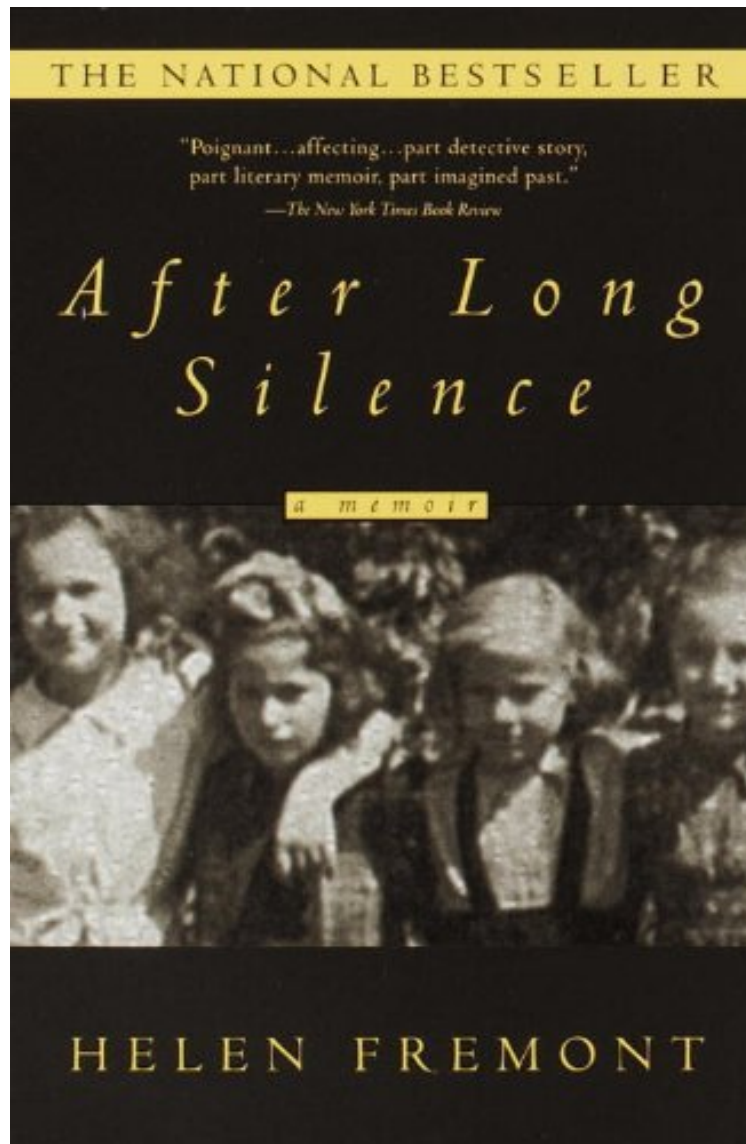


[Download] After Long Silence: A Memoir

After Long Silence: A Memoir

Von Helen Fremont

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Von Helen Fremont : After Long Silence: A Memoir before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised After Long Silence: A Memoir:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Should be nominated for the Nobel Prize... Von Ein Kunde I am an avid reader and I can honestly say that this is the first book of my life that cries out to be nominated... awarded... a Nobel Peace Prize. It is more than a memoir. It is an epic tale of tragedy, mystery, heroism, romance and identity for all people, of all backgrounds. After all, this discussion of "roots"

is primal to every human being. Although I am not strictly a survivor of the Holocaust (though as a Jew and a member of the Twentieth Century I believe I am) this book got me in touch with my Jewish roots. I believe that my parents were assimilated, and brought their children up to eschew their religion, out of fear. One day, while my brother was studying for his Bar Mitzvah, he kissed the little velvet bag that held his tallus (the Jewish prayer shawl). Our mother was walking by his room, came in, and struck him on the back, scolding, "Don't ever kiss an inanimate object. It's disgusting." I used to hold this against my mother, who was in her twenties when victims of concentration camps were emerging after the war. Now I believe that she must have been terrified to be Jewish herself, even though she never went through what Helen Fremont's parents did. I remember some lovely 'Jewish' moments from my childhood - going to the Orthodox shul (synagogue) with my religious, old-world grandparents; celebrating Purim, dressed as Ruth from the Bible; finding the matzoh my grandfather had hidden on Passover, and receiving a dollar for it; leaving the room to open the door for the angel Michael, then returning to find the wine glass mysteriously drained (by the angel, of course). As we grew up and especially after my grandparents died, we were not encouraged to continue or be identified with these rituals. Reading Helen Fremont's book has brought them back for me, and made me yearn to know more, to feel that warm, delicious feeling of connection with an ancient past, so rich, so interesting. Her parents should be proud and grateful - she gave them back their past, and she made the reader see them as unbelievably heroic people. They will be forever etched on my mind as magnificent examples of humanity. Another thing this book has done for me is to give me permission to be open about the book I am writing about a tragic secret in my own family, and my search for meaning.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A captivating account Von L. Knutsen It has been said that it will still take a long time for modern civilization - and the Jewish collective psyche - to come to terms with the Shoah. Efforts to create a compelling account of something that is utterly unimaginable (and which we would rather not imagine) are inevitably limited by the storyteller's ability to relive the experience and relate it at the same time, as well as the reader's ability to deal with it. Helen Fremont tells the story of her parents' survival as she stitches in together in her minds' eye - based on their cursory accounts and her own imagination. By telling her own story at the same time, she demonstrates the generational effect of her parents' trauma, explaining through example the fact that these things can not be forgotten. And so this becomes a story of identity - of how she learns to integrate her relationship with her sister, her parents' bizarre behavior, and her own sexual orientation into who she is. It is telling that Ms. Fremont's account is so captivating that we find ourselves judging her decisions, especially around other people's privacy. Whether or not we agree with her choices has nothing to do with the quality of her literature, but the story begs an ethical issue: Do we have the right to withhold from our children facts that are important to their sense of identity? After all, the wrong that must be made right is that Ms. Fremont's parents ever felt the need to deny their identity - even as they did so halfheartedly - not that Ms. Fremont decided to reclaim her Jewish identity.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Heroic in the greatest sense, and a literary masterpiece Von Ein Kunde To me, heroes are big, big people - people of great character who suffer, who stumble, sometimes fall, but pull themselves up and go on. Often, they sacrifice everything in pursuit of life, love and truth. Helen Fremont has many of these characteristics, and it is not a surprise, with such incredible parents. Everyone in her family is lucky to be in that family. Why did reviewers nit-pick about Ms. Fremont's decision to come out as a lesbian to her parents, and in this book? I felt she explained herself perfectly on this score: she had to risk something very personal herself in order to "even the score" of vulnerability with her parents. Besides, I think it's fine that she came out in print. Once again, not surprising - courage runs in her blood. However, after putting the book aside for a few days, I must say that I understand her parents' fear and denial. They probably feel that there are still enemies out there who want to harm them. After all, Ms. Fremont alludes to a wave of anti-Semitism in Rome recently that resulted in damage to synagogues. The terror continues, readers, and could rear its ugly head at any time again. I always think of anti-Semitism as a giant bear claw that sweeps across the sky, suddenly, a monstrous shadow over the people below. It swoops, and there is blood and destruction of life and limb. I was not born in Europe, and neither were my parents, but still there is a built-in fear. All my life I have been prepared to run, if necessary. No wonder her mother and her aunt became so hysterical when confronted by exposure of the darkest time of their lives. Still, it must be told. This book is liberating for all Jews.

Kurzbeschreibung "To this day, I don't even know what my mother's real name is." Helen Fremont was raised as a Roman Catholic. It wasn't until she was an adult, practicing law in Boston, that she discovered her parents were Jewish--Holocaust survivors living invented lives. Not even their names were their own. In this powerful memoir, Helen Fremont delves into the secrets that held her family in a bond of silence for more than four decades, recounting with heartbreaking clarity a remarkable tale of survival, as vivid as fiction but with the resonance of truth. Driven to uncover their roots, Fremont and her sister pieced together an astonishing story: of Siberian Gulags and Italian royalty, of concentration camps and buried lives. After Long Silence is about the devastating price of hiding the truth; about families; about the steps we take, foolish or wise, to protect ourselves and our loved ones. No one who reads this book

can be unmoved, or fail to understand the seductive, damaging power of secrets. What Fremont and her sister discover is an astonishing story: one of Siberian gulags and Italian royalty, of concentration camps and buried lives. AFTER LONG SILENCE is about the devastating price of hiding the truth; about families; about the steps we take, foolish or wise, to protect ourselves and our loved ones. No one who reads this book can be unmoved, or fail to understand the seductive, damaging power of secrets. --From the Trade Paperback edition..de

In her mid-thirties, Helen Fremont discovered that, although she had been raised in the Midwest of the US as a Catholic, she was in fact the daughter of Polish Jews whose families had been exterminated in the Holocaust. Fremont's tender but unsparing memoir chronicles the voyage of discovery she took with her older sister, ferreting out information from Jewish organisations and individuals, worrying about its impact on their angry, overpowering father and reticent, nightmare-plagued mother. Fremont has the courage to paint a nearly unsympathetic portrait of her parents' secretiveness and initial reluctance to have their children dredge up the past; as the narrative unfolds, readers comprehend the tormented roots of their behaviour, without forgetting the psychological problems it created for their daughters. Fremont's recreation of her parents' ghastly ordeals--her mother narrowly escaping the murder of nearly every Jew in her hometown; her father surviving six years in the Soviet gulag--is a triumph of dogged research and sympathetic imagination. Her book tells a deeply American story of identity lost and reclaimed, complete with Fremont coming out to her parents as a lesbian, yet it also achieves understanding of the dark European past and its icy grip on her family. --Wendy Smith.co.uk

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