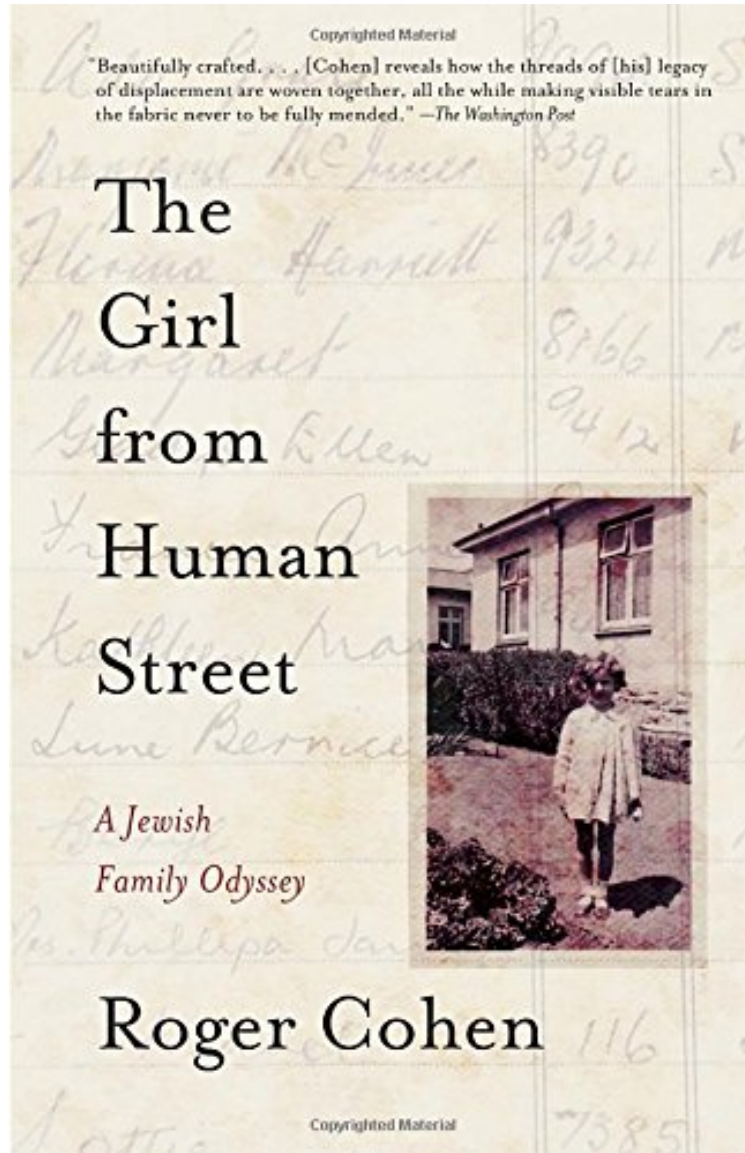


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## The Girl from Human Street: A Jewish Family Odyssey

Roger Cohen

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#239029 in Books Cohen Roger 2015-12-08 2015-12-08Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.00 x .60 x 6.30l, .0 #File Name: 0307741419320 pagesThe Girl from Human Street A Jewish Family Odyssey | File size: 27.Mb

**Roger Cohen : The Girl from Human Street: A Jewish Family Odyssey** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Girl from Human Street: A Jewish Family Odyssey:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Poignant, beautifully crafted Jewish family sagaBy Keith WheelockI found this book a page turner, beautifully written with superb research and reporting. It is impossible to grasp fully such complex, multi-layered narrative in a single reading.On one level I found it an extraordinary saga of a Jewish

family's history--displacement, assimilation, prejudice, survival, and expressing human love and anguish. Cohen dwelt on lost memories and how families often kept silent about familial history. One might wonder why he dwelt so heavily on the Lithuanian heritage that he family had left and seemingly ignored generations before Cohen was born. I found this essential to the overall story of an uprooting and the resettlement principally in the pre-and-post-Boer War South Africa. The irony was that Jewish assimilation in South Africa was accompanied by a general willingness to acknowledge acceptance of whites in a society where blacks were systematically discriminated against. More than one, even after apartheid, the theme was 'if the blacks weren't the targets of discrimination, it would be us Jews.' Cohen's extended family generally flourished in South Africa. For various reasons, many of them migrated to England, where the social structure was less accommodating to Jews. While Cohen's extended family did well in England, it experienced some discomfort in fitting into England where anti-Semitism, though less virulent than in much of Europe, was prevalent. Cohen's family history was told in vignettes, The flashbacks to Lithuania highlighted the Jewish experience from the pogroms to Hitler and Stalin and to neighbors who occasionally saved Jews as great risk, but more often participated in the Final Solution. Cohen weaved Zionism and Israel into his sweeping narrative. Some of this related to explaining his personal view that Israel must obtain some two-state solution or cease to be a democratic state. Another constant theme was the nature of his mother's manic depression. I found this, as well as vivid recollections of a South Africa he had left before age 3, rather disconcerting. I can appreciate his struggle to seek closure on this turbulent phase of his life. I wonder why Cohen dwelt at length on his Israeli cousin, Rena, whose manic depression ultimately led to suicide. How does this Jewish narrative relate to (atheist) Cohen as a person? At the outset he wrote "I have grown suspicious that all of the running around in my peripatetic life might not have been towards something but away from something. Stillness feels like the most dangerous state of all." Much later he quoted Frost: "Home is the place, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." Cohen mentioned that taking American citizenship was a liberating experience, in part because America was a nation of immigrants in which he could belong. Cohen clearly is an exceptional individual with a broad range of friends and acquaintances. I would wonder whether Cohen feels that he truly belongs anywhere.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Deeply moving, beautifully-written and accurate account of the South African Jewish experience, across generations continents. By Eric Hassall. Through the vehicle of his family stories across generations and countries, Roger Cohen has captured the South African Jewish experience, from its origins in Eastern Europe - its depth, its richness, its difficulties and struggles. But the book covers much more than this... Cohen's parents emigrate from Johannesburg to London, and his mother, June Cohen, develops a severe depressive illness. Mr Cohen postulates that that his mother's dislocation from a warm, loving family, an easy-going life in sunny privileged-under-apartheid South Africa, to grim grey post-war London, was a major contributor to the development of her depressive illness. A strong positive family history of mental illness subsequently becomes evident. In other words, he describes how June Cohen's wrenching dislocation and isolation in the UK seemed to be the catalytic precipitant factor in her illness. He describes the immediate and lasting effects her illness has on him, his sister and his father. It's a courageous and touching account. Emigration / immigration is a central theme of the book, and as Cohen points out, while the Jews who fled oppression in Eastern Europe to live in South Africa were hugely successful in the professions and business, the flip side is the price sometimes paid for leaving family, culture and familiarity. Another theme he explores is that anti-Semitism over the centuries - the pogroms, the expulsions, the need to flee, and the Holocaust - has engendered a transgenerational trauma, which often resulted in shame, silence, assimilation, denial of Jewish identity, and the precipitation of mental illness in some. Mr Cohen does not present this as a randomized double-blind placebo-controlled trial; rather, it's a hypothesis richly and thoughtfully illustrated. Mr Cohen perfectly captures the atmosphere of South Africa under apartheid - its spectacular natural beauty, the warmth of its climate and people, the successes of the Jews as new immigrants, and their privilege as whites. This is portrayed against the backdrop of the ugliness and brutality of apartheid and the stripped human rights of 'non-whites'. In this context, the book accurately describes the particular condition of Jews in South Africa - the vulnerability they felt, despite their privilege and success. The sense of fragility stemmed from being a successful, high profile minority that was also disproportionately represented in the anti-apartheid movements, including among the lawyers and fellow travelers of Mandela and the African National Congress - in a country with many Nazi sympathizers in the government and instruments of state. The vulnerability of South African Jews and their consequent general tightness as a community, is contrasted with the situation of American Jews, who have been blessedly secure for so long. Mr Cohen also describes 'to a T' the particular British brand of casual, subtle-but-pervasive anti-Semitism he encounters during his life in the UK. The book has a big vision, and it is beautifully written, with humanity and courage.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Ignore the Times review. By MM. Cohen succeeds in conveying the history of his family as it relocates from a small shtetl in Lithuania to South Africa at the turn of the century. He does so with accurate depiction of Jewish life in the new country against the background of the Afrikaner control of the vast black population. Into this story he weaves, skillfully, the descriptions of family members, their personalities, foibles and differing attitudes to their new homeland. After World War II, a new chapter opens as the Cohen family leaves for England and he explains in most personal terms, his parents decision to move out of South Africa and make their home in London. His keen eye describes the personal toll suffered by his severely depressed

mother and its effect on him. This is contrasted with a meteoric rise of his physician father in the British scientific community. Years later, he returns to his family's shtetl in Lithuania to research the fate of its Jews, who mostly remained there and meticulously recounts the horrors experienced at the hands of the Nazis and their Lithuanian collaborators. Overall, the book offers a careful historic analysis with deep understanding of the impact on Jewish family life as it tries to navigate to a better and safer world. Cohen's prose is superb making the reading a joyful literary experience. I am so happy that I listened to my wife who told me to ignore the Times review reminding me that critics not always get it right.

In his intimate and profoundly moving Jewish family history a memoir of displacement, prejudice, hope, despair, and love award-winning New York Times columnist Roger Cohen turns a compassionate and discerning eye on the legacy of his own forebears. Beginning in the nineteenth century and continuing through to the present day, Cohen tracks his family's story of repeated upheaval, four generations of wandering from pre-Shoah Lithuania to apartheid-era South Africa, and then to England, the United States, and Israel. At the heart of Cohen's story is the powerful bond he had with his mother, the girl forced to travel far from home. Tormented by a deep depression yet stoic in her struggle, she embodied her son's complex inheritance. Graceful, honest, and sweeping, *The Girl from Human Street* is a remarkable chronicle of the quest for belonging across generations, a gripping saga, and a resonant portrait of identity and memory in the modern age.

Beautifully crafted. . . . [Cohen] reveals how the threads of [his] legacy of displacement are woven together, all the while making visible tears in the fabric never to be fully mended. *The Washington Post* Powerful storytelling. . . . Sometimes breathtaking. . . . Written with a generosity that is truly humane. *The New York Times* A tale of anguish and a tale of trying to understand. . . . [As with] Amos Oz's *A Tale of Love and Darkness* . . . we are in the hands of a master stylist. . . . As a writer [Cohen] is peerless among his journalist colleagues. *Haaretz* (Jerusalem) Cohen places the particular experiences of his family in a large historical frame. . . . In his instructive meditations on history and Jewish life, Cohen . . . catches virtually the entire twentieth century. *The New York Times* Book Review Profound. . . . [Cohen's] memoir will linger in any reader's memory. *USA Today* Brave, honorable and enlightened. *The Daily Telegraph* (London) Exquisite. . . . [Cohen] writes with a poetic fragility . . . always striving for moral clarity, even when his own inner contradictions and complexities impede him. *The Jerusalem Post* I am moved by this book. I find fascinating the fusion of the private, even intimate family story with the history of European Jews in the twentieth century, the marriage of a subtle memoir with an essay on Jewish identity, tradition and assimilation, various diasporas and Israel, Israelis and Palestinians, humanism vs. fanaticism. Amos Oz Impressive. . . . [Cohen's] moving, beautifully written book may be a story of the 20th century, but it also explores how Jewish identity might evolve in the 21st. Ian Critchley, *The Sunday Times* A moving, complex story that traces a family's century of migration. *The Financial Times* By tracing where his mother came from . . . [Cohen] speaks universally in this disarmingly raw narrative, and his lovely but haunted mother even more so not least in her refusal to give up trying to love. *The Guardian* Roger Cohen captures a century's upheavals in his moving, thoughtful, and well-written family saga. Henry A. Kissinger Cohen knows the pleasures and also the loneliness of diaspora. In writing his stirring memoir, in constructing a past with which he can live, he wrestled with demons both historical and personal. *The Huffington Post* Honest and lucid. . . . a searching and profoundly moving memoir. Kirkus's, starred review Unsparing. . . . Outstanding. *San Francisco Book Review* Beautifully written and deeply moving . . . at once a love letter to a lost mother and an unflinching account of devastation and displacement. How can a story of such sweeping scope also be so tender and so intimate? Roger Cohen turns personal and historical excavation into symphony. Mary Szybist, winner of the National Book Award Roger Cohen has given us a profound and powerful book, gripping from start to finish. . . . Wise and reflective, *The Girl from Human Street* is memoir at its finest. Fritz Stern, author of *Five Germans I Have Known* About the Author Roger Cohen is a columnist for *The New York Times*, where he has worked since 1990: as a correspondent in Paris and Berlin, and as bureau chief in the Balkans covering the Bosnian war (for which he received an Overseas Press Club prize). He was named a columnist in 2009. He became foreign editor on 9/11, overseeing Pulitzer Prize-winning coverage in the aftermath of the attack. His columns appear twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays. His previous books include *Soldiers and Slaves* and *Hearts Grown Brutal*. He lives in New York City. @NYTimesCohen Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. On May 7, 1945, my uncle, Capt. Bert Cohen of the Dental Unit of the Sixth South African Armored Division, Nineteenth Field Ambulance, made the following entry in his war diary: After lunch Hilton Barber lent me his jeep and I scudded away on a delightful jaunt. We traveled through twisting country byways until the town of Monza. There we followed route 36 northward to Lecco. As we bypassed the town we got our first view of the famous Alpine lakes . . . an azure strip of unbelievable blue flanked by great mountains. . . . We passed through several icy tunnels and the beauty of the scene grew more breathtaking as we neared Bellagio, a wonderful village nestling in the fork of the lake beneath the majestic mountains. . . . A drove of little boys clambered onto the jeep, an incredible number appeared from all over the place. At one stage Wilson counted 21 of them on the jeep. Bellagio was indeed delightful. It was while there that we heard that the war was over, a report that was subsequently verified as we

drove on down Lake Como to Como.... All along the road from Bellagio throngs had lined each village street and flowers in profusion had been tossed into the jeep. So, in Bellagio, right here, feted by children and flowers, my uncles war ended. GUERRA FINITA!!!WAR OVER!!!he exulted in his diary. He was twenty-six and far from home. As a young dentistry graduate from the University of the Witwatersrand, he had enlisted in Johannesburg on January 15, 1943. After training, he flew by stages to Egypt to join the Allies North African campaign. From there, in April 1944, he embarked for Italy, on the lowest deck, landing in Taranto, near the heel of Italys boot. Churchill had called Italy the soft underbelly of the Axis, but resistance to the Allied assault was stern. Berts progress northward through Naples, Rome, and Florence to Bellagio was no sunlit Italian passeggiata. The winter of 1944 was spent encamped high in the freezing Apennines facing a German line stretching across the country from Pisa to Rimini. He filled teeth in freezing, improvised dental surgeries. Bert had to battle through the German lines. At Finale Emilia, north of Modena, on April 24, 1945, he was ordered into a bend in the Penaro River where a Nazi column was trapped. Skiet gemorsShoot the garbagewas a rough guide to his Afrikaner commanders battle code. An artillery battery pulverized the enclave. Wrecked vehicles smoldered. Wounded horses, nostrils flared in gasping horror, bayeda terrible sound. In the carnage, ammunition exploded and tires burst. The stench of roasted flesh and putrefaction pervaded the air. Intestines of gutted animals ballooned from their carcasses. A squad of South African infantry marched through the ruins, bringing a bullet of mercy to animals that still agonized. One dead German in particular caught Berts eye: a blond, square-jawed young man with a long straight nose, hair flecked with blood and smoke, legs twisted grotesquely, abdomen ripped open, coils of gut spilling through a ragged gash into the dust, sightless blue eyes gazing at infinity. Beside the corpse lay scattered letters from the soldiers mother in Hamburg. She wrote about Der Angriff, the Allied bombardment of the city that killed more than 42,000 people. Uncertain what to do, Bert returned the letters to the dead mans pocket before grabbing a few ampoules of morphine found in an abandoned, ammunition-filled German ambulance. That single German corpse among the more than 600,000 casualties of the Italian campaign haunted my uncle for the rest of his life. Bert dwelt on him as if this death were his responsibility, or as if he, a Jew from South Africa, might somehow have brought this handsome young man, Hitlers model Aryan, back to the life denied him. The dead man inhabited his dreams. Bert thought that he should have kept the letters, for some reason, perhaps to return them to a bereaved mother in Hamburg. He was a link in a circle that never closed. Bellagio also marked him. He returned four days after his first visit, on May 11, 1945, and was billeted for a week in the magnificent Villa Gerly, on the banks of the lake. His diary records a lunch that day at Silvios restaurant. We lunched sumptuously on fresh trout and fresh butter, Bert wrote. Such food was so novel and so exciting to our palates long jaded by M and V that I for one ate far too much. Canned meat and vegetables (M and V), tasting of neither, were the staple military diet. After lunch Bert dozed off on the grass, a siesta troubled only by ants. In the late afternoon he decided to go for a swim: We rowed out into the middle of the lake and there I plunged in. The water was icy cold a few feet below the surface. About halfway I realized I had overestimated my swimming ability and underestimated the distance. The swim turned into a horrifying ordeal. I was fighting panic, not with complete success. It is one thing to be able to take a grip if you can stop and weigh up the situation but quite another if you cant stop to collect your calm. I couldnt stop. It would have been better to have doggy paddled and relaxed but driving panic made my haste frantic. I was exhausted when I reached the shore. My heart was pounding and my head was bursting with pain. It was quite the most unnerving and terrifying experience I have had since I left home. In this way, four days after the end of the war, Captain Cohen almost lost his life in Bellagio. He would have gone out in a sumptuous manner, after a lunch of delicious fish, in the midst of a beautiful lake, beneath the mountains, a few hundred yards from the Punto Spartivento. It is a good thing, however, that he did not encounter a watery North Italian grave. What a waste, people would have said, to die when the war was over. As if the war being over made any difference to the waste and the grief. The thing about lifes chains, and the lines of memory that eddy along them, is you never know when they may get broken in a mountainous trench, on a bend in the river, or three hundred meters down in a sunlit lake after a good lunch celebrating peace. Excerpted from *The Girl from Human Street* by Roger Cohen. Copyright 2015 by Roger Cohen. Excerpted by permission of Knopf, a division of Random House LLC. All rights reserved. No part of this excerpt may be reproduced or reprinted without permission in writing from the publisher.