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# Letter from Linz

## An Archive Story[1]

**Abstract**

In 2015, I discovered a previously unknown letter from Simon Wiesenthal, sent to his wife Cyla upon learning she was alive in 1945, in the Wiesenthal archive in Vienna. This essay is an 'archive story' about this serendipitous discovery and my time spent in Wiesenthal's former office in Vienna's Salztorgasse, just before it was dissolved and the collection was moved to its new home at the Vienna Wiesenthal Institute. Focusing on the materiality of the archive and its traces of a 'Polish' Wiesenthal, embedded in a network of Polish Jewish survivor-documentarians, it asks which biographical narratives were made visible or invisible by the old archive. Grappling with the nostalgia many historians feel for the materiality of traditional archives, moreover, it considers how the move to digitally based research might enable some forms of serendipity yet foreclose others.

A few months ago, I discovered, quite by accident, a previously unknown letter from Simon Wiesenthal that documents a crucial moment in his private history. In August 1945, Wiesenthal learned that his wife Cyla, who had survived the war on 'Aryan' papers in Poland and Germany, was alive. They had lost touch during the final years of the war and each had every reason to believe the other was dead.[2] The letter expresses an almost unimaginable relief. "My dearest Cylusienka!" the letter begins, "At last, a sign of life from you […]."[3]

All archival 'finds' involve an element of serendipity, but this was a genuine fluke. I do not work on Wiesenthal, and I was in the archive by accident, having been allocated a workspace there during my fellowship at the Vienna Wiesenthal Institute for Holocaust Studies (VWI). I happened to be idly flipping through a binder that I found on a shelf behind my desk one day, which turned out to contain miscellaneous unfiled papers. This is where I found the letter.

This essay is less the story of the letter than an 'archive story' about my accidental encounter with this place, Wiesenthal's former offices and archive on Salztorgasse 6 in Vienna's first district. Several decades ago, historians began to question how archives, with their rules and procedures, their architecture and materiality, and indeed, their own histories, shape the production of historical knowledge.[4] Ironically, this line of inquiry flourished just as paper archives began to be supplemented and/or supplanted by digital ones. For someone like me, this conjuncture has produced a peculiar ambivalence, a kind of critical nostalgia: awareness, on the one hand, of how traditional archives can prescribe or proscribe certain historical narratives; appreci-

1 I am grateful to Małgorzata Fidelis, Irina Gigova, Emily Greble, Lisa Leff, and Andrea Orzoff for their insightful comments on earlier drafts of this essay.

2 The story of their reunion is told in Tom Segev, Simon Wiesenthal. The Life and Legends, New York 2010, 72-73.

3 Simon Wiesenthal Archive (SWA), Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered; Simon Wiesenthal to Cyla Wiesenthal, 27 March 1945 [All translations from Polish are the author's].

4 See Antoinette Burton (ed.), Archive Stories. Facts, Fictions, and the Writing of History, Durham 2005.

ation, on the other, for the embodied and material qualities of traditional research in paper archives. The latter encompasses the peculiar rhythms and rituals of such research (filling out call slips in duplicate and waiting impatiently for the boxes of papers to arrive); its gatekeepers and facilitators (the legendary cloakroom ladies in Moscow, the archivists everywhere both helpful and unhelpful); its sensory elements (cold/heat/hunger, the omnipresent archival 'dust'), and so on.[5] A large literature, meanwhile, has sprung up considering not only the benefits, but the trade-offs of the move to digital research. Could the temporal and procedural limits of physical archives not merely restrict what we know, but also enable certain types of thinking? What kinds of serendipity might occur in traditional archives that are different from the serendipity of search engines and hypertext?[6]

This critical-nostalgic stance informed my behaviour in the Wiesenthal archive. Dust is intoxicating; I could not resist dipping into the papers to which I suddenly had almost unlimited access. But as an outsider to the field of Austrian history, I felt like an interloper. I saw the archive's defining narratives – those through which an archive categorises, includes, and/or excludes – with a beady eye. I formed my own counter-narratives. These other 'stories' reflected my own interests and knowledge, particularly, in Polish history and the cultural traditions of autobiography and testimony. What I saw around me were the traces, not only of Simon Wiesenthal the Austrian Nazi-hunter, but of Szymon Wiesenthal the Polish Jewish Holocaust documentarian. In telling my archive story, then, I will be challenging the archive's story, asking why Szymon Wiesenthal is absent from its tale. I will also reconsider what physical archives – especially, perhaps, those established at moments of great rupture and discontinuity – may reveal that digital ones could hide, and vice-versa.

## Prelude: Honorary Citizen of Louisville, Kentucky

Salztorgasse 6 forms part of a massive, post-war building complex on the site of the former Hotel Metropole, which also served as Gestapo headquarters after the *Anschluß* in 1938. It wraps around a city block near Schwedenplatz, a busy transportation hub in Vienna's first district. The concrete floors, scuffed steel fixtures, and mustard-coloured tiles in the entryway exude a kind of resolute mid-century ugliness.

Upstairs, though, the office was shabby but *gemütlich*. A small plaque on the front door identified the three-room-apartment-plus-kitchen as Dokumentationszentrum des B.J.V.N., the documentation centre of the Bund Jüdischer Verfolgter des Naziregime (Association of Jewish Victims of the Nazi Regime), founded in 1961. This was the successor organisation to the Jewish Historical Documentation Centre that Wiesenthal had founded as a Displaced Person in Linz in 1947. During the last years of his life, Wiesenthal oversaw the reorganisation of the centre into the Simon Wiesenthal Archive, documenting his life and work.

It would be hard to find an archive that had more material 'place-ness' than this one. Some described it as having an aura left behind by the great man after Wiesenthal's death in 2005, and the offices must have looked much the same as when he worked there. Brown and beige predominated. There were stacks of old office-supply catalogues and a large collection of magnetised paper-clip dispensers, the

5 Carolyn Steedman, Dust, Manchester 2001.
6 For a sampling, see Toni Weller (ed.), History in the Digital Age, London 2013.

detritus of a bygone work culture. There was even a fax machine, which remained perpetually powered on, alert but silent.

I felt a strong sense of *déjà-vu*, remembering visits to my grandfather's New York law offices in the 1980s, and this created an association for me between Wiesenthal and my grandfather – another scrappy Jewish immigrant who "made it". This impression was heightened by the accolades to Wiesenthal and other tokens of esteem that covered the walls, many from the United States. The randomness of their arrangement was appealing: A certificate of honorary citizenship from Louisville, Kentucky, with its lick-and-stick 'gold' seal, was no less prominently displayed than a beautifully hand-lettered *Ordine al Merito della Repubblica Italiana* (Order of Merit of the Republic of Italy). A bronze bust of Louis Brandeis perched casually atop a filing cabinet.

However, whereas my grandfather had a large black-and-white photograph of Masada on his wall, here there was a grainy photograph of Mauthausen in the snow and a small, sepia-toned snapshot of a barracks identified as the Displaced Persons' Information Office. Men wearing large hats and cuffed trousers, 1940s-style, strode busily in the foreground; one of them could have been Wiesenthal. My grandfather had the good fortune not to be personally in the picture, as far as the Holocaust was concerned. Instead, he collected books about it.

The archive, I learned, was a transitional formation, soon to be dissolved. The papers were to be moved to the VWI's new office a few blocks away at Rabensteig; the old furniture would be donated or thrown away: Goodbye polyester curtains – hello wifi. More than most, then, this archive was a kind of way-station between past and future. In the meantime, I enjoyed the intimacy I felt while inhabiting its rooms. I ate Vietnamese takeaway on a dish I found in the kitchen, imprinted with the logo of *Hotel Salzburger Hof* in Bad Gastein. I imagined Wiesenthal pocketing it while on holiday one summer in a small, spontaneous act of restitution. I had the illusion that I knew Wiesenthal – recognising in him something of the forces that drove my grandfather: a powerful belief in justice; a deep faith in post-war liberalism; and a persistent need for esteem and acceptance.

## A Few Phrases from Elie Wiesel

Intensifying this sense of recognition was my discovery of just how 'Polish' the archive was.

First, I was struck by the prevalence of Polish names on the labels of file boxes. These were not the names of people but of places – or more precisely, communities: *Biłgoraj, Buczacz, Katowice, Lwów, Połczyn Zdrój, Radom, Szydłowiec, Tomaszowa, Warsaw*, and so on. There were three boxes for *Lwów*, Wiesenthal's hometown before the Second World War, and one for *Buczacz*, his birthplace. By contrast, I was surprised to see no boxes labelled Berlin or Vienna. It seems that even after decades in Austria, Wiesenthal's focus remained on the destruction of Jewish communities in the East, especially those in his native region of Galicia.

In the same room was Wiesenthal's large collection of Polish books. This could possibly be Vienna's largest collection of Polish-language literature on the Holocaust, including many titles published in small runs by independent and dissident presses. The selection reflected more than a professional preoccupation with the Holocaust, though, but embraced titles of interest to a typical member of the Polish intelligentsia: classics of world literature in Polish translation (Sholem Aleichem and

Solzhenitsyn); the historical journal *Zeszyty Historyczne* (1960s); the Parisian émigré review *Kultura* (late 1970s to early 1980s); the opposition-linked *Karta* magazine (late 1980s to early 1990s) – a readerly chronology of key transformations in Polish intellectual life through the collapse of Communism.

One of the most curious items dated from 1938, a radio-novel by a now largely forgotten left-wing author, Helena Boguszewska, entitled *Angelica and Life*.[7] Even by the standards of 1930s Polish literature, this is a truly minor title. Mysteriously, a stamp identified the book as a discard from the Chicago Public Library. Had Wiesenthal found it on a library trolley ("Free – please take") on one of his post-war visits to the States? Had he picked it up out of idle curiosity, brought it back to Vienna in his luggage, and then forgotten about it? Or had he been moved by an impulse to rescue this discarded fragment of 1930s Poland, of his youth, a time of seething ideological debates and radical literary experiments? If so, how had he understood his relationship to that past?

On another bookshelf were thirteen blue folders labelled *Poland*. One contained papers connected to an appeal for Polish-Jewish dialogue that Wiesenthal co-authored in 1983 with his friend and colleague Michał (Michel) Borwicz. Signed by three Jewish and three non-Jewish Polish intellectuals, the letter lays claim to a venerable language and tradition of Polish-Jewish patriotism. "Forty years ago," it begins, "two flags were hoisted side by side on the roof of a building inside the embattled Warsaw ghetto. One was white and blue, and the other was white and red." The letter mentions its Jewish signatories' "keen sense of fidelity to the heritage of Polish Jewry", describing them also as "Polish patriots".[8]

Other documents in the file show Wiesenthal's irritation at Jewish figures whom he saw as undermining the project of Polish-Jewish dialogue and rapprochement in the Solidarity era. Writing to a contact in New York, he commented in heavy but expressive English: "Thousand years Jewish history in Poland cannot end in a few phrases [condemning Poles as antisemites] from Elie Wiesel or Benjamin Meed", a U.S.-based survivor activist, "who himself was saved in a Polish home".[9]

I was not surprised by Wiesenthal's intense interest in the Holocaust in Poland, his enduring ties to Polish culture, or his avowed sense of Polish identity. But the evidence surrounding me did make me wonder about how little of this was reflected in Wiesenthal's public profile. In Tom Segev's biography of Wiesenthal, for example, he writes that Wiesenthal's "broad humanity was anchored in the story of his life. He always lived within more than one sphere of identity". Wiesenthal's self-proclaimed "keen sense of fidelity to the heritage of Polish Jewry" seems an apt illustration of this observation, and yet, when Segev lists Wiesenthal's overlapping identities and affiliations, he never mentions Poland. Segev notes only that Wiesenthal identified as a

7 The introduction describes it as "a new experiment in the field of spoken literature, the first psychological novel written especially for radio". Emilia Grocholska, Przedmowa, in: Helena Boguszewska (ed.), Anielcia i życie. Powieść radiowa [Angelica and Life. A Radio Novel], Warsaw 1938, i.

8 SWA, Polen (Glowna komisja) – Polen (Moskau Konf.) (3) (Manifest zur Aussöhnung von Polen u. Juden). The appeal appeared in Polish, Hebrew, Yiddish, and English in media outlets in Israel, the United States, and Poland. The signatories were Michel [Michał] Borwicz, Józef Lichten, Jan Karski, Jerzy Lerski, Jan Nowak, and Wiesenthal. On Borwicz, more later. Lichten was a representative of American Jewish organisations in Rome. Karski had served during the war as a courier and liaison with Jewish organisations in London, and had been one of the first to bring news of the Holocaust to the West. Lerski had also served as a courier, and before the war had spoken out against antisemitism as a leader of the Stronnictwo Demokratyczne [Democratic Party] in Lwów. Both had been honoured with the title of *Righteous among Nations* by Yad Vashem. Nowak (-Jeziorański), also a courier, had been among the first to report on the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising to the West.

9 SWA, Polen (Glowna komisja) – Polen (Moskau Konf.) (3) (Manifest zur Aussöhnung von Polen u. Juden), Simon Wiesenthal to Jacob Katzman, 9 August 1983. Meed was a survivor activist in the United States.

Jew, but also with Austro-Hungarian tradition ("and chose to live in Austria, which he saw as his cultural and political homeland"), while maintaining close connections with Israel and the United States.[10]

In other sources, too, Wiesenthal is rarely – in fact, almost never – described as a Polish Jew, although he grew up in the Polish Second Republic; was a Polish citizen; went to school, married, and established a profession in Poland; and spoke Polish (along with Yiddish and German) his whole life.[11] Wikipedia, like many sources, identifies Wiesenthal as an "Austrian Nazi hunter and writer" and a "Jewish Austrian Holocaust survivor" and locates his birthplace, Buczacz, in the former Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy at the time of his birth in 1908 and in today's Ukraine. This is perfectly accurate, but it misses the point that Wiesenthal lived only nine of his first thirty-six years in the Monarchy (and never lived in Ukraine). Wikipedia mentions that Buczacz "changed hands several times" at the end of the First World War and that Wiesenthal attended a *Gymnasium* where "classes were taught in Polish", but the article's first mention of Poland per se comes in passing with the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939.[12]

The story is similar with the former Wiesenthal archive's website. The words "Poland" or "Polish" make their first appearance some twenty years into Wiesenthal's biography, and then only in reference to the "Polish quota restrictions pertaining to Jews" that blocked Wiesenthal's entry to university in Lwów.[13] Far from acknowledging Wiesenthal's linguistic, educational, cultural, or emotional ties to Poland, the website mentions Poland only in the context of an antisemitism that itself sought to deny them.

The consistency with which such sources overlook the 'Polish' Wiesenthal is a loud silence. Wiesenthal was a citizen of the Polish Second Republic for most of his childhood and young adulthood. He was in his late thirties when he arrived in Austria in the last months of the war, on a death march to Mauthausen. During his first years in Austria, his German was still prone to grammar and spelling mistakes; the notes he jotted down for himself, he wrote in Polish.[14] Albert Einstein was never just an "American physicist".[15] But Wiesenthal's strictly 'Austrian' biography reflects a set of mental maps that cannot be found in any atlas. Drawing on a post-imperial and post-Holocaust imaginary, it insists, as one biographer puts it, that "the Jews of Buczacz had little affinity with Poland", and that, while Wiesenthal may have felt at home in Poland, this was – in Segev's words – "an illusion, and he should have known it".[16]

10 Tom Segev, Simon Wiesenthal. The life and Legends, London 2010, 8.

11 An interesting exception is Witold Stankowski, Szymon Wiesenthal. Biografia [Simon Wiesenthal. A Biography], Warsaw 2009. Stankowski's biography (available only in Polish) is the only one, as far as I know, that researchers Wiesenthal's school days, for instance, drawing on Polish sources that others have neglected.

12 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Simon_Wiesenthal (9 July 2016).

13 http://www.simon-wiesenthal-archiv.at/01_wiesenthal/01_biographie/e01_childhoodnyouth.html (22 January, 2016).

14 Segev comments on Wiesenthal's imperfect German, Simon Wiesenthal, 73; for an example of Wiesenthal's notes-to-self in Polish from 1947, see Yad Vashem – M.9 – Jewish Historical Documentation Centre, Linz (Simon Wiesenthal Collection, hereafter Yad Vashem, Wiesenthal Collection), 799.

15 Wikipedia identifies Albert Einstein as a "German-born" physicist who later assumed American citizenship and lists each country he lived in, as well as his successive changes in citizenship, with dates. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert_Einstein (9 July 2016).

16 Segev, Simon Wiesenthal, 40. Segev expresses puzzlement that the Zionist Wiesenthal never seems to have considered *aliyah* (emigration to Palestine) before the Second World War. However, this probably tells us more about a certain kind of Israeli Zionism (in which being 'at home' in the diaspora is a contradiction in terms) than about its manifold variants in interwar Poland.

## I Really Don't Feel Like a Stranger in This Archive

In 1928, Salo Baron, the great Polish-Jewish-American historian, famously criticised what he called the "lachrymose" view of medieval and early-modern Jewish history, in which pre-emancipation Jewish experience in Europe was a litany of oppression and suffering. Baron called for a more nuanced, historicised, and in a sense normalised view of the Jewish past – insisting, moreover, that the prevailing view of modernity as an era of enlightenment and progress required re-evaluation. In particular, Baron took aim at the widespread assumption that the 'emancipation' of the Jews by centralising and/or absolutist European regimes of the late-eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries was an unalloyed good for the Jews.[17]

After the Holocaust, Baron's reservations about modernity seemed to have been tragically vindicated. And yet the dichotomy Baron identified between the lachrymose and essentially optimistic view of Jewish history did not fade. Instead, it was re-oriented from time to space. Reinforced by the Cold War division of Europe, Eastern Europe became the rhetorical repository of a lachrymose past, the landscape of eternal Jewish suffering. For many in the West, it became impossible to imagine that Eastern European Jews, before or after the Holocaust, could have experienced something like 'normality,' a life in which they felt a part of their larger societies, went about their own business, and, while experiencing antisemitism, were not defined by it. Like Jews in the West. Establishing the contours of this 'normality' has been the thrust of much recent historiography on Jewish life in interwar Poland.[18]

Wiesenthal was typical in many ways of young, *Gymnasium*-educated Polish Jews of his generation. Like him, they tended to use Polish and Yiddish interchangeably; their friends tended to be Jewish, although increasingly, not exclusively so; with their non-Jewish classmates, moreover, they shared a marked enthusiasm for Polish literature and culture and often a strong civic patriotism – even if attracted to one of the various forms of Jewish nationalism, as well. Galician Jews like Wiesenthal (those living in the former lands of the Austrian partition) were particularly known for their high levels of acculturation to the Polish language and commitment to a certain vision of Polish-Jewish symbiosis.[19] This vision was championed by, among others, the Lwów-based, Polish-language Zionist newspaper *Chwila*, which Wiesenthal would almost certainly have read, and with some of whose writers he associated.[20] *Chwila* aligned itself with broader liberal currents in Poland, advocating a 'Polishness' that was inclusive, multi-ethnic, and multi-religious.[21] A similar view animated the scholarship of the Galician Jewish school of historiography, including Wiesenthal's *landslayt* (countryman) from Buczacz, Emanuel Ringelblum, who stressed Jews' longstanding contributions to Polish cultural and economic life (an idea echoed, perhaps, in Wiesenthal's reference to a "thousand years Jewish history in Poland").[22]

17 Salo Baron, Ghetto and Emancipation. Shall We Revise the Traditional View?, in: Menorah Journal XIV (1928) 6, 515-526.

18 See works by, inter alia, Natalia Aleksiun, Kamil Kijek, Anna Landau-Czajka, Sean Martin, Ezra Mendelsohn, and Antony Polonsky.

19 This cultural formation is beautifully described in the historian Shimon Redlich's memoir-cum-oral history of growing up in a town not far from Buczacz, Together and Apart in Brzezany. Poles, Jews, and Ukrainians, 1919–1945, Bloomington 2002; also see Sean Martin, Jewish Life in Cracow, 1918–1939, London 2004.

20 See below.

21 Uniwersytet zbirów [University of Thugs], Cracow 1946, 2014, 185-187.

22 Natalia Aleksiun, From Galicia to Warsaw. Interwar Historians of Polish Jewry, in: Warsaw. The Jewish Metropolis: Essays in Honor of the 75th Birthday of Professor Antony Polonsky, Leiden 2015, 370-389.

Wiesenthal's biographers generally overlook these complexities of interwar Polish-Jewish identity politics. Even Segev, who acknowledges that Wiesenthal had some kind of attachment to his native land (Galicia), does not consider the possibility that Wiesenthal's cosmopolitanism reflected his formative experiences as a progressive, acculturated Jew in interwar Poland, not just distant memories of the defunct Dual Monarchy. Of course, the two are not mutually exclusive: the former monarchy offered many Galician Jews a template of citizenship and belonging that informed their attitudes toward the Second Republic, and it was during the Habsburg period that many Jews in Galicia first came to identify with Polish nationalism.

One might be justified in asking why, in that case, Wiesenthal spoke so much about his roots in the Monarchy, and so little about Poland. For example, at the opening of the Rachel Whitehead Holocaust memorial in 2000, calling himself as "an old Austrian by birth", he reminded the audience that he had attended two years of primary school in Vienna (his family was among the many thousands of Galician civilians who fled the Eastern front during the First World War) and that his father had fallen as a soldier of the Habsburg army. "I myself settled in Austria fifty-two years ago", he continued, "after the Nazis had abducted me as far as Mauthausen, where I was liberated at the eleventh hour." Summing up his relationship to Austria after more than half a century, he said: "I really don't feel like a stranger in this country."[23]

The explanation, however, is not that obscure: Wiesenthal had as much to gain in claiming to be an Austrian native as to lose in being identified as a Polish Jew. Austrian antisemites used long-standing negative stereotypes of Polish Jews to support their attacks on Wiesenthal, for example, by using the pseudo-spelling "Szymon Wizenthal"; even in polite society, "Polish" had always been a euphemism in Austria for the wrong sort of Jew.[24] Antisemitism aside, to claim a moral voice in Austrian affairs, Wiesenthal could not appear to be a carpet-bagger, and establishing an unassailable Austrian genealogy was a strategic move. To say this is not to minimize Wiesenthal's undeniably genuine attachment to Austria or his identification with his family's Habsburg heritage. But even a statement like the one above – "I really don't feel like a stranger in this country" – seems flecked with irony, an irony through which Wiesenthal invites us to unpack the complex layers of his history.

Irony was sorely lacking, unfortunately, in a recent exhibition at the Vienna Jewish Museum where this quote was prominently displayed. "Wiesenthal in Wien/Wiesenthal in Vienna" (2015/2016), stressing Wiesenthal's "deep Austrian patriotism", rehearsed all the lachrymose clichés we have seen so far about Wiesenthal's life in Poland. The catalogue tells us, for instance, that after the First World War, the refugee Wiesenthals were "unable to stay in Vienna" and thus "returned to their village" which "now belonged to Poland":

> "Most of the houses had been destroyed, many families had been torn to pieces, and there was a feeling of animosity towards minorities in the young nation state. There were severe restrictions on the admission of Jews to universities, and Simon Wiesenthal had to move to Prague to study architecture, as he could not find a university in Poland to accept him. It is circum-

23 Gabriele Kohlbauer-Fritz, "I really don't feel like a stranger in this country": Simon Wiesenthal – An Austrian Patriot, in: Wiesenthal in Wien/Wiesenthal in Vienna, Vienna 2016, 37.

24 Gerd Honsik is one antisemitic writer who favoured this spelling; see Günther Terportitz, Wizenthal, Krejsky und die Schächtung des Abendlandes. Ein Kaleidoskop 'rechter' Medien, in: Heinz P. Wassermann (ed.), Antisemitismus in Österreich nach 1945. Ergebnisse, Positionen und Perspektiven der Forschung, Innsbruck 2002, 138 and 129-150; Michaela Raggam-Blesch, personal communication, 25 January 2016.

> stances like this that no doubt ensured that Galician Jews retained their faith in German culture."[25]

Note the implied unwillingness to leave Vienna; the description of Buczacz – a provincial town with factories, a Jewish hospital, political parties, and other hallmarks of modernity – as a "village", the better to contrast with metropolitan Vienna; the whiff of a suggestion that Poland's new "ownership" of Buczacz was less than legitimate; the generalised image of suffering and hardship, although the Wiesenthal family was quite comfortable once Simon's mother remarried; and the truly odd speculation that Polish antisemitism in the 1930s must have strengthened Galician Jews' "faith in German culture" – a faith evidently unaffected by, say, German or Austrian antisemitism.

The effect can be seen as inversion. Poland, for Wiesenthal, is not the home that is violently destroyed in the Holocaust, but an exile. His involuntary deportation to Austria on a death march, meanwhile, becomes a kind of messianic return to the land of his forefathers.

The exhibition may reveal why some narratives of Wiesenthal's life require that Poland be mentioned, if at all, only in the same breath as antisemitism. Poland serves as a crude foil for imperfect Austria: the worse Poland looks, the more rational and intentional Wiesenthal's decision (and that of his fellow refugees and survivors) to remain in Hitler's homeland.[26] But this narrative has significance for non-Austrian Jews, too. The more we deny that Wiesenthal and his fellow Jews were 'at home' in Poland, the more we can persuade ourselves – all of us – that we are 'at home' elsewhere.

There is one other explanation for the repression of the 'Polish' Wiesenthal, but it is more ambiguous. While we can speculate about Wiesenthal's appeal as a hero-figure in the post-war period (for example, that he filled the need for a 'muscular' survivor – he was, after all, a 'Nazi hunter'), I suspect that the unresolved contradictions of his biography played a role, too. It is true that Wiesenthal's 'old Austrian' *curriculum vitae* supported a narrative of unbroken Jewish continuity and belonging in the West. On the other hand, Wiesenthal projected – in his person, accent, and bearing – a very different kind of Jewishness from someone like Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky. If Kreisky was the archetype of the assimilated, Viennese, 'non-Jewish Jew' (to use Isaiah Berlin's formulation), Wiesenthal, thanks to his Eastern European roots, exuded the earthy *yidishkayt* and authenticity of a 'Jewish Jew'. In the persona projected onto the post-war stage, Wiesenthal's 'Polishness' simply melted into his Jewishness (after all, did not *all* survivors have funny accents?). Familiar but other; assertive but liberal; Zionist but *kaisertreu* – the ambiguities made Wiesenthal the perfect figurehead for Jews uneasily seeking their place in a post-Holocaust world.

## Letters to Linz

Before I return to Wiesenthal's letter to Cyla, I should provide some context. As mentioned earlier, Wiesenthal co-authored the appeal for Polish-Jewish reconciliation with Michał Borwicz, an old friend and fellow prisoner in the Janowska concentration camp in Lwów. Borwicz was a writer, literary critic, and sociologist. Before emigrating to France in the late 1940s, he served as chair of the Kraków branch of the

25 Kohlbauer-Fritz, "I really don't feel like a stranger", 35.

26 Wiesenthal was still exploring possibilities for emigration in 1953, for instance, to Uruguay. See SWA, Korresp. Varia 1946–1955, Congreso Judio Mundial, Seccion Uruguaya, to Simon Wiesenthal, 7 April 1953.

Centralna Żydowska Komisja Historyczna (Central Jewish Historical Commission – CŻKH), a body established by Polish Jews to document the Holocaust. It was the CŻKH that had published Borwicz's memoir about Janowska, *University of Thugs*[27], and a compilation of testimonial extracts he had co-edited in 1945, *Documents of Atrocity and Martyrdom*. Besides copies of these, Wiesenthal's collection contained a half dozen other CŻKH publications, including local studies, document collections, and the 1945 methodological brochure, *Instructions for Collecting Historical Materials from the Period of German Occupation*, outlining best practices for gathering survivor testimonies.[28]

By coincidence, I had been trying to track down some of these publications for months in my own research. Produced using poor materials at war's end and thus physically fragile, and more likely to have been bought by refugees than research libraries, these titles were quite rare. How uncanny to find a motherlode of them here, silently awaiting me on the shelves – slightly the worse for wear after all those decades, but abundantly present, often in multiple copies. These must have been ordered by or sent in batches to Wiesenthal's documentation centre in Linz in 1945, 1946, and 1947.

Those multiples, in fact, seemed significant: they suggested something other than private consumption. Wiesenthal is often treated as a maverick, a lone wolf with a single-minded determination to bring perpetrators to justice. But the CŻKH publications in his collection highlight his embeddedness in a network of like-minded survivors all urgently preoccupied with documenting the Holocaust. Documentarian-activists like Wiesenthal organised themselves into a plethora of historical commissions in Poland, in DP camps, and elsewhere; as the historian Laura Jockusch notes, they were overwhelmingly of Polish Jewish origin."[29]

Wiesenthal's documentation centre was working both in parallel and in tandem with other bodies in this network. Indeed, it was not even the only one in Linz: a founding member of the CŻKH, Mejlech Bakalczuk, had established a historical commission there in 1946.[30] As the Linz committee's papers in the Yad Vashem archive show, the centre's work in these years mainly involved gathering survivor testimonies against captured Nazi suspects. To do this, Wiesenthal had to be well-networked among other DPs, reaching out to them in Yiddish or Polish and taking testimonies in both languages. German and English came into use primarily in representations to the authorities.[31] Wiesenthal, it seems, corresponded with former CŻKH chair Philip Friedman and the CŻKH's successor organisation, the Jewish Historical Institute, to request documentation on specific Nazi suspects, as well as with civil authorities in Poland.[32] In short, the work of the Linz committee was car-

27 Michał Borwicz, Uniwersystet zbirów [University of Thugs], Cracow 1946.

28 Michał Borwicz/Nella Rost/Józef Wulf (ed.), Dokumenty zbrodni i męczeństwa [Documents of Crime and Martyrdom], Cracow 1945; Betti Ajzensztajn/Majer Balberyszki/Natan Blumental/Szymon Datner/Artur Eisenbach/Józef Kermisz (ed.), Instrukcje dla zbierania materiałów historycznych z okresu okupacji niemieckiej. Seria II. Prace metodologiczne. Zeszyt 1 [Instructions for Collecting Historical Materials from the Period of German Occupation. Series II. Methodological Works. Notebook 1], Łódź 1945.

29 Laura Jockusch, Collect and Record! Jewish Holocaust Documentation in Early Postwar Europe, New York 2012, 8.

30 Segev, Simon Wiesenthal, 70. The statute of the Jüdische Historische Dokumentation that Wiesenthal founded in 1947 spoke of collecting documents on Jewish persecution during the Nazi period, forging links with Jewish scholars in other countries, and publishing a scholarly periodical. Founding statute, reproduced in Stankowski, Szymon Wiesenthal, 73.

31 Yad Vashem, Wiesenthal Collection, passim.

32 Especially interesting is Wiesenthal's correspondence with the Polish Ministry of Justice and a list, evidently prepared for use by Polish prosecutors, of "criminals who in the war years 1939–1945 acted to the detriment of Polish citizens and the Polish state". Yad Vashem, Wiesenthal Collection, File Number 812. See also File Numbers 802.2, 75, 106, 109, 111.

ried out overwhelmingly in a Polish Jewish idiom and depended on connections within the Polish Jewish survivor community, as well as with non-Jewish Poles. Wiesenthal's early postwar activities make little sense removed from this Polish context.[33]

It was with curiosity about these survivor networks that I opened a three-ring binder I noticed on a shelf behind my desk. It was turquoise-green and labelled *SW Büro Linz 1945–1948–1950*. It turned out to contain a heterogeneous collection of documents: mostly correspondence, largely to Wiesenthal, in German, Yiddish, Polish, English, and French. Within the binder, the papers were organised alphabetically by sender, except for those whose authors the archivists had been unable to identity; these had been placed in a section at the front. (A caveat: I do not read Yiddish, so the comments that follow exclude discussion of the Yiddish-language correspondence.)

The letters were cacophonous: official, informal, personal; Jewish, non-Jewish; praising, criticising, complaining, imploring. The letters that Wiesenthal received from non-Jewish strangers, often responses to Wiesenthal's pieces in the Upper Austrian press, were striking; their authors ranged from anti-fascists who keenly felt the lack of accountability for former Nazis in their communities[34] to those taking issue with Wiesenthal's defence of DPs.[35] These writers seemed to feel a tremendous need to unburden themselves, apparently seeing in Wiesenthal the closest available interlocutor. By contrast, most of the letters Wiesenthal received from Jewish strangers, directed to him in his position as an employee of the US occupation, were terse. "Please take an interest in my brother-in-law [the DP] Mr. Azriel Kaplan […] We will be grateful to you if it is in your power to help him in any way"; "I am sending hearty thanks for your intervention in the matter of Schumacher since the above-named was released from prison on Saturday […]" and so on.[36]

33 As I have argued elsewhere, Polish Jews shared with non-Poles a particular interest in testimony as documentation, a tradition reaching back to the interwar period. Katherine Lebow, The Conscience of the Skin. Interwar Polish Autobiography and Social Rights, in: Humanity: An International Journal of Human Rights, Humanitarianism, and Development 3 (2012) 3, 311-312.

34 "Out of every five people I meet", wrote a man from Altmünster, "four are former Nazis – 'new Austrians', I call them. The rest are like you and me. Farmers, petty tradespeople, etc., who […] exhaled when the chains of slavery dropped from us on 6 May. We did not shout for revenge, we killed no one – but we believed in justice. […] We are deeply shaken and disappointed." The author, who had been accused of "servility" for efforts to help some Jews recover their property, praised Wiesenthal for his courage and invited him to visit him as a "Gesinnungsgenosse" (like-minded person). Another man, a clerk and former political prisoner living in a barracks since his return from a Nazi prison, complained about the former Party member who had seized his home during the war and continued to live there and claim ownership. "The Nazis sit disguised and undisguised at their posts", he wrote. "They sit all this time in their luxury homes and are untouchable many times over (and the Nazi women are the worst!). […] Is there a place or organisation", he asked, "that sets as its goal bringing this situation to an end and helping those who are the victims of Nazis? Thank you once again for your [article] and best greetings." SWA, Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered; Alois P. to Simon Wiesenthal, 21 January 1946; Rudolf P. to Simon Wiesenthal, 21 January 1946.

35 This includes a letter from a "German from the Bohemian Forest", a Socialist who had first been persecuted by the Nazis, then ethnically cleansed from post-war Czechoslovakia. Taking issue with one of Wiesenthal's articles on the situation of DPs in Linz (against whom local authorities had been notably hostile), the writer explains his position as "a thoroughly international Socialist" and "a logically thinking person": in short, he feels that only "German-speaking people from the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy" should be allowed to remain in Austria, bemoaning the fact that "everywhere one goes […], one hears and sees […] only true foreigners and Jews". Although it was wrong that "during the war, the peoples of the occupied countries suffered hunger for the German people", the author writes, it was equally wrong that today "the German and Austrian people suffers hunger for the other peoples". SWA, Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered; Joh. B. to Simon Wiesenthal, 28 November 1946.

36 SWA, Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered; B. & Z. Rosenstein to Simon Wiesenthal, 9 August 1947; Schumacher to Simon Wiesenthal, 1 November 1948.

Quite different again is the correspondence from old friends and acquaintances – letters in which survivors sought news of common acquaintances or family members, recalled pre-war memories, and discussed present and future plans: what now, where next? Apart from those in Yiddish that I was unable to read, the letters in this category were in Polish.

Their provenance was not always obvious, as in a letter from Tadek: no surname, no date, no address, written in purple pencil on four pages. "Dear Mr. Engineer!" Tadek wrote from Palestine, apologising for his inability to secure for Wiesenthal (an avid philatelist) the postage stamps he had requested. He touched on themes of common concern for many survivors: legal entanglements (he had just seen a lawyer in Tel Aviv about a deposition); health (he hoped Wiesenthal's eye problems had improved); emigration ("I'm coming to the opinion that one can be a better Jew and Zionist *not* in Israel. The entire country lives off alms. So, better to give charity than to take it").

In a postscript, however, I did find something like what I was looking for. Tadek wrote that he had been working on a manuscript about the Holocaust in Austria for the past three years, based on many thousands of documents which, he suggested, could even serve as the basis of "legal action against the Austrian government". He felt that the Jewish community in Vienna should publish the book, as it would garner great interest among Jewish émigrés abroad (and thus, presumably, raise funds for the community and the book's author). He proposed to Wiesenthal to bring the manuscript up to date by adding events of the last few years. "Mr. Engineer, think about this and give me your considered opinion", he concluded. "Be healthy and *au revoir*, Tadek".[37]

Only after several readings and triangulating again with Laura Jockusch's book did it occur to me that Tadek must be Towia Frydman, known as Tadek Jasiński during the war. Frydman had set up a documentation centre in Vienna and worked closely with Wiesenthal while the latter was in Linz, emigrating to Israel in 1952. Frydman and his colleagues' research was not published in Vienna, Jockusch reports, although an abridged version ultimately appeared in Israel. Nor do standard historiographies register their pioneering research: the *Oxford Bibliographies Online*, for instance, reports only that "research about Austria and the Holocaust dates back to the 1960s and 1970s."[38]

I was slow, again, to connect the dots in a letter Wiesenthal received from Montevideo in 1953. This letter appeared in another folder with somewhat later correspondence. On the letterhead of the *Congreso Judio Mundial, Seccion Uruguaya*, it had been filed under *C* (presumably for *Congreso*), and for some reason I cannot now remember, I formed the idea that it had been written by a rabbi. The letter responds to Wiesenthal's evident query about emigration to Uruguay, proffering useful practical information ("if you cannot get an immigrant visa, you can take a tourist one, because there's no practical difference between them"), but also reflects upon advantages and disadvantages of life in Uruguay. These included, on the one hand, an "almost unlimited" freedom; peacefulness and the absence of overt antisemitism; a good climate and beautiful seaside; abundant housing; and free education. Moreover, although Uruguay was a small country with a poor economy, "everyone has enough for a decent life".

37 SWA, Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered; Tadek to Simon Wiesenthal, undated.

38 Jockusch, Collect and Record!, 155-156; Albert Lichtblau, The Holocaust in Austria, in: Oxford Bibliographies Online, http://www.oxfordbibliographies.com/view/document/obo-9780199840731/obo-9780199840731-0080.xml (4 September 2016).

The letter concludes on a personal note, however, which should have alerted me to a connection between the author and Wiesenthal: "Of course Jews are reviled here [*oczywiście, że Żydzi są tu paskudni*] and cannot count on anyone", the writer avers. "But that is the case everywhere, and I know from experience that we both [meaning the author and Wiesenthal] have overcome [the difficulties of] emigration only by our own hard work." The author then adds: "We are much happier here than in Sweden."[39] On a repeat reading, I scrutinised the signature and wondered how I could have been so stupid: the words clearly spelled "Nella Rost", Borwicz's colleague on the Kraków historical commission before her emigration to Sweden (where she had also established a Holocaust documentation centre) and then Uruguay. Rost had edited the CŻKH's publication of Rudolf Reder's testimony on Bełżec in 1946, which Wiesenthal had in his collection.[40] She herself was not a rabbi – but she was a very prominent rabbi's daughter.[41] Perhaps Borwicz had put them in touch; whether or not she and Wiesenthal had met, her letter managed to be both formal and intimate, evoking a shared fate and common understanding.

One more letter in the folder bore witness, I felt, not only to Wiesenthal's links to the work of other Polish survivor-documentarians, but to the echoing resonance of pre-war literary and intellectual life in these efforts. Written earlier (1947) than the above letter, and by someone closer to Wiesenthal, it was, of all the letters in the file, the most heart-breaking.

Szymon Spund was a poet and writer living in Lwów before the war and associated with the above-mentioned journal *Chwila*. From references in the letter, it seems likely that he and Wiesenthal also worked together on the satirical journal *Omnibus*, in which Wiesenthal had published some cartoons in the 1930s.[42]

Spund survived the war in the Soviet Union and was living in Łódź – Lwów having been annexed to the Soviet Union – at the time of writing. Among common acquaintances he named in the letter was *Chwila*'s editor Henryk Hescheles, who had not survived the war, and the latter's daughter, Janina. Reading this, I sat up. As I knew from my research, the pre-teen Janina Hescheles had been discovered as a literary talent by Borwicz while both were in Janowska; she was one of those who would recite her poetry in secret gatherings of inmates.[43] After Borwicz was rescued from Janowska by the Polish-Jewish underground, he arranged to have Hescheles smuggled out of the camp. Placed in a safe house on the 'Aryan' side, she had been given paper and pen, and asked (commanded?) by her rescuers to write. The result was *Through the Eyes of a Twelve-Year-Old Girl*, a memoir of the Lwów ghetto and Janowska, published by the CŻKH in 1946.[44]

I quote the letter below, nearly in full.

"BELOVED MR ENGINEER!" the letter begins, in an almost comical yoking together of warmth and formality:

39 SWA, Korresp. Varia 1946–1955, N. Rost to Simon Wiesenthal, 7 April 1953.

40 Rudolf Reder, Bełżec, Cracow 1946.

41 Rost held degrees in law and literature and was an expert on French letters. Rost's father, Ozjasz Thon, had been a towering figure, one of founders of Zionism in Poland and for many years a representative to the Polish Sejm. Noe Grüss/Diana Grünbaum, Rok pracy Centralnej Żydowskiej Komisji Historycznej [Work of the Central Jewish Historical Commission], Łódź 1946, 56; Thon, Ozjasz, in: The YIVO Encyclopedia of Jews in Eastern Europe, http://www.yivoencyclopedia.org/article.aspx/thon_ozjasz (5 September 2016).

42 For an example, see http://www.simon-wiesenthal-archiv.at/01_wiesenthal/01_biographie/img/e03studienzeit02.html (6 September 2016).

43 Michał Borwicz, Literatura w obozie [Literature in the Camp], Cracow 1946, 48-9.

44 Oczyma dwunastoletniej dziewczyny [Through the Eyes of a Twelve-Year-Old Girl], Cracow 1946.

> "How happy I am that you live, and not only for myself… [ellipses in original] Often, very often in the Far North, outside the Polar Circle, I thought about you and remembered those moments when together, as a twosome in my private office, we planned a tour with slides about the arch-Satan who roundly destroyed our life! I lost everything and everyone, and above all my only daughter: STEFANIA EWELINA being her two names. Today my golden little blonde would be about fifteen years old! Perhaps you will come across a trace of her somewhere?! Perhaps??? Not long ago I found the only one of my formerly six brothers, the youngest, who has already been to me on a visit. He was injured twice outside Gdańsk. He has Polish and Soviet medals.
>
> What is new with you? How did you come upon my address? Perhaps through the Lwów bookseller P. Rubin? After my return from the Soviet Union I reactivated *Opinia* and edited it for eleven months, and when I convinced myself that 'Ichud' also has in its bosom some thoroughly rotten scoundrels,[45] I resigned from permanent work there and write freelance for *Nowe Słowo*, where lately I published […] a lengthy discussion of your interesting brochure. I am struck by its precise documentation [*ścisła źródłowość*] and your exuberant German! I foresee great hope for you in the field of documentary literature!"

Spund then wrote that he was leaving in August for Paris – "and from there, onwards […]" He continued:

> "How is your health? What kind of work do you do? How did you save yourself? Where did you stay? Do you have family, or perhaps at least fragments? What are your plans? Do you still have your caricaturist's powers of observation? Our poor Bickels fell to a martyr's death! So too our dear and unforgotten Henryk Hescheles, who was my companion in misfortune! I correspond with his daughter. She published a harrowing book! Brilliant fourteen-year-old girl! Please be so kind as to search for my child with the 'Red Cross' etc. etc. Maybe she is alive somewhere and longing for me??? Maybe?! […] Awaiting impatiently your news and wishing much happiness [here the typewritten words give way to handwriting], I warmly press your right hand."

In a scribbled note at the very bottom of the page, Spund added a request for Wiesenthal to seek news of his siblings Maks, Leon, Zygmunt, Isydor, and Annalisa. Finally, as if unwilling to sign off, he penned another note: "Please greet all the people there."[46]

Spund's breakneck exuberance in the face of loss and the list of siblings Maks, Leon, Zygmunt, Isydor and Annalisa, not to mention STEFANIA EWELINA, would already have been tragic enough. But the connection between Wiesenthal and Janina Hescheles through Spund gave me a shock. Briefly, two mental spaces collided: my research-reality, and reality plain and simple – the reality of Wiesenthal's office, the faux-wood veneer desk, the green binder. Wiesenthal's 'aura' seemed to have a clarifying effect, so that Spund and Hescheles and all the others seemed as immanent in that space as Wiesenthal himself.

45 *Opinia* was the organ of the all-Zionist political party Ichud, or Zjednoczenie Syjonistów Demokratów 'Ichud' w Polsce (Union of Democratic Zionists in Poland). Founded in 1945, it was forced to disband in 1949, after the Communist take-over of Poland, http://www.jhi.pl/psj/Ichud (15 July 2016).

46 SWA, Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered; Szymon Spund to Simon Wiesenthal, 21 July 1947.

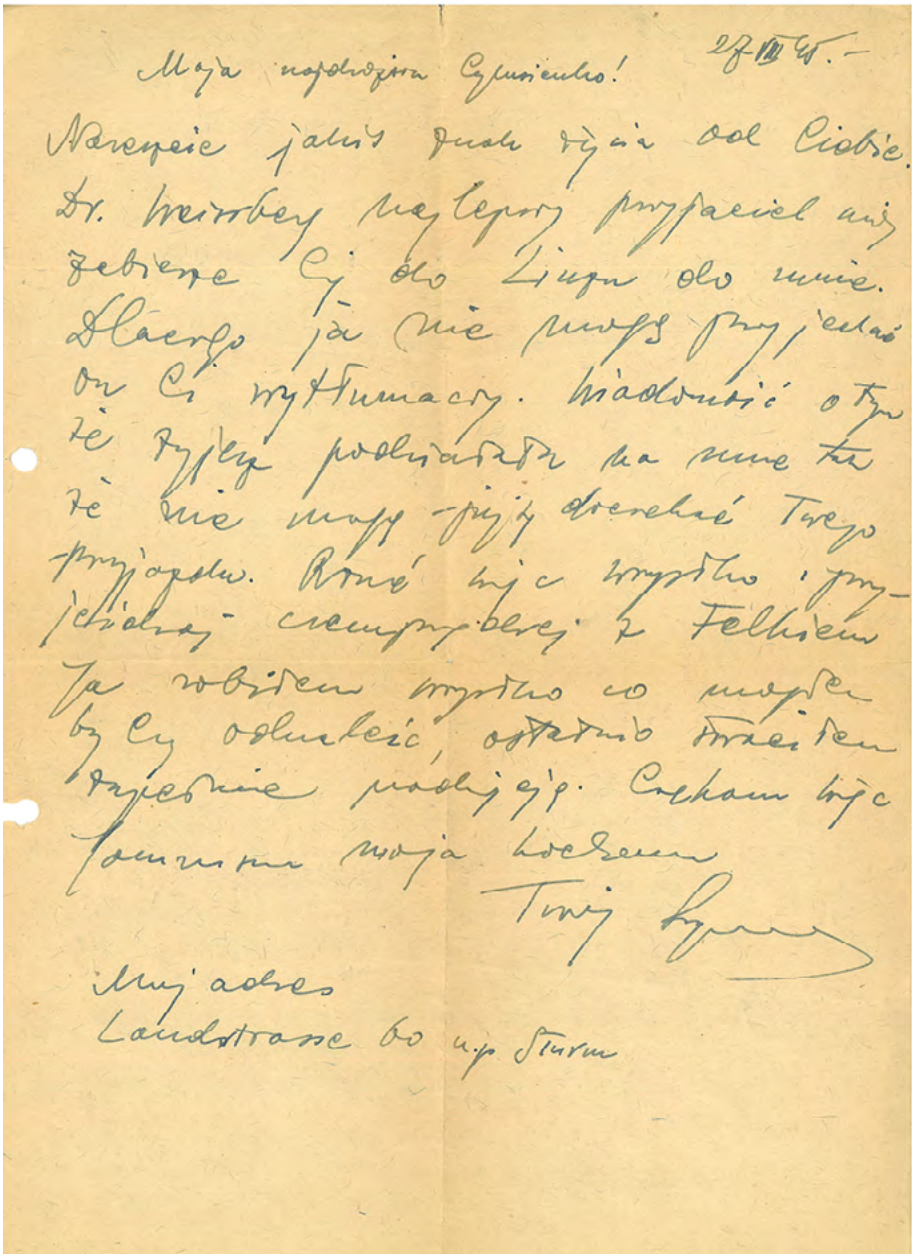

**Photo: Archiv Simon Wiesenthal, Folder SW Linz 1945–1948–1950, unnumbered.**

In the same binder was the letter to Cyla, dated 27 August 1945. Once again, it took several readings to decipher properly. It was penned in a looping, urgent scribble, and began with a diminutive – "My dearest Cylusienka":

> "At last a sign of life from you. Dr. Weissberg, my best friend, will bring you to me in Linz. He will explain why I cannot come myself. The news that you are living affected me so much that I cannot wait for your arrival. Leave everything, then, [and] come as soon as possible with Felek. I did everything that I could to find you, [but] lately I started to lose hope completely. I am waiting [illegible], my dear.
> Your Szymon
>
> My address
> Landstrasse 60 c/o Sturm"

## Conclusion: The Hermeneutics of Screwing Around

In trying to understand why this letter remained hidden for so many decades, I have come to think of Wiesenthal's Polishness as hiding in the light. In his lifetime, it was embodied – in accent, in gesture – in his person; it was an aspect of his survivorhood, his 'authenticity'. But when he died, there was no institutional knowledge of Polish language, or the cultural context of Polish Jewry, to survive him in the archive.

What besides this letter was lost as a result? I have tried to suggest that we can better understand Wiesenthal's transformation from survivor to 'Nazi-hunter' if we see it not merely as the outgrowth of one man's passion for justice, but of ideas and practices widespread among Polish Jewish survivors after the war. Hearing the voices of Wiesenthal's friends and associates from this time, moreover, keeps great-man exaggerations in check, and it humanises Wiesenthal by revealing the ties of memory and culture that bound him to a particular community. That Nella Rost's and Tadek Frydman's voices had been anonymised seems almost worse than that the letter to Cyla had been lost. Biography is most valuable when it intimates the myriad of other lives and stories that surround it, as early Holocaust documentarians well knew.

Since I began this essay, the Wiesenthal archive has been boxed up and moved out of the Salztorgasse. Its contents (minus fax machine and paper clips) have moved to the VWI's new headquarters at the Rabensteig. There are no plans I know of to digitise its holdings, so the paper archive will continue to exist, albeit in altered form. Resituated in a vibrant scholarly institute, it will undergo reclassification according to a new set of narratives, reflecting the current state of international Holocaust research. Someone else would eventually have come across the letter in this new context, if I had not.

One could argue that this outcome would be even more likely if the archive were to be digitised, as the papers would then be available to scholars with an even wider array of languages and local knowledge. Some commentators have noted how full-text-searchability can liberate sources from the narrative (and national) frameworks imposed by archival cataloguing, making them visible in new ways. The 'Polish' Wiesenthal could thus come into clearer focus. Yet it is also obvious that some kinds of sources are more text-searchable than others, and that handwritten letters, scrawled to loved ones in moments of extreme emotion, are generally not among these.[47] It is also clear that the archival "side-glancing," "peripheral vision," "serious play of browsing," or just "screwing around"[48] reflected in this essay could have occurred only in a physical archive. As Lara Putnam points out, the "friction" of traditional archival research produces invaluable contextual knowledge. Among other things, it forces us to confront not just what we think is important, but what others have thought important, and to consider the relevance of the seemingly irrelevant.[49]

47 Lara Putnam, The Transnational and the Text-Searchable. Digitized Sources and the Shadows They Cast, in: The American Historical Review (2016), 385 and 390-391. I am indebted to Lisa Leff for directing me to this article.

48 The first two phrases are Putnam's. The latter two are from a source she cites: Stephen Ramsay, The Hermeneutics of Screwing Around; or What You Do with a Million Books, in: Keven Kee (ed.), Pastplay. Teaching and Learning History with Technology, Ann Arbor, MI 2014, 111-120. Putnam, The Transnational and the Text-Searchable, 39.

49 Ibid, 393.

I am lucky that I got to see Wiesenthal's yellowing Polish books crammed onto the shelves; to finger *Angelica and Life*; to eat off the stolen plate. And yet in the end, I would be hesitant about proposals – which there were – to preserve the Salztorgasse apartment in amber. There is much to be said for dissolving that place, putting distance between the act of research, on the one hand, and Wiesenthal's office and all that it represents, on the other: the tragedy of the DPs; postwar Austria's torturous reckoning with the past; Wiesenthal's own ego. Let the old man rest in peace.

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http://simon.vwi.ac.at/images/Documents/Articles/2017-1/2017-1_Articles_Lebow/Articles_Lebow01.pdf

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