

## Lernen aus der Geschichte e.V.

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Das mehrsprachige Webportal publiziert fortlaufend Informationen zur historisch-politischen Bildung in Schulen, Gedenkstätten und anderen Einrichtungen zur Geschichte des 20. Jahrhunderts. Schwerpunkte bilden der Nationalsozialismus, der Zweite Weltkrieg sowie die Folgegeschichte in den Ländern Europas bis zu den politischen Umbrüchen 1989.

Dabei nimmt es Bildungsangebote in den Fokus, die einen Gegenwartsbezug der Geschichte herausstellen und bietet einen Erfahrungsaustausch über historisch-politische Bildung in Europa an.

Gerhard Durlacher experienced April 1, 1933 as a five-year-old boy in Baden-Baden. This passage is from his autobiography.

*"We push our way to the front through the crowd of onlookers. Some of them look at us with puzzlement, others passively or with consternation. But there are also those among them who grin as though the spectacle gives them pleasure. Mr. Kindler from the clothing store around the corner is among them. With legs apart and hands on hips, he stands in the front row, the red swastika badge gleaming on his leather jacket. Brawny men in brown uniforms are standing on both sides of the entrance with revolvers strapped to their shoulders and shining black boots on their legs, immovable as statues. Lanky youths, a good bit taller than I, yell out slogans, while older people in shabby clothes murmur either in agreement or shaking their heads. 'Don't buy from Jews, they are your misfortune,' and 'The Jews are dragging down the German people. Germans defend yourselves.' The big display windows are scribbled over with Stars of David in dripping chalk....*

*The head mechanic of the garage where Father's car is parked, a big broad-shouldered man with brown hair and dirty hands, pushes himself toward the front and beside us. He attempts to reach the store entrance through the group of brown-shirts, but one of them reaches out an arm and holds him back, yelling, 'Can't you read, you stupid Jew-lover? You still have a lot to learn!' No voice is raised*

*to defend him, no one protests. Without saying a word, he leaves with shoulders hanging, his back bowed.*

*Mother doesn't dare take another step. But the other SA officer has recognized us, and says with mock officiousness, 'Go on in, gracious lady, we'll soon help you reach bankruptcy.' ... Dozens of people look at us with cool, mocking indifference or turn their eyes away as we reach the door, scribbled over with white graffiti, our hearts pounding and feet leaden. Mr. Kindler greets us with a mean grin, and I turn sick with fear."*

(In: Durlacher, Gerhard L.: *Eine Kindheit im Dritten Reich*. [A Childhood in the Third Reich.], Hamburg 1993, p. 34f.)