



## Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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### **MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.**

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

Sub-series B: Sermons, 1950-1989, undated.

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The Holocaust, 1978.



Holocaust  
Daniel Jeremy Silver  
April 23, 1978

In life there are any number of unpalatable truths, bitter truths, truths that we would rather deny and push away. Over two thousand years ago an ancient teacher of Jerusalem, a man we now know as Kohelet, observed to his students: "a fish caught in a net, a bird snared in a trap, so are the sons of men trapped in an evil day." We want to believe that there is always something we can do, some way out of a tough situation, but there are evil days when this is simply not the case, when we are snared as fish in the net, as birds in the trap.

I was troubled that the recently aired television series on the Holocaust shied away from the bitter truth. It was written by those conditioned by American optimism, American power and American assumptions, to believe that there is a solution to every problem, 'I can make this work out;' from which it follows that those who fail to do so somehow must bear part of the guilt. This was the line of thought behind "The Holocaust" series. I do not find this approach an honest or helpful one. There was nothing Europe's Jews could do. The final solution to the Jewish problem was Germany's efficiently engineered contribution to anti-semitism, the German way of resolving the Jewish problem which had troubled Christian Europe for centuries.

Since the Holocaust focuses on Germany, the producers of this panorama decided to tell the history through the lives of two families, one German and Nazi and one German and Jewish. The program opened in Berlin and on the Weiss family and the problem of Mrs. Weiss and her Bechstein piano. This good lady is caught up in her Mozart. She cannot believe that politicians mean what they say, that demagogues believe their demagoguery, or that her fellow Germans will allow Hitler to act on his hate. The Weiss's are portrayed as "the Jews." Even though German Jews were atypical of the victims of the Holocaust, German Jews had warning. Seven years elapsed between the rise of Hitler and the breakout of World War II when the doors of Europe snapped tight. There were some 550,000 German Jews in 1932. By 1939 nearly 300,000 had emigrated. Three-fifths of German Jews



survived. To be sure, they faced problems. Most countries did not want Jews, and those who accepted Jews accepted only a few. You had to give up what you had in order to emigrate. The Weiss's had options. Most Jews did not.

The five million Jews of Europe who lived outside Germany had no such period of warning. The Polish Jews did not even have seven days warning. Seven days before that fateful third of September when the Nazi Army marched into Poland, Hitler was insisting that Germany had no argument with the Polish people except over the port city of Danzig. The Polish Jews had no warning and of the three million three hundred fifty thousand Jews in Poland in 1939, less than three hundred and sixty thousand survived the war.

To concentrate on the Weiss family, as the program did, is to raise the question what should they have done. To picture Mrs. Weiss as was done is to suggest an easy answer. She could have closed the Bechstein piano, left it behind and left Germany. The problem for me that the Holocaust raises is not the question, 'how do we cease to be a creature of habit,' but the faith question: 'what is to be said about those million of anonymous Jews we see always in the still photographs standing in line waiting to be transported to the camps and gas chambers, the Jews who had no warning, for whom there never was an option. If a Polish Jew ran away from the ghetto, where was he to go? More likely than not, if he met up with the partisans in the forest they would turn him in to the local Polish authorities who would turn him in to the Germans. There was no alternative.

How do we deal with impotence? How do we accept a view of life which sees human beings as helplessly trapped? What is courage or dignity when someone is trapped like a rat? Does courage consist of what we conventionally believe it to be in the West, in fighting back? How do you fight back? What is accomplished by fighting back when all you can do is to survive the day? What kind of strength is required to survive that day?



On Wednesday last my class in Jewish Thought at the university had by chance reached the modern period and various reflections on the Holocaust. Since I believe that you cannot deal philosophically with the Holocaust, how do you think about the unthinkable? I asked the class to divide themselves into two parts. One part was to act as a school board and another as a group of teachers and parents appearing before the school board with a request that the school introduce at the high school level a course on the Holocaust. This group of teachers and parents had to explain to the board their justification. What would be learned? What would be the value for the students of this exposure?

The first hand that went up belonged to a young girl who is preparing herself for social work. For her it was simple. "We need such a course to teach youngsters to keep their bags packed. People must not become so tied down by possessions or so tied to a culture that they can't just pick up and leave when they need to." That's a good lesson. I suspect that there are Jews in Union of South Africa who ought to have their bags packed or, better yet, ought to have left long since and who are betting, like many German Jews, that they'll be sharp enough to catch the last boat out. But what of those who know they should leave and have nowhere to go? What of those who never had a chance to pack their bags? Isn't that the real question? Because the program was created by those who, like us, are conditioned to power, to freedom, to options, it slid away from that question. But the Holocaust makes me ask what about the times when there are no options. What then? What of man, what of God, what of the human soul and his courage? And what of dignity?

You may have read in the New York Times the review of the Holocaust series by Elie Wiesel. It was a critical, even damning, review. Wiesel, of course, is a survivor. He is a man whom I have often identified with because he is exactly my age, and I've often wondered as I read The Gates of the Forest and Night or any of the other provocative works of his, what my life and my spirit and my soul would be like if, instead of being born and raised in Cleveland, Ohio, I had been born and raised in Syget, Roumania where he was born.



In 1944 when the Nazis and Germans and Roumanians finally got around to Roumania's Jews, they were swiftly deported. Wiesel and his whole family and his whole village were sent to Birkenow. Elie then went through a series of other camps until, finally, he was sent to Auschwitz. He somehow survived, he only of his family. And after the war and after some ten years of silence, as you know, he began to pour out his experiences in fictionalized form, and in reading his works many of us have been able to understand something of the inner life of those who were caught in the German trap.

In his review Wiesel said: "I am appalled by the thought that one day the Holocaust will be measured and judged by the production bearing its name." All week long I had this line in mind because one or another kept saying to me, "Rabbi, what did you think of The Holocaust?" The Holocaust is a reality, not a TV program, but unfortunately, I'm sure that for many the program will become the reality. It's in a can, available for viewing, available to any who group, who ask, 'what was the Holocaust?'

Wiesel found that the program consisted of contrived situations, sentimental episodes, implausible coincidences. He said if the scenes make you cry you will cry for the wrong reasons. Someone who is not a survivor cannot judge the accuracy of this criticism, but it's clear that Wiesel is somewhat convinced, despite the evidence of his own work, that no history or recreation of the Holocaust will comprehend it or explain it. Only those who were there know what the real thing was like. Precisely because the Holocaust is so out of the ordinary, it was easier for Auschwitz inmates to imagine themselves free than for free persons to imagine themselves in Auschwitz. What then is the answer? How is one to tell the tale that cannot be, but must be, told? How is one to protect the memory of the victims? How are we to oppose the killers' hopes that someone will complete the work they began? What will happen when the last survivor dies? I don't know. All I know is that the witness did not recognize himself in this film.



During the course of his preview Wiesel used a word which I found suggestive. He called this program a docudrama, a document drama. In recent years, as we have moved toward mass popular education, a new literary genre has emerged, pioneered by writers such as James Michener, Leon Uris and Herman Wouk. Their books attempt to tell history in fiction form and to do so in a way which they would like to believe gives us a truer presentation of that history than a history text might. Their books are not like historical romances of the nineteenth century where the setting is simply background for the romance. These men have tried to present to us Ireland or Israel and the American West as those who lived through these moments experienced them. We watch more than we read so television quickly appropriated this genre and adapted it to its own capacities. We had Roots and The King's Story and, now, the Holocaust.

The assumption of such programs, and probably an accurate one, is that most people will not take the time or lack the imagination to read the so-called dry-as-dust records and texts and to imagine what it would be like to have lived through a given set of circumstances. These docudramas do the research and the imagining for us. The problem is that history becomes what the writer and director understand it to be. The attitudes and prejudices become the starting point of our understanding.

There's another problem. The people in these stories are not human beings. They are types, sometimes stereotypes. The chief protagonist must be at all the critical moments of that particular history. What we get is both too much and too little. We get the Weiss's and the Dorf's living through every significant place associated with the Final Solution. They're in Berlin, Prague, Warsaw, Auschwitz, Babi Yar. You got the places right but not the complex of feelings. The emphasis is on telling events, not on revealing the inner life, their spirit. In order to tell history, the characters have to be dehumanized, and so what we saw this last week was a story whose humanity is paramount, was presented in a superficial and dehumanized way.



Rudy Weiss was everywhere - Berlin - Prague - the Polish forests - Sobibor - a Jewish agency Displaced Persons Camp - and from beginning to end I found him to be an empty vessel. In Berlin he was simply an adolescent playing soccer and nothing more, an innocent who was disturbed because he couldn't continue in the game because somebody tackled him and called him a dirty Jew. When he finally left his mother, sister and sister-in-law and went out to fight you didn't know whether he felt an urge to kill, whether he was finding his manhood, whether he felt relief, whether he was acting out of desperation, what combination of all those emotions which roil any human soul was, in fact, being expressed. When he fell in love in the middle of the war, no television program can be without young love, was it a need for comfort, a need to perpetuate the race, a need to find his way beyond the impotence he must have felt? We will never know. All we saw were two young people in typical Hollywood fashion, falling in love and acting out the physical sides of love.

When the war was over and he has a chance to fight back, to join the Russians and break out at Sobibor, all you see is his meeting in a Displaced Persons Camp with his sister-in-law and his nephew, no emotion, no feeling, emptiness. The only thing that seems to move this man who has been through so much is the chance to teach a group of young Jews how to play soccer. Was there no anger? Was there no cry for vengeance? Was there not a cry against God? Was there not some wrestling, love-hate wrestling, with the Jewish label he'd borne all his life, without having any real meaning associated with it? What kind of person was he? We will never know, and not knowing what the victims went through is not to know the Holocaust.

What is true of Rudy Weiss is true equally of Dorf. The German remained an enigmatic vessel. Did he join Heydrick because of the chance for advancement, because of a nagging wife, because of the uniform and rank offered him, because there was no other alternative in Germany? This young lawyer appears suddenly and it's as if he had had no biography. He'd gone through school. There had been



the clubs at the universities. He'd been to these clubs, all of which had been anti-semitic. Hadn't he picked up any of the political passions of the time? If not, why not? He goes through an Eichmann-like experience and at the end he remains an empty vessel whose one function is to take a cyanide pill and kill himself. Is this the image we're to carry around of Germany, of German Nazis and of the German people? I wonder. I certainly was not satisfied.

The problem with this program was that they tried to do too much and succeeded in doing too little. They tried to docudrama a visual history of the Final Solution, and in terms of typical places and selected events they succeeded. All of the moments are there - Kristalnacht, the Warsaw ghetto, Auschwitz, the gas chambers. When I read the book Gerald Green made out of his screen play I thought if I wanted to present a quick read of the Holocaust to a class, just so they knew it happened, I might assign this book; but not if I wanted them to think about the issues which I believe can't be avoided.

For a beginning it was a beginning. For those who had denied the Holocaust or paid no attention to it and took the time to watch, I suspect the Holocaust was a meaningful experience. They can no longer deny that it happened. But for those of us who have lived under the shadow, whose whole attitude toward our Jewishness and toward our philosophy of life has had to take this violence, this bestiality, into consideration, this presentation was an unhappiness. It didn't probe into the questions of faith or feeling.

I know that if I look at a blazing fire long I'm going to be blinded. If I look into the fires of hell long enough I'm going to be blinded. None of us can comprehend the magnitude, the immensity, the depths of the issues that arise. But we have to try, and I find that the only way I can begin to deal with some of the issues is to consider a single incident, perhaps a single memory of a survivor or a single page of Nurenberg testimony or a single diary by a German citizen. Somehow, as I cope, I deal with a single person, a single incident, private feelings. I can begin to comprehend some of the issues the Holocaust raises.



What is courage? What does it mean to be caught like a fish in a net? A schoolchild in Teresinstadt wrote, perhaps as a school assignment, a little four-line poem, I guess when I understand a school in Hell I'll understand something about the Holocaust. I suspect when I understand her poem I'll understand something about the Holocaust:

A little garden  
A little boy walks alone  
When the blossoms come to bloom  
The little boy will be no longer.

It so happened that last week the Holocaust was on the television screen and a opera was here for its annual visit. This unexpected juxtaposition of events reminded me of a story I heard some 20-25 years ago, an incident told to me by a survivor. I no longer remember the camp she was in, but I remember the story. Among the inmates in Her camp was a famous Jewish opera singer. The woman who was the chief guard of the camp loved music. Several times a week she would order the opera singer to perform in concert for her and for whoever of the guards wanted to come. This head guard was obviously knowledgeable and responded intensely to the experience. The survivor described to me how one day after a concert the head guard discussed the music technically and in an informed way with the opera singer, talked of the little hall where the concert had taken place and while walking back to her office came across a 13-year old girl rummaging through garbage cans looking for some food. This was illegal, according to the camp's laws, and the guard simply picked out her revolver, shot the girl dead and walked back to her office. When I understand this story I'll understand something of the Holocaust.

Another incident. I found it reported in last week's Washington Post. In 1938, while exit was still possible for the Jews of Germany and Austria, public indignation began to run high in the West at the existence of concentration camps and the rumors of mass killings. Pressured in this way, the Western governments including our own, convened a conference on the refugees in a French spa, Evian. The announced purpose of the conference was to find ways to speed



the movement of Jews and other refugees out of Europe. The first two days of the conference were spent with the delegates wrangling over who was to be chairman. On the afternoon of the third day, forty representatives of various groups who were threatened by the Germans, were given three to five minutes to make their individual presentations. When the session ran late, those who had not yet made their presentation were told to submit their presentation in writing.

The Conference's first major speech was to be given by the American delegate which set the tone. America was an empty land, a powerful land, an unthreatened land. Myron Taylor, President Roosevelt's representative at this conference, got up in the Royal Hotel and said that the United States had looked through its records and that it had recognized that it was taking from three to five years to process applications for admissions under our quota system. Because of the some 27,000 annual quota, places available to people from Austria and Germany, Jews or non-Jews, had not been filled. The American government was not prepared to increase the quota limit. Our government recognized that because of the slowness of the proceeding process, the quota in none of the preceding six years had never been filled. It had been decided that these unfilled places could not be reassigned, but he promised that this year's applications would be processed more promptly.

The Canadian delegate was next to speak. Canada was the second largest nation in the Western world in terms of land space and desperately in need of people; but the Canadian delegate announced that Canada was looking only for people who had experience in wheat farming. Unless you were an agriculturist the Canadians were not prepared to accept any further immigration.

The Brazilian delegate arose, another empty country. A week before the conference the Brazilian Parliament had passed a rule that from then on all immigration to Brazil would be limited to those who could provide baptismal certificates. The delegate made that announcement.



The Australian delegate arose. At that time the whole continent of Australia had a population less than the city of London and he announced proudly that Australia had no racial problem and didn't want to import one, no increase in quotas.

What struck me, beyond this history which I knew, was a concluding interview with an elderly concierge who had been at the Royal Hotel at the time of the Conference. He remembered the Evian Conference well. Very important people had come and all the delegates had a very nice time. They took pleasure cruises on the lake. They gambled at night in the casino and took mineral baths and massages at the Establishment thermal. Some of them took off for the summer skiing. Some went riding. We have you know, one of the finest stables in France. Some of them played golf. We have a beautiful course overlooking the lake. Meetings? Yes, some of them attended the meetings, but, of course, it is difficult to sit indoors hearing speeches when all the pleasures that Evian offers are right outside.

Incidents cut events down to a size we can deal with. Somebody said to me that during the screening, visual impressions came at them so fast that they were actually grateful for the advertisements, but I suspect that the commercials simply kept people from thinking. They added to the failure since what the Holocaust requires is remembrance, openness, awareness.

Final incident, Cleveland, this building, three days ago. A mother of teen-age children: 'Did you watch the program?' "No. And I told my children not to. I didn't want them having nightmares. That's finished." I have the feeling that as long as people shut their eyes, whatever truths the Holocaust may in fact hold have not been learned. Somehow Hell must be faced. The Holocaust challenges every romantic, naive, innocent assumption we carry about within ourselves about human nature. This is not the best of all possible worlds. This is not even a good world. This is a cruel, insensitive world where white papers are written to cloak black deeds. If you have been reading, as I have been reading, editorials and reviews on the Holocaust series, you will recognize that



they haven't heard and they didn't see and they didn't listen. The Holocaust is not a reminder that modern technology is deadly. It's the truth that man is deadly. The Holocaust is not a reminder that non-Jews suffered as Jews did. It's a reminder that that racism which we call anti-semitism lit those ovens and that racism is still capable of lighting other ovens. Man is more beast than angel and the most dangerous kind of beast one who masks his intentions - often even from himself.

This was not the best of all possible presentations. It was not even a good presentation, but the power, the event carried many along. They, we, saw not what was presented to us on the screen only but what we knew deep down was the reality. But we must say it, the program's conceptualization was inadequate and its conclusion trivial. I think if I was angered by any portion of the program it was that scene in which Dr. Weiss and his printer friend are working on the roads and the SS trooper comes and announces that this particular group of men are to be taken to the delousing chambers, they know that these are the gas chambers. Now, these men have been through hell for nearly five years. They have lost their families. They have been reduced to slave labor. They have been brutalized and their souls must have been full of fear and anger and submission and denial and lethargy and, who knows, what other feelings, but the scene that we were presented was a scene of two elderly gentlemen, gracefully talking to one another about paid and unpaid doctor bills in Berlin and about a gall bladder which was still acting up in spite of the doctor's prescriptions. That's not life and that's not the human soul facing death, and until we can come to some understanding of what it means to be under the sentence of death and to accept it or to rebel against it after years of hopelessness, until then we will not have begun to empathize, to understand. Perhaps we'll never understand, Wiesel may be right, but, surely, we have to make the effort.



AND PL. AND TIAO

AS FISH ARE TRAPPED IN THE NET  
AS BIRDS ARE CAUGHT IN A SNARE  
EVEN SO ARE THE SORT OF MEN ENMAGED IN AN UNWITTING TIME

I AM APPALLED BY THE THOUGHT THAT ONE DAY THE  
HOLOCAUST WILL BE MEASURED AND JUDGED BY THE  
TV PRODUCTION BEARING ITS NAME.

CONTINUED SITUATIONS, SENTIMENTAL EPISODES, IMPLAUSIBLE  
COINCIDENCES, IF THEY MAKE YOU CRY, YOU WILL CRY FOR  
THE WRONG REASONS.

...and Buchenwald  
fall and Treblinka. A film about Sobibor  
is either not a picture or not about  
Sobibor.

The Holocaust? The ultimate event;  
the ultimate mystery, never to be com-  
prehended or transmitted. Only those  
who were there know what it was; the  
others will never know. It was easier for  
Auschwitz inmates to imagine them-  
selves free than for free persons to  
imagine themselves in Auschwitz.

What then is the answer? How is one  
to tell a tale that cannot be—but must  
be—told? How is one to protect the  
memory of the victims? How are we to  
oppose the killers' hopes and their ac-  
complices' endeavors to kill the dead for  
the second time? What will happen  
when the last survivor is gone? I don't  
know. All I know is that the witness does  
not recognize himself in this film.

The Holocaust must be remembered.  
But not as a film.

A LITTLE GARDEN  
A LITTLE BOY WALKS ALONG  
WHEN THE BLOSSOM COMES TO BLOOM  
THE LITTLE BOY WILL BE NO LONGER



THERE ARE few people today who even remember the momentous conference which, perhaps, more than any other single factor underwrote the death warrant for 6 million European Jews. However, when I visited Evian last summer, I did find one man who remembered: Rene Richier, the elderly concierge at the Royal Hotel. He was a concierge then, at the time of the conference.

"Oh, yes," Richier told me, "I remember the Evian Conference well. Very important people were here and all the delegates had a nice time. They took pleasure cruises on the lake. They gambled at night in the casino. They took mineral baths and massages at the Etablissement Thermal. Some of them took the excursion to Chamonix to go summer skiing. Some went riding; we have, you know, one of the finest stables in France. Some played golf. We have a beautiful course overlooking the lake. Meetings. Yes, some attended the meetings. But, of course, it is difficult to sit indoors hearing speeches when all the pleasures that Evian offers are waiting right outside."

AS LONG AS people shut their eyes to the bitter  
truths NOTHING is Finished





Truth can be used, yet a more power could need  
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with even of it is a better truth

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better truths of life

AS THE MAN TRIPPED IN THE NET  
AS BIRDS ARE CAUGHT IN A SNARE  
EVEN SO THE SONS OF MAN  
SNARED IN AN EVIL TIME

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Herald review in last Friday NYT is what he  
said

I am appalled by the thought that even  
by the Holocaust will be mentioned  
AND JUDGED by the TV PRODUCTION  
WRHS AMERICAN JEWISH ARCHIVES

Wanted a summary, let the be more <sup>serious</sup>  
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A LITTLE GARDEN

A LITTLE BOY WALKS ALONG

When the flowers begin to bloom

The LITTLE BOY will be NO LONGER

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