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(p. 6) *(please excuse the poor handwriting, I'm writing outside while grazing the cows!)*
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(p. 7) *Now enough about the landscape. You'd have to write a whole book to get a reasonably accurate picture. There is the ??? (word in Hebrew) with its 45 degrees of heat, the best soil and richest yield of the country the ???? (word in Hebrew), then ??? (word in Hebrew) and ??? (word in Hebrew), which are characterized by orange plantations in the Negev. We now have high hopes for new settlements there. There are huge stretches of undeveloped land there that are already in the hands of the ??? (word in Hebrew) and the only thing missing is the money to make it fertile. There are now 5 Jewish settlements there, reaching as far as the Egyptian border. In the meantime, there are firm discussions in the "???" about plans to channel water from the Nile or the Jordan into the Negev. This would not be too difficult and would double or triple the country's absorption capacity. But there are a few snags. Both from the inside and the outside!*

(**p. 8**) *Industry has experienced a considerable upswing as a result of the war. Factories sprang up like mushrooms. The kibbutzim have also kept pace with this prosperity. In the 50 kibbutzes of "Kibbutz Haa??" alone, there are factories for agricultural machinery, shoes, vulcanization ???? of car tires for the production of glucose and starch from corn, a brick factory, chemical products and others. Light industry is developing in the cities and many factories are working for the military. The problem is what will happen to all this after the war. Some of it will probably have to disappear again, but a certain percentage will find a market. The war has of course brought fundamental changes that*

*restrict development. But it was only a year ago that the Germans were in El Alamein (**note**: a decisive battle between German-Italian units and the Allies took place here in Egypt in 1942 during the Second World War and ended with the retreat of German-Italian troops), and everyone is still reeling from the shock,*

(p. 9) *even the gentlemen factory owners, the upper money makers were prepared to make sacrifices. The mobilization to the army was mainly carried out by the kibbutzim, often up to 15% of the total number, while the cities gave less. Unfortunately, I can write less about this topic, as well as about your question Ellen, about returning to my kibbutz. I will probably have to do without it until after the end of the war. I'm now in my second year away and believe me, it's not a pleasant church dinner. You know, Ellen, I find your view that you only find those things beautiful and good that you can compare with things from the old days quite funny. But when I think about it carefully, I realize the connection that exists between your loved and hated bush*

(p. 10) ***?*** *of this addiction to comparison and I can really empathize with how you love your home sweet home, as you write, on the one hand and on the other hand you are afraid that the measure won't become too full. I think it would be better for you if you thought less about the past, otherwise the present will always lose out, at least in this particular relationship. If I were you, I would be quite opportunistic and consciously do what you are already doing subconsciously. In other words, process and experience the new without prejudice as best you can. But I don't want to give you too much good advice that ultimately only fits our conditions. Incidentally, the attachment that you write about, that you find it difficult to separate yourself from old conditions and environments and that you are somehow afraid of the new, is an attachment that I find all too common. So I have to admit that we have discovered a shared disposition.*

(p. 11) *(It's just a pity that it's so negative.)*
You can believe me that I sweated (?) a lot to become a kibbutznik. Our form of society encompasses all areas of life. Economy, common cultural life, collective political direction, up to the collective world view in general. When I came to the kibbutz, all organic development was suddenly interrupted. I had to throw all the old ways of life overboard and come to terms with the new. This is not just a one-off process, but if you want to keep up with the Chevra, you have to be prepared every day to re-examine old views and not be afraid of the new. This is also one of the reasons why people in the kibbutz are less stuffy and stay mentally younger. Physically, by the way, it is usually the other way around, thanks to the hard work. Many a fair maiden has already grumbled about an early wrinkle. But despite all this, a young heart is preserved all the longer.

(p. 12) *No special person is required for all this, it is simply the special power of the Chewrah (= Chewra) to constantly spur people on and bring out the best in them. In a good chewrah, there is a lively give and take between the individual and society. Everyone finds their own area to exploit their abilities. There are 100 possibilities. Could be profession, politics, art, organization, social influence or something else. In any case, believe me Ellen, it is a fabulous feeling when you realize that you are helping to build something productive. Of course, there is another prerequisite for happiness and that is to have the personal luck to find the right life partner. Incidentally, this is something I'm struggling with at the moment. I will write to you in detail about this topic another time, both in principle and in private. I'll even be rude enough to do so without asking if you're interested!*

(p. 13) *I was very happy about Terry (= dog). That proves to me that there is someone out there who thinks of the old Ackermänner. By the way, I'm sure your father can confirm that Terry II is actually Terry III. Terry No. I is named after some driver who won a race on the Feldberg. I hope he lives up to his name and disappears from the scene quickly if necessary. Our old dachshund never excelled at it, and my father always had to mop the floor as punishment for his love of dogs. By the way, there is one thing that will interest Fritz. Dr. Leibowitsch (= Leibowitz) landed in Jerusalem a few years ago with his old father and is chief physician in a Kupat Cholim sanatorium there. Some Chawerim who have been treated by him say that he is a good doctor, but is slowly turning into a religious madman.*

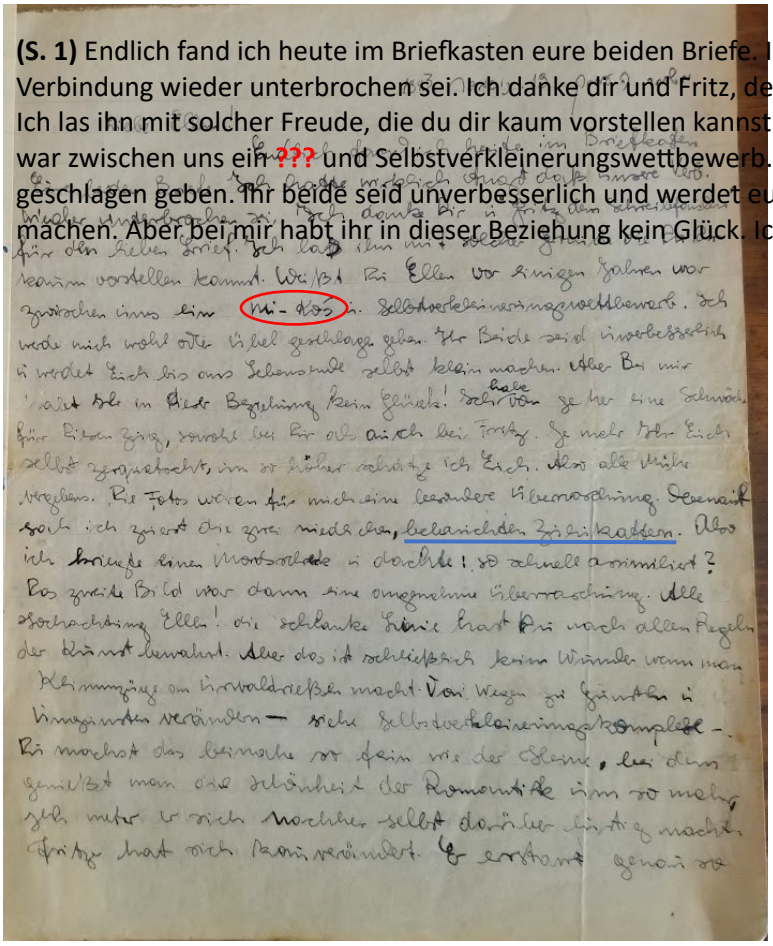
Letter: Edmund → Ellen **19/…../1943**

(p. 14) *By the way, what does Fritz think about religion today? - Dear Ellen, you'll have to excuse me if I finish the letter now, even though I've said so little and so badly. But I'm going to Maabaroth (= Ma'abbarot) now for a visit and the letter must finally go. Thank you again for your kind letter and I promise not to bore you so much next time. So, I hope for a quick reply. Please let me know what you are particularly interested in.*

Your old "dusty" (old-fashioned) Edmund

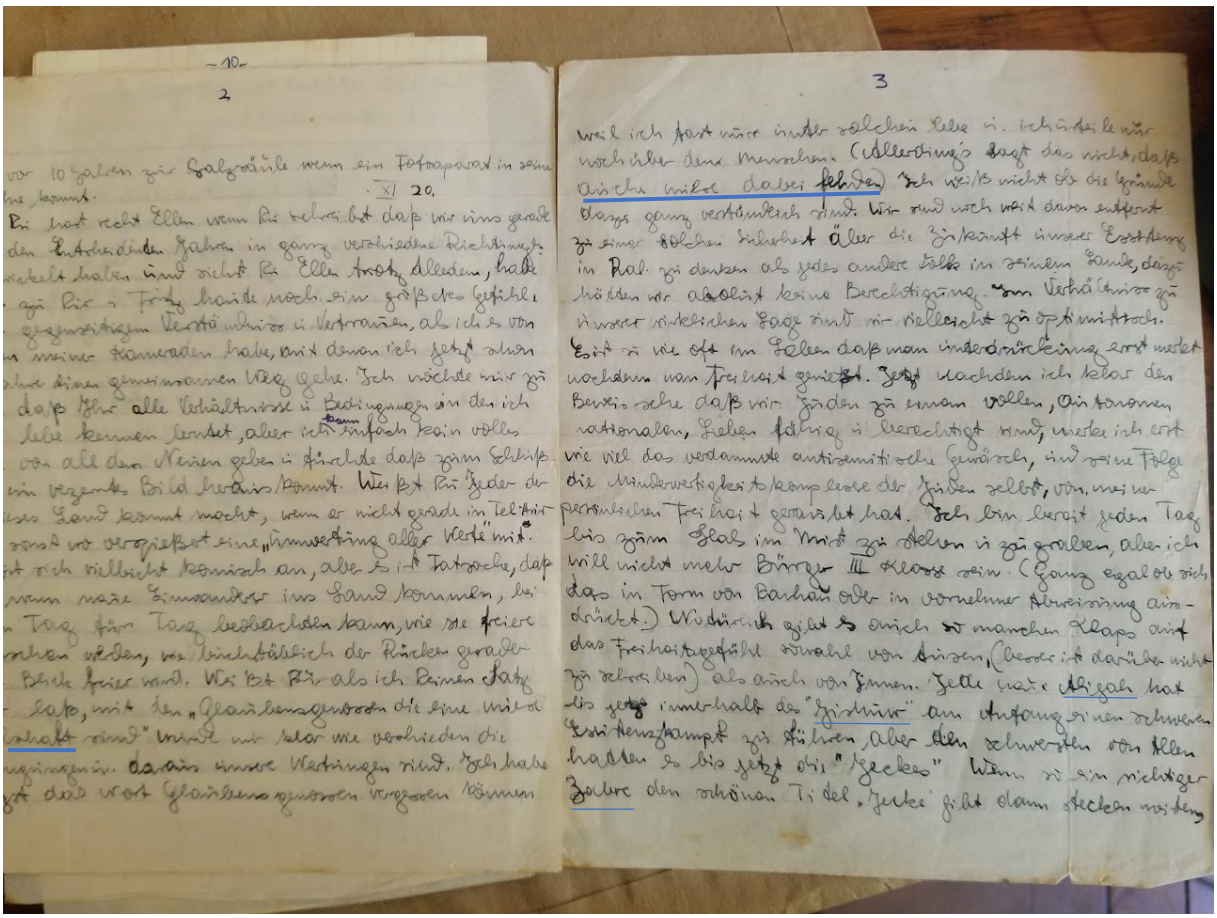
→ Sentences in Hebrew

Many greetings to my "father-in-law" and I hope that if I ever come to visit, he will let me drive without a map. I don't have any pictures in stock. I'll bring some from Maabaroth (= Ma'abbarot) ...



(S. 1) Endlich fand ich heute im Briefkasten eure beiden Briefe. Ich hatte wirklich Angst, dass unsere Verbindung wieder unterbrochen sei. Ich danke dir und Fritz, dem Schreibfaulen, für den lieben Brief. Ich las ihn mit solcher Freude, die du dir kaum vorstellen kannst. Weißt du, Ellen, vor einigen Jahren war zwischen uns ein **???** und Selbstverkleinerungswettbewerb. Ich werde mich wohl oder übel geschlagen geben. Ihr beide seid unverbesserlich und werdet euch bis ans Lebensende selbst klein machen. Aber bei mir habt ihr in dieser Beziehung kein Glück. Ich habe von jeher eine Schwäche für diesen Zug, sowohl bei dir als auch bei Fritz. Je mehr ihr euch selbst zerquetscht, umso höher schätze ich euch. Also alle Mühe vergebens. Die Fotos waren für mich eine besondere Überraschung. Obenauf sah ich zunächst die zwei niedlichen, **??? ??affen** . Also ich kriegte einen Mordsschreck und dachte: so schnell assimiliert! Das zweite Bild war dann eine angenehme Überraschung. Alle Hochachtung, Ellen! Die schlanke Linie hast du nach allen Regeln der Kunst bewahrt. Aber das ist schließlich kein Wunder, wenn man Klimmzüge an Urwaldriesen macht. Von wegen zu Gunsten und Ungunsten verändern – siehe Selbstverkleinerungskomplex. Du machst das fast so fein wie der Heine, bei dem genießt man die Schönheit der Romantik umso mehr, je mehr er sich nachher selbst darüber lustig macht. Fritz hat sich kaum verändert. Er erstarrt genauso

(**p. 1**) *I finally found your two letters in my letterbox today. I was really afraid that our connection had been broken again. Thank you and Fritz, the lazy writer, for the lovely letter. I read it with such joy that you can hardly imagine. You know, Ellen, a few years ago there was a **???** and self-reduction contest between us. For better or worse, I will admit defeat. You two are incorrigible and will continue to make yourselves small for the rest of your lives. But you're out of luck with me in this respect. I've always had a weakness for this trait, both in you and in Fritz. The more you crush yourselves, the more I value you. So all effort in vain. The photos were a particular surprise for me. On top I first saw the two cute, **??? ?** monkeys . I was scared to death and thought: assimilated so quickly! The second picture was a pleasant surprise. All due respect, Ellen! You've preserved the slim line by every trick in the book. But that's no wonder when you're doing pull-ups on jungle giants. No need to change things to your advantage or disadvantage - see self-reduction complex. You do it almost as finely as Heine, with whom you enjoy the beauty of romanticism all the more the more he makes fun of it himself afterwards. Fritz has hardly changed. He freezes in the same way*



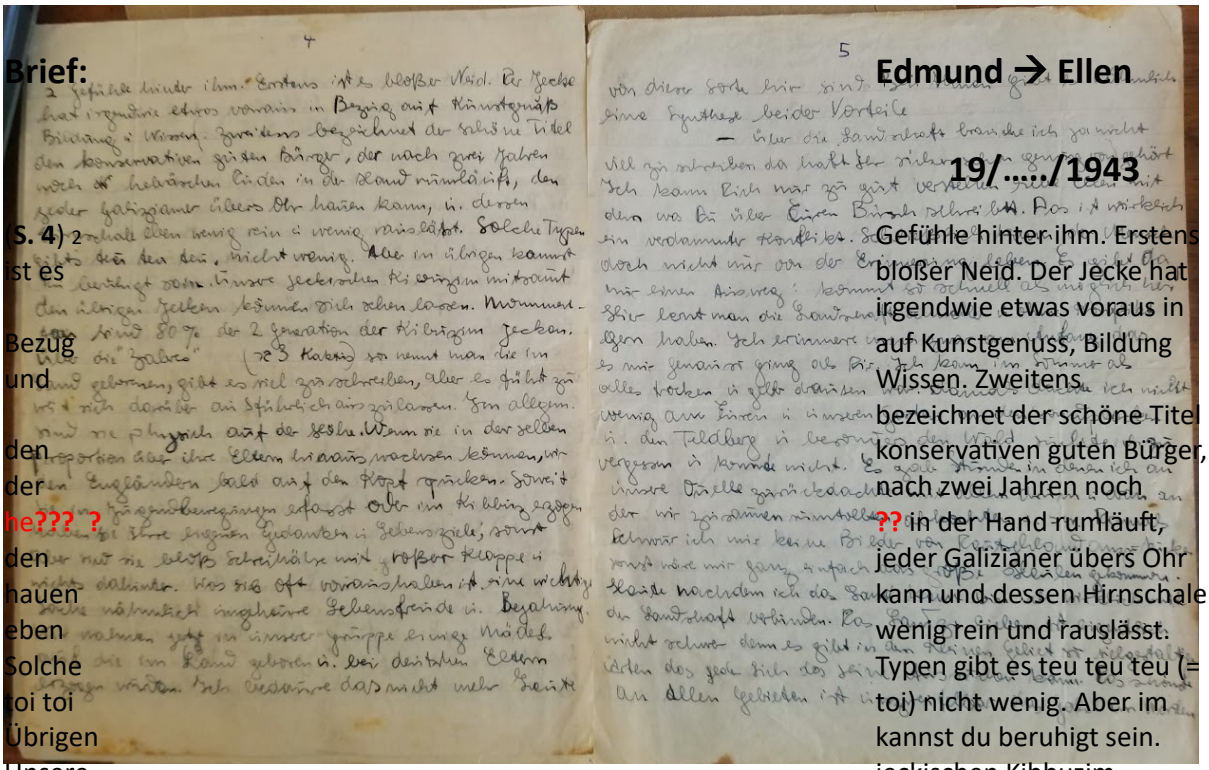
(**S. 2**) wie vor 10 Jahren zur Salzsäule, wenn ein Fotoapparat in seine Nähe kommt.
Du hast recht, Ellen, wenn du schreibst, dass wir uns gerade in den entscheidenden Jahren in ganz verschiedene Richtungen entwickelt haben. Und siehst du, Ellen, trotz alledem habe ich zu dir und Fritz ein noch größeres Gefühl gegenseitigen Verständnisses und Vertrauens als ich es von Seiten meiner Kameraden habe, mit denen ich jetzt schon Jahre einen gemeinsamen Weg gehe. Ich möchte nur zu gerne (*geraten*), dass ihr alle Verhältnisse und Bedingungen, in denen ich lebe, kennenlerntet. Aber ich kann kein volles Bild (*geraten*) von allem Neuen geben und fürchte, dass zum Schluss, ein verzerrtes Bild herauskommt. Weißt du, jeder, der in dieses Land kommt, wenn er nicht gerade in Tel Aviv oder (*Wort abgeschnitten*) verspießert, eine „Umwertung aller Werte“ mit. Das hört sich vielleicht komisch an, aber es ist Tatsache, dass wenn neue Einwanderer ins Land kommen, man Tag für Tag beobachten kann, wie sie freiere Menschen werden, wie buchstäblich der Rücken gerader und der Blick freier wird. Weißt du, als ich deinen Satz las mit den „Glaubensgenossen“, die eine miese ?? haft sind, wurde mir klar, wie verschieden die Bedingungen und daraus unsere Wertungen sind. Ich habe jetzt das Wort „Glaubensgenossen“ vergessen können,

(p. 2) *as he did 10 years ago when a camera came near him.*
You are right, Ellen, when you write that we have developed in completely different directions, especially in the decisive years. And you see, Ellen, despite all this, I have an even greater feeling of mutual understanding and trust with you and Fritz than I have with my comrades, with whom I have been walking a common path for years now. I would just love you to get to know all the circumstances and conditions in which I live. But I can't give a full picture (guess) of everything new and I'm afraid that in the end, a distorted picture will come out. You know, everyone who comes to this country, if they don't live in Tel Aviv or (word cut off) a "revaluation of all values". That may sound funny, but the fact is that when new immigrants come into the country, you can see day by day how they become freer people, how literally their backs become straighter and their gaze freer. You know, when I read your sentence about the "co-religionists" who are a lousy ***???***
I realized how different the conditions and therefore our evaluations are. I had been able not to think of the word "fellow believers",

Brief: Edmund → Ellen **19/…../1943**

(**S. 3**) weil ich fast nur unter solchen lebe und ich urteile nur noch über den Menschen. (Allerdings sagt das nicht, dass **??? ???** dabei fe**???**) Ich weiß nicht, ob die Gründe dazu ganz verständlich sind. Wir sind noch weit davon entfernt, zu einer solchen Sicherheit über die Zukunft unserer Existenz in Palästina zu denken als jedes andere Volk in seinem Lande, dazu hätten wir absolut keine Berechtigung. Im Verhältnis zu unserer wirklichen Lage sind wir vielleicht zu optimistisch. Es ist so wie oft im Leben, dass man Unterdrückung erst merkt, nachdem man Freiheit genießt. Jetzt, nachdem ich klar den Beweis sehe, dass wir Juden zu einem vollen, autonomen, nationalen Leben fähig und berechtigt sind, merke ich erst, wie viel das verdammte, antisemitische Gewäsch und seine Folge die Minderwertigkeitskomplexe der Juden selbst, von meiner persönlichen Freiheit geraubt hat. Ich bin bereit, jeden Tag bis zum Hals im Mist zu stehen und zu graben, aber ich will nicht mehr Bürger III. Klasse sein (Ganz egal, ob sich das in Form von Dachau oder in vornehmer Abweisung ausdrückt.). Natürlich gibt es auch so manchen Klaps auf das Freiheitsgefühl, sowohl von außen (besser ist, darüber nicht zu schreiben) als auch von innen. Jede neue**???** Alijah hat bis jetzt innerhalb des „J**???**“ am Anfang einen schweren Existenzkampf zu führen, aber den schwersten von allen hatten bis jetzt die „Jeckes“. Wenn so ein richtiger **???** den schönen Titel „Jecke“ gibt, dann stecken meistens

(p. 3) *because I live almost exclusively among them and I only judge people. (However, that doesn't say that **??? ???** fe???) I don't know if the reasons for this are entirely understandable. We are still a long way from being able to think about the future of our existence in Palestine with the same certainty as any other people in their country; we have absolutely no right to do so. We are perhaps too optimistic in relation to our actual situation. As is often the case in life, you only realize oppression after you have enjoyed freedom. Now that I clearly see the proof that we Jews are capable and entitled to a full, autonomous, national life, I realize how much the damned anti-Semitic drivel and its corollary, the inferiority complexes of the Jews themselves, have robbed from my personal freedom. I'm prepared to stand and dig up to my neck in muck every day, but I no longer want to be a third-class citizen (regardless of whether this is expressed in the form of Dachau or in noble rejection). Of course, there are also many a slap on the freedom feeling, both from the outside (better not to write about it) and from the inside. Every new**??? *Aliyah has had to fight a difficult battle for its existence within the "**???**" at the beginning, but the "Jeckes" have had the hardest of all. When such a real **??? *gives the nice title "Jecke", then there are usually*



Brief: **Edmund → Ellen**

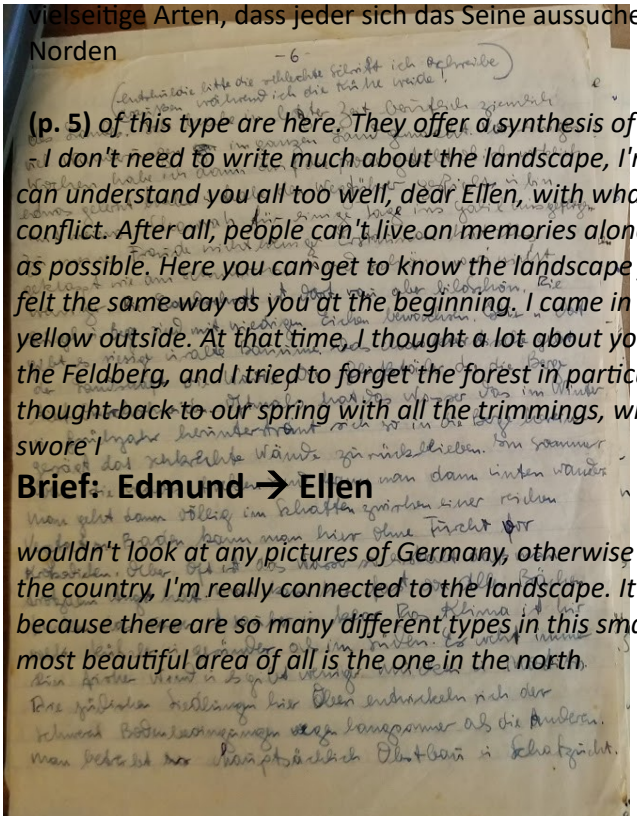
19/…../1943

(**S. 4**) 2 Gefühle hinter ihm. Erstens ist es bloßer Neid. Der Jecke hat irgendwie etwas voraus in Bezug auf Kunstgenuss, Bildung und Wissen. Zweitens bezeichnet der schöne Titel den konservativen guten Bürger, der nach zwei Jahren noch he??? **??** in der Hand rumläuft, den jeder Galizianer übers Ohr hauen kann und dessen Hirnschale eben wenig rein und rauslässt. Solche Typen gibt es teu teu teu (= toi toi toi) nicht wenig. Aber im Übrigen kannst du beruhigt sein. Unsere jeckischen Kibbuzim mitsamt den übrigen Jecken können sich sehen lassen. Momentan sind 80% der 2. Generation der Kibbuzim Jecken. Über die „Za???“, so nennt man die im Land geborenen gibt es viel zu schreiben, aber es führt zu weit, sich darüber ausführlich auszulassen. Im Allgemeinen sind sie physisch auf der

Höhe. Wenn sie in derselben Proportion über ihre Eltern hinauswachsen können, werden Engländern bald auf den Kopf gucken. Soweit sie in Jugendbewegungen erfasst oder im Kibbuz erzogen, haben sie ihre eigenen Gedanken und Lebensziele. Sonst aber sind sie nur Schreihälse mit großer Klappe und nichts dahinter. Was sie oft voraushaben, ist eine wichtige Sache nämlich ungeheure Lebensfreude und Begabung. Wir nahmen jetzt in unserer Gruppe einige Mädels auf, die im Land geboren und bei deutschen Eltern erzogen wurden. Ich bedauere, dass nicht mehr Leute

(p. 4) *2 feelings behind it. Firstly, it is mere envy. The Jecke is somehow ahead in terms of artistic enjoyment, education and knowledge. Secondly, the beautiful title refers to the conservative good citizen who, after two years, is still he???? ??? in his hand, who can be bamboozled by any Galician and whose brainpan lets little in or out. There are quite a few guys like that teu teu teu (= toi toi toi). But by the way, you can rest assured. Our jeckish kibbutzim together with the other jecks are quite respectable. At the moment, 80% of the 2nd generation of kibbutzim are Jecken. There is a lot to write about the "Za???", as those born in the country are called, but it would be going too far to go into detail. Generally speaking, they are physically on top of their game. If they can outgrow their parents in the same proportion, Englishmen will soon be looking at their heads. As far as they are involved in youth movements or educated in the kibbutz, they have their own thoughts and goals in life. Otherwise, however, they are just loudmouths with nothing behind them. What they often have in common is one important thing, namely a tremendous zest for life and talent. We now have a few girls in our group who were born in the country and brought up by German parents. I regret that there are not more people*

(**S. 5**) von dieser Sorte hier sind. Bei ihnen gibt es nämlich eine Synthese beider Vorteile.
- über die Landschaft brauche ich ja nicht viel zu schreiben, da habt ihr sicher schon genug von gehört. Ich kann dich nur zu gut verstehen, liebe Ellen, mit dem, was du über euren Busch schreibst. Das ist wirklich ein verdammter Konflikt. Schließlich kann der Mensch doch nicht nur von der Erinnerung leben. Es gibt da nur einen Ausweg: Kommt so schnell als möglich her. Hier lernt man die Landschaft schneller und ohne Konflikt gernhaben. Ich erinnere mich zwar daran, dass es mir am Anfang genauso ging wie dir. Ich kam im Sommer, als alles trocken und gelb draußen war. Damals dachte ich nicht wenig an euren und unseren Garten, an den Sandplacken und den Feldberg, und besonders den Wald suchte ich zu vergessen und konnte nicht. Es gab Stunden, in denen ich an unsere Quelle zurückdachte mit allem Drum und Dran, an der wir zusammen rumtollten usw. Damals schwor ich mir, keine Bilder von Deutschland anzugucken, sonst wäre mir ganz einfach das große Heulen gekommen. Heute, nachdem ich das Land kenne, bin ich wirklich mit der Landschaft verbunden. Das Land zu lieben, ist eigentlich nicht schwer, denn es gibt in dem kleinen Gebiet so vielseitige Arten, dass jeder sich das Seine aussuchen kann. Das schönste Gebiet von allen ist das im Norden



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- I don't need to write much about the landscape, I'm sure you've already heard enough about it. I can understand you all too well, dear Ellen, with what you write about your bush. It really is a damn conflict. After all, people can't live on memories alone. There's only one way out: come here as soon as possible. Here you can get to know the landscape faster and without conflict. I do remember that I felt the same way as you at the beginning. I came in the summer, when everything was dry and yellow outside. At that time, I thought a lot about your garden and ours, about the Sandplacken and the Feldberg, and I tried to forget the forest in particular, but couldn't. There were hours when I thought back to our spring with all the trimmings, where we frolicked together and so on. Back then, I swore I

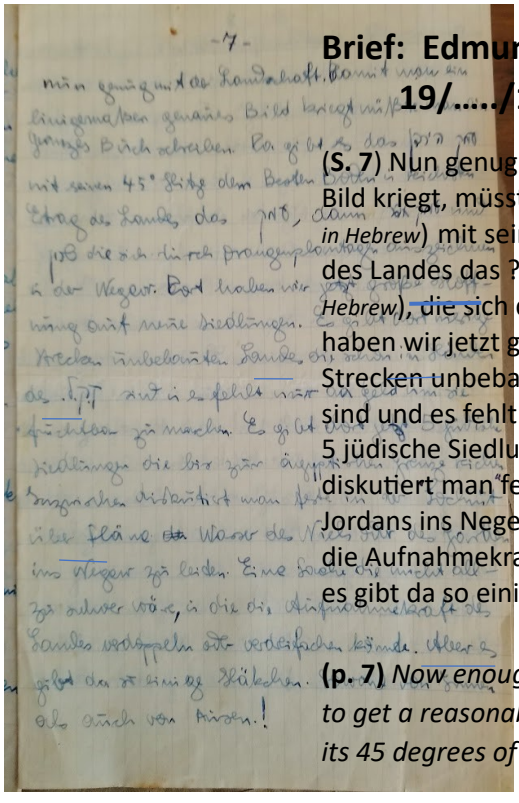
Brief: Edmund → Ellen **19/…../1943**

wouldn't look at any pictures of Germany, otherwise I would have just started crying. Now that I know the country, I'm really connected to the landscape. It's actually not difficult to love the country, because there are so many different types in this small area that everyone can choose their own. The most beautiful area of all is the one in the north

(**S. 6**) (entschuldige bitte die schlechte Schrift, ich schreibe draußen, während ich die Kühe weide!) des Landes. Ich habe in letzter Zeit beruflich ziemlich viel Wanderungen im ganzen Land gemacht. Vor einigen Wochen habe ich dann auf die Probe gestellt, ob ich wirklich etwas gelernt habe und habe den Wegführer gespielt und bin mit meiner Chewrah für einige Tage ins **???** ausgeflogen. Zu meiner Freude, nicht weniger Erstaunen, hat alles geklappt wie am Schnürchen. Und schön war es nicht weniger. Die Landschaft ist dort rau, aber bildschön. Die Hügel und Berge sind mit niedrigen Eichen bewachsen. Hier und dort gibt es riesige uralte Bäume. Das Charakteristische gibt der Landschaft die Wadis (*Anmerkung: wadi = bed or valley of a stream in regions of southwestern Asia and northern Africa that is usually dry except during the rainy season*), die Flusstäler, die die Berge tief durchschneiden. Oftmals hat das Wasser, das im Winter und Frühjahr herunterströmt, sich so in die Berge hineingesägt, dass Wände zurückblieben. Im Sommer, wenn die Wadis trocken sind, kann man dann unten wandern. Man geht dann völlig im Schatten zwischen einer reichen Vegetation. Baden kann man hier ohne Furcht vor Krokodilen. Aber oft ist das Wasser so eiskalt, dass man trotzdem Angst hat. Man kann hier von fast allen Bächen trinken, das Wasser ist sauber und klar. Das Klima ist hier halt kühler und gesünder als im Süden. Es weht immer ein frischer Wind und es gibt weniger Mücken und Moskitos. Die jüdischen Siedlungen hier oben entwickeln sich der schweren Bodenbedingungen wegen langsamer als die anderen. Man betreibt hauptsächlich Obstbau und Schafzucht.

(p. 6) *(please excuse the poor handwriting, I'm writing outside while grazing the cows!)*

of the country. I've been doing quite a bit of walking around the country recently for work. A few weeks ago I put it to the test to see if I had really learned anything and played the guide and flew out to ??? with my Chewrah for a few days. To my delight, and no less astonishment, everything went like clockwork. And it was no less beautiful. The landscape there is rugged but beautiful. The hills and mountains are overgrown with low oaks. Here and there are huge, ancient trees. The landscape is characterized by the wadis (note: wadi = bed or valley of a stream in regions of southwestern Asia and northern Africa that is usually dry except during the rainy season), the river valleys that cut deep through the mountains. Often the water that flows down in winter and spring has cut into the mountains in such a way that walls have been left behind. In summer, when the wadis are dry, you can hike down below. You then walk completely in the shade among rich vegetation. You can swim here without fear of crocodiles. But the water is often so icy cold that you are still afraid. You can drink from almost all the streams here, the water is clean and clear. The climate here is cooler and healthier than in the south. There is always a fresh breeze and there are fewer midges and mosquitoes. The Jewish settlements up here develop more slowly than the others due to the difficult soil conditions. They mainly grow fruit and raise sheep.



Brief: Edmund → Ellen
19/…../1943

(**S. 7**) Nun genug von der Landschaft. Damit man ein einigermaßen genaues Bild kriegt, müsste man ein ganzes Buch schreiben. Da gibt es das **???** (*word in Hebrew*) mit seinen 45 Grad Hitze, dem besten Boden und reichsten Ertrag des Landes das ??? (*word in Hebrew*), dann **???** (*word in Hebrew*) und **???** (*word in Hebrew*), die sich durch Orangenplantagen auszeichnen in der Negev. Dort haben wir jetzt große Hoffnung auf neue Siedlungen. Es gibt dort riesige Strecken unbebauten Landes, die schon in Händen des **???** (*word in Hebrew*) sind und es fehlt nur das Geld, um sie fruchtbar zu machen. Es gibt dort jetzt 5 jüdische Siedlungen, die bis zur ägyptischen Grenze reichen. Inzwischen diskutiert man feste in der „**???**“ über Pläne, Wasser des Nils oder des Jordans ins Negev zu leiten. Eine Sache, die nicht allzu schwer wäre und die die Aufnahmekraft des Landes verdoppeln oder verdreifachen würde. Aber es gibt da so einige Häkchen. Sowohl von innen als auch von außen!

(p. 7) *Now enough about the landscape. You'd have to write a whole book to get a reasonably accurate picture. There is the ??? (word in Hebrew) with its 45 degrees of heat, the best soil and richest yield of the country the ????*

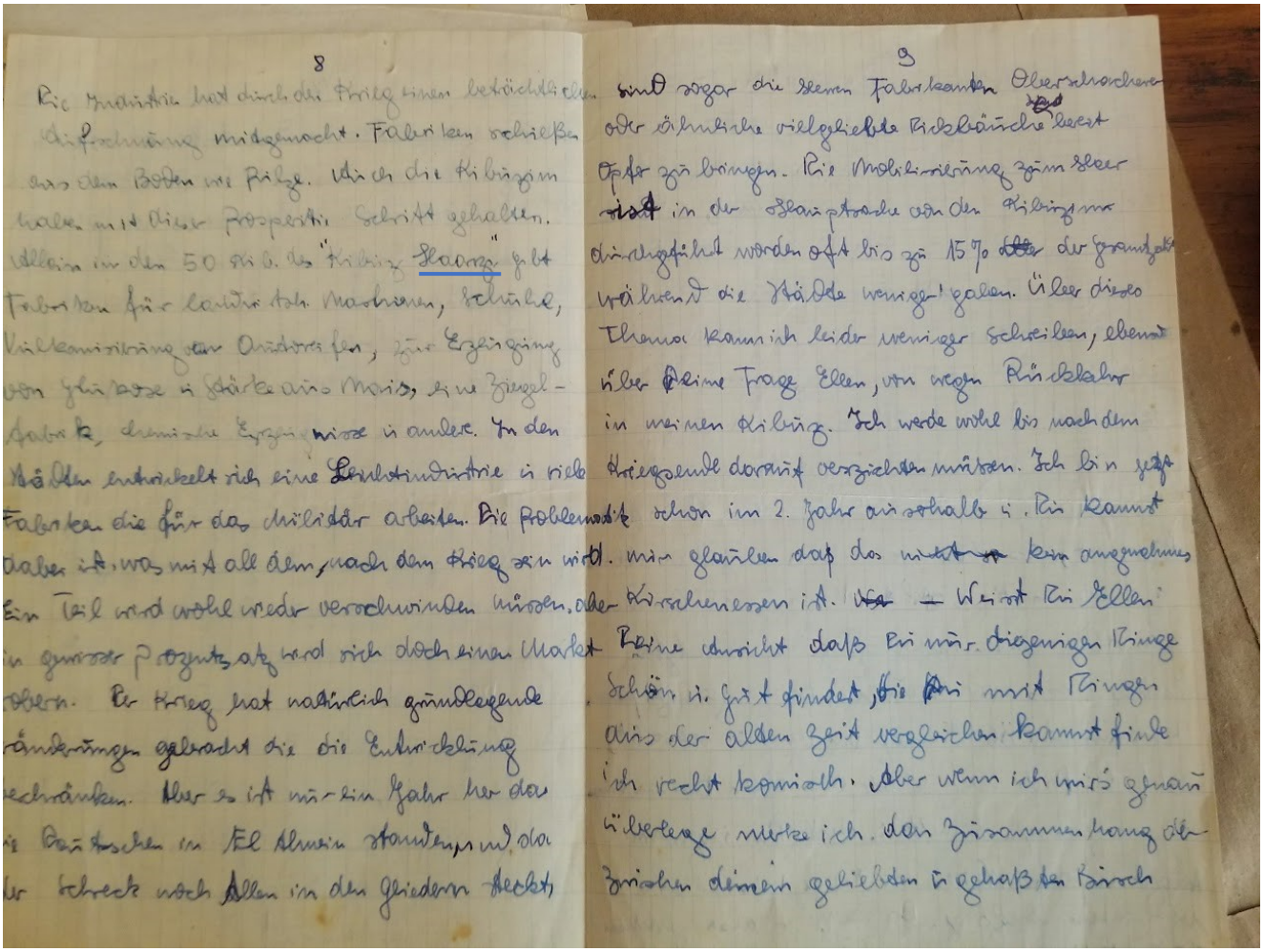
(word in Hebrew), then ??? (word in Hebrew) and ??? (word in Hebrew), which are characterized by orange plantations in the Negev. We now have high hopes for new settlements there. There are huge stretches of undeveloped land there that are already in the hands of the ??? (word in Hebrew) and the only thing missing is the money to make it fertile. There are now 5 Jewish settlements there, reaching as far as the Egyptian border. In the meantime, there are firm discussions in the "???" about plans to channel water from the Nile or the Jordan into the Negev. This would not be too difficult and would double or triple the country's absorption capacity. But there are a few snags. Both from the inside and the outside!

Pages 8 and 9 are missing

!!! I "found" two pages that might match --- 8 and 9.

I cannot say for sure whether pages 10 and 11 belong to the letter. The paper and writing on pages 7 and 10 match …

Brief: Edmund → Ellen **19/…../1943 ?**

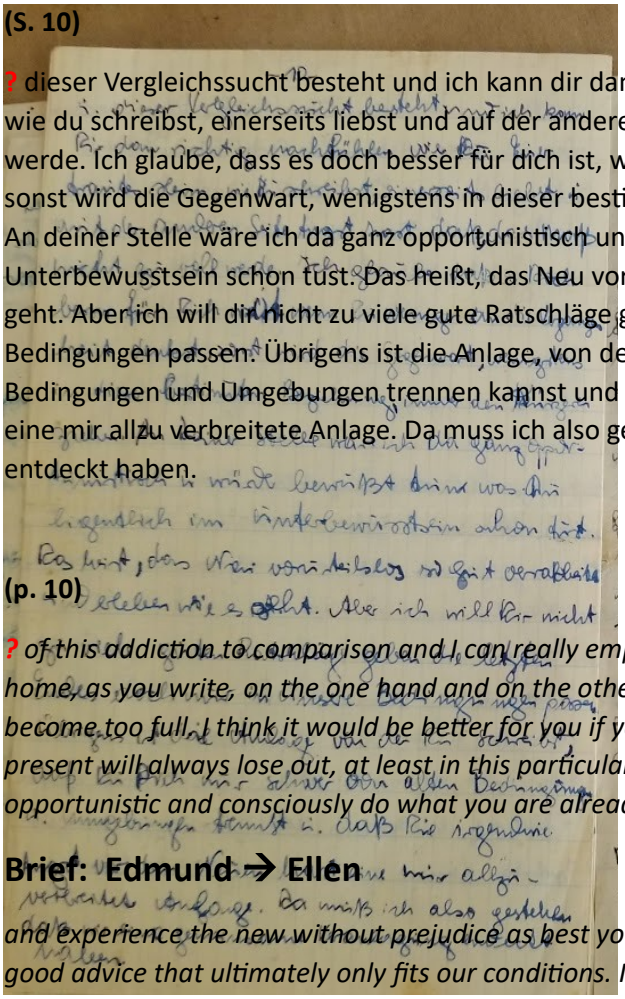


(S. 8) Die Industrie hat durch den Krieg einen beträchtlichen Aufschwung mitgemacht. Fabriken schießen aus dem Boden wie Pilze. Auch die Kibbuzim haben mit dieser prosperity Schritt gehalten. Allein in den 50 Kibbuzen des „Kibbuz Haa**??**“ gibt es Fabriken für landwirtschaftliche Maschinen, Schuhe, Vulkanisierung ??? von Autoreifen zur Erzeugung von Glukose und Stärke aus Mais, eine Ziegelfabrik, chemische Erzeugnisse und andere. In den Städten entwickelt sich eine Leichtindustrie und viele Fabriken, die für das Militär arbeiten. Die Problematik dabei ist, was mit all dem nach dem Krieg sein wird. Ein Teil wird wohl wieder verschwinden müssen, aber ein gewisser Prozentsatz wird sich doch einen Markt erobern. Der Krieg hat natürlich grundlegende Veränderungen gebracht, die die Entwicklung beschränken. Aber es ist nur ein Jahr her, dass die Deutschen in El Alamein (**Anmerkung**: hier in Ägypten fand im 2. Weltkrieg 1942 entscheidende Schlacht zwischen deutsch-italienischen Verbänden und Alliierten statt und endete mit Rückzug deutsch-italienischer Truppen) standen, und da der Schreck noch allen in den Gliedern steckt,

(**p. 8**) *Industry has experienced a considerable upswing as a result of the war. Factories sprang up like mushrooms. The kibbutzim have also kept pace with this prosperity. In the 50 kibbutzes of "Kibbutz Haa??" alone, there are factories for agricultural machinery, shoes, vulcanization ???? of car tires for the production of glucose and starch from corn, a brick factory, chemical products and others. Light industry is developing in the cities and many factories are working for the military. The problem is what will happen to all this after the war. Some of it will probably have to disappear again, but a certain percentage will find a market. The war has of course brought fundamental changes that restrict development. But it was only a year ago that the Germans were in El Alamein (**note**: a decisive battle between German-Italian units and the Allies took place here in Egypt in 1942 during the Second World War and ended with the retreat of German-Italian troops), and everyone is still reeling from the shock,*

(S. 9) sind sogar die Herren Fabrikanten, die Oberschacherer oder ähnliche viel geliebte Dickbäuche bereit, Opfer zu bringen. Die Mobilisierung zum Heer ist in der Hauptsache von den Kibbuzim durchgeführt worden oft bis zu 15% der Gesamtzahl, während die Städte weniger gaben. Über dieses Thema kann ich leider weniger schreiben, ebenso wie über deine Frage Ellen, von wegen Rückkehr in meinen Kibbuz. Ich werde wohl bis nach dem Kriegsende darauf verzichten müssen. Ich bin jetzt schon im zweiten Jahr außerhalb und du kannst mir glauben, dass das kein angenehmes Kirchenessen ist. Weißt du, Ellen, deine Ansicht, dass du nur diejenigen Dinge schön und gut findest, die du mit Dingen aus der alten Zeit vergleichen kannst, finde ich recht komisch. Aber wenn ich es mir genau überlege, merke ich den Zusammenhang, der zwischen deinem geliebten und gehassten Busch

(p. 9) *even the gentlemen factory owners, the upper money makers were prepared to make sacrifices. The mobilization to the army was mainly carried out by the kibbutzim, often up to 15% of the total number, while the cities gave less. Unfortunately, I can write less about this topic, as well as about your question Ellen, about returning to my kibbutz. I will probably have to do without it until after the end of the war. I'm now in my second year away and believe me, it's not a pleasant church dinner. You know, Ellen, I find your view that you only find those things beautiful and good that you can compare with things from the old days quite funny. But when I think about it carefully, I realize the connection that exists between your loved and hated bush*



(S. 10)

? dieser Vergleichssucht besteht und ich kann dir dann richtig nachfühlen, wie du euer trautes Heim, wie du schreibst, einerseits liebst und auf der anderen Seite Angst hast, dass das Maß nicht zu voll werde. Ich glaube, dass es doch besser für dich ist, wenn du weniger an die Vergangenheit denkst, sonst wird die Gegenwart, wenigstens in dieser bestimmten Beziehung immer den Kürzeren ziehen. An deiner Stelle wäre ich da ganz opportunistisch und würde bewusst tun, was du eigentlich im Unterbewusstsein schon tust. Das heißt, das Neu vorurteilslos so gut verarbeiten und erleben, wie es geht. Aber ich will dir nicht zu viele gute Ratschläge geben, die letzten Endes doch nur in unsere Bedingungen passen. Übrigens ist die Anlage, von der du schreibst, dass du dich nur schwer von alten Bedingungen und Umgebungen trennen kannst und dass du irgendwie Angst vor dem Neuen hast eine mir allzu verbreitete Anlage. Da muss ich also gestehen, dass wir eine gemeinsame Veranlagung entdeckt haben.

(p. 10)

? *of this addiction to comparison and I can really empathize with how you love your home sweet home, as you write, on the one hand and on the other hand you are afraid that the measure won't become too full. I think it would be better for you if you thought less about the past, otherwise the present will always lose out, at least in this particular relationship. If I were you, I would be quite opportunistic and consciously do what you are already doing subconsciously. In other words, process*

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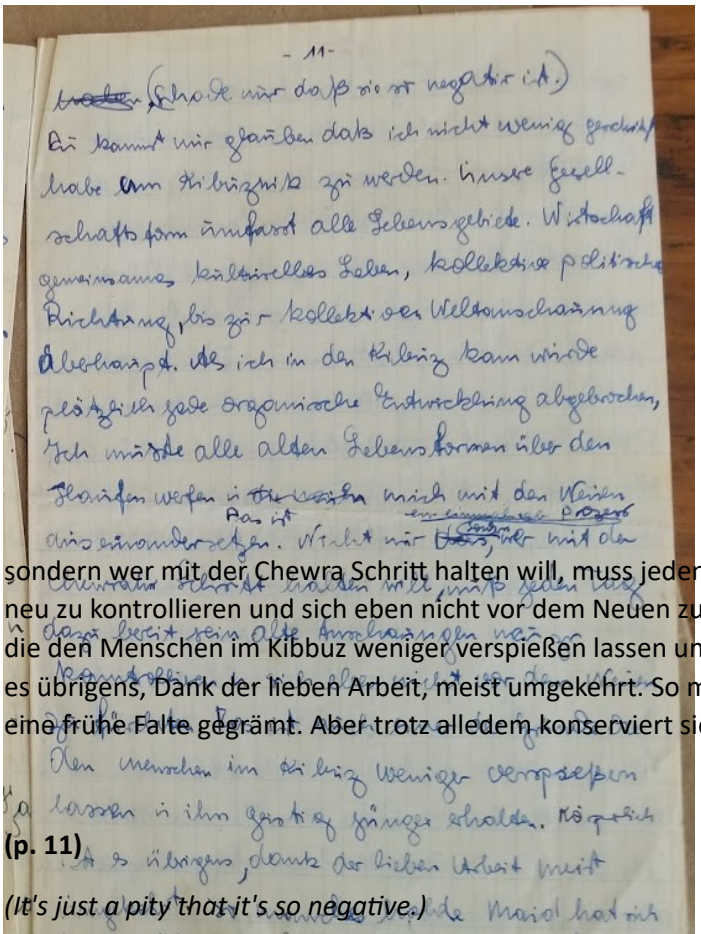
and experience the new without prejudice as best you can. But I don't want to give you too much good advice that ultimately only fits our conditions. Incidentally, the attachment that you write about, that you find it difficult to separate yourself from old conditions and environments and that you are somehow afraid of the new, is an attachment that I find all too common. So I have to admit that we have discovered a shared disposition.



(S. 11)

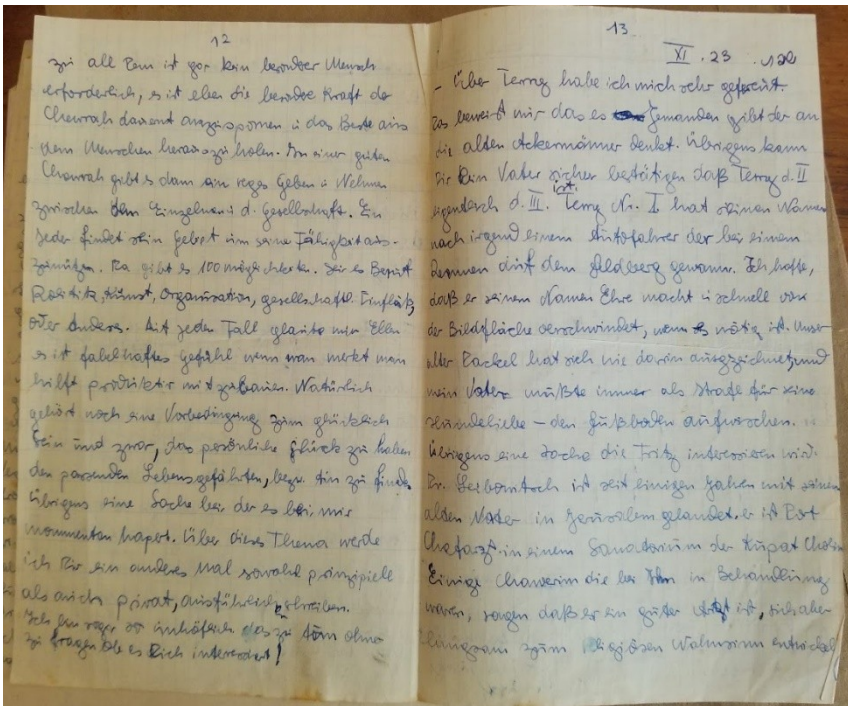
(Schade nur, dass sie so negativ ist.)

Du kannst mir glauben, dass ich nicht wenig geschwitzt (?) habe, um Kibbuznik zu werden. Unsere Gesellschaftsform umfasst alle Lebensgebiete. Wirtschaft, gemeinsames kulturelles Leben, kollektive politische Richtung, bis zur kollektiven Weltanschauung überhaupt. Als ich in den Kibbuz kam, wurde plötzlich jede organische Entwicklung abgebrochen. Ich musste alle alten Lebensformen über den Haufen werfen, mich mit dem Neuen auseinandersetzen. Das ist nicht nur ein einmaliger Prozess, sondern wer mit der Chewra Schritt halten will, muss jeden Tag dazu bereit sein, alte Anschauungen neu zu kontrollieren und sich eben nicht vor dem Neuen zu fürchten. Das ist auch einer der Gründe, die den Menschen im Kibbuz weniger verspießen lassen und ihn geistig jünger erhalten. Körperlich ist es übrigens, Dank der lieben Arbeit, meist umgekehrt. So manche holde Maid hat sich schon über eine frühe Falte gegrämt. Aber trotz alledem konserviert sich umso länger ein junges Herz.

(p. 11)

(It's just a pity that it's so negative.)

You can believe me that I sweated (?) a lot to become a kibbutznik. Our form of society encompasses all areas of life. Economy, common cultural life, collective political direction, up to the collective world view in general. When I came to the kibbutz, all organic development was suddenly interrupted. I had to throw all the old ways of life overboard and come to terms with the new. This is not just a one-off process, but if you want to keep up with the Chevra, you have to be prepared every day to re-examine old views and not be afraid of the new. This is also one of the reasons why people in the kibbutz are less stuffy and stay mentally younger. Physically, by the way, it is usually the other way around, thanks to the hard work. Many a fair maiden has already grumbled about an early wrinkle. But despite all this, a young heart is preserved all the longer.



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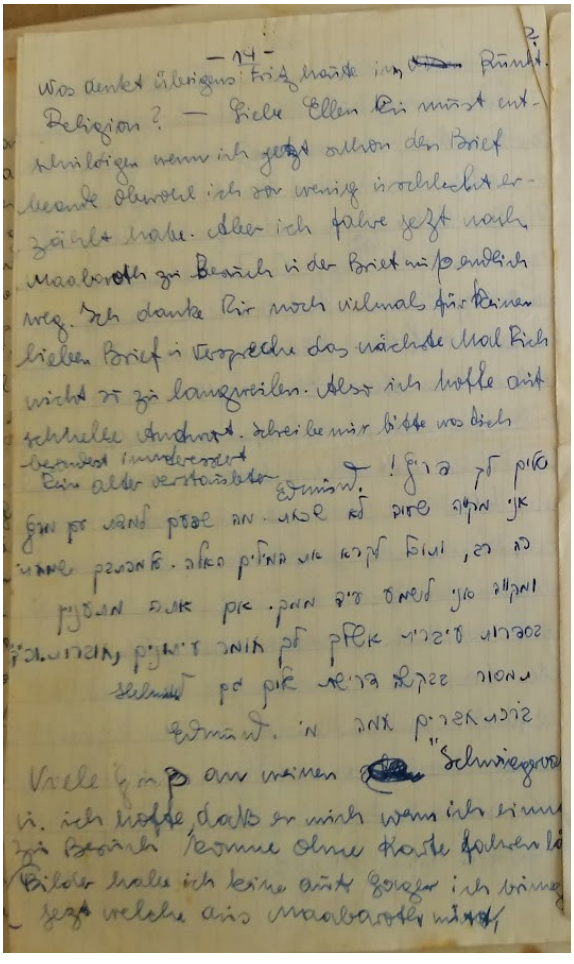
(S. 12) Zu all dem ist gar kein besonderer Mensch erforderlich, es ist eben die besondere Kraft der Chewrah (= Chewra) dauernd anzuspornen und das Beste aus dem Menschen herauszuholen. In einer guten Chewrah gibt es dann ein reges Geben und Nehmen zwischen dem Einzelnen und der Gesellschaft. Ein jeder findet sein Gebiet, um seine

Fähigkeiten auszunutzen. Da gibt es 100 Möglichkeiten. Sei es Beruf, Politik, Kunst, Organisation, gesellschaftlicher Einfluss oder anderes. Auf jeden Fall glaube mir Ellen, es ist ein fabelhaftes Gefühl, wenn man merkt, man hilft produktiv mit aufzubauen. Natürlich gehört noch eine Vorbedingung zum glücklich sein und zwar, das persönliche Glück zu haben, den passenden Lebensgefährten bzw. Lebensgefährtin zu finden. Übrigens eine Sache, bei der es bei mir momentan hapert. Über dieses Thema werde ich dir ein anderes Mal sowohl prinzipiell als auch privat ausführlich schreiben. Ich bin sogar so unhöflich, das zu tun, ohne zu fragen, ob es dich interessiert!

(p. 12) *No special person is required for all this, it is simply the special power of the Chewrah (= Chewra) to constantly spur people on and bring out the best in them. In a good chewrah, there is a lively give and take between the individual and society. Everyone finds their own area to exploit their abilities. There are 100 possibilities. Could be profession, politics, art, organization, social influence or something else. In any case, believe me Ellen, it is a fabulous feeling when you realize that you are helping to build something productive. Of course, there is another prerequisite for happiness and that is to have the personal luck to find the right life partner. Incidentally, this is something I'm struggling with at the moment. I will write to you in detail about this topic another time, both in principle and in private. I'll even be rude enough to do so without asking if you're interested!*

(S. 13) Über Terry (= Hund) habe ich mich sehr gefreut. Das beweist mir, dass es jemanden gibt, der an die alten Ackermänner denkt. Übrigens kann dir dein Vater sicher bestätigen, dass Terry II eigentlich Terry III ist. Terry Nr. I hat seinen Namen nach irgendeinem Autofahrer, der bei einem Rennen auf dem Feldberg gewann. Ich hoffe, dass er seinem Namen Ehre macht und schnell von der Bildfläche verschwindet, wenn es nötig ist. Unser alter Dackel hat sich nie darin ausgezeichnet, und mein Vater musste immer als Strafe für seine Hundeliebe den Fußboden aufwischen. Übrigens eine Sache, die Fritz interessieren wird. Dr. Leibowitsch (= Leibowitz) ist seit einigen Jahren mit seinem alten Vater in Jerusalem gelandet und ist dort Chefarzt in einem Sanatorium der Kupat Cholim. Einige Chawerim, die bei ihm in Behandlung waren, sagen, dass er ein guter Arzt ist, sich aber langsam zum religiösen Wahnsinn entwickelt.

(p. 13) *I was very happy about Terry (= dog). That proves to me that there is someone out there who thinks of the old Ackermänner. By the way, I'm sure your father can confirm that Terry II is actually Terry III. Terry No. I is named after some driver who won a race on the Feldberg. I hope he lives up to his name and disappears from the scene quickly if necessary. Our old dachshund never excelled at it, and my father always had to mop the floor as punishment for his love of dogs. By the way, there is one thing that will interest Fritz. Dr. Leibowitsch (= Leibowitz) landed in Jerusalem a few years ago with his old father and is chief physician in a Kupat Cholim sanatorium there. Some Chawerim who have been treated by him say that he is a good doctor, but is slowly turning into a religious madman.*



Brief: Edmund → Ellen

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(S. 14) Was denkt übrigens Fritz heute in punkto Religion? – Liebe Ellen, du musst entschuldigen, wenn ich jetzt schon den Brief beende, obwohl ich so wenig und schlecht erzählt habe. Aber ich fahre jetzt nach Maabaroth (= Ma'abbarot) zu Besuch und der Brief muss endlich weg. Ich danke dir nochmals für deinen lieben Brief und verspreche, das nächste

Mal dich nicht so zu langweilen. Also, ich hoffe auf schnelle Antwort. Schreibe mir bitte, was dich besonders interessiert.

Dein alter verstaubter Edmund

~~Es folgen Sätze auf Hebräisch.~~

Viele Grüße an meinen „Schwiegervater“ und ich hoffe, dass er mich, wenn ich einmal zu Besuch komme, ohne Karte fahren lässt. Bilder habe ich keine auf Lager. Ich bringe jetzt welche aus Maabaroth (= Ma’abbarot) mit …

(p. 14) *By the way, what does Fritz think about religion today? - Dear Ellen, you'll have to excuse me if I finish the letter now, even though I've said so little and so badly. But I'm going to Maabaroth (= Ma’abbarot) now for a visit and the letter must finally go. Thank you again for your kind letter and I promise not to bore you so much next time. So, I hope for a quick reply. Please let me know what you are particularly interested in.*

Your old “dusty” (old-fashioned) Edmund

→ Sentences in Hebrew

Many greetings to my "father-in-law" and I hope that if I ever come to visit, he will let me drive without a map. I don't have any pictures in stock. I'll bring some from Maabaroth (= Ma’abbarot) ...

Translated with the help of DeepL.com/Translator

Letter: Edmund → Ellen 19/…../1943

(**p. 1**) *I finally found your two letters in my letterbox today. I was really afraid that our connection had been broken again. Thank you and Fritz, the lazy writer, for the lovely letter. I read it with such joy that you can hardly imagine. You know, Ellen, a few years ago there was a* ***???*** *and self-reduction contest between us. For better or worse, I will admit defeat. You two are incorrigible and will continue to make yourselves small for the rest of your lives. But you're out of luck with me in this respect. I've always had a weakness for this trait, both in you and in Fritz. The more you crush yourselves, the more I value you. So all effort in vain. The photos were a particular surprise for me. On top I first saw the two cute,* ***??? ?*** *monkeys . I was scared to death and thought: assimilated so quickly! The second picture was a pleasant surprise. All due respect, Ellen! You've preserved the slim line by every trick in the book. But that's no wonder when you're doing pull-ups on jungle giants. No need to change things to your advantage or disadvantage - see self-reduction complex. You do it almost as finely as Heine, with whom you enjoy the beauty of romanticism all the more the more he makes fun of it himself afterwards. Fritz has hardly changed. He freezes in the same way*

(p. 2) *as he did 10 years ago when a camera came near him.*
You are right, Ellen, when you write that we have developed in completely different directions, especially in the decisive years. And you see, Ellen, despite all this, I have an even greater feeling of mutual understanding and trust with you and Fritz than I have with my comrades, with whom I have been walking a common path for years now. I would just love you to get to know all the circumstances and conditions in which I live. But I can't give a full picture (guess) of everything new and I'm afraid that in the end, a distorted picture will come out. You know, everyone who comes to this country, if they don't live in Tel Aviv or (word cut off) a "revaluation of all values". That may sound funny, but the fact is that when new immigrants come into the country, you can see day by day how they become freer people, how literally their backs become straighter and their gaze freer. You know, when I read your sentence about the "co-religionists" who are a lousy ***???***
I realized how different the conditions and therefore our evaluations are. I had been able not to think of the word "fellow believers",

(p. 3) *because I live almost exclusively among them and I only judge people. (However, that doesn't say that* ***??? ???*** *fe???) I don't know if the reasons for this are entirely understandable. We are still a long way from being able to think about the future of our existence in Palestine with the same certainty as any other people in their country; we have absolutely no right to do so. We are perhaps too optimistic in relation to our actual situation. As is often the case in life, you only realize oppression after you have enjoyed freedom. Now that I clearly see the proof that we Jews are capable and entitled to a full, autonomous, national life, I realize how much the damned anti-Semitic drivel and its corollary, the inferiority complexes of the Jews themselves, have robbed from my personal freedom. I'm prepared to stand and dig up to my neck in muck every day, but I no longer want to be a third-class citizen (regardless of whether this is expressed in the form of Dachau or in noble rejection). Of course, there are also many a slap on the freedom feeling, both from the outside (better not to write about it) and from the inside. Every new****???*** *Aliyah has had to fight a difficult battle for its existence within the "****???****" at the beginning, but the "Jeckes" have had the hardest of all. When such a real* ***???*** *gives the nice title "Jecke", then there are usually*

(p. 4) *2 feelings behind it. Firstly, it is mere envy. The Jecke is somehow ahead in terms of artistic enjoyment, education and knowledge. Secondly, the beautiful title refers to the conservative good citizen who, after two years, is still he???? ??? in his hand, who can be bamboozled by any Galician and whose brainpan lets little in or out. There are quite a few guys like that teu teu teu (= toi toi toi). But by the way, you can rest assured. Our jeckish kibbutzim together with the other jecks are quite respectable. At the moment, 80% of the 2nd generation of kibbutzim are Jecken. There is a lot to write about the "Za???", as those born in the country are called, but it would be going too far to go into detail. Generally speaking, they are physically on top of their game. If they can outgrow their parents in the same proportion, Englishmen will soon be looking at their heads. As far as they are involved in*