

*Auszug aus englischem Original-Manuskript, das Ernst Freudenheim (1904 – 1986) in den fünfziger Jahren verfasst hat. ( Deutsche Übersetzung sie oben).*

Brückenallee 33 in Berlin was an address, the place I was born and married from; it has become a concept of home, of my youth; as the bombs of World War II erased the house, the street, and the whole of Germany exists in my mind as a monument to inhumanity, I have to write down the story of the 4 stories, from parterre to the studio on the uppermost floor; integration in housing was at our house a fact, tho' nobody there had ever heard of its meaning.

The stately house was slightly set back from the street to allow for a driveway only used on very special days - such as a wedding or funeral of a tenant. General use of the driveway was made impossible by 2 very heavy iron-made double-doors at entrance and exit. A few steps leading up to the entrance door permitted a view into the frontroom of the concierge's household; from down there, the small window to the door permitted the ~~the~~ wife of the concierge to view anybody who rang the bell and wanted to come into the house. While Mr. Tornow, the handyman for the house, took care of repairs for the house, his wife opened up a conversation before she opened the door - and since not many strangers came, the conversation was limited to health and weather, but mostly to the health of the baby she was just in the process of breast-feeding; the Tornows had a large family and I hardly remember that she kept her blouse closed; possibly, it didn't pay to replace a button lost in the never ending feeding process. ~~Since~~ For all the years we lived in the house, there never was another caretaker family.

From street-level and beyond the few steps to the door of the building, there were another row of steps leading to the parterre apartment inhabited by ~~KM~~ Generalfeldmarschall von Moltke and his family. Moltke, holding the rank equal to an American 5star general, was one of the military leaders of the German armies in World War I which Germany lost.

On the floor above which we called first floor, lived Dr. von Ilberg, the personal physician of Kaiser Wilhelm II. Even physicians get sick sometimes, and when that happened to Dr. von Ilberg, his price patient, the Kaiser and Kaiserin Augusta came to our house to pay him a visit. Somehow, everybody in the house knew "der Kaiser kommt" and my sister, Lilli, and I stood in a stairwell between the first and 2nd floors and when the imperial couple passed, Lilli ~~was~~ curtsied and I saluted; the Kaiser stopped, shook hands with us and asked my name before continuing up the stairs; this elegant old patrician house had no elevator, and tho' we never thought about the troublesome stairs for old people, to ruin the wide, winding staircase by enclosing an elevator, in retrospect would be unthinkable.