

### Chapter 1 : "I bedded 12 strangers in a year" with my husband's permission

*Looking for Strangers is the deeply honest record of her attempt to do so, a detective story that unfolds through one of the most horrifying periods in history in an attempt to understand one's place within it.*

Jan 10, Michael Milgrom rated it liked it Good story. Would have been enhanced substantially by pictures. She was my professor senior year in Translation but I had also heard her poetry and knew of her in the Modern Languages Department. I put in a request for Seattle Public Library to order the book, and before I had time to wonder if they would it was in my hands on a Friday afternoon, finished by Sunday evening. A fascinating, riveting memoir. I started reading the work, in which she sees a documentary in which she almost thinks she will see her own face as a child hidden with non-Jews during the war, thinking it was very recent. Then I learned it was in ; the year I was still at Trinity. I read the memoir as someone interested personally, interested as someone helping students write their own memoirs and as an engrossed reader. Then I promptly passed it to someone else who is trying to write a memoir, but with no personal connections. It was as riveting for her. The story is fascinating. The portrait of her mother is objective and yet searing. Imagine if you learned that your mother had "hidden" you with another family during the war and then also left you in an orphanage, but never wanted to speak of it. This is the harshest of realities told honestly, starkly. I would recommend this for anyone who is trying to reconcile the secrets of their parents and their past with their own lives. Unlike in some works of fiction there are not always tidy endings and this memoir vests the reader in the quest itself. I really need to pull out the thesaurus because I want to just keep repeating the word fascinating. It is a recount of the tragedy of an entire family and it provides us with a glimpse of the consequences of living through violence and discrimination. This is a story of life without any trace of Hollywood-esque sugar coating. It might not be what we want but it may be what we need in order to start embracing our own lives as they unfold naturally and stop embellishing them in social media. Dori Katz pens a raw and dreary account of her experience as a hidden child in Belgium during the war as well as her search forty years later for those who hid her, and for the truth of what happened to her father in the concentration camps. Both Dori and her mother who survived the war also disguised as a Christian , suffered deeply. Dori carries hope that her investigations will bring closure and perhaps healing. But in the end, though she finds out much, the knowledge and even the reunions seem inadequate to assuage the pain intensified by the dredging up of old hurts and losses. Sad, but an interesting and valuable read. People interested in writings on the Holocaust. Recommended to Gail by: The author praised her editor but I found the editing to be shoddy with too much repetition. After a while, the author got on my nerves, too.

**Chapter 2 : Looking For Strangers PDF - AM Books**

*Looking for Strangers is the deeply honest record of her attempt to do so, a dete But after a chance viewing of a documentary about hidden children in German-occupied Belgium, she realized that she might, in fact, be able to unearth those years.*

Usually I love going to the movies midday by myself even when the sun is out; I enjoy the solitary escape into a cave of shadows that transports you to another half-world so that you come out afterward blinking in the daylight, disoriented as if you were coming back from a faraway place. But this time, I walked around the block three times before making up my mind to go inside the theater to see the documentary *As If It Were Yesterday*. I was reluctant to enter the theater, fearing perhaps that the film would touch a nerve and release a flood of painful memories. More likely, I was afraid of being disappointed, of learning nothing, of being irritated by another pointless, sugarcoated, sentimental treatment of the Holocaust. It was with this anxiety that I finally rushed into the theater two minutes before showtime. There were only three other people in the auditorium. I thought the theater manager would decide it was not worthwhile to screen the film, but the theater curtains parted, and from the moment the Neige piano music started, I sat transfixed and would be for the next hour and a half. It was ; Belgium had been occupied by the Germans for two years. The child was out on an errand, or perhaps she was at school, when the women heard the Gestapo come and arrest her family. In any case, the parents said nothing about her as they were herded into the van waiting outside. No one in the building said anything. The film continued along those lines: A schoolteacher who was told that the parents of her two Jewish pupils had just been arrested took them home with her, then later found them a safe hiding place and went to see them every week to make sure they were all right. A nurse smuggled a child into a sickroom. A doctor hid a dozen children in his clinic for tuberculosis, and a radiologist helped him by faking X-rays, which were used to safeguard the children. A priest hid children in his cellar. More and more people told their story in Flemish and in French, in a casual way, as though saving Jewish children from the Gestapo were a mundane, ordinary activity. Some people were bystanders who felt compelled to react to what they had witnessed. She told of the participation of various resistance and underground groups, the money that changed hands, the contacts, and the little notebooks with coded numbers standing for the children and the coded places they were hidden, so that no names would be revealed should these notebooks have fallen into the wrong hands. She also spoke of how painful it was to take the children from the parents, how sad everyone was, how frightened at the separation and of the uncertainty of the future. For many families, it would be the last time they saw one another. I had also been hidden as a child, starting in Forgetting that I had not been interviewed for the film, my heart began to race when photographs of the children then and now started to appear: What if one of those photos was of me? Were any of these people speaking about me? Had they been the ones to save me? This was the very first time I had seen any documentation about children with my Holocaust experience. I walked out of the theater very shaken, suddenly overwhelmed by the need to find the people who had hidden me. I wanted to reconnect with them, to embrace them, to thank them. I had been so young during the war that my memories were vague, yet some images of separation and loss had remained very sharp in my mind. The film brought validation for those hazy, buried memories. I also felt awed, suddenly aware of all the work, the planning, and the risks taken by strangers just to save someone like meâ€”a child of people who were not important, not rich, influential, or political. People like my father, a Czech shoe store owner, and my mother, his Polish wife, both of them living with their little daughter in Brusselsâ€”ordinary people sought out by strangers from a country they had never set foot in, to be killed for no other reason other than their being Jewish. I had to find the people who hid me; it would let me feel like I was saving something from loss, forty years after the event. I spent the next few weeks trying to contact the two filmmakers. I had learned from the *New York Times* review that they were in the city to publicize their documentary. After a few false leads and many phone calls, I reached them and we talked for a long time. They seemed eager to meet me, especially after I sent them some of my poetry dealing with my childhood. We chose a date, and I took a bus from Hartford to meet them in a coffee shop in midtown Manhattan. The

filmmakers were younger than I expected; I had assumed that they must have lived through the war themselves in order to make such a film. But that was not the case: But both were children of survivors. Myriam, whose parents had been in hiding during the war, was of Belgian origin, like me, while Esther was born in Germany to a Jewish father and a Catholic mother. I told them my story. She would talk about her difficult times after my father was arrested by the Gestapo, alluding to all the things she had to do in order to survive. She told me how hard it had been for her to put me in the hands of strangers she had never seen before who were going to place me with a Belgian Catholic family for my own safety. For a long time, she did not know where I was. She had needed much strength and forbearance to go on after her beloved brother and his family were deported and as all her friends and relatives disappeared, one by one. She kept telling me that because I had been so young, what happened had not affected me and therefore could not be important. In truth, I did not recall having suffered, although I remembered more than my mother would admit. But my memories were so vague and fragmented that they were easily dismissed as childish inventions; I myself did not trust them. I had not been starved, beaten, tortured, experimented on, or suffered other such horrors. It would have seemed strangely presumptuous for me to claim kinship. After the war, I remember yearning for my father as a child. Since my mother and I never knew how or when he died in Auschwitz, I used to have fantasies of him turning up, unexpectedly, and recognizing us. We would be a complete family again, like those of my childhood friends in Belgium in the s. For a long time I had little thought of the family who had hidden me for a year and a half, from to mid Even though I remembered my first meeting with them, which entailed separating from my mother, I had no recollection of my last days in their home or of leaving them. I remember being with my mother for a short time, perhaps a few months or so after leaving the Catholic family in the summer of It was so cold that December, we walked with socks over our shoes to avoid falling on the slippery sidewalks. But in January , I wound up in the orphanage for almost two years. I never knew why. I had to adjust to a French school while my primary language was Flemish. I was placed in the third grade, where I was academically behind the other students. I had a lot of catching up to do, but I made friends among my classmates and started a new life. Five years later, my mother and I came to America, and there was yet another language to learn, a new school to blend into, and a new life to adopt. Years later, when I was pretty well Americanized and in college, I started thinking about the family that hid me; I drew a blank. What was their surname? What village were they from? All I remembered were a few names like Mama Gine, which was what I called the middle-aged woman who replaced my mother; Papa Franz, her husband; and Jeanne, their teenage daughter. Pronouncing it differently each time, she would pull out the name of a place but had no idea of how to spell it. I had tried various spellings myself and looked them up on a map of Belgiumâ€”but no luck. My mother had had no earlier relationship with the people who hid me and had met them only that one time when she came to fetch me; she had never wanted to see them again afterward. She refused to acknowledge our debt to that family. She insisted on seeing their role as a commercial one because they did take money. Yes, they were paid a monthly sum for my upkeep by the White Brigade, the resistance group that had organized my hiding. But she would not recognize the enormous risk that the family had run. Perhaps she was never comfortable with the fact that she had given up her daughter, even though it was to save me. She always repeated her standard remark about my experience: I told Esther and Myriam that their film had opened the floodgates of yearning for me. Now I realized that the more I knew about those years, the easier it would be to escape the feeling of being haunted by them. I wanted to bring everything into the open, to dispel the shadows, to have a grasp on that foggy childhood so that I could stop looking for it. After the war, the Red Cross had turned over to the Belgian authorities all the documents pertaining to Jews living in their country during those years. There was a file for every person who had been thereâ€”there would be one for my father, one for my mother, and even one for me, just a year old when the Germans invaded Belgium. To complete these holdings, the various resistance and underground groups that helped hide or smuggle Jews out of danger had turned over their files. A certain Madame Aubrey was in charge of the archives at the Ministry of Public Health in Brussels; she could put various materials together for me. My file would have the name of the people who hid me, their address at the time, and other pertinent information. I might also find out what had happened to my father after he was arrested; all I knew was that he had died in Auschwitz. Esther was going to Brussels in a

few days and would look at the archives for me. I tried to forget her promise. But a few weeks later, I received a letter from her saying that the information I sought was indeed in the Ministry of Public Health. There was also a whole file on my father: He had been deported from Malines on Convoy No. Esther added that there was much more information but that I should come to Brussels and read the files myself. All those years of my questioning fragmentary memories, and the answers were in files in an office in Brussels all this time. But then I realized that could not be the case because some of her revelations were not new to me. I had been registered as Astrid at my birth in Antwerp, and it was what I had been called in Belgium by everyone except my mother. It had been my first name until I legally reclaimed Dori when I became a naturalized American citizen at the age of eighteen in California. Initially, she was noncommittal.

### Chapter 3 : Looking for Strangers: The True Story of My Hidden Wartime Childhood by Dori Katz

*"Looking for Strangers is absolutely compelling, both deeply personal and historically important, giving us a glimpse of a small aspect, overlooked in the larger chronicles, of Holocaust trauma and, at the same time, describing a quest that is at once incredibly brave and penetratingly honest.*

Modal Trigger Bored after 18 years with her husband, Robin Rinaldi placed an ad seeking casual encounters with new men and women. She tells what happened on her yearlong sex odyssey in her memoir "The Wild Oats Project. Rinaldi pictured on her wedding day was with her husband for 18 years before deciding she wanted more. Stuck in a rut "our once-a-week sex life was loving, but lacked spontaneity and passion" I was craving seduction and sexual abandon. I was having a midlife crisis and chasing this profound, deeply rooted experience of being female. Before then, starting a family had felt like one route to this elusive state of feminine fulfillment. But Scott had made it absolutely clear he never wanted a baby, and even had a vasectomy. Many people will find this hard to understand, but, as the door to motherhood closed, I found myself rushing towards this whole other outlet of heightened female experience "taking lovers. I was pretty conservative. Sexually, I was experiencing what happens to a lot of women in their late 30s and early 40s. I was approaching my sexual peak and was relaxing into myself. I broke the news to Scott that I wanted an open marriage in early , a few months after his vasectomy. Both of us could sleep with whomever we chose as long as we used protection. You must be trustworthy, smart, and skilled at conversation as well as in bed. Rinaldi was 44 years old when she experimented with an open marriage. She placed the ad above on nerve. The first lover I met through nerve. Slim, handsome with glasses and a stylish haircut, he suggested we kiss to test our sexual chemistry. On our second date, the following week, he came to my studio after work with a cooler of snacks and some wine. We stumbled to the bed, where he turned me onto my hands and knees and took me from behind. We had intercourse twice and, after he left, I felt satiated. Robin Rinaldi was 44 years old when she experimented with an open marriage. After talking with her husband, she placed an ad online looking for new lovers. OneTaste was the place where I selected most of my lovers, although I picked up a couple of guys, like the year-old in Vegas, on business trips. OneTaste was populated by cool, open-minded San Franciscans who wanted to expand their horizons. They included an astrologer named Jude, 12 years my junior. The moment I saw him, I was irresistibly drawn in. Slightly built and neo-hippy, he was spiritual, calm and centered. I was an Italian, meat-eating, busy magazine editor. But we had a real connection. I became infatuated with him, but the sex soon fizzled. And then there was Alden, a writer, in his late 30s, who answered my nerve. Without missing a beat, he reached over and lightly took my fingertips in his. Things in the bedroom were mind-blowing and, before I knew it, I was hooked. I stuck to that. And so the year went on. It was the perfect balance, living on my own during the week and then returning home. We knew we were both sleeping with other people, but we kept to the rules and never spoke about it. We had sex as always and the open marriage spiced things up "at least at first. But, by the end of the month project, moving back home full time proved more difficult than I had thought. I slept with a total of 12 people including two women during the Wild Oats Project. Suddenly I found an updated version of myself. She was less shy, more confident, wilder. Meanwhile, it turned out that, for around six months, Scott had been exclusively sleeping with one woman, a lot younger than me. The turning point was hearing from Alden. He sent me an email, out of the blue, several months after the project had come to an end. Before long, we were having sex again. Being with him was exquisite. After reconnecting with Alden and falling deeply in love with him, there was no going back. Five years on, Alden and I are happily living together. First I channeled the creativity I would have used to become a mom into my sexuality, and then I channeled it into writing my memoir. As my story shows, there are many different ways in life to find passion and fulfillment.

### Chapter 4 : find my look-a-like, my face double, doppelganger or my face match

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