For the Dead and the Living, We Must Bear Witness

**Annual Holocaust ceremony features survivor**

Will Chandler  
Features writer

France, 1942. A 6-year-old boy was walking down the street with his father. Several men approached. Some of the men looked like German soldiers. The men blocked off the street. Before the boy’s eyes, the men shot his father. They then took the boy and put him in a crowded cattle car. Three days later the boy arrived at Auschwitz.

This isn’t the plot line to a new docudrama, but part of the real life story of Tuesday’s Holocaust Commemoration’s key note speaker. Bernard Bimbaum is a French Jew who survived the Holocaust. He now speaks around the country.

“One thing that really stands out about Auschwitz was the smell,” says Bimbaum, “burning flesh day in and day out. The smell of flesh. I don’t really remember killing or faces, just the smell. That’s what is in my mind most of all.”

Bimbaum was lucky. Because of his blue eyes and light hair, he didn’t look much like a Jew. This and the fact that he was insisting that he wasn’t Jewish led a German officer to pull him out of the line leading into the camp and take him in his personal care.

The Frenchman made no attempts to hide his feelings about the ordeal, saying, “I don’t want to forget, and I don’t want to forgive.” He said if he ever had the opportunity he would love to “have a Nazi for dessert, or maybe an appetizer.” He equated the plight of the Jews throughout history with the plight that all minorities face.

“You, the young people, have a big job ahead of you,” he said. “He said that the today’s generation must stand up, to defy hatred and protect all peoples, regardless of race, nationality or religion.”

The ceremony also featured readings from essays by two JSU students. Samuel and Mary Catherine Brown added music.

At the end of the ceremony a group from Temple Beth-El in Anniston read the Kaddish. The Kaddish is a prayer of mourning, in Hebrew, that is usually recited by mourners after the death of close relatives. It was offered Tuesday night for all those who were systematically murdered by the Germans in World War II.

JSU student Michael Ballard read his essay “To Know The Monster” as the daughters of drama professors Wayne Claeren and Carlton Ward lit candles.

Lyne loses his 'attraction' with an indecent 'Proposal'

Director Adrian Lyne has a fatal attraction of his own.

Beginning with his directorial debut, "Foxes," in 1980, and right through this week’s new release "Indecent Proposal," Lyne seems more interested in what his actors' bodies look like than in what their roles mean. He's become obsessed with what happens to a relationship when the balance of power shifts.

The real surprise here is Harrelson. After an unchallenging role in the feature "White Men Can't Jump" and years on "Cheers," Harrelson here plays a whole different type of character in a good turn for an actor trying to establish a film career.

While Lyne fills his film with the visual imagery that have become his trademark and some nifty camerawork, it seems that all this neat stuff is trying to hide the truth: the script is hackneyed and boring. Besides that, this story's been done. Doesn't anyone else see a passing resemblance to the much better "Honeymoon in Vegas"?

Doesn't anyone else see a passing resemblance to the much better "Honeymoon in Vegas"?

Dream when, as the film's narration says, "The recession hit."

David loses his job, Diane loses hers, and suddenly they owe $50,000. What else is there to do? It's time to go to Vegas.

Predictably, they lose all their money and end up flat broke in Vegas. Enter John Gage (Robert Redford), billionaire and lady's man. He befriends the young couple and eventually makes the indecent proposal of the title: one million dollars for a night with Diane.

"After it happens, the young couple begins to grow apart. David becomes obsessed with what happened on the big night, Diane refuses to talk about it. And Gage just won't take no for an answer from Diane."

Lyne maintains minimal suspense by making things turn out wrong for a short time, but the ending of the film is so predictable and cliched that it ruins anything before it. The clever promo for the film, "What would you do?", can be answered in a simple phrase after viewing: I would run screaming from the theater.

Redford is convincing as the suave womanizer, even though he's not looking his best. Though certainly not the worst film of his career (the insanely boring "Havana" gets that dubious honor), "Proposal" ranks near the bottom as one critic put it, "a cesspool runs through it." Moore emotes efficiently as the turns in her usual performance.