

**PARENTS**

**1939**

**LONDON.**

**Story of a photograph.  
Taken in London, Paris,  
Barcelona and Vienna.**

**by HANS FLEISCHNER**

Introduction to Parents 1939 London.

Late Seventies, living in Tokyo, I came across a book by an American, who described his journey across the States, to hook up with his family and to talk with them about their lives.

I think he had or was studying psychology and very importantly had a room mate, who worked in a photo lab, operating one of those automatic machines, that turned out tons of photographs every day and a lot of waste, too.

What do you do with all that waste of photographs, which were not good enough to be sold to your customers.

We throw it away.

Can you bring that waste home, so I can look at the photographs, to see what people photograph and how.

Sure.

Said and done and I read for the first time the term Visual Anthropology.

You could even study it at a university. Since when these studies were offered in the States, I cannot tell you and I didn't check it out, since this was not a priority in my life then, nor is it that today.

Since the late Sixties I was always showing my photographs thru slide shows, at homes of friends, in public spaces and also as part of Multivision projects, artistic and or commercial.

So I thought wait, wrote to my mother, could you please send me as many photographs of our family as possible, I want to make a slide show with them.

She did and also made notes on the back of the photographs. To protect all these photographs, she put them into a box, originally a Bonbonniere, a box of chocolates, in a way a sweet thought,

since these photographs were all we had of most of our family, due to them not being with us, having died, gotten killed or disappeared during World War Two, in our case being victims of the Holocaust.

I reproduced these photographs with a transparency film and made a slide show at a friends home. He invited his friends and I invited my friends.

To photograph these photographs was already a very intensive experience. To see them on a screen, mainly larger than life, created a deep, at times heavy atmosphere, since we were not looking at photographs from a birthday celebration or a wedding ceremony.

Here I am showing just one of these photographs, my parents in 1939 in London. They were already a couple in Vienna and were able to escape Nazi occupied Europe, each their own way, to reunite and get married in London Town.

London , Paris, Barcelona, Vienna.

I photographed the photograph of them  
at places I knew they passed or lived at.

But I also took them on a little journey  
here and there, to be able to join me on  
my way to different locations they had  
maybe not been to or couldn't have  
visited, since they were not around  
anymore to do so.

Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, May.



London, 29 July 2009.

70 years anniversary of my parents having gotten married in 1939 here.

I took the photograph with me for this one day trip, to see if it was taken outside the registry office.

Quite a trip it was. Early morning to Bratislava by bus, dinner with friends, heading out to the airport after that and getting some sleep, before catching an early morning flight back to Bratislava and a bus back to Vienna.

Tired, but happy, that I had made this trip.

The street in the photograph was not the street I ended up visiting.

But there was a party, actually a demonstration.

Burlesque entertainers and friends protested against police harassment, their right to be acknowledged as performers and being employed as such, so that they could receive health insurance from the government.

I think my parents would have enjoyed that scene, even so they did not frequent nightclubs, not in Vienna, not in London or wherever life took them to.

I asked one of the police officers what this was all about and she said under her breath, they are strippers, which they were not and neither were my parents.

2015 I found the street this photograph with my parents was taken in. In a book about the Young Austrians, many photographs came to light.

A photograph was taken in front of the center.



Comparing this scene with the photograph of my parents, I couldn't help but say, yes it was taken there also, that is, at Westborne Terrace.

So here the story begins and I was back there several times. The last time I was there, was in 2019, July 29.

Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, May.





































































































Paris 1946.

Arriving from London at Gare du Nord.

Departing to Vienna from Gare de l'Est.

How long they stayed in Paris and if they went sightseeing, they never talked about that over breakfast, lunch or dinner. Not even on holidays.

No casual mentioning who they had met or with whom they stayed a day or more.

Only recently I found out by chance really, that the person who took care of them while in Paris, had lived and had survived the War, as a member of the Résistance.

She was Austrian and since the Résistance wasn't some sort of social club, no one at the time and not to this day, anyone knew or was going to talk about, who she was associated with and what exactly her activity was then.

Silence, sometimes necessary and not always golden, which is not a cynicism on my part, but simply a reality.

So what did I do. I went to the train station they arrived at and departed from and then took them for a walk to a few places around Paris. Voilà.

Now it's my time to walk around Paris. Because I love it. Because I am a photographer and because it always was a part of my life, thanks to my parents.

Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, May.

NN 1891 • Reka FLEISCHMANN 1891 • Rosa FLEISCHMANN 1  
EISCHNER 1898 • Leopold FLEISCHNER 1913 • Paul FLEISCH  
• Abraham FLESIK 188 17 • Roba FLESIK 1  
903 • Abram FLIDERBA ne FLIDERBAUM 1  
•  
N 1905 • Machla FLIG ette FLIGELMAN  
FLINKER 1908 • Srul FL udessa FLIORANS  
ER 1906 • Chais FLOM FLOMEMBAUM  
JM 19 la FLOMENBAUM  
LC NTIN 1903 • Salomon FLORES





MANN 1891 • Rosa FLEISCHMANN 1912  
ld FLEISCHNER 1913 • Paul FLEISCHNER  
• Fayn FLESIK 1917 •  
JM 1897 • Germaine F

LMAN 1891 • Odette  
TENSTEIN 1890 • Hude  
892 • Madeleine FLO  
ENBAU



Malka  
Abran  
Jankie  
Abiez  
Oscar  
Blina  
Chaia  
Mauri  
Jacqu  
FUTE

DRES 1902

ACKER 1880 • Leopold FLEISCHNER 1898 • Leopold FLEI  
• Henri FLESC • m FLESIK 1886 • Fayn  
89 • Jacob FLI • am FLIDERBAUM 189  
•  
1927 • Aron f • Machla FLIGELMAN  
ri FLIMANN 19 • 1908 • Sruł FLINTENSTE  
• Ma • Chaja FLOM 1892 •  
Moszek FLOMENBAU  
FLORENCE 1929 • Joseph FLORE



NER 1898 • Leopold FLEISCHNER 1913 • Paul FLEISCHNER 1917 • Roba FLEISCHNER  
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bram FLIDER  
• Machla F  
ER 1908 • Sru  
6 • C  
Odette FLIGELMAN  
• Hudea FLIORAN  
ne FLOMEMBAUM  
Perla FLOMENBAUM  
ENTIN 1902 • Solomon FLORE



SCHNER 1913 • Paul FLEISCHNER

FLESIK 1917 •

7 • Germaine F

1891 • Odette

EIN 1890 • Hude

Madel



Abra

Jank

Abie

Oscar

Blin

Cha

Mau

Jaco

ELIT

















































































































Barcelona.

There is a train station called Estació de França. Gate to and from France then.

Then was 1937. Till recently I still used it coming and going from France.

Now, there is a TGV from Paris to Barcelona and of course back again, but it doesn't stop or start from this station.

Then my father went from Vienna to Spain by way of Paris, but he might have crossed the border on foot.

In 1938, I know, he crossed the border into France on foot, together with many others and they ended up being interned along the sea at Saint-Cyprien.

After that they were interned in a newly built camp at Gurs, from where he was able to go into exile to London in 1939 joined by a handful of fellow Austrians.

Reunited with my mother and got married with her a few month later there.

In the years 1937 to 1938 they were not together in Spain and for that matter in Barcelona, but after Franco's death they visited Spain, together with another couple. He was a friend of my father and also had been to Spain and also was interned in France.

He joined the R sistance, got caught by the Nazis, ended up in two concentration camps, Auschwitz and Buchenwald and in late 1970 he showed me the ominous number on his arm, while I was visiting Vienna from Tokyo, which was my home by that time.

So I took my Parents Photograph to the Station. Walked up La Rambla to Catalonia Square and very importantly stopped by at the building of the Telefonica, which saw some very intensive fighting in 1937.

A Civil War within the Civil War.

After that I went to the beach and enjoyed the view and the life there, thinking my parents would have been happy there, too.

In 1937 as well as after Franco's death.

I have photographs of them enjoying the outdoors near Vienna before the war, so I could easily imagine them enjoying the beach in Barcelona.

Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, May.









































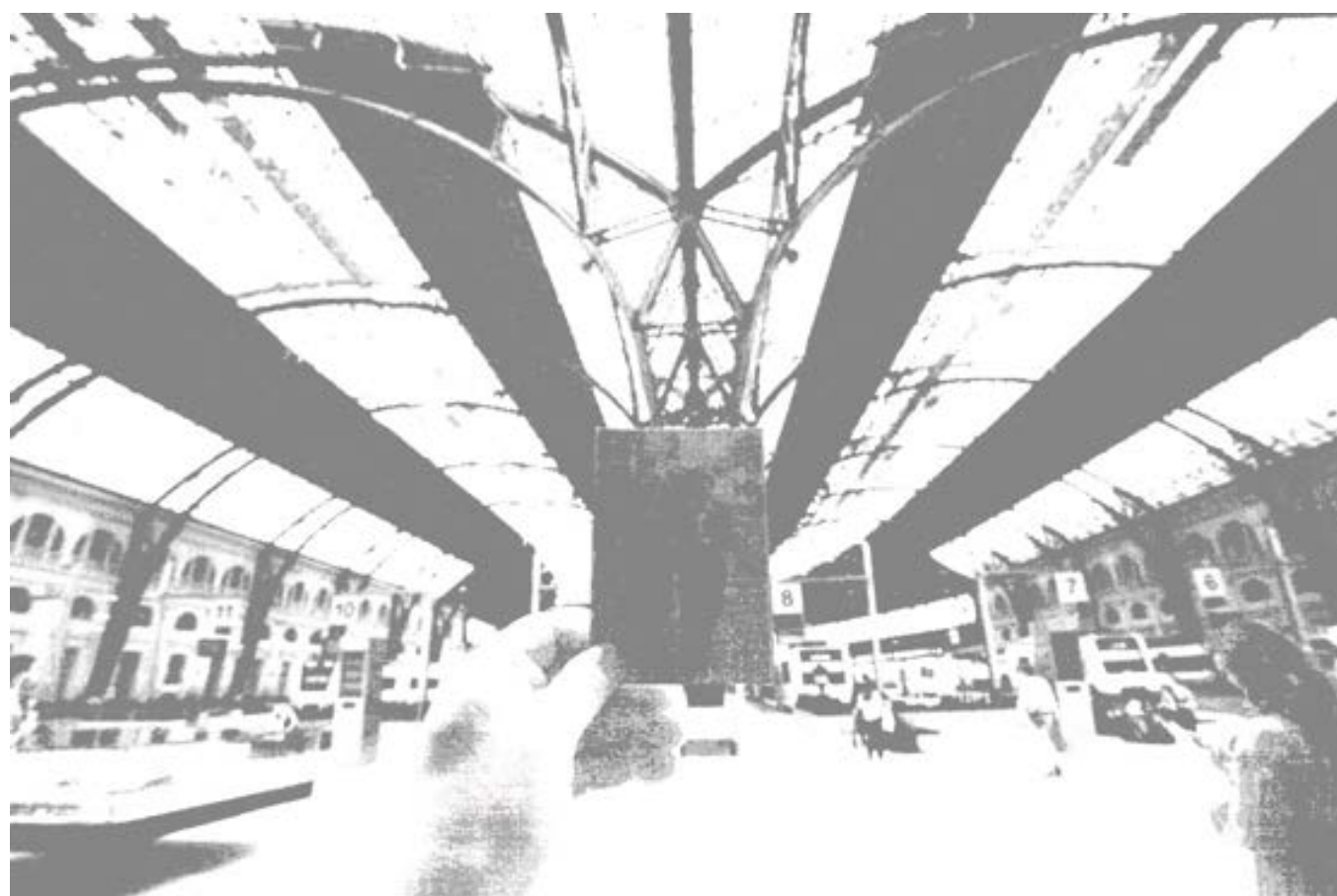












































































































London one more time.

Hydepark. Street they lived in at the time they got married. Old City Hall, where they got married. Hotel, where they did not spend the night at and Westbourne Terrace, one more time.

On to Vienna, taking the ship from Dover to Calais. Arriving at Gare du Nord and leaving from Gare de l'Est.

Vienna was not bombed as much as many German cities, but bombed enough to see, that there had been some heavy fighting to liberate the city from the Nazis.

Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, June.























































































1946. First in a fine apartment with a few other people. Just down the road where my father grew up. Next switching to a friend's home, my parents knew from before the war. Her husband got killed by the Nazis. Finally their own place nearby, overlooking the park, Augarten.

The previous tenants were gone, dead or to never return and the Nazi who had lived there during the war, hit the road before the Nazi hunters got his ass.

How small or big a Nazi he was, I do not know and if my parents knew it, they never talked about it.

In the beginning they shared the apartment with another family.

My mother's older sister, her husband and their daughter, who survived the war in Prague. Towards the end the Nazis came for them, put them in a camp, separately, but luckily they made it and returned to Vienna. I lived with them

during the first two years of primary school in a small, kind of luxury village, not far from Vienna.

The owner of the Villa was a Nazi.  
He lived upstairs.

Quite a few others around us had been Nazis. My folks had zero communication with them.

We lived very comfortably downstairs.  
There was a garden I wasn't allowed to play in, but the rest of the world belonged to me.

Hinterbrühl, see photographs of it in my Book #5, BEYOND meets RAW. Part Two. Pages 73 to 347.

Beethoven and Schubert hung out there and there was a statue of Beethoven just across the street from my primary school.

1995 my cousin told me how she felt, when the Nazis took away her parents.

She was left, luckily, with friends, a Czech family. She said there was this big hole in her body and she still, 50 years later, felt it. Mind you, she spent a good while with a belly full of a new life growing in her, but that empty feeling she experienced, when her parents were taken away from her, never left her body.

I was born 1948 and grew up my first six years in that nice big apartment. The park across the street was my playground. From the balcony of our place I could look into and across this park. I go there on and off to this day.

There is a Café, where once the Noble folks would listen to new compositions by Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert.

Them basically not just entertaining the crowd, but looking for support to have their music performed in larger venues, which Vienna was and is famous for. A little after war story.

My parents stored the coal we got from the Russians in our bathtub, which was also used by our friends who lived a flight below us. Their bathroom was fully functional, so once a week we went downstairs to take a bath.

I photographed my Parents Photograph in the street we lived in and finally also in front of the houses they grew up in, which were just walking distance from where I grew up.

There is a memorial plate for my mother's parents and her youngest brother and also one more person, who simply lived in the same building, but had no relatives to put a plate with her name next to my Family's plate.

For my father's father I made sure another memorial plate would be placed in front where my father had lived, before leaving to Paris on his way to Spain.

Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, May.









































































HIER WOHNTE

LAZAR LEISER DAVID  
LAUB  
7.6.1888

FLUCHT  
NACH BELGRAD  
IM HOLOCAUST  
ERMORDET

BERTA  
LAUB  
7.2.1879

FLUCHT  
NACH BELGRAD  
IM HOLOCAUST  
ERMORDET

HANS  
LAUB  
29.8.1913

DEPORTIERT 1944  
NACH NITRO





IN DIESEM HAUSE WOHNTE

MARKUS  
FLEISCHNER

4. 6. 1873

DEPORTIERT 1941  
NACH LODZ  
IM HOLOCAUST  
ERMODET





**Meine Eltern wurden mir gestohlen.**

**(My parents were stolen from me.)**

**Hans Fleischner, Vienna 2023, June.**