

# Prologue to memoirs

George Hoffman

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## Acknowledgements

I hand down some memoirs in remembrance of my Mother's siblings and their offspring who were annihilated in 1944.

I am immeasurably grateful to Inga for sharing our existences and for restoring life to the broken branches of the hoffman family tree.

I gratefully dedicate this prologue to my sons, to Dina, to Judy, and to my fabulous grand-daughters. And thanks to all for their unwavering affection for us.

I illustrated my recollections with footnotes that were intentionally terse, short, objective and declarative, leaving the details for <http://www.proper.com/george.hoffman/curriculum-vitae.pdf>

## Foreword

In my professional work-life, I tended to write about most topics as if I were the first and most self-assured investigator to be concerned with the subject. Lately, upon retirement, this propensity for verbosity has been replaced by a stitched insecurity in revealing pearls of wisdom and inner silences about my observations, and that's why the memoir is a collection of brusquely annotated illustrations, as if the unflinching camera or officially-registered document saw me how others view me without emotions, unclouded judgments, distortions or impropriety.

The memoir-images summarize non-fictionalized meanings and interpretations of reflections upon the facts-in-photos, tesserae, certificates, and other scans that appealed to my non-standard approach to graphically picture my recollections and ricordi. In the second third of my existence, faith was slowly replaced by agnostic doubts while working in industry and academia and pondering why the fate of my uncles/aunts/cousins changed so suddenly in 1944.

In the past 2 or 3 decades I entered that small community that gleefully ignores the most scientifically improbable ideas by avoiding or trying to understand the least anticipatable consequences of the novelties. In that alternative undergroundish world of disbelievers, the Deist concept in the 3 Ibrahimistic faiths has been morphed into the sanctification of the sacred concept of Nature's ceaseless creativity and humans' incapability to grasp or specify the lowest-level sub-quantal adjacent-present relevant variables.

## Epilogue



Back in mid-2006, I wrote an epilogue saying " It's been a permissively electric ski trip, and these remembrances should include thankful indebtednesses on sharing a splendid life-journey with Inga, Tony, Dina, Paul, Judy, Ali and Margot " . But I forgot to thank the ski-companion in the 1984 photo for employing me at age 59 and extending my wage-earnings by 8 crucial years. He joins an illustrious circle of righteous ones: that incredible priest who saved my Father's finances from the fascists; that distant relative who in 1939 maneuvered our US entry, got us jobs in Cleveland, and rescued 50 others immigration seekers; and lastly that generous professor who arranged appointing me as a research associate at UCSC.

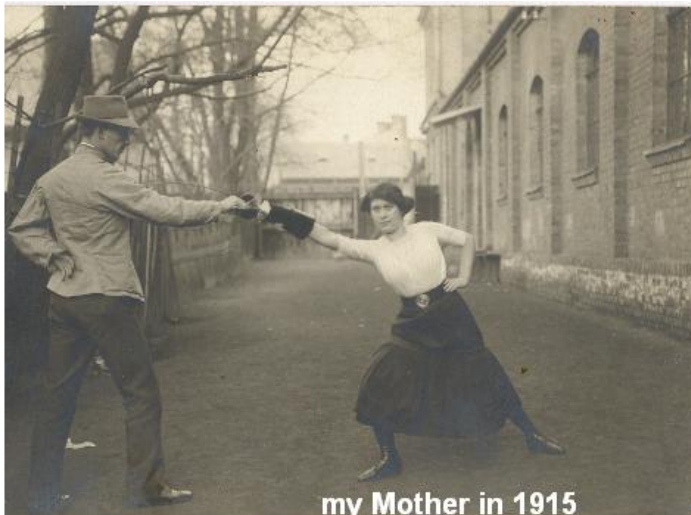


## Postscript

I plan to write here a few pages about my Mother's life journey and her epic bequest to the Hoffman legacy.



Ilona and my aunt in 1910



my Mother in 1915



Maria Oszkar, 1902 Lipót

Next I'll chronicle my Father's biography and his life journey that brought us here to this accepting and welcoming region.



Elias Fleisher in his 50s



Lipót Hoffman in his late 50s

Finally I will illustrate ancestral life in central Europe as experienced by the two distinct lineages that coalesced in my being.



For a preview of this postscript WIP contact me, [georgehoffman@proper.com](mailto:georgehoffman@proper.com)