

IMPORTANT

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Interview Transcript Title Page

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Interviewee Surname:	Musgrave
Forename:	Beatrice
Interviewee Sex:	Female
Interviewee DOB:	20 March 1924
Interviewee POB:	Hamburg, Germany

Date of Interview:	30 November 2004
Location of Interview:	London
Name of Interviewer:	Dr. Bea Lewkowicz
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INTERVIEW: 86

NAME: BEATRICE MUSGRAVE

DATE: 30 NOVEMBER 2004

LOCATION: LONDON

INTERVIEWER: BEA LEWKOWICZ

TAPE 1

BL: Today is 30th November 2004. We are conducting an interview with Beatrice Musgrave in London, and my name is Bea Lewkowicz.

BL: Thank you very much for having agreed to be interviewed. Let me start by asking you about your family background.

BM: At what point should I start? I could go back to my grandparents, my maternal grandparents. They lived in – Breitenbach. My grandfather Levi Sonneborn was married twice, the first time to his wife Johanna who died after 4 years, and she was the mother of my grandfather, Jack Sonneborn. I think his name was Israel, I would have to check that, but he called himself Jack, or Israel Jack. And there were four siblings whom I never met, from the second marriage to Amalia Sonneborn, who had an oil named after her, in America, or Germany, called *Amalienöl*. There were a further seven children and there were some significant figures in my life among those, notably two uncles in America who were very caring and who helped us a lot during our emigration. It was a very close tie. And my grandfather married Natalie Abenheimer, her family originally came from, I think, Brussels but they were brought up in Germany and they were four sisters and she was the youngest. And my grandfather was looking for a wife and was intended to meet her sister Bella, and at that point Natalie put her head round the door - she was the youngest and wasn't supposed to be seen - and they fell in love and they married and they lived happily ever after: and my mother was the middle one of their three children, Louis, Ludwig, Louis, my mother Grete and the younger son Edgar. And my mother was born in Hamburg and when she was three or four she moved into a very fine family house which my grandfather had built on the Leinpfad overlooking the Alster, or a tributary to the Alster. And she lived there until she married my father in 1922.

Tape 1: 3 minutes 28 seconds

I know less about my father's background. His father was German, Bernhard Falkenstein, from a family in Holzminden at some point. He was a *Kaufmann*, a merchant, I think import-export, and at some point he moved to Paris and stayed there for quite a number of years but was never a French national. He remained a German national, because in those days, I think, of course this was not important and as a result– I'll tell you later what happened to my father. He married first a wife whose name I don't know, I could find out but I don't know, and had a daughter Elsa, and then she died and he married again. And he married a young woman who had moved from Hamburg with a background in East Prussia I think, she was called Lassallé, and her name was Jenny. And my

father was her only son, and he had a sister, younger sister, five years younger, called Grete and that is an important part of my story, which I will pick up on later, please remind me if I omit to do that. And Henri - he was called Henri Jules Théodore - was brought up French, went to the Lycée Janson, and did well but not brilliantly, but a clever boy, whose father didn't have the means to educate him further. When my father was 15 living in Paris, having had a very good childhood - although a slightly absent mother, because he was handed over to a wet-nurse immediately and his mother was not the feeling type, she never appeared to me as a nourishing grandmother either, but may she rest in peace - and when he was 15, his mother and father went to Barcelona, because his father was moving his business for some reason. He never flourished, but lived in a fine part of Paris, right close to the Bois de Boulogne, in a flat. And my father had a good childhood. I don't think he saw much of his parents, but he was a very, very self-sufficient and enterprising young man and very popular.

Tape 1: 6 minutes 17 seconds

So for two years my father was alone in Paris and I don't know what he did, he was still at the Lycée Janson, preparing for his Baccalauréat - we don't know much about his period there. And when he was 17 he went to Barcelona to join his parents and by that time he already felt very grown up and he probably worked with his father for the next two years and his father was a little what my father called *grob*, a little coarse, he didn't have my father's very well-developed and fine sense of humour and sophistication. I think he got that from the Lassallé family, I'm not sure, but there was apparently quite a difference, and they didn't get on intimately, but they shared some jokes and I remember when my father was walking through Barcelona with his father one day, and they were talking about his expenses in Paris, and how much he was owed, or how much he'd spent, and my father said something about, 'Oh, what a lovely car that is', in French, and my grandfather allegedly said 'Expenses, oh yes, *Levi Cul*'. So I think he had some idea that my father was quite an independent young man, and he remained so. He wanted to become a lawyer but my grandfather didn't have the money, so he arranged with his cousin in Bradford, who was second generation Jewish, and a textile merchant. Now the textile firm was called British Textiles, it was established by a German who was the brother of my father, called Gustav Falkenstein, and it flourished for quite a number of years.

BL: And where was the firm?

BM: In Bradford. Bradford, Yorkshire.

Tape 1: 8 minutes 23 seconds

So my father's uncle Gustav had four children, and one of them was George Falkenstein, who played quite an important part in our moving to Bradford later on. So the family in Bradford and my father's family in Barcelona were very friendly, very close apparently. There were exchange visits, and my father and his cousin George Falkenstein in Bradford decided, probably decided or agreed, that my father should become a textile apprentice in England, because my grandfather in Barcelona could not afford to pay for him to become a lawyer, which was my father's great disappointment in life, that he never had a professional qualification. So in 1910 my father went to Bradford. And stayed for four years in - mostly in Manchester in the textile business and became very friendly with his cousin George's children and had a whale of a time. It was - he didn't want to talk about it much, but he had a lot of fun and he felt very free. And these were the four years leading up to war, and I don't think he saw his parents during that time. I can't be sure, but I have no evidence, I don't think he was very troubled about his parents, and I don't think he felt very deeply attached to them. Then in 1914 on the brink of war cousin George said to my father, 'Henri, you can't stay in this country you'll be interned', because my father, you'll remember, was a German national, who'd

never become French and was certainly not English. So on the day war broke out, my father sailed off on the last boat leaving, I think, Southampton, at my uncle's not just request but strong persuasion, and I have a letter to that effect. He went to Germany, and my father always related all his experiences as having been very amusing. Tragedies never came into it: parting, grief, sorrow, nothing like that, close relationships never mentioned. Everything was always on the level of, 'I had good adventures'. So what I remember is, 'The train stopped in Holland and there were lots of pretty girls handing out sandwiches and sausages', and that was now my father's transfer from Bradford to Hamburg. Now he went to Hamburg because his mother's family were well-established in Hamburg and they had a flourishing coffee business and I think he knew that he would be reasonably well received there, and I have no details except that I think he must have worked for some time with the coffee business, I never asked him.

Tape 1: 11 minutes 47 seconds

What I remember is that in 1914, of course, war broke out on the day he arrived in Germany, or the day before, and he thought, Well, I'd better join the German army. Now, this has always struck me as something exceedingly bizarre from a French— all but naturalised Frenchman. So he presented himself at some regimental headquarters, I think the Hussars, I'm not sure. And the question apparently was, and if I can tell it in German, I will: '*Haben Sie ein Pferd? –Nein. – 'Raus!'*' Do you have a horse? No. Out. Out with you. So that was it. He was rejected. So he remained a civilian for two more years. What he did in Hamburg I'm not clear about, but he did something commercial, probably something to do with the coffee business. In 1916 they were running very short of men at the front and my father *was* called up into the German army, went to France, where he'd been born, brought up and had lived since he was 15, had a good time again because there were very nice girls and he was a *Vizeoffizier*

Tape 1: 13 minutes 14 seconds

and so nothing happened for a while, then things became very, very tense and he was sent to the front. And then he was in the trenches for some time - it could have been a year - and again the stories are, 'It was pretty awful but we had some interesting times'. And one of the interesting times was when they were all in the trenches and he had received a little tin of pâté de foie gras from his Hamburg relations, and he stood up in the trench and held it up and said, 'Look what I've got here' and a shell fell into the trench and a lot of his comrades were killed. My father did not bat an eyelid when he was telling the story.

Tape 1: 14 minutes 3 seconds

The next story was storming the wires that must have been 1917, everybody ran towards the wire. My father allegedly didn't want to get his trousers dirty so he fell, or he was about to go down and he was hit and very, very seriously wounded in the groin and lay for twelve hours apparently before he was found. He was very severely wounded, and remembers very little except he ended up somewhere where there was a train and he was asked, 'Where in Germany do you want to go?' Because he was a German soldier. And he said 'Hamburg' and then he passed out, and for a whole year after that he was in a hospital in Hamburg in traction and very, very seriously wounded, shot in several places, but the groin injury left him quite lame. And he was, again, nursed by a very pretty young nurse, whom he knew for the rest of her life, because she married his coffee dealing cousin in Hamburg, so she, Alice Griesbach, became Alice Lassallé and they were very close.

Tape 1: 15 minutes 26 seconds

And I think I must leave my father there for a while, in the hospital, and turn to my mother, who'd

been brought up in a very privileged way: private school, her brothers went to the *Gymnasium*, a circle of friends who, as far as I can remember, were and remained entirely— they may not all have been Jewish, but certainly for the rest of her Hamburg life, their circle consisted entirely of Jewish families and friends, and I never questioned that. It was the most natural thing for me. But the wedding photograph, which I have here, there was not a single non-Jew and there must have been seventy people there. So that was interesting and I think I only realised lately what that meant, that they were quite old bourgeoisie, because I should now mention that my grandfather, who started humbly in an oil business, Vaseline by-products, I don't know, but something quite humble, axle grease, and had with his paternal cousin Leo Stern— and between them they had risen very fast, they were in Cologne, had a business there and then they both moved to Hamburg and my grandfather built an oil refinery on the Elbe. And owned that until he sold it to Shell in 1924.

Tape 1: 17 minutes 2 seconds

BL: What was the name of the refinery?

BM: Ölwerke Stern-Sonneborn AG.

Tape 1: 17 minutes 4 seconds

Rhenania Ossak. And there were contacts with his American family. So when I pick up there, it's about his stepbrothers Siegmund *und* Ferdinand, two splendid men, two quite devout Jews, who wrote to their very devout parents almost daily. There are letters from these sons. My grandfather for some reason started but never continued, because I can only assume that my grandmother was brought up in a much more secular way. So although they had the— kept the High Holy Days, and my grandfather went to Synagogue - it was a liberal synagogue - my grandmother didn't go and from all I can gather the whole idea petered out with my grandfather. My mother certainly never went to Synagogue, and the only experience I ever had of going to Synagogue in Hamburg was twice, with my grandfather. We went to a synagogue in Hamburg, which was very fine. So I'm trying to get the threads together. Ah yes, my mother's upbringing: very privileged, and she felt like a patrician woman and the Jewishness was not an issue, apparently, because she was really friendly with her generation of cousins, very friendly with the Leo Stern connection and she was a musician, she learnt the violin. She wanted to become a professional musician so she was allowed by her parents to go to Paris, I'm sorry, to Berlin, I think once a month, for a lesson with the leader of the Halle orchestra, who was in Berlin teaching for part of the time. And she became an accomplished violinist. She loved it. There was never any question of her becoming a professional.

Tape 1: 19 minutes 14 seconds

I think that was left open. And then we get nearer or closer to the point where they met each other. I'm not sure whether I've left anything out about her family. I know that her brother Louis – Ludwig - the eldest, was called up, or volunteered and joined the war and emerged. Both brothers were students, both did the fencing ritual, they both had cuts on their cheeks and that was a great badge of honour. Louis, the eldest, was my mother's favourite, Edgar was a rather more spoilt young man, he was a lovely uncle to me, both of them were, I was very, very fond of both. And my mother was still living in the very beautiful house which my grandfather had designed and built for them, which was quite unusual in the early 1900s. And she met my father at a party, when he finally came out of hospital, in 1919, I think. There was a good Jewish circle in Hamburg and they had a great deal of fun. From all I remember, I was told what a lovely life they led. And he met my mother at a distant relation's or friend's house for a party, was interested in her, but as far as I remember he was still very unsteady on his feet, with one of his legs quite lame, he slipped and he broke his leg again and he went back to hospital so that was an interruption there. But they met again, and I think he fell very much in love with my mother who was an accomplished young woman, very sharp mind,

sophisticated, and I think she had quite a lot of young men who were interested in her, one of them being a cousin of hers of whom she was very fond, called Luke Sonneborn, who was called Luks Levi, but I should add that he found the Jewish name uncomfortable, and thought— Ludwig Levi became Luke Sonneborn, and they were quite close and I have very nice photographs of them together. And what always struck me was that she chose— in her first choice really, a blonde blue-eyed young man. And that has somehow transmitted itself to me because that's what I was always looking for. And never really had much time for or with anybody who wasn't fair and blue-eyed, and of course married someone who is fair and blue-eyed, who's not Jewish. But to return to my mother, it was a difficult courtship because this young man born and lived in Paris with no parents that were known to my grandparents - because they were in Barcelona still - could very easily have been a gold-digger, so there had to be a kind of trial. And the trial was that my mother who at first was not swept off her feet, I think, but was very impressed by this young man who was handsome, very suave, very, very well educated and witty and wonderful company— and so it was something different from the Hamburg men and I think she did eventually fall deeply in love with him, but she told me, 'At first one doesn't necessarily fall deeply in love, that comes later.'

Tape 1: 22 minutes 57 seconds

So she was taken to America for six weeks, there were a lot of— through these two brothers who had emigrated, with my grandfather's financial help, and had established themselves, and they founded an oil business which was extremely successful and flourished and they became very prosperous men, although one of the brothers, Siegmund, had a clothing business which he— in Baltimore, where he lived, and that was established by a much earlier stream of emigration from the Sonneborn family and he stayed in that business but had an interest in the oil business. But Ferdinand Sonneborn built up this oil business and I can't immediately recall— I think it was called L. Sonneborn Sons. And it did very well for them, they became a very prosperous family and during the war we had a great deal of help from them. And when Ferdinand died my mother was one of his heirs, and it made a very great difference to us in the fifties to have that bequest and apart from that, throughout the war they gave us what help they could, financially, but otherwise it wasn't always easy for them because of the restrictions. But my mother was always very well backed by her family; my father's family became very much more dispersed.

Tape 1: 24 minutes 40 seconds

My mother and father married in 1922, and there was a splendid wedding in my mother's parents' house, the house in the Leinpfad. And I have done a commemoration book of that which includes their exchanging marriage vows in the winter garden and they were united by Rabbi Sonderling, and I made a little sketch of how imagined Rabbi Sonderling would look, and also of course of how my parents would look, and I presented that to them on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. And I've just unearthed it and I'm amazed, really, at how lifelike it still is. I hadn't looked at it for a very long time.

Tape 1: 25 minutes 37 seconds

So that was my parents' marriage, wedding, and they moved to a quite nice, very roomy flat in the Isestrasse, which was on the— further down from the Leinpfad on the canal, overlooking the canal again, which was a tributary of the Alster, and that is where my sister and I were born and where we lived until we left for England.

Tape 1: 26 minutes 0 second

BL: What are your first memories?

BM: My first memories are of quite a young child having to have an enforced afternoon rest in a cot with brass knobs and resenting this very much because I never felt sleepy and being found screaming and wanting to wrest some attention from somebody, and finding that nobody came, and in the process I bit my lip and bled and nobody came. So that was an early memory. I'm not sure whether it was the earliest, but as I was standing in the cot I can't have been much more than two years old. Another memory was lying on the floor and making a terrible racket and drumming my feet and having what they call a tantrum, and in German it's called a *Bock*, and for that I was punished and put in a dark room sometimes and I didn't like that either, so it was quite a strict regime. And then I remember being sent to *Kindergarten* and apparently I was unruly, destroyed everybody else's games, I wonder why, and so they asked my mother whether she would kindly remove me, which she did. And she didn't make a fuss, and I'm very thankful for that: she could perhaps see that there might be some connection between my unruliness at home and my unruliness at school and they might have to do something about it in *Kindergarten*. But it's all slightly confused. I was not a particularly happy child, looking back. Because I adored my father when I was very small, he used to play lovely games with me, he was always tricking me, so that when we played a game of running through the flat, which had a very long corridor, rather like this, only longer, we would both start off, and then he would pretend to run and when I ran through the whole flat and back to the starting point he was still there, and he would say, 'Aha, I've beaten you'. And it took me a long time to find out that in fact he hadn't moved at all. I adored him and for the first few years he could do no wrong. There was a photograph in our dining room of Napoleon and I thought he was Napoleon. I always thought of him that he must be a general, and so I had great admiration for him but, I think, the relationship thinned down completely after a few years. My father became more and more preoccupied with— he'd by then started his banking business. He built up a good business, he played tennis a lot, he had men friends, they had brilliant parties, we were in the nursery wing. By that time I had a little sister: when she was born I was 3 ¼.

Tape 1: 26 minutes 27 seconds

And I remember very little about her birth except that before she was born I was brought up on the story of the stork, and you had to put out a sugar lump on the window sill so my nanny told me to put out a sugar lump on the window sill and I remember doing that and then when she was born in July of the year when I was three, I wasn't allowed to see her or my mother. I was sent to my grandparents. Now, I adored my grandparents, specially my grandfather, he was my great good object in life, or became that. And, looking back, it was a wonderful thing that we had him, because my parents very often— not— superficially harmonious but there was conflict, and I could see there was a lot of anxiety and not surprisingly because when Hitler came to power things got very— the atmosphere got very tense. But meanwhile my little sister was at home having been born and I was with my grandfather, a telephone call came through to say, 'Would I like to see my little sister?' and I said, '*Nee, ich bleib lieber und sehe, wie der Opapa turnt.*' No, I'd rather stay and see— watch Grandpa do his exercises. And he was in a shirt, in his vest and his boxer shorts and he was a very stately man and he was a very kind man, and he spoilt me. And we had a wonderful time in that house and the garden was absolute paradise. It was a long garden, with tree [?] paths with a lawn, a big lawn, gravel in front and a big lawn, two paths leading all the way down, a square lawn behind the big lawn, the big lawn had two tall pine trees, a bower, and then a fruit— a cage full of red fruit and then a *Spielplatz* for us at the back with a [indistinct] and swings and a chicken house, hut and we used the garden to the full with our nannies and our bicycles we were only five minutes from our flat, so that was— so growing up there was a great pleasure.

Tape 1: 32 minutes 0 second

Then of course there was the whole episode of school and Nazis and nannies, and I don't know how

much of that you want me to–

BL: Yes.

BM: The first nanny was a very lovely young woman called Herta Tumbler, and I do remember being with her and she wore a starched apron and she was very pretty and when I was three she got married and she left and I was quite heartbroken and there's a very sweet photograph of her holding me on our balcony. And she took me for walks and she went to the garden with me at my grandfather's and all that was very pleasant. After that we had another nanny, 'we', I said, because when my sister was born I was 3 ¼. We had a wet-nurse, I think. No, my mother fed both of us, she fed me for a whole year, and my sister became ill, she wasn't so well fed, and my sister had a childhood of a lot of illness. I was quite robust and I think there was a lot of attention given to the little sister who wasn't– I can't say she wasn't thriving, but she had several illnesses when she was quite young. So I spent a lot of time in the nursery and there was an interim nanny who was quite horrible and we told my mother that she was harsh, unfriendly and my mother said she has to go, because my mother – although she could be quite punishing and she used to hit me quite a lot, what they call *Ohrfeigen*, when I was young

Tape 1: 33 minutes 44 seconds

because I didn't– my handwriting wasn't quite good enough, you know, things like that, I wasn't tidy enough. She was at times quite distraught and I think things might not have been easy for her in her marriage. I have intimations that there were ups and downs, but one didn't talk about things like that.

Tape 1: 34 minutes 6 seconds

So I was partly what my psychotherapist later said 'an abused child' in that I was hit quite a lot and always in the face and my mother had very bad temper tantrums sometimes when she became quite hysterical and really screamed and looked quite frightening. But she was an extremely conscientious, caring mother to me and a very strong object in my life. My father tended to fade out more because he was always either busy with his business, or busy later dealing with his emigration. And my little sister, when she began to leave the cot which was in my parents' room and had her own little room, which was the small room where I had my cot initially and which was where I had the accident with my lip, by that time I had a bed, a full-size bed in the big nursery and they were all interconnected rooms. And in the big nursery I slept on one side of the room and the nanny slept on the other side of the room and I always thought that this was a very strange arrangement although nobody ever said it was. The nanny slept there and we spent most of our lives in the large nursery. There was a table in the middle where we had our– I think– I don't remember much about breakfast, but we certainly had our high tea there, which was usually tomato sandwiches with chopped onions which were quite my favourite, and I can't remember what we drank but it had to be boiled milk, except unpasteurised milk otherwise – and our nanny then began to realise that we couldn't bear the skin on the milk so she brought it just up to the boil and it foamed nicely and that was boiled milk and my mother never found out. And she also washed in the nursery. She had her bed there; she had a reading lamp which was always covered with a dark cloth. I slept through it, I suppose, but I remember her washing in the sink in which I also washed and she always put the flannel round the tap so that there wasn't any noise. And the other thing was potty training, which is perhaps not the right subject here but it's– there had to be a strict routine of potty training. One wasn't really allowed to go when one wasn't invited to do so. The nanny had fairly strong rules. She was not a strict person but she had strong views and my mother once questioned that and I remember there was a terrific scene in the nursery which was quite traumatic for me because my mother screamed at her. She wasn't to exercise that kind of control, it was all wrong,

she should have asked my mother about it before, she couldn't stop me from using my potty when I wanted to. My memory was that after that my nanny cried a lot on her bed, but superimposing my adult recollections it could also have been because she was, I think, very fond of a man who was married and whom she sometimes went to meet on her days off. But that is not resolved.

BL: What school did you go to?

Tape 1: 37 minutes 42 seconds

BM: I went to a private school called Rea Wirt Schule [?]. It was mixed. There was quite a component of Jewish girls, I think, in 1930 when I went to school. There was already a sense that some schools were not too keen on taking too many Jewish girls. So my mother's school was excluded, the one she'd been to, but I think Rea Wirt had been a teacher at her school and this was a nice school and I went there aged six and I have a photograph of myself. We were in two or three rows in the garden and all the other little girls were in their best dresses and I was still wearing my overall because I never got those messages. I must have been very, very absent minded and dreamy in those days and there are several instances where I completely missed the point of what was going on. So the evidence is there, I'm sitting there in my overall, not realising what was wrong. And it happened again at a school performance: I had to declaim some poem and again I arrived in my overall and the headmistress called my parents and the nanny was quickly sent with a nice little smock dress. And I had to change my dress; otherwise they would not have been able to let me perform.

Tape 1: 39 minutes 18 seconds

I stayed there for— until I went to Switzerland.

BL: How come you went to Switzerland?

BM: I went to Switzerland – the school years were still very much tied up with home and home didn't always feel— home felt basically like a place where one always felt very secure, where all the material things were taken care of, and we were never neglected by our parents, but there wasn't a great deal of time to involve themselves with anything to do with our upbringing or education. It was left to the nanny who was not— was a very kind and lovely person but who was not educated. So I was a bit of an *ingénue* and I think that accounts for a lot of my not quite understanding what was going on, although when it came to writing and reading I did very well. When it came to arithmetic I didn't do so well, and so I was quite a good scholar at school and that was— My mother found that very gratifying that I was allowed to be second in the class but not first because you couldn't make a Jewish girl first in the class. And one thing that sticks in my mind is how gradually the feeling of being discriminated against filtered through. I became conscious of it and I think fairly early on there were non-Jewish girls who said, 'Ah, but you're Jewish, and you look Jewish'. And I said 'But what does it mean to look Jewish?' They filled me in on that. 'You look different'. And I suppose in that form I was the darkest, but there must have been at least six other Jewish children with me and they were partly my friends and partly not. We were very cliquy and I wasn't very happy with my so-called best friend who was a daughter of great friends of my parents because she was not a kind person, she was not an honest person, and wherever she is now, I hope she won't see this interview because she hurt me very much.

Tape 1: 41 minutes 45 seconds

But I was made, in my early years from the age of five, to spend a lot of time with her. She lived just on the other side of the Alster Canal, and we got on reasonably well, but at school there were

factions and she was in the faction against me and that didn't make life very easy, but apart from that, I did well in school by the then standards and my mother continued to teach me to perfect my handwriting and when I didn't write well she got very, very angry and when I didn't get good marks in arithmetic she got very, very angry and then I got a lot of this *Ohrfeigen* business, which I didn't think was fair, because I tried quite hard. So there was a lot of, if one talks about one's feelings at the time, a lot of feeling of not being heard or understood, and not being able to have a voice, and that probably, if one talks about psychosomatic illness - and looking back I think it was - I started having very, very bad migraines from the age of three. And they got so bad that by the time I was eleven I was having them three times a week and had to miss school, and the doctor, who was a private doctor who lived in our block of flats said to my parents, 'I think she needs to get away from home'. That and the pressure of the growing anti-Semitism; and I think it was a very wise decision that I wasn't told about this until later, but that's when they sent me to Haus Belmont in St Moritz, for nine months and of course the migraines stopped entirely, immediately.

BL: When was that?

BM: In 1937.

Tape 1: 43 minutes 46 seconds

In December. But my young sister apparently resented to the end of her life that I left her alone for nine months while the atmosphere was getting more and more intolerable at home because she picked up that we were going somewhere, and she heard about things like 'foreign currency'. She quoted— she was a wonderful mimic: she dressed up in a long overcoat of my father's with a bowler hat over her ears and she came into the room apparently and said '*Die Männer werden gleich mit-für die Devisen kommen*',

Tape 1: 44 minutes 20 seconds

which was nonsense, but it was something to do with men coming and with foreign currency but there was a feeling there that she wasn't any longer part of the family and her anxieties got worse and she remained ill quite a lot of her life although she had a splendid life as an artist and married well, so that is another story.

BL: You said you were aware of growing anti-Semitism: were you aware of being Jewish, did you celebrate any festivals?

BM: I was very aware of being Jewish, because my father, who was at the Hamburg Stock Exchange, had a group of Jewish friends, and I suspect a lot of these private businessmen went there, and he picked up an enormously rich repertoire of Jewish jokes and Jewish words so I was reared on these Jewish jokes and the Jewish words, which are not pronounced the same as when I speak to Elli and Harvey now. I realise that the pronunciation wasn't very accurate, but one can recognise the words, and I once asked my father, 'Did you learn those from your father?' And he said, No, I learned them all at the Stock Exchange. And so there was a distinctly Jewish sense of humour in the family and an atmosphere. And my mother was very proud of her Jewish background, of her honourable grandfather who was a fine man, and of her father whom she revered, and we all did, and who was also a deeply religious man but as I said he wasn't practising in any Orthodox way because it didn't fit in with his wife's family. So I was very aware of being Jewish because everybody was telling me - I was 7 or 8 by that time - 'You know, you're Jewish'. And the servants: the cook had a Nazi boyfriend, and took me for a walk up the Isestrasse and he was wearing his uniform and I thought this was rather strange but I thought, well, I felt very well protected, but my parents were most unhappy about it. She also had a little mat for the flower pot to

stand on, which was made of beads and it was the swastika and my mother asked her to remove it. And she did remove it and they remained friendly.

Tape 1: 46 minutes 56 seconds

The cook and my nanny both had to leave when there was a law passed that Jews weren't allowed to have servants or personnel under the age of 60, so suddenly, no nanny, and I think that was just before I went to - I was eleven - before I went to Switzerland. And we also moved house, my father's - my grandfather's wife died in 1931. She was very, very frail by then, she was 61. She died in Paris, she suffered from diabetes and my mother was heartbroken, and was very largely absent as a mother for many months, I think for a whole year. She was dressed in black, and really not available and I then created some fantasy figures to support me, which has really been very useful all my life.

Tape 1: 47 minutes 50 seconds

And it's an interesting conjunction that, a fantasy figure can become a figure of total support and acceptance in the place of parents who didn't perhaps listen enough or hadn't enough time or were too preoccupied.

BL: Such as an imaginary friend, or -

BM: Yes, a mentor. An older mentor, but young, has remained young, doesn't age. And it's interesting that I - it's very confidential, but I think, you know, it may be the time to talk about this, that I called this mentor '*Tutti*', which must have been something I picked up that was a corruption of - there was somebody called '*Tuti*' who looked after a cousin of mine, Gertrud, '*Tuti*', '*Tuti*'. And my '*Tutti*', I now of course remember, I now realise, is a musical term: it means 'everyone', which is very - I found very sustaining, everyone is still supporting me. So the end has been with the - the end has been, the end product has been that the childhood has been largely worked through and accepted for what it was, it was a caring home, but it wasn't intimate, intimately caring, and rather a lot of mores had to be - you know, one had to be brought up very well; you had to eat very well, and you had to have good manners, and you had to be dressed properly, and very early on I rebelled against that, and wore my hat upside down, and my belt back to front, and put a belt on my smock dress and had to be bribed then to take it off so I could go to a party and not be - It was very much a case of 'what does everybody else say about us', and it was liberating to go to boarding school.

BL: So what was it like at boarding school?

BM: Boarding school was - it was not pure heaven, but it was a beautiful school on the slopes above St Moritz. It's still there, the house I've revisited. It was taken over by nuns. It was run by a very amiable Dutch - I think he was Jewish, I'm not sure - his wife wasn't - called Braadbach, and there were quite a lot of people coming, young girls and boys up to the age of sixteen coming over, to get away from what was happening in Germany I think, people who'd been psychologically disturbed, because I think I was in a way, although I was - I felt very positive once I was there. I loved all the winter sports, and the skiing and the walking in the summer. I think there was a feeling that something was going on in the background which mustn't be talked about. And I missed my father very, very much, and attached myself to other people's fathers, which wasn't always very popular. One of them was Konrad Veidt, you remember, the film actor, his very beautiful daughter was there.

Tape 1: 50 minutes 56 seconds

Another father, I asked him whether I could call him 'Papi', which seems rather sad now, and his daughter said, 'Certainly not, he's my Papi'.

BL: Was it mostly Jewish children?

BM: There was probably a predominance of Jewish children there, looking back, but they were mixed, I mean it was not a school for Jewish children. But more trickled in. Two trickled in from my form, which made my hackles rise. I wanted to be away from it all and so can you imagine how I felt when they came, so I think I wasn't very nice to them. And also in the meantime I had acquired a boyfriend whom I met on my last holiday in Germany, which was a group holiday organised by one of my school friends. She had somebody who ran children's holidays. And I think she was a nursing sister and a friend of hers and they took us to Nordeney. And it was a very happy holiday. I met a fifteen-year-old young man who was in the navy, the youth part of the navy and we began to love each other and decided we wanted to be together, but not yet, and had a secret code for our – you know, for a kiss, and he wrote to me and I have his photographs, and he wrote to me and he continued to write to me when I was already in Switzerland, and I had a photograph above my bed of him in his sailor's suit, and I'm still very deeply attached to that memory, and just wonder what happened to him. He must have joined the German navy. We never heard again. What happened was, I was called by the headmaster to go and see the teacher who was a strict disciplinarian but a wonderfully accomplished teacher who taught us all the senior school from twelve to sixteen, all subjects interlinked, but we all progressed very well, we learned to express ourselves well, we really did well under him and he took us skating, skiing so he was a very influential figure. And he said, 'We don't have young men in girls' dormitories, you must take that photograph down, you must, I don't want to see it there again'. So that was the first bit of separation, the second came when his mother wrote me a letter, a very kind letter in German saying, '*Liebes Fräulein*, you will understand, with the present circumstances in Germany, being what you are you and Helmut can't and shouldn't – and can no longer correspond, and I hope – I wish you well.' So that was that. And so I had become mature in some ways but still very immature in other ways, but it was interesting when we finally arrived in England to find myself in a much more youthful environment where I felt completely alien.

Tape 1: 54 minutes 15 seconds

So you might like to know about what happened when we got to – when we emigrated.

BL: Just before that, how long did you stay in that boarding school?

BM: It was nine months, I left at the end of August so I had the whole winter, skiing and skating in our own skating ring, you know, on the slope and skiing, and my best memory was being good enough to ski from Korvilia, which is on the heights above St Moritz, not in a group, we all made our separate descent, we all arrived together and I think the one intense memory I have of there being a life beyond the life one lives on earth is not being in heaven or in paradise, but just seeing the snow, the almost white sky behind it and me almost flying down this slope. And it's a very strong memory and it keeps on popping up. So I had some very good internalised experiences which more than balanced the sadness of what was happening in Germany.

Tape 1: 55 minutes 15 seconds

And I must just recap that life at school became much more difficult. I was demoted from being - I told you earlier - the first to being the second, and from second to third, and the teacher, who was a very enlightened woman, who had a child at the school and who was called Frau Meichsner - and I was in there for at least three years - asked me to come to her home one day. I was still eleven, or

perhaps early part of being twelve, and she talked to me, and this was the first time somebody talked to me like an adult, and she said, 'I'm very sad about what's happening in our country, and I'm very sad about what's happening in our school, and you realise that my daughter has to be in the *Bund Deutscher Mädchen*, the *BDM*, because otherwise I won't be able to teach in the school any more. I don't believe in what's going on, and I'm sad for you.

BL: We have to stop because we're going to change tapes.

TAPE 2

BL: This is Tape two, and we are conducting an interview with Beatrice Musgrave. You were talking about this teacher at school, and she told you you shouldn't be in touch with her daughter any more.

BM: No, she didn't say that in so many words, she said I wasn't to be hurt by the fact that we were now largely excluded. We were not allowed of course to join the *BDM*, we were not allowed to join the *Verband Deutscher im Ausland* which was doing good work, charity work, for Germans in the Sudetenland and others, but we all contributed - the Jewish girls were allowed to contribute something - and she wanted to do something healing, I think, because I'd been hurt by the music mistress, Frau Gottsche.

Tape 2: 1 minute 4 seconds

I was asked to bring my violin to school and perform. At that time I was reasonably good on the violin, and I had a very good teacher, I had two teachers, but she was getting me on very well. My mother taught me first of all, and then Frau Lachmann, who went to Gordonstoun

Tape 2: 1 minute 23 seconds

where she was an influential figure - and by chance her daughter Ruth was at Somerville with me - so I was making good progress on the violin, and I was asked to go to the school and give a recital, and I started playing a sonata or sonatina, and in the middle of the movement this Frau Gottche got up from the piano and said, 'Stop and sit down' - and this was in front of all the parents - 'That's enough'. And I can't attribute any other reason than it was showing me up in front of the audience, and possibly aware that a Jewish girl was performing and that this wasn't quite the thing to do. I was very, very upset by that. So that was probably in my last year at school and we were more and more sidelined, that was quite clear, so - and new girls joined and other girls left, and there was a degree of upheaval. I had my religious teaching separately from the time I joined the school, and went to the New Synagogue on the Oderfelderstrasse, which was at right angles from my school, five minutes' walk, where we had a very good teacher, Fräulein Zerma, and we learned the Old Testament, but no Hebrew.

Tape 2: 2 minutes 49 seconds

So I did have some foundation in Bible studies, but that also separated out us Jewish girls from the rest of the form, of course, so it wasn't difficult for the rest of the form to make anti-semitic remarks, specially as their fathers were increasingly joining the party, and I think the man who ran our stationery cupboard was in the SS - the SA - I didn't know about the SS in those days. And if I mentioned our cook's friend being in the SS, he was in the SA, he wore the khaki uniform, and he was very kind to me.

Tape 2: 3 minutes 32 seconds

BL: Was there any talk at that time of emigration?

BM: There was no talk of emigration at all. We'd moved flats because my— our nanny, who'd been there since I was five and was very much part of my small family, she had to go and find another job and she had to, of course, join an Aryan family, and she found one and the wife was heavily pregnant, and she wept and she found it unbearable to leave, and we kept in touch with her, and my parents kept in touch with her throughout. She married and we lost touch during the war, of course, but we did keep in touch with her [*sic*]. So the cook had to go, and other staff who came in and helped with the washing and sewing and so on, that all thinned down, and we moved into the— my grandfather's—, the middle flat of my grandfather's house which had been converted after his death in 1936. It was a lovely flat, I was happy there and there was no talk of emigration. And it was from there that I went to boarding school.

BL: It must have been quite a relief to leave this German school.

Tape 2: 4 minutes 50 seconds

BM: I think by that time I felt myself almost phased out of the German school, because I felt the balance was changing so very much against the remnant of the Jewish children and the others. Now I had built up a circle of friends, of girlfriends, a little circle we called a *Kränzchen*, and when my parents told me when I came back from Switzerland, at the end of August 1937, 'We're going to England in three weeks' time, so you will of course not go back to school, but you can say goodbye to your friends, of course, and we have an English-speaking cousin of a cousin of your father's who will spend the next three weeks with you and Anita (my sister) so that we can pack up and get ready for the emigration'. And that was all the preparation I had. Now, I did speak good English, because we'd learnt English at school from the age of eleven, so I had at least a year there, and I had at least nine months at boarding school, where we had among the staff an English Miss called Miss Morell. She was a Scotswoman, fairly young, and so we spoke English one day a week, or whatever, so I was fairly fluent, not word perfect, but pretty good. So the last three weeks, my sister had to learn more or less from scratch. But she was a very, very bright girl and a perfect mimic and it didn't take her long to learn English.

Tape 2: 6 minutes 32 seconds

And we were in limbo a bit, but my mother said I should say goodbye to my close friends. So I had six brooches made, I think they were six, to give to my closest friends at Kimmelstiel, which was a lovely firm on the Jungfernstieg and my mother had often taken me to the Jungfernstieg to go shopping, that was her treat for me when I was younger, shopping days in town, and that was good. So she was very intent on my development and increasing range of interests but it didn't extend to taking us to art galleries or listening to music. So I can only assume— we went to the pantomime once or twice, but I can only assume that by that time they were so preoccupied with what was going on, and the threat, because my father knew from the beginning when he heard the broadcasts, he said, 'That isn't going to end well', '*Das gibt kein gutes Ende*'. The voice, Hitler's voice, was so incredible at close range, that it made one quite ill to hear it. So there was this undercurrent all the time, and when I got back, I must say I wasn't prepared for it. I hadn't seen my parents for nine months. I'd had very few letters from my mother and none from my father. And when the time came for me to go home she sent, you remember I spoke about a young cousin who was so close to her, Ludwig Sonneborn, Luks: she sent him - he was by now living in Zurich - to fetch me from boarding school and take me back by train to Hamburg. So the link with the parents was already very thin by then, so it really was a case of getting to know each other again. And finding a rather forlorn small sister who had felt very alone. But the three weeks were spent going out every day to do something interesting, like having lunch out, or going to the *Tierpark*, or for walks. It wasn't

really interesting, it was meant to be interesting, but for me it was a kind of limbo after the boarding school.

Tape 2: 8 minutes 50 seconds

BL: So did you think at that time that you were leaving and not returning?

BM: Yes. I was absolutely sure that I didn't want to return, I think things had come to an end, I think the atmosphere had become alien. And I had made a good transition from a safe place where I had led a very rich life really, there was drawing and painting and dramatics and everything, so I didn't feel deprived at all, I was looking forward to the next experience.

BL: Can you describe the journey that brought you to England?

BM: Yes. I remember— the flat was stripped of course, but we were used to packing up because every time we went on holiday as children we took some six weeks' worth of everything with us. And there were people doing it. I didn't have to do any packing, it was done for me. I can't even remember what luggage I took, probably just an overnight case. My mother was a very, very caring person, I must make that point, and my father was hugely conscientious in getting us safely to a safe place, so I have absolutely nothing but admiration for that. But you'll understand that the attention to our needs had to go by the board sometimes. There were other things that were much more pressing. And it must have been very anxiety-making, to emigrate safely. They left half their money behind anyway, but that was to be expected, but— not to be stopped at the last minute. Something could have gone wrong, and he was in the banking business, and he handed over his remaining business to Warburg, in Hamburg, and had some arrangement with them, and said goodbye to all his clients, and I have a lot of correspondence to that effect. So he was going to make a fresh start, my mother was going to make a fresh start and of course we were going to make a fresh start and we knew that. And the last days were leaving the flat, going to this very beautiful hotel, one of the two big hotels on the Alster, the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten

Tape 2: 11 minutes 5 seconds

living, 'Like - my father said - the King in China', and thinking this was all going to be a change for the better. And I have no memories of the last three days, which must have been spent like the last two and a half weeks. Except the moment we left the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten and there was a car waiting for us, and my father's mother was there to say goodbye. Now, she was a figure I wasn't deeply attached to. The one who farmed my father out to a wet-nurse, which was probably common usage in those days, but I always associated it with her. She was a stern grandmother, and she was dressed in black, and I think they wore boots in those days, too, and I thought she looked quite like a tragic figure who was left behind, that's how I experienced her. And I remember her standing in the middle of the road as the car took off, going like that, waving, and my father turning around and waving very briefly and waving, and us waving, and we were gone and she was left behind. And I would like to pick up on what happened to my close relatives later, if you will permit me, because I think that's quite an important part of the story, too.

Tape 2: 12 minutes 35 seconds

But she was more or less put out of my mind. My grandfather had of course died. I never met my father's father, my grandmother's husband. He probably died in Barcelona, we don't know. So she was left behind, we went through customs in Hamburg. I remember that we had our passes looked at and scrutinised. I didn't realise that there was a— that there could be a hold-up at the last minute but I realise from the correspondence that that was always on their mind. But the last positive

message that we got was that my little sister who was a lively little thing and very attractive in her lively way, and she was ten, presented her pass, and the customs official, the German official said to her, '*Mach's gut, Anita*', 'May you do well'.

Tape 2: 13 minutes 40 seconds

And I thought, when my sister was dying, before she had her final operation four years ago, it was a very— the story makes me deeply sad, and the last time I saw her was before she had this operation, from which she didn't really awake, and she looked very frightened, and I just said, '*Mach's gut, Anita*', the last thing I said to her, so that was a kind of full circle there, another emigration. But we were together on a very nice boat, the *Manhattan*, which took three days to arrive in Southampton. It was very luxurious, and it was great fun, and I must say I was looking forward very much— and we landed in London and we went to the Onslow Court Hotel in Kensington, which is still there under a different name on the corner of Brompton Road and Exhibition Road I think— not Exhibition Road, it leads up to Hyde Park, it's a broad avenue. And we had three days there, and found my mother's eldest brother, Louis, with his wife Gertrud already installed there. They had a flat there. They had come to London in '36, I think. He'd worked there as a young man for Shell. When my grandfather sold the business to Shell, my uncle Louis was part of the deal, so in 1924 he was already in London. He then worked for Shell in France, he married a very pretty— lovely German Jewish girl – woman - whose sister married the younger brother, and so it was all a very happy family and we were together as a sixsome, the two brothers with their sister wives, my father, my mother, myself.

Tape 2: 15 minutes 27 seconds

We were all in London. My father and the younger brother had gone ahead and rented flats in Putney, one on Putney— on the corner of Heath Lane and Putney Hill, which is still there, called St Vernon's, and one on West Hill, which is now part of the Training College, for my uncle, and my father had been very smart, walked down the hill, not many hundreds of yards, to Putney High. He was looking for a school, found a school, and had inscribed me there— us, rather. So there we were, expected at Putney High School. And with a home, with a flat, with all the furniture we could accommodate which was, you know, a good amount, and feeling we had arrived in a very lovely, safe place.

BL: What were your first impressions of London?

BM: I thought it was absolutely wonderful. It was for me the glamour of the Thirties, imposed on London, because the two American uncles, the one I mentioned, Ferdinand - the one who was very attached to my mother and very good to us - he never had children of his own. He visited us often in Hamburg and brought lovely toys. He had a rather demanding wife, whose sister was married to the other brother Siegmund. So there was a kind of repetition of two sisters marrying two Salomon brothers, which was nice.

Tape 2: 17 minutes 0 second

And Ferdinand came several times to visit us, and stayed once at the Dorchester and once at Grosvenor House, so to me it was all Hyde Park, the Dorchester, a very nice flat in Putney, and very glamorous. I thought it was a lovely – Putney was very lovely, we lived right on the edge of the common, my mother used it a lot, with us, my father wouldn't set foot on it and said 'It's not the Bois de Boulogne, I'll never go on that Common', and he never did.

BL: How come they moved to Putney?

BM: A pause. I'm not sure this is a good thing to put in, but my father said, 'I don't want to be in Hampstead, with all the others'. Many times I wish I had been in Hampstead but, on the other hand, I have now lived most of my life in this area, and it's only ten minutes' drive from here, if that. I'm glad they moved to Putney. And also, probably, our histories would have been different. Who knows, I might not have met Elli, because we met in Wimbledon. So London was a good place. My parents never made friends with— they had a few English friends, but they were distant. The real friends were other émigrés. So they did spend time in Hampstead, of course. Cousins of my mother lived in St John's Wood, so we were in touch with very lovely parts of London, and my whole impression of London was that it was a good place. And a place where one could breathe. Because there was no anti-Semitism. And when we arrived in school— would you like to hear a little bit about that?

BL: Yes.

BM: Well, my parents thought it was a good idea to let us get used to the new— to London. So we were in the hotel for three nights, I think, then we moved to the flat. Then we were taken to the new school and I'm not sure whether my mother took us, but I think so. And when we arrived the Headmistress said, 'You're very late, you should have come when you arrived here in England. Why didn't you come earlier?' And my parents explained to them that we needed to spend some time getting used to being in a different country, and also that we'd been rather short of sleep because they'd had to take us with them in the evening. And she said, 'Why didn't they sleep in the car?' And my father said, 'We don't have a car'. So that was a very abrupt welcome from a very abrupt, very, very old-maidish, booted Headmistress, of really the old school, strict, keen on sport and keen on getting first. But very few people ever got in to University from Putney House School. Certainly not Oxford and Cambridge. She was so keen on sport and fresh air and leading a healthy life. So the ethos there was not very academic although the school has become— it was a GPDST school.

Tape 2: 20 minutes 34 seconds

Do you know about the Girls Public Day School Trust? It's a trust of about twenty schools, I think, and Wimbledon is another one, I think. And don't think we had a very good education. But I think she had her own ideas. And I spent three years there, and didn't learn very much. With hindsight. But we'll come onto that when we move to Bradford. So the first day, I thought it was a great adventure, there were already, I think, two Jewish girls in my form, and I got a very warm welcome from everybody. But I must add that I was very suspicious. I didn't believe anybody could really receive me so openly and in such a friendly way. And soon they asked me out to come to tea and parties. In those days we all dressed up for parties and had long dresses and had them in the afternoon. And the whole thing for me was a little bit regimented, we all wore— I loved the uniform, it was purple, and we had been to buy that. But I did feel I was back in a much younger age group. And not surprisingly because the headmistress had put me in a lower year, she thought my English was perhaps not up to it. So I was a year older than everybody else, which I think was not a good move. But it turned out to be alright. I made good friends, and came top in English in my first term there. She still didn't move me up, because my maths was not good enough, it never was. And so three years passed in Putney and not very much happened. They were carefree years. At the end of that time— no, in 1939, war broke out. So it was two years really, 2 carefree years. Then my father said, 'We've got to leave this flat, we've got to move'. We moved to a hotel because there was talk of internment. We stayed at the school, which was by then evacuating, so we had three months near Reading in Caversham, and that was quite a separation from home, and again an episode which was not a happy one. We were billeted twice with very unsuitable people but the third time was alright, but after three months we all came back to London and then the Blitz began, and we were in this hotel quite near, off Putney Hill. And by that time I must have been 16, 15/16, and I found hotel life very agreeable, because there were— first of all we had young airmen, officers in training, there for

several weeks, and then young lieutenants in training, and of course at the age of 16 I found a companion, a very lively girl called Joy Stefney, who showed me how to be more grown up again. And I had a very nice time there, and was barely aware of what was really exercising my parents, which was partly, with hindsight, that the business my father had established with his brothers-in-law didn't flourish, and with the war coming— and when war broke out it more or less stopped. So he— and the money of course. He'd taken out a certain amount of capital, but no income. The income was from the business, so he must have been terribly worried, and there was a correspondence with the American uncle. And then there was the threat of internment. So while we were at the hotel, my father was interned, but that was after the Blitz.

Tape 2: 25 minutes 0 second

We experienced — I think it was before the Blitz. I think it was before the Blitz. I'm sorry I'm getting the dates confused.

BL: Did you have to attend a tribunal?

BM: He was interned. I'm trying to think. He was interned in 1940, yes. I got a visit from a policeman, who said, 'We would normally call you for a tribunal, but as you're only 15 we'll let you go'. So I knew I wasn't going to be interned but my father was interned, and I think he was interned in June 1940. And we were in the hotel by then. And it didn't mean much to me. I realised that he was going somewhere without us and I should have been old and mature enough to realise what that must have meant for my mother, who was going to be left behind, and for him, the uncertainty. But somehow it didn't register, because there'd been so many changes, so much moving around that— and with the war about to happen— no, it had already broken out, it was in '39, yes, forgive me, I'm a bit confused, but the bombing hadn't started. So we were in the hotel waiting for things to happen and he was interned and sent to Sandown Park

Tape 2: 26 minutes 44 seconds

which wasn't, isn't far from here in Esher, for a few weeks and then went to near Birmingham, Sutton Coldfield, where he spent the rest of the internment. And there was great activity really by acquaintances - English acquaintances, his secretary had contacts - to get him out because, you know, he just had to prove that he was in no way involved, but it took time. Meanwhile my mother was left behind with the two of us.

Tape 2: 27 minutes 16 seconds

And I said I had an interesting lovely time. It was because I was in the process of growing up into a young woman, and it seemed to me, you know, that if there was an opportunity to have fun one should take it. It didn't occur to me that I should be mourning for my mother being left behind. In retrospect, I think it must have been very, very hard. Also there was talk, you know, of a possible invasion, so there must have been terrible anxiety, which they never communicated to us, and that was very much in their favour, that they didn't want to pass on their anxiety. My father was— we were able to correspond, to send him food parcels, he seemed to be quite— quite well pleased with the situation there. It wasn't uncomfortable, he met some very nice refugees, he was hut leader, he had a good time.

Tape 2: 28 minutes 15 seconds

But of course the concern was always, was there going to be an invasion, what was going to happen? And then our school had left the building in Putney and gone further down in to Putney, Upper Richmond Road, and I was allowed to go there by bicycle and we were all back in our own

school, so that was all quite nice, but it was a period of tremendous transition. Then the Blitz came and we were in the hotel and my father wasn't there so my mother and the two of us had to spend every night in the billiard room under the billiard table, or sitting around with the other residents and I must confess that it was a very merry group down there. But also we were afraid because the raids were – we got bombs dropped in Putney, one of my high school friends was killed walking home from school. And a bomb dropped very near the other side of the underground line, a landmine. So we never knew whether we were going to be alright, so there was always that feeling that a bomb could land on us. And then, one morning in September we were in our room in the hotel, the three of us shared a room, initially the four of us, the sash window opened and my father came back carrying a rucksack.

Tape 2: 29 minutes 40 seconds

He had been released and we were all together, but there was– the air-raids continued. And then my uncle in Bradford, and his cousin, who had been a good friend in his youth, said, Why don't you bring the girls up to Bradford, it's safer up here, and surely Henri can move his part of the business up to Bradford, which was dealing in building materials, and he did, and we did. And we found very nice lodgings in a lovely stone house on the outskirts of Bradford near the moors, where we had the annex to ourselves and my father brought his secretary along, which was alright, except she began interfering in my education later and that wasn't alright, and then I really began taking my business into my own hands, with my mother's support. So we went up to Bradford and my uncle wanted us to go to Bradford Grammar School, which was a fine school, and had a– the sister school to the Boys' Grammar School where my uncle had been and all his sisters had been to the Girls' School which was a beautiful new building just on the edge. But my father thought it was too expensive and he wanted to send us to the– the Free school, I can't remember what it was called– the Council, County– something like that, also in Bradford, where his representative, who was selling his products in Bradford, where his two daughters went, and I remember my cousin, my father's cousin's wife saying very sternly to my parents, 'You cannot send the girls to that school, they won't get a first-class education'. And my mother overruled my father and said, 'Of course we'll send them to the Bradford Grammar School if that is a better school'. You see, they didn't know that. So we were both enrolled at Bradford Grammar School, and I was put in the right form this time, had a lot of catching up to do, and stayed there for three years. And, really, if one could talk about a change for the better, they were the most formative years.

Tape 2: 32 minutes 14 seconds

I had a wonderful education there, and very enlightening, excellent staff. By the time I was in the sixth form, everybody– I was still a year too old, so perhaps I was still a year below– I don't know, by the time all my friends had got their entrance to Oxford, Cambridge, London and Aberdeen, I hadn't tried for anything because I had my call-up notice. So would you like to hear about that?

BL: Yes. But I'd just like to ask you whether you'd experienced any hostility, anti-German or anti-Jewish?

BM: In Bradford? Nothing. Nothing at all.

By that time I was fairly integrated English [*sic*]. It was not an issue. And I didn't ever stand up and say, 'But I'm Jewish, I can't come to your religious instruction'. By that time I must admit I had almost come to believe that I was now as English as can be except I hadn't been naturalised. But there was no discrimination. There were several Jewish girls; there was never any talk of discrimination. I made lots of friends, non-Jewish friends in Baildon

Tape 2: 33 minutes 52 seconds

grew up in the sense that I was old enough to go to dances and be escorted back. But there was a curfew, of course, there was a curfew for us, we couldn't go beyond the five-mile radius without reporting. We didn't often do it, but when we wanted to see my uncle and aunt in Manchester, we had to get a permit. And when we wanted to travel more than five miles we had to go to the police station and get a stamp on our book. And so I can't say that I wasn't aware of being a refugee. But I didn't feel particularly Jewish, and there wasn't that around in my family, specially since we'd moved again and moved up North. And my father's cousin of course was Jewish, George Falkenstein, and he'd married a non-Jewish woman, and again there wasn't much religion there, although in the older generation there still was, but there wasn't in my father's generation. So it was a very trouble-free time and I did well in my A Levels and got a scholarship from the West Riding, a very generous scholarship, and the Headmistress came to me and said, 'You qualified for a State Scholarship, too, but sadly, as you're not yet an English girl, they couldn't give it to you.' So I felt well, you know, I'm going to be able to do something with this.

Tape 2: 35 minutes 34 seconds

But I had to do war service, and didn't want to go into the Forces. My first reaction after getting the A-Level results was that I wasn't going to stop learning; I wanted to go to Oxford, too. But of course everybody else had got their place by then so there was not a chance. So I used my own initiative and asked one of my teachers whether she would coach me to take the exam the following year, and she said yes. And then another teacher said yes, and another teacher said yes. And so by the time I had to take the Oxford entrance I had four teachers who were all coaching me for different parts of the exam. And none of them charged me. And it never occurred to me to pay them, or offer them anything as a reward. It was just taken for granted that this girl's got to get in. So I tried Oxford and Cambridge. But in the meantime I was called up and I had a choice between the ATS and doing some useful work in the town. And through a friend of mine, a school friend of mine, whose father was head of education in Bradford, I got a job at a slum school, an infant school, a nursery and infant school as a nursery school attendant for which I had to take a short training. Now, I can't remember anything about it. But I became a qualified nursery school attendant. And in my last year there I was allowed to teach the four year olds. I got a class so— without any further training. That was a good experience. It was very, very hard work, it was hard physical work, in a slum school, putting down forty beds for lunch every day, setting out tables, taking up the beds again. They were all iron bedsteads, all collapsible, heavy work but very useful work. And I was very attached to the three-year olds, I loved them. And in the evening I just sat in the kitchen and did my homework, for the people who were training me. They had a set of the last year's papers, so they knew what the syllabus was. And my mother was a wonderful support. And she wanted me to succeed, and my father did not. He said, 'If you become— if you go to University, you become a blue-stocking and you'll never find a husband'. And I said that wasn't my first priority, and he couldn't understand that. And his secretary, who was living with us, was by that time taking my father over, rather. My mother was doing more and more of the domestic work, my father's secretary went to the office with my father every day, then they went to cricket matches together and my mother was getting a little restless. She was, on the face of it, harmless, but she was quite a strong influence on him. And I discovered that she and he had gone together to Leeds to a Secretarial College, to enrol me there for secretarial training, and when I was told that I said, 'I am not going to go, I'm going to University'. And there was a lot of friction. And it became difficult for my mother and one day my mother just rose to her full height, and she was not very tall, and she said to my father, 'I don't want Miss Bingham in the house any more'. And my father didn't protest, I don't think. He said to Miss Bingham, 'I'm sorry, but you will have to leave us', after five years. She did have somewhere to go, or they found her somewhere to go. I think she stayed with my father's agent for a while and then she went back to London.

Tape 2: 39 minutes 39 seconds

But they remained in touch, very close touch. She went to a marriage bureau, married a very nice policeman, produced a son, and my father was godfather to their son. So as far as the connection with her is concerned, it was not severed. But my mother got her way and my father didn't protest, and I got a place at Somerville. I went up for interviews at both universities, and was put on the waiting list in Cambridge, and they said— I was not too disappointed, because although I enjoyed the interview very much, I was going to the College of my first choice, which was Oxford. Somerville. And that's what happened.

BL: Was this after the war ended?

BM: This was just after the war had ended, but not long after the war had ended. When the war ended my parents went back to London looking for somewhere to live, because you remember we never bought anywhere, and through the secretary who had a doctor in Balham, they were found a house in Balham. And we lived there for three years. And it was not the kind of district my parents were used to or particularly liked, but it was a house of our own, and then the chance came up to get a flat in Wimbledon, where the nurse who had nursed my father, the Lasallé wife - they'd meanwhile moved to Wimbledon - there was a flat in the house they had a flat in, and so in '48 we moved to Wimbledon and left Balham behind. But I was left behind in Yorkshire, because I was still doing my war work. My contract didn't expire I think 'til July-August. So the very nice owners of the house where we had the annex, I lived with them for a few months and didn't mind at all.

Tape 2: 41 minutes 54 seconds

Finished at Bowlingback Lane, got my entrance, got my results, had already got my results that I was going to Oxford, that's right, because my mother was still in the Bradford house when the results arrived. She said she'd left the window open and a bird landed on my examination question and that was surely a good omen, and then a day later I got the results. And I got a place, and that was of course heavens opening for me. And my father didn't say anything, because I think the chief objection was that he couldn't have afforded to send me to Oxford, but by then I had the West Riding scholarship, and I had a further education grant from the war work, so I think all it cost him was £50 a year, which he was not reluctant to spend. In fact, I think he was very pleased, and I think he was quite proud. But he didn't quite want to say so to me. And I think a lot of it was connected with the fact that I managed to go to University, which he had very much wanted to do, and there was no money available - the earlier part of my story - and he had to go into the textile business. And I think that feeling persisted. Whenever there was a sense that I was going to do something successful he was never quite enchanted. And my mother was over-pleased and that must have caused a bit of friction, too. So it's not difficult to understand. I got massive support from her.

Tape 2: 43 minutes 42 seconds

BL: So by the end of the war did your parents have any contact with your family in Germany? Was there any family?

BM: I think, and I'm sorry to say that I never checked up what degree of contact there was. I know my father tried to get his sister Rita and her son Carlos, my cousin, from Berlin to England. He would have sponsored them, and he would have made money available from what they had in Germany. They refused. She had been married to a non-Jew, who had died, Balke, and she was living with, I think, a Nazi, incredible though it is to me now. This was still possible in the early days of the war. No, not in the early days of the war, but certainly when we were still in Putney this was going on. I was simply told, 'They're not coming'. I think in the early days of the war, all

contact was, you know, finished. So we didn't hear any more about her. I don't think we heard anything more about his mother. We learnt - but I don't know at what time - his mother was keeping house for her brother in Hamburg, and he committed suicide by walking into the Alster River, at the age of 73, I think.

Tape 2: 45 minutes 21 seconds

Somehow I don't know at what stage I learnt that. She then moved. And the latter part of her story didn't come to me until the very interesting chapter on my restitution claim, which comes later in the story, but it ties up some loose ends with that family.

BL: OK, so at that point in '45 you were not aware of anything—

BM: No contact, no. We knew— we learned gradually that people had perished. We didn't know anything about my father's family except that a cousin of his and his family had perished. We didn't hear anything about my mother's family. As far as I know, they all got out, when we did— I think mostly went to America. Because we had a choice, we could have gone to America. But my father, who had lived in this country for four years, said, 'It's the best country in the world, and that's where I want to be.' I don't think he ever regretted it. And I don't either. But we have a lot of family in America. So that takes us to...

BL: To your time in Oxford.

Tape 2: 46 minutes 35 seconds

BM: The time in Oxford and when I left Oxford. And where were they living then? They were still living in this rather, well, it was not the sort of house we would have chosen for ourselves, but it was a nice comfortable petit-bourgeois house in a petit-bourgeois road with a factory at the back, near Clapham South station and I remember my mother doing a lot of housework. She never had a role outside the house; she looked after us, no career at all. And I think, as I was going to Oxford, I was beginning to realise that this was probably— had not been a totally realised life for her, and I became more and more certain of that. She just dedicated her life to my father and us. And I think that's probably what the great majority of women did, and she never talked about it. But I can see why she supported me so very strongly.

Tape 2: 47 minutes 49 seconds

BL: It must have been difficult for her, because her life changed a lot.

BM: Yes.

BL: She didn't have any servants here, or —

BM: That's right, that's right. We had servants when we first moved to the flat. We had a resident cook, help, but it turned out to be not the right thing in the flat. The flat was too intimate; she wasn't the right person, my mother then got other part-time help. She always had somebody to help clean. With the housework. And I think she had somebody when we were in [indistinct] I'm not sure, I can't imagine she did it all herself. And my father had— of course had to find an opportunity for work down here, and he managed to get a job. He was very good at finances of course, doing the accounts, some aspects of accounts for an insurance firm which belonged to one of my mother's cousins, who was then living in St John's Wood Avenue, and my father I think slightly resented that. And they were living a very prosperous life; and he was earning, but he never really succeeded again after the banking business. And I think anything to do with my ambitions probably struck him

as something that he hadn't been able to get for himself. There was never a very loving relationship between us, although he cared for us, he made sure we were alright. But I was closer to my mother, until he became old and frail, and then things changed very much.

Tape 2: 49 minutes 48 seconds

BL: When did you become naturalised?

BM: We became naturalised in my last year at Oxford. The whole family was naturalised, I got my news sent to Oxford, in 1948. I think it was September 1948, we all got our certificate. That was a great day.

BL: You remember that day?

BM: Not really, because I wasn't with my family. I remember receiving the news and thinking, 'Lovely. What an achievement. Now I'm really English'. In fact I didn't realise that one never was English, one was British. It was a British passport. But it was a great relief all round. And of course we haven't talked about all the traumas of the emigration for my father, when we were— something I only discovered when I went through the papers. He only had a permit to stay in this country until April 1940, which was seven months after we arrived, and the permits had to be renewed constantly. And one day - we were in Bradford - every month he had to go to the police station, and the permit hadn't arrived, and I remember a rather extraordinary day, when my father was very agitated and said, 'I have to go back to London, to the Home Office, to get my permit, otherwise we might all be— goodness knows what is going to become of us'. And we all went to the station together. And I did a painting of that day, going to the station. To meet a train where somebody from London was going to arrive with a permit or not arrive. Again, I didn't take this to heart as I would do now. They must have been frantic. But I did a painting of us all standing on the platform, and somebody rushing along the platform, and she was an old client of my father's banking business called Frau Schönfeld, and she said, 'I have it! I have it!' waving this permit. And it was a wonderful day.

Tape 2: 52 minutes 3 seconds

And I don't remember ever being troubled after that. I suppose they had to keep on renewing, but I think by that time it was recognised that nobody was going to be sent back to Germany. But I think in the early days there was a lot of discussion, wasn't there, whether the refugees could stay permanently or not? None of that was ever transmitted to me, but they must have been in a state of great anxiety.

BL: So what was your life in Oxford like?

BM: I loved it. I think from day one I just thought that this was everything that one could ever hope for: lots of good social life, friends, punting in the summer, acting - I took to acting, I was in two plays, I don't know why suddenly I thought I could act, but anything went. I played in orchestras.

BL: What did you study?

BM: English. Language – Literature and Language. But lovely lectures, we had— C.S. Lewis, I had, and Tolkien for the language, and you know, it just felt so very privileged, and such lovely people. And all the young men were there, and the older men came back and of course the young men and the older men didn't have much contact with each other, and neither did I with the younger men. I met mostly people who'd just been demobbed. And so it was very exciting.

Tape 2: 53 minutes 43 seconds

BL: What sort of circle did you have?

BM: I was— difficult to reconstruct. I had some good friends in my own year, and we did quite a lot together. You mean a social circle? Yes, it was mostly through music. Because I played in various orchestras. I met people through the music and I met Jo Horowitz there, and it was— Elli was at Somerville, although we didn't really know each other, but I knew Jo reasonably well. His friends, and Elli gave a wonderful party, a barge party, which was famous, in 1948 when my parents were up for their silver wedding. And so Elli very kindly invited my sister to go along too, and it was a great occasion. But the circle was mostly through the plays, dramatics, and through the music. And I had musical boyfriends, I had dramatic ones, nothing permanent but all fairly exciting and very new, and very much because I went out with men, you know, who were in their mid-twenties, so they were all older than I was; and I was already 21, so there was a sense of, you know, life was real. And when these men came back they really got on with their studies and worked very, very hard and wanted to get — They had mostly been there for a year, and then wanted to complete their studies. So, two of them read English, went back to English. These are close friends. And one of them switched from Classics to Russian, and he was one that I went on seeing when we came back to London. But our paths diverged. He wasn't the right one in the end.

Tape 2: 56 minutes 12 seconds

BL: Were there many other refugees in Oxford?

BM: Apparently. But I think I mentioned before that I didn't pick up on this aspect at all. But looking back, there was certainly a circle, and I include Elli in that, who regularly went to Sunday afternoon tea parties, was it Cyril Roth, I'm not sure.

Tape 2: 56 minutes 43 seconds

I have his book out there, and there was somebody called Esther [Orah?] and she was quite religious and she went to Israel and married a Rabbi. We met her again at Elli's. She came over. There were quite a number of Jewish girls, and I must confess that it wasn't something that I took on board. But if I look at my group photograph now— and they were friends, I could see that certainly they were, and daughters of scientists, and one of them was a well-known scientist, I didn't— Somehow, I think wanted to get away from being the refugee, because in my parents' eyes it was not a good experience. You know, it was all the anxiety of moving countries and then never really having a full social life when they arrive and that is something my generation has now, and a very, very rich social life.

BL: We need to stop to change tapes.

TAPE 3

BL: This is Tape three; we are conducting an interview with Beatrice Musgrave. You were telling me about your time in Oxford, can you give us more information or share more of your memories.

BM: Difficult, because looking back over so many years it was just one big golden glow, and the sun always shone. I don't think there were many unhappy episodes at all. I had a very rewarding life I think in Oxford. The music bit was very important. And what I suppose I picked up there, and never dropped again until recently, was the chamber music playing, because I went up when I first met this friend at the bus stop carrying a violin, and a week after I had arrived in Oxford, a young

man came to my room and said, 'You play the violin?', to which I replied, 'Yes, but I haven't really done any playing since I arrived,' and he said, 'You wouldn't think about taking up the viola?' And I said, 'What's it about?' And he said, 'Well, we've got— we're forming a quartet, we need a viola. Will you be able to play the viola with us by next Thursday week or something?' And I said, 'Well, it's a challenge, but OK, I'll try'. I didn't have a viola, and so I went to the OUP bookshop, run by somebody who then became a good friend, and bought a viola and a case for ten pounds. I didn't know what it was, I'd never played the viola, and I had to get a book to learn the clef and did some practising. And a week later I turned up with the quartet and played the viola. And I can't really remember the feeling that I hadn't picked it up— I knew I wasn't, you know, extremely expert at it, but it was never a problem, which these days would be an impossible thing to achieve, learning a different clef, and, you know, with everything stringed down.

Tape 3: 2 minutes 26 seconds

So then there were three years of very happy chamber music ensembles, with a regular group and also ad-hoc groups, and some communal playing, orchestral playing and some people produced *The Sorcerer*, and we were the orchestra. And there were others, a lot of concerts too, and because I was never an expert viola, I was just about alright, I always had some very good guiding elder spirit with me, some— preferably a man, to whom I could attach myself, and who played with confidence, and experience. And that's how I finally came to be included in the orchestra for the first production of *Idomeneo*, conducted by Westrup, a professor of music, and it was a revival, and it was a wonderful, wonderful experience. It was in my last year at College, and my tutor said she wasn't very happy about it, it was going to interfere with my performance, which perhaps it did, but I think I am very pleased to have had the opportunity to do that, and it has remained a very important opera for me. And then of course there were parties and dances and all the usual things which we took very much in our stride, I think. It was a very privileged life. I'm sure I could remember a lot more detail, but overall that's what remains, and the good friends I made. And the other thing that proved very fruitful is that I met several people afterwards whom I wasn't particularly friendly with some of whom have become very good friends, so that enriched my life in many ways, and indirectly met my husband through Oxford as well afterwards.

Tape 3: 4 minutes 32 seconds

BL: Can you tell us how you met your husband?

BM: Well, it was an interesting, unexpected meeting, in that my friend, the one with the violin— the cello, when I turned up with the violin on my first day or so in Oxford, met somebody in her last year who was at Christ Church, a composer, called Tony Hewett-Jones, and I had already gone down, and she had an extra term, and they became very close and got married, and after that we saw a lot of --- I saw a lot of them, because they settled in London for a while, living with his mother, and we played chamber music together very regularly. And at one of the regular chamber music meetings a young man was introduced who had been found by a friend of my friend's new husband, who was at Christ Church, and they happened to be colleagues at Decca. And this friend of Tony's suggested to my friends Tony and Anita that it would be very nice to introduce him to our circle, because he was a bright spark, a very charming man, and very keen on music. And so one day he was brought along to one of these chamber music afternoons, and he turned up and we were all playing the Trout Quintet, slow movement as I remember it, and Roger was admitted, and asked by my friend's mother, whose flat it was, Tony's mother, 'Would you like a cup of tea?' And we all hoped that he would say, 'No, I'll wait till later.'

Tape 3: 6 minutes 19 seconds

and he said 'Yes, please' And we all downed our bows, and socialised. And that was our first meeting, and it didn't immediately take off from there, but I think Roger gradually, or a little later, followed it up and asked me out. And that was the beginning, and asked me out to— he had bought two opera tickets at Covent Garden but he only produced one at a time. The first one was *Billy Budd* and I found that— I was very tense, it was my first outing with this young man, and I found it a very difficult opera. Not an opera to relax in. So I remember it as an important occasion, but not what I would call a very exciting— well, exciting's not the word, but not something that gave a great deal of unreserved pleasure, it was still a kind of trial. But it all happened very quickly after that.

Tape 3: 7 minutes 24 seconds

BL: And when did you get married?

BM: We got married in— Ah, it took time because we had our ups and downs, because he was five years younger, still is, and there was a lot of opposition from my parents. The interesting aspect for this interview is that my parents were very concerned that because he wasn't Jewish there might be feelings on his parents' part, that they thought this was unsuitable, that there might be a certain amount of opposition, and they didn't feel happy and they were very concerned about what the American family might say about this mixed marriage. And at one point, in fact, I moved out, because my mother said fairly unequivocally, 'You have to choose between this young man and me.' And I said, I choose the young man in that case, and I moved out into digs showing, I suppose, that I really was by then following my own intuition that this was more important, and I'm glad to say she rang up a few days later to say, 'I'm sorry, I didn't mean it, of course you can come back and bring him'. No, she didn't say 'bring him' until we were officially engaged, and that was only about a month before we got married. I think they wanted to know that the whole thing was sanctioned by everybody and official. And it took Roger, certainly both of us, but Roger particularly, because he was very young, time to decide whether he was going to build his future joining a marriage, but we got there, and we've been together for fifty one years.

Tape 3: 9 minutes 10 seconds

BL: So you must have got married in —

BM: We got married in. '53, and we had our golden wedding a year ago. So the doubts my parents— .my parents were very delighted with him as a son-in-law, and when my father was very old and frail and quite ill, he once said to me, 'Roger has really done more for me than anybody else in this world'. And he had. He'd looked after him wonderfully.

BL: So there was quite a bit of time from when you left Cambridge — Oxford, sorry, when you left Oxford—

BM: Yes there certainly was, between Oxford, in '48 and meeting Roger, four years, three years, met him in '51 —

BL: So what did you do in that time?

BM: Was this '51 or '52? '51. Well, a succession of jobs. My tutor, Mary Lessals, who was very old school, very aristocratic, said that I was cut out to be a teacher, and she was probably right. I would have liked to. I always thought I'd be a teacher. And so she got me an interview at a boarding school in Gloucestershire called Westonbirt, which is very English, very, you know, one of the top boarding schools, very remote it was from life in those days, in the depth of the country, so it felt. And I had my interview for the post of second— Assistant English Mistress and all I remember was

that the headmistress said to me they thought they would like to have me and they would confirm it, and she felt sure I'd be happy at the school because it was completely self-contained, everything was bought on the premises, you could even buy your own toothpaste, it was all in the school shop, and once a week, the local vicar came for play readings, and those were the two baits.

Tape 3: 11 minutes 33 seconds

And I thought, I cannot shut myself away. I would have liked the teaching part but I wanted to work in London. So the first thing was looking for a job, and that luckily came my way quite quickly. Through one of my mother's cousins who knew somebody who ran a publishing house called Adprint,

Tape 3: 11 minutes 54 seconds

Yes, they were looking for somebody, art editorial assistant or something. Anyway, I had an interview and I was told which department would you like to go to? No, they didn't have a job, they asked me which department I fancied, and showed me a big chart, and I just pointed to the art department and that's where I landed. So I worked for a few months in the art department there, reading proofs and writing blurbs and generally helping with picture books, because they were producing picture books mostly, and they had devised the series *Britain in Pictures*. Another continental team who had chosen an English name, rather like my father's cousin you know, British Textiles. So *Britain in Pictures* was a very, very well-known and successful series. And that's what they produced among other things.

Tape 3: 12 minutes 55 seconds

And then my father said, 'You can't stay there' - I was living at home - 'you're not earning enough. I was earning two pounds a week. I certainly can't support you at home any more; you'd better get yourself a better job'. So by chance— I was very sad, because I thought this was the right place for me to be. But I decided to look for something with more pay, because I was still very attached to my parents and indebted to them in many ways, and so through somebody I'd met at Oxford in my digs - my lodgings - there was somebody who said to me— and I'd made friends with my landlady, who was a very nice woman, who had a lovely house in North Oxford, and her husband was in the war. And she had somebody there called Catherine Calwell, who was the former Prime Minister's daughter, and therefore a woman of some influence.

Tape 3: 14 minutes 3 seconds

And she said to me, whenever you want a job in the world, I can think of something for you. And I said well, I'm thinking of publishing. But meanwhile my tutor had also written to say she was very sorry about my not taking the teaching job, and she hoped that I would find something I wanted to do, but she said whatever you do, don't go into publishing, it's bottle-washing. I had expressed some interest in working with books. So this Catherine Calwell had started something up under the auspices of the Nuffield Trust. And it involved my joining a team of young women of very different backgrounds going up to various hospitals all over England and Scotland doing a time and motion study of what was going on in the wards, to find out the proper task of the nurse. Now, I'd always been interested in medicine and nursing, at one time I thought that I'd quite like to be a nurse, in my early teens. My father had then said, 'No, no, it's a lot of hard work, don't do it'. He'd seen too much of hospitals, I think.' So we travelled round and it was exciting, it was exhausting, we learnt a lot. But we weren't part of the medical team; we simply observed what everybody was doing on the ward, in columns. It wasn't what everybody was doing, but what we saw them doing and it was a long way from what they were actually doing. And that was what they wanted: objective

observations and that came out as a report. And I didn't take part in that. So after nine months, we had travelled to a lot of hospitals and seen quite a lot of difficult things. And I decided that perhaps it wasn't the life for me, and one or two people had left, and it wasn't really well run and, you know, it's a bit confidential about how it was run, by whom, but in the end it disintegrated, it had nowhere to go. So I went back to London and of course couldn't find a job straight away, and then got a job in the *Picture Post* library, sorting photographs and classifying them. And that was probably the dullest and most infantile work I've ever done. We were sitting in rows, there was a supervisor sitting on the platform, or on the dais, watching, and we were just given heaps of photographs and we were classifying them under four categories you know the main head, the subhead, and the subsub head and so on, it was absolutely --- you didn't need a University degree for that. So I was looking, hoping to get out but I didn't quite know how. And then fate was very kind to me, it was one of the really seminal events in my life. I went for a walk. Shoe Lane was where the *Picture Post* library was.

Tape 3: 17 minutes 13 seconds

I went for a walk up Southampton Row, which wasn't all that far, but further than you would normally go on a lunch hour, and I can't tell you why, I had no connection there at all. So I wandered along Southampton Row and I ran into my former boss, Eva Feuchtwang, who became Eva Neurath, and more of that later. And she said, 'What are you doing, darling?' And I said, 'A very boring job for *Picture Post* library' and she said, 'Come and join Thames and Hudson, we've just set up'. I said, 'Yes, when?' And she said, 'I have to ask Walter first'. That was Walter Neurath. I said, 'Let me know, I'd love to join you'. Well, the news was positive, and I was asked to join Thames and Hudson, and I went to their office, as Editorial Assistant, and later Art Editor under Eva Neurath, Eva Feuchtwang, as she then was.

Tape 3: 18 minutes 10 seconds

And later, her own story developed, and after Walter Neurath's wife died - they'd been very close - they got married, and I was there for nearly seven years. They were wonderful years of learning, learning about paintings and reproductions, and I'd done quite a bit of art history at school, so I wasn't a novice, but this was about how you actually look at paintings and how you reproduce them. And Walter Neurath published, in conjunction with Harry Abrams in America, monographs on famous artists, about the same time, although Elli tells me rather later than Phaidon, the same thing, and they were co-productions with America, and they were rather splendid books and I was more or less responsible for those.

BL: I suppose *Picture Post* and Thames and Hudson were founded by refugees.

BM: Yes, Stefan Lorant, was it? *Picture Post*, yes.

BL: Did you meet other refugees, working for the *Picture Post*? Because they were sort of--

BM: No. I didn't, no. I was still a schoolgirl at that time. I had my tonsils out, and I remember my uncle brought me the first edition of *Picture Post* and I became quite addicted to it, a brilliant magazine. But I don't remember, no I think they were too grown up for my circle at that time. But the Thames and Hudson experience was very international, and I met a lot of people there. And I had a really interesting time, and then left in 1955, late '55, because I was pregnant with Tessa, and continued to work for them freelance for quite a number of years, translating from German. But what I was doing at Thames and Hudson to begin with was - I think it was for quite some time - was correcting colour proofs in situ, in the galleries, of the reproductions. There were 48 in each of the four volumes, and I don't remember how many I did, but it meant going to the gallery and

making detailed notes on the proofs and then seeing the proofs through to final proof stage. They were all hand engraved, which was still of course the technique used in those days. They were photo engraved, but they were all hand finished, you know, so the light and dark and the tones— it was very important to get those right, and that I think gave me a good overview, and certainly sharpened my eyes for art and that's been an enormously sustaining thing all my life.

Tape 3: 21 minutes 6 seconds

Because when I was doing art at Bradford Grammar School and did it for my scholarship exam at Bradford and did very well in that, that was part of the good result, working from reproductions only, none of us had been to London. And what a revelation when we finally went to the National Gallery. So that has been a consistent thread throughout my life, and I did want to go to Art School as an alternative to going to Oxford, and I still sometimes think about the choices, and how they affect your life, and that you simply can't go off in two different directions. But one relates to the other, you know, they're both most important, like reading and literature and art were very important. So that came to an end when Tessa was born and I started doing freelance work at home. She was in a playpen and I was just outside and then later people said, why don't you go into the playpen and let her explore?

Tape 3: 22 minutes 18 seconds

But I found it – I missed the buzz of having a profession very much and well, you know, I had to be balanced between being a wife and a mother and I think we all know one has to work out a compromise. But that was probably three years in which I didn't go to any office, and then after that I really wanted to go back to work part-time, and Thames and Hudson wanted me back, they always said, 'Do come back when you're ready'. This was after Oliver was born, and he was born in '58 so shortly after that I thought I must really do something. No, I was still working freelance at home. But I think in 1960 I was determined, and we had an au pair girl, and I was going to find something, and again, it was a friend, a chance encounter, and I said, 'Thames and Hudson have given me the thumbs down, they only want me full time. So I'm looking for a job in publishing' and he said, 'Oh, I've just had an interview with a small publisher called Peter Owen. I don't want the job, if he wants you it's yours.' I went to see Peter Owen, eccentric, very interesting publisher of foreign books, books in translation, American books, an interesting list. And he was still fairly— he hadn't been in it for, oh, I think probably for only about seven years altogether. And I went there, with Roger, wearing my best fur coat, Persian lamb, very strange to think now, and he said, 'Oh, the job is yours if you want it'. One day a week to start with. And that then became two days a week, and two days at home. So I was working really for most of my working life at least four days, two days on, two days at home. And a lot of evening work. And I was given the very impressive role of Editorial Production Director, but of course I wasn't doing the work on my own at all. No, I was production manager or director the whole time, I did all the production, but we had editors, so I just had to nominally be in charge of all that, but we had some very good people, I must mention one name, that was Dan Franklin, who was with us for 13 years, came as a young student straight from Norwich University? It's not called Norwich University, East Anglia. A very bright young man, very modest, unassuming. And we were together for thirty years, we were a very happy team, he was a— he knew nothing about editing so I taught him a bit about that. He picked it up very quickly, and we were together, and when he left thirteen years later, we talked about setting up together. But I said, 'You are thirty years younger than I am, it's completely unrealistic', and he's done very, very well since.

Tape 3: 26 minutes 3 seconds

And he's one of the top publishers now. Jonathan Cape, I think he was at Jonathan Cape, he might

have moved, I'm not in touch with him.

BL: What books do you remember? What were the most important books for you?

BM: That is a good question. Because a lot of the books were just— especially at the beginning they were sheet deals from America, so I just had to give them a design, do the title pages, prelims, get the jacket commissioned and carried out by somebody else, write the blurbs, that sort of thing. Later, when we initiated our own books, I liked them all, and I liked helping with the translations, the foreign books. We didn't initiate anything big I think— yes, he'd already commissioned a book on the Michelangelo letters, a big limited edition, expensive, and I didn't have much input there, but it was the beginning of Peter doing something which required considerable investment - and he was very good at getting help with the finances of these books. But we did— on the whole, we stuck at first with all sheet deals, so it was very modestly produced, translations once again, you don't— the translation costs are not the same as paying an original author, and gradually, we did a general list, and then I was doing mostly non-fiction. We wanted to work on social issues, and we had a good non-fiction social list, of social issues of

Tape 3: 27 minutes 48 seconds

people's personal experiences and specially women's experiences, because by this time, I joined a group of friends. And this is another part of my story, a venture which we called 'women returning to work', 'married women returning to work', and we published and we lectured and we did all sorts of things, so that was— something unpaid, but the friends, the friendships from that have been totally enduring, and it was something which perhaps I can't go into detail now, but it was very effective at the time. We found out what the opportunities for part-time work were in the professions, and they were poor. And then we did what we could to enhance them, and we published books and we gave lectures. To generally get the idea through that professional women should not be left at home once they'd had their families, how to combine family and career, and the first book was called *Comeback*. And we published a lot of catalogues, not catalogues, paperbacks for that as well. And then Peter Owen took on that part of the list, which was very nice of him, very helpful, so we were able to produce books.

BL: When was this?

BM: Well, we started I think in '62, I was co-opted at a party - another one of those chance meetings which happen throughout life really. I was talking to somebody who said, 'Oh, you're interested in doing some work with women's careers, are you?' And I said, 'Well, I want to know whether there are other women who feel the way I do and I would really like to do more'. And he said, 'Well, you've got to meet somebody I know called Joan Wheeler-Bennett, because she and her friends from an American university, Vassar, have just set up a group in London', and that's how I came to meet that group. I think there were ten or twelve of them and we finished what we had to do in the early eighties, but three of us are very close friends and we meet regularly and although we don't talk about women returning to work any more, we talk about issues that concern us now, and that is, what, forty years on. Yes. But that was lovely. I found it very formative. But the very last book in that series, which Peter also published, I did with one of the three of us, and it was called *Change and Choice. Women in Middle Age*. And then of course the pressure now has been, 'Why don't you do something about old age?' But I always feel that when it comes to it, there is nothing you can finally say about old age. We were looking back to our middle age years, but you can't look back to your old age, because you are in it and you are always experiencing it. And many books can be written, but I think the whole canvas expands, and there are very few generalities except what happens when you finally have to be looked after by other people, but meanwhile it's just a period of growing and developing in different ways, and experiencing. So that was quite an

important thread in my life.

BL: And how did you professionally develop after publishing?

Tape 3: 31 minutes 30 seconds

BM: I think there came a point when I felt I had wrung my job dry, and not only hung it dry but more or less hung it on the line, really. I'm only just thinking of that expression now, but that's what it felt like. I just didn't think it was me any more. I'd done everything and it wasn't developing me, or I wasn't developing it. And my father died when I was 59, and he was nearly 93, and there had been 14 years of widowhood for him. My mother died quite young, she was only 69 when she died. And he was nearly 80 when she died. And it was alright for a few years and, interestingly, although he sat in his chair for years saying he was unwell, he came to life very, very quickly when an American uncle, one the sons of the original brothers who went to America, said, 'You've got to come over to America, and bring your sister in law' - by that time my uncle Louis had died - and they began to travel together, and after three or four years my father saw sights he'd never seen before, like standing in the Forum in Rome and he couldn't believe this was the place where Marcus Aurelius had stood. And he was going very well in his widowhood when I think physical problems overtook him. And I think his old war wound— we never found out what, but he started getting pains there, and the pains grew so bad that in the end he took to his bed, and he had a very miserable last few years.

Tape 3: 33 minutes 27 seconds

And that is when – we had moved from Richmond, where we had started married life, to Wimbledon, partly because my mother found us a house there, or helped us to buy one. That was six years after we got married, so by now we were in Wimbledon, having started married life in Richmond, and it was always in the back of my mind that parents might need support later, although it hadn't taken any specific form, and indeed that is what happened: my father needed a lot of support, and we gave him support, and I think Roger went far beyond the call of duty there, he was always available. And there were crises galore, and in the end he had to be moved to a nursing home and he died very, very soon after we moved here, so that's been— that was always on my mind. But the nursing home said he shouldn't have been allowed to move, the doctor shouldn't have moved him, because he was quite close to death, but we were never told. So those are very dark memories, and after that, I thought well, publishing's run out of me, and my father's gone, and I'd put down quite a considerable commitment, not to call it a burden, and wanted a change. And one of the three of us, the one with whom I'd written the book, Zoe, had been on a two year course at Westminster Pastoral Foundation learning basic counselling skills, and I said, 'That sounds interesting, perhaps I'll do something like that, I want to work with people'. I did know at that point, having lost both parents, that really my orientation was, not away from books, but certainly not with books as a main occupation, and that I would like to learn about working with people. So somebody recommended— a medical friend of mine recommended a course at the Royal Free, a Bereavement Counselling Course, CRUSE-sponsored,

Tape 3: 35 minutes 44 seconds

which was partly a lecture, followed by a group experience, and that went on for, probably, not more than six weeks, but in those six weeks I got such a grilling in the group, that I thought, well, here's a challenge, obviously I'm not suitable to work in groups. I was far too independent, or wanted to see things— you know, interpret things in my own way, I don't know, but anyway, I wasn't sensitive enough to be in a group at that time, I think.

Tape 3: 36 minutes 18 seconds

So the group leader, who was not a very *sympathique* person, who was rather harsh, said, 'I think we have some unfinished business, you know, I wouldn't mind seeing you privately'. So I went to her three or four times, found it quite uncongenial, but I thought, well, let's look round for— there's something about these groups that I find fascinating. And having been told that I hadn't really been sensitised enough to work in groups or be in groups, I started looking for group training, and I got a place at the Institute of Group Analysis for an introductory course for a year, in 1960, no, in 1980. I'm sorry, but I'm not quite clear about this. I did an introductory year, which was probably 1980, it doesn't matter, but at the end of that— it might have been a bit later. Anyway, I decided that the introductory year was fascinating, I still wasn't a perfectly good group member, and I still had such a lot to learn, and I thought, well, why don't I try to get professional training, then I'm sure I'm going to learn more. At that point I went to a course at Westminster Pastoral Foundation, 'Is counselling for you?' And at the end of it I asked the very nice convenor, who is now one of the two directors of the organisation, very encouraging, and I said I would love to do a course, a proper course, now having done the introductory course, a training course in Group Counselling, I think it was called. And she said, 'Go for it. It's a very good course here, and the person running it is from the IGA'. And I had actually met him. So I – he interviewed me, and a colleague of his interviewed me, and I think they always needed people, there wasn't huge competition for it, but he thought I had the right sort of background, and so I started training there in '83, the autumn after my father died.

Tape 3: 38 minutes 55 seconds

And then the training was hard, it was one day a week, I was still publishing, I was still doing both, and the training is hard, because you learn a lot about yourself and some of it is hard to take on, and you work with people who tell you what they think of you. And all that was quite a profound training, and we had to be in therapy as well, and after the end of my training I got a job at Charing Cross Hospital, which was at first an honorary appointment, running a group. And that was pretty harrowing and really quite frightening when you're setting off on your own and at night in one of the outbuildings, with a very dark— a lot of, you know, a path of bushes leading up to it, and people knocking at the door. We had to lock ourselves in, because there were people tapping on windows. It was very difficult to contain a group safely when you yourself didn't feel the outside was quite safe, and you have to provide something - it's called a 'container' - for the people who really need you and need therapy. So I did a couple of years there and then a couple of years I think as an honorary [*sic*], when I was paid to do supervision of medical students. And then I broke my arms very badly and had to give that up so that was the end of my contact with Charing Cross. But it was very, very interesting and we learnt a lot. We were constantly supervised and had group meetings, and discussed what we'd been doing and I got a lot from that. But in the meantime, as soon as I was qualified, I was offered a job at Westminster Pastoral Foundation as a Group Counsellor we were called, and then over the years the training was added to and enhanced, and we became Group Psychotherapists, which is what I now call myself - non-practising - and now I think they're going for the 'Group Analyst', they've voted by a narrow margin in favour of changing to 'Group Analyst'. And also I was kept to work on a submission to the United Kingdom Council of Psychotherapy, which is a big body for all the organisations, and when you got your UKCP membership you could put that on your letter headings and you really were a qualified Group Psychotherapist which was very encouraging and rewarding after all those years.

Tape 3: 41 minutes 50 seconds

But I should add that the training since then of course has expanded and been refined and added to and I think people who do the training today are really much more highly qualified from the start

than we were but you learn so much doing it over the eleven years that I worked and I had several different groups, and I also did a lot of student groups. You know, you develop all the time and you are in supervision all the time. And then when I had my coronary seven years ago I carried on for another two months but it was physically so difficult that I had to give up. So I've been retired now for eight years, and I'm now looking after my husband. That's now my job really, my main job. And leading as full a life together as we can, so life is still full and it's still good.

Tape 3: 43 minutes 7 seconds

BL: During your work experience, in publishing and as a psychotherapist, did you have any contacts with other refugees, or did you have any contact with the AJR?

BM: No. No. An interesting reply to that is that my contacts have been with non-Jewish Germans. And that started at the Westminster Pastoral. There was a young man, and we liked each other, and he was quite a bit younger, and very enthusiastic, and we set up a little group here with one of the older— not older, but somebody who had been qualified for longer, and we started a German psychotherapy circle the three of us, which didn't last very long because the young man quite frequently couldn't come, he lived a rather long way away, so it didn't get off the ground, but it gave somebody else at Westminster Pastoral, a very senior member, the idea that it would be a very good idea to found a group of German Psychotherapists, and she did and she invited me. And of course I'm the only Jewish member. Now— and for the last four years we've been— and also I'm much older. They are German women who moved, who were born in the forties, chose to come to England for various reasons, partly marriage, partly different career possibilities, partly just liked the whole ethos. And there are eight of us, and they are in their forties and early fifties, whereas I was in my seventies and now beginning my eighties, and I'm the only Jewish member. So I'm really— I've always felt that although we talk about our experiences, the experiences we talk about are their experiences and their experiences of their suffering in Germany and we never really addressed our suffering as Jews. And it's interesting that I'm talking about this now, because our last meeting was on Sunday when there were only three of us and it so happened that one of them had been to a conference in Cyprus, or a meeting about facing the future through looking at the past, I think a title of that kind, and there were Israeli analysts, psychotherapists, and German, and there were some Jews in the German group and the dynamics were quite extraordinary apparently. So the member who'd been to that was very— quite moved by the whole experience, said it was very turbulent at first, but they worked their way through, and she had facilitated that dialogue before and written a book on it, and then for the first time I found myself saying, 'I do think this may be the time when I perhaps come in and tell the group something about my own experience as a German Jew'.

BL: So just to clarify. So the whole time while you have been in that group, people were not aware that you were Jewish or it was not an issue?

Tape 3: 47 minutes 2 seconds

BM: It was never formulated; it was certainly not an issue. I think they must all have been aware, and certainly the founder of the group, who was not much younger than I am, and is an academic, knows very well. And I think everybody knows that I am Jewish. I've never made a secret of it, but it's never been on the agenda. It's always been 'how we have suffered'. And they have of course— a lot of them have suffered because they were in Germany when the Russians— you know, being in Berlin when the Russians came and things like that and then it was missing fathers we were discussing and I think after four years the time really had come and I was on the point of saying something but this absolutely fell into my lap, dropped into my lap. And so it's going to be taken up.

BL: It must have been a strange experience to sit there and listen.

BM: I felt a little detached from it. I was doing things like 'let us have a Christmas singsong'. And of course I still have strong emotional feelings about Germany. And I don't think you think— your childhood emotions can't be put away, and why should they be? So when I'm singing German songs I'm singing them with heart and soul, certain things excepted of course, but the good old Christmas songs, and other *Wanderlieder*, and things like that I find very enjoyable, but I thought, well, this is really just on my part, not really being in that group. Although I'm the host now, they come here.

Tape 3: 48 minutes 49 seconds

Because everybody lives a long way away, and I— they like coming here, they like sitting round the table and having tea. But we haven't really talked about me and my experiences at all and I'm not sure how after four years that is appropriate, but it's got to be taken on board.

BL: This brings us to another topic, and that's your relationship to Germany today. Did you ever go back to Germany?

BM: I think we need to pick up on this story of the restitution, don't we? Before that, yes, I'd been to the Frankfurt Book Fair a couple of times, and enjoyed it very much. There are of course a lot of Jewish publishers there, it has a very international feel and there was nothing particularly German about it except the venue and that was rewarding and I had a role to play there: you know, promoting our books, representing Peter. He was at a different table and we did some good work and— you asked me about something I really enjoyed producing. And I think there was one book— there were two books that I put a great deal into, not of myself but of my— the craft I'd learned, and one was about hairstyles through the ages, which was a mammoth book, and the other was of course translating and editing translations, which I enjoyed. But the book that I really helped to create from scratch was something called *The Artist and the Book in France*, which is a luxury edition of illustrated French hand-produced manuscripts, using not printing presses but hand methods like aquatint and mezzotint, and colour reproduction. And I did the typography and the production for that, not that I couldn't have done it with other books, but it was the one time Peter gave me free rein to design and produce something with all the materials of my choice. And it was published by Peter Owen and produced by Lund Humphreys, and they wrote a very nice letter afterwards to say they had to tell Peter that I had considerable managerial skills in the way I'd seen the project through from the printing side, which was very nice because it was very hands on getting the production through.

Tape 3: 51 minutes 32 seconds

It's something I'm very pleased to have done.

BL: Back to the Frankfurt Book Fair, you said you went to the Book Fair.

BM: Yes, I went a couple of times, yes.

BL: What was it like to go to Germany?

BM: I think Germany didn't impinge very much but, strangely, my sister was absolutely dead set against ever setting foot on German soil again. And she was only ten. She said she hated the whole thing, and I can't help feeling that she had a more visceral experience of the Nazis than I had because she was there for the nine months that I was away, and probably there was much more awareness. I was still in Hamburg when we were trotted out to watch Hitler passing by in his

motorcade. I remember sitting on the edge of the pavement. So— and having to put up my hand. I don't think I had any strong feelings at the time, and looking back I think it was just bizarre and unreal. But I went back to Germany on holiday in the early sixties. I think we went twice, and we enjoyed our holidays there with the children, except I could still feel anti-semitism, although the first holiday— I think it was in Austria in fact, it wasn't Germany, and it was very jolly, there was nothing noticeable. The hotel people were all very pleasant, there was no feeling there, I didn't pick up a feeling.

Tape 3: 53 minutes 27 seconds

But I was taken on an excursion, a day excursion to Vienna where we went to one of those drinking places, I've forgotten what they're called. You sit at long tables, and we were taken in this group, sitting at long tables. And I just heard, up the other end of the table, some young German men saying in a loud voice, 'And they didn't kill nearly enough of them' and that was clearly directed at me. So that was totally chilling and I just tried to put it out of my mind. And we've been to Austria since and I had a bad experience there, too, not all that long ago when we went to a hotel where certainly we got accommodation, but at dinner when we'd had our first course they were quite deliberate, they were ignoring our table, and I think that was directed at me. And we weren't served a second course and nobody came and the following morning Madame was not there behind her desk and one of the chamber maids was serving us breakfast and we were seen out civilly by her; but the management never appeared again, so I don't think it was just paranoid feelings, because I was not prepared to remain invisible, but it happened, so it was not a happy memory. I enjoyed Frankfurt and then chose to go back to Hamburg and take Roger, on our way to one of the Book Fairs. And showed him Hamburg and found it rather cold and not very exciting for me and we had a cursory look at all the places of importance, and my heart wasn't really in it, because I was showing it to my husband and I wasn't reliving it. And then my daughter Tessa said a few years ago she very much wanted to go to Hamburg and see where Mummy was born, or Mother, or Bea, she calls me, and I took Tessa without Roger for three days; and then my cousin Ronnie who was born in Hamburg and emigrated when he was nine months old said he wanted to come along with his two children, so we had three days together exploring the old places and taking lots of photographs and that was marvellous. It was wonderful. And I felt this was the town where I had after all grown up. There were still a lot of things that hadn't changed, I could drop my— leave my bad feelings behind and recapture the good aspects of what was, and the happy times, and my grandfather's house and tobogganing and skating and so on. And Tessa was very enthusiastic and she was lovely company and she wanted to go to the Elbe, the harbour, to see where the oil works were and you know, it was tying lots of knots with her total enthusiasm and we walked and walked and walked through the old town. So I've made my peace with that part, completely.

BL: I'm sorry to stop you, we have to change tapes.

TAPE 4

BL: This is Tape four; we're conducting an interview with Beatrice Musgrave. You were talking about your trip with your daughter to Hamburg. The question which comes to my mind is did the past play an important role with your children, did you talk about it at all, were they interested?

BM: I'm often talking about it, because it's so very much a part of me, I can't exclude it. Tessa has always been very interested. Oliver has been - I can't say indifferent, but I think there is something there that he wants to screen out. And he's married a wife who is not particularly interested in my background, never asks any questions. Takes things on board, for what it is, but I don't feel— I feel I'm imposing on them when I'm talking too much about the past, but with Tessa, and my niece - I have two nieces and a nephew - and they're all three very, very interested in their mother's story,

because my sister never chose to tell it. She repressed it completely so they are always asking for more detail and more photographs and that's nice.

BL: So the trip to Hamburg was an opportunity for you to share something with your daughter.

Tape 4: 1 minute 38 seconds

BM: Very much so, yes, very important. And the other thing which is important in that context is the restitution which of course I never had much to do with. Restitution I know from my father and his papers that he worked for years to get himself a pension, and he got a very good pension, which was an enormous help in keeping him going, a very generous pension. And for some strange reason I've just come across the letter in which his pension was finally granted in '53 after his endeavours. Then I was asked whether I wanted some compensation for loss of studies. There was an offer from Germany for £250 I think, or it might have been £125, I'm not clear, for reparation for that, and I said, No, definitely not, I've had wonderful education and I certainly don't want any reparation from Germany. So that was dropped. And then I've mentioned a few coincidences to you. And now this is number three, or maybe number four. We'd been to Berlin in 1997, just before I had the coronary, on a three day sight-seeing tour with one of the English art groups, NATFAS. I'd joined it specifically in 1992 because I wanted to go on that trip and went with a number of friends and the day after we got back to the flat, two of my friends— Roger and I were here having breakfast and the phone rang and there was a voice from Germany saying, 'My name is Doctor Moser and I think you own some property in Berlin for which you need to apply'. And I said, 'Oh, how interesting, only yesterday I was told that a lot of people were looking for people who wanted to reclaim property', and I really thought there was a connection. And in fact it was a total coincidence, that we'd driven around looking at Russian-occupied parts of Berlin and Potsdam and been told that all these houses are standing empty because nobody knows who the owners are. And then I get this phone call the next morning, so it all happened very quickly. He made me sign an agreement that he was going to do all the work and there was going to be a certain percentage for him at the end, a very generous percentage, and the long and short of it is it went on for over four years during which time I had many telephone conversations in German and recovered a lot of my German, spoken German, and it looked as if there was a good chance, and I didn't have any expectations because these things go on and on sometimes for ever, and then after a month he said, 'By the way, I should tell you that you have a relation who instigated this whole restitution claim and I can't give you her address but I'll give you her name, and she's called Brigitte etc.'

Tape 4: 5 minutes 17 seconds

And this was by letter. And it emerged that this is the illegitimate daughter of the cousin, my cousin Carlos who was my father's sister Rita's son. Rita is the one, if you remember; who married a non-Jew and was living with a Nazi and Carlos was her only son, a lovely cousin, three years older than myself. And what emerged very quickly was that this woman, now in her sixties, living in Munich, was the illegitimate daughter of this young Carlos that they had a baby— No, young Carlos had a relationship with a young German woman and they produced Brigitte. Illegitimate child. And he was sent to Auschwitz and never returned and she got some of his belongings back. The first news I've had, so that was an awful shock.

Tape 4: 6 minutes 30 seconds

BL: When was that?

BM: That was in ninety— in early '98, I think. And then I started corresponding with her in very halting German and I'm still not good at written German, and I talked to her on the phone once or

twice, and it was agreed that she should have 50 % of the claim but in the end she said, could she possibly make it 60 because they were not well off and she'd worked on this claim for years and [was] turned down again and again because she was not married to Carlos. And then her husband said, 'Why don't you look for somebody abroad, there are a lot of Jewish refugees, try France, try England', and they somehow found my solicitor, who gave them our address, of the old house, and when they went to the old house, we weren't there, but they were given the new address and so it happened that she got in touch.. So it is a miracle.

BL: But this is regarding what property in Berlin?

BM: Two houses, two blocks of flats.

BL: And who owned those?

Tape 4: 7 minutes 31 seconds

BM: The Russians owned one, and the other was sold to a company, not sold but appropriated.

BL: But in your family, who owned them?

BM: Oh, the— my aunt, Rita, the one who married the non-Jewish husband. My father's sister. And my sister and I were the next of kin and so the money coming to us, as a couple, would then have to be divided with the new cousin, forty-sixty. But the money wasn't the issue then, although I was very glad in the end to get something out of it, because we did succeed, we did, and it went on for four years. And there were many ups and downs, and it nearly faltered, and then Brigitte said, 'Why this Doctor Moser is never going to get it through [is] because he's too quarrelsome', as he was, and he always made an issue any kind of disagreement, it became a quarrel, so her agent and he were quarrelling and that didn't look good so she said, 'Why don't you go over to my agent?' and I thought this might be very disloyal but in the end consulted a German lawyer. Tessa got him for me. Tessa went over in early '98 and photographed Berlin in the snow and photographed the houses and the area and everything. And they were not wonderfully looked after but one was a substantial, a good substantial block and the other was a little bit ramshackle. And the main problem was the Jewish Claims Conference, who will not let go of the second block, but having sold the first one privately and got our restitution from that, I'm extremely happy that we saw it through. And gained a new relation. Tessa then went over to meet her. And Tessa went over in June. And then two years ago, on my parents' wedding anniversary - Tessa chose the date, because she's a spiritualist - she said, 'Something good will come of this, trust me', and we went to meet her, and she does indeed live very modestly, but she's a lovely person, very much her own person. She has a family of two daughters and grandchildren and we had an extremely happy reunion. But it is not a relationship that will flourish except you, know, post cards. We haven't got a great deal in common to talk about. And, obviously, for her husband it's quite painful to hear about, you know, the background. Not totally appropriate. He's a real good German. I don't know what his background is but he has been very helpful, operative, in getting this claim through. So that is the extraordinary extension of the family. And I'm about to write my Christmas card to her.

Tape 4: 10 minutes 43 seconds

And perhaps tell her about our interview.

BL: Is she, what relation would she be?

BM: She would be my second cousin once removed, because she's a generation down. She's my—

she's my cousin's daughter.

BL: Her life must have been very different.

BM: It was so different. She comes from a very, very humble background. And I don't think she had a father, there was no father around for her, because— no, I think she was brought up by her grandparents, but she looked after her old mother who was still alive when I first met her, when I was first in touch - and she'd lost a leg - and then Brigitte really looked after her, and she died, I think, two years ago.

BL: Did Brigitte know about her Jewish father?

BM: Not enough background. You mean about the Jewish family behind her father?

BL: Yes.

BM: Very little. She knew he was half-Jewish and of course he wouldn't have been sent to Auschwitz if he hadn't been deemed Jewish anyway. But she learnt a certain amount from me because Tessa hasn't got the knowledge, but she is not really interested to know the background and when we went to one of her children's birthday parties, and met the sons in law, who are real German working lads, sort of middle management in factories, the subject was not discussed and we took a happy family photograph which I've got somewhere and my feeling is, we've gone as far as we can.

BL: The next question is about your identity. How would you define yourself in terms of your identity today?

BM: It's such a global concept identity, what – How can we— pare it down a bit?

Tape 4: 13 minutes 1 second

BL: I asked it on purpose very open so – In relation to Germany, being Jewish, being British—

BM: I think I've been on a sort of circular journey really, in which I now spend a lot of time - and I think that's part of the age I am now, having turned 80 six months ago - is to ask myself well, who are you really and how have you gone through life, and what does it look like now, and all these questions bring me back very much to my beginnings and the— you know, very deeply rooted German-Jewish background I come from. There's no question about that. But I've played my part being an English girl, a woman bringing up two children in the English way, and perhaps rather— and possibly overdoing the Public School thing, possibly. Roger never went to Public School, he went to a co-educational school, he went to Bedales so—

Tape 4: 14 minutes 18 seconds

I'm not quite sure what I was trying to do except possibly compensating for something which I thought was slightly shameful, being in a minority which wasn't fully acknowledged for what it was. And there's been such a renaissance now in German-Jewish studies. And our local NATFAS had an evening of, you know, 'Contribution of refugees to this country' which now means that superficially, at least, everybody acknowledged what an enormous benefit it was to England. And I think all this revival of acceptance of Jews as having made— being valuable, has made a difference to my sense of identity. I think it was already there, because I've worked for two Jewish publishers, so I've never been far away, the accommodation was more on the side of Roger and his parents who

are— if they are not lapsed Catholics as one of them might be, they are Quakers and it's a very— and Roger has absolutely no religious affiliations nor had his parents. His father rather struggled, and whatever he did he did quietly, his mother not. So I think I neutralised myself a lot in my middle years. And I wanted my children to have an unprejudiced start in life and slightly overdid it, I think, in the end because if it had been— I'm now told if we had told St Paul's that Oliver was half Jewish, he might not have had the kind of acceptance— I don't know, I really don't know.

Tape 4: 16 minutes 15 seconds

BL: What do you mean by 'neutralise'?

BM: Neutralise? Well, being all things to all men, being completely bland in my response to, yes, I am who I am but I live here, I'm integrated here. What happened after that was that instead of being all things to all men I now look at myself more as having many, many different facets, which have come together in a very strong sense of identity. It's not a restricted identity because everything is contained in it. I think I can't define it any more clearly than that. I — except my Jewishness, I talk about it, as you know, talking to these two colleagues, German colleagues, I was very open about it. They said, 'Yes, you will be heard, you must be heard, of course you must be heard'. I said, 'Yes, but isn't it strange that it's only just now, that this week I suddenly— only last week I felt very strongly that it's not right that I should assimilate myself into this group. What was the point of it?'

BL: What would you say is for you the most important part of this German-Jewish heritage?

Tape 4: 17 minutes 31 seconds

BM: [Pause] I suppose the— if I can call it the general ethic is the most important part, that I want to be— the kind of person that I want to be and it's being put to the test now that I'm looking after Roger in a way that does exclude quite a lot of my own activities and endeavours. The main thing for me is to keep him as well and as happy and as fulfilled as I can, working with a very tricky illness which is going to get worse, one doesn't know how much worse, but it's getting worse all the time. And so I have a lot of struggling to do with— not to do the right thing so much as to do the right thing for me and to be a person who— I see myself as somebody who wants to be useful, who wants to be of value to other people and I think that's been there for a long time. And even when I was making books and although not artistically very creative I feel quite a creative person, and quite a resourceful person too. And I've reached the point when I want to say 'thank you' to whoever has made us what we are, and ending up in— very open to what lies ahead, but also very aware that it's got to be something has got to — everything's got to be done sooner rather than later, because life obviously isn't going to go on for ever for me now, and so live for the moment, but live usefully and live creatively, and lovingly.

Tape 4: 20 minutes 3 seconds

BL: Do you think your life would have been very different if you hadn't been forced to emigrate?

BM: I can see myself as a sort of caricature, and I think that caricature was formed probably very early on in my career decision-making and that is a rather— it's probably part of me now, quite fierce and censorious, critical, rather a narrow minded art-historian. And probably an art-historian who is— possibly a professor of Art History, somewhere in a German town. And I really thought years ago that I might be able to stop at that point, or have to stop. And it's a great surprise to know that it's all turned out rather differently.

Tape 4: 21 minutes 15 seconds

BL: Is there anything, anything else I haven't asked you you'd like to add? Any topics we haven't discussed?

BM: I don't think so. I think either directly or by inference most of what I feel— What I haven't said is that I'm very attached to my ongoing family. I haven't talked much of relationships with people beyond the family, my nieces and nephews, my cousins, and that my friendships are very important. And having reached a point where I can be very discerning about— because I have so little free time, and do very little entertaining because I don't have the physical energy to do it any more, so the people I now see make up— the greater part of— my life now is people really, so I should say that, I'm very, very interested. And friendships can continue to grow, and I've even made two new friends in the last two years, which is astonishing. But then of course when you get to my age you can— it's more a matter of choice and less of circumstance. When you're young you have a large circle of people, and you call them friends but very often they drift in and out. Now it's boiled down to far fewer people who I value very much. But the Christmas card list is still enormous and I wonder what to do about it because it's going to be a lot of very hard work.

Tape 4: 23 minutes 7 seconds

BL: Is there any message you would like to convey based on your experiences?

BM: Be open, I would say, to whatever comes in to you, by way of thoughts, inspirations, meetings, anything new, because you never know what will come of it, and in my case so much has developed from being ever more open. And I think my caricature of the professor is probably somebody who is not very open. I think if you can continue to be open to experience and joyfully receive all the good things that come from just experience and your own ideas, and thoughts and inspirational ideas too, then I feel I'm having a very good life and the struggle and strife is part of it.

BL: OK, Beatrice, thank you very much for this interview and we're going to look at some photos now.

Tape 4: 24 minutes 27 seconds

PHOTOS

1. I think this must be a visit to my great grandfather's home in Breitenbach and at the back my grandfather, from left to right my grandmother, my grandmother's oldest son Louis, her younger son Edgar, her— the middle one is her daughter Grete, my mother and on the right is Louis Levi Sonneborn, my great grandfather.

Tape 4: 25 minutes 25 seconds

My grandfather Jacques and his bride, or young wife, Natalie, taken in Mannheim. I would think early 1890s.

Tape 4: 25 minutes 50 seconds

From left to right [*actually right to left*], my mother Grete, her younger brother Edgar, and her older brother Louis. Probably in Hamburg. My mother would be about six, shall we say around 1905.

Tape 4: 26 minutes 24 seconds

My grandfather Jacques Sonneborn's oil refinery which he built on the Elbe, and somewhere you can read 'Ölwerke Stern-Sonneborn AG'. He built it in the early 1900s.

Tape 4: 27 minutes 0 second

My grandmother Jenny Falkenstein, in the centre with my father Henri on her knee, next to my grandmother is her husband Bernhard, and his daughter by his first marriage, Else, my father's half sister. Probably on the outskirts of Paris in Enghien, around 1891.

Tape 4: 27 minutes 53 seconds

My father, aged 8, in Enghien on the outskirts of Paris.

Tape 4: 28 minutes 14 seconds

My mother and father on the balcony of my grandfather's house in Leinpfad, after it was converted and just before the emigration, Hamburg, 1937.

Tape 4: 28 minutes 28 seconds

This is me on the balcony of our block of flats in Isestrasse, I must have been about three, I was still wearing boots. 1927?

Tape 4: 28 minutes 55 seconds

On the front row, second from left, the only little girl wearing an overall. 1930. Name of the school Rea Wirt Privatschule.

Tape 4: 29 minutes 45 seconds

My grandfather Jacques Sonneborn in the middle, on his left my younger sister Anita and myself on the right in 1936 in Hamburg.

Tape 4: 29 minutes 45 seconds

In 1936 my school friend, Ilse, who is in the second row from the back with her head just above two little boys, asked me and my little sister to go on holiday with her with two *Krankenschwestern*, *Pflegerinnen*, in *weissen Hauben*, Schwester Edith and Schwester Hanna, and we went to Nordeney. This is our group and I am in the third row, fourth from the right and my sister, Anita, is just below me sitting and I became very friendly and fond of a young boy of fifteen who is in the second row on the extreme left and we corresponded until we were stopped by his Nazi parents from carrying on a correspondence with a Jewish girl, but all very civilly. And the anti-Semitism was already fairly ripe and when we were there the two sisters, Schwester Edith and Schwester Hanna, told us that that some parents of one of the children were coming to visit and would we please not join the group that day. And afterwards she said she was sorry about it, but since we were little Jewish girls she didn't want to bring us to their attention and she told them we were Argentinean, in case they saw us and we were rather darker than the others.

Tape 4: 31 minutes 35 seconds

I was sent to boarding school in December 1936. Early spring, in front of the door in front of the building. The school was called Belmont.

Tape 4: 32 minutes 3 seconds

An excursion to Eastbourne with my parents, probably driven by somebody else because they didn't have a car. From the left, myself, my father, my mother and my sister, Anita. I must have been about fourteen.

Tape 4: 32 minutes 42 seconds

Putney House School, 1937 or early 1938, with some of my classmates. And from the left, the back row, a Jewish girl called, I think, Lili Friedmann, and in front of her another Jewish girl, both from Germany, called Jutta Kahn. And our form mistress is in the middle of the front row, Miss Mackenzie.

Tape 4: 33 minutes 15 seconds

This a photo from Bradford Grammar School, 1943, of my class and I'm sitting third from the left in the second row on the bottom. 1943.

Tape 4: 35 minutes 48 seconds

Punting on the Cherwell in Oxford in 1947 in my third year. Behind me I think is a young lad from Keble, I can't remember who was on my right.

Tape 4: 34 minutes 20 seconds

My wedding to Roger Musgrave on the 21st of November 1953. From left, his best man David, he shared a flat with him, Roger's father Clifford, Roger, his mother Margaret, myself, my father Henri, my mother Grete, my sister Anita and Roger's young brother Stephen, on the steps of the Registry office in Chelsea.

Tape 4: 35 minutes 9 seconds

This is in 1959 just before we left our house in Somerset Road, no, just before we left our flat in Richmond to move to Somerset Road. On the right [*left*] is Tessa, who would be 3 and Oliver who would be 1+.

Tape 4: 35 minutes 35 seconds

The occasion was Roger's 60th birthday in 1989. We are in Tessa and her partner, later husband's cottage in Norfolk. The group is myself on the left, Roger, Tessa and Oliver between myself and Roger. And the picture on the wall is a self-portrait by Roger's mother Margaret which was very sadly stolen from the cottage.

Tape 4: 36 minutes 19 seconds

An outing, of which there were many, of Roger, myself, my sister and her husband, this is Michael her husband and my sister Anita. 1990s.

Tape 4: 36 minutes 50 seconds

Son Oliver and his wife Victoria on a trip to Egypt in 2003. I hope it was last year—

Tape 4: 37 minutes 7 seconds

Taken on the beach in Southwold, 1996, Tessa's 40th birthday, myself and my husband Roger, Tessa and her husband Theo next to her.

BL: Beatrice, thank you very much again for this interview.

BM: Oh, thank you very much.