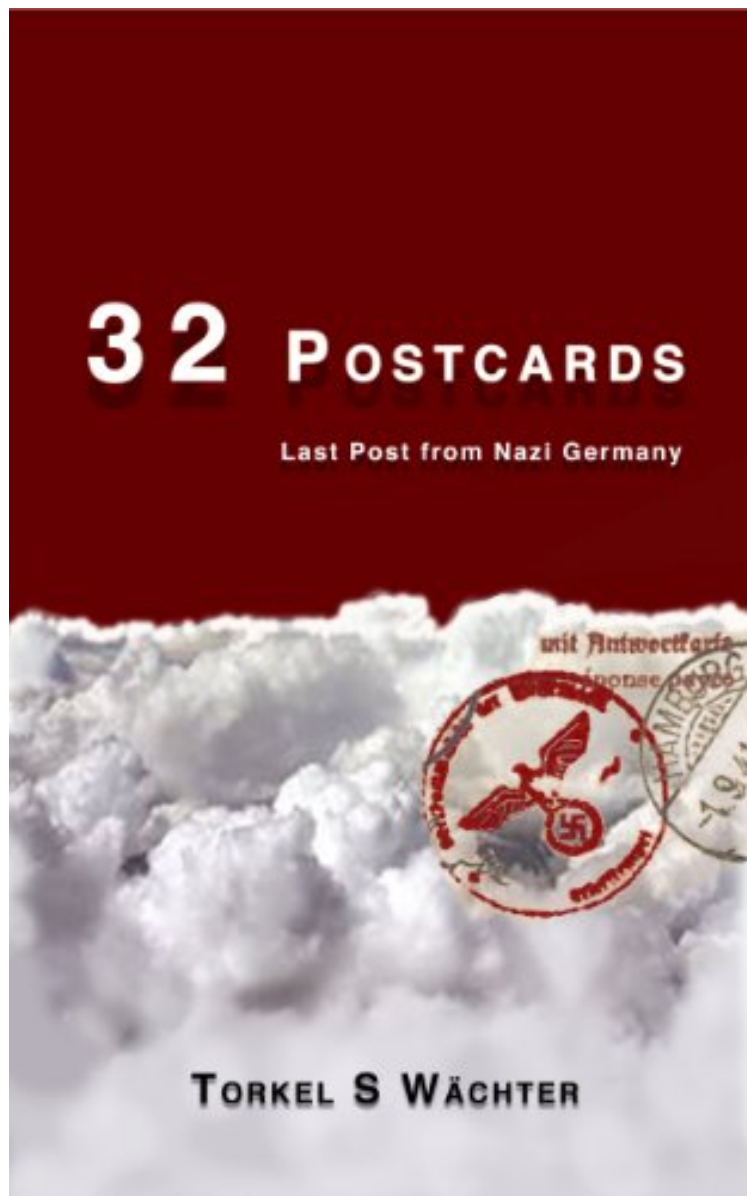


[Read download] 32 Postcards: Last Post from Nazi Germany (Simulated Real Time Book 1) (English Edition)

32 Postcards: Last Post from Nazi Germany (Simulated Real Time Book 1) (English Edition)

Von Torkel S Wchter

*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub | DOC | audiobook*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrang: #1657418 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2014-03-23Erscheinungsdatum: 2014-03-23File Name: B00JAQ119O | File size: 58.Mb

Von Torkel S Wchter : 32 Postcards: Last Post from Nazi Germany (Simulated Real Time Book 1) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised 32 Postcards: Last Post from Nazi Germany (Simulated Real Time Book 1) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.
postcards as gateway to the free worldVon HMS MARSDuring one and a half years, from March 29, 1940 - September 20, 1941, Gustav Wchter, citizen of the Free and Hanseatic Town of Hamburg, Germany, sent postcards to his son who lived then in Sweden. In those times, Hamburg was not the free town as it is today. Many citizens suffered from increasing pressure of the Nazi dictatorship, especially people with Jewish ancestry. Among them was the Wchter family which lived since centuries in Hamburg.During these one and a half years, standard 15 Pfennig postcards were used by Gustav Wchter to keep contact with his son Walter in Sweden. These postcards were his gateway to the free world, since he was prisoner in his own country. A red censorship stamp of the Oberkommando der Wehrmacht, Briefstempel geffnet indicated that his mail was red by others. On December 6, 1941 Gustav Wchter and his wife Minna left Hamburg by train, from the Hannoversche Bahnhof, the station where the transports from Hamburg to the extermination camps started.With the transcripts of the text of the 32 postcards, the additional descriptive text on the historic events of the individual dates when the postcards left Hamburg, the photos and the vita of many members of his family, Torkel Wchter achieved a book which gives a depressing insight on Hamburg which was not free then. A book which should be read by everyone, young or old.

Kurzbeschreibung32 rediscovered authentic postcards sent out from Nazi Germany unfold the dramatic fate of a German Jewish family before deportation. From the outbreak of the Second World War to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, these postcards tell the story of the end of two love affairs, the one between Liesbeth and Walter, and the one between Germany and its Jews.Novelist Torkel S Wchter:My father was a German Jew. He never denied the fact, but he did not talk much about it. He was more interested in the present and the future than in the past. When the war was over, he drew a line under the past, and with great resilience he built up a new life in Sweden. He promised faithfully that his children would never have to hear a single word in German.When he died, in 1983, he left behind some packing cases that were stored in the attic. Some years ago I ventured to open the boxes my father left behind. They were filled with diaries, letters, articles and other documents, most of which was written in Stterlin, old German handwriting, and impossible for me to decipher. In a wooden cigar box there were photographs of people unknown to me, but I recognised that a woman depicted on some of the photographs had the exact same eyes as I have, and I realised that she must be my grandmother.Among the material my father left behind were letters written by somebody who called himself Walter. These letters were sent from the concentration camp Fuhlsbttel outside Hamburg. I also found hundreds of letters written by my grandparents and sent to this person, Walter, who was serving a three-year sentence for preparation for high treason. It took some time for me to realise that the Walter referred to as the addressee and owner of all the diaries, essay collections, documents and letters was in fact my very own deceased father who had renounced his old Germanic name and was known to me as Michal. In one of the packing cases was a plastic bag containing 32 yellowed, handwritten 5.5 x 3.5 inch postcards, stamped with a red postal stamp with the imperial German eagle and a swastika, making it clear they were posted in Nazi Germany during the Second World War. It turned out these were the last postcards my grandparents sent out of Nazi Germany to their son, before they were deported in 1941. Acclaim for Torkel S Wchters 32 Postcards:The way in which the postcards document and yet simultaneously personalize the unfolding of history is remarkable, and affords a distinctive and profound insight into the period. The visual display is also part of the exceptional experience the handwriting, the signature, are part of the visual remnant of living beings calling out to be remembered and preserved.Barbara Lerner Spectre, Founding Director of PaideiaI am forever thankful to you for loving enough, being proud enough and caring enough to share these precious memories with the rest of us. My father and Grandfather Friedman would salute you from their graves.Jeanie Parrott, USAAn impressive example.Henriette Kolb, Jewish Museum BerlinIts very difficult to put words to my feelings at this point. What a creative way to convey the gamut of emotions German Jews under the Nazis were subjected to. I applaud and admire you.James Sauer, California, USAEuropean-Jewish history in the smallest format, tailor-made for the 21st century an extraordinary project, indeed!Roland Detsch, Goethe InstituteKurzbeschreibung32 rediscovered authentic postcards sent out from Nazi Germany unfold the dramatic fate of a German Jewish family before deportation. From the outbreak of the Second World War to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, these postcards tell the story of the end of two love affairs, the one between Liesbeth and Walter, and the one between Germany and its Jews.Novelist Torkel S Wchter:My father was a German Jew. He never denied the fact, but he did not talk much about it. He was more interested in the present and the future than in the past. When the war was over, he drew a line under the past, and with great resilience he built up a new life in Sweden. He promised faithfully that his children would never have to hear a single word in German.When he died, in 1983, he left behind some packing cases that were stored in the attic. Some years ago I ventured to open the boxes my father left behind. They were filled with diaries, letters, articles and other documents, most of which was written in Stterlin, old German handwriting, and impossible for me to decipher. In a wooden cigar box there were photographs of people unknown to me, but I recognised that a woman depicted on some of the photographs had the exact same eyes as I have, and I

realised that she must be my grandmother. Among the material my father left behind were letters written by somebody who called himself Walter. These letters were sent from the concentration camp Fuhlsbttel outside Hamburg. I also found hundreds of letters written by my grandparents and sent to this person, Walter, who was serving a three-year sentence for preparation for high treason. It took some time for me to realise that the Walter referred to as the addressee and owner of all the diaries, essay collections, documents and letters was in fact my very own deceased father who had renounced his old Germanic name and was known to me as Michal. In one of the packing cases was a plastic bag containing 32 yellowed, handwritten 5.5 x 3.5 inch postcards, stamped with a red postal stamp with the imperial German eagle and a swastika, making it clear they were posted in Nazi Germany during the Second World War. It turned out these were the last postcards my grandparents sent out of Nazi Germany to their son, before they were deported in 1941. Acclaim for Torkel S Wchters 32 Postcards: The way in which the postcards document and yet simultaneously personalize the unfolding of history is remarkable, and affords a distinctive and profound insight into the period. The visual display is also part of the exceptional experience the handwriting, the signature, are part of the visual remnant of living beings calling out to be remembered and preserved. Barbara Lerner Spectre, Founding Director of Paideia I am forever thankful to you for loving enough, being proud enough and caring enough to share these precious memories with the rest of us. My father and Grandfather Friedman would salute you from their graves. Jeanie Parrott, USA An impressive example. Henriette Kolb, Jewish Museum Berlin Its very difficult to put words to my feelings at this point. What a creative way to convey the gamut of emotions German Jews under the Nazis were subjected to. I applaud and admire you. James Sauer, California, USA European-Jewish history in the smallest format, tailor-made for the 21st century an extraordinary project, indeed! Roland Detsch, Goethe Institute