

## A Spinner of Yarns: Conversations with Auntie Mady

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In memory of Mady Gerrard

(1930-2021)

### Abstract

This article analyses an oral history interview about expatriate life and transcultural belonging with lifelong traveller and multiple immigrant Mady Gerrard in the wider context of Gerrard's own rich and illuminating life writing, a memoir entitled *Full Circle* (2006). Having survived the Holocaust as a teenage girl, Gerrard returned to Hungary only to realise that the Soviet-enforced Communist regime is just another dictatorship. She left the country with her three-year-old daughter alongside many other political refugees in 1956 and settled in Wales, which she exchanged later (mostly in response to professional challenges) for Canada and the US but returned to her adopted home, Wales, for her mature years. Our conversations were cut short by the Covid-19 lockdowns and then Mady's death in the autumn of 2021, but the article attempts to channel her vivacious spirit and life affirming wisdom and contextualize her legacy as important both to the memory of the Holocaust and as a contemporary woman's material or tangible and intangible legacy (encompassing her handicraft work, writing and public appearances). The contribution consists of a framing piece of academic writing and a more creative and somewhat (auto-)ethnographic vignette capturing our encounters.

Keywords: oral history, women's life writing, memoir, autobiography, Holocaust memoir, Mady Gerrard, migration and life writing

### Preface

I met Mady Gerrard (née Goldgruber) on 13 January and 15 April 2018 as part of a wider, still ongoing research project focusing on life narratives within the Hungarian diaspora.<sup>1</sup> When preparing to meet Mady, I was expecting to encounter – and respectfully channel somewhere along a critical-creative spectrum – an interesting and complex diasporic voice, the voice of a woman who has lived in different cultures and political regimes, who has survived the Holocaust and chose to lead her life in emigration subsequently, after some time spent in Hungary in the aftermath of WW2. I did not intend to delve into memories directly addressing the atrocities and trauma of the war and of the concentration camp – I was persuaded that a longer interviewer-interviewee relationship and more profound and more robustly risk-conscious preparation was essential for anything like that on my behalf. Barging in with questions about the Nazi camps and huge personal losses would have been insensitive and ill-judged, but – being very conscious of the fact that “memorial activities” are relational (Brown and Reavey 2015: xii) – I was happy and ready to hear about whatever Mady would bring up, including such “vital memories” (Brown and Reavey 2015) as her Holocaust related memories. As Steven Brown and Paula Reavey explain, vital memories “are in some way fundamental to a sense of

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<sup>1</sup> I would like to express my thanks for the financial and collegial support of the George Ewart Evans Centre for Storytelling at the University of South Wales. My sincere gratitude also goes to Vanessa Dodd, without whom my two meetings with Mady are unlikely to have happened.

who we are as persons. These are memories that are difficult, irreversible, that create deep marks in the ongoing flow of our experience. Vital memories are not easily displaced (whether we recognise this or not) or discounted” (Brown and Reavey 2015: xii-xiii).

Neither was I embarking on a systematic or holistic ‘reminiscence’ or ‘life review’ interview (Thompson 2017: 202), even though the keywords of my research project gave a degree of orientation to the conversation otherwise led by Mady’s autobiographical memory and personal perspective on life and the world. An expert researcher of Holocaust survivor women’s biographical narratives (and a seasoned collector of oral histories herself), Ilana Rosen (2012) has crystallised a more holistic method – one related to the abovementioned “life review” technique – for her interviews with Hungarian-Jewish women, which concentrated on both the Holocaust period and the post-Holocaust years in the lives of her interviewees, noting that they were more keen to address the immediate aftermath of the war, especially if settling somewhere after the war included emigration. With a subtle element of ‘guided remembering’ (Perks and Thomson 1997),<sup>2</sup> the primary node for my own dialogue with Mady Gerrard was always meant to be diasporic life, multicultural belonging, the relationship with the mother tongue and the adopted language, the relationship with the homeland and the new home(s) as well as, more generally, the culturally hybrid aspects of the everyday life of an *émigrée*. What I found through the much-treasured conversations and hospitality was a life-loving and art-loving cosmopolitan woman with a realistically and soberly hopeful outlook on life, someone fiercely independent and joyfully opinionated who is comfortable with narrating much of her biography.

Barely a teen girl, Mady Gerrard was taken from the ghetto of the Hungarian town of Keszthely, near Lake Balaton to Auschwitz in July 1944, then she was moved for factory work to Guben that autumn, followed by a transfer (in the form of a fourteen-day winter march) towards the end of the war to Bergen-Belsen (Gerrard 2006: 28, 36, 41). After a short period of recovery in Sweden (courtesy of the Red Cross there) and some au-pair work, he decided to return to Hungary, which she calls in the memoir “a terrible mistake” (Gerrard 2006: 56) as she went on to observe the country – and this part of Europe – merely “swap[ping]” dictators. Mady Gerrard’s gem of a memoir, *Full Circle* – predominantly a “sociological text” (to use this somewhat clumsy but helpful term) rather than a “text of literary value” (Vasvári and Tötösy de Zepetnek xiv) –, covers a long period of time from around age five to the year 2005, with an account of a mostly happy childhood, a substantial coverage of her time in forced labour camps as well as her journey of emigration, career success and family life. Unlike several post-Holocaust memoirs that are “immediate memoirs” (Vasvári 2014: 73), i.e. they were written by survivors soon after the end of WW2 or already started during the war – for instance the typescript left behind by Margit K. and labelled by the author herself a posthumous diary (analysed in depth by Gergely Kunt (Kunt 2014)) –, Mady’s recollection was written from the hindsight of several decades and of an almost complete life journey, hence bearing all the wisdom we might associate with late-style life writing. *Full Circle* reads like a summative work in which the autobiographical I remembers and while doing so, reflects on accumulated life experience. Mady Gerrard places an emphasis on choosing to return to Britain in her mature years and – specifically – to return to her beloved Wales, a country that welcomed her as a young refugee mother (as part of a big wave of 1956 refugees emigrating westward due to the defeat of the Hungarian revolution against Soviet forces and the autocratic communist regime). Wales still felt like home to Mady after a span in North America (Canada and the States), including considerable professional success in New York. The titular ‘full circle’ does indeed refer to relocating to Wales, her adopted home (after a short and lonely stint in Bath, where she found that the ‘Bathonians’ did not want to come into her boutique or socialise). Chapter 22 – the final chapter of the book – is entitled “Returning Home”. (Unsurprisingly, the chapter first introducing Cardiff (Chapter Ten) is entitled “Freedom – Cardiff, the Promised Land”).

Returning to Britain from America after 18 years was a big step. Coming ‘home’ felt wonderful. Leaving my lovely friends was difficult and sad and I felt that I was doing it again. In 1956 I left my great friends in Budapest; in 1967 I did the same in Cardiff, and in 1985 I was repeating it – this time saying farewell to the nice people who were so good to me and without whom my story in New York would not have been as enjoyable as it was. I felt terrible, I felt like a traitor, I was walking away from them and because I knew that they were sorry to lose me, it hurt even more, but I had to come back to my family, to my British friends and to my adopted country. (Gerrard 2006: 166)

Judging from the “Bibliography of Central European Women’s Holocaust Life Writing in English” compiled by Louise O. Vasvári, “women have written as much and, especially during the last decades, more than men about the

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<sup>2</sup> This phrase appears in the online abstract for the ‘Introduction’ to *Part III: Advocacy and Empowerment*.

Holocaust” (Vasvári and Tötösy de Zepetnek 2009: xix). Mady Gerrard’s reflective life writing pulls all the threads of her story together in a way that encourages a life affirming reading, even though she makes it clear in the book that she does not think humanity has learnt a lesson from the Holocaust. *Full Circle* is undoubtedly a valuable and internationally little known item within a precious line of memoirs that are in part or in full Holocaust testimonies, placing the trauma and incommensurable human suffering experienced in the wider social-cultural and family history context of the *vita* in question. *Full Circle* takes its much deserved place alongside the other memoirs by Holocaust survivors who settled in Western Europe or further afield sometime after the end of WW2, including George Pogany’s *When Even the Poets Were Silent: The Life of a Jewish Hungarian Holocaust Survivor under Nazism and Communism* (2012) and *Where Is My Home? A Hungarian Refugee in England and Holland* (2014).

Mady Gerrard appeared in both the local and the national press on several occasions especially in her latter years as one of the remaining survivors of the Holocaust residing in Britain and, in particular, Wales. Through her book and interviews, she made a notable contribution to public history and intangible heritage as an authentic voice on the Holocaust and World War II, even though these press interviews and reports were generally not very in-depth but to the point. She took the opportunities for intergenerational transmission of her personal testimony and life wisdom (both of which are also encapsulated in the subtitle to her life writing: *A Story of Survival and Hope*). However, with her beautiful garments (crocheted apparel and hand-painted silk shawls) still on display on Mady’s personal website (and other articles of clothing being worn by women across the world), the material or tangible legacy of an ‘authored’ (here: designed and crafted), and therefore, creative kind that was left behind by her is astonishingly rich.<sup>3</sup> Needless to say, this is also relatively rare for her generation of ordinary Western women. While lots of women of Mady’s generation and younger pass on carefully prepared embroidery and the like to younger members of their families, especially in Central and Eastern Europe, these inherited items may not have a visible ‘trademark’ or brand as do those made by Mady, who took care to ‘sign’ some of her artifacts. Building on the shared, ultimately Latin, origin of the words ‘text’ and ‘texture’ (also pointed out by Roland Barthes in *The Death of the Author*) beyond the age-old everyday metaphor of a raconteur being “a spinner of yarns” (Bringhurst 2002: 25), women’s writing has long been associated in feminist criticism with the metaphor of weaving (and needlework)<sup>4</sup> and it needs no emphasis that weaving and similar activities have been a long-standing form of female self-expression. Mady Gerrard’s intangible legacy (her Holocaust testimony and wider biography articulated in different forms) and her physical, tangible legacy (her artifacts of handicraft) have together formulated a noteworthy and heterogenous legacy left behind by a remarkable cosmopolitan woman.

Mady’s love of handicraft goes back to her happy childhood in Keszthely, where her great aunt and uncle took her, the daughter of a divorced Budapest couple, under their wings and rose to the task of raising her *in loco parentis*. It was Mady writes relatively little about her parents. Her mother – a stunningly beautiful woman, we are told – is already a tuberculosis sufferer at the time Mady chose for the beginning of her story in the memoir, and will die soon after, far away from Mady and her whole family, at the untimely age of 31. Mady describes in the opening chapter of her memoir how she was told about her mother’s death while in Keszthely. Her father does not appear in the written autobiography much, either (though Mady tells us that she was very much looking for him after the war, only to realise that he was among the dead). The parental role in her life was largely taken up by the great aunt and her husband quite early, and Mady found the broader Keszthely community itself also welcoming and nurturing – in her remembrance it comes across as almost idyllic. “Life carried on and I almost became a native of Keszthely”, “one of the crowd”, she writes about her first experience of migration and relocation, albeit within the same country. Being the daughter of a divorced couple and losing her mother very early clearly carried the potential of a deeply scarred childhood, but Mady shares very happy pre-war memories about her Keszthely upbringing, which gave her affection and grounded her in the long term. Almost like snapshots from a mythical golden age, the memories from pre-war Keszthely presented by Mady show us a culturally and commercially flourishing town and emphasise the peaceful and respectful co-habitation between the local Catholics and Jews. Her account of the history of the Jewish community of Keszthely – a “modern and liberal” (Gerrard 2006: 11) community at the time of Mady’s childhood and is illuminating and it is well contextualised in the broader history of the town and country.

The first passion she describes in her book is what eventually gained her a living, a name as a professional and a material (in the sense of physically tangible) but also highly creative legacy: the gorgeous intricate needlework

<sup>3</sup> <https://www.madygerrardfashion.com/shop>; visited 2 August 2022

<sup>4</sup> See Miller 1986 and Friedman 1990 for instance, though Miller’s inspired concept of arachnology emphasises the intertextual aspect of the metaphor.

and all sorts of handicraft (and items needed for it) that she witnessed and engaged with in her great aunt Gisi's (Gizi's?) haberdashery: a vibrant space which was much more than a shop. It was a community hub and "an important part of the rural economy" (Gerrard 2006: 5), a place nurturing "everyday participation" (Edwards and Gibson 2017: 71) in the life of the community. The enthusiasm she had for her aunt's shop (alongside memories of her very elegant and stylish mother) would have shaped her path towards a professional life as a fashion designer and expert maker of garments.

I settled very quickly with my great aunt and uncle and fell in love with my aunt's shop, which contained extremely interesting things for a little girl. It stocked wool in a million of wonderful colours, embroidery silks, tapestries, knitting kits, crochet patterns – indeed needle crafts of all descriptions. [...]

Aunt Gisella was very much liked in the town and the shop was a meeting place for mothers and daughters who congregated in order to plan their trousseaus, so bedding, towels and table linen were lovingly collected there. All were beautifully hand-embroidered in finely drawn designs of their own choice and were always decorated with the monograms of the brides-to-be. (Gerrard 2006: 5)

The handicraft tradition Mady continued – and took to *auteur* level – is a matrilineal one, metaphorically speaking: one typically practised and passed on by women from generation to generation. Importantly, Mady took the craft one step further: the items and designs she created are closer to 'authored' artworks, even if they are in part steeped in communal knowledge passed down. As it happened, her adroit hands and her keen eye for making accessories helped Mady and her co-workers earn a little extra nutrition in the Guben work camp. With bits of colourful plastic from the Lorenz factory where she worked she made necklaces for the civilian factory workers and was paid in very basic food like bread or boiled potatoes. While in the same work camp, she made knitting needles out of tree branches and made a pair of socks out of a single sock and a ball of wool (not for herself but for one of her fellow prisoners and benefactors).

When writing up the (auto)biographical interview I saw no other way than moderately writing myself into it as well – it was two expats conversing in the company of, and also at least partly including, our mutual acquaintance, Vanessa Dodd, Mady's long-term friend who introduced us to each other. I wanted to retain the scaffold of this conversation set-up grounded in some degree of reciprocity for the written piece. I wrote up my memories of meeting Mady in 2019, originally in Hungarian with the initial aim to serve a wide, non-specialist readership. The revised and translated version is from the summer and early autumn of 2021 and – acknowledging Mady's passing in the late autumn of 2021 – the summer of 2022. In my successive edits and amendments, I chose not to alter the tone and structure of the original write-up about encounters with Mady, which was in an academically perhaps still somewhat unorthodox (auto)ethnographic mode that is closer to creative writing than to the more strictly academic end of the (auto)ethnographic spectrum. (Due to my professional background, I am also closer to the arts and humanities end of the spectrum but I learn a lot from the social sciences when it comes to documenting and analysing lived experience – studying narratives (often multimedial ones) of the self.) I find Mary Chamberlain and Paul Thompson's argument about the presence of art in constructing life story really poignant. As they write in the opening paragraph of the introduction to their *Narrative and Genre: Contexts and Types of Communication*: "Any life story, whether a written autobiography or an oral testimony, is shaped not only by the reworkings of experience through memory and re-evaluation but also always at least to some extent by art" (2004:1). My piece represents a different approach to the hugely experimental and intriguing ethnographic poetic representations into which Helen Rapport translated her interview material with Anka Bergman, Terry Farago and Edith Salter for her *Fragments: Transcribing the Holocaust* (2013). Even though I also mix the academic interest with an interest in creative and life writing and, as in *Fragments*, the interviewee is also presented in my *vignette* through a lens adopted by the interviewer, my principal concerns are the exilic experience and configurations of displacement and emplacement more broadly.

It gives me great sadness that Mady and I cannot continue conversing but I think it is important to share what I have distilled from our encounters.

It is Holocaust Memorial Day and my heart beats faster as I open the file containing the recording of the interview I did with Auntie Mady (Médi) just over a year ago. There are fewer and fewer Hungarian-speaking Holocaust survivors among us. Thanks to a former colleague and PhD student

of mine, I had the opportunity to meet one of them in person. From her name – Mrs Mady Gerrard – who would assume she is Hungarian?

We are five minutes into the interview and the only interviewer is Auntie Mady. The questions so far are only coming from her. Coming? Flooding, rather. Have I secured citizenship? Or at least indefinite leave to remain? She shakes her head with a modicum of concern, looking curiously towards our mutual acquaintance as if she were asking ‘who did you bring here?’.

‘I just live here’, I respond quietly.

‘But you can apply for citizenship, right?’, she asks with a gentle nudge.

‘Of course I can, but who would have thought that one would need to think about things like this in the EU?’

We don’t get into a discussion of Brexit, which seems like a sore point for both of us. I keep answering her questions diligently and I only let out a sigh when she asks if it is only me over here (in Britain, that is) from the family (by which she means the Hungarian family, of course). She nods – she knows where the Red Lake (Gyilkos-tó; literally Killer Lake) is, the picturesque and legendary Transylvanian lake near which I was born. I wouldn’t be surprised or offended if she didn’t know, but she does.

Actually, I am grateful to Auntie Mady for breaking the ice. She, Holocaust survivor, and me, a Szekler (*székely*),<sup>5</sup> who left Transylvania long ago, are drinking tea with Vanessa Dodd, a mutual acquaintance, in a living room in the southeast of Wales, among a dizzying spread of colourful knitting yarns. As if this was the most natural thing in the world. And it really feels like it is. Close to 90, Auntie Mady prepares the tea herself for all three of us, and brings it in on a tray with the ease of someone who truly enjoys the company of people. She does her own cooking, too. She still knits as well; this is why the yarns are scattered across the room – she clarifies apologetically –, but this is a proud and happy bashfulness, I can see. Mady Gerrard, who used to dress global stars and celebrities some time ago, is now making knitwear for a neonatal ward as a volunteer, tiny warm baby blankets for those in need. She is pleased that there is a hospital that said yes to the hand crafted care package at last, and the carefully prepared batch will be picked up soon.

I would very much like to be just half as beautiful, curious and open-minded as an 87-year-old, I muse, but for now I am content that I am able to hold the camera with trembling hands, having given up on the tripod. I either try to sort out the technology or I pay attention. ‘I am not as techy as Auntie Mady’, I say, as she routinely sets up the recording for the afternoon detective film on the television. *Columbo* is not to be missed, even if there are guests around.

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<sup>5</sup> Székelys (Szeklers) are a group of Hungarians most of whom live as an ethnic minority in present-day Romania, in the valleys and hills of the Eastern Carpathian Mountains in Transylvania.

Auntie Mady is beautiful. Confident, too. I dare say happy, as in at peace with her life. What I had wondered about – bitterness – I see no sign of. Her presence radiates and demands respect. I smile to myself thinking that my students would turn somersaults for her in the studio, if that's what she asked.

When I left home in the morning I was sure of one thing: I won't ask anything about the war. If she brings it up, then we can talk about it as much as she wants. I didn't want to ask her to elaborate once again on what she had discussed in several contexts before including in her book, *Full Circle*.<sup>6</sup> How she lost her mother at a young age. That she was raised at her grandmother's sibling's place in Keszthely, swimming in the summer, skating in the winter, growing to like needlework. That she then lost everyone else in the war. What Auschwitz was like, and the forced labour at Guben, and Bergen-Belsen. The liberating British soldiers. The surprise of many at her survival.

Instead, post-WW2 Budapest, the emigration, the exciting and heartrending formations of identity, whether she still speaks and thinks in Hungarian – these should be the talking points, I encourage myself on the slowly meandering countryside train.

The conversation, of course, happens in English, and it is not only me who has an accent, I conclude after some three minutes with complete confidence and even a slight sense of satisfaction: there is something about a Hungarian accent that creates a homely space in an English-language setting. And we talk about everything indeed. We talk about the Welsh National Opera that we both appreciate – of course she recalls their full repertoire and compares interpretations going back decades, complaining about some modern directorial takes on classics along the way. (As for me, I only catch the odd production.) As she has seen almost everything by them we easily find some that we can pull apart together. She also talks about Budapest and Broadway theatre productions. The freshness of her memory and associations puts my own brain to shame. More thinking space and reflection time is needed in academic life, methinks. We talk about the arcade in Cardiff where she used to run a knitware shop. The local arts and crafts markets in this part of Wales where it is not that easy to sell your items any more. About confectionery shops back home. About Russian realist novels (gems, of course, as mutually agreed). In what language did she read them? In English, of course, as an adult. We talk about American celebrities; she tells me about the American Hungarian Jolie Gabor (socialite and mother of the actress Zsa Zsa Gabor), for instance, whom she met while working in the States. This rather smoothly leads on to the subject of men. We touch on by whom a child should be brought up after divorce or separation. Ildi, her only child, stayed with her after her divorce from her husband in Budapest, and they left the country together in the direction of Western Europe in 1956. I don't have the courage to ask if they kept in touch with Ildi's dad. This is only our first meeting, and it is Auntie Mady who is leading this clumsy interviewer like a graceful, relaxed but firm dance partner. I fly with her from count(r)y to country:

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<sup>6</sup> Gerrard, Mady. 2006. *Full Circle*. Published by the author.

Sweden, Hungary, Yorkshire, Wales, Canada, the US, England and then again – this time very consciously and indefinitely – Wales. Home.

The then Prime Minister Theresa May's fashion sense comes up in the conversation – the way she dresses is not appropriate to her figure and her age, insists Auntie Mady. (I shiver as I quickly glance at my outfit for the day. I knew that I was coming to see a fashion designer and expert dress-maker but I chose comfortable clothes for my combination of train and car journeys to get to her place in St Arvans, Monmouthshire.) I am trying to find a feminist voice in me to defend the freedom of expression – through appearance – for an ageing woman in the public eye. Why couldn't May occasionally wear something above the knees?, I try to blurt out, but a single look from Auntie Mady makes me stop. Yes, I think I should stick to my own jackie-of-different-trades identity which does not include *haute couture*.

As we chat away, Auntie Mady brings up the Welsh Conservative politician who didn't only learn the very difficult Welsh language as an adult, but, married to a Hungarian, he also learnt to speak Hungarian well. We don't try to check out each other's politics (thanks goodness – this is certainly not why I have come here); we both behave in a British way in this sense. But it is perfectly natural for both of us that a Welsh politician – regardless of his political affiliation – gains a parliamentary vote from Auntie Mady due to his speaking knowledge of Hungarian and his Hungarian family connection. Her searching eyes meet complete empathy in mine: this is not a matter that would require a moment's explanation or commentary unless she wants to do so. And she does, as it happens, so we talk about this a little further – about the culture of politics in Britain, that is. Vanessa, our dear mutual acquaintance watches us with a smile: familiar faces in a different light. Both Auntie Mady and I regret that Welsh is such a difficult language to learn. Mady has always loved languages. She doesn't like German. She finds it too angular, too dry. She couldn't speak it any more, though she used to speak it fluently in her youth. Then after emigration she didn't mind forgetting it, to put it this way.

I am careful to switch the language of the conversation to Hungarian only when Vanessa pops out to the bathroom. I do so well prepared for any and all resistance, but there is none, even if Auntie Mady acknowledges through body language that she noted I switched languages. She speaks Hungarian just as fluently. Maybe there are one or two very mildly Anglicised phrases, I ponder cautiously, fully aware of the fact that the same can be said about me and I have lived abroad for a considerably shorter time period. We carry on chatting in our mother tongue a little longer when Vanessa returns. She doesn't mind; she is happy to hear us both this way – this is not what she is used to. Does Ildi speak Hungarian, I ask. No, Ildi started speaking English to her mother one day on the way back from school. Mady saw this as a sign: she has to learn English, this will be their new, common language as mother and daughter in their new home in Cardiff. And it continues to be so, although there is a single Hungarian expression that has always remained part of family

lingo: *mittudomén*. A slant on ‘how could I possibly know’ and ‘whatever’, we take a little time to try to capture the meaning of the Hungarian ‘mit tudom én’ for Vanessa.<sup>7</sup>

‘Kissing your hands’, I say farewell politely, with a traditional greeting – a bit of a cultural fossil – inherited from the time of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. She reassures me of there being no need to be formal. ‘I like the *vous* form’, I counter, ‘and I can’t greet too many people this way’. Yet it pleases me – and it does not in the least surprise me – that Auntie Mady does not expect the traditional *kisztihand*, the Hungarian blend of the German *küss’ die Hand* used when addressing women at least a generation older than you. Just as it wasn’t really necessary to stick the ‘auntie’ (*néni*) before her first name in conversation – another Hungarianism I seem to have preserved for the undoubtedly rare scenario when I can practise it. ‘Let me know when the article comes out’, she says as we part. Our farewell is somewhere between the Hungarian double kiss and the British hug. She also mentions that I share a first name with her best friend as she hands me a signed copy of her book. Auntie Mady is expected at the neighbour’s for a quick early evening drink, but our maternal instincts kick in and we wait until she locks up before Vanessa drives me to the station.

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<sup>7</sup> The phrase consists of three words in Hungarian and works as one conversational unit – the version I put first suggests that this has become incorporated into the otherwise English-language discourse of Mady and Ildi and functions now for them as one concept.



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