its grip. Giving birth is painful for everyone. For Mother, it was about something more. She was not present in what was happening, only in what *had* happened.

When Mother and Father moved into what would be their home in Norrköping, in a second-floor flat at Hagagatan 48d, they had lived in Sweden for almost half a year. Before long, she recognised Mrs. Nyström whom she'd met at the clinic. Their new neighbour gave birth to her son Tony on the same day that my mother gave birth to me.

Mrs. Nyström would become a person of importance to my mother in Norrköping. She helped my mother sew my first dress. Mrs. Nyström knew how to do everything, Mother told me. Tony and I were photographed together as if we were twins. Tony's white suit was in the same style as my white dress. On my first birthday, I received a silver napkin ring engraved with the words "Remember me, Tony" (Figure 2.7).

Mother took me to the photographer for every milestone – my third month, sixth month, and first- and second-year birthdays. It was common to do so for the first born. The photographer Lindström used a photo of "the little Norwegian girl" in a full-page advert for his business in the telephone book.

FIGURE 2.6 Aunt Frida and Leon Leimann were married in Sweden, February 11, 1943. Pinned to her blouse is her favourite flower, a lily of the valley. Photo: Anne-Rita Midttun.

My parents didn't have much contact with the members of the tiny Swedish-Jewish congregation in Norrköping. They are not mentioned in her notes. There were around forty members in the congregation of the synagogue, which was a subordinate branch of the synagogue in Stockholm.[197] The Jewish population of Norrköping was not particularly interested in the Norwegian-Jewish refugees who had arrived in the autumn of 1942, at least not according to reports from 2018.[198]

The Norrköping Jews were assimilated in the local community and had lived there for generations. Jews that had arrived as refugees from Central Europe called them "Gustav Vasa Jews," implying that they were more Swedish than the Swedes themselves[199].

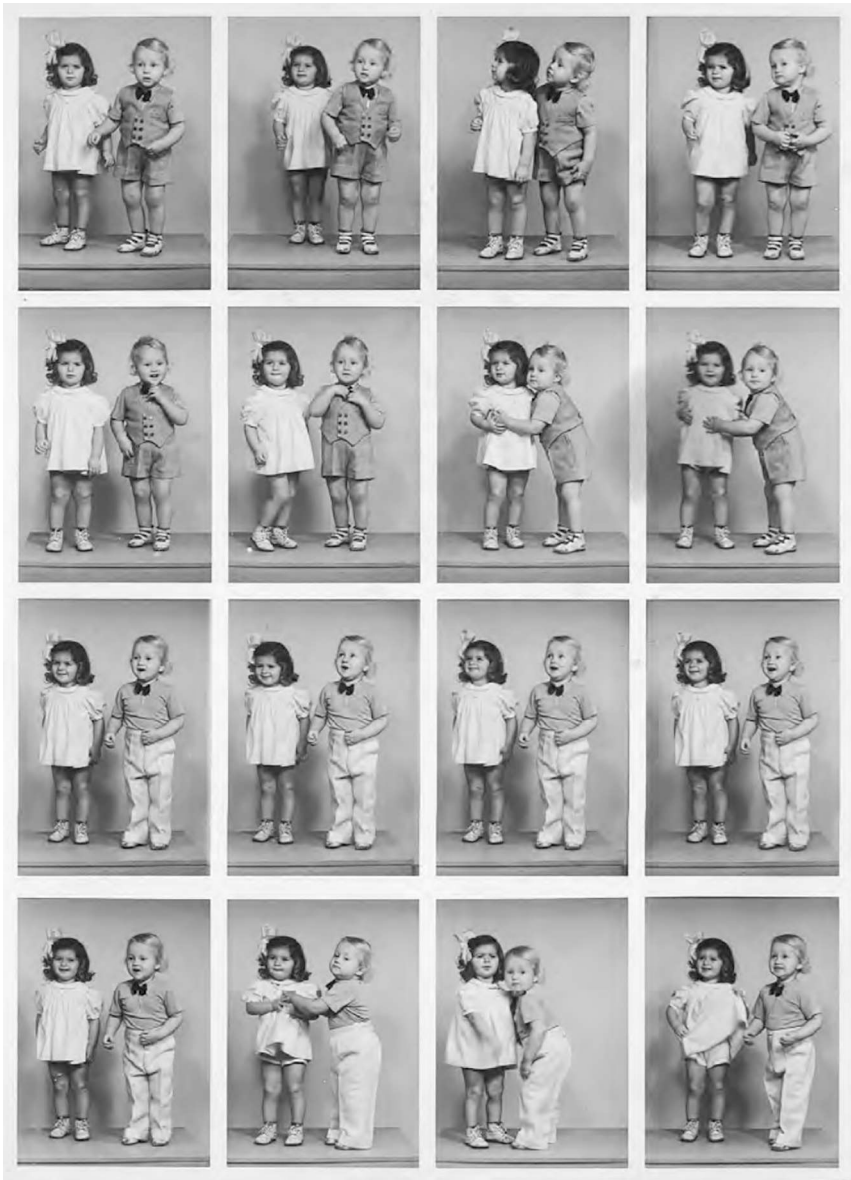

FIGURE 2.7 We could have been twins: Tony and I on our first birthday, February 11, 1944.

The Norwegian refugees did, however, have contact with Jewish people who did not have roots in Sweden, such as the musical conductor Heinz Freudenthal. The Norwegians flocked to his concerts in droves.[200] For religious matters, they contacted the Jewish synagogue in Stockholm. The

cantor Idy Bornstein came to Norrköping regularly to give the children instruction. He helped the boys prepare for their bar mitzvahs. Every time he came to visit, he brought kosher meat so those who adhered to the Jewish dietary laws could uphold this tradition.

The Norwegian-Jewish refugees visited one another and drank glasses of tea together. When they met at the refugee community centre (Flyktninghemmet) at Södra Strömsgatan 8, it was Grandmother's sister, Hanna Scheer, who was the lady of the house and she prepared Norwegian waffles. For some of the Swedish visitors, it was the first time they had tasted waffles made in the traditional Norwegian fashion.[201] When the Danish Jews arrived in October 1943, a clothing drive was organised at the refugee community centre and advertised by a sign on the door.[202]

They also celebrated Norwegian Constitution Day, May 17, at the refugee community centre, by raising the flag, and holding speeches, a parade, and sack races. Always with the Norwegian flag flying. On the first May 17 celebration in Norrköping, they staged a revue show and the songs by "the house poets" Eva Scheer and Ben London were about how life would be when the war was finally over.[203] The cost of the programme was .20 kroner. The participants were all listed by first name only; no further identification was necessary, because they were all well-acquainted. The lyrics to one of the songs they sang were: "Today reminds us of what once was and what will surely be again. May 17, the day that is ours. The hope and strength it once gave us, no foreign power can deny." Mother's cousin Jenny sang the song: "It takes a bit of illegality" ("*Litt illegalt må til*"), and the finale "Everything for Norway." Aunt Frida was the prompter.

The parade, led by flagbearers carrying large Norwegian flags, marched past the Matteus Church.[204]

They organised football matches and cheered on the Norwegian team when it played against Sweden: "Go Norway – turn up the heat, Sweden is the team to beat." Unfortunately, this didn't help; Norway lost 3–1.[205] The Norwegian Jews in Norrköping did the best they could to try and lead normal lives (Figure 2.8).

Every six months the refugees in Sweden were obliged to apply for renewal of their residency visas. Mother and Father had to apply individually. These were the rules that applied to everyone.[206]

The first time Mother applied, she wrote that she was a "political refugee" from Norway and that she wanted to stay in Sweden for six more months. To the question about her religion, she replied "Mosaic."[207] The authorities subsequently wrote "political refugee from Norway of Jewish descent" or simply "Jewish refugee" on my mother's application.[208]

Mother applied to renew her residency visa a total of six times during her time of exile in Sweden. The applications were sent to the criminal investigation unit of the Norrköping police station and to "the County

FIGURE 2.8 The Refugee Community Centre (Flyktninghemmet) was a gathering place for the Norwegian Jews in exile in Sweden. When the Danish Jews came to Norrköping in early October 1943, the Refugee Community Centre organised a clothing drive.

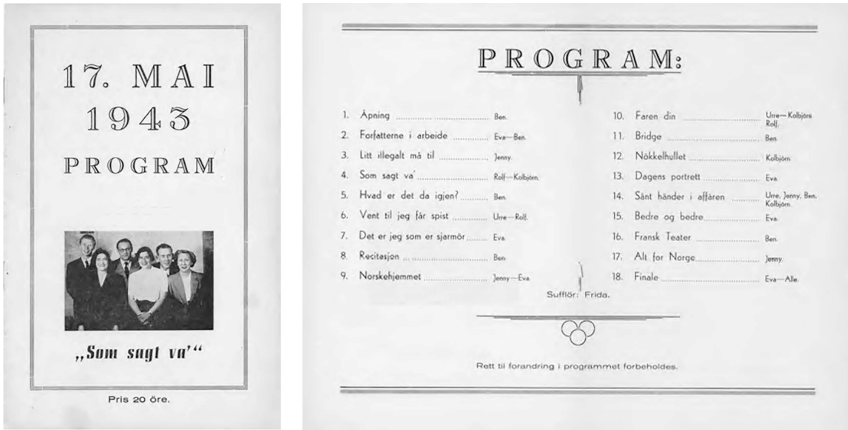

FIGURE 2.9 After a half year in Sweden, the Norwegian refugees staged a revue show on Norwegian Constitution Day, May 17, 1943. Eva Scheer and Ben London were responsible for organising the production. In the programme, all participants were listed by first name only – surnames were not necessary since they were all well-acquainted. Aunt Frida was the prompter.

Administrative Board" for comment. The police reports were classified as confidential, which was not the case for the county. The police reviewed her application and always concluded by stating that the applicant had not been charged or convicted of any "crime or misdemeanour" there in the city.[209]

When my mother had to travel to Stockholm to see a heart specialist, she was required to apply for "leave" from the Immigration Bureau for the duration of the trip. In their reply they clearly specified that "No extension is included," in other words, she could not remain in Stockholm for any longer than the time allotted by the permit.[210]

Sometimes if an application were submitted late, it would be denied. If Mother and Father had to cancel a trip that had already been approved, they would ask the Health and Welfare Board to forgive them because something had come up. The closing phrase "With our utmost respect" was included above their signatures.[211] If the mail was slow, the reply would be dispatched in the form of an urgent telegram to the refugee community centre or to their residence[212] (Figures 2.9, 2.10).

The Swedish authorities recorded all trips in and out of Norrköping on the registration cards. At the top of the card, one could read that my parents were Norwegian citizens, followed by an "M" for Mosaic.[213] Political

FIGURE 2.10 The members of the Jewish community found ways to keep their spirits up. Here seen at a football match between Norway and Sweden.

refugees were given a "p" and those born in Sweden an "s." This had been standard practice in Sweden since 1932, according to the Swedish historian Karin Kvist Geverts.[214]

In Norrköping, Father struggled to find work and contacted the employment office in the city.[215] He tried to find a job at a bicycle shop without success. Eventually, he became affiliated with the Norwegian police force as a student of the First Company at the Norwegian unit in Gottröra and later at Mauritsberg Palace in Östergötlands province – in the vicinity of Norrköping.[216] After one year, he was appointed intendant at the Office of Public Administration in Berga.[217] Before that, he completed a two-month internship at the legation of Stockholm's Office of Public Administration.

Since Father was stationed in Gottröra near Södertälje, Mother applied to have her residency visa for the first half year of 1944 expanded to include all of Sweden. The plan was to visit him more frequently, and possibly move closer to where he was stationed.[218] Her application was denied and we continued to visit him in Gottröra when he couldn't come home on the weekends (Figure 2.11).

FIGURE 2.11 Mother and I in the sandbox outside our home in Sweden.

"Oj Gott wher kommt"

They had all been forced to flee persecution in Norway and nobody spoke about it. Neither did the refugees in Sweden talk about those who had been deported, even though they thought about them all the time. When they met on the street and asked, "how are you doing?" or perhaps "*wie gets*" in Yiddish, the answer might be a sigh or an evasive gaze. The person who inquired did not expect another type of response. They knew far too well that their own situation was after all far better than that of those who had been deported. Married couples who fled separately did not speak to one another about their journeys.[219]

Everyone had a family member who had been deported and nobody knew for sure what had happened. What was the point of talking about it when they all shared the same worries? Bringing up one's own situation would only cause the others pain. When meeting with other refugees, the conversations could otherwise easily gravitate towards darker thoughts: Why didn't I act differently? Perhaps I could have saved more people? Why am I the one in Sweden and not my mother, father, or brother? Their silence helped foster unity and was stronger than speech.

Jewish humour was neither much help, even though they were well-versed in the tradition of finding the comical aspects in every situation.

Self-deprecation was a safety valve when the pressure was overwhelming and often served as a survival strategy – a virtual necessity when all hope was lost. The jokes created a sense of solidarity between them and gave them strength.

They often repeated the Yiddish phrase: "*Die Juden sind schuldig*," which meant that no matter what happened, the Jews could always be blamed for something. Then they would shrug their shoulders and hold out their hands, palms up, to emphasize the incomprehensible. But there was no misinterpreting the smiles on their faces: "They can say what they want – we know the truth." Many people associated Yiddish with an old-fashioned and antiquated culture, while the elder generation maintained that the language contained nuances that better expressed their feelings.

But the gravity of the current situation was not suitable for jokes. On the other hand, they would sometimes go on at length about small problems, in Yiddish called *sorres*, about the ins and outs of daily life. Even the most trivial situation could be made somewhat comical. If a story digressed into wholly unrelated territory or came to irrelevant conclusions, the others would burst into laughter. Anecdotes about minor *sorres* created space to breathe and held the serious problems at bay.

My mother also used such diversionary tactics with her own mother to guide her thoughts over to different, less painful subjects. Her mother's angina flared up in this period and was a reaction to her husband's arrest. Often it was as if her mother wasn't really there – she merely existed. It was as if only the past existed – no present and no future. Her thoughts revolved around all the things for which there were no words. This is why Mother tried to distract her. And she used the best card she had, her mother's first grandchild.

When Mother and Father went to visit Grandmother, they would position me in front of the door and ring the bell. Then they would run and hide in the stairway. Grandmother would open the door and clasp her hands together to emphasise her surprise: "*Oj Gott wher kommt!*" Goodness me, who has come calling now! Whenever the occasion called for it, Grandmother spoke in Yiddish to show that her words came from the heart.

Yiddish was my grandmother's first language, the language she grew up with in Samalan – the tiny *stetl* in the north of the region where Catherine the Great had allowed the Jews to live starting in the year 1791.[220] Yiddish was the common language of the East European Jews and is based on German dialects from the Middle Ages which the Jews had carried with them. The language had adopted individual words from the different countries they had passed through, while the Hebrew words remained constants. They spoke Yiddish with one another and at school and they

wrote Yiddish using the Hebrew alphabet. In the synagogue, the prayers were in Hebrew. They did not understand what the prayers meant. What was important was that the language connected them to a common tradition and to other Jews. On the other hand, if they wanted to speak to God, they did so in Yiddish. Just like Tevje in *Fiddler on the Roof*.

My grandmother spoke fluent Norwegian without any accent. From the time she was eleven years old, she had lived in Norway and she had learned the language quickly. But she remembered the life and customs of her childhood home. She disliked speaking about "Russia" – the poverty they'd experienced there had been undignified and the oppression intolerable.[221] On the other hand, she was absolutely a bearer of Jewish culture and traditions. She preserved and passed on the family heritage, and the particular form of nurturing this entailed lay not only in the delicate pastries and delicious meals she prepared, but equally so in her stories from "the old days." Because of her independence and strength, she had no need to assert herself in every situation. She was simultaneously reserved and present.

Judaism was for my grandmother a feeling more than a religious conviction. The religion she was born into was also a cultural and historical community. She followed the same path as those who had come before her. In this sense, being Jewish was not an active choice for her. If the younger generation asked why she continued to practise the customs, she replied, "*es steht*." She did these things in a particular way because the practice was laid out in the Torah or in other written sources. Sometimes she followed traditions simply because it had been customary to do so where she'd been living at the time.[222] It was easier to adapt these types of traditions to changing life circumstances and their status differed from that of those inscribed in religious documents.

Grandmother's connection with other East European Jews was based on a feeling of destiny and solidarity. For the most part, she was pragmatic, as were the other Jews, when it came to questions about religion. She did not impose her opinions on others. Traditions were passed down through acts of love and caring for others.

Grandmother's quick wit was best expressed in Yiddish. The essence lay in the intonation and the inherent irony. Her Yiddish words and expressions were like hooks on a wall. Afterwards I could grasp her understanding of the world by focusing on the Yiddish expressions she used.

Grandmother lived with her daughter Frida and son-in-law Leon in Norrköping.[223] This living arrangement was as much about saving money as it was about her not wanting to live alone. She did the cooking and made sure there were always Jewish bread rolls, *bolkes*, on the table. It was a point of honour for her to let them rise for a long time to ensure that she made the

same number of bread rolls every time. If memory serves, this number was twenty-five bread rolls from one kilo of flour. When she made fish au gratin, her son-in-law refused to eat it. So she began calling it *kutznise* instead, and insisted it was a traditional Jewish dish. He then declared that it was delicious! Grandmother always found a way and tried her best not to be any trouble for anyone. On the contrary, she often shouldered problems in order to protect the children.

When Grandmother applied for residency in Sweden the first time, she did not mention that her husband Rubin had been deported from Norway. In her second application, the information "Spouse deported, location unknown. Children all currently in Norrköping" has been added.[224] The application contained no information about the other, deported family members.

Without discussing it with anyone, Grandmother decided to contact someone she felt she knew, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden. The princess was born in Denmark and was the sister of the Norwegian King Haakon. She moved to Sweden when she married the Swedish Carl Bernadotte,[225] and was the mother of the Norwegian crown princess Märtha. Grandmother read everything she could find about the European monarchy. She must have thought that since the monarchy had power, contacting them might bring her some answers.

The princess was also politically minded. She had blacked out the windows in the section of her home facing the headquarters of the German Legation in Stockholm, a demonstrative act that did not escape notice.[226] King Oscar II called her the palace's little ray of sunshine,[227] and with her sense of humour and wit she helped open up the otherwise stiff and formal Swedish court.[228] In her desperation, Grandmother wrote a letter to Princess Ingeborg of Sweden. What had happened to her husband, Rubin?

My grandmother never received a reply from the princess. The letter from the Norwegian Dora Pinkowitz is neither found in the Palace Archives, according to the archivist I corresponded with in conjunction with my work on this book.[229] But it was with Princess Ingeborg my grandmother shared her concerns. "That's how desperate I was," Grandmother would say while I lay on her lap and she rubbed my forehead, many, many years later.

The time spent in Norrköping was a period in limbo. The Jews feared the worst but hoped for the best. For Mother, being a refugee meant living a life of uncertainty. As the mother of a newborn baby, her days were full of duties large and small. She was alone with me most of the time while Father was at work. When her worries got the better of her, she paced restlessly around the flat – from window to window. Maybe she would glimpse a sign? She

listened to the radio. Perhaps on the radio she might learn something about what had happened?

Every day throughout the entire war the BBC broadcast Norwegian radio programmes. Despite the restricted airtime, for many people the broadcast from London was like an "umbilical cord" connecting them to the resistance struggle in Norway.[230] The news was intended to replace the rumours in circulation and offer listeners "insight" to counteract "apathy."[231] From January 1941 to May 1945, Toralv Øksnevad was the anchorman for the broadcasts in Norwegian and he headed the editorial staff. With his "somewhat informal style, he held a powerful moral appeal."[232]

Mother listened to Øksnevad or "The Voice from London" as he was often called. In this way she stayed updated on the latest news. Every Sunday he spoke to the population "at home" in a separate broadcast at 7:30 p.m. His speeches alternated between "irony and pathos" and an "even-handed objectivity" and were unlike ordinary news broadcasts.[233]

The newsroom edited out anything that could upset or otherwise have unfortunate consequences for listeners. The policy of both the newsroom and Øksnevad was to address "the truth that can serve our cause" but equally so, the unvarnished truth, always.[234]

Øksnevad always started the broadcast with what with time became a familiar greeting: "My countrymen." The listeners loved his broadcasts and the propaganda-like style of the news.[235] He always uttered stinging jabs about the NS. He accused the German people and the German civilisation "of unparalleled crimes, crimes that individuals in full possession of their faculties have committed in cold blood."[236]

On October 9, 1943, Øksnevad gave a different kind of speech. He departed from the editorial guidelines stipulating that the broadcast was not to upset the listeners at home. He made reference to the author Alexei Tolstoy – a distant relative of the better-known Leo. Alexei wrote that the Germans exterminated the Jews in gas chambers. "During the winter of last year, the Germans allowed more than 100,000 residents of Karkov starve to death. The majority were intellectuals."[237] And he continued: "In December, the Germans began the slaughter of the entire Jewish population, between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand people, including infants." Tolstoy had seen the mass graves with his own eyes. And he could also testify that "all forms of torture had taken place. They lost their minds from starvation – crowded into barracks without windows or heat, the children holding toys in their arms."[238] On this Sunday evening, Øksnevad concluded by saying: "Once upon a time, we would not have believed that this could be true. But that time has passed."[239]

Usually, Øksnevad did not make explicit reference to Jews but spoke more generally about the Nazis' massacre of the civilian population. Everyone was

a victim. The choice not to mention ethnic origin was part of a general policy he followed. After the fact, it can almost appear as if he concealed information. One did not want "… to put the Jews first among the victims," Hans Fredrik Dahl wrote much later in a review of a Danish book about what the underground press had known about the Holocaust.[240] It is almost as if today one can view the failure to identify the position of the Jews as victims as a form of antisemitism, Dahl continued, but "the commonalities that united us were more important than that which was unique and exceptional."[241]

Øksnevad's speech from the evening in October 1943 was not about Norwegian Jews, but for Mother it was sufficient. She understood the kind of barbarity taking place. Even though she did not know specifically what had happened to her father and all our other relatives, she had now learned enough to understand that it was a matter of inconceivable atrocities.

Mother was alone with me in the flat when she heard Øksnevad speak about the Germans' slaughter of civilians. She began to wail so loudly that a neighbour from two stories above us came down and asked what had happened.[242] The force and nature of her screams expressed that they stemmed from a place deep inside her. Øksnevad's speech in October 1943 would come to represent a turning point.

In her notes she wrote that "God had something else to do at this time." She stopped believing in God and no longer followed the Jewish dietary rules, kosher, to which she had adhered since she was a child.

Notes

1 The dairy shop belonged to Helene Husebye, located at Ullevålsveien 88. Oslo address directory, 1940.
2 *Panikkdagen*, [The Day of Panic in Oslo], Wikipedia, 15 December 2019.
3 Aftenposten, 11 April 1940, p. 1.
4 At this time Vilna was part of Poland.
5 Head Archivist Kari-Mette Avtjern, Randsfjord Museum, 23 January 2019.
6 The Sheriff of Gran, Sigurd Jørgensen Berge, was dismissed from his position as sheriff in 1943. During the last two years of the war, he took part in the resistance. After the war he was charged with treason but acquitted. In a civil case he was reinstated to his position, upon which the Prosecuting Authority appealed to the Supreme Court. The appeal was withdrawn (Eikeset, 2008, p. 87). RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Vestoppland Police Headquarters. D.nr. 965.
7 Bjarte Bruland 2017, pp. 77–78.
8 Radios were confiscated in the period 7 August–10 September 1941.
9 Coverage of Moritz Rabinowitz's attack on member of the Norwegian parliament Jens Hunseid from the Farmer's Party appeared in *Hatikwoh*, no. 7, 1929. In the next issue, "P. B." specified that Rabinowitz was not speaking on behalf of all Jews. In 1933 Rabinowitz published his book *Verdenskrisen og vi* through his own press. Rabinowitz went into hiding directly after the German occupation and

was arrested a few months later, 4 December 1940, and deported to Sachsenhausen on 22 May 1941, where he died nine months later, 27 February 1942. Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 60 and Wikipedia, 14 January 2020.

10 Benjamin Bild was arrested on 1 March 1941. His colleagues at the aircraft factory Kjeller flyfabrikk were released after one month, while Bild was deported to the concentration camp Gross-Rosen 27 April 1941. Bild died in December 1941. Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 60. According to Wikipedia, he was deported 19 April 1941. Accessed: 14 January 2020.
11 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 98 and pp. 179–205.
12 RA-Politidepartementet [Ministry of the Police], Stamps on Jewish identity documents, 10 January 1942, J.no. 5289/41 A.
13 Aftenposten, 22 January 1942, p. 9.
14 RA-Politidepartementet [Ministry of the Police], Stamps on Jewish identity documents, 10 January 1942, J.no. 5289/41 A. See also Espen Søbye, 2005, pp. 45–46.
15 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 204.
16 Ibid., p. 185.
17 RA/S, Politidepartementet [Ministry of the Police], j.no. 1205/42 B. National Police Commissioner, Landssviksak [Treason Case], Oslo Police Headquarters, D.no. 4049.
18 Accessed 18 October 2023 at https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Statspolitiet.
19 *Nasjonal Samling*, meaning "National Unity," was the National Socialist party of Norway, founded in 1933 by Vidkun Quisling, among others (Translator's note). See https://www.regjeringen.no/en/the-government/previous-governments/historiske-artikler/governments/norway-at-war/ministries-1940---1945---under-german-oc/id438672/.
20 Per Ole Johansen, 1984, p. 147.
21 Fra Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, pp. 48–49.
22 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 205 and p. 651.
23 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490. Herman Raskow. Questionnaire to be filled out by Jewish residents.
24 NOK 21,008 in 1942 was equivalent to NOK 507,389 in September 2019, according to the consumer price index of Statistics Norway (SSB).
25 Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 53. (Note: 53: R.A., Ministry of the Police (Politidept.)). Head of Criminal Investigation Dept. (Kripo) B, Jews in Norway 1940–1945, reg. qad., document dated 30 January 1942 in Criminal Investigation Dept. (Kripo) file, journal no. 834/42 B, concept 27 Oct. 1942, journal no. 1205/42 B (Kripo file).
26 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga, Box 7, case 301. Rubin Pinkowitz. Questionnaire.
27 According to the consumer price index of Statistics Norway (SSB) NOK 7794.38 in 1942 would be equivalent to NOK 188,251 in September 2019.
28 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 301, Rubin Pinkowitz. Confiscation form.
29 Ibid. The following was noted on the form: Rubin Pinkowitz had not been "reported, charged, fined or convicted of any crimes or misdemeanours here in the police district … Is not listed in the National Register of Convictions." On the other hand, the Oslo and Aker Office of the Chief of Police confirmed the information he had provided: "An order to pay a fine in 1930 for failing to acquire the requisite itinerant sales permit," and "the imposition of a fine for NOK 100 on 13 August 1930 for violation of section 332 of the Criminal Code …" The fine is "addressed in the police circular *Polititidende* 51 c 13 30 …"
30 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 171.

31 Dag Pedersen, 12 February 2000, Interview with Fanny Raskow in Aftenposten.
32 Ibid.
33 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 417.
34 Oslo address directory, 1940.
35 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 5, case 301, Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to Commander of Norwegian State Police from Constable Harald Birger Ekeland following the interrogation of Frida Pinkowitz, 17 November 1942.
36 Bjarte Bruland specifies that the annual salary during the Second World War was approximately NOK 3900, 2017, p. 446.
37 Karl Gerhard, Wikipedia, 6 February 2019. Karl Gerhard was a Swedish theatre director, revue writer, singer and actor (1891–1964). He was known for a number of songs, including: "Nu ska vi vara snälla" and "Han är ett bedårande barn av sin tid." Norwegian comedian, revue artist, and singer Dag Frøland was inspired by Karl Gerhard.
38 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Da, Doc. no. 4094, Knut Rød. Written statement from Knut Rød while incarcerated in Ilebu prison, 16 September 1945, p. 6.
39 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Section 12, Vestoppland Police Headquarters. Da, Doc. no. 787, Ole Homb. Report to State Police Commander Karl A. Marthinsen, 5 November 1942 from police officer Ole Homb re. Action against the Jews (Jødeaksjonen).
40 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490. Herman Raskow. Confiscation Form.
41 RA/S1329 Statspolitiet-Ga, Box 5, case 301. Rubin Pinkowitz. Confiscation Form.
42 Police inspector O. J. Holter's assessment of officers and constables from the State Police is dated 28 December 1942 and appears in several treason cases, including RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], file 1. Oslo Police Headquarters, Da, Doc. no. 3777. Harald Birger Ekeland.
43 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Archive section 12, Vestoppland Police Headquarters. Da, Doc. no. 787, Ole Homb. Report to Commander of the State Police Karl A. Marthinsen, 5 November 1942 re. the "Action against the Jews" (Jødeaksjon).
44 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 42.
45 Ibid., p. 243.
46 Per Ole Johansen, 1984.
47 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet, Ccc, Vaktjournalen [Police log], 4. 26 October 1942, p. 323.
48 Ibid., pp. 322–323.
In the logs of the State Police, 67 police officers are listed who were to serve as patrol leaders. In addition to this, 70 police constables were to participate in the arrests. Other lists provide other figures. In Homb's report from 5 November 1942, he wrote that around 124 men reported for duty, who were divided up into sixty-two patrols. After the war, (4 October 1946) detectives Thorbjørn Frøberg and Knut Ebeling submitted a report to the Oslo Police Headquarters, Landssvikavdelingen [Treason Unit], about the Action against the Jews (Jødeaksjon). They write that all available forces from the State Police were made available, 40 men from the Oslo criminal investigation force, the entire criminal investigation force of the State Police, and 20 men from the Germanic SS. This report is found several places, among them here: RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga. File 13. Ole Homb.
49 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet, Ccc, Vaktjournalen [Police log], 4, p. 320.

50 Ibid., p. 323.
51 Ibid., p. 322.
52 RA/S-3138-Landssviksarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Da, Doc. no. 4094. Knut Rød. Instructions for processing of Jews brought in from Oslo and Aker, 28 October 1942, signed by the State Police, Headquarters, by order of Røhne.
53 Ibid.
54 Uncle Rolle was named Israel Pinkowitz at birth and changed his name to Rolle Scheer. The application for the name change, sent 3 August 1940, was approved 21 August 1940. The Ministry of Justice, j. no. 3954.
55 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490. Confiscation Form.
RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Waiver of prosecution, A. no. 9316 – Roald Justad.
56 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490. Herman Raskow, Confiscation Form.
57 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490. Herman Raskow, Confiscation Form.
58 Ibid.
59 Ibid.
60 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Waiver of prosecution, A. no. 9316 – Roald Justad. Report from Myhrvold to Commander of the State Police, 5 October 1942.
61 The wife Dora was listed as born in 1889 and no longer in 1891 or 1893, cf. completed questionnaire.
62 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga/ Box 5 – case 301. Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to Commander of the State Police, dated 17 November 1942 from Harald Birger Ekeland's interrogation of Frida Pinkowitz.
63 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga, Box 5, case 301. Rubin Pinkowitz. Confiscation Form.
64 Ibid. Letter from A. Verlo, Nesodden sheriff's office to The State Police's Oslo division, 9 November 1942. Received by The State Police, 10 November 1942. RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Follo Police Headquarters, Fine, no. 7/48. Anders Verlo.
65 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet, Ccc, Vaktjournalen [Police log], 4.
66 Sigurd Sørlie, 2014, Eirik Veum and Geir Brenden, 2009. Eystein Bech was born 17 September 1918. Deceased 7 March 1944 in Sjapkozero, Russia. He was hit by a rifle grenade during a Russian attack and died from his injuries in a bunker the same night. E-mail from Olav Bogen, Norway Resistance Museum, 26 August 2019. Also e-mails from Sigurd Sørlie, Institute for Defense Studies, 27 September 2017, 26 August 2019 and 24 January 2020 and from Terje Emberland, Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities, 17 March 2017.
67 Sigurd Sørlie, 2014.
68 Journal from Diakonissehusets Hospital, J.no. 40/XI. L.no. 1735/42.
69 Ibid.
70 Ibid. Excerpt from the journal: "Above the medial section of lig. Inguinal occurs while standing and when coughing a reactive lump, about the size of a walnut. Reaction to finger presents in external inguinal opening with cough. Not sensitive."
71 Conversation with professor emeritus Liv Emma Thorsen, 2017.
72 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Da-mappe 3. Oslo Police Headquarters, Dom 3777, Harald Birger Ekeland. The complaint was filed in 1941.

73 Une Bratberg, Vårt Land, 11 February 2000.
74 The street Henrik Ibsens gate 7 in 1942 is currently Hammersborggata 19, see Ottar Samuelsen, 2008.
75 Irene Levin, 2015.
76 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, writes about the arrest of two Jewish women who were communists before the large-scale arrest operation on 26 November 1942, p. 117. With the exception of these two women, I know of no other Norwegian-Jewish women who were arrested before 26 November 1942.
77 The information came to light in an interview with my mother printed in Vårt Land, 11 February 2000: "Two weeks in 1942 created a lifelong bond between these three women. One of the women can thank the other two for saving her life." Une Bratberg.
78 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490 – Herman Raskow. Medical Certificate, Fanny Raskow, from Dr. G. Schaaning, 28 October 1942.
79 Ibid. Letter from Fanny Raskow to the State Police, 29 October 1942.
80 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 6, case 453. Bernhard Jaffe. Medical certificate from Dr. G. Schaaning, 27 October 1942. Inger contacted the doctor due to "some troublesome varicose veins and problems fulfilling her duty to report regularly to the police." In the certificate, Dr. Schaaning advised Inger Jaffe to stay off her feet as much as possible due to pains in her leg.
81 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 6, case 441. Elias Gorwitz. Medical certificate from Dr. Harald Natvig, 29 October 1942. The medical certificate is enclosed in a letter Ida wrote requesting the release of her incarcerated husband.
82 As told by Inger Jaffe's grandchild, Janne Jaffe Hesstvedt, 30 September 2017.
83 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 16. Response from the State Police to Pastor Hope, 20 November 1942. The response is not signed.
84 The Ministry of Justice j. no. 01347, 1043. Letter from Sverre Riisnæs, 12 April 1943.
85 Inger Jaffe's husband Bernhard survived the war in Berg prison camp along with other Jewish men who were married to non-Jewish women. Ida Gorwitz was deported to Auschwitz together with her husband Elias on 26 November 1942. Like all the other Norwegian-Jewish women, she was sent directly to the gas chamber upon arrival. Her husband Elias also died in the camp along with his six siblings and parents. Ida's parents and brother were also killed there.
86 The story about Agnes Vava Follestad comes from my many conversations with her during the 1990s when I helped my mother with the application for official recognition paying homage to the people responsible for their rescue. The application was granted in 1999 by Yad Vashem, Israel's Holocaust Museum and research centre and the ceremony was held in February 2000. Later, in 2004, I interviewed Agnes Vava Follestad of the documentation department of the Holocaust Centre. The interview was transcribed in 2009 and is found in a condensed version: Follestad, Agnes, 2009. Transcription of video interview (archive materials). Oslo: Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities. At that time she had aged considerably and her memory was at times unreliable. The different sources are consistent and not contradictory. For the most part the quotations in the text are based on what she said to me in the 1990s, unless otherwise stated explicitly.
87 Follestad, Agnes, 2009. Transcript of video interview (archive materials). Oslo: Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities.
88 Agnes Vava Follestad rang the doorbell of the Mendel family home at Ullevålsveien 97, 29 October 1942. The State Police had just arrested the son, Isidor, born 10 July 1918. A month later, 26 November 1942, they arrested the

daughter Esther (born 26 May 1914). RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 5, case 270. Mendel. Confiscation Form.

89 Professor Kristine Bonnevie lived at Anne Maries vei 14 with her brother-in-law, the meteorologist Vilhelm Bjertnes, a widower, following the death of her sister.

90 Here I quote what my mother usually said. The notes read: "It is bad enough that my good friend Pr. Goldsmith was apprehended at the border. I will help you."

91 The cousin's name was Elise (Lisa) Benjamin.

92 Tidens Tegn 1920–1941. Finn Nielssen in Norsk kunstnerleksikon, I–IV edition, 1982–1986. Finn Nielssen, Wikipedia, 17 December 2019.

93 In a letter from Harald Bonnevie Bryn to his wife Nanti and daughter Sidsel, 23 May 1945, he refers to Finn and Valdis as "good facilitators." Private source.

94 Dag Pedersen, 12 February 2000, Aftenposten. The Nielssen couple harboured a number of refugees, including Torolf Elster and Aksel Sandemose.

95 Ibid.

96 Finn and Valdis Nielssen's daughter, architect Tuva Halbo, has drawn a sketch of the attic for me. Interview 27 April 2017. See also: Levin, Irene, 2007.

97 SMS from Finn Nielssen's daughter, Tuva Halbo, 4 April 2018.

98 Une Bratberg, Vårt Land, 11 February 2000.

99 Irene Levin, 2007.

100 This information is found in my mother's notes and also appears in the interview with Vava Follestad. She explained that a woman had taken all the food in the cellar storage unit right after my parents' escape had commenced. Vava assumed that she was from the resistance movement. Follestad, Agnes, 2009. Video interview transcript (archive materials). Oslo: Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities.

101 Rolle Scheer was hospitalised at Rikshospitalet 7–9 November 1942. He had been in contact with the hospital on 27 October 1942. E-mail from Kaare Olsen, National Archives of Norway, 9 February 2018: "A letter from Dr. Einar Øian," Torvgaten 2 III addressed to Dr. Melsom is pasted into the journal, requesting treatment of the patient in the ward. This letter is not dated, but the following comment is written in different handwriting and ink, where the date in particular is of interest: "Can be hospitalised today. / Oslo, 27 October 1942 R. Melsom." Olsen continues: "There is nothing here about how he left the hospital, in other words, whether he was discharged according to standard procedure or ran away."

102 Rolle was honoured with a certificate of achievement: "Rolf Rolle Scheer has during the Norwegian campaign of 1940 participated in the defence of the homeland from 12 April–9 June 1940. Norway thanks you for your contribution to the fight for freedom." Signed by Haakon R. Property of Anne-Rita Midttun.

103 At the time, Mother was not aware that the people who had let them into the flat were the sculptor Anne Vaa Raknes and her husband, psychologist Ola Raknes. This was later revealed through my contact with Tuva Halbo.

104 Journal from Diakonhjemmets Hospital, Psychiatric Clinic, Herman Raskow. Received: 16 May 2019. Ref.: 19/00525-2. My mother also makes reference to the event in her notes.

105 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490 – Herman Raskow. Undated memo from Mjærum to the State Police.

106 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Waiver of prosecution, A. no. 6760 – Ottar Mjærum.

107 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Waiver of prosecution, A. no. 6760 – Ottar Mjærum. Letter from publisher

Wilhelm Nygaard to inspector Scot-Johnsen, 1 October 1945, and report to the National Police Commissioner c/o Police Constable Knut Trydal, 6 June 1945 re. Ottar Mjærum.

108 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Vestoppland Police Headquarters. Waiver of prosecution, A. no. 1704 – Olaf Elverhøi.

109 The story about sheriff Olaf Elverhøi was told by the artist Victor Lind, son of Lilya Lind. Victor Lind's family lived in Lunner for the entirety of the war. The mother was not a member of any Jewish congregation in Norway and neither did her name appear on any of the State Police's lists. The identity card which sheriff Elverhøi issued is from 9 April 1941 and is today in the possession of Victor Lind. E-mail from Victor Lind, 5 November 2016.

110 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490. Herman Raskow.
RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 688 – Olav Uppstad.

111 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga, Box 7, case 490. Herman Raskow. Memo from Olav Uppstad, 6 November 1942.

112 Olav Uppstad's scraps of paper also contained details pertaining to:

RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 372. Max Tau.
RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 476. Herman Mesner.
RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 429. Sigmund Farang and case 464, Charles Leimann.
RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 363. Isak Steinberg. (memo regarding Herman Levin, Elverum).
RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 353. Arnold Selikowitz.
RA/S-1329 Statspolitet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 394. Elias Wolkoff.
RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Confiscation Form, case 133, Herman Grusd.

113 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490 – Herman Raskow.
Report from Police constable J. Gundersen to Commander of the State Police, 7 November 1942;
RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Arendal Police Headquarters, A. no. 149/45 Johan Gundersen.
RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Doc. no. 4154, Arne Usler.

114 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 490 – Herman Raskow. Report to Commandeer of the State Police from constable Johan Gundersen.

115 RA/S-1055 The Ministry of Justice. Letter from Legionnaire Christiansen to Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs.

116 RA/S-1055 The Ministry of Justice. Letter from Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs to "colonel" Marthinsen, 4 May 1943.

117 RA/S-1055 The Ministry of Justice, Office of the Minister. J. no. 0743.
Letter to Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs from police inspector Knut Rød, initialed by Harald Birger Ekeland, 11 May 1943. At the time, Harald Birger Ekeland had taken over the job of Knut Rød's secretary, replacing Ole Homb, who would assume responsibility for a farm in Toten.

118 Conversation with Nicolas Schwaller, February 2018.

119 Conversation with Per Ole Johansen, 21 August 2018.

120 Journal from Diakonhjemmet hospital, Psychiatric Clinic, received 16 May 2019. Ref: 19/00525-2.

121 Ibid.

122 Father's cousin and brother-in-law, Charles Leimann, had been admitted to the same ward.

123 The first time I started searching for "Dr. Aaser" was in the 1990s in conjunction with the application to honour those who had assisted in my parents' escape. A number of the staff at the Psychiatric Clinic have tried to help me, including the now deceased Professor Nils Johan Lavik. I have gone through the hospital payrolls and other documents without gaining further clarity about who this might have been. Even in the more detailed lists of Norwegian physicians, I have not found anyone by that name. In March 2019, Jan Gabriel Langfeldt, son of the chief physician, contacted me to ask about the role the hospital had played in the rescue of Jews during the Second World War. He was neither able to track down a doctor by that name. He suggested that it could be Head of Administration Bjarne Hånes, who was responsible for admissions and discharges (email of 25 March 2019). Bjarne Hånes was active in the resistance movement during the war and had a large office where Father could have spent the night when the car scheduled to transport them never arrived, 13 November 1942. An obituary for Bjarne Hånes, in Fædrelandsvennen 4 January 1982, confirms his activities during the war.

124 On 13 November 1942, Mother's brother Rolle Scheer, Blenda Grusd with her two children Leif and Solveig, and Albert Rubinstein (Ragle) were assigned the transport that initially had been planned for my parents.

125 RA/S-1329-Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 7, case 177 – Rodrich Katz.
RA/S-1329-Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 10, Questionnaires for Jews in Norway.

126 Harald Bonnevie Bryn's daughter, the artist Nanti Bryn Hansen told me that her parent's driver was called "James," and that his last name was Eriksen. I have been unable to establish his real first name. "James" continued to work at Bryn's patent office on Egertorget in Oslo, also after the war. I have tried to get hold of the company archives, but they have probably been destroyed. Conversation with Nanti Bryn Hansen, June 2014.

127 Conversation with historian Birgit Rimstad (27 June 2019) regarding the route driven from Oslo to Austmarka.

128 It wasn't until Birgit Rimstad's book *Unge Tidsvitner* ("Young Living Witnesses") was published in 2016, that it was established that the house where father first knocked on the door had to be the Tangen Farm of the Solbergseter family. They had sheltered my mother's brother Rolle and his companions the day before.

129 Karl Trosholmen was the brother of Laura Solbergseter at Tangen Farm. Both families worked actively to help refugees cross the border during the war. Karl Trosholmen has been honoured several times for his contribution as a border guide. On his eightieth birthday in 1973, my parents contributed to the purchase of a gift for him, ref. Austmarka Historical Society, 2000. He was also in 2014 awarded the honorary title, postmortem, Righteous Among the Nations by Yad Vashem, along with children and adults from the Trosholmen and Tangen farms. The honoured individuals were: Karl and Inga Amalie Trosholmen and their son Asbjørn. From Tangen farm: Hans and Laura Solbergseter and their children Henry Tangen and Einar Solbergseter. In 1979 all Norwegian border guides received group recognition, honoured as Righteous Among the Nations by Yad Vashem. Sigrid Helliesen Lund planted an olive tree outside the Holocaust Centre, together with Alf and Gerd Pettersen and Ingebjørg Sletten Fosstvedt.

130 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet/Ga – Box 5, case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to Oslo Police Headquarters, Landssvikavdelingen [Treason Unit] provided by detective Reidar Sønstegaard, 11 November 1947.

131 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 205 and p. 425.

132 RA/S-3138 Landssviksarkivet [Treason Archives]/Da – file 1 – Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 3777. Harald Birger Ekeland. Former Police Sergeant Per Frivik's statement to the Chief of Police in Lofoten and Vesterålen, 25 May 1948.

133 RA/S-3138 Landssviksarkivet [Treason Archives]/Da – file 1 – Oslo Police Headquarters. Doc. no. 3777. Harald Birger Ekeland. Report to Commander of the State Police from police inspector J. Holter, 25 December 1942.

134 RA/S-3138 Landssviksarkivet [Treason Archives]/Da – file 3 – Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 3777. Harald Birger Ekeland. In late September 1944 Harald Birger Ekeland again applied for a promotion – this time to police intendent, Class 1. The promotion would have increased his salary to NOK 7420, equivalent to NOK 175,396 in September 2019. An average annual salary was NOK 4000. Everything was in place for the promotion, but police inspector Albert Storvand "advised against the promotion of Ekeland" because his advancement had come about too quickly. The reason was subsequently included: "Let the matter rest!" is written across the entire paragraph. Despite Ekeland's membership in both the NS and the Germanic SS and commissions such as leader of the Uranienborg chapter of the NS political party leadership, the application for a promotion was not approved. Ekeland was then transferred to Trondheim in December of 1944.

After the war, Ekeland's defence attorney explained the denial of his promotion as follows: "A promotion of Ekeland would have provoked dissatisfaction within the more aggressive ranks of the State Police." See also: RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet/Ga – Box 5, case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to Commander of the State Police provided by Police Constable H. B. Ekeland, Oslo and Aker Division. 17 November 1942.

135 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives]/Da – file 1 – Harald Birger Ekeland. Excerpt from the ruling, 9 June 1948.

136 In the treason case against Wilhelm Wagner, he alleged that nobody who claimed to be sick was to have been sent out of the country. Cited in Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 303.

137 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet/Ga – Box 5, case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to the Commander of the State Police provided by police constable H. B. Ekeland, Oslo and Aker division. 17 November 1942.

138 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet/Ga – Box 5, case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. Included in Frida's accounts in the Report to the State Police Commander provided by Police Constable H. B. Ekeland, Oslo and Aker Division. 17 November 1942. Invoice signed by A. Espetvedt Olsen, landlord, Oslo 15 November 1942.

139 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet/Ga – Box 5, case 301. Report to the State Police Commander provided by Police Constable H. B. Ekeland, Oslo og Aker Division. 17 November 1942.

140 Ibid.

141 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet, ckb (diverse register cards listing missing persons) – L0031 – journals and registers.

142 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet/Ga – Box 5, case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to Oslo Police Headquarters, Landssvikavdelingen [Treason Unit] provided by detective Reidar Sønstegaard, from Frida Leimann, 11 October 1947.

143 Ibid.

144 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, pp. 289–290. Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, 109 ff.

145 The rule is found in Sverre Steen (ed.), *Norges krig 1940–1945*, Vol. III, p. 475, to which Oskar Mendelsohn also makes reference in 1986, note 134, p. 567.

146 RA/S, Landssviksak [Treason Case], Oslo Police Headquarters, D.nr.3525, report from Commander of State Police Karl A. Marthinsen (Evacuation of Jews) to the Ministry of the Police, head of security police, 27 November 1942, p. 1. Here taken from Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 289, note 316.
147 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 650 ff.
148 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 5, case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz.
RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Doc. no. 1274 – Per Bernt Warendorph.
149 Dr. Johan Friis stepped in as acting chief physician of general surgery, for Dr. Georg Lützow-Holm. Friis was on staff at Diakonissehuset Hospital in 1940, ten years after completion of his studies of medicine. Otto Jervell was chief physician of the medical ward.
150 Journal Diakonissehuset hospital. L. no. 1735/42. See also: RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga/ Box 5 – case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. The ward's statement, 25 November 1942.
151 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], del 1 – Oslo Police Headquarters, series Fa, box 1, file 82 – Jødeaksjonen 1942 [The Action against the Jews 1942]. NOK 400 in 1942 would be equivalent to NOK 9429.79 in 2019.
152 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Doc. no. 1274 – Per Bernt Warendorph.
153 Journal Diakonissehuset Hospital. L.no. 1735/42. Statement from Dr. Friis, 25 November 1942.
154 Journal Diakonissehuset Hospital. L.no. 1735/42. Statement from Dr. Friis, 25 November 1942.
155 Journal Diakonissehuset Hospital. L.no. 1735/42. Annotation from Per Warendoeph on Dr. Friis' statement, 25 November 1942. "Re. Robin Pinkowitz, born 17/2–89."
156 Ibid.
157 Journal from Diakonissehuset Hospital, J.no. 40/XI. L.no. 1735/42.
158 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga/ Box 5 – case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz. Note in the file at the National Archives of Norway.
159 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 5, file 4. Circular from Ole Homb of the State Police, 24 November 1942, to the hospitals regarding sick Jewish patients.
160 Per Ole Johansen, 2007, p. 149.
161 Ibid., p. 162.
162 Ibid., p. 163. RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Doc. no. 4031 – Hans Eng.
163 Report to Oslo Police Headquarters, 4 October 1946 provided by detectives Thorbjørn Frøberg and Knut Ebeling regarding the action against the Jews. O. Pk. V. J. 2230 46–47. A copy is found in a number of treason cases, including that of Arne Usler. Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 4154, Arne Usler.
164 RA/S Statspolitiet/1329/Ga – Box 5 – case 301 – Rubin Pinkowitz.
165 Ibid. Comment added 26 November 42, The State Police circular of 24 November 1942 regarding medical certificate for Jews who are unwell, issued by Ole Homb.
166 In an email from Kåre Olsen of the National Archives of Norway dated 20 March 2019, he cites the number as being 150. Bjarte Bruland, 2017, says more or less the same thing, 140–160, p. 418.
167 Niels Bloch-Hoell, 1968, pp. 91–94. In the booklet commemorating the Diakonissehuset's 100-year anniversary, the author writes about the wartime activities.

168 Espen Søbye, 2003, p. 110, "… clung to her father's arm and tried to hold him."
169 RA/S Main office /Oslo Division, C/CI/Box 14, Admissions records, 10941-1944, pp. 224–225.
RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga, Box 17, Lists of Jews imprisoned at Bredtveit. -1942. lpnr.340–42/43. Incarceration papers for Bredtvedt prison, signed by the officer on duty Reidar Voigt, by order of police intendant Kranz.
170 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 17.
171 Ibid.
172 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow/Raskowitz). Classified report from P. M. Medin, 15 November 1942.
173 Ibid.
174 As of 1 July 1941, Flyktningkontoret [Refugee Office] in Stockholm reported to the Ministry of Social Affairs in London.
RA/S-Arkivportalen – Second World War – Norway in exile – Refugees in Sweden.
175 Clandestine Norwegian army in Kjesäter – The Norwegian refugee camp and transit centre, Wikipedia, published 7 May 2015, retrieved 11 May 2018.
176 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow/Raskowitz). Index card: Ur Kjesäter card file, vol. DI: 30 no. 10538 (for Fanny Raskow) and no. 10537 (for Herman Raskow).
177 Ibid.
178 In the interview he explains that he had received his "citizenship notification" in 1926 and that he had reported to Oslo Police Headquarters and received oral confirmation since he was born in Norway. He must have been wrong about the year. In 1928 he was twenty-two years old, the same year that his parents were granted Norwegian citizenship.
179 Kjesäter report, RA/S-1725, Legation in Stockholm, Part 1, series Da, Interrogation report 390–454. See Herman Raskow.
180 RA/S-1725, Legation in Stockholm, Part 1, series Da, Interrogation report 390–454. See Leo Hersson and Marcus Levin.
181 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow/Raskowitz). From Öreryd card file, vol II – Index card – Raskow.
182 Espen Søbye, 2003.
183 The archive of the Salvation Army hotel on Drottninggatan no longer exists; e-mail from Elisabeth Beckman, 13 February 2017.
184 Sten Larson was made secretary at Statens utlänningskommision [State Immigration Commission] in 1944 and later secretary at the permanent Swedish delegation of ECE in Geneva in 1951. He was employed by the Ministry of Commerce in 1952 and made principal officer at the State Agricultural Board in 1953. He was a knight of the Royal Order of the Polar Star (RNO). See *Vem är Vem?* [Who's Who?] 1962, p. 756.
185 Paul Levine, 1998, pp. 140 and 154.
186 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow). Fanny Raskow's application for a residency visa to Kungl. Socialstyrelsens Utlänningsbyrå [Royal Board of Health and Welfare Bureau of Immigration], 25 November 1942.
187 Ibid.
188 Ibid.

189 I know the names of only three of the four girlfriends: besides my mother, Fanny Raskow, they were Beks Meieran and Jenny Bermann.
190 Mother told the Shoah Foundation about this dream in 1998, when the filmmaker Steven Spielberg was gathering testimonies from survivors around 1998. Also in the documentary *Tidsvitner* [Time's Witnesses] produced by Edvard Hambro, which aired for the first time on NRK 1, 25 November 2006, she gave an account of the dream. Reference is also made to the dream in Mats Tangestuen's master's thesis, 2004, p. 111.
191 Bjarte Bruland, 2017.
192 The film *Tidsvitner* [Time's Witnesses] produced by Edvard Hambro aired for the first time on 25 November 2006, NRK.
193 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Dora Pinkowitz).
194 Karin Kvist Geverts, 2008.
195 Ibid.
196 Interview with Frida's daughter, Anne-Rita Midttun, 21 March 2018. Frida later found work in a dairy shop and earned a monthly salary of NOK 150. Her employer gave her a glowing recommendation when she needed references for renewal of her residency visa: "Fully satisfied and also in other respects her conduct was impeccable." F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Frida Pinkowitz/Leimann).
197 Interview with Peter Freudenthal, Heinz's son, 9 June 2018. When Freudenthal gave a concert in Oslo after the war, he received a silver cup from former Norwegian refugees with the inscription: "Thank-you for your help." From a newspaper clipping from Norrköpings tidning in Hanna Scheer's album. Undated.
198 Conversation and e-mail from Malin Thor Tureby, Linköping University, 16 and 17 April 2018. E-mail from Peter Freudenthal, 14 May 2018.
199 Interview with Peter Freudenthal, 9 June 2018.
200 Newspaper clipping from Norrköpings tidning in Hanna Scheer's album. Undated. Private collection.
201 Interview with Peter Freudenthal, 9 June 2018.
202 Hanna Scheer's photo album. Private collection.
203 The Revue programme, 17 May 1943. Private collection.
204 Photo in Hanna Scheer's photo album, 17 May 1943. Private collection.
205 Photo in Hanna Scheer's photo album, undated. Private collection.
206 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow).
207 Ibid. Application from Fanny Raskow 25 November 1942.
208 Ibid. Report from Norrköpings police, criminal investigation unit 1 July 1943 from Detective Superintendent Carl Jönsson and countersigned by Oscar Himmelmann.
209 Ibid.
210 Ibid. – several places in the file.
211 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow). E.g. letter from Herman Raskow to Kungl. Socialstyrelsen [Royal Board of Health and Welfare] 10 January 1943.
212 Karin Kvist Geverts, 2008.
213 Ibid. Registration card. These were in use until 1942/43.
214 Karin Kvist Geverts, 2008, p. 51. The letter "m" was first written in by hand, later typed. The political refugees were assigned a "p" and those born in Sweden an "s."

215 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow). Herman Raskow's application for a residency visa 11 June 1943 to Kungl. Socialstyrelsen [Royal Board of Health and Welfare].
216 At the time, Stockholm county. Anders Johansson, 2008, p. 8.
217 "Berga, Harry Söderman's farm by Turinge," a part of the county of Stockholm. Anders Johansson, 2008, p. 8.
218 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Raskow). Fanny Raskow's application for residency visa., 15 January 1944.
219 *Holocaustoverlevende i Norge: Intervjuer* [Holocaust Survivors in Norway: Interviews] (2004). Oslo, Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities. The statement appears in several interviews. See also Mats Tangestuen, 2004.
220 "The Pale of Settlements" was an area in Eastern Europe where Jews were permitted to live during the period 1795–1917. The region extended from the Lithuania of today in the north all the way to the Black Sea in the south, including White Russia, Austria-Hungary, and large parts of Poland. The region had only one coastline, in the city of Libau, which is today located in Latvia on the Lithuanian border. In 1897, more than five million Jews lived within "The Pale" and 320,000 outside the region (Martin Gilbert, 1985, p. 72).
221 Also called Yiddishland, Espen Søbye, 2014, p. 251.
Mona Levin, 2015.
222 When the customs adhered to the traditions of a particular geographic region, this was called "*minhag haMakom*" – local customs.
223 The address was Himmelstalundsvägen 50.
224 F 1 ABA:3314, Statens utlänningskommisions kanselibyrå [State Immigration Commission Chancellor's Office] (Dora Pinkowitz). Application from Dora Pinkowitz to Kungl. Socialstyrelsens Utlänningsbyrå [Royal Board of Health and Welfare Immigration Bureau] for residency visa, 13/6–43.
225 Ingeborg C C F L, https://sok.riksarkivet.se/sbl/artikel/11950, *Svenskt biografiskt lexikon* (article by Ragnar Amenius), retrieved 2018-03-05. E-mail from Linda Årebrand – The Swedish Royal Court – 5 March 2018.
226 Princess Ingeborg. Wikipedia – last revised 29 October 2017.
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228 Princess Ingeborg. Wikipedia, 31 January 2020.
229 E-mail from Carina Gunnarsson, National Archives in Sweden, Palace Archives. Received 28 February 2017.
230 Hans Fredrik Dahl, 1978, p. 220.
231 Ibid., p. 283.
232 Ibid., pp. 229–230.
233 Ibid., p. 230.
234 Ibid., p. 234. Here Dahl makes reference to how Øksnevad explained the programme management's principles to Finn Moe and his political op-eds in the United States, 1942–1943.

235 Ibid., p. 281.
236 Toralv Øksnevad, 1946, p. 282.
237 Toralv Øksnevad, 1946, p. 280.
238 Ibid., p. 280.
239 Ibid., p. 283.
240 Hans Fredrik Dahl's review in *Historisk tidsskrift* (3, 2011) by Palle Andersen: Dansk viden om Holocaust – belyst ved den illegale presse, [Danish knowledge about the Holocaust – illuminated by the illegal press]. Syddansk Universitetsforlag, Odense, 2010.
241 Ibid.
242 DEL III
Irene Levin, 2001.

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PART III

After the war

FIGURE 3.1 Mother beside "The Wall of Honour" bearing the names of the individuals who rescued her and my father. Yad Vashem, The World Holocaust Remembrance Center in Jerusalem. Irene's mother stands beside "The Wall of Honour," looking at the list of names on it.

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What did they come home to?

I have no memory of Victory in Europe Day – I was only two years old at the time. Neither did my mother write anything about these days in May 1945, except to mention that she felt guilty because she had not congratulated the Danes on their own liberation, three days before Norway. This was no oversight – she just couldn't bring herself to do it. For her, the end of the war stirred up all the unanswered questions: what had happened to her loved ones, and more specifically to her father? World War II had lasted for five years and one month. For many people, this was a finite period of time in their lives, with a beginning and an end. For my mother the war never ended. In her papers she called the war "the great human hunt" (Figure 3.1).

When the German surrender was a fact, the Swedes flew the flag for their sister nation. Norwegian flags filled the streets of Norrköping.[1] Messages arrived from Norway about "a wave of celebration washing over the country."[2] "Closed due to joy," read the sign on the door of a bookshop in Oslo.[3] The joy of the Norwegian Jews, however, was far from unadulterated.

For my parents, there was never any doubt about whether they would return to Norway. Norway was their homeland, they had been born and raised there, and their friends and their working lives were there. It was different for those who had come to Norway from Central Europe just before the war broke out. They had lived in Sweden longer than in Norway and many of them remained in Sweden. Others moved as far away from Europe as they could get, like the Katz family who had fled to Sweden with my parents. As soon as they were able, they made a home in South Africa.

From Norway, my parents heard that daily life was slowly but surely starting up again (Figure 3.2). A mere six days after the German surrender, the first non-Nazi newspapers were published and on May 15, 1945, the national daily Aftenposten printed an article with the headline "What has happened to our Jews?"[4] The article reported that: "There is cause to fear that many of the Norwegian Jews have died," after which the author quickly added that they had received no confirmation of this.[5] The messages that ticked in during the initial weeks ended with hopeful phrases such as "… but there is no reason to give up hope."[6] On May 17, 1945, an article in Aftenposten's morning edition reported that: "Of the 1200 prisoners of war, we have 750 Jews in Germany. For the time being, we have not heard from more than nine or ten of them."[7] The article then went on to say that we must not give up hope, because we are receiving "one surprise after the other at this time."[8]

But the news became more and more devastating with every passing day. On May 23, the national daily Dagbladet stated that: "700 Norwegian Jews were sent to Germany. How many of them are still alive?" They had been sent to the "infamous concentration camp Auschwitz," and the newspaper provided no further details about what exactly had happened to them.[9]

FIGURE 3.2 May 17, 1945. I am standing on the left and Inger Lise Rothschild on the right. The identity of the boy in the middle is unknown. May 17, 1945, the Norwegian Constitution day and just after the liberation, celebrating with friends holding Norwegian flags.

In the end of May, the few survivors of the camps began returning home. When Assor Hirsch travelled through Copenhagen on the way back from Auschwitz and Buchenwald, he was interviewed by the Danish newspapers, who instantly sent telegraphs to the newspapers in Norway. The next day, Aftenposten could share that Hirsch had witnessed the execution of "his father, mother, two sisters and two brothers" in the gas chambers.[10] A number of newspapers interviewed the Norwegian physician Leo Eitinger, who also reported the gassing of human beings.[11]

When Vidkun Quisling was tried for high treason early in the autumn of 1945, both Eitinger and Hirsch were called in as witnesses. "It was as silent as the grave in the courtroom while the two Jewish men were speaking," Aftenposten reported.[12] Eitinger stated: "None of the Jewish people's former tragedies could compare to these horrors." The prosecutor wanted to know: "Were the Norwegian Jews treated in the same way?" The answer was "Yes".

When our little family of three boarded the train in Norrköping on June 20, 1945, my parents' arms were full of flowers and packages from Swedish neighbours and acquaintances who had come to the station to see them off[13] (Figure 3.3). The train ticket was a gift from Swedish Rail. In the newspaper they had read that no Norwegian citizen would pay for transport home – and neither would they pay for the transport of furniture or anything else they had

FIGURE 3.3 My playmate Tony brought me flowers when he came to say good-bye on June 20, 1945.

bought during their time in Sweden.[14] Among the refugees were also long-term Jewish residents of Norway, who for various reasons had not been granted Norwegian citizenship. They were defined as stateless. The refugees from Central Europe who had sought a safe harbour in Norway just before the war broke out and lost their citizenship in their country of origin had been assigned the same status. The Norwegian government in exile in London had discussed their transport back to Norway in March 1945. At first, they opposed having Norway foot the bill for this, but later changed their minds. Historian Bjarte Bruland points out that even though the Allied powers had assumed responsibility for Jews in exile, it was "obvious that nobody wanted them back," and the transport home for those who were stateless was delayed.[15]

The German surrender marked not only the end of the war, but also a new beginning.[16] While there was no end to the euphoria on the part of the general population, the joy for Mother and other Norwegian Jews was far more complex, filled as it was with conflicting emotions. She did not know

for sure what had happened to those who had been deported and she had no idea what awaited her at home. The relief about setting her feet on Norwegian soil again did not eliminate all the unanswered questions. How was one to start a new life in the liberated Norway?

The initial period after the victory must have been overwhelming, almost a shock. Mother did not write anything about this time. What happens when one starts to absorb the reality? The struggle to recover furniture and other items that had been taken from their flat must have been painful and time-consuming. The shop had been dismantled. The shelves, cash register, and other equipment had ended up in a depot at the railway station for goods taken from the Jews.[17] The goods in stock had been stored at the clothing store Dressmagasinet along with the stock from other Jewish shops.[18] Where should they begin? All the practical matters they had to contend with were infused with a sense of despair, disarray, and grief. The feelings of loss came later and my mother never fully came to terms with hers (Figures 3.4 and 3.5).

FIGURE 3.4 The period as refugees in Sweden has come to an end. Mother, Father, and I at the railway station before our departure from Norrköping, June 20, 1945.

FIGURE 3.5 My paternal aunts and cousins, their arms full of flowers from Swedish friends. Sylvi is standing on the far left beside her mother Sonja Raskow. My paternal grandmother, Sofie Raskowitz, is on the far right.

Many people thought of the war as an intermezzo, something that had happened *to* Norway and that was now over. The prevailing view of the war was that of a showdown between friend and foe – between good and evil – between the Norwegian resistance and the Germans.[19] You took sides with either one or the other. The postwar mantra was shortly introduced: Never again.[20] People looked ahead, to the future and the Norwegian-Jewish community aligned itself with this slogan. The division of good versus evil created unambiguous categories with clearcut distinctions. There was not much nuance at this time.[21] Relating to this type of image was easier, but it was not particularly inclusive of other types of experiences. Could my Jewish parents find their place in postwar Norway?

When my mother returned from Sweden along with the other Norwegian Jews, and not least, the few who had survived the concentration camps, they did not return as conquering heroes. The Jews had not been arrested for opposing the enemy. Their struggle had not been a part of the patriotic project to liberate Norway.[22] The Jews celebrated the end of the war like many others, but the battle had not been won because of them. Other Norwegians who returned had been taken prisoner for having participated in the resistance. *They* came back as heroes. The Jews, on the other hand, had been arrested because of an idea that they *were* the enemy. They had therefore been sought eliminated as a people, along with their financial assets, and their culture.

My mother did not expect society at large to be interested. She was accustomed to viewing her Jewish life as belonging to the private sphere. This is also how it had been before the war. One might have assumed that the crimes committed against the Jews would have been a topic of conversation everywhere – that people didn't talk about anything else and that the newspapers were full of stories. This was not the case. Silence quickly prevailed. It was as if once the shock had passed, the interest within the public sphere also disappeared.

But what had happened was discussed in the newspapers. When articles condemned National Socialism, antisemitism was included as a part of the ideology.[23] The book *Gentlemen's Agreement* by Laura Z. Hobson provoked a huge discussion.[24] Did antisemitism of this nature also exist in Norway? The national daily newspaper Verdens Gang asked the lawyer Leon Jarner to comment on everyday racism in Norway – the existence of which he confirmed, without going into detail.[25] Author Sigurd Evensmo wrote in Dagbladet that antisemitism did not just exist in other countries and that we all had to take a good long look in the mirror.[26] But generally speaking, what had happened to the Norwegian Jews was not an integrated dimension of the Norwegian history that was written. It was either omitted or included as a footnote to the history of the war in general. The Norwegian participation in the arrests was not a part of the discussions.

Slowly but surely, my mother was overcome by a sneaking sensation that her experiences were somehow disgraceful, almost shameful.[27] The Nazi objective had been the dehumanisation of the Jews, stripping them of every shred of dignity. In this situation, the Jews sought support from one another. Here my mother and the other surviving Norwegian Jews joined forces with the remaining portion of Europe's Jewish population in the effort to find their way back to a collective form of self-respect.[28] In the monthly Jewish news magazine *Jødisk nytt* published in the years 1946 and 1947, mother could read that in this "tragedy to end all tragedies" the Jewish people stood "even more united than before."[29]

My parents were members of The Israelite Congregation (Den Israelittiske Menigheden) before the war – as their parents had been before them. The synagogue at Calmeyers gate 15 was located in an area where many Jews resided and was a traditional house of worship. Oslo's second Jewish synagogue was located at Bergstien 13 near St. Hanshaugen and had been there since 1920. Before the war, the two synagogues had discussed a merger: the debate had been mentioned regularly in the monthly magazine *Hatikwoh*.[30] After the war, there was no longer a need for two synagogues in Oslo.[31] The synagogue on Calmeyers gate had been destroyed, while the synagogue on Bergstien was more or less intact, its oak benches and the ornamental glass in the windows undamaged. The Nazis had used the building to store printed information and propaganda materials.[32]

The custodian Anton Sleipnes had managed to salvage the two Torah scrolls.[33]

On August 31, 1945, the synagogue on Bergstien was reopened and the national daily Dagbladet covered the event.[34] The Norwegian rabbi Julius Samuel was among the Jews who had been killed and chief rabbi Dr. M. Friedinger from Copenhagen therefore led the service. The Norwegian Crown Prince Olav attended the ceremony.[35] The synagogue was filled to capacity, although there were more attendees seated in the woman's gallery than in the section for the men below. This reflected how the impact of the Holocaust had been distributed differently. Men of all ages were now absent. "There was not a home that had not been affected," the historian Oskar Mendelsohn later concluded.[36]

The make-up of the Jewish communities in Oslo and Trondheim had changed in the course of the Second World War. In the census of 1946, 559 Jews were registered in Norway, of which 290 lived in Oslo and 81 in Trondheim.[37] Before the war, it was estimated that there were approximately 2,500 Jews living in Norway, in other words, 2,500 individuals who had suffered the consequences of antisemitic policies. The figures include so-called half and one-quarter Jews.[38] With regard to those killed during the Second World War, the estimate is based on the number registered during the early months of 1942. Around 53 percent of these were killed.[39] This is an extremely high percentage for a West European country – exceeded only by the Netherlands, where 74–75 percent of the Jewish population was murdered.

The arrests in Norway occurred in two phases – first the men and then the women, with exactly one month in between. Oddly enough, not everyone was arrested simultaneously. Since the number of Jews in Norway was relatively small, one would have thought that from a purely organisational standpoint, it would not have been difficult to arrest everyone at once. By making the arrests in two separate phases, it was almost as if the authorities held the women hostage after arresting the men.

In this situation, the women had taken advantage of what little latitude they had at their disposal during the brief, initial period when they were not being targeted by the police. They tried bribing the guards at the internment camp Berg or at Bredtveit prison so they could smuggle in food and clothing to their sons, spouses, fathers, and brothers. The women tried to find escape routes and to be there in every capacity for the arrested men. They did not flee until it was absolutely clear that there was nothing more they could do to help.[40]

Like all the other immigrant populations, the Jewish population in Norway was made up of more men than women before the deportations began. After the war, women made up the majority,[41] and this was in spite of the fact that 100 percent of the Norwegian-Jewish women and children

arrested were immediately sent to the gas chamber following their arrival at Auschwitz-Birkenau. Nonetheless, the number of male fatalities was greater. The most important reason for this was that the arrest of the men occurred one month before the women were arrested. Because of this, more women than men were able to escape to Sweden.[42] Another important factor may also have been that as time passed, the warning system became more efficient, as the majority population gained a better understanding of what was taking place. In Norway, after the war, there was a preponderance of widows and mothers.

Only thirty-seven of those deported returned.

Traces of grandfather in the archives

Grandfather was fifty-three when he arrived at Auschwitz. I don't know if that was why my mother believed he had been sent directly to the gas chamber upon his arrival. Absolutely all women and all children under the age of fifteen, along with men whom the camp leadership defined as not of an age fit for work, were immediately gassed. Only 186 men, roughly between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, were selected for labour.

Mother never brought up the subject of when she believed her father had been killed. This was included in the silence – all the things we didn't talk about. Today, after all these years, I regret having never asked her directly whether she had spent the days of May 1945 waiting for him to return. Did she cling to a hope that a miracle had taken place – that her father could be among the survivors? When a ship from Copenhagen arrived on May 30 with four survivors on board, did she hope that her father might be one of them? The rumours were plentiful at this time and one never quite knew what to believe. In Tromsø, a rumour circulated that Herman Smith would be returning on the Coastal Express. His wife got their three children all dressed up, and they went out to wait for him in vain on the quay.[43] The likelihood that my mother's father would return from Auschwitz was microscopic. Mother knew this. Because how does one survive Auschwitz? Only by chance – random chance alone – according to the statements of the handful of Norwegian survivors.[44]

There are many people who have tried to identify common features among the survivors, as if they possessed unique strength of character, and for that reason had survived. That they had been especially strong in a physical sense, or they had a particular kind of psyche, which enabled them to better endure the reign of terror in the camps. The prisoners themselves also tried to find some type of predictability amidst the madness. When the Hungarian Jews arrived at Auschwitz in May 1944, the few Norwegians who were still alive stood by pointing at the new arrivals: "You won't survive more than a day or two. And you – perhaps longer."[45] When Samuel Steinmann told others this story, it was

to illustrate how the system in the camps broke down your character: he and his fellow prisoners had become just the kind of people the Nazis wanted them to be: reduced to a number, nothing more, and stripped of all humanity.

Questions of this nature, about who survives and tolerates cruelty better than others, are mostly about ourselves and our own anxiety about not being able to anticipate how events will unfold. It is we – the observers – who have a need to impose a system on the madness. If we are able to predict to a greater extent who will perish and who will survive, we can take the necessary precautions. We struggle to find meaning in what takes place around us. We hope to learn from the actions of others and create a semblance of order amidst all the evil. But when evil finds expression as it did in the camps, we have no choice but to acknowledge that sometimes things happen that are both unimaginable and beyond our control.[46]

Mother never searched through the archives to find out what had happened to her father. She couldn't bring herself to do it. Finding the courage to ask some of those who returned was a big step for her. She doubted that she would be able to bear hearing the answers. Neither did she want to bother former prisoners with questions that might upset them. The hell they had been through could not be compared to anything else. They had her most profound respect.

Nonetheless, she tentatively contacted Kai Feinberg, one of the few survivors and asked if he knew anything about her father. Had he seen him at any time? Her father had been retiring in nature, so it was unlikely that he would have drawn attention to himself. Kai had nothing to tell her. Naturally, the majority of those who survived remembered best the fates of close friends and family members. Keeping track of all the other Norwegian prisoners was virtually impossible.[47]

My mother therefore assumed that her father had been sent to the gas chamber upon his arrival at Auschwitz at the same time as the majority of the other Norwegian Jews on December 1, 1942. "They were spared further suffering," she intimated now and then. For a long time she hoped that her grandmother Golde (Scheer) had died during the crossing from the quay in the port of Oslo to the port city of Stettin. Her grandmother had been the oldest passenger on the ship. She had turned eighty the summer before the deportations and they had celebrated her birthday at my maternal grandparents' summer place "Solheim" in Nesodden. According to the passenger list from Stettin, none of the Norwegian Jews passed away during the crossing and none of the passengers who returned spoke of any fatalities on the journey.[48]

On the other hand, had Mother asked Kai Feinberg about other family members, such as her cousin David, she would have received more detailed information. In 1946–1947, the Norwegian judicial authorities took statements from the survivors of the camps. Several of them testified that David

had died a short time after his arrival at the camp.[49] David was Aunt Ester's eldest son, whom Mother had observed being led to the railway platform at gunpoint when they fled to Hadeland immediately after the German occupation of Norway. David was the first of those selected for forced labour who had died, presumably of heart failure. It made a powerful impression on his fellow Norwegian prisoners when they witnessed him collapse just a few weeks after his arrival at the camp.[50]

What my mother never learned was that her father had been "on the list of those who were missing but presumed killed in Auschwitz and not on the list of people who were 'selected' after arrival at the camp (doc. 10 and 12)." The historian Bjarte Bruland sent me this information in an email. He informed me that a German historian whom he trusted had written "Monowitz" (a sub-camp of Auschwitz III) beside his name.[51] This was also the case for his brother Salomon who was ten years his junior. Bruland had searched for my grandfather's name in the Red Cross archives, and the archives of the International Tracing Service in Bad Arolsen, Germany, but he had not found any further information. Bruland's conclusion was therefore that he "most likely passed away in January 1943 in Buna-Monowitz."[52] Bruland answered my question about why he hadn't had a prisoner id number on his arm as follows: "With respect to the prisoner id number, this was often missing. The reason is because the archives from the Auschwitz compound are incomplete. This is why we can't find the numbers for prisoners whom we know beyond any doubt, based on witness statements and other sources, were registered at the camp."[53]

The Jews who now returned from Sweden had lost almost everything – except their lives. Their flats were empty, their livelihoods gone, and family members had been killed. Before his escape to Sweden, when Father told the hospital personnel at the psychiatric clinic that he "had lost his business and his home," he had still not properly understood the full scale of the atrocities being committed.

Little by little, my parents started to comprehend what had happened to their belongings while they were in exile. As they searched for their possessions, they gradually acquired an understanding of how the seizures had been organised. Furniture was stored in collection depot A, and kitchenware and bedding in collection depot B.[54] Each item had been assessed at a low value to facilitate speedy liquidation. Any belongings my parents didn't find in the depots, had probably been sold at auction or stolen.

Both my parents' and my grandparents' flats had been plundered before the "liquidators" arrived. The theology student who rented a room from my parents told them that someone had already been there and helped themselves by the time the State Police arrived to arrest my father.[55] In my grandparents' flat the front door was wide open, the drawers pulled out, and clothing strewn all over the room. The policeman who came to arrest

Grandmother and Aunt Frida concluded that, "in short, the flat looked as if it had been robbed."[56]

The Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets was set up after the war to help recover property that had been seized. The property could now be "claimed back by its rightful owner irrespective of the good faith of the person who had acquired it."[57] This was the wording of the regulation.[58]

Every household had been defined as an "estate" and a "liquidator" had been given responsibility for arriving at a settlement. An "estate" could include a flat, the furnishings, private life insurance policies and bank deposits, and of course any other real estate in addition to the main residence, such as a shop. The settlement was called a "liquidation" and was similar to bankruptcy proceedings except that bankruptcy is strictly an economic settlement; in this case, the "economic liquidation" was a phase in a more comprehensive process of total eradication. The work was headed by the Liquidation Board, headed by the Commissary Supreme Court Judge Egil Reichborn-Kjennerud.

During the war, the Liquidation Board had headquarters in two confiscated flats in the Oslo neighbourhood of Majorstuen. One of these flats belonged to Aunt Sara and Uncle Charles, my father's sister and brother-in-law. The flat measured over 100 square metres and I have memories from countless family dinners there, and especially Christmas Eve. During all the many times we sat around their dinner table, never was there so much as a hint of how the flat had been repurposed during the war. In the spring of 1943, the Liquidation Board relocated to another address in the city centre.[59]

The Liquidation Board would have preferred to find good Nazis as tenants for the flat. In the case of the flat at Stensgata 44, they turned a blind eye to the fact that the building manager, Otto Christopher von Munthe af Morgenstierne, had allowed a relative to live there even though neither of them were members of the party. Morgenstierne had allegedly acted "in good faith."[60]

When my parents started searching for their possessions, they did not find them in any of the collection depots.[61] They had been sold at auctions. Borg's auction house had received 84 kroner for the kitchen table, two stools and two kitchen chairs, a shelf, two mirrors, and a cot with a mattress.[62] The dining room set was initially sold for 1,280 kroner to a man in Oslo.[63] When my mother went to collect the furniture there, she was told that it had ended up in the town of Hamar and was in the possession of someone who refused to return it. She filed a complaint with the Reparations Office, and it was confirmed that the law was on her side.[64] She found the bedroom furniture at an address in Oslo.

Haakon Adelsteen Høst had administrated the "liquidation" of my parents' assets. The liquidation of the shop required a great deal of administrative work. Creditors were informed that the Jews' assets would now be liquidated and they wasted no time in submitting their claims.[65] Some even sent them by certified mail.[66]

The landlord, Sim. Solberg, wondered whether he could rent out the shop premises or had to adhere to the three-month period of notice. On the other hand, the rent was only paid until November 15. What should he do?[67] The insurance company wrote to the "liquidator" Høst and inquired as to whether they wanted to cancel the glass insurance.[68] What about the two women who had worked in the shop? If they were now unemployed, they had to withdraw from the Oslo health insurance scheme. What about the unpaid premium?[69] Oslo Electricity Board produced a final settlement.[70] The National Employers Accident Insurance scheme pointed out a discrepancy and wanted to write off the premium.[71]

The correspondence surrounding even the most minor issues was considerable. Also from customers. A woman had bought a "blue wool georgette dress" that had disappeared when the dress was taken to the dry cleaners. She now demanded full compensation so she might purchase a new wool dress "which at this time I will not find for less than 175 kroner. I am a woman of modest means."[72] Høst did not respond to the request and the customer had to send a reminder two weeks later. The correspondence ends there. Another customer sent a complaint regarding "two pairs of wool stockings with seams."[73] This letter was neither answered by Høst. The customer claimed that she had originally bought three pairs of new stockings for 8.75 kroner, planning to use one of them to repair the others. She wrote, "I must now procure two new pairs, and it will very likely prove difficult to purchase them for less than 12 kroner per pair."[74]

Høst "the liquidator" had administrated around fifty-five "estates." He lived in a confiscated Jewish flat himself, where he also had a number of confiscated "Jewish assets."[75] He was one of the trusted liquidators and could often be seen at the fashionable Hotel Continental together with the head of the Liquidation Board. Høst was present when Reichborn-Kjennerud made jokes about blowing up the two synagogues in Oslo, because it would have caused a stir all over Europe.[76] Reichborn-Kjennerud was marked by "alcohol abuse and personal problems."[77] With time, Høst's relationship to his boss deteriorated and he complained to many people, among them Minister of Justice Sverre Riisnæs. Høst assumed the position as head of the Liquidation Board in February 1945, after his predecessor was granted sick leave with pay until April 15, 1945.[78]

The job of liquidator was lucrative and the fees were deducted from confiscated funds. At the request of the Oslo Court of Appeal, the Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets confirmed that Høst received fees for management of the "Jew estates" amounting to 23,500 kroner, and as a member of the board, 30,500 kroner in payment for the period from May 31, 1943, until the end of the war, in addition to "a bonus" of 6,281 kroner – a total of 60,281 kroner, which in September 2019 would amount

to 1,356,000 kroner. This constituted his total payment for the two years from May 31, 1943, until the end of the war. When the Reparations Office went through the figures, they wrote: "These are figures that the National Audit Office can confirm because it has audited these accounts."[79]

"The liquidation" of my grandparents' possessions commenced before my grandmother left Norway. The "liquidator" Almer Haug learned about the position from a friend. It suited him well because at the time he had only odd jobs, the most recent of these at a firewood sales outlet. Before the Nazi occupation, he worked for ten years as an automobile consultant. Now he spent his free time as Head of Finance for the local branch of the NS and as a member of the paramilitary organisation Rikshirden.[80]

The day Almer Haug knocked on Grandmother's door, she opened for him. The meeting took half an hour. Haug did not care that she was at home; on the contrary, he needed her help to inventory the valuables found in the "estate."

At this time, Grandmother was predominantly concerned about finding a hiding place for her husband, Rubin, who was still in the hospital. My grandparents' "estate" included the rented flat and their shop, which was located in the same building. The country property in Nesodden was in their daughter Frida's name, but it was Almer Haug who would liquidate that as well.

"According to the wife, the monthly rent for the flat containing three rooms, a maid's room and kitchen was 85 kroner," the handwritten report reads.[81] Grandmother used this opportunity to inform Haug that her daughter Frida's wristwatch had been confiscated when they came to "pick up" her husband Rubin three weeks before, on October 26. Grandmother was first and foremost interested in reporting the injustice her daughter had suffered, while for the "liquidator" it was a financial matter. He therefore added 150 kroner for the watch to the value of the estate.

The next time Haug came to the flat, my grandmother had fled to Sweden. Haug was there to make an appraisal of the furnishings. He established that the furniture was quite basic but made of an attractive and solid brown oak.[82] He assessed the family's Zeitter & Winkelmann piano as being worth 800 kroner and the piano stool worth 40 kroner. After three and a half weeks, he had appraised the total value of the contents of the flat at 5,334 kroner.

The telephone was not included in this amount. Telephones were not common at this time and therefore all the more attractive. The secretary of the NS Relief Organisation (NSH) was in need of a personal telephone since he was the only one who knew the director's secret telephone number. After two months of correspondence, the "liquidator" concluded that the NSH's management secretary was now the "owner" of a telephone.[83]

Determining who would take over my grandparents' lease for their flat became something of a headache for Almer Haug. Initially two people expressed an interest in the flat, and both were loyal NS members. It was common for party members to receive benefits.[84] Secretary Johs. Skansen from Nittedal was a loyal member of the NS and considered an appropriate candidate for the lease.[85] Since he had the greatest need for the flat, it would be in the "spirit of National Socialism."[86] But when the other candidate, Hans Schumann, started harassing "liquidator" Haug with phone calls in the evenings, he changed his mind. Schumann also threatened that he would resort to armed force if he did not get what he wanted.[87] This decided the matter. The head of the Liquidation Board concluded: "Our comrade-in-arms Hans Schumann" would be granted the flat. Schumann paid 4,017 kroner for the furnishings and moveable property, 1,317 kroner less than the appraised value established by the "liquidator."[88]

A few more months passed before Haug resumed his valuation of the family assets. His next task was the shop in the converted flat on the first floor. His assistant, Inge Myklebust, filled page after page with detailed records of everything from spools and bobbins to children's jumpers and women's stockings. His notes were later typewritten and the total value was appraised at 7,200.38 kroner.[89]

Haug then wanted to have the shop converted into a residence. He ordered removal of "bookcases, shelves and mirrors on all the walls" because they were "homemade and ugly." After everything had been removed, the walls were "completely destroyed." The repair costs were charged to the estate. "According to the lease, the Jew is bound to return the flat in its original condition." This was "vandalism" and not ordinary "wear and tear" according to Haug.[90] Since "the estate owners are well situated, this expense is not of such great importance."[91] When the renovation was finished in the late spring of 1943, Haug wrote: "I hope you can find some truly respectable tenants for the property."[92]

The country property "Solheim" in Nesodden was in my Aunt Frida Pinkowitz' name and was now to be prepared for sale. First it had to be appraised; subsequently "any encumbrances on the property" paid off.[93] Haug organised the entire transaction and sold "Solheim" for 14,000 kroner, while the new owner paid 1,450 kroner for the furnishings and movable property.[94]

When Grandmother returned to Oslo after the war, she initially stayed for a period of time with some friends.[95] There was no furniture in her own flat. The couple who had confiscated her flat had moved out three weeks before the end of the war but had taken none of the large pieces of furniture with them when they vacated the premises. The first-floor neighbour confirmed this.[96] This was because wife had sold the furnishings in the autumn of 1944 while her husband was stationed at the front. She denied this for a long time

and was not especially cooperative during the police interrogation, throughout which her "manner was extremely rude …"[97]

The wife had also sold the dining room furniture to a resident of Filtvet in Hurumlandet for twice the amount they had paid for it. The buyer had to pay Grandmother an equivalent amount and submitted an application for compensation of the loss to the Reparations Office.[98]

The Frontline Fighters Office (Frontkjemperkontoret) in Oslo had sold the gas cooker to a person living in Stavanger, who then resold it. The Reparations Office made inquiries with a police clerk in Haugesund, who denied having purchased any gas cooker. Could it perhaps have been his brother? The correspondence ends there. The piano and the sitting room and bedroom furniture were scattered throughout the entire country.[99] All the "household utensils and bedding" were still in the flat that had been confiscated and Grandmother had to go there herself and claim her belongings.[100] Haug had managed a total of 78 "estates," the greatest number administrated by any liquidator.[101] His earnings were eight times the average salary.[102]

Getting away from the memories

I don't remember anything related to the recovery of the flats. It's hard to say when one begins to remember events. This probably varies from one person to the next. But I have retained an image from "Solheim" in Nesodden in the summer of 1946, at which time I must have been about three years old. For me, everything about this country property was new. For all the others, it was a reminder of what had been.

Everything was imbued with a new significance. The steps up to the enclosed porch were no longer merely an entrance to the house. When my mother's grandmother Golde celebrated her eightieth birthday there before the deportation, she was photographed between her daughter and son-in-law Rubin.[103] Of the three in the photograph, only Grandmother was still alive now. Nothing about "Solheim" was neutral. Every detail reminded us of all those who were no longer with us. What had happened to their things? Were Grandfather's old gramophone records still there? Fortunately, they recovered his chess set.

I had no understanding of how painful it all was. For me, the plum trees were merely a source of fruit to be harvested. That every tree was a reminder of how much pride Grandfather had taken in the small orchard, was not something a three-year-old could comprehend. What about the gooseberry bushes? Could they keep making gooseberry jam without remembering that it was Golde's favourite?

On one occasion, we visited "Solheim" for a specific purpose: we were going to try and find my parents' silverware and the coffee set that they had

received as wedding presents. They had buried these things in the garden when the situation became critical. Now the time had come to determine where.

I can picture the men of the family digging carefully into the soil with their shovels and the yellowed newspaper that they finally unearthed. I don't know if I remember it because I have been told the story, or whether I have my own memory of this day. But the yellowed newspaper appears again and again before my eyes. The wedding gifts had survived underground. Our excitement was considerable, not least that of the youngest child. According to the family lore, for a long time I believed that was where silver came from!

It was not long after my family returned that the question was asked: What are we going to do with the country property in Nesodden? Grandmother did not want to keep it. There were too many memories and the wounds were too deep. For her it felt almost like a betrayal of Rubin to continue taking pleasure in the place. Neither my mother, Aunt Frida nor Uncle Rolle wanted to take possession of the property. If this was due to solidarity with Grandmother or a financial matter, I don't know. The country property "Solheim" in Nesodden was sold.

The same problem arose with the flat my grandmother rented. The entire dwelling was full of memories. The very idea of escaping the memories was of course an illusion. Grandmother knew far too well that the memories were not found in the walls and that running away from them was impossible. All the same, she came to the conclusion that she couldn't bear to live there any longer. It would of course be sad to move away from the neighbour, Mrs. Espetvedt, but their friendship would survive even if she lived somewhere else.

It was not easy to find a flat to lease at this time right after the war. Finally, she found one in the same neighbourhood. The flat was smaller than the one she had vacated but held no memories. The problem with the new flat was that it was on the fifth floor and there was no lift in the building. Grandmother, who had developed the heart condition angina pectoris during the occupation, was not able to walk up the stairs all the way to the fifth floor. It was a multi-entrance building and there was a lift servicing the flats of the entrance next door. If she took the lift up to the attic, she could take the stairs down to the B stairwell leading to her fifth-floor flat. In the end, the housing cooperative board reluctantly granted her permission to access her flat by way of the attic.

Her son Rolle lived with her in the flat for a few years after the war. He was almost forty years old at the time, and she helped him start up a small shop. At home they did their best to live as normal a life as possible. She ironed his shirts and cooked for him when he was not dining out with friends at the restaurant Theatercafé. Grandmother took an active interest in Rolle's choice of girlfriends and hoped that he would one day find a Jewish wife.

As far as I know, Grandmother did not speak about my grandfather's arrest. Not even with her children. Grandmother liked spending time with other Jewish women who had also experienced what she had been through. This community provided comfort. But I don't think she spoke with her friends about what had happened either. It was not necessary, because the subject was there all the time. Someone she did confide in was her trusted physician Christian Borchgrevink. He was her faithful counsellor for twenty-five years[104] (Figures 3.6 and 3.7).

FIGURE 3.6 Grandmother Dora's sixtieth birthday. The photograph on the wall behind her is of her husband Rubin.

FIGURE 3.7 My maternal grandmother Dora and I in Oslo, around 1950.

Once – it must have been in the late 1940s – Grandmother did something she knew was objectionable. She had been thinking about it for a long time and though she informed the people around her, she did not seek advice from anyone. The decision was wholly and fully her own. When the day came, my mother and Aunt Frida sat waiting for her in her flat.

I was also there and remember the atmosphere as well as the glances the adults sent one another. Nobody said a word. Nobody made a sound, nobody sighed or groaned, nobody cried or had tears in their eyes. Everyone was completely silent. They all knew that this was something Grandmother had to do. Nobody tried to stop her. It was not aggression that was in the air that day; it was the knowledge that something significant was about to take place.

Grandmother paid a call on the family whom she had asked for help in November 1942 – this time on a wholly different kind of mission. She rang

the doorbell and delivered her message: "If you had been willing to hide my husband for a few days, he would be alive today." And then she left.

I remember the looks the adults exchanged when Grandmother returned after having "carried out her mission." Nobody smiled. Nobody showed signs of relief about it being over. It was every bit as silent in the room as it had been before she'd left.

I don't know exactly when my mother's self-reproach began. Probably before I was born. The dream she had at the Salvation Army Hotel in Stockholm in the wake of their escape had tainted her entire perception of her father's arrest: it was her fault this had happened. She had betrayed him. The proof of this lay in how he had turned his head away when she called his name. This is how she interpreted the dream and this is how she understood the reality.

Just after the war, a ring her father had given her was stolen. She did not want to wear it when working in the shop – a diamond ring on one's finger could fuel antisemitic sentiments. She would therefore put the ring away in a desk drawer in the back room while she was working. One day she left it behind there when she went home and the next day it was gone. Mother was so upset that she couldn't get out of bed. It was as if her father had died all over again.

It was obvious what had happened. The cleaner emigrated to the United States the next day and everyone understood that she must have been the thief. They reported the incident to the police without result. This was just one of many thefts at this time. For my mother, it was her fault for not being more conscientious. In her mind the theft was quickly redefined as being about the "war" and her own "betrayal." She had to go away to "convalesce" for three weeks. When she came home again, everyone avoided the subject.

Mother's self-reproach ate away at her constantly, but nonetheless she was not powerless. On one occasion, shortly after the end of the war, when she was alone in the shop Vidkun Quisling's widow Maria called to order some undergarments. Many products were in short supply at this time, so there was a great demand for any goods in stock. It's hard to say what Mrs. Quisling was thinking when she picked up the phone to place an order at a Jewish shop. Maria Quisling introduced herself and asked "Mrs Raskow" to send her purchases. The conversation between the wife of the man who had been found guilty of war crimes, including high treason, and one of his victims was brief. Mother's response was dignified and to the point: "You are not welcome in this shop" and then she hung up.

Jewish voices in the public sphere

During the first years after the war, my parents followed both the postwar trials and what the newspapers were writing about the Jewish minority. They were interpreting Norwegian society's perception of the Jewish community.

When police inspector Knut Rød, who had been responsible for the arrests of Jewish residents in Oslo, was acquitted by the Court of Appeal in 1946, the Jewish population found the ruling inexplicable.[105] The court considered Rød's highly dubious contribution to the resistance movement to be more significant than his assistance in the deportation of the Jews. In the ruling, his participation in the latter was weighed against the possibility that Rød could have helped the resistance movement. The Jewish community interpreted the verdict, which failed to communicate adequately Rød's key role in the deportation of the Jews, as meaning that they were not considered true Norwegians. Two years later he was acquitted once again. The rulings of Oslo City Court and the Supreme Court, respectively, determined that "Knut Rød was also entitled to return to his position on the Police Force."[106]

In the period immediately following the end of the war, the Jews in Norway were little inclined to express their opinions in public. But in cases of glaring injustice, newspaper articles written by Norwegian-Jewish authors did also appear in print. Yet determining how to make their voices heard was no simple matter. Assuming the voice of a *victim* was not an option – that would undermine Jewish dignity and strength. To issue *accusations* would also be wrong – their connection to Norway was too uncertain and an incriminating tone could undermine realisation of their profound wish for full acceptance in Norwegian society. A voice that was *angry* could also be easily misconstrued. And a *conciliatory* voice was neither an alternative for the Jewish community; it was far too soon for reconciliation. Many doubted that it would ever be possible.

When the physician Bernhard Goldberg wrote a letter to the editor, he did not write on his own behalf, but on behalf of all those who were sitting at home stunned and overwhelmed, unable to comprehend what they were to do with their feelings. They had no strength to stand on the barricades and therefore remained silent. The Jewish population of Norway did not enjoy a position consolidated for centuries by prominent leaders of society, as was the case in neighbouring nations. Pioneering figures such as the literary professor and scholar Georg Brandes in Denmark or the well-known Bonnier dynasty in Sweden did not exist in Norway. The Jewish population in Norway had come from Eastern Europe, the so-called Ost-Juden, without education and without money. The voice of the *grateful* was perhaps the only reasonable alternative, after all. Goldberg had fought in the battles on the English Channel during World War II and the tone of his article of May 12, 1947, was not that of a victim, nor an accuser, and neither was it enraged, conciliatory, paralysed or grateful. The tone was that of an *equal citizen*.[107]

Goldberg did not understand why the conversion of the death sentence to twenty years in prison for Gestapo officer Wilhelm Wagner had not provoked "any reaction on the part of our non-Jewish countrymen."[108] Goldberg had a

point because there had been no reaction in the public sphere of any particular note. The Jewish Community (Det Mosaiske Trossamfund) had issued a statement through the press, the vicar Per Faye-Hansen wrote an article that appeared in the Christian newspaper Vårt Land, and Dagbladet had printed an article by an anonymous source.[109] A Supreme Court majority by one vote ruled that Wagner had only been following orders and that he was not aware of the actual scope or consequences of the measures he was enforcing.[110]

Goldberg's main concern was the kind of protection the Supreme Court gave the Jews. "Or aren't crimes against Jews considered crimes against humanity?" Goldberg's newspaper article appeared exactly two years after the end of the war and he found it necessary to point out that no other group had paid such a high price for its freedom as the Jewish population. Norway had been one of few places where "the Jews almost forgot we were different." Then the Germans arrived and "even when the NS implemented anti-Jewish policies – we noticed how the agitation withered and died amongst our countrymen."[111]

He continued: "I believe I would venture to say that we have not disturbed you with our grief." For Goldberg it was incomprehensible that Wagner, who had personally spearheaded the arrests, could be given such a mild sentence.

> If it had been farmers from Hedemark? Or a village in Rogaland where everyone – women and men, children and the elderly were treated in this way? Would the Supreme Court's ruling have been different? (…) And would not the indignation, the terror have been alive in everyone? Are we, after all is said and done, "only" Jews?[112]

Goldberg was not interested in revenge. What form of retribution could adequately redress the damage done? He was interested in a change in the attitude of Norwegian society. He therefore spoke directly to "our non-Jewish countrymen." He wanted to hear from representatives of the majority population that "sending 700 Jews through all manner of hellish debasement leading to the release of the gas chamber" was "a crime against humanity."[113] I believe my mother read this article, the author of which was the husband of a friend in her sewing club. It was about dignity. I have not found any response to Goldberg's article in Dagbladet from the days that followed.[114]

Three months later, an article by Grandmother's brother, the violinist Aksel Scheer, also appeared in Dagbladet. The article was prompted by the trial against two border guides who were supposed to help the Feldmann couple cross the border into Sweden. Instead of bringing them to safety, the guides had killed them, stolen their money, and dumped their bodies in the pond Skrikerudtjern by the border. Even though they had confessed to

the murders, they were found innocent. They claimed that they had acted in self-defence so as not to disclose a clandestine route. The court found them guilty of the unlawful appropriation of money and gold watches but acquitted them for the murders.[115]

Now it was Uncle Aksel who spoke his mind:

> Justice has been served. The court has pronounced its verdict. Yet another case in which Jews lost their lives. This time albeit "only" two lives. Those who committed the murders have been acquitted, the murder victims buried and the case is closed.[116]

He then went on to draw parallels between the two verdicts – of Wagner's case and of the border guides' case. "Is there a common thread running through these court rulings – a blood-red motif?" Do we have here a "conscious or unconscious devaluation of a certain group of people"? We are not "spoiled from exaggerated sympathy – compassion – or justice. In light of such gloomy speculations, albeit from a Jewish point of view, the question remains: what does it cost to beat a Jew to death in Norway?"[117]

It was not only Uncle Aksel who reacted to the acquittal of the Feldmanns' murderers. Editorials in Norway's leading newspapers spoke out against the verdict, stating that it contravened with a general sense of justice.[118] The day before Uncle Aksel's article appeared, Ingebjørg Sletten Fosstvedt, who had personally saved many Jews during the war, wrote an article that appeared in Dagbladet. She questioned whether the court would have issued the same ruling if the victims had not been Jews.[119] As a direct comment to Uncle Aksel's article, a small notice was printed in the same newspaper a few days later under the headline: "The Shame": "We have no choice but to look the actual misdeeds in the eyes and swallow our shame …"[120] The anonymous notice was signed with the initials O.I. (Figure 3.8).

Letters to the editor that appeared in the newspapers, like those written by Uncle Aksel and Bernhard Goldberg, made my parents proud because they were about visibility in Norwegian society and above all, about dignity. But my parents also became uncertain. What will happen now? How will the articles be received? Will Norwegian society tolerate hearing Norwegian Jews speak out in such clear, direct voices?

After the war, most people were primarily interested in looking ahead. Although the period under German occupation had been difficult, it had, after all, ended in victory. Their gazes were now focused on the future. People lived for what would come, more than for what had been. The nation was brimming with optimism.

My parents and other Jews shared the belief in the future of the new Norway. An emphasis on the future was almost like a form of personal reassurance. In the Jewish news magazine *Jødisk nytt,* Kai Feinberg, who was one of the few to

FIGURE 3.8 Uncle Aksel was a violinist and he performed at restaurants and in theatres. After the war, he wrote an article for the Norwegian national daily Dagbladet about the acquittal of the border guides who killed the Feldmann couple during their attempted escape to Sweden.

return from Auschwitz, wrote that "Those of us who are Norwegian Jews have fortunately acquired a distance to the important events." He specified that the Jews lived in a country where they had "the privilege of being happy."[121] The Jewish community seemed to cling to such ideas. Along with the rest of the Norwegian population, the Jewish residents magnified every bright spot on the horizon in the hope that their dreams would come true.

The Jews called Norway "the nation of the future."[122] The Norwegian government would provide "its own little band-aid for the wounds of the war" and welcomed approximately 400 survivors of the concentration camps.[123] When the deputy head of The Jewish Community (Det Mosaiske Trossamfund) in Oslo wished them welcome, he said: "Today you commence a new life. The past must be forgotten; we will now look ahead."[124]

Their strong belief in the future notwithstanding, the Jews were left with a number of unanswered questions. How were they to understand the arrests and the horrific fate of their loved ones? What was their place in the "free" Norway? And they began looking for answers in the manner the new Norwegian government handled cases concerning the Jewish community.

How were the arrests of the Jews spoken about after the war when the time came for the Norwegian government to settle the score with the perpetrators of heinous crimes? Were the arrests a priority on the list of

charges during the treason trials? Is it possible to see that Jews were involved when one reads the court documents? In the treason cases I have reviewed, I am struck by how seldom the arrests of the Jews are mentioned. When they are, it is predominantly as a group and not as individuals with names, as is the case for other Norwegians. Many years later, Per Ole Johansen summarised that the genocide of the Jews was "not one of the charges of priority in the postwar trials in Europe, and neither was the genocide of Romani people, nor the persecution of homosexuals."[125]

But there are exceptions. When my Aunt Frida was called in as a witness in the treason case against police officer Harald Birger Ekeland, her name was listed in full.[126] It was in these interrogations that she spoke of Ekeland's antisemitic attitudes and what a defining experience the encounter had been for her. Mother's notes do not address events after the war, so there is naturally nothing in them about this. She did not speak about it, not even after she had begun talking about the war: not a word about how Frida had been a witness in the treason trial. And neither did I overhear any comments about this from the others. I first learned of Frida's testimony when I opened the family files in the National Archives. What struck me first was how harrowing it must have been for my aunt to testify at a trial against the man who had claimed that "her father's case (had) ended up in the wrong batch."[127]

Another place to look for signs of how society viewed the Jewish population in the postwar period, was in the first history books written that covered the years of the German occupation. The public looked forward to the publication of these books with great interest. The three-volume work *Norges krig 1940–45* ("Norway's war 1940–45") was published in the years 1947–1950.[128] The work had been written by the leading historians of the day, with Sverre Steen, professor of history at the University of Oslo, as the book's chief editor. Many people believed that Norway did not yet have the distance to the war that was required to write anything of historical merit. On the other hand, proximity to the events ensured credibility, because all the authors had experienced the world war that had now come to an end.[129]

In the last volume, in a chapter entitled "Those who were arrested," historian and headmaster Haakon Holmboe wrote about all the Norwegians who had been arrested. The chapter is fifty-six pages long, while the fate of the Jewish population fills half a page and is mentioned in the chapter three times. Holmboe includes photos to illustrate the situation: the prisoners at Berg, the arrest order issued by Commander of the State Police, Karl A. Marthinsen on November 25, 1942, and a list of different kinds of clothing labels the prisoners had on their uniforms. Holmboe introduces the section about the arrests with: "No individual population group was as hard hit as the Jews."[130] It is as if the history of the Jews was to be squeezed into the

text as a whole, in which Holmboe writes about the history's actual main characters, the Norwegian officers. Holmboe explains that the arrested officers who were mainly under Wehrmacht's supervision, "fortunately" did not receive the type of treatment that "was standard for other Norwegians." Jews were "liquidated with very few exceptions." "Even a shocking tragedy of this scale becomes but a detail in the abyss of brutality and cruelty exhibited by the Germans in their prisons."[131] In the same paragraph, Holmboe immediately begins to tell the story of two other groups of political prisoners from Norway who received somewhat better treatment than others. Historian Synne Corell questions the use of the word "detail" about "the Holocaust which has become the Second World War's central and most defining event."[132] The expression is disturbing, Corell states.

She also highlights Holmboe's consistent depiction of the Jews as passive. They are solely presented as victims and expressions such as "the Jews were taken" imply that something happened *to/with* the Jews. The depiction of the Jews as passive obscures significant nuances, such as how the Jews warned and helped one another and were active participants in their own escape. Or that Jewish women helped spouses who had been arrested.[133] By writing the history in this way, the story is shut down. Neither is it explicitly stated who victimised the Jews or who was doing the arresting. Corell calls for a contextualisation of the events within the timeframe in which they occurred in Norway.[134]

The "passive Jew" interpretation is also used in Volume II, where Lars Evensen writes that the Jews were led out of the country: "approximately one-half of the Orthodox Jews in Norway, a total of 7–800, were led across the border to Sweden."[135] Who, specifically, had "led" the Jews over the border into Sweden is not stated. It would seem that this type of clarification is not necessary, because the underlying premise is a connection to the resistance movement, which it is assumed the reader knows about or agrees with.[136]

This history book was not on the bookshelf in our home. Its absence was not a form of protest; it was more that my parents did not feel that the books pertained to *their* war. That the fate of the Jews had not been fully addressed and virtually omitted in the official historical work, was because people didn't know any better. I believe that this is what my mother thought. The fact that the work was written by the leading historians of the time, did not shake this view. I believe she may have reasoned that with time, things would change. At the same time, she bore the responsibility for her experience on her own shoulders and accepted being left out of the national narrative. Then she continued doing what was most important for her: to consolidate her foothold in Norway. If she wanted to stay in Norway, this is what she had to do. To herself she wrote in her notes: "I had no idea that so much evil could exist between human beings."

The impact of stress and trauma on people's inner, emotional lives was not established as common knowledge in the period immediately after World

War II. The term trauma was mainly used in reference to physical injuries and the after-effects experienced by soldiers during World War I.[137] Mother's close contact with neighbours and friends made it possible to endure the strain of what might now, many years after the fact, appear to have been an untenable situation. I believe she felt accepted and understood. They did not speak about painful and difficult subjects. My mother's silence was not solely a Jewish manner of handling problems. It was also characteristic of the times. But her silence was reinforced by the Jewish population's profound desire to become a part of Norwegian society, where they felt there was no room for the expression of their suffering. The silence became a means of resolving this dilemma.

Two years after the war ended, my parents sat glued to the radio. There was great excitement about the creation of the state of Israel. On November 29, 1947, the UN presented a plan to partition the British Mandate of Palestine into two states, one Jewish and one Arab. My parents followed the voting process with avid interest. When both the Soviet Union and the United States voted in favour of the establishment of Israel, cheers could be heard in the sitting room. A Jewish state represented a safety net, in the event they would ever again be obliged to flee. But they never considered moving there. It was more an event that restored their dignity, an event they could identify with and hold in their hearts. During the war that followed, they were worried and when the state of Israel was formed on May 14, 1948, they breathed a sigh of relief. The next day another war broke out. This defined their relationship to Israel. If the state was in trouble, they were sad; if things were going well, they were happy. Their love for Israel became like the love for a child. It did not cease, even when the "child" did not behave as they would have wished.

The establishment of the state of Israel never changed my parents' relationship to Norway, their homeland. They worshipped, if not to say idealised, everything about Norway. They had done so before the war and continued to do so after they returned from Sweden.

In our leisure time we went walking in the Nordmarka Forest. With tears in his eyes, my father would recite the Norwegian Nobel laureate Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's poem "I wonder what I will see above the high mountains?"[138] They dreamed of owning a cottage in the mountains, not unlike other Norwegians of this period. At the same time, they took precautions. They didn't want to join a political party, because one "never knows." They voted for the Norwegian Labour Party. Education was important, because then one could get a job in the public sector, with the guarantee of an annual holiday and regulated working hours that came with it. One would then be spared "working oneself to death" in a shop, with the huge responsibility, uncertainty, and long working hours this entailed.

The most important thing was that the next generation be spared all the suffering they had experienced. Becoming like the others was perhaps what

FIGURE 3.9 Mother and Father beside our automobile, packed and ready for departure on one of their many excursions. I can be seen peeking out from behind them.

was required to ensure this. They spoiled me. They bought me a baby-doll pram soon after we returned from Sweden – just like my friends' parents. Except the pram my parents chose was larger. If I asked for new socks, they came home from the shop with five pairs (Figure 3.9).

When my friend Ragnhild,[139] who lived on the first floor of our building, began attending Sunday School at the Methodist Church, my mother and father wanted me to accompany her. Their daughter was not going to be different. Viewed from the outside, this might seem like an attempt to abandon the Jewish faith, almost as if they had begun an assimilation process. That's not how it was. Sunday school was intended to be a

supplement to my Jewish education, not a replacement. Sunday school was supposed to be a form of protection and would make life easier for me – so I could do the same things other Norwegians did.

I went to Sunday school once, or twice at the most, enough to earn some stars in my notebook. After a few weeks, I was the one who as a five- or six-year-old asked: "What would grandmother say?" I thereby let them know that I had no wish to attend Sunday School. Their response was "All right then." The decision to abandon the Methodist Sunday school was just as lacking in drama as the idea to attend had been. If it wasn't important to me, neither was it important to them.

Us and the others

My mother's congenital heart disease became increasingly debilitating. In 1951, she suffered periodic feelings of paralysis in one side of her heart. At that time, heart valve surgery had only been performed once in Norway. Through a friend, Father heard about Professor Crawford at the Karolinska hospital in Stockholm. He was a world-famous cardiologist. Fortunately, he happened to be in Stockholm when they called and he instructed them to send her x-rays immediately. Despite unfavourable flight conditions, they managed to have the images sent on a Widerøe aircraft to Bromma airfield, where a car was waiting to bring them to the professor. Only a few hours passed before Crawford called and expressed his astonishment over the fact that the x-rays were of a thirty-nine-year-old woman's heart. The surgeon found it incomprehensible that she was still alive. Father closed the shop and they took the night train to Stockholm. A week later, Crawford entered my mother's room the night before the surgery and said: "We have wagered that the odds are 100 to 1 that Mrs. Raskow will survive the surgery."

Mother's brother Rolle accompanied them to Stockholm so Father wouldn't be all alone. Frida gave him a tiny enamel elephant to bring along as a good luck charm. Mother was hospitalised at Karolinska for three weeks and her convalescence in Norway lasted twice as long as this. I stayed in Oslo with my grandmother and the housekeeper. At one point, I overheard Aunt Frida say that it was not certain that my mother would survive. I received a letter from Father that contained a glossy scrapbook picture of an angel on a cloud. We called these types of pictures, old-fashioned images on thick, quality paper "real *glansbilder*." They were not available in Norway at this time.

Whether it was Mother's illness or the experiences from the war that made our little nuclear family so closeknit, I don't know. We didn't speak about any of this. The idea that children were to be shielded was a common belief. The custom of not speaking about difficult subjects applied to the entire population, not solely those of us who had experienced dramatic events during the war. Instead, we cultivated unity. Mother, Father, and I had our

own codes, which were related to Jewish identity. In this way certain information could be kept secret from everyone else.

If one of the three of us said something or started a sentence that might include reference to a secret, the speaker had to be interrupted. Instead of elbowing the speaker or saying "be quiet," which in Yiddish would be *zweig*, we merely said "Stefan." My parents were extremely fond of the Jewish author Stefan Zweig; his books were on their bookshelf. Before the war, the editor of the monthly magazine *Hatikwoh* had often referenced his books.[140] By creating an internal code based on Yiddish, we underscored the unity of our tiny nuclear family. In our minds, the code was incomprehensible to others. I am uncertain as to whether we ever used it in social situations, but we would laugh heartily when we told a story and wondered about whether it was a "Stefan story" – a story not suited for the ears of others.

My second-cousin Renee told me that her parents also had their own code words. They used the Yiddish term *nun-samach* in reference to people who had been members of the NS. They did so mainly because it could be convenient to have this information, and not because she was not allowed to play with their children.

My parents neither prohibited me from playing with the children of Nazis. Sometimes I noticed that they would fall silent when I joined them in the kitchen. It was possible that Mother and Father were then speaking about somebody in my class who they suspected might have a Nazi background. They would whisper so I wouldn't hear and then of course I picked up on everything they were saying.

I loved May 17, Norwegian Constitution Day. Not because I was allowed to eat as much ice cream and as many hot-dogs as I liked, but because of the speeches. They were all about democracy, freedom, and the five years of the German occupation. It was as if every word was directed at me. The speeches were unifying and on May 17, I felt 100 percent Norwegian. I loved the raising of the flag and the national anthem, in fact, I loved everything that was about a free Norway. This particularly applied to the poem by the Norwegian author Nordahl Grieg: "Today the flagpole stands unadorned amongst Eidsvoll's budding trees. But at precisely this moment, we know what it means to be free." I hung this poem on the wall above my bed. The Norwegian people had experienced the loss of freedom, and so had our family. When I saw Crown Prince Harald on the balcony of the palace, I just *knew* that he was thinking about the five years without freedom – just as I was. His grandparents had arrived in Norway as immigrants in 1905, just like mine.

Christmas Eve, on the other hand, I did not enjoy. Every year my friends asked me: "What do *you* do on Christmas Eve?" When my friends said "you" to me in this way, it was the worst thing I knew. To my ears, they were highlighting our difference, our exclusion. It did not occur to me that

the question might actually be the expression of a genuine interest in how Jewish people spend a Christian holiday. I heard only the division of "us" and "the others." "Uncle Leon plays Santa Claus," I replied, "and we celebrate in the home of my Aunt Sara and Uncle Charles." I didn't mention that we didn't have a Christmas tree or that instead of the traditional pork roast, cod or turkey was served. I emphasised all the things that united us and provided inclusion in the community of "us."

My perception of being Jewish was not particularly positive at this time. I never brought it up unless I absolutely had to. I didn't like it if others spoke about it either. It would remind me that my story was different from theirs. If the subject were to be broached, I had to be the one who introduced it.

At the same time, I was a little ashamed of my reluctance to speak about subjects related to Judaism. It is hard to say what that was about. I think it was because I had a feeling that it would make me less Norwegian. If I emphasised my Jewishness, this would detract from my Norwegian-ness. For me the two worlds were equally significant. It could be difficult to find expression for this kind of feeling, most likely because the general perception was that one of these worlds had to take precedence. I therefore kept the two worlds separate.

In our family, like in all other families, daily life was defined by routines. Every day my parents went to the shop and I went to school. Father got up at the same time every day, had breakfast, read the newspaper, and went to work. Mother rose a bit later before going to the shop. She had a type B personality and was often tired. We thought this was due to the heart surgery. With time, I began to suspect that her tiredness could stem from the fact that she had worn herself out. There were days when she couldn't get out of bed in the morning. I knew this, and sometimes I would go home at recess to check on her. Usually Father had already been there. If she didn't arrive at the shop by ten o'clock, he knew something was wrong.

Our daily lives were busy and Mother was a typical working woman. She was an excellent cook and it was said that she could make a piece of crispbread with brown, Norwegian goat cheese appear as if had come from the exclusive restaurant at the Hotel Bristol.[141] But we only had one dish for our evening meal, while Aunt Frida continued the tradition of a first course of soup and dessert after the main course. Mother was a more "modern" woman. On weekdays we had standard Norwegian fare, but on holy days we always had traditional Jewish dishes.

Our family life was divided in two, made up of ordinary Norwegian customs alongside Jewish traditions. Both parts were equally important in the life my parents created at this time as Norwegian Jews. We did not invest a lot of effort in trying to reconcile the two parts. If you were a fly on the wall in our home, you would not be able to notice much of a difference between the way we lived and the daily lives of other Norwegians – with the

exception of some Jewish symbols, such as the mezuzah on the doorframe and the nine-branched menorah on the windowsill which was lit during Hanukkah. We didn't view these symbols as signs that we were different.

Jewish life mainly revolved around the holy days. Then we would meet for a large, family dinner and Mother would help my grandmother with the cooking. When the dinner party was in our home, the other women would help set the table. One of the topics of conversation was how the women of the family had prepared the fish balls, or "gefilte fish" as they were called. The modern method for preparing them was to shape minced, forcemeat of pike and other freshwater fish into balls which were boiled in fish bullion. Aunt Frida managed to stuff the mince back into the intact fish skin – thus the name "gefilte fish." When she served this dish, there was no shortage of praise. Mother was always responsible for the standard side dish *chrein*, which was horseradish mixed with pickled red beets. We would nibble, or *nasje,* on the leftovers for days. Mother renewed the Jewish dishes, creating more modern-day versions with a lower fat content.

On the holy days, after visiting the synagogue, we shared news, *nais* in Yiddish, about everything we'd heard. We had to watch out for the "evil eye" or *Ayin haRah*.[142] The older generation therefore always added *kein* to *Ayin haRah* (without the evil eye) when paying a compliment. The intended meaning of the phrase is similar to "touch wood."

The tradition dictating that married women should wear head covering in the synagogue was prevalent at this time. The women's hats were of course a topic of conversation. Mother did not like wearing anything on her head and instead wore a small silk shawl. It was always slipping down onto her shoulders, but she would pretend not to notice.

During the family dinner parties, the conversation around the table was always in Norwegian. The Yiddish words and phrases were only interjected when something special was to be expressed. We talked about both important subjects and trivialities. The atmosphere was never oppressive in these gatherings. Everyone was adept at filling the silences and avoiding difficult subjects. Still, sometimes statements were made, without warning, the frame of reference of which was wholly out of place. In isolation such statements were incomprehensible, but those in the know understood exactly what they meant, and there was no need to provide explanatory details. "At least he had a grave," was how the elderly expressed themselves when someone died. This "at least" was the most important qualifier and was about all those killed in Auschwitz who had not received a proper burial.

In one way or another, everything was connected to what had happened. Only indirectly, but again, for those with a shared awareness of the events of recent history, it was obvious since the catastrophe of World War II was their point of reference at all times. The unspoken, underlying premise, on

the basis of which such inferences were understood, was that death in a free Norway was after all better than death in the camps. In other contexts, when speaking about something ordinary and insignificant, someone might add: "The arresting officers were Norwegian." This kind of statement could be heard in the midst of a conversation about an altogether different topic. Nobody remarked "now you are changing the subject" or asked what the person meant. It was as if two stories existed side by side: the official story, about daily life and the other, which was about the backdrop they shared – the unspoken, the silence that was in place for everyone. It could make itself known in the form of short, interjected sentences or expressions, an irrepressible force.

My parents had moved from Adamstuen into a slightly larger flat on Kirkeveien, and in the early 1960s, they purchased a small, detached house on Konvallveien in the area of Berg near Ullevål Stadion in Oslo. This represented the fulfilment of one of Father's dreams – of a home located close to the Nordmarka Forest. For him, skiing in the winter and long treks in the summer provided the ultimate form of happiness. Mother wanted to live in the city, preferably in one of the duplexes near the neighbourhood of Skarpsno. Father and I had meetings on the subject, Mother called us the mafia, but in the end, we were two against one (Figure 3.10).

Sim. Solberg, the owner of the building on Hegdehaugsveien where my parents' shop was located, wanted to sell the property. He sought my father's advice, and it was Father who gave him the idea that the owner of the furrier's shop next door might be a potential buyer. It did not occur to my father that he could have bought the property himself. He did not see himself as a landlord.

But when the first thing the new owner did was to cancel my father's lease, my mother was furious. After running a shop in the same location for twenty-five years, they were now without a livelihood. Father was more the solution-oriented type and discussed the issue with me. I was eighteen years old at the time. With the help of an old friend of my father's and a friend of mine from secondary school, we managed to find new premises for the shop at the centrally located Majorstuen intersection. What was initially perceived as misfortune, was transformed into an upgrade.

On the surface, it might have seemed as if the genocide of European Jews had put an end to antisemitism. Neither my mother nor my father had any belief in this. Hitler had managed to kill six million Jews, but not even *that* served to bring an end to antisemitism. It would surface in the most peculiar places and at the oddest of moments, like an omnipresent phenomenon and could be brought to life anytime and anywhere.

For my parents it was important not to provoke antisemitic sentiments in conversations with other people. A newspaper article about a Jewish person was one of the worst things they could imagine. It would be shameful – a

FIGURE 3.10 Both mother and father embraced Norwegian culture and outdoor recreation – such as cross-country skiing.

schande – not solely for them as individuals but for the entire group. They were therefore cautious and maintained a low profile. They seldom spoke about Jewish-related experiences with others. If they were to do so, it would be based on their own wishes and not out of a sense of obligation due to the situation or the expectations of others. They would instead often highlight everything they had in common with other Norwegians, such as that they were born here and that their family had lived in Norway for a long time. They did not focus on anything that set them apart from others. That their parents had had to apply for Norwegian citizenship and that the required

residency period was longer than for any other group, with the exception of Romani residents, was not something they spoke about. They tried to "smooth over the alienating and problematic elements in the situations of immigrants and minorities."[143]

This form of diligence was widespread in the Jewish minority population. It entailed assessing society at large at all times. What *the society* could tolerate. Their radar was set to monitor their surroundings; they were vigilant. They did not close their eyes to injustice and oppression but in their view, society was not ready for specifically Jewish demands or any form of critique from the Jewish minority. One could say that they possessed an essential sensitivity.[144]

They were Jews "within a national framework."[145] When they couldn't identify with society's accepted narrative about the war, they let it go, because it was better to be overlooked than to draw attention to their outsider status. They viewed this as the price they had to pay to live in peace in Norwegian society. They wanted *both*: to observe Jewish traditions *and* be a part of Norwegian society. In this sense, it was important not to put themselves in a position where they would have to defend or choose one over the other. There weren't many traditions my parents still upheld, but the significance of those that remained was heightened because of this.

One might perhaps think that it must have been a difficult balance to maintain. But they were accustomed to it and only thought about it when that balance was threatened. What they really disliked was being singled out and referred to as "you": when their position as outsiders was highlighted.

If my parents, on the rare occasion, happened to draw attention to something Jewish, it had to be something positive, something they were proud of, such as the Jewish people's contribution to and investment in Norway or inclusion in the national community.[146] Jo Benkow was a member of the Jewish community of whom they were proud, since he was a prominent and well-known politician. When Mother's cousin, the pianist Robert Levin, was interviewed by the press, this made them happy because his achievement was widely recognised. When Herman Sachnowitz, as one of the very first survivors to do so, wrote a book about his experiences in a concentration camp, they were deeply grateful because they knew what it had cost him to produce such a book. By giving the book the title *Det angår også deg* ("It Also Pertains to You") he pointed out that the persecution of the Jews during World War II was about all of us – an injustice against *all* Norwegians.

My parents took an interest in Nobel Prize winners and if a prize was awarded to a Jewish person, they noticed. If the state of Israel announced a new invention, it made them happy. They smiled and said, "See how clever they are." When the outcome was favourable, they took pleasure in it. If one

Jewish person excelled, this bestowed honour and dignity upon the entire group.

But this generalisation by which an individual's achievements became the achievements of the group, had a downside, because it also applied in the case of negative events. Although antisemitism was a matter of generalised and collective perceptions, it also picked up on the actions of individuals. It could surface again if one was not sufficiently cautious. My parents were not alone here. When Oskar Mendelsohn completed his book in 1986 about the history of the Jews in Norway, he anticipated that his family would experience antisemitic repercussions, simply because a book had been published about the Jews.[147]

For the most part, my parents socialised with people who knew about their Jewish background and respected the way they coped with their traumas from the war. In social contexts, however, they were sometimes confronted with unexpected prejudices. Once when my mother took the metro to work in the morning, she and a fellow passenger got off at the same stop, and they continued to chat as they walked. When they reached the shop and my mother entered, the woman said: "Are you going to the Jew shop?" Mother quickly ended the conversation. The encounter was above all a reminder of the predominant group mentality of Norwegian society and that the Jews were considered another type of Norwegian. For Mother the comment was not hurtful, merely a confirmation of what she already knew – that she would never escape her Jewish heritage, regardless of how Norwegian she might feel. I have a feeling that she also found the comment a little amusing because it illustrated that the woman had not noticed her Jewish appearance.

When my mother told the family about the incident, everyone smiled. The story reminded Grandmother of an episode from before the war. She had been buying eggs at the market and asked about the price. In response, the woman selling the eggs said: "It used to be that only Jews bartered. Now everyone does."

Episodes like this did not provoke sadness or depression, but they did reinforce the importance of taking precautions and choosing one's words carefully in the company of strangers.

One incident from my childhood was related to this outsider status and has become ingrained in my memory with a particular resilience: once in year five or six at school, a boy from my form grabbed me by one arm during a snowball fight and twisted it behind my back while shouting: "Say what you are – say what you are." I pretended that I didn't understand what he meant and that was the end of it. A minor incident, perhaps not intended to be taken seriously, which today we would define as bullying. I never told anyone about it, not even my parents. I still remember the altercation clearly. Today I can point out the tree beside the spot where it happened and I

remember how hurtful it was. I escaped by behaving as if I didn't understand.

It did not occur to me that what we were doing could be called "integration," since our daily life was so similar to everyone else's. But that was precisely the point. Our histories were so different and nonetheless, our daily lives so similar.

Only a few of the items from my parents' home survived the war: A single silver spoon from my father's family and a few wedding presents that they had buried by the cottage in Nesodden. Father had left some things with a friend for safekeeping before his escape. They were never returned. Other friends had however brought them a tray as a welcome home gift when they returned from Sweden.

Mother liked decorating our home and she often found things at auctions. While others inherited family heirlooms such as an antique candlestick from a farm in western Norway or a painting from Gudbrandsdalen, she acquired these things at auctions.

Mother also enjoyed the excitement of auctions. If her bid was not accepted, she would often express disappointment. With time, all the well-known auctioneers knew her. If I accompanied her, she sometimes whispered her thoughts about the psychology of the ongoing dynamics in my ear. If she felt that the auctioneer was dragging things out, she would whisper in my ear: "Think about it," so I would learn. If the auctioneer disliked her behaviour, she did not let this ruffle her feathers, secure as she was in the knowledge that as the buyer, she held the power in the situation. Once at a farmer's auction on the outskirts of Oslo, she shook her head to signal that she was not interested raising her bid any further for the item currently up for auction. When the auctioneer spoke to her directly and said she would have difficulties getting to sleep that night if she didn't keep going, she replied: "Then I'll just take a sleeping pill." Everyone roared with laughter. And of course, her bid was accepted.

Her love for old things especially applied to paintings. Eventually, she felt a need to learn more about the art of painting. She took a course with a former professor of the Norwegian National Academy of the Arts, Axel Revold, to learn about Norwegian paintings and Norwegian art history. During the war Revold had been involved in the resistance, which was one of the reasons she chose him as a teacher. She could not draw or paint but loved being transported by the motifs in the paintings. They offered her a unique form of peace.

In the years after the war, my father developed an unpleasant symptom. His oesophagus would contract when he ate and more and more frequently, he experienced difficulties getting any food down. The doctor defined the symptom as a nervous condition. Mother thought it stemmed from the war, along with his worries about her health. It was important to ensure a calm

atmosphere at mealtimes, otherwise the symptom could be triggered. I was not supposed to talk about anything that could upset my father. Mother adapted the menu, preparing dishes that would be easy to swallow. Sometimes all he could get down was porridge. Several times he had to go to the hospital to have his blocked oesophagus cleared.

My father was happiest when playing bridge. If he wasn't playing in tournaments, we would sometimes have bridge evenings at home. Then my mother would make "Parisian open sandwiches" – fried beef mince cakes filled with beets, pickles, and capers with a fried egg on top, served on a slice of bread grilled in butter. This was suitable fare for "men," in her opinion. Father was proud of my mother's culinary creativity.

On Sundays, my father and I would walk in the forest and fields. He taught me how to read the weather and interpret signs found in nature. In the winter, we went skiing. "When you go skiing Irene, the most important thing is the *pleasure,*" he said and then taught me the best technique for climbing hills. Our treks in the summer and autumn started in the 1950s, when we took part in the popular trekking programme organised by the national daily Aftenposten, which included recommendations for weekly routes to cottages in the forest on the outskirts of Oslo. If you completed seven such treks in a season, you would receive an award.

Father was an introvert. His warmth and affection could be seen in his eyes. If he wanted to speak about something that was weighing on him, such as problems in the shop, we went for a drive. Then it was easier for him to find the words. He never spoke about the war, not even on these outings.

Father's psychosomatic ailments may have fostered his desire to own a cottage. Father loved the Norwegian mountains and neither Mother nor I were surprised when his cottage dream began to take shape. It was not common for Norwegian Jews to have cottages in the mountains in the late 1960s, although my parents were certainly not the very first. The decision-making process went on for a long time. They had many requirements for the location of such a cottage. It could not be too far from Oslo. At that time, people still worked on Saturdays. Neither Mother nor Father was particularly good at making up their minds, so it wasn't until my father was approaching his retirement that the dream of a cottage became a reality. The landowner who sold him the property said afterwards that he had never seen anyone as happy as my father had been when he handed over the payment. At Christmas time in 1972, my parents became the owners of a mountain cottage in Sør-Aurdal in the Valdres valley.

My father used the lengthy planning phase to acquire everything in the way of kitchen utensils and tools that they might need in a cottage. He put these things in the cellar. "An egg slicer is something that is easily forgotten, Irene," he said and put it in the crate with the wooden spoons and everything else. The second New Year's Eve my parents spent in the cottage, they drove

the car off the road on the way home. My father waited in the falling snow for help to arrive and caught a cold, which subsequently developed into a flu and pneumonia. When he was hospitalised in January 1974, nobody expected his admission there to end the way it did. He died a few days later, probably from a blood clot in his lungs. It was a shock for us all. The cottage was supposed to have been for my parents' retirement. Finally, he would be able to revel in Norwegian nature to his heart's content. Father died the day before he was to have sold the shop.

But the cottage, "Hermansbu," remained a meeting place for the family. Mother did not stop spending time there even though Father had passed away. She invited my father's cousin Liss, who was also her friend, to

FIGURE 3.11 Mother and I at our cottage "Hermansbu."

accompany her there. For sixteen years, the two of them spent one month every summer in the mountains together. I have often wondered about how they amused themselves, all alone in the mountains for such a long time. Neither of them drove a car, so they stayed in proximity to the cottage. To make a phone call, they had to walk almost a kilometre to the local grocery store. What did you do all day long, I asked my mother. She told me that they played cards into the early hours of the morning. Whoever lost would add a small sum to a growing pile of change which they divided between them when the month was over. And they talked about their children. Now and then Mother also did repairs and maintenance on the cottage.

But what about the war? Did they talk about that? I wonder about this today. Aunt Liss had lost just as many members of her immediate family as Mother had. In the 1970s and 1980s, Mother had still not begun confiding in me about the war, and I don't think it was a topic of conversation between the two women either. It would have been like lancing a boil without knowing for sure what would be released. The two friends would only have been saddened and it would have changed nothing. Their common experiences became a strong, unspoken bond rather something they talked about. The Holocaust literally "went without saying" and found expression through their silence (Figure 3.11).

Self-reproach

The shop was sold less than one year after my father's death. I was recently divorced. Relieved of her duties in the shop, my mother dedicated her time to helping me with my two children, Trine and Petter. At the time, they were eight and six years old, respectively. Mother would often wait in our home for the children to return from school, not every day, but several times a week. She stayed with them whenever I had to attend a seminar out of town. Then she would spend the night. Once she stayed with the children for three weeks while I was in Sweden and could only come home on the weekends.

My mother spent a lot of time with her grandchildren. No matter what she did, she always looked to the future. My children never saw her feeling sad or down in the dumps – she was always in good spirits and supported their pursuits. Trine called her "my best girlfriend."[148] If Petter had forgotten his lunch, she would sometimes go to the school and knock on the door to deliver it – which was of course quite embarrassing for a young teenage boy. Once they wrote a crime fiction story together and submitted it to a weekly newspaper. It was not published, but they had greatly enjoyed the process of writing the story.[149] The children remember her as light-hearted, fun, and a little "crazy" in this period of her life. There was not a whit of self-importance about her. When she pronounced the name of the television comedy programme *Komikveld* (Comedy Evening) as *Kom-i-kveld* ("come

this evening"), she laughed heartily at her own joke. She arranged fancy dress parties and would don a costume as well: a basket on her head.

The children belonged to the future and she was there for them. She told them that she had rescued her brother, their Uncle Rolle, and that she should have rescued her father. About their escape, she mentioned that once she had rung the wrong doorbell when she was looking for a hiding place for her brother and that the getaway car was stopped by the police on Kirkeveien. If she ever spoke about the war, she did so matter-of-factly, referencing only brief, specific episodes – she never told any long, detailed stories.

For Mother, the family was her first priority and I depended on her help. But Mother and I came from two different generations and from time to time, she irritated me – the way a mother will sometimes exasperate her daughter. Once when she was visiting, I received several phone calls from members of the Jewish congregation who berated me for the divorce I had just been through. When I hung up the phone, Mother came over to me and said: "Whatever you do, I support you." From that moment on, I viewed any minor disagreements between us as insignificant.

When the children got older and went abroad to pursue their educations, they corresponded with their grandmother, updating her on all their pursuits. When she wasn't visiting me, she played bridge or spent time at the cottage. As the years went by, her self-reproach found expression in the strangest ways and the most unexpected situations. Once when she and I were taking the bus, she suddenly exclaimed: "I will *never* forgive myself for failing to rescue Father." The outburst bore no connection to the situation we were in. We had not been speaking about her father or the war, and the episode would have been inexplicable for anyone who was unaware of her unique history. For me, the situation was first and foremost embarrassing. I glanced around to see if anyone had noticed. But for Mother, the incident was not out of the ordinary. Neither did she offer any explanation afterwards – or an apology, for that matter. It was as if she was living in two different time periods and her self-reproach was the connecting link (Figure 3.12).

In the mid-1980s (1984–1987) another historical work was published in Norway: "Norway at war. Tyranny and the Struggle for Freedom 1940-1945" (*Norge i krig. Fremmedåk og frihetskamp 1940–1945*). All eight volumes were on Mother's bookshelf. University of Oslo History Professor Magne Skodvin was the chief editor and every single volume was written by prominent historians. While clearing out Mother's things, I found newspaper clippings of articles tucked between pages in Volumes III and IV, presumably because she had wanted me to read them. One of these clippings was an interview with Oskar Mendelsohn from the newspaper Aftenposten. It was about the publication of Mendelsohn's Volume II about the history of the Jews in Norway, which was the volume that addressed the deportations. The

FIGURE 3.12 Mother on holiday with her grandchildren Trine and Petter on her 75th birthday in 1977.

photograph in the newspaper clipping was from the Jewish graveyard and the monument there commemorating those who had been killed.[150]

The two books also fell open to specific pages, which led me to understand that these pages had been read many times. One such page was for the section "The Operation Against the Jews" in Volume III, which was entitled *Verdenskrig* ("World War") and written by journalist Tim Greve. Here Greve outlines what had taken place. Unlike the depiction in the book *Norges krig* ("Norway's War") of forty years before, Greve's account of the arrests and deportations fills eighteen pages. The subheadings inform the reader of what he feels to be the most important issues and events from this history: "J Stamp on the Passport," "The first wave of arrests," "The second wave," "Reactions," "Terboven steals valuables" and finally, "Could more Jews have been helped?" The account is abundantly illustrated with photos and text excerpts in keeping with the rest of the work. The text demonstrates clearly pro-Jewish sympathies.

In the section under the subheading "Could more Jews have been helped?" the author asks the question, "Would it have been possible to give them information about the possible consequences of a deportation from Norway?"[151] Greve's reply follows shortly thereafter: "But it is correct to state that Jews in all German-occupied nations – and in the free world – underestimated the unconscionable ruthlessness of the SS machinery." The answer to the question of whether Norway had done enough to inform

the Jews, according to the author, lies in the Jews' own assessments of the situation. The article states:

> The strongest critique is of the Norwegian police force who carried out the arrests under orders from the Germans … This critique is only partially addressed when a lack of awareness about the consequences of the arrests is cited. But a recurring characteristic is that Jews who were arrested to be deported, neither objected nor resisted.[152]

As soon as the police force's role is discussed or as soon as the question of whether Norwegian society as a whole could have done *more* is posed, the focus shifts to the Jews themselves and their responsibility for the arrests and deportations. The entire paragraph is summarised by a conclusion: "The fate met by the Norwegian Jews is the greatest tragedy to have afflicted any group of the Norwegian population during the entirety of the Second World War."[153]

Volume IV also fell open to the pages describing the deportation of the Jews. The author is historian Berit Nøkleby. She highlights the Norwegian State Police's participation in the arrests but points out that local policemen also participated. She states that the police in Oslo, where the majority of the Jewish population resided, had organised an alert code, "according to the Jews themselves."[154] No reference is included providing evidence of this claim. The police divided up the city among themselves in an attempt to warn everyone, she writes. This claim is neither substantiated. "But the warnings were never believed and sometimes the same police officers who at great personal risk had warned residents in the morning, in the evening had to arrest the very individuals they had encouraged to flee."[155]

My reading of Nøkleby's interpretation is that she puts the responsibility for escaping on the Jews themselves. At the same time, she plays down the police's participation in the arrests. To put this a bit differently, if the Jews failed to escape, according to Nøkleby it was because they did not understand what was in their own best interests, since they had been warned.[156] By emphasising that the Jews as individuals were personally responsible for their own escape, the responsibility of the police is virtually eliminated, and the latter are portrayed as pro-Jewish heroes who put their lives on the line only to be forced to arrest the Jews who hadn't had the good sense to run away.

At first glance, it might appear as if my mother viewed her role in these events along the same lines as Greve and Nøkleby did, that her perception of what had taken place conformed with that of society in general. That society placed the responsibility for saving the lives of the Jews on the Jews themselves, and Mother placed the responsibility for saving her father on

FIGURE 3.13 My son Petter dances with his grandmother at his wedding, August 8, 1997.

herself. The difference is that when Mother as a daughter and a Jewish woman takes the burden of responsibility onto her own shoulders, she *assumes* a responsibility. When Greve and Nøkleby as representatives for society at large hold the Jews responsible, it is the opposite, a *deflection* of responsibility.

Mother did not blame society for the experiences she was obliged to endure and live with for the rest of her life. She never said that it was odd that more Norwegian Jews weren't saved, considering the length of the border between Norway and Sweden. Or that Norway's sparse population density and unique geography should have provided better opportunities to go into hiding. No, she continued to carry the responsibility for what happened to her father on her own shoulders. In this sense, she conformed with the prevailing perception – the consensus narrative that played a part in uniting the Norwegian people for many decades after the war (Figure 3.13).

Mother breaks the silence

When Norwegian society at large started addressing its responsibility for the deportation of the Jews, Mother also started speaking about what she had been through. This occurred during the 1990s. Almost fifty years had passed since the end of the war. Many of the people who had experienced the war years were dying. In my conversations with my mother, I noticed that she started making the odd reference to "the war," but I did not always pay much attention. I couldn't bring myself to do so. Mainly, I was weeping on the inside. When she understood this, she stopped. Mother never cried during these conversations and in her notes, she wrote: "After everything that has happened, I am barely able to cry."

When the Norwegian parliament appointed the Skarpnes Committee to investigate how the confiscation of property and assets had affected the Jewish minority in Norway, my mother paid close attention to the investigation as it unfolded. Of course she and I attended the public orientation meetings of the Jewish community that were held throughout this process. Everyone in the room had been affected in one way or another by the Nazis' confiscation of Jewish property. I noticed how quiet it was in the room. It was as if I could hear everyone holding their breath, as if they couldn't bear to take in the details that emerged (Figure 3.14).

The Jewish minority was not united in its view of the settlement proceedings. Because of the discriminatory connection often drawn between Jews and money, many people worried that a financial claim from the Jews would foster antisemitism. Their adaptation to and acceptance by Norwegian society was more important than receiving compensation for what had been stolen from them during the war years. Above all, they did not want to destabilise the position the Jews had acquired over the course of many years. But Mother supported the work of the committee along with the majority of the Jewish population.

In 1997 the Norwegian parliament approved a historical and moral settlement to be awarded to the Jewish minority, also called the "restitution settlement" (*restitusjonsoppgjøret*).[157] The settlement was tripartite: One part of the settlement would go towards the formation of a Holocaust Centre in Oslo, another part to fund the restoration of Jewish culture outside Norway's borders, and a third part would be allocated to individuals who had been adversely affected by anti-Jewish measures of 1942.

A few years before this, I had met the sister of Mrs. Follestad, the woman behind the organisation of my mother and father's escape. I was staying at the Røisheim hotel in Bøverdalen and the sister, Alfhild Bonnevie, also happened to be a hotel guest at the time. By chance, we were seated at the same dinner table, directly across from one another, one summer day in 1990. I did not know Alfhild at this time, but recognised her name and asked

FIGURE 3.14 Mother took an avid interest in her grandchildren's lives. When they came home from their studies abroad, she didn't hesitate to share her opinions. Here seen with Trine.

if she was related to the Kristine Bonnevie who had played a part in the rescue of my parents. She replied somewhat curtly: "No, no, Kristine didn't help anyone during the war." It was clear that she knew nothing about Kristine's collaboration with her nephew Harald Bonnevie Bryn and the resistance work they had done. Alfhild continued: "But my sister Agnes Follestad did. And the first people she saved were the Raskow family." Shocked over the coincidence I exclaimed: "And I am the child she was carrying at the time."

After this encounter, I started working on a project to honour those who had helped my parents escape to Sweden. This project took a long time. Mother did not know the names of everyone who had been involved or their descendants. A number were deceased, and the processes involved in tracking down the individuals' real names took years. The application process for approval of the honorary title from Yad Vashem also took many years, but the reply finally arrived in 1999. Early in the year 2000, nine of those who had taken part in the rescue of my mother and father were honoured with the title Righteous Among the Nations by the Israeli World Holocaust Remembrance Centre Yad Vashem. The ceremony was held in the

Oslo Concert Hall and hosted by the well-known Norwegian actress Lise Fjeldstad.[158]

The ceremony made headlines on the front pages of several of Norway's newspapers, accompanied by photos of my mother. I can be seen sitting in the background with tears in my eyes.[159] Aftenposten's journalist wrote about these helpers, these "ordinary Norwegian women and men" who had "stepped in to help out when the wave of raids reached its peak in the late autumn of 1942." This was a story that was not well known. "They have been silent and almost invisible in our history of the war." The journalist reflected upon the beautiful, adult women he had interviewed and about whom "there is much to be commemorated": Agnes Follestad (82), Alfhild Bonnevie (84), and Valdis Nielssen (90) who "together with their spouses and families, each in their own way, exercised passive and active resistance to Nazism during the occupation."[160] And "they are all a testimonial to the fact that the fight for humankind is not just about the great feats, but about simple deeds and the achievements of everyday heroes."[161]

Mother was also interviewed by Steven Spielberg's Shoah foundation in 1998.[162] She received a diploma with an inscription that read: "As a survivor of Shoah, you have given future generations the opportunity for a personal experience of history by sharing your testimony with us. Thank you for your valuable contribution and strength."[163] In 2006, the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation aired Edvard Hambro's film "Time's Witnesses" (*Tidsvitner*) in which Mother told her story publicly, as one of six witnesses.[164] But on Holocaust Remembrance Day, January 27, 2012, when Prime Minister Jens Stoltenberg made an official apology for the participation of Norwegians in the deportation of the Jews during the war, I was the one who went and thanked him. For Mother, it was too late.

In 2008, at the age of ninety-six, Mother moved into the Jewish Senior Centre and Home for the Elderly. I decorated the interim room she had been initially assigned. I placed a photograph of her father on a table by the door, so it would be the first thing she saw when she entered. This photograph was one of my mother's most beloved possessions and one of the last photographs taken of him before he was deported. She had recently purchased a silver frame which was the most expensive one in the store. She thought it was fitting.

When one of the staff at the home came to admire the room, my mother pointed at the photograph: "The kindest father in the world and I did not manage to rescue him." The nurse stared at her in confusion before rushing out the door. She basically had no idea how to respond, even though the incident occurred at a Jewish home for the elderly, where more or less all the residents carried traumas from the war (Figure 3.15).

Eventually Mother was granted a permanent place at the Senior Centre and Home for the Elderly, and a painting of her father hung on her bedroom

Takknemlige. Jødinnen Fanny Raskow gikk sammen med sin datter Irene da medlige nordmenn vistet familien ut av nazisteres grep. På de to takknemlige kvinnenes initiativ hedret livredderne nå av det jødiske folk.

Spontant. Agnes og Einar Follestad reagerte spontant da det jødiske ekteparet Raskow sto i fare for å bli grepet av tyskerne. Familiene var gode naboer i Stensgaten, begge drev butikk i konfeksjon. Redningen ble fru Follestads forelske på Senestad.

Jøder i evig takknemlighet

Oslo, november

av dagligtivet for den norsk-jødiske befolkning etter tyskernes angrep

Fanny Raskow, som var gravid i syvende måned. I tolvte time var de

FIGURE 3.15 When Mother honoured those who had helped them flee to Sweden, the national daily Aftenposten covered the event. Here Mother tells the story of their escape. My sorrow is evident on my face, as I sit beside her listening. Below, to the left, Agnes Vava and Einar Follestad. Facsimile from Aftenposten, February 12, 2000.

wall in the tiny flat, so she could see him at all times. Grandmother had the portrait done right after the war. Many people honoured those who had been killed in this way. Mother had inherited the painting from Grandmother. When Mother looked at it, she always said: "the kindest father in the world." Then she would shake her head and hesitate, before changing the subject (Figure 3.16).

At the home for the elderly she spent her time conversing with the other residents and she enjoyed the social life there. They talked about everything from ordinary, daily events to their children and grandchildren, and with time also great-grandchildren. During this period, the residents were often interviewed about their experiences from the war by journalists and authors. They were happy to contribute. My mother included. They were aware of their responsibility as the last living witnesses. Interviews of this nature could

be a strain and cost them many a sleepless night. Among themselves they did not speak about the war other than in general terms. Nobody wanted to upset anyone else. But each of them was aware of how the others had survived. At the home for the elderly there were also many residents who had not come to Norway until after the war and whose experience of the war had been different (Figure 3.17).

When the home for the elderly organised social gatherings for the residents, the theme was never World War II. There was music and singing. Mother enjoyed these gatherings and often sang along if she knew the songs. If they played classical pieces, she identified them and reminisced about how, as a young girl, she would buy a ticket for one of the cheapest seats in the back of the concert hall.

Mother loved her life at the home for the elderly. She called the personnel "angels." And the personnel responded by giving her a little additional care, which in turn made her feel special. She enjoyed the opportunities for socialising there and met people whom she had known in the past from the Jewish community of Oslo. She knew about their parents, about their professions, and where they had lived. She enjoyed the food that was served, the familiar flavours and ingredients.

Eventually her memory deteriorated, but she retained her cognitive abilities and sharp tongue throughout her life. One day she lost one of her front teeth and when she saw her reflection in the mirror, she said: "Irene, I look like a troll." She was one hundred years old at the time. We agreed that she had to see a dentist but needed help in making an appointment. The director leaned towards her and laid a comforting hand on Mother's thigh: "Fanny, you are every bit as beautiful even without the tooth." Mother gave her a sharp look before answering: "If you say that, I can't believe anything else you say either."

She would often come home with me, which she enjoyed. She took pleasure in the paintings that had once hung on her own walls. She enjoyed my explanations of how this or that object came from "Grandmother" or from "the Jelaawitz family." When connections were made to family and relatives, she nodded because it created a context. She trusted that I would take care of everything related to the future. Of course she spent the holy days with us, and I would invite her grandchildren, nephews and nieces, and great-grandchildren. She loved hearing about their lives. I tried to prepare the meals the way she had done, doing my part to carry on tradition. When she sampled my cooking, she behaved like a judge who was evaluating my use of the traditional spices. If her recipe for meat blintzes – thin pancakes filled with ground beef – did not have a proper crust, I heard about it. Not with the indulgence of a one-hundred-year-old woman, but with the clear admonishment of someone prepared to take over the cooking if necessary.

To uker i 1942 knyttet disse tre kvinnene sammen for livet. En av dem kan takke de to andre for at hun lever.

November 1942

Det er kaldt og vått i Oslo. Mørket kommer enda tidligere enn det som er vanlig i november. Gatene er svartgrå av vinter. Byen er mørklagt.

Fanny Raskow er fortvilet. Hun har fått vite at ektemannen Herman, som er gått i dekning på Hadeland sammen med flere andre jødiske menn, er blitt angitt. Han ringer hjem hver kveld.

«Du må komme med en gang» sier Fanny.

Men hun vet ikke hvor de skal gjøre av seg. Arrestordren er gitt for jødiske menn, nazistene vil sende dem på arbeidsleir i Tyskland. Jødiskeide butikker blir stengt, de tør nesten ikke ta trikken lenger. Fanny driver en klesforretning sammen med Herman. I magen bærer hun på Irene. Hun skal føde om to måneder.

Februar 2000

Tre gamle, vakre kvinner sitter sammen rundt et kafébord i Oslo. De har alle sine familier, sine liv de har levd og fremdeles lever. De småkrangler om navn på mennesker de har kjent, og smiler av minner som kommer tilbake. For andre gjester er de tre kvinner på hyggelig bytur.

Men båndet mellom dem er mer dramatisk enn det.

Søstrene Agnes Follestad og Alfhild Bonnevie drikker kaffe med Fanny Raskow. Hjelperne og hun som ble reddet.

– Vi var helt avhengige av hjelp for å overleve krigen, sier Fanny stille.

November 1942

I noen korte vinteruker inntreffer en kjede av hendelser. Hendelser som til slutt fikk Fanny og Herman og det ufødte barnet trygt over grensen til Sverige, og friheten fra nazistenes «arbeidsleire».

Men bak denne kjeden av hendelser står menn og kvinner som gjorde det mulig. I utgangspunktet helt alminnelige mennesker. Der står også søstrene Alfhild og Agnes. De som handlet uten å tenke over farene og risikoen de løp for sine egne liv, sine familiers liv. Ikke alle var organisert i Hjemmefronten, ikke alle drev storstilte redningsaksjoner, ikke alle satte livet på spill hver dag ved grensen til Sverige. Men hadde ikke Alfhild Bonnevie gått rundt i nabolaget på Smestad, ringt på dører for finne ly til familien Raskow, hadde de ikke levd i dag.

Og hadde ikke søsteren Agnes Follestad spurt sine foreldre om hjelp til sine naboer, ville ikke Fanny og Herman Raskow overlevd krigen. Og Irene hadde ikke blitt født.

Så enkelt er det.

Februar 2000

58 år etter, i Oslo. Fanny gir søstrene en klem, holder rundt hånden til Agnes når hun prater.

– Jeg har tenkt på dette hver eneste dag i nesten 60 år. At det skulle komme skikkelig frem hvordan dere hjalp oss, sier Fanny.

Samtalen skjer få dager før Alfhild og Agnes skal hedres sammen med syv andre som gjorde flukten til Sverige mulig. Ikke alle lever i dag. Barn og barnebarn mottok i går hederen for dem som er gått bort.

Agnes forteller om hvordan de ikke kunne forstå hvor ille det egentlig var, i begynnelsen. De var likevel bekymret for sine nærmeste naboer i bygården på Adamstuen.

– En kveld da Fanny og Herman var inne hos oss på besøk, fortalte de at tyskerne tok alle jøder i Tyskland. Vi skjønte det ikke, at det gikk an. Og vi sa vi ville hjelpe hvis det ble like ille her.

For Agnes er bildet fremdeles glassklart den dagen Fanny banket på døren og spurte: «Kan du gjemme mannen min?»

– Jeg får frysninger når jeg snakker om det nå. Det banket og skrumpet seg i hjernen min, nå var det alvor. Hva skulle jeg gjøre? Vår lille leilighet, barna, vi hadde knapt et bøttekott å skjule noen i! Da gikk jeg til foreldrene mine, minnes Agnes. Der fikk hun klarsignalet: «Kom med dem».

Søster Alfhild, som var på besøk, bestemte seg for å finne ut hvem som kunne hjelpe til å skjule ekteparet. Noe måtte hun gjøre.

– Jeg tenkte på alle pluggene, sier Alfhild i dag. At noen skulle bli tatt bare fordi de var jøder, var like meningsløst og uhyrlig for begge søstrene.

26. november går skipet «Donau» fra Oslo med 767 jøder. Det var to tredjedeler av de norske jødene som endte sine liv i Auschwitz.

November 1942

Det er mørkt og stille når Alfhild Bonnevie går fra dør til dør på Smestad. Gatene er beksvarte. Det lille lyset som kunne ha vært, er skjult bak husvinduenes blendingsgardiner.

Hun er engstelig, vet at hun tar en risiko. Hva hvis hun ringer på feil dør?

Hun vet ikke hvem som er «trygge» familier». I nabohuset bodde tyske offiserer, hun tør ikke bruke telefonen. Alfhild tenker på mannen og barna som er på Vestlandet, at de ikke vet hva hun holder på med. Hun trasker alene, og det er nifst – ingen andre er ute i gatene.

Til slutt får hun napp hos Nanti og Harald Bryn som lover å finne et skjulested.

– Jeg skjønner ikke hva som fikk meg til å ringe på hos Nanti og Harald. Det var ren intuisjon, sier Alfhild.

Intuisjonen viser seg å være livreddende, ekteparet var i Hjemmefronten og hadde mange kontakter.

Agnes og Alfhild har altså forberedt flukten før Fanny og Herman Raskow får vite om det. De har vært forutseende. Så når Agnes' mann, Einar Follestad, banker på døren til sin nærmeste nabo Fanny og spør: «Hvor har du Herman?» har flukten allerede begynt.

Bare to timer etter de forlater leiligheten, parkerer en lastebil utenfor, klar til å lesse dem på. De har flyktet i siste liten.

Situasjonen er nå helt prekær og livsfarlig – både for jødene og de som hjalp dem.

Det skal gå nesten tre år før familien Raskow ser leiligheten sin igjen.

De neste ukene er det en rekke mennesker som hjelper til for at Fanny og Herman skal holdes i skjul for tyskerne og komme seg over til Sverige.

Februar 2000

I dag kan ikke Alfhild forklare hvorfor hun uten å nøle satte i gang med å gjøre det hun kunne.

– Det er bare sånn det er. Det er det man gjør, sier hun enkelt.

– Jeg tror de som er redde for sitt eget skinn, ikke vil hjelpe, mener Alfhild.

Fanny, Alfhild og Agnes prater. Fanny forklarer, beskriver. De andre nikker, argumenterer. Noen ganger er de uenige om rekkefølgen – var det timer eller neste dag? Men de husker detaljene.

Den beige frakken til offiseren som stengte Fannys butikk. Hans svarte naziuniform og ariskperfekte ansikt da hun så ham igjen neste dag.

Fargen på leppestiften og sminken til en kvinne som banket på døren til Agnes og ba om å få nøkkelen til Raskows leilighet. Og Agnes som da tenkte: «Det er vel bedre at de tar maten og møblene enn menneskene».

Det brede armbindet til politimannen som stoppet Fanny og Herman i Kirkeveien da de endelig var på vei til Sverige. Ansiktet hans.

Synet av den jødiske kvinnen bak døren i en leilighet like ved Agnes. Han ville advare dem mot tyskerne som kom og hentet jødiske menn. «De har allerede vært her».

– Det grep dypt. At noen mennesker

Hverdagshelter hedret

I GÅR ble ni mennesker hedret av Yad VaShem, holocaustsenteret i Jerusalem. De ble hyllet for sin innsats for norske jøder under krigen.

Mange tusen har fått denne hederen fra holocaustsenteret, blant annet hele 5264 fra antisemittiske Polen. Fra Norge har det vært oppsiktsvekkende få. I går kom ni nye, norske navn på listen under tilstelningen i Oslo konserthus:

Agnes og Einar Follestad, Carl og Agnes Wilhelmsen, Nanti og Harald Bryn, Valdis og Finn Nielssen og Alfhild Bonnevie. (Vårt Land)

SIDE 30 – VÅRT LAND – fredag 11. februar 2000

FIGURE 3.16 The newspaper Vårt Land covered the ceremony honouring nine of the people who rescued my mother and father, all of whom received a medal and certificate from Yad Vashem, The World Holocaust Remembrance Centre in Israel. Here Mother can be seen standing between two of those who helped them, the sisters Alfhild Bonnevie and Agnes Vava Follestad. Facsimile from Vårt Land.

Alfbild Bonnevie, Fanny Raskow og Agnes Follestad. Tre kvinner som er knyttet sammen. Søstrene Alfhild og Agnes var blant dem som sørget for at Fanny kom seg over grensen til Sverige i 1942. – Jeg hadde ikke vært her i dag uten deres innsats, sier Fanny. I går ble de hedret sammen med syv andre i Oslo Konserthus.

FOTO: TOM HENNING BRATLIE

plutselig bare skulle tas, sier Agnes.

– Tenk at vi aldri noen gang kan lære, legger Alfhild til. Hun forteller om brev fra barnebarnet, som snakker om forfølgelsen av sigøynere.

– Og nå er det begynt i Russland.

November 1942

De neste par ukene bor Fanny og Herman i skjul forskjellige steder i påvente av hjelp til å komme seg over grensen. De er blitt avhørt av Nanti og Harald Bryn, fått husrom i et atelier hos Valldis og Finn Nielssen. De er nå «sekker med kålrabi» - kodeordet for flyktninger.

De aner ikke hvor lenge de må bli og de vet ikke om noen kan få dem over grensen. De får meldinger fra ekteparet Bryn, som forteller at det blir stadige vanskeligere å få folk til Sverige. Mange blir tatt på grensen.

– Vi var jaget vilt. Jeg husker at jeg følte meg som en mekanisk dukke, forteller Fanny.

Endelig får de beskjed om at flukten er klar.

Det siste Fanny gjør før hun reiser, er nok en gang å be Agnes om hjelp:

«Kan du gjøre noe for mine foreldre og søster?» Fanny vet ikke at hennes far allerede er tatt.

Agnes bestemmer seg for å gå til Harald Bryn som hadde hjulpet dem tidligere. En hushjelp åpner, og sier at Bryn er syk og ikke kan ta i mot besøk. Agnes strener bare forbi henne, går rett inn til ham. Bryn ligger med dynen opp til ansiktet. «Kan du hjelpe fru Raskows foreldre og søster?» Det kunne han.

Agnes og Alfhild vet ikke hvordan det er gått med vennene. De vet ikke at Fanny og Herman blir stoppet av en veisperring, men at de likevel blir sendt videre. Til tross for at de åpenbart er på flukt.

Når politimannen lener seg inn gjennom vinduene og spør etter papirer, er de sikre på at alt er over. Sjåføren spør plutselig: «Men er det ikke Thoresen?»

«Nei, Thoresen har fri i kveld. Kjør videre, men fort.»

De er altså i samme organisasjon, sjåføren og politimannen.

Februar 2000

På kaféen kommer de siste detaljene på plass.

– Jeg følte som om jeg var blitt siktet på og skutt med løse patroner, sier Fanny.

Søstrene får Fannys historie om de siste timene før ektefellen Herman ser en Monark-sykkel. Da forstår han at de er kommet til Sverige.

Fanny forteller fra turen innover mot Sverige. Hun bruker kaffekopper og asjetter for å vise hvor de var, hvor tyskerne var. Hun forteller at sjåføren satte dem av på feil sted . De var så nær en brakke full av tyskere, at de kunne ha tatt på huset. Grenseløsene var sikre på at de var tatt av nazistene. Men de klarte seg, de kom seg i sikkerhet.

– Her sitter jeg i dag, lys levende, takket være dere, sier Fanny.

Søstrene selv synes det er merkelig å sitte sånn, så mange år etterpå og snakke om det som skjedde den gang.

– Vi måtte jo finne en utvei, sier Alfhild. Hun forteller hvordan hendelsene fra den gang har vært lagt bort i mange år, men aldri glemt.

Agnes tror at de var litt gale som unge! Da tar man flere sjanser, uten å tenke over konsekvensene eller frykten.

– Jeg mener det er Guds ledelse, det tror jeg det har vært, sier Agnes.

– Men guden hjalp ikke faren min, sier Fanny.

– Det blir jeg aldri ferdig med. Hitler gikk i graven og etterlot seg oss - vi som er igjen og tenker på dem vi ikke klarte å redde. Hva vi kunne ha gjort. Hver eneste dag.

Minnene får tårer frem i øynene til Fanny Raskow. Faren klarte de ikke å redde, han ble tatt av tyskerne og sendt med Donau. Sammen med 13 av Fannys nærmeste familie. Ingen kom tilbake.

Men det viktigste i dag for alle de tre gamle kvinnene, er at historien bringes videre. Til barnebarna, til oldebarna. Slik at den ikke blir glemt.

Av Une Bratberg
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PRESENTASJON: GUNHILD LEIVÅG

VÅRT LAND – fredag 11. februar 2000 – SIDE 31

FIGURE 3.17 Mother seated on the rococo couch. The photo is from the magazine for seniors *Vi over 60* and appeared alongside an article published in 1988 about my mother's story, entitled "The Heart Valve that Didn't Close."

When I picked her up on ordinary weekdays, I always planned ahead of time what we would do together. Now and then we would go onto YouTube and I would find cooking videos for her to watch. Although she had cut up a chicken countless times, she thought the videos were interesting and remarked that she had used the same method.

In these moments, I would ask her about her life as a daughter of Jewish immigrants in Kristiania back in the day. We talked about other family members and about the war, of course. I asked and she answered. But I never mentioned her father and neither did she. We both knew he was the point of reference for everything else we talked about. The headline for these conversations was that she had difficulties understanding how things could have turned out so badly for the Norwegian Jews. She often dwelled on this.

Once Aunt Frida's grandchildren came to visit to hear from Mother's lips what she could tell them about their grandmother who had died in a car accident many years before. I was often present at these types of gatherings – to provide support and reassurance. Mother trusted that I would be able to help her if she started getting confused. At this particular gathering, she told us about "The Regina Theatre on the corner of Markveien and Nordregate."

I thought she was mistaken and wanted to correct her. As it turned out, I was the one who was misinformed about the city's first specially constructed cinema, built in 1916.[165] The same thing happened when she talked about the Jelaawitz family's shop on the corner of "Torg … Torg …" I quickly intervened, saying "No, Mother. Torggata is not in Grünerløkka." That was when Frida's granddaughter, Dina, did a Google search and found out that the street Torvbakkgata, on the corner of Markveien, ran from Stolmakergata, where her grandmother had lived, to Markveien. And that was where the Jelaawitz family's shop had been located.

Although Mother didn't speak about specific events related to the Holocaust while she lived at the home for the elderly, I knew that this was still the most important topic of her life and that she searched for information about it until the day she died. She watched the television series that made the term the Holocaust a household word in 1978. She read books on the subject and wanted me to do the same. Now that she was older, I thought that she perhaps would be interested in some DVDs I had at home about the Holocaust, which she could watch when she came to visit. At first, I was a bit hesitant, afraid they might depress her. I thought she might be interested in a documentary I had about the Danish Jews in Theresienstadt. Like the rest of us, she knew nothing about the fate of the Danish Jews in the Theresienstadt concentration camp. Father also had an uncle, an aunt, and a cousin and her husband in Copenhagen, all of whom had been deported there.[166] I showed her other films about the war. I think the films provided a context that helped her to understand what was otherwise horrific, unreasonable, and inexplicable. It was as if the films created a space where she felt she was not alone, but rather in the company of others in a similar situation and this offered her reassurance and comfort. She watched many of the films several times. If I mentioned this, she replied: "You know, this is something one is never done with."

For her, it was unthinkable that she would not watch a film about the genocide of the Jews in Europe. Even though it was painful, she had to watch them. The same was true for books. When she entered the world of a film or book, it was like entering a theme she lived with on a daily basis anyway, only that it expanded on that theme, the theme of her life. "They managed to live through it, so I must manage to watch it," was how she put it.

In an interview for Aftenposten in connection with the homage paid to all those who played a part in my mother and father's escape to Sweden, she stated: "I will never be done with this. Hitler went to his grave and left us behind – those of us who remain and (I) think about those we were unable to rescue. What we could have done. Every single day."

Despite the self-reproach that plagued her throughout her life, I am convinced that she felt she'd had a good life. She didn't mope about like a sad, depressed old lady. She was happy and optimistic and interested in the

future. Her self-reproach was a kind of baggage, a rucksack she carried and which she *had* to carry. Towards the end when she was on her deathbed, she spoke to those of us who were around her. She claimed that people would say: "She lived for more than a hundred years." She did not want to die. A hundred years was not a good enough reason to leave this world. Because life, she said, had been "an adventure, no, wait a minute, a nightmare."

Notes

1 The sources are a number of photographs in Hanna and Eva Scheer's photo album. Private collection.
2 Knut Einar Eriksen and Terje Halvorsen, 1987, *Norge i krig. Frigjøringen*, Vol. 8, p. 187.
3 Ibid., p. 165.
4 Aftenposten, 15 May 1945.
5 Ibid.
6 Aftenposten, 17 May 1945.
7 Ibid.
8 Ibid.
9 Dagbladet, 23 May 1945.
10 Aftenposten, 24 May 1945.
11 Dagbladet, 24 May 1945; Aftenposten, 30 May 1945.
12 Aftenposten, 24 August 1945.
13 Personal source.
14 Aftenposten, 14 May 1945. Evening edition.
15 Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 259 and Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 609.
16 Anne Eriksen, 1995.
17 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet, [Treason Archive] Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 4266, document list 176b in ruling 4266 (Arnt Klement Taassen Torp, Thorbjørn Danbo, Haakon Adelsten Høst, et al.). Letter from Haakon Høst to The Reparations Office c/o Mr. Ruth, O.J.P. No. 536–45. L.
18 Ibid.
19 Anne Eriksen, 1995, p. 55.
20 Ibid., p. 30.
21 Ibid., p. 53.
22 Synne Corell, 2015.
23 Kjetil Braut Simonsen, 2020.
24 Johan Hambro's review of *Gentleman's Agreement* by Laura Z. Hobson (1947) appeared in Aftenposten (morning edition) 1 September 1947, p. 2: "Nye bøker: Laura Z. Hobson." Other media coverage: Bergens Tidende 24 October 1947, p. 5; "Harstad Tidendes bokrevy," Harstad Tidende 13 November 1947, p. 4. Bergens Tidende's review from 24 October, stated that the book was highly pertinent to Norway as well, without elaborating on this claim.
25 Leon Jarner, Verdens Gang. 29 November 1947, pp. 9, 12–13.
26 Sigurd Evensmo, 1947, pp. 4–5.
27 Jean Améry, 1994, p. 41.
28 Irving Howe, 1978, p. 102.
29 *Jødisk nytt*, 1946, no. 1, September. p. 9. Interview with Josef Klein.
30 *Hatikwoh*, monthly magazine for the Jewish community in Norway, 1929–1939.
31 Conversation with Mats Tangestuen, Jewish Museum, Oslo, 30 October 2018.

32 Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 276.
33 Ibid., p. 258.
34 Dagbladet, 28 August 1945.
35 Ibid.
36 Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 277.
37 Espen Søbye, 2014, p. 255.
38 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 667. With respect to the number of registered Jews in January 1942, Bruland cites it as being 1428 adults and 139 children, a total of 1567. Table 6.2 also illustrates the number registered in 1582, p. 366.
39 Ibid.
40 Irene Levin, 2015. See also, Mats Tangestuen, 2004, p. 48.
41 Espen Søbye, 2014, p. 255 ff.
42 Espen Søbye, 2014 p. 258.
43 The story was told by the son, Kjell Smith, in September 2006, in conjunction with the homage honouring to those who helped the family escape from Norway into Finland in 1940. The father Herman Smith was later arrested in conjunction with the German invasion of the Soviet Union.
44 Kai Feinberg survived Auschwitz, and he stated on several occasions that it was due to chance and luck.
45 Holocaust-overlevende i Norge: [Holocaust Survivors in Norway] Samuel Steinmann. Interview, 2004, Oslo: Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities.
46 From my doctoral exam lecture: Overgrep mot barn i et sosialt relasjonsperspektiv, [Child Abuse in a Social Relations Perspective] published: Irene Levin and Jan Trost, 2005, pp. 198–199.
47 Bjarte Bruland, 2013, p. 24.
48 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 594.
49 When the few individuals who survived Auschwitz returned, statements were recorded by the judiciary in the years 1946 and 1947. Several made reference to the death of David Jelo or Jelaawitz, which was his birth name. The date is cited as 12 December 1942. Cited in the book *Øyenvitner* by Bjarte Bruland, 2013, p. 33.
50 Ibid.
51 E-mail from Bjarte Bruland 12 May 2017.
52 Ibid.
53 Ibid.
54 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 515.
55 RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E.III/ Box 972, file: Herman Raskow.
56 RA/S-1329 Statspolitiet-Ga – Box 5 File 344, Rubin Pinkowitz. Report to Commander of State Police from Constable Bugge Horgen, 14 December 1942.
57 RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E.III/ Box 972, file: Herman Raskow. Reparations statement, Oslo, 28 June 1945. The signature is illegible. Letter of 17 October 1945 from Theis Høyer countersigned by Schjødt Jørgensen.
The Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets was established on 15 May 1945.
58 The English translation of the regulation retrieved at: https://www.regjeringen.no/no/dokumenter/nou-1997-22/id141043/?ch=5 https://www.regjeringen.no/no/dokumenter/nou-1997-22/id141043/?ch=5.
59 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archive], Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 4266, Document list 176b (Arnt Klement Taassen Torp, Thorbjørn Danbo, Haakon Adelsten Høst et al.).

60 RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E.III/ Box 972, Herman Raskow. Letter from Prytz, countersigned by Per von Hirsch to the Liquidation Board, 8 January 1943.
61 Conversations with Solveig Levin, autumn 2019.
62 NOK 84 in 1943 was equivalent to NOK 1944 in September 2019. The average hourly wage at the time was NOK 1.82. RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E.III/ Box 972, Herman Raskow. List of furniture sold and the buyers.
63 Ibid. Lie's auction house carried out the sale. NOK 1280 in 1943 was equivalent to NOK 29,627 in September 2019, according to the consumer price index, SSB.
64 Ibid. Letter of 20 August 1945 from Theis Høyer, countersigned by Schjødt Jørgensen.
65 RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E. III./ Box 972. Herman Raskow. Memo from the companies Hermansen og Jørgensen, 26 November 1942 and J. Jacobsen Tricotagefabrikk, 16 December 1942; Moltzau & co, papirforretning, 9 January 1943.
66 Ibid. Memo from the company B Opsahl A/S, registered mail and list of accounts receivable, 12 January 1943.
67 Ibid. Letter from landlord Sim. Solberg 23 December 1942.
68 Ibid. Letter from Arthur Svendsen, general agent for the life insurance company Brand- og livsforsikringsaktieselskapet Svea, 6 February 1943.
69 Ibid. Letter from Oslo National Insurance (trygdekasse), 31 December 1942.
70 Ibid. Final invoice from Oslo Lysverker, 6 February 1943.
71 Ibid. Letter from Arbeidsgivernes ulykkesforsikring [Employers' Accident Insurance], 12 December 1942.
72 Ibid. Letter from customer Margit Myhr, 13 January 1943.
73 Ibid. Letter from customer Borghild Rambraut, 24 September 1942.
74 Ibid. Letter from customer Borghild Rambraut, 14 December 1942, entered 28 May 1943 under "lost stockings."
75 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Dismissed; deceased, A. no. 4749 – Håkon Adelsten Høst, and RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters. Doc. no. 4266, Torp, Arnt, Klemet Taasen (the case also involves Haakon Adelsten Høst and others. Haakon Høst had confiscated the flat belonging to Charles Koritzinsky).
76 Ibid. Written statement from Håkon Høst regarding relationship to Egil Reichborn-Kjennerud, 20 June 1945.
77 Ibid. In the written account, Høst explains the part he played in the hospitalisation of Reichborn-Kjennerud for alcohol abuse.
78 Synne Corell, 2020.
79 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 4266, document list 176b (Arnt Klement Taassen Torp, Thorbjørn Danbo, Haakon Adelsten Høst and others). Letter to Eidsivating judicial district, c/o Judge Gulbrandsen, Oslo Courthouse from the Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, 4 October 1947, signed by Henry O. Foyn and countersigned by O. Hasund.
80 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 894, Almer Haug. Haug had been a member of the NS since 1942 and a member of Rikshirden since 22 September 1941.
81 RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E.III./ Box 969. Rubin Pinkowitz. Report, 20 November 1942, signed by liquidator Almer Haug and another individual whose signature is illegible. On 3 December 1942, the records of Almer Haug and Inge Myklebust continue on the same document.
82 Ibid.

83 Ibid. Letter from party leadership of the Nasjonal Samling's (NS) Relief Organisation (N. S. H.) to Almer Haug, 26 November 1942, and Letter from RK/F J.no. 1997 to the N.S.H, Oslo, 13 January 1943.
84 Bjarte Bruland, 2017, p. 484.
85 RA/S-1564 The Ministry of Justice, Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets, Hcc, E.III./L0969, Pinkowitz, Rubin. Undated form for flats – signed by Egil Reichborn-Kjennerud.
86 Ibid. Letter from liquidator Almer Haug, 6 December 1942 to the Liquidation Board.
87 Ibid. Letter from Almer Haug to the Liquidation Board, 9 December and 13 December 1942.
88 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, D. nr. 997 – Hans Schumann.
89 Ibid. NOK 7,200.38 in 1942 would be equivalent to NOK 169,748.66 in 2019.
90 Ibid.
91 Ibid. Letter from liquidator Almer Haug, 23 February 1943 to the Liquidation Board.
92 Ibid. Letter from Almer Haug, 15 April 1943 to Oslo Municipality, Oppgjørskontoret [Settlement Office], Apotekergt. 7, Oslo.
93 Ibid. Letter from liquidator Almer Haug, 5 April 1943 to District Judge in Follo.
94 Ibid. Undated note in the file from State Police sergeant Rolf Dyrvang from when he was in Ilebu. On another slip of paper from the interrogation: "Where do all the things come from that you have given your mother-in-law Mrs. Karlsen, at Bredgaten 21. What has happened to Pinkowitz' belongings?" Signed Edwin. This note is also undated.
95 Ibid.
96 Ibid. Letter from Hans O. Hagen, 11 June 1945.
97 Ibid. Letter from Bryn at Landssvikavd. 245, re. Interrogation of Schumann (Nazi activist and SS volunteer), Ilebu. Undated.
98 Ibid. Letter to Mr. Frantz B. Jørgensen, Filtvedt, 30 November 1945, signed by G. Harbitz and Harald Holthe: "You must apply for compensation through the appropriate channels (salesperson responsible, pursuant to section 17 in interim scheme) at the Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets." The buyer, Frantz B. Jørgensen, had previously documented the purchase in a letter 16 November 1945 to the Reparations Office.
99 Ibid. Report to Stavanger regional criminal police chief from Constable Kåre F. Ingvaldsen, 2 January 1946 and Torleif Eide's report of 17 January 1946 following interview of the original buyer, report from Kåre Ingvaldsen, 25 January 1946 and Report to Haugesund Regional Police Chief to police clerk Willy Bruun, 29 January 1946.
100 Ibid. Report to Oslo Police Chief, given by Kaare Arnesen 22/6-45 from interrogation of Dora Pinkowitz.
101 Adrian Busk Strømsmoen, 2019.
102 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 894, Almer Haug. From the time of the summer of 1943, Haug received a gross salary of NOK 33,750 in addition to earnings amounting to NOK 29,000, a total of NOK 62,750 for just less than two years. In 2019 the salary would be equivalent to NOK 1,448,479. E-mail also from Christopher Harper, 26 September 2018.
103 Golde Scheer was born on 15 July 1862 and her eightieth birthday was celebrated at "Solheim." She was the eldest passenger on the Donau.
104 After Grandmother's death, professor Christian Borchgrevink wrote a letter to my mother, 10 September 1981.

105 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], Oslo Police Headquarters, Da, Doc. no. 4094 – Knut Rød. Per Ole Johansen, 2006, 2015; Sveri, 1982; Espen Søbye, 2003; Kopperud and Levin, 2010.
106 When Knut Rød retired in 1965, he was thanked for his long and faithful service on the police force – including the years during the war. Kopperud and Levin, 2010.
107 Dagbladet, 12 May 1947.
108 Ibid.
109 Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 305. Footnote 6: Vårt Land, no. 212 and Dagbladet no. 214.
110 Dagbladet, 12 May 1947.
111 Ibid.
112 Ibid.
113 Ibid.
114 See also Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, pp. 331–333.
115 Wikipedia, 16 October 2019. The Feldmann case.
116 Dagbladet, 5 September 1947. Epilogue to the Feldmanns.
117 Ibid.
118 The ruling was discussed in national daily newspapers including Dagbladet, Arbeiderbladet, Morgenbladet, Vårt Land, and Dagen. The local newspapers of towns close to the border defended it, such as Fredrikstad blad, Halden Arbeiderblad along with Friheten and Verdens Gang. Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 331.
119 Oskar Mendelsohn, 1986, p. 331.
120 Dagbladet, 16 September 1947, p. 4.
121 *Jødisk nytt*, 1947, no. 3, leader by Kai Feinberg.
122 *Jødisk nytt*, 1947, no. 3, leader by Kai Feinberg.
123 Synne Corell, 2000.
124 From deputy director Moses Leopold Milner's speech, *Jødisk nytt*, 1947, no. 2, p. 5.
125 Per Ole Johansen, 2007, p. 145.
126 RA/S-3138 Landssvikarkivet [Treason Archives], file 1. Da, Oslo Police Headquarters, Doc. no. 3777. Harald Birger Ekeland.
127 Ibid. Excerpt from court ruling, 9 June 1948.
128 Sverre Steen (ed.), 1947–1950.
129 Synne Corell, 2010, pp. 48–49.
130 Haakon Holmboe, 1950, p. 473.
131 Haakon Holmboe, 1950, p. 488. Synne Corell, 2010, p. 84.
132 Synne Corell, 2010, p. 85.
133 Irene Levin, 2015.
134 Synne Corell, 2010.
135 Synne Corell, 2010, p. 81. The quote here is from Volume II, published in 1948 and written by Lars Evensen.
136 Synne Corell, 2010, p. 81.
137 M.D. Trimble, 1985.
138 Original quote: "*Undrer mig på, hvad jeg får at se over de høje fjælle*?" Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, 1932. *Samlede værker*, Hundreårsutgave. Vol. IV. Oslo: Gyldendal norsk forlag.
139 Ragnhild Aspen Mærli.
140 *Hatikwoh*, the monthly magazine for the Jewish community in Norway, published several issues in the years 1929–1939.
141 Renee Meieran's speech on the day I defended my PhD theses, 11 March 1994.
142 In Hebrew, the evil eye is *Ayin haRah*.

143 Christhard Hoffmann, 2018.
144 Conversation, professor em. Rannveig Dahle, December 2019.
145 Christhard Hoffmann, 2018.
146 Ibid.
147 Inge E. Hansen, Aftenposten, 18 October 1986.
148 E-mail from Trine Levin, 8 December 2019.
149 E-mail from Petter Levin, 6 December 2019.
150 Inge E. Hansen, Aftenposten, 18 October 1986.
151 Greve, Tim, 1985, p. 123.
152 Ibid., p. 125.
153 Tim Greve, 1985, pp. 123–124.
154 Berit Nøkleby, 1986, pp. 211 and 213.
155 Ibid.
156 Synne Corell, 2010, p. 156.
157 NOU 1997, 22, Confiscation of Jewish Assets in Norway during World War II. The members of the committee representing Det Mosaiske Trossamfund [The Jewish Community] were Berit Reisel and Bjarte Bruland.
158 Those honoured with the title Righteous Among the Nations in 1999/2000 were: Agnes and Einar Follestad, Harald Bonnevie Bryn and Nanti Bryn, Carl and Agnes Wilhelmsen, Valdis and Finn Nielssen, and Alfhild Bonnevie. The border guides Karl and Inga Trosholmen were honoured in 2015.
159 Dag Pedersen, Aftenposten, 12 February 2000.
160 Ibid.
161 Gudleiv Forr, Dagbladet, 11 February 2000.
162 The film director Steven Spielberg founded the USC Shoah Foundation Institute for Visual History and Education in 1994 to document video testimonies of survivors and other witnesses of the Shoah. Wikipedia, 5 November 2019.
163 The diploma is signed by Steven Spielberg, 13 May 1998.
164 *Tidsvitner* [Time's Witnesses] produced by Edvard Hambro. First aired on NRK 1, 26 November 2006.
165 Wikipedia, 11 December 2019. The Oslo's first proper cinema.
166 In Copenhagen, my father's uncle and aunt, Elias and Rakel Leimann, were deported to Theresienstadt along with their daughter Ida and her husband Herman Epstein. All four survived and returned to Denmark.

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PART IV

The language of silence

A postscript

The fact that the life of our tiny nuclear family was defined by specific, historical events, was something I simply knew. Just as one learns one's mother tongue intuitively, I learned about "the war." When mother was doing the dishes and she sighed, I knew what the sigh was about. It never occurred to me that it could be about anything else, like a difficult day in the shop. A glance, a sigh, or a bowed head spoke volumes. Both my father and I would know then that she was inhabiting another time and place. Even when she was laughing and in good spirits, we thought, "that's nice, because deep down she is unhappy," although this was never a topic of conversation between us.

The story that was in the air and was never explicitly told, was about how Mother and Father had been fortunate to survive. This also applied to me because I was born after their escape. This is how we viewed reality. At that time, those who returned from Sweden were not referred to as "survivors." This term was reserved for the small number of individuals who had returned from the camps. Their suffering was beyond measure. They had been to hell and survived. To call anyone else a "survivor" would have been offensive.

But I had no specific knowledge about how the horrific events of World War II had affected our family and the people we associated with. I was not aware that my Aunt Liss had lost two sisters and both her parents.[1] I just assumed that she had lost many loved ones. That was true for everyone. The information was not detailed and explicit; it was implicit and silent. The fact that many family members had "been taken" and for that reason I had never met them, was one of many things that I simply knew.

I had personally lived with this implicit silence for my whole life. I was accustomed to it and accepted it as given – as associated with the fate of the

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Jewish people. It wasn't until adulthood that I started asking questions about everything that had not been said. I began to sense that there was more to the stories than what I had been told.

At the same time, I began to develop a professional curiosity about the war and its significance for individual Jewish families. The answers I received then were often twofold: first, the official version about the atrocities, then the despair, the self-reproach, and the doubts about the rights and wrongs of their actions. Sometimes they were open to the possibility that they had played a part in their own arrest even though they had not been aware of this at the time. That they had misread the situation.

When I was told not to ask further questions, I understood that it was not because of a hope that with time the painful memories would fade away if one did not talk about them; no, the silence was a constant, ubiquitous dimension in a community from which I was excluded. From then on, I was on the trail of precisely that which was implicit and unexpressed. When I heard statements spoken out of context, as if they came out of nowhere, it was as if they were calling to me: Search here!

My own postwar history unfolded on a stage set with a highly specific backdrop, which coloured everything else that happened. Since the backdrop was the same for everyone, it was not necessary to speak about it. In this way a unity is created, in such a way that the fate of one becomes the fate of the other.

The unspoken was absolutely not a collection of secrets. It was not repressed, it was not hidden – on the contrary, it was present at all times, simply not put into words. The nature of the experiences my mother wrote about in her notes and which she later tried to explain to me, was wholly unique, virtually unfathomable, and outside the parameters of ordinary language. We are accustomed to sharing our experiences by putting them into words. But if the experiences in question are beyond comprehension or involve unprecedented events, how do we speak about them?

My mother stared into my eyes and said: "Can you imagine? No, you can't because it is unimaginable." She had just tried to tell me about the arrest of sixteen-year-old Arthur who had been adopted by the Watchmann family. On October 26, 1942, she had crossed paths with his mother who had been running down the street, shouting as she ran: "They have taken Arthur! They have taken Arthur!" She was still wearing her apron and held her face in her hands. I think my mother wanted to find expression for Mrs. Watchmann's pain but knew that no matter what she said, I would not be able to fathom it.[2] Immediately after Samuel (Sammy) Steinmann's return from Auschwitz and Buchenwald, he was interviewed by Swedish journalists. He discovered that when he told his stories about Auschwitz, they did not believe what he had to say.[3] The journalists' perception of the world precluded the occurrence of these kinds of events, rendering them impossible. The events

Sammy spoke about had not been interpreted or contextualised previously. Hannah Arendt has called such phenomena "sheer happenings."[4] Because the journalists had never heard of anything comparable, it could not be true. The silence of the survivors was not solely about an unwillingness to speak about what had happened. They *couldn't*. Our language was inadequate.

However, the silence of the postwar period was not solely about the inadequacies of language, but also about finding the right time and place. Communicating these experiences to the next generation was not something one could do at any given moment. Daily life is full of routines and its own form of predictability.[5] When was the right moment to tell these stories? After breakfast when the children are on their way to school? Or while the family is gathered around the table after dinner? Stories of this nature require a deviation from the routines of daily life and creating such parameters is not always a simple matter.

A friend of mine told me that his father once invited him along on a walk. He was sixteen years old at the time. His father wanted to tell his son what had happened to his own parents and sister in the Warsaw ghetto. The son had only a superficial knowledge of the family history. This bothered the father. Not long after the father began telling the story, the son ran away. He did not want to hear it. Or couldn't bear it.[6]

My mother never created a situation in which she sat down with me and talked about what had happened. Neither did I when my children grew up in the 1970s. I have never said: "Listen now, in our family something terrible happened and it went like this and this." No, it never occurred to me – very likely because it was not necessary. They too had absorbed these events intuitively. They had always known that the family had suffered atrocities during the war, without knowing all the details. In this way, trauma is passed down from one generation to the next in silence.

A few years ago, however, I was struck by the recognition that the legacy of this history is no longer transmitted as automatically and implicitly as it had been for previous generations. I was on my way to the commemoration of Holocaust Day on January 27 with one of my grandchildren. We were late, so we were running from the car park which was located at quite a distance from the commemoration venue. Hand in hand with the next generation I had a good feeling. We would denounce National Socialism in the company of many others who also wanted to show that the many fatalities of the war were in still their thoughts.

Suddenly Leah, who was eight years old at the time, said to me: "Mommo, is it true that my great-great-grandfather was killed during the war?" Yes, I could confirm that this was true. She commented, "Oh, I didn't know that he was a soldier." I thereby understood that what for my generation and my children's generation had been tacitly understood, for the next generation required an explanation.

This was when Leah was given an introduction to the family history. I remember I endeavoured to find an explanation that would not sadden or frighten her. That she should not feel shame or disgust, but a sense of identification and solidarity: "You know that many Jews were killed during World War II because they were Jewish, and your great grandfather was one of them. As were many other members of our family." We then continued on our way.

The entire interaction occurred while we were headed to an event. It was not an ideal situation, but it was the situation that arose. Leah's reaction demanded more from me than the implicit, tacitly understood, strategy of silence passed down by my family.

Silence was my mother's response to the situation she found herself in when the war came to an end. This was how she coped with her self-reproach. She experienced a society full of optimism and belief in the future. She shared the reconstruction's focus on all the many good things that were to come because this also reflected *her* hopes for the future. But she could not let go of her own experiences and feelings of culpability for failing to rescue her father. She preserved this as her personal burden. Anything else would have been a betrayal. At the same time, she continued to work on the integration in Norwegian society she had been pursuing before the catastrophe wrought by World War II had occurred. She too wanted to play a part in rebuilding Norway, like every other Norwegian. But the problems she was carrying were not solely a private affair.

Was there anything that could have lightened the burden of my mother's experiences and made them more manageable? Would my mother's self-reproach have lived on undisturbed for so many years if, during the early postwar period, Norwegian society had shown a more active interest in recognising the crimes committed against the Jewish population? Would it have been possible to find space for other types of experiences during the postwar reconstruction of Norway as a nation? Would a more just legal settlement, allowing the Jews a greater voice and presence, have helped? Or would it have been easier if the fate of the Jewish population had been made a part of our collective awareness, such as through the history books that were written? Instead, the deportation of the Jews was made a "low priority issue."[7] Because it was not just my mother who resolved her trauma with silence. The Norwegian society as a whole did as well. But society was silent for different reasons. Norwegian society was reluctant to acknowledge the horrific events. In retrospect, one might call it a disclaiming of liability, or – less premeditated – a denial of liability. A more open dialogue could have created opportunities for reaching an understanding of what had occurred. The silence of the individual and the silence of society were different, but the outcome was the same: one did not talk about it. In this way, society at large was deprived of the chance to demonstrate what it stood for and my mother's self-reproach was upheld.

Postwar Norway was not responsible for the deportations. But postwar Norway had to address the events – this was the responsibility of Norwegian society. Instead, my mother's experiences became her personal problem more than something that concerned all of us.[8]

My mother was trapped in a history that had been imposed on her.[9] Jewish women in Norway had a small window of opportunity to help the men, because women were not targeted until November 26, 1942. Did this window inevitably increase my mother's sense of guilt and responsibility after the fact?[10] Was it more difficult for her to come to terms with what had transpired, precisely because she had had this tiny window? Other women also chastised themselves in the same way.[11] My mother was quick to place the responsibility on her own shoulders: "We should have understood," she said and shook her head. She assumed a responsibility that was not hers to bear.

Mother's self-reproach did not prevent her from carrying out her primary goal, specifically, integration in Norwegian society without relinquishing the Jewish minority's distinctive features. She sought her place in society "within a national frame of reference."[12] This loyalty to two cultures came easily for her; it was a minority group's skillset and had been passed down for generations. It was as if the Jews assessed at all times just how much society was able to tolerate from the minority.

Not everyone resolved their dilemma in the same, silent manner as my mother. Some felt an obligation to communicate what had happened. In 1949 Moritz Nachstern wrote about how he survived as a counterfeiter in Sachsenhausen.[13] Twenty-eight years later, Herman Sachnowitz wrote his own book.[14] They had both had extreme experiences.

My mother's experiences belonged to another category. She had survived in exile. Her trauma was about her failure to rescue her father. She did not start to speak about it until the Norwegian government had publicly acknowledged the injustices committed by formally providing reparations for confiscated Jewish property and assets. Before this time, she scribbled down her memories on sheets of paper without addressing her thoughts to any clearly defined recipient. She had not dated them, as if they were without time and place, and she never destroyed them.

I could never have written this book while my mother was alive. That would have been a violation of a kind of contract between us. Several times during the writing process I have asked myself the question: What would mother have said if she knew that I wrote a book about her? And I have no doubts about what would have happened. She would have stared at me, her eyes stern: "Have you written about Pappa?" When I confirmed that I had, she would in one way or another have demonstrated that she was pleased and then gone into the next room or resumed whatever she had been doing.

Notes

1 Liss Bassist was the sister of Kathe Lasnik, see Espen Søbye: *Kathe – Alltid vært i Norge*, 2003.
2 See Bodil Stenseth, 2018, p. 293. The father, Philip Watchmann, was arrested with his son, 26 October 1942, and mother, Florence, 26 November. All three were sent directly to the gas chambers on 1 December 1942.
3 *Holocaust-overlevende i Norge* [Holocaust Survivors in Norway]. Samuel Steinmann: Interview, 2004, Oslo: Center for Studies of the Holocaust and Religious Minorities.
4 In Hannah Arendt's book *Men in Dark Times* (1968), she uses the expression "sheer happenings" on p. 104.
5 In conjunction with the work on the article "Taushetens tale" [The Language of Silence], in *Nytt norsk tidsskrift* (2001), the Canadian sociologist Dorothy Smith inspired me to include the routine events of daily life in the analysis. See also Dorothy Smith, 1989.
6 The story was told by Rolf Golombek.
7 Per Ole Johansen, 2007, p. 148. See also, Ole Kolsrud, Dagbladet, 1982.
8 C. Wright Mills, 1980 (personal problem – a public issue).
9 Jean Améry, 1994.
10 Irene Levin, 2015.
11 Conversation with Sidsel Nachstern, autumn 2019 and Solveig Levin, autumn 2019.
12 Christhard Hoffmann, 2018.
13 Moritz Nachstern, 1949.
14 Herman Sachnowitz, 1976.

APPENDIX 1

Fatalities

Fatalities on my mother's side

Rubin Pinkowitz (father)	born 17 February 1889 – killed January 1943 (SS Donau).
Golde Scheer (grandmother)	born 18 July 1862 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Ester Jelaawitz (aunt)	born 15 April 1886 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Isak Leib Jelaawitz (uncle)	born 15 February 1882 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
David Philip Jelo (cousin)	born 23 May 1904 – killed 12 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Herman Jelo (cousin)	born 1 August 1908 – killed 2 January 1943 (SS Donau).
Fanny Jelaawitz (cousin)	born 5 April 1906 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Dora Marie Jelaawitz (cousin) Engaged to a refugee, identity unknown.	born 3 July 1910 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Sara Glickman (cousin)	born 27 February 1920 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
David Glickman (spouse of cousin)	born 5 January 1921 – killed February 1943 (SS Donau).

Fanny Scheer (aunt)	born 28 April 1901 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Rolf Mogelovsky (uncle)	born 21 September 1889 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Salomon Pinkowitz (uncle)	born 6 January 1896 – killed January 1943 (SS Donau).

Fatalities on my father's side

Jos (Josef) Raskow (brother)	born 26 September 1903 – killed 1 March 1943 (SS Donau).
Rosa Meieranovski (aunt)	born 5 March 1880 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Moritz Meieranovski (uncle)	born 25 November 1881 – killed 3 March 1943 (MS Gotenland).
Jacob Meiran (cousin)	born 20 December 1905 – killed 3 March 1943 (SS Donau).
Ellinor Meiran (daughter of cousin)	born 10 September 1937 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Charles Meieranovski (cousin)	born 15 July 1915 – killed December 1942 (SS Donau).
Martin Meszansky (cousin)	born 29 November 1904 – killed 14 January 1943 (SS Donau).
Herman Mesner (Meszansky) (cousin)	born 12 May 1911 – killed 5 January 1943 (SS Donau).
Sigurd Levin (spouse of cousin)	born 21 March 1898 – killed January 1943 (MS Monte Rosa, 19 November 1942).
Elias Lasnik (cousin)	born 24 December 1887 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Dora Lasnik (spouse of cousin)	born 10 October 1888 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Anna Lasnik (daughter of cousin)	born 19 November 1911 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Kathe Lasnik (daughter of cousin)	born 13 October 1927 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Isak Leimann (uncle)	born 12 December 1869 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Dina Leimann (cousin)	born 19 November 1904 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).

Bernhard Leimann (cousin)	born 24 September 1897 – killed 1 December 1942 (SS Donau).
Bertha Kazerginski (aunt)	born 27 June 1867 – killed 3 March 1943 (MS Gotenland).
Herman Valner (Kazerginski) (cousin)	born 9 November 1888 – killed 20 December 1942 (MS Monte Rosa, 19 November 1942).
Sigmund Bernstein (son of cousin)	born 7 November 1922 – killed 5 February 1943 (SS Donau).

APPENDIX 2

Method

The primary sources for all the information I have used to elucidate my mother's situation before, during, and after the war have been her notes and what she told me, little by little, about the war. I have sought to weave these written and oral accounts into a tapestry that constitutes the main fabric of this book.

In order to tell my mother's story, I had to delve into archives where there were documents about my mother and her immediate family and relatives. In the National Archives of Norway, I found her father's applications for citizenship. Materials from the State Police's measures targeting the Jewish population are also found there. The estate folders at the Reparations Office for Confiscated Assets contain information about what had happened to my parents' and maternal grandparents' flats, the shops, and their possessions during the war and how they recovered some of these things after the war. In the Treason Archives of Norway, I found legal documents used by the State Police officers who were involved in the attempts to arrest my mother and father and the arrest of my grandfather. At the National Archives of Sweden, I have read about my parents, my grandmother, my grandfather, and my mother's sister Frida in "the central dossiers of the Chancellor's Office at the State Immigration Commission."

In the period between 2017 and 2020, I met with Solveig Levin in her home in Oslo. At first, our conversations during these visits were mainly about stories involving our relatives. With time, those conversations were also about this book project. Solveig Levin has a fervent desire to raise awareness about how it was to be Jewish in Norway in the period before, during, and after the war. I am grateful that I was able to cull from her knowledge.

Peter Freudenthal grew up in Norrköping, Sweden during World War II and I met him in the summer of 2018 at his wife's cottage on the outskirts of Kongsberg. His stories about the Norwegian refugees were based on his acquaintance with my grandmother's sister, Hanna Scheer, whom he knew from the refugee community centre. With the help of Aunt Hanna's photo album, he made connections between people and events. Photos of individuals whom I had never before been able to identify suddenly acquired new significance through his experiences.

Another important source, of course, comprises my own experiences from a lifetime spent among Holocaust survivors.

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