IN MEMORIAM ROMAN HALTER

**Born Chodecz, Poland 7 July 1927. Died London,
30 January 2012**

It is with great sadness that we record the death of Roman Halter, a survivor of the concentration and slave labour camps who went on to a remarkable career as an architect, artist in stained-glass and public witness to the memory of those who died in the Shoah. His relationship to Leo Baeck College is enshrined in the College's 'Room of Prayer' for which he designed and built the stained glass windows, the special seats and cushions, the ark, the reading desk and lectern, the decorated walls and the decorated, suspended ceiling. Together they reflect the warmth and joyousness of his personality. He kindly gave permission for three of his paintings, personal reminiscences of the family he lost in the Shoah, to be included in the 2008 edition of *Forms of Prayer*. Many other Jewish and Christian buildings and memorials are enhanced by his visionary windows. In his life he fulfilled a request made by his grandfather, 'When you survive, tell the world what is being done to us Jewish people'. He has left a memoir of his early experiences in *Roman's Journey* (Portobello Books, London 2007).

Following his funeral a number of people spoke at a memorial meeting at Alyth Gardens (North Western Reform) Synagogue in the sanctuary adorned with eighteen of his stained glass windows. Amongst the speakers was Sir Martin Gilbert:

Roman Halter

I am honoured to be asked to say a few words about Roman at this sad time. No one I know was kinder, more enthusiastic and more generous with his time. Roman was such a convivial companion, such a warm and giving friend. Often he would turn up with what he called 'cheeses, olives and a good wine and nice solid bread' to sit in my garden, or to go to Hampstead Heath, to 'eat, drink and chat'; and then send the perfect thank you – a hand-painted card.

Each one of us has our memories of Roman. I would like to share five of mine.

First, his pride in his wonderful work. I remember how proud he was (and rightly so) of his imposing entrance gate to Yad Vashem; and also of the beautiful, multi-coloured parochet that he designed for Jewish Care's synagogue in Finchley; and of the bronze and stained glass reclining figure based on a drawing by, and on his conversation with, Henry Moore, that is at Yarnton Manor, the Postgraduate Centre of Hebrew Studies near Oxford; and the sixteen

stained glass windows set in bronze at the Central Synagogue; and how thrilled he was when he went to Hungary to put up, in front of the British Embassy in Budapest, the magnificent Royal Coat of Arms that he had made.

Second, going with Roman to the Warsaw Ghetto photograph exhibition here in London thirty years ago. Only fifty of the 120 photographs that had recently been discovered were shown; Roman spent two hours searching all 120 photographs with a magnifying glass to see if he could find one of his sisters, Zosia, who had been eighteen in 1939. Alas, he said, 'I could not find her face'.

Third, his determined and eventually successful efforts to obtain Yad Vashem's recognition as Righteous Among the Nations of that fine German couple, Herta Fuchs and her husband, who had saved Roman and two of his friends, Abramek Sztajer and Josef Szwajcer, in March and April 1945. In the immediate aftermath of the war, local Germans murdered Mr Fuchs for saving Jews, and also murdered Josef Szwajcer. In 1988, Roman went to East Germany to find Mrs Fuchs, but failed to do so. In 1994 he received a letter from her; how he treasured that letter, and how she valued the financial help that he give her – she who was then blind. In 1996 they met in Dresden on Mrs Fuchs's 88th birthday. A photograph was taken of the two of them. How proud she looks as she holds Roman's arm.

Fourth, the tremendous effort he put in trying to set up an association for survivors: 'Claims for Jewish Slave-Labour Compensation'. He had the support of Lord Rodgers and of Anthony Julius of Mishcon de Reya. What a fine idea it was, and how sad that it did not come to pass. But it did reveal a facet of Roman's life that much impressed itself on me in 1980, three years after I first met him. At that time he corresponded with Hitler's Armaments Minister, Albert Speer, one of the architects of the slave labour system, who had been imprisoned after the Nuremberg Trials. Speer invited Roman to dinner with him at his home in Heidelberg. In his letter declining the invitation, Roman wrote to Speer:

Despite my curiosity and even the strange fascination of meeting you and asking you some historical questions ... I feel now that I would betray and dishonour the memory of my family, my friends and my people who were murdered in various brutal ways, should I come and break bread with you. From the population of the Jews of Chodecz, my home town, three girls and I survived.... I do not waste my time by hating, but I do feel grieved that those whom I loved were made to suffer and then they were all murdered.

Fifth, and finally, Roman's work for Yad-Layeled, the memorial at Lohamei HaGeta'ot in Israel to the one and a half million murdered Jewish children, a project in which he so enthusiastically enlisted my support more than thirty years ago. How proud Roman was of the stained glass windows that he and

Ardyn made for Yad-LaYeled. He was proud too of the work that he did that year helping Ardyn build an extension to his house in Pardes Hanna. 'I like such work', Roman wrote to me, 'and especially working on it with my son'. I have the card that Roman sent me of the Tree of Life Window at St John's Wood Synagogue, designed by Ardyn and made by both of them.

How proud Roman was of his children and of his grandchildren, always delighting in telling of their achievements and exploits.

Roman will be much missed by all who knew him, and who enjoyed his vibrant, life-enhancing friendship. Many years ago he wrote to me of a saying that 'We die twice, once when death comes, and once when we are forgotten'. We who are here this afternoon, will remember Roman until we die.

Martin Gilbert

IN MEMORIAM MOLLY TUBY

Born Alexandria, 27 March 1917. Died London, 28 March 2011

With sorrow we record the death of Molly Tuby after a prolonged illness. Molly Tuby was a Jungian analyst, born in Alexandria to a wealthy Jewish family, who had trained in Zurich in the 1950s when Jung was still active there. In London, in addition to her work as an analyst, she organised a number of groups, including three that studied Biblical and Jewish materials led by rabbis, which brought her into the orbit of the progressive Jewish movement. She participated in the pioneering Jewish-Christian-Muslim interfaith conferences in Germany in the sixties, and led a support group for the wives of rabbis. The following 'memoir' by Diana Grace-Jones was part of a memorial meeting, and indicates the affection and admiration in which she was held.

Memories of Molly Tuby 27.3.1917 - 28.3.2011

I first met Molly when I was a student at the Sesame course for Movement and Drama in Therapy. It was 1977. We had a weekly group with her which was to give us an introduction to the psychology of C. G. Jung. Molly was large in those days, very large, and she wore flattering, colourful and extravagant clothes. Her green eye shadow was often smudged. Almost the first thing she said to me was that I had been out in the sun too long. Being literal in those days, what could that mean? I had just come back from living in Australia, but she didn't know that. I was hooked; I remained so for a long time! In analysis I began to learn those values related to the imagery of the moon.

Molly was an extravert, and in the predominantly ‘introverts lib’ of Jungian groups this was refreshing. It also meant that the Guild of Pastoral Psychology; CG Jung Analytical Club and its Journal, *Harvest* and; later, the Independent Group of Analytical Psychologists, all benefited enormously by her seemingly tireless energy to work on their behalf.

She was Chairman of the Guild (Molly never cared too much for inclusive language) – from 1978 to 1980 and was made a Fellow in 1989. Molly was always keen on groups – unique in the Jungian world. In 1974, she was appointed Group Coordinator for the Guild. This was a new position, and the idea came out of her hospitality a week after the monthly Guild lectures, in her own home, when there would be further discussion on the theme. These meetings allowed those people who did not feel able to contribute at the lecture to do so in more conducive surroundings. Discussions at the Oxford Conferences, in those early days, were often dominated by analysts, and so group discussions were introduced there and continue to this day. It is difficult to appreciate that, at the time, this was a highly innovative idea.

Molly and Ean Begg ran a group for some of their analysands from the mid-seventies to eighties. I suppose it could be called ‘consciousness-raising’; it certainly did not abide by the rules of more traditional group therapy. But we learnt so much about ourselves – especially shadow qualities, and lasting friendships go on to this day. Molly also held teaching and reading groups in her flat in Stanhope Gardens in London. Bible groups with Rabbis Jonathon Magonet, David Freeman and Jeffrey Newman were always followed by a delicious tea. We brought our experience and insights from depth psychology to detailed textual analysis, and sometimes called it the ‘theology of Stanhope Gardens’. Molly also loved entertaining; her cookery skills and her Egyptian lentils, and what she could do with cabbage are legendary. In a book: *A Taste of Heaven – Adventures in Food and Faith* by Lionel Blue and June Rose, there is a chapter entitled: ‘Meeting Molly Tuby – a Jungian alchemist’. Molly is described as a ‘dark generous Egyptian Jewess ... [she] exudes an air of mystery from her spacious South Kensington flat’. Molly’s flat, crammed with people and with so much ‘memorabilia’, was not spacious, but it was a much-loved space for all those people who enjoyed the many fairytale, reading and teaching groups that were held there.

Egypt was Molly’s childhood home, and she suffered the plight of the refugee who loses everything and has to start again. Molly was in Zurich when Nasser expelled all foreign passport holders. Given that experience, Molly’s flat was a haven, and the wrench of leaving it to go into St. Wilfred’s when she was ninety was a heart break.

Being brought up as a more-or-less non-observant Jew in a cosmopolitan city of such history as Alexandria made Molly open to all the religions. At one time she seriously considered converting to Christianity, and loved telling

the story about how, at a conference, Metropolitan Anthony of Sourozh gave her the host at a Eucharist, saying: ‘Don’t worry, you will still be a Jew!’ She attended several conferences at Bendorf in Southern Germany in the early seventies which were a forum for the followers of the three Abrahamic faiths to meet – not in a superficial interfaith dialogue, but at depth.

Molly believed passionately in the role that the arts could play in healing. She was vice-president of Sesame, and she had a long friendship with the poet Kathleen Raine, who spoke to the Guild on several occasions. It is true to say that her many interests widened the Guild’s horizons. Molly spoke many times to the Guild – always finding the process of doing so nerve-wracking. Some of these talks are in pamphlet form: 185 *Holding the Opposites*; 210 *The Search and Alchemy*; 216 *The Shadow* and 242 *Psychological Aspects of Eros*.

I knew Molly’s ageing father, and her ‘wild’ uncle, Raymond who arrived penniless in advanced old age from Paris to be looked after by her and her father at her parent’s home at Church Close, off Kensington High Street. Molly took all this in her stride, and I recall many delightful hours spent there, learning about colonial Egypt and music – her father being a pianist of some renown who had played in the drawing rooms of Alexandria with Jacques Thibaud, Pablo Casals and Alfred Cortot. All had not been as rosy as it seemed there as her family were deeply affected by the depression in the thirties when the market for Egyptian cotton foundered.

Molly was passionate, suffering, at times devious and difficult; her great gift was bringing people together and, for those where it worked, instilling a love of the process that leads to an enriching dialogue between the conscious and unconscious mind. I loved her and owe much to her. I count myself very fortunate that she was so important in my life.

Diana Grace-Jones

A more factual obituary, written by Eve Jackson, was published in the Guardian on 13 April 2011, available at <http://www.guardian.co.uk/science/2011/apr/13/molly-tuby-obituary?INTCMP=SRCH>.