





Dear friends, *care amiche e cari amici*,

Ten years ago, we, Grazia, Rivka and Sara Spizzichino, Italian Jews, and Federika and Tobias Wallbrecher, a German Catholic couple, met in the St. Peter's neighborhood and became friends. We decided to start a common path of Shoa Commemoration in Rome, in accordance with the mission of Grazia, Rivka and Sara's great-aunt, Settimia Spizzichino, who had survived Auschwitz and whom Federika and Tobias also got to know after their arrival in Rome in 1996.

We called our initiative LET'S REMEMBER TOGETHER **RICORDIAMO INSIEME**.



*Rivka Spizzichino, Tobias and Federika Wallbrecher, and Sara and Grazia Spizzichino.*

In 2017, this path of Remembrance took us, together with our friends from the Association Progetto Memoria, to the center of St. Peter's Square and, with the MILLE PASSI, the THOUSAND STEPS, to the former Military College, now the Center for Higher Defense Studies, *Centro Alti Studi per la Difesa*, on the banks of the Tiber river. With the help of HE Santo Marciànò, Military Archbishop of Italy, we were able to open this place for the Remembrance of the Shoah.

During the 2022 edition, we paid special attention to having all the names of the known Jewish victims of the nine months of German occupation of Rome resounded in public at the same time, so as to keep their memory alive together with the students engaged through the performance *We Will Not Forget You. Non ti dimenticheremo*.

We are very grateful for the help and support we have received from many sides along the intense journey of the past ten years, especially through the many moving testimonies, and we are pleased to be able today to place in your hands the documentation of our initiatives last October.

Accompany us also in the coming years, also in this year 2023 we can assure you that you will find us in St. Peter's Square, at the Thousand Steps, at the Military College, perhaps at the Regina Coeli Prison and at the House of Life of the Maestre Pie Filippini in Via delle Fornaci.

Mark October 25 and October 29 2023 in the afternoon, already in your calendars.

Thanks from the heart , Your Ricordiamo Insieme Team.

*Rivka Spizzichino, Tobias and Federika Wallbrecher, Sara and Grazia Spizzichino*

**RICORDIAMO INSIEME 2022**  
**X EDITION SHOAH MEMORY IN ROME**



*St. Peter's Square . Judicial prison Regina Coeli . ex - Military College, (CASD)*  
**Wednesday, October 26, 2022**

**MEMORY CONFERENCE** Sala Teatro, (theater hall) Via delle Fornaci 161  
**Sunday, October 30, 2022**

Wednesday, October 26, 2022

3:30 p.m. **Meeting in St. Peter's Square, Obelisk**

Welcome Greeting Association Ricordiamo Insieme p 8 - 9

MUSIC Bibiana Carusi *soprano* Stefano Galli *guitar* Berthold Pesch *accordion* p 10

**"We will not forget you"**

*Reading of names of Jewish citizens deported after October 16, 1943 from Rome*

p 12 - 14

MUSIC p 18

**Reflection** Prof. Marco Cassuto Morselli

President of the Union of Jewish-Christian Friendship Italy p 15 -17

MUSIC

**Reflection** Br. Philipp J. Wagner OP

Rector of the Basilica Santa Sabina all'Aventino p 19 - 22

MUSIC p 27

**"We will not forget you"** second part of the reading of names

p 23 - 26

*Lighting of three Auschwitz Memorial candles*

**THOUSAND STEPS MILLE PASSI** p 46

to the former Military College, Palazzo Salviati

Centro Alti Studi per la Difesa (CASD), Piazza della Rovere 83, 00165 Rome



## **RICORDIAMO INSIEME at Regina Coeli Judicial Prison**

**Wednesday, October 26, 2022 4:00 p.m.**

Via della Lungara 29, 00165 Rome

4 p.m.      **Remembrance at the REGINA COELI Judicial Prison** *front steps*

*unfortunately the ceremony cannot take place inside the prison as planned*

SONG    Friedamaria Wallbrecher, soprano

*p 27 - 29*

*Lighting of three candles from the Auschwitz Memorial*

### **SALUTES**

Eng. Nando Tagliacozzo, family member of deportees

*p 30 - 31*

Br. Sergio Cognigni OFC, *representing the chaplain of Regina Coeli judicial prison*

*Br. Vittorio Trani*

*p 32*

Dr. Claudia Clementi, Director of the Regina Coeli Judicial Prison

*p 33*

SONG

*p 34*

### **REFLECTION**

Dr. Lia Tagliacozzo, writer, family member of deportees

*p 35 - 40*

### **Reading of the names of the 76 Jewish Victims of the Fosse Ardeatine**

*by the students and teachers (Prof.ssa D. D'Auria and Prof.ssa L. Scudieri)  
of the Institute of Higher Education "Largo Brodolini" in Pomezia (Rm)*

*p 41 - 43*

SONG

*p 44*

5 p.m. **WALK** *with the three Auschwitz Candles to the former Military College,  
now the Center for Advanced Studies in Defense, CASD* *p 45*

17.00 **THOUSAND STEPS** *from St. Peter's Square to the former Military College*

*p 46 - 47*

## **RICORDIAMO INSIEME at the former Military College, Palazzo Salviati**

**Wednesday, October 26, 2022 5:30 p.m.**

Piazza Della Rovere 83, 00165 Rome, today Center for Higher Defense Studies (CASD)

*Commemoration Ceremony of the 79<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the deportation of Roman Jewish citizens to the death camp Auschwitz - Birkenau*

16.30 Audio: "*We will not forget you.*" Reading of the names of the victims of October 16, 1943

*With Solemn Installation by the Center for Advanced Defense Studies.*

Video screening "How Much Memory Again?"

(produced by Grazia, Rivka and Sara Spizzichino, Ricordiamo Insieme (Remember Together))

5:30 p.m. **SONG** Daniel Coen p 48

### **SALUTES**

*Performance, " We will not forget you." Throughout the ceremony the names of those deported from Rome after October 16, 1943 and never returned are written individually at four tables with white crayon on black paper by the students and all others guests present*

RICORDIAMO INSIEME (Rivka Spizzichino and Tobias Wallbrecher) p 49 - 51

PROGETTO MEMORIA (Dr. Lello Dell'Ariceia) p 52 - 53

Admiral Giacinto Ottaviani, President Center for Higher Defence Studies, CASD p 54

SE Military Archbishop of Italy, Santo Marciàno p 55 - 56

Rev. Giuliano Savina, Director of the National Office for Ecumenism and Dialogue

Interreligious Dialogue of the Italian Bishops' Conference (*no text review by author*) p 57

Dr. Rav Riccardo Di Segni, Chief Rabbi of Rome p 58

Dr. Massimo Finzi, Councilor for Remembrance of the Jewish Community of Rome p 59 - 60

LET'S PLAY MUSIC TOGETHER FOR ALISA Sara Caivano (guitar) . Livia Minervini (keyboard) p61

**Dr. Alberto Sonnino The trauma of the Shoah, an inelaborable trauma?** p 62 - 64

MUSICAL REFLECTION Berthold Pesch (accordion) p 65

### **TESTIMONY of Gianni Polgar**

He escaped the October 16, 1943 raid and is a family member of deportees p 66 - 68

PLAY MUSIC TOGETHER FOR ALISA p 68

18.45 Conclusion of the performance *We will not forget you*

*Collecting name cards during the reading of a text by* SETTIMIA SPIZZICHINO p 69

19.00 SONG Daniel Coen . MUSICAL FAREWELL Berthold Pesch p 70 - 71

*Translation of the Italian edition: Federika Wallbrecher, Ingeborg Pesch*

## RICORDIAMO INSIEME - MEMORY CONFERENCE

**Sunday, October 30, 2022 3:00 p.m.**

Sala Teatro Via delle Fornaci 161, 00165 Rome, Maestre Pie Filippini

### WELCOME and GREETINGS ASSOCIATION RICORDIAMO INSIEME

"We will not forget you" conclusion writing of victims' names (*performance*) p 75

**OUVERTURE SWING ROAD** Stefano Galli (guitar) . Fabrizio Paccagnini (drums) p 76  
Stefano Petrocco (bass) . Marco Maror (sax, clarinet)

### TESTIMONIES

Dr. Mario De Simone, cousin of Andra and Tatiana Bucci, **BROTHER OF SERGIO** p 77 - 88

Musical reflection Berthold Pesch (*accordion*) p 89

Dr. Bernadett Hoechbauer in Gross German language teacher for foreigners p 90 - 95

**SWING ROAD** p 97

Prof. Antimo Marandola journalist p 98 - 102

Musical reflection p 103

Dr. Reinhard Wilde, Legal Rector of the Archdiocesan Ordinariate of Freiburg im Breisgau p 104 - 107

### THANKSGIVING CONCERT

5 p.m. **Rome Open Orchestra of the Arcangelo Corelli Institute** p 108  
conducted by Maestro Massimo Munari

**INTERVAL** p 109

**"Into that darkness-Truth is an interweaving of voices-" 10 Questions**  
**by Gitta Sereny**

by ROSARIO TEDESCO with Pasquale di Filippo and Rosario Tedesco p 110 – 111

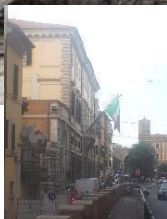
**SWING ROAD MUSICAL FAREWELL** p 112 -113



## RICORDIAMO INSIEME in St. PETER'S SQUARE OCTOBER 30th 2022



REGINA COELI



CASD



THEATRE FORNACI



St. PETER'S SQUARE

### TOBIAS WALLBRECHER

Dear friends, on behalf of the Association Ricordiamo Insieme we greet you in gratitude for gathering here together with us in the center of St. Peter's Square, under the windows of the Pope. In a special way we greet the family members of the victims, may your grief be ours!

I greet and thank you for your very welcome presence:

Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany to the Holy See, H.E. Dr. Bernhard Kotsch  
the Representatives of the friends of SEMI DI PACE (Seeds of Peace Association)  
the students of the Julius Caesar High School in Rome with their teachers  
and of course our speakers

**Prof. Marco Cassuto Morselli,**  
**President of the Federation of Jewish-Christian Friendship Italy**  
**and the Rector of the Basilica Santa Sabina all'Aventino Fr. Philipp Wagner OP**

But it is even more close to my heart to greet you dear students of the Liceo Classico (*Highschool*) Giulio Cesare in Rome with your teachers. Your presence here is most important, please continue to accompany us in the years to come.

I apologize if I have forgotten to mention somebody.

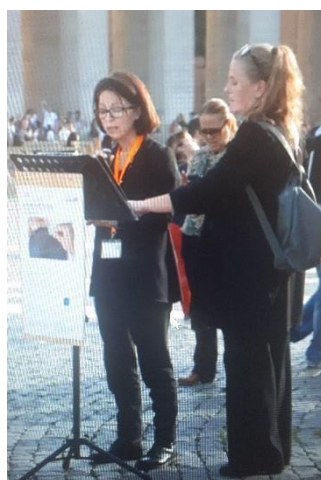
## SARA SPIZZICHINO

79 years ago, Rome was under German occupation, the war was here. During those terrible nine months more than 1,700 Roman Jewish citizens were deported and murdered in Germany, deported under the eyes of the church that kept silent, deported under the eyes of a Pope, who on December 24, 1942, speaking to his college of cardinals, took into his mouth the heinous accusation of deicide against the Jewish people, thus self-betraying his unconscious immersion in the bimillennial Christian anti-Semitism.<sup>1</sup> which during the centuries had entered the veins of Christians and prepared the way for the German gas chambers.

**Now, in this hour we want to remember, and as we know it will be the first time it happens, every single victim, even all the victims whose names we do not know.**

<sup>1</sup>(here Remember Together refers to the following text in the Vatican website:

"SPEECH OF HIS HOLINESS PIO XII TO THE SACRED COLLEGE AT THE VIGILIA OF THE HOLY CHRISTMAS Thursday, December 24, 1942.")



## FEDERIKA WALLBRECHER

The names of the many victims will be heard in three places:

**At the former Military College**, now an important Center for Advanced Defense Studies, where we will go by taking the MILLE PASSI (*THOUSAND STEPS*) -we hope each of you has received our badge to facilitate entry into the military zone - you will hear in an actualized recording the 1024 names of those killed as a result of the October 16, 43 raid, among them more than 200 children.

**At the Regina Coeli judicial prison** students will read the 75 names of the Jewish citizens, victims of the massacre of the Ardeatine Caves (*Fosse Ardeatine*) on March 24, 1944, and...

**here in St. Peter's Square** we will read the 623 names of the victims so far identified, deported from Rome after October 16, 43 and never returned. They will be read by the students of the Giulio Cesare High School.

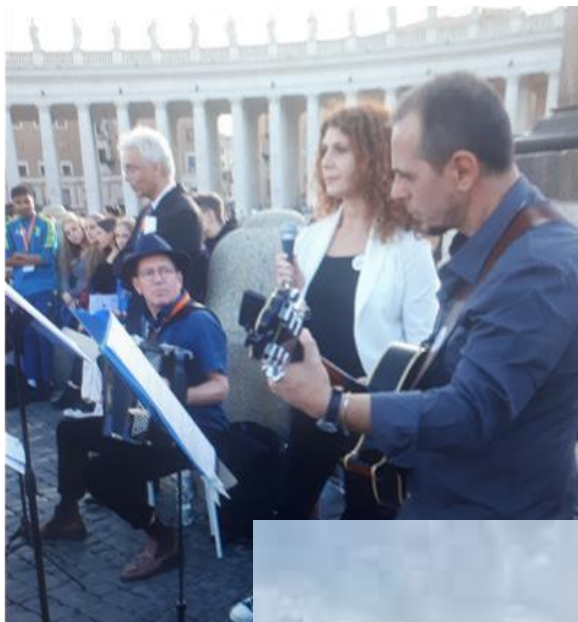
The first twelve names will be read by the Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany to the Holy See, HE Dr. Bernhard Kotsch.

The reading will then be divided into two parts, for each part we will need 27 volunteer readers, the whole ceremony will be filmed and recorded. There will always be twelve names and surnames -- even nicknames -- to be read aloud, not too fast, so that they might be heard throughout St. Peter's Square.

Don't worry about pronunciation - especially regarding foreign names.

We begin with music, thanking Bibiana Carusi, Stefano Galli and Berthold Pesch for their commitment to Shoah Remembrance here in Rome, then the first part of the name reading will follow. thank you.





Sara Spizzichino lights three Auschwitz Candles, three more of which will be lit at the same time in front of the Regina Coeli Judicial Prison. They will accompany the THOUSAND STEPS to the former Military College where Sara's great-aunt, Settimia Spizzichino was imprisoned until her deportation to Auschwitz - Birkenau.

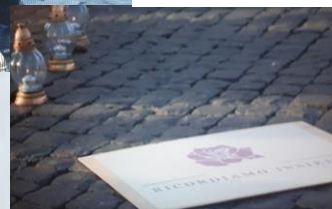


Foto: Port Mobility



*Berthold Pesch*

*Bibiana Carusi*

*Stefano Galli*

## Huljet, huljet Kinderlech di Mordechai Gebirtig

Shpilt aych libe kinderlach  
der friling shoy'n bagint,  
der friling shoy'n bagint.  
Oy wi bin ich kinderlach  
mekane aych atsind.  
Oy wi bin ich kinderlach  
mekane aych atsind.  
OY!

**Hulyet hulyet kinderlach  
kolsman ir sent noch ying,  
wayl fun friling bis tsum  
Winter is a katsenshpring.**

Shpilt aych libe kinderlach  
farsoymt keyn oygenblik,  
farsoymt keyn oygenblik!  
Nemt mich oych arayn in shpil  
fargint mir oych dos glik.  
Nemt mich oych arayn in shpil  
Fargint mir oych dos glik.

**Hulyet hulyet kinderlach  
kolsman ir sent noch ying,  
wayl fun friling bis tsum  
Winter is a katsenshpring.**

Kukt nisht oyf mayn groyen kop  
tsi shtert es aych in shpil?  
Tsi shtert es aych in shpil?  
Mayn neshome is noch ying  
wi tsurik mit yorn fil.  
Mayn neshome is noch ying  
wi tsurik mit yorn fil .  
Oy!

**Hulyet hulyet kinderlach  
kolsman ir sent noch ying,  
wayl fun friling bis tsum  
Winter is a katsenshpring**

Play, ye dear children,  
spring is already about to begin,  
spring is already about to begin.  
Alas children, I am so very  
jealous of you.  
Alas children, I am so very  
jealous of you.  
GO!



*Mordechai Gebirtig (f: Wikipedia)*

**Play, play children,  
while you are still young  
because from spring  
to winter it is only a stone's throw.**

Play, you dear children,  
let no moment pass you by,  
let no single moment slip by!  
Let me participate in your games,  
grant me this joy.  
Let me participate in your games,  
grant me this joy.

**Play, play children,  
while you are still young  
because from spring  
to winter it is just a stone's throw.**

Don't look at my gray head,  
or does it disturb your game perhaps?  
Or does it disturb perhaps your game?  
My soul is still young,  
like so many years ago.  
My soul is still young  
like so many years ago.  
GO!



**Play, play children,  
while you are still young,  
because since spring  
to winter is only a stone's throw away.**



ALL CHILDREN  
EVEN THOSE WHO HAVE  
NEVER BEEN BORN  
ALL THE WOMEN  
AND ALL THE MEN  
DEPORTED FROM ROME  
**AFTER OCTOBER 16th 1943**  
WHO NEVER RETURNED  
BECAUSE THEY WERE  
CRUELLY MURDERED  
  
MAY THEIR MEMORY BE  
A BLESSING





The first twelve names are read by HE Dr. Bernhard Kotsch, Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany to the Holy See, all other names by students of the High School Giulio Cesare in Rome

children,  
women and  
men deported  
from Rome  
after October  
16, 1943 and  
never returned  
MAY THE  
MEMORY OF  
THEIR NAMES  
BE A BLESSING

Giacobbe Aio  
Arnaldo Almagia  
Giulio Amati  
Letizia Amati  
Eleonora Anav  
Abramo Anticoli  
Alberto Anticoli  
Alfredo Alberto  
Anticoli  
Angelo Anticoli  
*figlio di Graziano*  
Angelo Anticoli  
*figlio di Lazzaro*  
Angelo Anticoli  
*figlio di Pacifico*  
Aron Romolo  
Anticoli

Attilio Anticoli  
Cesare Anticoli  
detto Canaccio  
Anticoli  
Fiorella Anticoli *bambina di 9 anni*  
Franca Anticoli *bambina di 4 anni*  
Giancarlo Prospero Anticoli  
*bambino di 4 anni*  
Gluco Anticoli  
Leone Anticoli  
Letizia Anticoli  
Manrico Anticoli  
Mario Anticoli

Mario Mosè Anticoli  
Pacifico Anticoli *bambino di 12 anni*  
Sabatino Anticoli  
Salvatore Anticoli  
Sergio Anticoli  
Vitale Anticoli  
Otto Aschnoivdz  
Alessandro Ascoli  
Alfredo Ascoli  
Angelo Ascoli  
Lidia Ascoli  
Donato Astrologo  
Emanuele Astrologo

Enrica Enrichetta Astrologo  
Giacomo detto Ridolino Astrologo  
Giuseppe Astrologo  
Isacco Astrologo  
Leone Astrologo *figlio di Abramo e Orabona*  
Leone Astrologo *figlio di Abramo e Benvenuta*  
Pellegrino Astrologo  
Riccardo Astrologo  
Samuele Lello Astrologo  
Vitale Astrologo  
Gemma Astrologo

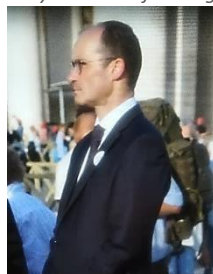
Donna Behar  
Luciano Benedetti  
Alberto Benigno  
Eugenio Benigno  
Giulia Benigno  
Letizia Benigno  
Max Berger  
Mose Max Birnbaum  
Alfredo Bondi  
Margherita Bondi  
Pace Bondi  
Luigi (Borsetti) Borsetti  
Edmondo Breurer

Alberto Calò  
Armanda Calò  
Dante Calò  
Davide David Calò  
Enrica Enrichetta Emma Calò  
Flora Calò  
Giovanni Calò *figlio di Giacobbe Giacomo*  
Giovanni Calò *figlio di Giuseppe*  
Grazia Calò  
Graziadio Calò  
Mosè Marco Calò  
Pacifico Calò

Prospero Calò  
Ricca Calò  
Vittorio Calò  
Charles Calò francese  
Giulio Cesare Castelli  
Beniamino Caviglia  
Elia Elio Caviglia  
Guglielmo Caviglia  
Santorio Caviglia  
Sole Caviglia  
Alberto Chimichi  
Mendel Max Chochenbaum

Noemi Cingoli  
Prospero Citoni  
Lucio Beninfante Coen  
Alberto Giacomo Coen  
Alvaro Coen  
Armando Coen  
Ettore Coen  
Ione Coen  
Irene Coen  
Marta Coen  
Mosè Coen  
Salomone Saul Coen

Giulia Consolo  
Giulia Danon (o Dadon)  
Giorgio De Benedetti o Di Benedetti  
Settimio Carlo De Nola o Di Nola  
Riccardo De Nola  
Sergio De Nola



Italia Del Monte  
Leonello Del Monte  
Vittorio Emanuele Del Monte  
Vittorio Del Monte  
Angelo Della Rocca  
Costanza Della Rocca

Rubino Della Rocca  
Samuele Lello Della Rocca  
Settimio Della Rocca  
Dino Della Seta  
Eva Della Seta  
Giovanni Della Seta  
Mosè Della Torre  
Benedetto Dell'Ariccia *figlio di Ruben*  
Benedetto Dell'Ariccia *figlio di Rubino*  
Ernesto Dell'Ariccia  
Maurice Mosè Derczanski  
Mosè Di Capua *figlio di Beniamino*

Mosè Di Capua *figlio di Leone*  
Sabatino Settimio Di Capua  
Adolfo Di Castro  
Adolfo Di Castro *figlio di Crescenzo*  
Angelo Di Castro *figlio di Giovanni*  
Colomba Giuliana Di Castro *3 anni*  
Crescenzo Crescenzo Di Castro  
Crescenzo Crescenzo detto Pizzanella  
Di Castro  
Giorgio Di Castro  
*Giovanni Di Castro bambino neonato*  
Giuseppe Di Castro  
Pace Di Castro

Pacifico Di Castro  
Perna Emma Di Castro  
Samuele Lello Di Castro  
Settimio Di Castro  
Edmondo Di Cave  
Pia Di Cave  
Alina Lina Di Consiglio *bambina di 5 anni*  
Cesare Elvezio Di Consiglio *2 anni*  
Cesare Nicolino Di Consiglio  
Clara Di Consiglio  
David Di Consiglio  
Ester Rina Di Consiglio *bambina di 10 anni*

Graziano Di Consiglio  
Leonello Di Consiglio  
Marisa Di Consiglio *bambina di 8 anni*  
Pacifico Di Consiglio *figlio di Alberto*  
Pacifico Di Consiglio *figlio di Graziano*  
Pacifico Di Consiglio *figlio di Nissim*  
Tranquillo Di Consiglio  
Virginia Di Consiglio  
Amedeo Di Cori *figlio di Angelo*  
Amedeo Di Cori *figlio di Mario*  
Beniamino Di Cori  
Dario Di Cori



Giovanni Di Cori  
 Settimio Di Cori *figlio di Angelo*  
 Settimio Di Cori *figlio di Eugenio*  
 Angelo Di Laudadio  
 Adriana Di Nepi  
 Amedeo Di Nepi  
 Cesare Di Nepi *figlio di Adolfo*  
 Cesare Di Nepi *figlio di Angelo*  
 Cesare Di Nepi *figlio di Giovanni*  
 Cesare Di Nepi *figlio di Umberto*  
 Elvira Di Nepi  
 Eugenio Di Nepi



Giovanni Di Nepi  
 Giuseppe Di Nepi  
 Giuseppe Di Nepi  
 Laudadio Di Nepi  
 Leone Di Nepi  
 Mosè Di Nepi  
 Isacco Di Neris o De Neris  
 Samuele Di Neris o De Neris  
 Settimio Di Neris o De Neris  
 Elda Di Nola  
 Adelaide Di Porto  
 Alberto Di Porto

Angelo Di Porto *figlio di Cesare*  
 Angelo Di Porto *figlio di David*  
 Angelo Di Porto *figlio di Mosè*  
 Angelo Di Porto figlio di Simantov Santoro  
 Annita Di Porto  
 Crescenzo Crescenzo Di Porto  
 Emanuele Emanuel Di Porto  
 Emma Di Porto  
 Ester Di Porto  
 Giacomo Di Porto  
 Giuditta Di Porto  
 Giuseppe Di Porto *figlio di Angelo*

Giuseppe Di Porto *figlio di Crescenzo*  
 Lazzaro Di Porto  
 Mario Di Porto  
 Pacifico Di Porto *figlio di Angelo e Grazia*  
 Pacifico Di Porto *figlio di Angelo e Angelo e Elisabetta*  
 Romolo Di Porto  
 Rubino Di Porto  
 Sabatino Di Porto  
 Sergio Di Porto *bambino di 13 anni*  
 Settimio Di Porto *figlio di Abramo*  
 Settimio Di Porto *figlio di Angelo*  
 Settimio Di Porto *figlio di David*

Vitale detto Fastidio Di Porto *figlio di Angelo*  
 Vitale Di Porto *figlio di Laudadio*  
 Wilma Di Porto *bambina di 11 anni*  
 Adelaide Di Segni *Calò*  
 Alberto Elia Di Segni  
 Alberto Di Segni  
 Angelo detto Ciccetto Di Segni *figlio di Abramo*  
 Angelo Di Segni *figlio di Giacomo*  
 Angelo Di Segni *figlio di Salomone*  
 David Di Segni  
 Diodato o Deodato Di Segni  
 Emanuele Di Segni

Giacomo Di Segni  
 Giovanni Di Segni  
 Marco Di Segni  
 Pace Di Segni  
 Pacifico Di Segni *figlio di Angelo*  
 Pacifico Di Segni *figlio di Giovanni*  
 Prospero Adolfo Di Segni  
 Renato Di Segni  
 Roberto Di Segni  
 Samuele Lello Di Segni  
 Vittorio Di Tivoli  
 Gemma Di Tivoli

eppe detto Nasosfranto Di Tivoli  
 nardo Di Tivoli  
 imio Di Tivoli  
 laide Lalla Di Veroli  
 elo Di Veroli  
 no Di Veroli  
 David Di Veroli  
 Donato Di Veroli  
 Emma Di Veroli  
 Enrico David Isacco Di Veroli  
 Fernando Di Veroli  
 Giacomo Giacobbe Di Veroli

Giacomo Di Veroli *figlio di Michele*  
 Giacomo Di Veroli *figlio di Mosè*  
 Giovanni Di Veroli  
 Marco Di Veroli  
 Michele Di Veroli  
 Mosè Di Veroli  
 Pacifico Mario Di Veroli  
 Renato Di Veroli  
 Samuele Lello Di Veroli  
 Tranquillo Di Veroli  
 Ugo Giorgio Di Veroli  
 Umberto Di Veroli



Valeria Di Veroli  
 Sarah Friederike Dokes  
 Jules Yulius o Yoel Dubois Debois o Dubua  
 Desiderio Dym  
 Alberto Efrati  
 Aron Aronne Efrati  
 Augusto Efrati  
 Costanza Efrati  
 Elio Elia Efrati  
 Graziano Efrati  
 Lazzaro Burrasca Efrati  
 Leone Lello Efrati

Leone Efrati *figlio di Aronne*  
 Leone Efrati *figlio di Graziadio*  
 Marco Efrati *figlio di Aronne*  
 Marco Efrati *figlio di Graziano*  
 Israel Heinrich Eibuschitz o Eibushitz o Eibenshitz o Eibuschutz  
 Giuseppe Esdra  
 Leo Esdra  
 Angelo Fatucci  
 Olga Fatucci  
 Angelo Fiano  
 Benedetto Giuseppe Fiano  
 Alberto Fiorentino  
 Carlo Fiorentino  
 Giacomo Fiorentino  
 Giacomo Fornaro

Bruno Franco  
 Enzo Franco  
 Nachman Nachme Freiberg  
 Sara Freiberg  
 Max Fremont o Permunt  
 Abramo Lamberto detto Alberto Funaro  
 Alberto Funaro  
 Alfredo Funaro  
 Angela Funaro

Angelo Funaro *figlio di Giacomo*  
 Angelo Funaro *figlio di Zaccaria*  
 Aronne Aron Funaro  
 Giacomo Funaro  
 Samuele Funaro *figlio di Ezechiele*  
 Samuele Funaro *figlio di Giuseppe*  
 Vittorio Graziadio Funaro  
 Armando Gattegna  
 Israele Gattegna  
 Gina Givre'  
 Franziska Haubensstock  
 Francis Jansen

Lieselotte Kadish Kadisc  
 Richard Kadish Kadisc  
 Nathan Kahn Fotz  
 Davide Daniele Kapinski (o Kepinski o Kehpinski o Kepinski)  
 Gabriella Kazar  
 Bela Kovacs  
 Rosa Kovacs  
 Renata Laurent  
 Ernst Ernesto Lederer (Lederz)  
 Giulio Levi  
 Italo Levi  
 Livia Levi

Luigia Levi  
 Mario Levi  
 Noemi Levi *bambina di 2 anni*  
 Giorgio Levi Delle Trezze  
 Hella Levy Levi  
 Angelo Limentani  
 Giuseppe Limentani  
 Marco Limentani  
 Mario Marco Limentani  
 Settimio Angelo Limentani  
 Pacifico Livoli *figlio di Giuseppe*  
 Pacifico Livoli *figlio di Isacco*

Camillo Loeb  
 Enrico Luzzatti  
 Silvio Luzzatti  
 Alexander Mahler  
 Gerhart Mailand  
 Georges Malvert  
 Jacques Malvert  
 Lucie Luchia Malvert  
 Erminia Rosa Manasse  
 Vittorio Manasse  
 Herbert Marbach o Marbakh  
 Pacifico Marino



children,  
 women  
 and men  
 deported  
 from  
 Rome  
 after  
 October  
 16, 1943  
 and never  
 returned  
 MAY THE  
 MEMORY  
 OF THEIR  
 NAMES  
 BE A  
 BLESSING

## Prof. Marco Cassuto Morselli

President of the Federation of *Jewish-Christian Friendship* Italy



*79 years ago*

**October 16, 1943** was Shabbat, and it was also the third day of the biblical holiday of Sukkot, the *Feast of Tents*, of the Jewish year 5703. Around 4 a.m. the SS had arrived at the (Roman) Ghetto and silently positioned themselves to block the entrances to the area. It was raining.

The raid began at 5:30 a.m. 365 men took part in the so called *Judenoperation*, a hundred were engaged in the Ghetto and the others in the 26 zones into which the city had been divided.

Four trucks covered with dark awnings shuttled between the assembly area, in front of the Marcellus Theater, and the Military College in Via della Lungara.

Many Romans that morning were mute witnesses to the roundup. They heard shouts, calls, recommendations, sobs, "saw men summarily dressed, often protected by a blanket over their shoulders snatched from their beds before hurriedly descending the stairs heeled by the military; children bundled up in the bitter cold of that drizzling October dawn; women with their coats hastily and poorly tucked over their nightgowns; young mothers trying to quiet the cry of a nursing baby at their breasts." . 1

The roundup ended around 2 p.m. The Ghetto was silent and deserted.

Of the 1,259 captured, 237 were released as non-Jews or baptized Jews. The others remained locked up in the Military College until dawn on Monday morning, when transfers began by truck to the Tiburtina train station, where a convoy consisting of 18 cattle cars had been standing on a dead platform for several days. While none of the newspapers of the time mentioned what had happened and was happening, the news that the Jews were at the Tiburtina station spread, and relatives, friends and onlookers flocked in, kept at a distance by armed sentries. A few of those grates protruded two clinging hands or a pair of staring eyes," writes Elsa Morante in *The Story* .2 At 2:05 p.m. the train departed. It was a slow-speed convoy and made many stops, in Florence, Ferrara, and Padua. We have the testimony of a Red Cross nurse from Padua: "At 1 p.m. the carriages that had been closed for 28 hours opened! About fifty people are crammed into each carriage, children, women, old, young and mature men. Never was a more gruesome spectacle offered to our eyes.

It is the bourgeoisie torn from their homes, without baggage, without assistance, condemned to the most offensive promiscuity, suffering hunger and thirst. We feel disarmed and insufficient for all their needs,

F. Coen, *16 ottobre 1943 La grande razzia degli ebrei di Roma*, Giuntina 1993, pp. 65-66.

2 E. Morante, *La storia*, Einaudi 1974, p. 243.

paralyzed by a quivering pity of rebellion, by a kind of terror that dominates everyone, victims, railway personnel, spectators, the people...".<sup>3</sup> At the Brenner Pass, Italian railway men were replaced by German railway men.

At 11 p.m. on Friday, October 22, it was Shabbat again, the train arrived at Auschwitz-Birkenau. The convoy still remained closed and guarded throughout the night. In the morning the deportees were let off. 839 ended up immediately in the gas chambers.

Relatives, friends, acquaintances tried from the start to get some news about the deportees' destination and their fate, but in vain. It was as if the entire train had vanished into nothing. News came about only when the war was over. Of 1022 people only 15 returned. The only woman was Settimia Spizzichino (1921-2000).

Among the people who had to go into hiding in Rome during those 9 months of the German occupation was my mother. After the fall of the Ottoman Empire her family, the Carasso-Cassuto family, had left Salonika and moved to Hamburg, and then to Paris, and finally to Florence and Rome. The eldest son Emanuele had been captured and imprisoned at Fossoli and then managed to escape during transport to Auschwitz. I told this story in *Of What You Cannot Talk About*.



Emanuele,  
Fernanda and  
Armando  
Cassuto, circa  
1922 on the  
beach of  
Travemuende



The real protagonist of the book is the silence with which my mother tried to protect her children born after the war in Rome. My mother was a kind person and loved life, but behind her was the Shoah, which had swallowed half of her uncles and cousins. To continue living, she forbid herself to look back.

The October 16 deportation is part of the history of the Shoah. It is tremendously difficult to approach those rivers of pain that constitute the Shoah. One would prefer to keep silent. But to remain silent would mean to put oneself on the side of those who planned and carried out the Shoah, who indeed first had wanted silence to cover everything.

The Shoah is made up of millions of individual stories. If we dwell on these, we miss one of its main features: the immensity of the Shoah, which is one aspect of its incomprehensibility, as historian Saul Friedländer has observed. People were being killed at the same time over an immense territory, from Drancy to Auschwitz and all the way to the eastern extremities of Ukraine. And in addition to the stories of the victims there are also those of the perpetrators and those who while not directly participating in the killings made them possible by their inaction, or who waited for the right moment to go and loot the emptied homes of their occupants.

<sup>3</sup> F. Coen, *16 ottobre 1943* cit., pp. 98-99.

<sup>4</sup> M. Cassuto Morselli, *Di ciò di cui non si può parlare*, Castelveccchi 2021.



Why are we here today, 79 years later? We are here to say that we have not forgotten and to testify to our commitment that what happened "will never happen again." But how to ensure that these words are not empty, rhetorical, inadequate?

Historians continue to question the reasons for Pius XII's silence, indeed his silences, as Giovanni Miccoli has pointed out. But such silence - which is a fact, as a fact is the rescue of thousands of Jews in Catholic institutions and thousands more through the individual initiative of many Catholics, even at the risk of their lives - is only one aspect of a much larger problem: the relationship between anti-Semitism and anti-Judaism. Centuries of bad theology had taught that Jews are the deicide people, who have the devil for a father.

As Pope Francis wrote in the Preface to *La Bibbia dell'Amicizia* (*The Friendship Bible*):

"I am well aware that we have nineteen centuries of Christian anti-Judaism behind us and that a few decades of dialogue are very little in comparison. However, in recent times many things have changed and more are changing. We need to work with greater intensity to ask for forgiveness and to repair the damage caused by misunderstanding. The values, traditions, and great ideas that identify Judaism and Christianity must be put at the service of humanity without ever forgetting the sacredness and authenticity of friendship." . 5

Engaging in dialogue between Jews and Christians, following the shining example of Jules Isaac (1877-1963) is a way not to be overwhelmed and paralyzed by feelings of sorrow and horror.

Since not even after the Shoah has Antisemitism disappeared, it is necessary that our efforts be directed in the right direction so that what happened does not happen again, albeit in other forms.



<sup>5</sup> *La Bibbia dell'Amicizia*, San Paolo 2019, p. 5.

<sup>6</sup> Next year will mark the 60th anniversary of his passing.

historical photographs: archive Prof. Marco Cassuto Morselli

## Wiegala

## di Ilse Weber

## Lullaby

Wiegala, wiegala, weier,  
der Wind spielt auf der Leier,  
er spielt so süß im grünen Ried,  
die Nachtigall, die singt ihr Lied.



Wiegala, wiegala, weier (lullaby, lullaby...)  
the wind plays the lyre,  
he plays so softly in the green reeds,  
the nightingale sings her song.

Wiegala, wiegala, werne,  
der Mond ist die Laterne,  
er steht am dunklen Himmelszelt  
und schaut hernieder auf die Welt.

Wiegala, wiegala werne, (lullaby, lullaby...)  
the moon is the lantern,  
stands still in the dark tent of heaven,  
and watches the world from up there.

*Ilse Weber (Wikipedia)*

Wiegala, wiegala, wille,  
wie ist die Welt so stille,  
es stört kein Laut die süße Ruh,

Wiegala, wiegala, wille (lullaby, lullaby...)  
how silent is the world,  
no sound disturbs the gentle stillness,

schlaf mein Kindchen, schlaf auch du.

sleep my child, sleep you too.

***Ilse Weber, née Herlinger, born Jan. 11, 1903, in Austria-Hungary; killed Oct. 6, 1944, in the Auschwitz-Birkenau death camp, was a German-speaking Czechoslovakian Jewish writer. She also set her poems to music.***

***On February 6, 1942, Ilse with her husband and second son were deported from Prague to Theresienstadt concentration camp. Ilse worked there in the children's infirmary.***

***(Their eldest son Hanuz survived in Sweden where he had been sent on a Kindertransport.)***

***Ilse continued to write poetry in the camp, such as the lullaby "Wiegala."***

***When the infirmary was designated for deportation to Auschwitz, Ilse Weber volunteered to accompany the sick children.***

***She, her son Tomáš and the other children were murdered soon after their arrival on October 6, 1944 in the gas chambers of the Auschwitz-Birkenau death camp.***

***A prisoner from the corps bearers group, who knew Ilse Weber from Theresienstadt, approached the waiting people.***

***"Is it true that we can shower after the journey?" he asked. She didn't want to lie so she replied,***

***"No, this is not a shower room, it's a gas chamber, and I'll give you some advice:***

***I have often heard you singing in the infirmary. Enter the gas chamber as fast as you can. Sit on the floor with the children and start singing. Sing what you used to sing with them.***

***This will help you inhale the gas faster. Otherwise you will be kicked to death by others when panic breaks out."*** He recounts that Ilse's reaction was strange:

***"She laughed absentmindedly, hugged one of the children and said:***

***"So we're not going to shower."'"***

***They are also reported to have sung the lullaby "Wiegala Wiegala."***

***After the war Willi, Ilse's surviving husband, returned to Theresienstadt to retrieve his wife's manuscripts of poems that the couple had written in before deportation.***

***They were preserved in this way and could be published posthumously.***

***(Wikipedia information source)***

**Br. Philipp Johannes Wagner OP**  
Rector of the Basilica Santa Sabina all'Aventino



"It happened, so it can happen again: this is the core of what we have to say. "1

These are the words of one of the rescued and furthermore one of the most important witnesses of the Shoah and what happened in German camps from Bredtveit to Fossoli, Carpi, from Drancy to Majdanek; to Dachau, Buchenwald, Mauthausen, to Treblinka, to Auschwitz. It is these words by Primo Levi, that welcome visitors to the "information center" of the "Memorial for the Murdered Jews of Europe "2 in Berlin. There, in the center of the German capital, a vast field of 2,711 concrete stelae on an area of 19,000 square meters commemorates the victims of the vicious National Socialist ideology, exterminated because they belonged to the Jewish people. Six million? More?

These are incalculable numbers, - unthinkable - because they are beyond the imagination of the possible.

Is such an impressively large memorial really needed to remember? Does it serve the victims? The deported and murdered Jews and their families? Does it serve the Germans, the perpetrators and their families, does it serve my generation and also the generations of the future? I am not able to answer the first question because only the saved and you, their families, the witnesses (and witnesses of witnesses) who share with us true and first-hand memories as memories that were lived and suffered, and - as I can only imagine - became a part of one's being can do this.

I can only answer the second question by saying "yes".

It serves the Germans, it serves my own and future generations as well as all those who were not yet born or those whose families were involved in the subtle networks of the perpetrators. It serves those who kept silent and would like to keep silent today because they refuse to face the reality of the guilt and complicit silence of the perpetrators. It serves because such a huge memorial cannot remain hidden and forces everyone, even those who just happen to pass by, to remember what happened.

"It happened, so it can happen again: this is the crux of what we have to say. "3

Professor Cassuto Morselli recounted, summarized, the events that took place on October 16, 1943 here in Rome. The events we remember together today. But what can I say. I have no personal memories. I was born in 1969. In 1943 my parents were children. Documents, diaries, letters or material memories that could have told something about my grandparents' past were already lost in the 1980s. What do I know?

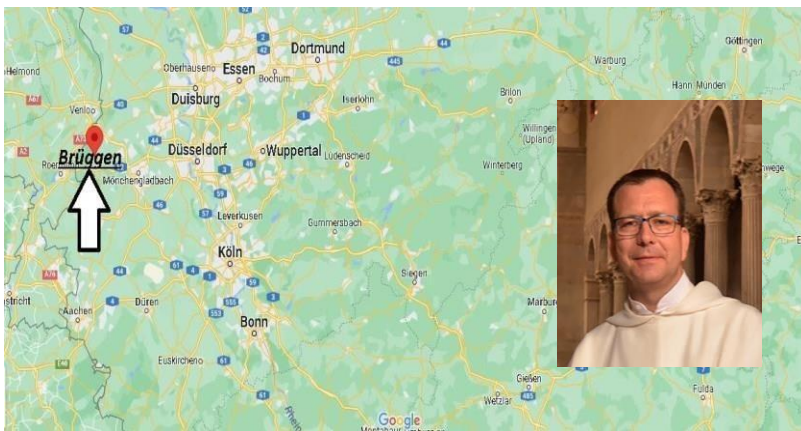


My grandparents were both members of the National Socialist Party. I don't know what they thought, did or knew. One died in 1941, the other in 1963. I never talked to them.

My mother's mother suffered from Alzheimer's disease and died when I was seven years old. The only witness was my father's mother. She once told me that "those times" were "terrible times." She told me that Hitler was a criminal and that she was happy when he was gone. She once told me that she knew that "they were coming to take the Jews away" but that she only learned some time before the end of the war that they were deported to be killed. She hardly ever talked about the period that was "wartime" for her.

I am one of the many children of the generations who did not know and did not want to know, who perhaps could have spoken but remained silent. What can I say as one who has nothing to remember? What can I say as a German, Christian (Dominican) who has lived in Rome for only a few years?

I grew up in Brüggen, a small town in the Lower Rhineland that, 80 years ago numbered about 1,600 inhabitants.



A town that never in history played such an important and decisive role as Rome but nevertheless shares with Rome a common history that I would like to share with you, on the day when we remember October 16, 1943, the day of the rounding up of the Jews in Rome, because of the frightening resemblance.

2

On the morning of December 11, 1941, an SS squad stormed the homes of two (of the three) Jewish families who were still in Brüggen. Alex and Julie Wolff, Albert and Erna Braun with Fritz and Regina, in a raid that lasted not even half an hour, were captured and pulled out of their homes, thrown into a truck and taken immediately to the Düsseldorf-Derendorf freight yard where a train was already waiting. Everything happened with great haste, because on that day the *Reichsbahn* 4 had insisted on the train's punctual departure, and to speed up they also stabbed 60 to 70 people in one of the cattle cars. The train left Düsseldorf-Derendorf on December 11 at 10:20 a.m. and arrived in Riga in Latvia on December 13 at 11:35 p.m. Traces are lost there but the report of a German military man who accompanied this *Judentransport* leaves no doubt: the Wolf and Braun families and the other 1001 Jews deported from the Lower Rhineland on that day were killed within the next few months after their arrival. 5

In Brüggen, in my village, none of the neighbors had seen or heard anything-in a street in a small town where nothing ever happened. No one had heard the sound of cars and a truck, no one had seen that 6 people, 4 adults and two children, were pulled out of their homes, put in that truck and taken away. No one had heard screams. No one had seen that the day after December 11, two houses were empty. No one had seen furniture being taken away to be sold at one of the auctions organized by the Nazis to sell Jewish property.





*First "stumbling stones" are laid in Bruegge by the German artist Gunther Demnig in december2022. (foto: Rheinische Post)*

No one had seen anything. In fact: for years, for decades it was told in my hometown that all the Jews had managed to escape to England (it is true that the minor children of one of these families and the third family of Jews had managed to escape, but they were not in the country at the time of the deportation).

No one wanted to remember the deportation and extermination, no one wanted to talk about it. We rightly remember and wonder why the Pope, Pius XII, why the Church kept silent; we rightly remember and wonder what role religious anti-Judaism played as the origin of ideological anti-Semitism.

But all this does not sufficiently explain why we kept silent: The neighbors, the Germans, the Christians, the Catholics ... - those who could have remembered at least after the end of the National Socialist regime and those who should have known, so that this part of history - even if not experienced firsthand - becomes a part of collective memory and will not be forgotten and never silenced.

Why do I tell you all this?

For two reasons. Firstly, - because I believe that even one who at first glance has nothing to remember must remember and honor the victims, which we do today specifically for the Jews of Rome who were deported as a result of the October 16, 1943 roundup. With regard to the unthinkable monstrosity of the Shoah it seems impossible to be able to do this for all the victims but I believe that -- insofar as this remembrance is also a symbolic act that refers back to history as a whole -- every single remembrance, every single shared testimony helps not to forget. The second reason...? "It happened, so it can happen again (...). "6

If we, that is, my own generation and future generations (like you, the students who have come here today to remember) do not remember and if we do not become witnesses to the witnesses we run the risk that what happened will happen again.

If we retreat into the same silence as the neighbors, the Germans, the Christians -- of all those who saw and did not want to look and all those who heard and did not want to speak -- we leave this millimeter too much space for the deniers, for those who try to relativize or trivialize the Shoah and for those who say "but enough is enough."

But talking about it will never be enough because silence kills victims a second time and 3 can lead to new killings.

Silence is the force from which the anti-Semites, the neo-Nazis, the neo-fascists draw profit because silence suggests the complicity of the masses: those who keep silent agree. I do not want to agree. Every word that remembers the victims, every word that points a clear finger at the cruelty and barbarity of the crimes of National Socialism - and at those who take up its invectives today takes space away from these ideologies. The words spoken by us today are repeated. They are probably repeated every year, they are repeated in other places, in other cities where the deportation and extermination of Jews is remembered: in Rome, in Jerusalem, in Berlin, in my small town in the Lower Rhineland.

Does it do any good? (Doing and repeating the same words...) The same question as for the "Memorial for the Murdered Jews of Europe" in Berlin in its impressive size. Does it serve? I say yes.

Because every word-even repeated words-cover silence. Every word against silence is a rejection of anti-Semitism and every word helps us remember together that what happened might never happen again.

But beware.

"It happened, therefore it can happen again: this is the crux of what we have to say. "7

1 Primo Levi, *The Drowned and the Saved*, Turin [Einaudi] 2007 (= eBook), p. e-pub 229.

2 Denkmal für die ermordeten Juden Europas.

3 Primo Levi, *The Drowned and the Saved*, Turin [Einaudi] 2007 (= eBook), p. e-pub 229.

4 Reich Railway

5 I had at my disposal only very few written sources about the history of the Jews in Brüggen and their deportation, and I refer to the rare accounts of an elderly lady from my village when I was a child. For a more in-depth look at the chapter "Die jüdische Gemeinde" (the Jewish Community in:

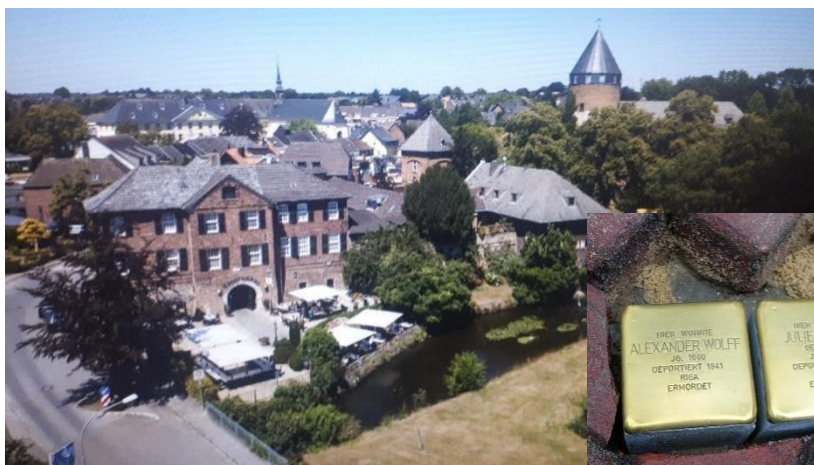
Bernhard Röttgen, *Brüggen und Born im Schwalmtal. Beiträge zur Heimatgeschichte. Unveränderter Nachdruck der Ausgabe 1934. Mit einer*

*Einführung von Dr. Leo Peters, Brüggen - published by the municipality of Brüggen - 1987, 336-339. Also: Bernhard Röttgen, *Juden in Brüggen, in:**

*Brüggen gestern und heute. Geschichte und Geschichten. Menschen und Menschliches* (=Brüggener Schriftenreihe 3), Brüggen - published by the municipality of Brüggen - 1998, 19-26. The text was probably written in 1946 but was included in the volume without specific indications.

6 Primo Levi, *The Drowned and the Saved*, Turin [Einaudi] 2007 (= e-book), p. e-pub 229.

7 Ibid.



#### **Brüggen**

(f: Andreas Braun, Niederrhein Tourismus)

#### **Stumble Stones in Brüggen**

(f: Rheinische Post)

## *L'énigme éternelle* di Maurice Ravel

## *The eternal riddle*

m. Ravel t. anonymous (vers yddish)



Maurice Ravel (f. foto: g geboren.am)

Frägt die Velt die alte Kasche  
Tra la tra la la la la  
Ent fernt men  
Tra la la la la la  
Un as men will kennen sagen  
Tra la la la la la  
Frägt die Velt die alte Kasche  
Tra la la la la la

The world asks the ancient question  
Tra la tra la la la  
the answer says  
Tra la la la la la  
and if you wanted you could also say.  
Tra la la la la la  
The world asks the ancient question  
Tra la la la la la

## Second part of the reading of the names of the victims deported after October 16th, 1943



Settimio Marino  
Albert Meisel o Meizel  
Alberto Menasci  
Camillo Menasci  
Cesare Marco Menasci  
Enrico Menasci  
Vittorio Vittore Menasci  
Adolfo Mieli  
Angelo Isacco Mieli  
Armando Mieli  
Bruno Settimio Mieli  
Crescenzo Mieli

Giovanni Mieli  
Guglielmo Armando Mieli  
Guglielmo Gino Mieli  
Michele Mieli  
Pacifico Mieli  
Tranquillo Mieli  
Silvana Milano  
Benedetto Misano  
Claudio Misano  
Marco Mario Misano  
Perla Emma Misano  
Servadio Achille  
Misano

Giacomo Misano  
Giuseppe Misano  
Cesare Moresco  
Davide David  
Moresco  
Elisabetta Moresco  
Ester Esterina  
Moresco  
Giorgio Moresco  
Romolo Abramo Moresco  
Zaccaria Moresco  
Angelo Moscati Moscato  
Asriele Cesare Moscati Moscato  
Elia Moscati Moscato

Ester Moscati Moscato  
Vito Giacomo Moscati Moscato  
Alberto Moscati  
Angelo *detto* Corcontento Moscati  
Cesare Moscati  
Davide David Moscati  
Giovanni Moscati  
Anselmo Moscati Moscato  
Orabona Moscato Moscato  
Elia Moscato  
Giuseppe Moscato  
Pace Moscato

Pacifico Moscato  
Caroline Nachmann  
Ugo Novelli  
Israel Ossia  
Armando Pace  
Celeste Pace  
Corrado Pace  
Renato Pace  
Umberto Alberto Pace  
Angelo Pavoncello  
Anselmo Angelino Pavoncello  
Anselmo Pavoncello

Leone Pavoncello  
Renata Pavoncello *bambina di 1 anno*  
Samuele Pavoncello  
Umberto Pavoncello  
Vittorio Emanuele Pavoncello  
Karl Pea  
Angelo Vito Perugia  
Debora Perugia  
Fortunata Perugia  
Giovanni Perugia  
Mario Perugia  
Settimio Perugia

Vito Perugia  
Giacomo Piattelli  
Lello Piattelli  
Marco Piattelli  
Zaccaria Cesare Piattelli  
Donato Piazza  
Eugenio Piazza Sed Piazza o Sed  
Consola *detta* Cosella Piazza/Sed Sed  
*bambina di 6 anni*  
Leda Piazza/Sed Sed *bambina di 4 anni*  
Angelo Piazza Sed  
Emanuele Picciaccio  
Aldo *detto* Chianuione Piperno

Angelo Giuseppe Piperno  
Benedetto Ugo Piperno  
Giacomo Piperno  
Renato Piperno  
Roberto Mosè Piperno  
Settimio Peppone Piperno  
Aldo Polacco  
Ester Pontecorvo  
Olga Pontecorvo  
Sara Pontecorvo  
Enrico Ravenna  
Giacomo Jean Jacques Ravicz o Rawicz

Armando Rignani  
Martin Roger  
Paola Rosati  
Alcher Roth (o Rothschild)  
Menny Meny Rothschild  
Miriam Myriam Rothschild  
Carlo Salvatore Sabatello  
Michele Sabatello  
Settimio Sabatello  
Angelo Salmoni  
Celeste Salmoni  
Riccardo Salmoni

Rosa Salmoni  
Rebecca Samuel  
Elsa Sarne  
Ernst Sass  
Peter Sass  
Oscar Saveri  
Sara Schubert  
Augusta Schuler  
Marco Sciunnach figlio di Angelo  
Marco Sciunnach figlio di Emanuele  
Settimio Sciunnach  
Leonardo Sed (Piazza Sed)

Alberto Sed (Piazza o Sed)  
Giulia Sed (Piazza o Sed)  
Marco (Sed ) Piazza Sed  
Pacifico Sed (Sed Piazza)  
Giuseppe Sed  
Angelica Sed  
Angelo Sed  
Cesira Sed *bambina di 2 anni*  
Emma Sed *bambina di 9 anni*  
Graziano Sed  
Pacifico Il Toscanino Sed  
Pacifico Sed

Lello Sed (Piazza Piazza o Sed (Sed))  
Graziano Graziadio *detto* Servadio Sed  
Piazza (Sed o Piazza)  
Alberto Segre Segrè  
Attilio (Attiglio) Segre Segrè  
Marco Segre Segrè *bambino di 2 anni*  
Mario Anselmo Segre Segrè  
Giacobbe Giacomo Sereni  
Isacco Sereni  
Amedeo Sermoneta  
Benedetto Sermoneta  
Isacco Sermoneta  
Marco Sermoneta

children,  
women and  
men  
deported  
from Rome  
after October  
16, 1943, and  
never  
returned  
MAY THE  
MEMORY OF  
THEIR NAMES  
BE A  
BLESSING



Mario Sermoneta *figlio di Benedetto*  
 Mario Sermoneta *figlio di Isaia*  
 Renata Sermoneta *bambina di 10 anni*  
 Salvatore Sermoneta *figlio di Abramo*  
 Salvatore Sermoneta *figlio di Benedetto*  
 Salvatore Sermoneta *figlio di Prospero*  
 Sergio Isaia Sermoneta  
 Virginia Sermoneta  
 Vittorio Sermoneta  
 Aldo Gastone Servi  
 Aldo Sestieri  
 Celeste Sestieri

children,  
 women  
 and men  
 deported  
 from  
 Rome  
 after

October  
 16, 1943,  
 and  
 never  
 returned

Olga Solal  
 Arturo Soliani  
 Umberto Soliani  
 Alberto Sonnino  
 Amadio Amedeo Sonnino  
 Angelo Pace Sonnino  
 Angelo Sonnino *figlio di Giacobbe*  
 Angelo Sonnino *figlio di Gabriele*  
 Angelo Sonnino *figlio di Samuele*  
 Angelo Sonnino *figlio di Amedeo*  
 David Sonnino  
 David Sonnino

Eugenio Sonnino  
 Gabriele Sonnino  
 Giacobbe Sonnino  
 Guglielmo Sonnino  
 Isacco Sonnino  
 Manlio Sonnino  
 Marco Sonnino  
 Mario Marco Sonnino  
 Nella Sonnino  
 Pacifico Armando Sonnino  
 Renato Sonnino  
 Rubino Traballa Sonnino

Samuele Lello Rubino Sonnino  
 Samuele Sonnino  
 Tina Sonnino  
 Umberto Sonnino  
 Aurelio Peppino Spagnoletto  
 Leonardo Spagnoletto  
 Mario Spagnoletto  
 Noe' Giuseppe (Peppino) Spagnoletto  
 Rosa Spagnoletto  
 Settimio Spagnoletto  
 Alberto Abramo Umberto Spizzichino  
 Alberto Spizzichino

Angelo Spizzichino  
 Elvira Spizzichino  
 Enrica Enrichetta Ricca Spizzichino  
 Eugenio Spizzichino *figlio di Israele*  
 Eugenio Spizzichino *figlio di Ruen Ruben*  
 Giacomo Spizzichino *figlio di Ruen Ruben*  
 Giacomo Spizzichino *figlio di Vitale*  
 Giuseppe Spizzichino  
 Graziano Spizzichino  
 Graziella Grazia Spizzichino  
 Jader Spizzichino  
 Lazzar Spizzichino

Letizia Spizzichino  
 Michele Ezio Spizzichino  
 Mosè Otello Spizzichino  
 Pacifico Spizzichino *figlio di Giacobbe*  
 Pacifico Spizzichino *figlio di Mosè*  
 Rosa Rosina Spizzichino  
 Rubino Spizzichino  
 Sara Sarina Spizzichino  
 Umberto Spizzichino *figlio di Giacobbe*  
 Umberto Spizzichino *figlio di Settimio*  
 Gertruda Gertrude Striks o Stricks  
 Isidor Striks o Stricks

Peter Szakacs  
 Szlama Szmidt  
 Angelo Tagliacozzo  
 Arnaldo Tagliacozzo  
 David Tagliacozzo  
 Gino Tagliacozzo  
 Michele Tagliacozzo  
 Pacifico Tagliacozzo  
 Fatina Fachina Tazartes o Tezartes  
 Alberto Terracina  
 Amedeo Terracina  
 Anna Terracina

Cesare Terracina  
 Giovanni Terracina  
 Leo Terracina  
 Leone Terracina  
 Leone David Terracina  
 Pellegrino Terracina  
 Raffaele Raffaello Terracina  
 Rina Terracina  
 Vittorio Emanuele Terracina  
 Paolo Tolentino  
 Roberto Valabrega  
 Dario Veneziani

Donato Veneziani  
 Giacomo Veneziani  
 Ubaldo Veneziani  
 Laura Vita Finzi  
 Isacco Vivanti o Vivante  
 Angelo Vivanti *figlio di Abramo*  
 Angelo Vivanti *figlio di David*  
 Beniamino Vivanti  
 Elisabetta detta Betta Vivanti  
 Emanuele Vivanti  
 Giacomo Vivanti  
 Italia Vivanti

Mosè Vivanti  
 Vitale Vivanti  
 Vito Vivanti  
 Adrio Volterra  
 Mario Volterra  
 Fritz Israel (Warschaner o) Warschauer  
 Oser Warszawski  
 Eugenio Wazsony  
 Arnold Weiss  
 Max Wessely  
 Ceslav Xapcisk  
 Alberto Abramo Zarfati

Celeste Zarfati  
 Cesare Zarfati  
 Giacomo Giacomino detto Lupone Zarfati  
 Lamberto Zarfati  
 Lazzaro Zarfati  
 Leone Zarfati  
 Marco David Zarfati  
 Marco Zarfati *figlio di Giacomo*  
 Marco Zarfati *figlio di Salvatore*  
 Michele Zarfati *figlio di Alberto*  
 Michele Zarfati *figlio di Angelo*  
 Pacifico Pace Zarfati

Primo Zarfati  
 Rina Zarfati  
 Roberto Abramo (Alberto) Zarfati  
 Salomone Pacifico Zarfati  
 Sergio Zarfati  
 Settimio Zarfati  
 Silvana Zarfati  
 Vitale Zarfati  
 Josef Moses Zimmerspitz  
 Rosalia Zimmerspitz

MAY THE MEMORY

OF THEIR NAMES

BE A BLESSING

All children,  
all women  
and all men  
deported from Rome and  
cruelly murdered  
after October 16, 1943  
whose names  
we will never know

**MAY THEIR MEMORY  
BE A BLESSING**



## I'll be your mirror di Lou Reed

I'll be your mirror,  
reflect what you are  
in case you don't know.

I'll be the wind, the rain and the sunset,  
the light on your door to show that you're home.

When you think the night has seen your mind  
that inside you're twisted and unkind,  
let me stand to show that you are blind,  
please put down your hands 'cause I see you.

I find it hard to believe  
you don't know the beauty you are,  
but if you don't let me be your eyes  
a hand to your darkness so you won't be afraid.



Lou Reed (foto: New Yorker.com)

When you think the night has seen your mind  
that inside you're twisted and unkind  
let me stand to show that you are blind  
please put down your hands 'cause I see you.

**I'll be your mirror reflect what you are**



**Wednesday, October 26, 2022 4:00 p.m.**

Remembering the Shoah Together at Regina Coeli Judicial Prison



*Lighting of three candles from the Auschwitz Memorial*

**Undzer Shtetl brent! by Mordechai Gebirtig**

**Our city is on fire!**

S'brent! Briderleh s'brent!

Oy, undzer orem shtetl nebekh brent!

Beyze vintn mit yirgozn  
raysn, brekhn a tseblozn ,  
shtarker nokh of vilde flamn,  
alts arum shoy n brent!

Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh  
Mit farleygte hent.  
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh -  
undzer shtetl brent!

S'brent! Briderleh s'brent!

Oy, undzer orem shtetl nebekh brent!

S'hobn shoy n of fayersungen  
s'gantse shtetl ayngeshlungen  
a di beyze vintn hudshen-  
undzer shtetl brent!

Fire, brothers, fire!

Ahimeh, our poor little town is on fire!

Raging and terrible winds are  
hissing and fueling the bonfire.  
Louder and louder are the fierce flames,  
already all around is burning!

And you stand by and watch  
with your arms folded.  
And you stand by watching  
while our little town is burning!

To fire, brothers, to fire!

Alas, our poor, little town is on fire!

Already the tongues of fire  
greedily lap the whole town,  
while bad winds are roaring-  
our little town is on fire!





Soprano **FRIEDAMARIA WALLBRECHER**, Munich

Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh  
mit farleygte hent.  
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh -  
undzer shtetl brent!

S'brent! Briderleh s'brent!  
Es ken kholile kumen der moment  
undzer shtot mit undz tsuzamen  
zol oyf ash avek in flamen,  
blaybn zol - vi nokh to shlakht,  
nor puste, shvartse vent!

Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh  
mit farleygte hent.  
Un ir shteyt un kukt azoy zikh -  
undzer shtetl brent!

S'brent! Briderleh s'brent!  
Of hilf iz nor in aykh aleyn gevendt!  
Oyb dos shtetl iz aykh tayer,  
nemt di keylim, lesht dos fayer,  
lesht mit ayer eygn blut,  
bavayzt, az ir dos kent.

Shteyt nit, brider, ot azoy zikh  
mit farleygte hent.  
**Shteyt nit, brider, lesht dos fayer -  
undzer shtetl brent!**

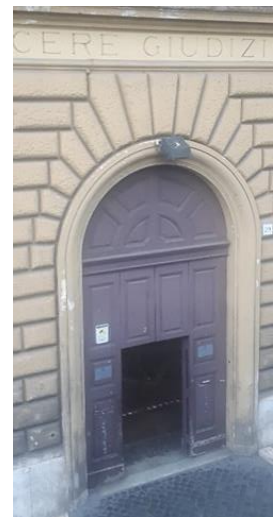
*And you stand by and watch  
with your arms folded.  
And you stand by and watch  
while our little town is burning!*

*To fire! Brothers, to fire!  
Even for us all the moment may come  
that our city together with us.  
become ashes because of the flames.  
As after a great battle  
there will be left only the bare black walls.*

*And you stand by and watch.  
with your arms folded.  
And you stand and watch  
while our little town is burnin*

*To the fire, brothers to the fir  
Only you can save her!  
If the little town is dear to you  
take the tools, put out the fire  
put it out with your own bloo  
prove that you are capable!*

*Don't stand there brothers, watching,  
with your arms folded;  
**don't stand there like this, brothers, put out the fire  
for it is our little town that burning!***



## **Mr. NANDO TAGLIACOZZO**

*Family member of deportees*



*Ricordiamo insieme – Let's remember together*

Reflections on the meeting at Regina Coeli prison.

The association Ricordiamo Insieme, Remember Together, aims to remember what happened at that time “together”, together Jews and Catholics, trying to unite, to close a certain chain. Right now, while we are standing here, there is another group doing Remembrance in St. Peter's Square, and when we are done here we will go to the CASD, Academy for Higher Defense Studies, the famous courtyard where those arrested on October 16, 1943 were held.

We are standing in front of the Regina Coeli prison: the prison of Rome.

This is an initiative of the "Ricordiamo Insieme" Association and succeeded with the gentle cooperation of the Prison Management.

During Fascism, and even more so during the nine months of Nazi-Fascist occupation, from September 1943 to early June 1944, this prison played an important role in the treatment of political and racial prisoners arrested during that period.

They passed through here before being transferred to Fossoli, and from there to Auschwitz, when not killed instantly, as was the case for many, shot at Fortress Bravetta. And as it happened to others, many Jews, certainly blameless, sadly known to have been destined for the Ardeatine Caves.

I have a special relationship with the Regina Coeli Prison.

In fact, my father also passed through here, for about twenty days in February 1944. He had been taken a few days earlier as a result of a vile denunciation by an alleged "friend." After a day at the *Mussolini barracks* and a few days at *Via Tasso*, (*German SS torturing prison*) he had arrived here at Regina Coeli. He would remain there some 20 days. Confined in cell 386 of the Third Prison Wing. How did I get to know these details ? Not from official documents, but from here, from the Regina Coeli prison, several notes, clearly clandestine, somehow reached my mother; because of their size, because of the handwriting, they still preserve traces of the tight rolling up to get them somehow through the meshes of the inevitable surveillance by the guards. I particularly cherish a letter written shortly before his transfer. These few notes received from Regina Coeli speak to the soul.

In addition to the recommendations to my mother, to take care of us children, my brother David and myself, since he had been able to perceive the presence of even little ones, children, in the prison, it contains blessings and hope for a better tomorrow, out of the storm he was going through. Although he doesn't say it, for all that was known later, we know that he would be transferred to Fossoli. (*Italian concentration camp*) Even from Fossoli we received notes. But these, from Fossoli, are official, clearly subject to censorship.

These passages, particularly the one from Regina Coeli, raise unpleasant reflections about how much the Italian state participated in the Shoah. With its apparatus, with its structures, with its men. Reflections that leave a bitter taste in our mouths, reflections which despite the many years, the decades that have passed have not come to an end. And those who should have said something about it did not say anything.

It must be said that the notes received from Regina Coeli also give rise to other reflections of the opposite kind. Who got those notes out? What roads did they travel and how many hands touched them to get them to my mother? Still unknown to me are those who worked to ensure that those sheets reached their destination and all of them deserve gratitude and thanks that I have never been able to formulate.

I hope that we will continue these encounters, from these places, which certainly deserve memory and also deep reflection.



*The two stumbling stones in front of Regina Coeli prison,*

**Paskvala Blazevic**, born in Sibenik (Dalmatia) 13.5.1920, son of Antonio and Paic Paola, from Sibenik, barber, unmarried, arrested 26.12.1943 by P.S. Castro Pretorio agents, entered Regina Coeli 27.12.1943 at 16.00, matr. no.13842 by disposition of Questura Comm. Casini, 4.1.1944 "Requested by Questura", deported and registered in Mauthausen on 13.1.1944 with matr. no.42005. died in Gusen on 19.4.1945

**Jean Bourdet**, cell no. 278 born in Pau (Department Low Pyrenees) 19.02.1919, dwelling in Formello, profession elementary school teacher, taken over 3.1.1944 at 12 noon by Tommiak P. Amo, Sceling Group, from SS Kptch Wagner of S.D., items withdrawn: none, discharged 4.1.1944 5 p.m. following security service notice of 4.1.1944 for transfer to Germany, deported and registered in Mauthausen on 13.1.1944 under no.4201, died in Ebensee on 30.4.1945 (source info ANED archive)

*As Association Ricordiamo Insieme we consider it important to put a memorial plaque at the Regina Coeli Judicial Prison in memory of the Jewish victims detained within these walls during the German Nazi occupation....*

## **Br. Sergio Cognigni**

for the Chaplain of the Regina Coeli judicial prison Fr. Vittorio Trani



*Buongiorno, greetings, I welcome all of you!*

Welcome to this 10th edition of Ricordiamo Insieme,  
the second one at Regina Coeli Judicial Prison.

Remembering is not simply a fact related to our past history but it is a reading of history to learn and make choices based also on lived experiences. Choices, which must be repeated if only positive and continued, but choices that must be erased if they are negative and destructive.

We are here in front of a penitentiary, it is Regina Coeli prison.

Regina Coeli, as you know very well, means Queen of Heaven, it is Mary, Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven and Earth, the one who witnesses in her life the victory of good over evil, of life over death.

This place for many years, was a monastery and was transformed into a place of detention for those who did wrong. From this place detainees were taken, about fifty of them, to be taken to the Fosse Ardeatine, and killed there. A really black page of our history that we want to remember, as I told you, so that this evil will never happen again, never again!

And we say this today when we hear even in the media some news that are certainly not serene, indeed rather alarming. Today we want to strongly repeat "never again," and we want to remember precisely for this reason.

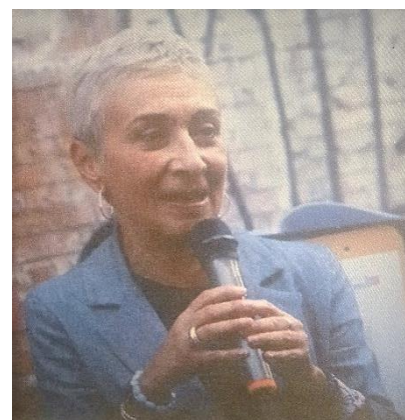
Certainly the Shoah is also about Mary, Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven, she is a Jew. Jesus is a Jew. Pope St. Paul John II called the Jewish People "our elder brothers." We are really one family that wants to make an idea of hope present to this world. So we really welcome the young people who have come here to share this our moment of remembrance and hope. We want to welcome Nando Tagliacozzo and Lia Tagliacozzo and of course also the singer who will help us live this moment.



**DR. CLAUDIA CLEMENTI**  
**Director of the Regina Coeli Judicial Prison**

Thank you, thank you to all of you,

this year unfortunately we learnt at the last moment about this initiative and unfortunately for this kind of events we need authorizations from our higher offices. I hope that for the next year the initiative can be carried out inside the institute which, as you see, is located here in front and has a long history related precisely to the period of World War II. The memories are not pleasant.



However, it pleases me to be here today.

The name of the Let's Remember Together, the Ricordiamo Insieme Association is important; in my opinion, Memory, to be effective, must in fact be shared, to remain within each of us. It has to be shared among everyone. And then I am especially pleased to see that there are young people participating in this initiative. Those who are of a certain age or have experienced these periods directly, or like me perhaps had parents who experienced them, know and remember what happened. I am very grateful to my parents for making me a part of what they experienced, just to treasure it. Those, on the other hand, who are very young, and perhaps no longer even have the opportunity to hear these narratives from those who lived through those periods, and perhaps only read something in history books, it is important that they can have the opportunity to learn about these things and remember them together.

Next year we will try to organize this initiative within the Institute, where, as a result of a specific constraint, the section run by the S.S. during the period of the Nazi occupation of Rome was left as it was at the time, precisely so as not to forget.

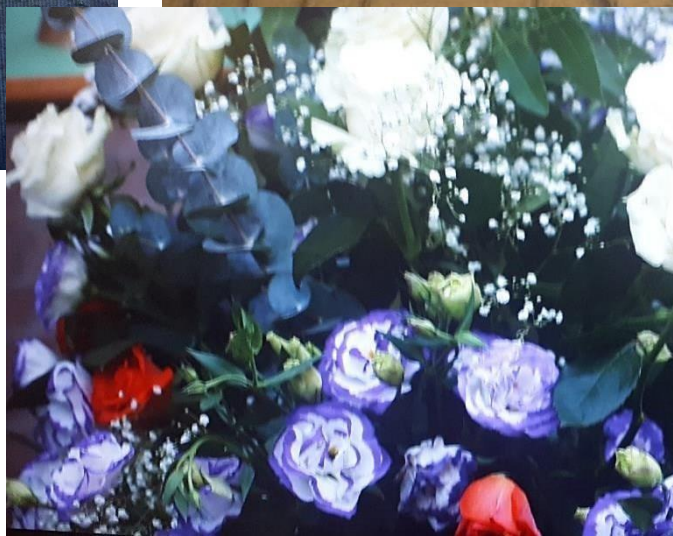
From this section people were taken to Via Tasso to be tortured or sent to concentration camps, and by the way it is the section in which in that sad period people like Sandro Pertini or like Umberto Terracini were detained.

As Director of this facility I also feel responsible in passing on this baggage that is so burdensome but at the same time so important for all of us.

I therefore make the commitment for next year to organize this initiative at the Institute, subject to all the necessary authorizations.

Dear students, treasure this, because it is important!

*Oseh Shalom Bimromav* t. from the Jewish liturgy (Kaddish) m. Nurit Hirsh



במרומיו שלום עושה  
עלינו שלום יעשה הוא  
ישראל עם כל ועל  
אמן אמרו, ואמרו

Oseh shalom bim'romav  
hi ya'aseh shalom aleinu  
v'al kol Ysrael  
v'imru, imru amen.

Ya'aseh shalom, ya'aseh shalom  
shalom aleinu v'al kol Ysrael.

He who makes peace in the heavens  
may give peace upon us  
and on all Israel  
and we say, we say amen.

Give peace, give peace  
peace upon us and upon all Israel.

## IN MEMORY OF ARNALDO TAGLIACOZZO

### Dr. LIA TAGLIACOZZO

Writer, family member of deportees

REGINA COELI - 26 OTTOBRE 2022



*Arnaldo Tagliacozzo with his son Davide*

Dear Doctor, Director Claudia Clementi, Dear Guests and especially dear girls and boys who are with us today.

As I speak to you, thoughts are turned together to the past and the future.

My name is Tagliacozzo and many Tagliacozzos passed within these walls in the months of the Nazi occupation of Rome. It is with thoughts of one of them that I speak to you today: his name was Arnaldo Tagliacozzo and he was my grandfather. A grandfather I never knew, he died long before I was born. He died in Auschwitz probably in November or December 1944. Today-after the establishment of Remembrance Day-the civil calendar has acquired the date of the liberation of the death camp, January 27, as a shared date. It probably would have been enough for Grandfather to hold out for a few more weeks to stay alive and welcome the Soviet Union troops who liberated the camp in '45. But history is not made with ifs.

Grandfather died, and his journey to Auschwitz began right here. From this doorway, this hallway. Because this is where the Jews captured after October 16 of the great raid were being led. And there were about 750 of them in the nine months of German occupation of the city. Basically, boys and girls, a school year.

Reconstructing a single fate, the fate of Grandpa Arnaldo, among the 7579 of the Italian and foreign Jews who died or were deported from our country between September 8, '43 and May 2, '45 is difficult but fortunately historical research goes forward, (not content with data acquired once and for all) digs, delves deeper and new documents emerge. Because it is history what we are talking about today and it has to do with the search for truth.



*Prof. Anna Cividalli,  
Lia's mother*







And the truth of those dark years is that Fascist Italy established the special courts that filled this prison with anti-fascists, with people of all social classes who were fighting for a free and democratic Italy.

I live next to the place where Leone Ginzburg - an anti-fascist intellectual and man of letters, editor of the clandestine newspaper *l'Italia libera* - was captured and died in the infirmary of this prison from the torture he suffered. Gaetano Salvemini and Alcide De Gasperi, Antonio Gramsci and Ernesto Rossi, among others, passed through these cells, and even Cesare Pavese. Among those prisoners were also Sandro Pertini and Giuseppe Saragat, two future Presidents of the Republic, Presidents of the democratic and antifascist Italy born, therefore, also

within the walls of this prison. Pertini and Saragat were made to escape, if I have reconstructed correctly, thanks to the role of prison doctor Alfredo Monaco and his wife Marcella Ficca. Because there was a network of relationships that bound - and still binds today - the prison to the city. They were let out by a ruse and escaped. And they resumed their struggle in the Resistance. Then, between July 25, with the fall of Mussolini, and September 8<sup>th</sup>, '43, the fascists were imprisoned instead. But it was short-lived. First, it was fascist Italy itself that in 1938 enacted the racial laws and rendered Jews and, among them, Grandpa Arnaldo, Grandma Lina, my Aunt Ada, Uncle David, Dad, Mom, and all the others in my family-even the Florentine Cividalli and Servi and the Ferrara Bonfiglioli- second class citizens. All of them became second-class citizens, deprived of those rights that today are instead guaranteed for all by the '48 Constitution. Rights that must also be guaranteed within these walls, which must be guaranteed -as the Constitution states- in every prison in our country.

My family history, with its mourners, is hinged in here: my grandfather, however, did not manage to escape, as Saragat and Pertini did, but his days of imprisonment, the days of grandfather Arnaldo as a prisoner, tell us something not only about the past but also about the present and the future.

[Grandfather - precisely - did not leave Regina Coeli except to go to Fossoli and then, from there, to Auschwitz.](#)

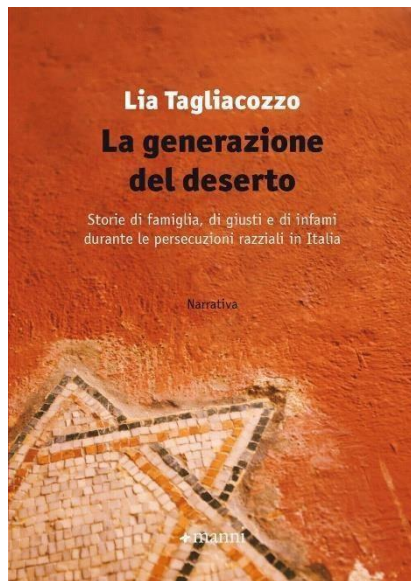
But let's take a step back: grandfather Arnaldo was captured for spying in early February 1944. It was a friend who reported him. For decades we ignored his name.

My grandmother kept quiet about it: To shelter her children and grandchildren from the desire for revenge? To give herself a chance to move on? Grandma Lina has been dead for many years now and we will never know. Only a couple of years ago, among the family papers, we found the name of the traitor. I will not say it. I did not write it in my book

'The Desert Generation' (*Manni publisher*), and - stubbornly - my memory refuses to remember it. I quote his initials: E. G. but I really don't remember the name even now that I know it.

I call him 'the infamous one' and that's enough for me. My grandfather, however, does not deal with him in the letters he writes from Regina Coeli; there are five of them, written in pencil in furious handwriting.





(left: cover of Lia Tagliacozzo's book: *The generation of the desert*)

In the first one a note in the upper right-hand corner reads:  
*"third arm, cell number 346."*

I can assume that this is a cell that still exists today. They were letters that - somehow, clandestinely - grandfather managed to get out of prison: the last one is dated February 22 or 23, 1944, about twenty days after his capture:  
*"Dear Lina, they tell me now that in a couple of hours we are leaving. To you, to David, to Fernando, together with Ada, Mama, Amedeo, Attilio, Olga, Adele, to all our family my thoughts and affection. And that the separation will be brief and that He wants us all to be found safe and sound at the end of this harsh test."*

(at this point Grandmother Eleanor and Aunt Ada, aged eight, had already died in the gas chambers, Uncle Amedeo survived a few months longer, the others were saved).

The letter continues further on:

*"I hope in God that we will spend our next birthday united safely at home.*

*I commend to you our children who you find entrusted to you alone. Do not move outside any more for any reason and take care of them.*

*If you can learn anything about our far away relatives* –(he refers to those who were captured on October 16 and whose fate was still unknown at that time -  
*but without seeking danger, do so. I recommend that you never leave our children, may God bless them and their daddy blesses them, too.*

*I hug and kiss you all. Be strong and wise, don't despair and think that God wants to still test us and try to make us be better persons and appreciate what He gives us. I love everyone and believe that I miss my children and you as much as ever."*

Ada, grandma Eleonora, Nando, David Tagliacozzo, circa 1943, last foto shortly before their deportation to Auschwitz



This was one of the letters that came out of the prison building by clandestine means, the others- those sent from the Italian concentration camp at Fossoli, near Modena- were obviously addressed to non-Jewish friends and had to pass censorship. In those letters Grandfather asks for food and money to cope with life in the camp. He will stay there until April 5 when he is deported to Auschwitz, from there on his traces are lost. Thus from Grandfather Arnaldo, a free man albeit behind bars, only these last five letters remain.

Yet the question remains: how did those letters come out of prison?

For me it remains a vital question because it interrogates the past as much as the present. The letters are addressed to 'Aryan' friends, so to speak, in the impossibility of reaching my grandmother directly, who had to stay hidden. Yet these letters still left the prison by mysterious illegitimate routes:

it was not official correspondence that went through the censorship office. I can only speculate and imagine: did other racial prisoners get them out? Or political prisoners? Or common criminals? Compliant guards? Or perhaps, again, the prison doctor? Or the chaplain?



To conceive a prison as isolated from the outside world is not realistic today and it was not realistic then, although being the jail of a dictatorial state, in time of war and during military occupation.

It remains that many hands touched those five letters: I will never know whether people did it out of pure humanity or for money. There remains the unquenchable interest of understanding to whom they belonged, to know who risked his life to get the words of a 42-year-old Jewish man to his family.

It is important to know who were those who risked, it is important to know who knew how to lend a friendly hand.

It is important to recognize the difference between a righteous person who saved lives and an infamous one who betrayed. It is important because it tells us something about what men and women are like, then and now. Because it tells us that the possibility of being a righteous person who extends a hand or an infamous one who betrays is still within our grasp and we must know how to make a difference. We must know how to choose.

From the Fossoli papers it can be reconstructed that grandfather Arnaldo is supposed to have arrived to Regina Coeli between February 25 and March 8, leaving from there on April 5. But throughout this research, writing these lines, I found a new indication --it was said before the research - that continues to deeply disturb me.

These are indications taken from the research work edited by Dominiek Oversteijns relating to the activities of Pope Pius XII presented on various occasions at the Pontifical Lateran University and listing in a table the 151 interventions made by Fr Pancrazio Pfeiffer in collaboration with the pope. At one point - among other family members - Grandfather's name appears.

*Arnaldo Tagliacozzo*

*Nature of arrest: Roman Jew*

*Request made by: Lino Zarfati in Tagliacozzo (instead of Lina, my grandmother).*

*Date of arrest February 4, 1944, and detained in Regina Coeli III wing, cell number 346*

*Deported on April 5 to Auschwitz*

*Date of request February 5, 1944 / there is also a second request after February 8*

*Date of intervention made by Fr. Pfeiffer: no date appears*



(in the foto: Dr. Ugo Foa, excluded from school as a child because of the racial laws))

Father Pfeiffer's intervention –assuming that there had been one, in any way did not have any outcome.

However, none of them returned to tell what they suffered. Neither those captured on October 16<sup>th</sup> nor the others captured in February. They were all killed. We know nothing about what happened to those who survived the initial selection in the months of captivity, whether perhaps they met, whether they comforted each other, exchanged news.

We don't know if they exchanged a piece of bread.

But, in searching for news about Pancrazio Pfeiffer, I find that after the war he also helped Erich Priebke - the SS captain who in March 1944 participated in the planning and execution of the massacre of the Fosse Ardeatine - escape. Thanks to Pfeiffer Erich Priebke lived serene decades in Argentina before facing, now an old man, a trial in Rome. Now older than all his victims. Once convicted he enjoyed the house arrest that the judicial order of the Italian Republic born of the Resistance and Antifascism guaranteed him.

The order Priebke wanted, and which he obeyed, instead took my grandfather and many others from Regina Coeli to slaughter. It is important to remember this, it is important to be able to make the differences, because the opposite of memory is not oblivion but injustice.



I have no idea how my grandmother could have got to know Father Pfeiffer. No one in the family has any memory of something like that.

I did not have the courage to go and look if the names [Amedeo Tagliacozzo](#), [Eleonora Sabatello](#) and [Ada Tagliacozzo](#), who were captured on October 16<sup>th</sup> and detained next door at the Military College, appeared among the calls for action.... if Grandma Lina had asked for help for them as well. Help that, however, did not come.

Grandfather Arnaldo and the others were not baptized, they were not powerful, they were just Jews.

What awaits us, then, is capillary, minute work to counter a view of the Shoah and Nazi-Fascism as something that is not about Italian history: grandfather Arnaldo was Italian, '*romano de' Roma*', born on November 8, 1901, and died at an unknown place and date.

For the Shoah was not only the industrialized massacre of millions of different people deemed inferior desired and carried out by the German Nazis but had in Italy faithful and solicitous collaborators and executors.

And now that poverty and hunger are threatening to touch us as never before in recent decades, that social exclusion is increasing due to the economic crisis, that the fear of war is making us all more fragile...never before have we been as ready as we are today to recognize the signs of discrimination and hatred and denounce them with all our might. Wherever this happens.

This must be done today so that what happened then does not happen again. This I take from those five letters from Grandpa Arnaldo that came out clandestinely, thanks to friendly hands, from Regina Coeli.

Thanks to each and every one of you.



Rome, October 23, 2022



**Ada Tagliacozzo** at the age of 8 was brutally murdered in the gas chambers of Auschwitz-Birkenau by German Nazis on **October 23, 1943**, just after the arrival of the freight train of death, which left the Tiburtina station in Rome on Oct. 18, 1943.

*May her memory be a Blessing.*

*historical photos: USHMM Archives, courtesy of Nando Tagliacozzo*



Foto artista news, bozzetta cancello del mausoleo del Basadella

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## Their memory shall be a Blessing

	Marco Di Consiglio	Pacifico Di Segni
Lazzaro Anticoli		
	Mosè Di Consiglio	Attilio Di Veroli
Cesare Israele Astrologo		
Aldo Berolsheimer	Salomone Di Consiglio	Michele Di Veroli
Giorgio Georg Leone Heinrich Blumstein (Blaustein)	Santoro Di Consiglio	Salomone Drucker (Drucher)
		Marco Efrati
	Alberto Di Nepi	
Adolfo Caviglia		Giorgio Fano
	Giorgio Di Nepi	
Saverio Coen		Amadio Sabato Fatucci
	Samuele Di Nepi	
Giuseppe Del Monte		Raffaele Fornari
	Ugo Di Nola	
Odoardo o Edoardo Della Torre		Leone Fornaro
	Angelo Di Porto	
Zaccaria Cesare Di Capua		Angelo Frascati
	Giacomo Di Porto	
Angelo Di Castro	Giacomo Di Porto	Alberto Funaro
		Marco Mosè Funaro
Cesare Di Consiglio	Armando Di Segni	
Franco Di Consiglio		

Pacifico Funaro

Settimio Funaro

Alessio Kubjsckin

Boris Landesmann

Davide Limentani

Giovanni Limentani

Settimio Limentani

Angelo Marino

Umberto Menasci

Cesare Israele Mieli

Mario Mieli

Renato Mieli

Marco Moscati

Pace Anselmo Moscati

Vito Moscati

Angelo Perugia

Cesare Piatelli

Franco Piatelli

Giacomo Marco Piatelli

Claudio Piperno

Gabriele Sonnino

Mosè Marco Sonnino

Pacifico Sonnino o Sonnini

Cesare Tedesco

Sergio Terracina

Heinz Erich Tuchmann

Angelo Vivanti

Giacomo Vivanti

Paul Pesach Wald

Schachun o Scachun Wald

Carlo Zaccagnini

Alessandro Zarfati

## *THE UNKNOWN VICTIMS*

Raffaello o Raffaele Alfredo  
Milano o Milani

Tullio Milano

Ugo Milano

Emanuele Moscati

Marian Reicher

Dattilo Giovanni Sciunnach

Benedetto Sermoneta

Angelo Sonnino



(Foto: Minima e Moralia)

Eli, Eli t *Hanna Szenes*

אלי, אלי  
שלא יגמר לעולם  
החול והים  
רשרוש של המים  
ברק השמים  
תפלת האדם



Eli, Eli, she the ygamer le olam  
ha chol ve ha yam  
rish rush shel ha maym  
barak ha shamaim  
tfilat ha adam

My G.d, my G.d, let in the world never end  
the sand and the sea  
the rush of the waves  
the lightning of heaven  
the prayer of man

**WALK FROM THE JUDICIAL PRISON REGINA COELI  
TO THE SALVIATI PALACE, CASD**





# THOUSAND STEPS *MILLE PASSI*







## SONG Daniel Coen

### Lò amut Psalm 118 17-20

#### *I will not die*

*I will not die, I will remain alive  
and I will proclaim the works of the Lord.  
The Lord has tried me hard,  
but he has not handed me over to death.  
Open the gates of righteousness for me:  
I want to enter them and give thanks to the Lord.  
This is the gate of the Lord,  
through which the righteous enter.*

*Lo amut ki ehyeh, va-asaper  
ma'asei Yah. Yasor yis'rani Yah,  
v'lamavet, lo n'tanani. Pithu li  
sha'arei tzedek, avo vam odeh  
Yah. Zeh hasha'ar ladonai, tzadikim  
yavo-u vo. Od'kha ki anitani,  
va 't'hi li lishu'ah. Even ma'asu  
habonim hay'tah l'rosh pinah.  
Mei'et Adonai haz'tah zot, hi  
niflat b'eineinu. Zeh Hayom asah  
Adonai, naglilah v'nis-m'hah vo.*

### לא אמות

לא אמות כי אֶחְיָה, וְאֶסַּפֵּר  
מַעֲשֵׂי יְהוָה. יִסֹּר יִסְרָנִי יְהוָה,  
וְלִמּוֹת לֹא נִתְּנָנִי. פִּתְחוּ לִי  
שַׁעְרֵי צֶדֶק, אֲבֹא בָם אוֹדֶה  
יְהוָה. זֶה הַשַּׁעַר לִי, צַדִּיקִים  
יָבֹאוּ בּוֹ. אוֹדֶה כִּי עָנִיתָנִי,  
וַתִּהְיֶה לִי לִישׁוּעָה. אֲבֹן מַאֲסוֹ  
הַבּוֹנִים, הִיטָה לְרֹאשׁ פִּנָּה.  
מֵאֵת יְיָ הִיטָה זֹאת, הִיא  
נִפְלְאוֹת בְּעֵינֵינוּ. זֶה הַיּוֹם עָשָׂה  
יְיָ, נִגִּילָה וְנִשְׂמְחָה בּוֹ.



**Welcome words, Association *RICORDIAMO INSIEME*, Palazzo Salviati**  
former Military College, now Center for Advanced Defense Studies, (CASD)  
**Wednesday, October 26, 2022**

## RIVKA SPIZZICHINO



*Sara and Rivka Spizzichino*

Dear friends,  
ladies and gentlemen, especially dear relatives, acquaintances and friends of the victims of the Shoah in Rome, we wish to share your grief today and also in the years to come.

We greet our host,  
Admiral Giacinto Ottaviani, President of the Centro Alti Studi per la Difesa,  
His Excellency the Military Archbishop of Italy, Santo Marciandò,  
and we are very grateful for the presence of the Chief Rabbi of Rome, Rav Dr. Riccardo Di Segni.

- We greet the representatives of the Embassies of the Federal Republics of Germany,
- and Lithuania,
- and representatives of various national and international associations.

**I would like to emphasize, as a family member of victims of the Shoah and great-granddaughter of Settimia Spizzichino, on behalf of all of us at Ricordiamo Insieme, that the large presence of you, dear young people, is indeed essential and valuable.**

We apologize in case we have forgotten anyone.



We wish to repeat to you the words of our friend, the Catholic priest, Rev. Filippo Morlacchi, who today lives and works for the Diocese of Rome in Jerusalem, words spoken in the center of St. Peter's Square five years ago:

## TOBIAS WALLBRECHER

*We are here to remember an abandonment. A time when we should have been beside those suffering persecution, and we were not there. We could have been there, we should have been there, and we were not. Ha Shem revealed Himself to Moses in the desert as "Ehezeh asher ehezeh," (Ex. 3:14), "He who is there and will be there" in the life and history of His people.*

*He has never forsaken, and will never forsake the children of Israel.*

*We Christians, who also appeal to that name and to that revelation and who should feel called to be a "sign" of His presence of His love in the world, on that October 16, 1943 (- and here I add, next year this will be eighty years ago)*

***we were not there.***

And I also add with words of Prof. David Kertzer, author of the book *A Pope at War*:



Federica e Tobias Wallbrecher

**The Pope uttered no word of protest  
while the Jews of Rome were being sent to die at Auschwitz.**

*(The Republic, The Controversy. David I. Kertzer: My Truth about Pius XII)*

Today we are here to remember this and to remember you, the victims,...

## RIVKA:

**...we will not forget you, we will not forget you all.**

Here in the courtyard you see four tables: on each table you will find white wax pencils and black sheets of cardboard. In the center you will also find white sheets, each with one of the names of Roman Jewish citizens who were deported after October 16, 1943 and never returned. Here today, in this historic courtyard whose walls will forever remain mute witnesses to the Shoah in Rome, we ask everyone present to go silently throughout the whole memorial ceremony to these four tables to write the names individually with the white pencil on the black paper.





*We will not forget you:* this is the title we wanted to give to this performance which is intended first and foremost to be our expression of wanting to remember each and every name of the victims, the name, the belonging to a family, the very person who was brutally murdered and has no grave.....**what horror.**

At the same time it also becomes a cautionary sign for the meticulous deadly bureaucracy, the perverse bureaucracy of German Nazifascism and beyond. By putting ourselves behind this desk as civil servants, we unconsciously become part of it.....**what horror.**

The black sheets will be handed over to me and my sister Sara and together with our sister Grazia for next year, with the hoped-for presence of the Pope, we will elaborate a second commemorative video.

Thank you for helping us with this.

After the words of the President of the association Progetto Memoria, Tobias will invite you to start writing.

Thank you.





**Dr. Lello Dell'Ariccia**  
**President Association PROGETTO MEMORIA**

First of all, a THANK YOU.  
Thank you for inviting me to  
this initiative that has been commemorating for years  
the October 16 raid.  
Thank you to the tireless Federica and Tobias.  
Thanks to Rivka, Grazia and Sara and all the other organizers.



Thanks to the hosts, the Center for Advanced Defense Studies, and all the institutions represented here. Thank you to those who have gone before me and those who will speak after me. Thank you to all of you.  
And then a special greeting to the students of Giulio Cesare and the Largo Brodolini Highschool in Pomezia, because in hindsight this day is dedicated to them and to future generations.



It is to them that we must pass the baton. So that each one with his contribution, but we all together, can make sure that what happened may never happen again - and not only to the Jews.

It may never happen again that a government, a party, a dictatorship can take over the freedom, the dignity, the lives of other people, of human beings. I know that I only have a few minutes and I know that my speech should only be a speech of greeting on behalf of Progetto Memoria. An invitation, after so many words spent over the years, to silence and to reflection on what has happened and what unfortunately may still happen.

But I cannot help but remember that the deportation of the 1022 Italian citizens of the Jewish religion who left 79 years ago from this courtyard was not an isolated incident, it was not the first and would not be the last.

It was just one small piece in a tragic pattern of extermination and enslavement that involved millions of innocent victims, women, men, the elderly and children, throughout Europe.

Jews, but not only Jews.

All were deported in the indifference and silence of those who knew and should and could have spoken up and intervened. And the silence went on for years.

We must therefore greet without distrust and with great hope, the signals that have been coming from many quarters in recent times for an attempt at clarity.

The Associations Ricordiamo Insieme and Progetto Memoria will therefore make themselves active and participating parties in soliciting and fostering every experience of deepening and searching for the truth.

And we hope to see tangible results as late as next year.

And lastly, I cannot help but mention the difficult times we are going through.

What is happening in Ukraine today. The aggression against a free and sovereign nation that so much death and devastation causes every day that endangers the future of all humanity with the macabre and terrifying evocation of a nuclear conflict.

And the civil rights of citizens trampled and persecuted by dictatorships in so many parts of the world.

And everywhere in the world and therefore also in Italy we will have to be vigilant in the democratic and anti-fascist spirit of our republican constitution.

Thank you.



**Admiral Giacinto Ottaviani**  
**President of the CENTER FOR ADVANCED DEFENSE STUDIES,**  
**CASD Centro Alti Studi per la Difesa**



Good afternoon.

I would first like to thank the Civil and Religious Authorities, the representatives of the Roman Jewish Community and all the kind guests present here.

Your presence and testimonies here at the Center for Higher Defence Studies, CASD, do enrich with meaning these moments of reflection in which we renew the memory of 1022 victims of the *Holocaust* who passed through this place on October 16, 1943.

They were victims whose sacrifice was not in vain, for they made more evident those truths in which even today we all recognize ourselves:

That all men are created equal, that they have inalienable rights such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

That is why we gather here - today - together.

To ensure that these ideals, these truths find their proper connotation in the reality of our time and set an example for the consciences of future generations.

All of us as citizens have a duty to keep alive the memory of what has been, as we are doing today, so that our 1022 fellow citizens

do not remain just names written in history. We have a responsibility to pass on to young people and future generations the values we ourselves believe in so that our children and our grandchildren, might draw from them the lessons they need to make this World-the World they wish to build and live in to make it be a better World.

This is the star that guides and inspires the mission of our lives: to make these words, these rights, these values always alive, always effective in every citizen.

Thank you.

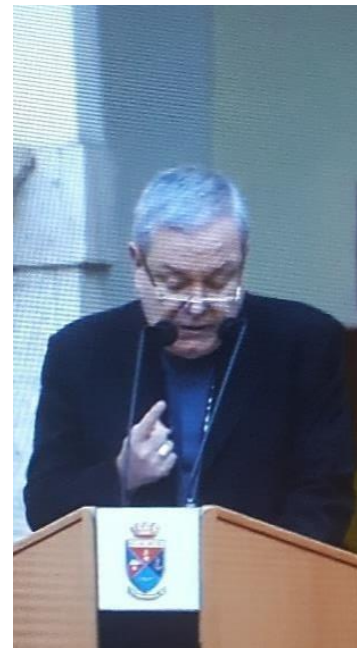
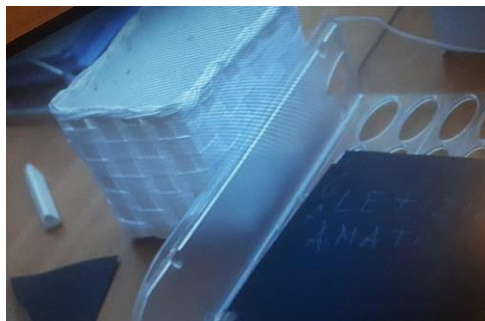




## HE. Santo Marciànò, Military Archbishop of Italy

*Commemoration of the 79th anniversary  
of the deportation to Auschwitz  
of Roman citizens of the Jewish religion*

Rome, October 26, 2022



The sad memory of the deportation of Roman citizens of the Jewish religion, takes on more dramatic tones this year. Along with the many acts of violence that do not seem to cease, the racial discrimination that multiplies, the intolerances that repel foreigners and refugees, the killings in hatred of faith... wars, and the war that has recently involved Europe, seem to reopen forgotten scenarios.

New wars in which, moreover, the number of victims among civilians, not least among children is continuously growing.

How many children in this city, on that terrible October 16, 1943, were being torn from their affections, their homes, their school desks, their games with friends, to disappear forever!

How many parents were being taken from their children, surviving orphans and carrying irremediable wounds!

Remembering, today, does not seem a verb of the past, if we contemplate the images of the war between Russia and Ukraine, as well as if we witness the regurgitation of racism, hatred, revenge and aggression of man against man.

For every violence accumulates victims, every war collects defeats, every persecution is an erasure of the "human."

But it is precisely on this "human" that we can restart, despite the rubble and failures.

A "human" whose respect, whose veneration, whose centrality and whose defense - which so much also engages our Armed Forces - is the premise and promise of peace.

And, while it is true that the suppression of a single human has the gravity of a war, it is also true that even the salvation and respect of one man is a germ of hope.



*"What is man that you are mindful of him..." (Psalm 2),* cries our soul to God. In His Name, we feel we preserve and share hope: to share it as men and women of different religions, cultures and races; together, as brothers and sisters.

Yes, God does not forget; God "remembers man."

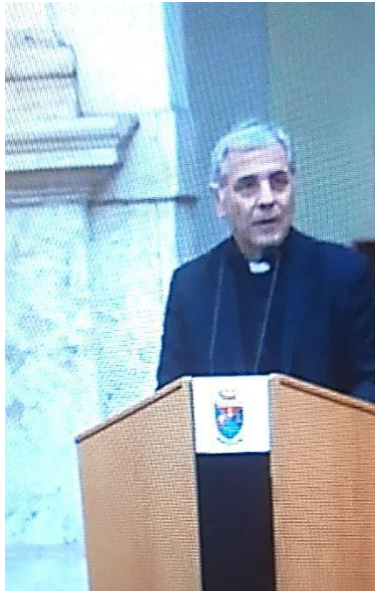
And he helps us to remember, so that our memory of yesterday may be, today and for tomorrow, a common heritage of freedom, fraternity, justice and peace.



✠ Santo Marciandò

## Rev. Giuliano Savina

Director of the CEI's National Office for Ecumenism and Interreligious Dialogue



Thank you, I join in the thanks for this invitation and thank you for involving me in this initiative. Since I have been director of this office, the organizers of Ricordiamo Insieme (Remembering her) immediately invited me to participate. I am grateful to because they also introduced me to a history of Rome; I am Milan. And these moments are dear to me because they go to the heartstrings as well as those of the mind and those of our hearts. I have come here and I have chosen to be here with you and to let the names that we are going to hear and that we are asked to write today can move us deeply. For a Catholic this is a very important exercise, because these names hurt and ask us to stop to do all that we can do to fight a two-thousand-year-old one.

As a parish priest I accompanied generation after generation of Catholics for almost two decades to visit synagogues. I especially remember the synagogue in Casale Monferrato. The people I accompanied were Christian initiation families, at least fifty families every year. And for fifteen years I brought groups of Catholics to Israel, one of the important stages was stopping at Yad Vashem, and particularly that place in Yad Vashem, the children's section, where you go into that dark room, dotted with candles, and when you enter you hear their names.

I learned to read the genealogies written in the Bible and to let those names in the genealogies help me to enter a story, a story of a people. To love this people, the story of this people, because it is a story of salvation. With Psalm 37 and in Psalm 16 I we collect expressions that allow me to construct a sentence:

Inhabit the earth and live by faith, you will show me paths of life, those that you, dear sisters and dear brothers, teach me to walk along with you.

Thank you.

*(text not reviewed by the author)*



**Dr. Rav Riccardo Di Segni**  
Chief Rabbi of Rome Words of Greeting



Good evening, I join in the thanks for all those who by giving hospitality, and organizing this ceremony made it possible, that we meet here. A ceremony that has now entered the context of the events commemorating the sad day of October 16 and the deportations that followed. This year because of the concurrence of the complicated Jewish calendar and other events and other remembrances the participation of the Jewish Community has been somewhat limited, swamped by other priorities, but of course this is always present at our Remembrance and what you do today represents a significant part of it. By the way, just in two days we will remember, throughout an event organized by historians who are dealing with it, an anniversary, also a very sad one. In round figures, something that

happened exactly a century ago since the March on Rome.

These two stories are not disconnected at all. It was not only the Nazis who did what they did and what we remember today. It was a whole system, based on violence, on oppression, on the crushing of democracy and personal rights. The path unfortunately begins and ends lower and lower in a plummet, in a slippery slope that drags toward destruction.

It is our task, precisely, to remember the hardships of the past and all of us together, as has been said in previous speeches, chorally. To be alert, watchful and fight together for the affirmation of human values and dignity. Of his freedom regardless of the color of his skin and any other characteristic that may distinguish him.



Thank you, therefore, for being here at this necessary and important ceremony.



## Dr. Massimo Finzi, Councilor for Remembrance of the Jewish Community of Rome

In offering the greetings of the Jewish Community of Rome, I would like to thank the President of the CASD Squadron Admiral Giacinto Ottaviani for his sensitivity in hosting us in this place that is so significant for all of us, I thank the association "Ricordiamo Insieme" for its commitment in organizing and carrying out this event, I greet the civil, religious and military authorities present and the school groups with their teachers.

This is precisely the place where the Jews were concentrated after the October 16 roundup, right here they remained two agonizing days in the indifferent silence of those who knew, and it was from here that they were taken to Tiburtina Station to be herded onto the sealed cattle cars headed for the Auschwitz death camp.

Of all the sad and painful stories that these walls then knew, today I want to remember that of the nameless child: the youngest of the Roman Jews rounded up on October 16 and who died without even being given a name to remember him by. The mother's name was Marcella Perugia in Di Veroli, she was 23 years old and had felt the first labor pains that herald the birth on the very day of the raid.

Her condition as a parturient did not arouse any feelings of pity, she too was captured and brought here where on the night of Saturday 16 to Sunday 17, lying on a makeshift bed in a corner of this courtyard, she gave birth to an infant who was also considered a dangerous enemy of the Reich and the Social Republic of Salò to be eliminated as well as the other Jewish children, about 200, raided on October 16: not a single one survived.

*On October 16, 1943 Marcella was at home with her four children, pregnant with her fifth, in the company of her sister Clelia. The two women and were deported and killed. was three and Rebecca who family friend, who took them Germans. Alexander and grandchildren, attended the present. "We live through son and Rebecca's grandson gesture the memory will be like the stumbling stones. An block that stimulates those than 2,000 since the project's that place and on that date. (text and photos, Shalom, 10.1.2023)*



If in 1938, with the racist laws, there had been for Jews in Italy the denial of civil rights, since 1943 for them there has been the denial of the right to live.



A few days ago we remembered another Jewish child who this time had a name, his name was Stefano Gaj Tachè: he was snatched from life on Oct. 9, 1982, when he was only 2 years old at the hands of Palestinian terrorism in front of the Synagogue in Rome at the end of a religious service that included the blessing of children.

He, too, was denied the right to live, and the circumstances that allowed such an attack to take place are disturbing and still largely to be clarified. Why did I juxtapose the memory of the nameless child, the tragedy of the October 16 raid with the October 9, 1982 synagogue bombing?



There is a phrase: "They sold you out" uttered in this regard by former president of the republic Francesco Cossiga that continues to echo sinisterly in our ears, that fuels doubts and reopens wounds, never healed, of a recent past: a grief that is impossible to process. "They sold you out" a not even too veiled reference to the so-called Moro lodo long denied but which recently desegregated documents would seem to confirm.

Memory is commitment and warning; it imposes truth, responsibility and justice on all victims beginning with those who did not even begin to live.

We will continue to demand truth and justice for them in every forum, reminding especially the young people present that a state is authentically democratic not so much when one is free to speak but especially when one is heard.





## **THE TRAUMA OF THE SHOAH, AN INELABORABLE TRAUMA?**

The Shoah, which we commemorate today by recalling the October 16 rounding up of the Jewish population of Rome, was a unique event in the makeup of modern history; an event that wounded the heart of Europe, betraying its spirit of coexistence and respect for human beings.

An event unique for its scale; unique for having been conceived in a culturally advanced country and a leader in arts, thought and culture; unique for its inexplicability in terms of economic or territorial advantages; unique for the capillarity and systematic nature of its planning and organization, to the point of having provided for the dilution of responsibilities; unique for having projected its

consequences onto subsequent generations in a diachronic expansion that also swept away the children and grandchildren of victims and perpetrators, and for having left its mark, albeit unknowingly even on the silent witnesses, those who may still feel compelled today to wonder what they would have done, had they been able to overcome that inertia that characterized most European citizens.



**But another element makes the trauma of the Shoah unique: its psychological inelaborability.**

A trauma of such proportions as to be undefeatable; with no prospect of resolution, emotional or psychic, to the point of bringing about effects that, as the psychological sciences teach, reverberate on subsequent generations, victims in spite of themselves of psychopathological and psychosomatic consequences.

Studies on the transmission of psychic life between generations have much to tell us about this.

But, we must ask, what is it that makes the trauma of the Shoah, a psychically inelaborable trauma?

If this reflection arises in relation to a collective trauma, which affected millions of people, to address the question, we can refer to the individual situation, experienced by the individual patient who is a bearer of a traumatic experience and undergoing psychological treatment.

For such a patient, clinical experience teaches, rapprochement with one's traumatic areas will inevitably result in the return of distress and psychic malaise, thus inducing avoidance, distancing or denial mechanisms.

The resurfacing of the memory of a traumatic experience exposes one to the possibility of reliving it, causing one to experience again states of mind of the same emotional quality that characterized the original event: suffering, pain, helpless anger.



Any wound, if not well healed, will result in new bleeding whenever the weight of memory should burden it.

This makes the memory of the trauma inaccessibile, except only after careful and deep psychic preparation work during which patient and therapist are tested at length.

Yes, patient and therapist themselves, because, as we shall see, the difficulty of the task of dealing with the recollection of traumatic experiences is not confined to the patient's position alone, involving real psychic discomfort in the professional involved as well.

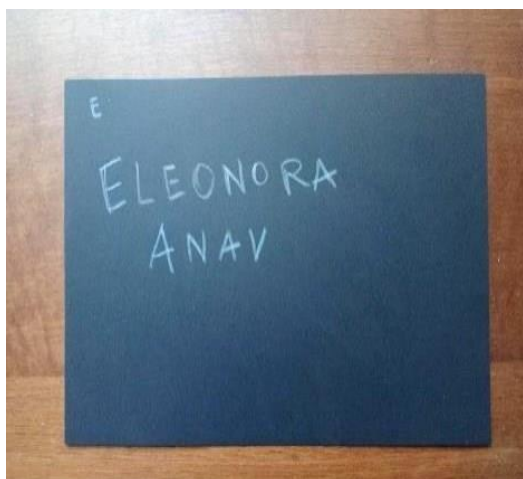
The therapist, in fact, engaged in the task of treating a patient suffering from the consequences of traumatic events, is not spared from mechanisms of rejection, sense of helplessness, attacks on his professional potential, with subsequent narcissistic wounds that are not always easy to tolerate.

What can we say, or how can we intervene, in the face of those who make us partakers of having lost spouse, children or parents in the time of a moment, at the hands of another so-called human being and in the midst of senselessness?

(picture: *Forget me not*, mixed technique on paper  
Sara Spizzichino, 2017)



It therefore becomes inevitable to endure a sense of helplessness and wounds to professional identity that also make the task of healing especially arduous for the therapist.



But there is another significant aspect that contributes to the inelaborability of the psychic trauma of the Shoah at the collective level, and that is the lack of a suitable external container capable of bearing the weight of testimony and storytelling.

This means that if we have so many worthy examples in Europe today of those who have challenged themselves, we cannot say the same with respect to the failure to recognize all those responsibilities that have not yet been identified because they have been covered up by the failed trials and amnesties, in Germany and Italy, that have allowed thousands of perpetrators to escape Justice, often with the complicit help of bodies and institutions in charge of charity.

Here I refer to the *Ratline*, the escape route of Nazi hierarchs heading to South America, and to the myth of the "supposedly good" Italian, unable to exercise the violence of persecution, unlike the German ally.

The lack of an effective process of recognition of responsibility at all levels means that even today the descendants of the executioners, but also of the more peripheral collaborators or the silent and inert witnesses, are the bearers of a guilt, conscious or unconscious, which only in the best cases urges questioning in the perspective of ideal reparation.



But, in so many cases, especially there where the wind of anti-Semitism or anti-Zionism blows its political mask, the lack of acknowledgment of all responsibility, can push dangerous short-circuits, such as the one we witness when accusing the State of Israel of behaving like the Nazis, reversing the role of the victim into that of the perpetrator.

The profound intent is, in such cases, to get rid of blame by offloading it onto the victims themselves, as when stigmatizing the alleged passivity of the Jews who allegedly allowed themselves to be brought inert to the massacre.

Such manipulations of historical reality, in addition to leaving the perpetrators' own descendants prey to persecutory guilt, make any scenario unsuitable to gather the weight of narrative and testimony, with the risk of once again leaving the victims alone with the burden of their own history and inelaborable trauma.





*Musical Reflection Berthold Pesch*



## TESTIMONY of Gianni Polgar

who escaped the October 16, 1943 raid and is a family member of deportees

Good evening.

Thanks to the CASD President, who renews his hospitality every year;  
to Federica and Tobias, to the Spizzichino family and to those who help and support them in their activity, which to call courageous is an understatement.  
Greetings to all the representatives of the institutions and to all those present, a special one to the students from my high school, Julius Caesar, where I spent three wonderful years.

We are here. They are here. To remember? Of course, although there would be no need: Memory is within us, it is us. We are here to look forward, to project ourselves into a future free of hatred and fear, no longer in the darkness of discrimination and persecution, enlightened by the knowledge that diversity gives us its variety, richness and complexity improving and complementing each other in mutual integration.

All this must not remain an illusion, an utopia, but concrete, tenacious, true and convinced action: only in this way the new generations will be able to have hope for peaceful coexistence.

We Jews have had dark and terrible times, tearing at our flesh and spirit, in which human beings once again demonstrated for good and, unfortunately, especially for evil, their extraordinary capacities towards their neighbors.



I am being rhetorical, but the stark reality is rhetorical, that rhetoric on which plays and affirms, as it affirmed then, that evil which Senator Segre called for to be well displayed in the place of infamy: indifference. Let us reflect on the two emblematic dates that in this month painfully mark not only Roman Jewry and the date that precisely a century ago tragically marked the whole of Italy. Only a few days have passed since the memory of the cowardly Palestinian attack on the Synagogue, yet another proof that being Jewish has a price, sometimes as monstrous as the life of a child and the wounding of dozens of people: yet no one has paid for that spilled blood and still there is only the fog of dubious investigations conducted loosely for probable shameful "political praise" signed by our rulers and a union coffin to prove that the only good Jew is the dead one.

No one protested on the morning of that atrocious Shabbat almost 80 years ago; no voice was raised in the two days that followed; no one threatened, as happened in Bulgaria, to lie down on the tracks to prevent the trains of shame from leaving; no one had mercy; indeed, there was, as Rav Di Segni recalled right here a few years ago, perhaps the first selection in Italy, saving only those who considered their own people.



Of course it is not politically correct to speak like this, but one cannot always pretend that there was not that abomination, that turning one's head out of indifference or, worse, keeping silent in a silence that the generosity, solidarity, and courage of so many did not even scratch.

In two days we will remember that 100 years ago the voice of freedom and democracy was extinguished with the establishment of a political prototype that seemed to too many to solve the problems of the state and individuals and that was taken as a model in the heart of Europe, involving in this nefarious project other countries; carrying out unparalleled criminal theories in which not a whole people, the German people, but millions of individual people recognized themselves without hesitation, marching and hymning compactly, willing executors, relentless, unrelenting, suffocating their consciences.

A tragic deception, an infamous trap, the preliminary deportation of the Carabinieri (*state police*)- certainly also fearing that they would be the only ones to oppose it-and more than 1250 defenseless, innocent people dragged in, unwitting victims of the brutality, the arbitrariness, the non-existence of the generosity and charity so high up in the field so publicly proclaimed.



One cannot forget nor, even by our tradition, forgive on behalf of the victims or those who still mourn their tragic inhuman demise;  
One cannot, just cannot.

**This place, not only for those of us who miraculously escaped the raid, is sacred to Memory, a Temple to Remembrance, a shout, a plea that not vengeance but hitherto denied Justice prevail, assert itself, no matter what, because among those who do not forgive there is also, and above all, History.**

And a society in which Justice and History are not always present, current, firm in values, dangerously risks an inhuman drift. Pity for our departed loved ones throughout Europe would induce one to soften the tone, but I cannot because I still miss my own, deported from Rijeka, and the many, too many, millions of sisters and brothers, Jews, Roma, disabled, Freemasons, Slavs, opponents, deprived of dignity and massacred; and for them is this invective that I should not utter and for which I will be criticized, but which comes out of my depths, unstoppable.

Every celebration, not only of these sad events, leads us to new reflections on how easy it was to carry out in a few years, with unparalleled efficiency and brutality, a design that was not insane but criminal.



One must go further, dig up its roots, analyze its growth in today's society because the passage of time and the tools of modern technology instead of combating them fuel the most boorish forms of racism and widespread ignorance to the point of denialism.

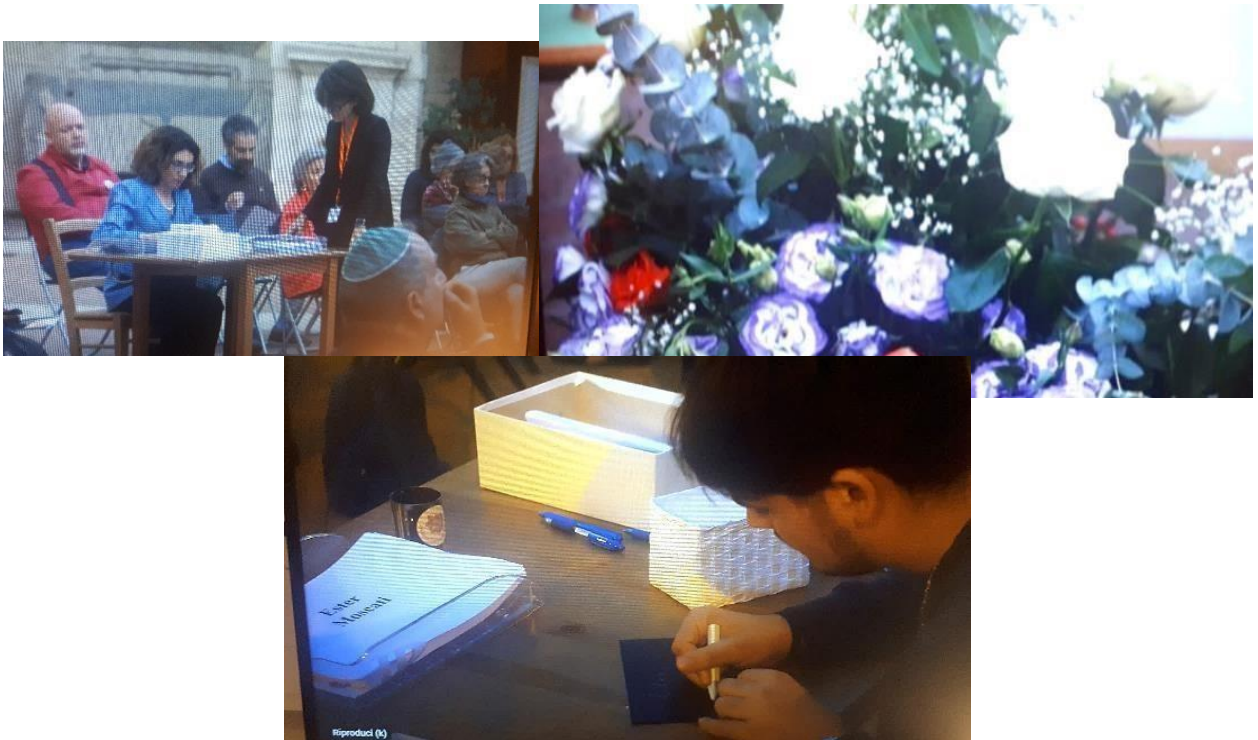
One cannot cite a single event that is only a tile in a terrible and frightening mosaic of hatred and horrors: civil society, not just politics, must have the tools, strength and ability, as well as the will, to counter, by cultivating and maintaining Memory, the regurgitation of these aberrant supremacist principles. With the inevitable disappearance in a few years of all of us who lived more or less intensely those times, even more so must Memory be alive in the laws of the State severely enforced whenever discrimination, racism, violence toward the different emerge in the most varied contexts and occasions.

I do not know if the "never again" can ever be realized: the world, the events, that surround us would induce pessimism, but I still want to believe in a better humanity that learns from History and does not ignore it: one cannot live without hope. The future cannot and must not be like the past, but better. Thank you.



*Livia Minervini and  
Sara Caivano*





*"When the train stopped at the Brenner Frontier, we all cheered at the sight of the Italian flag. God, it didn't seem real. "Jews on the train from Germany are requested to report to the Red Cross"-screamed a loudspeaker. We didn't like the appeals and didn't want to move from the carriage. "Come on, beautiful ones, go, nothing will happen to you" - the soldiers encouraged us, and a closet-sized Tuscan offered to accompany us. At the Red Cross tent city they let us in, one at a time, into a tent and asked us our story: who we were, when we were deported, where the others were. I talked for hours and told everything. Even about the gas chambers and the crematoria. They wrote down everything without objection. I later learned that the first deportees who had spoken about these things were taken for fools. But they had to believe us, by then the testimonies were too many and all agreed. I would like to know what happened to those transcripts. They probably still exist; so why don't they come out when revisionists or Nazi skins deny that any of this ever happened, deny the existence of the gas chambers and the crematoria, deny the extermination of six million Jews? Why doesn't the Red Cross publish them?"*

*(Settimia Spizzichino, Isa Di Nepi Olper, "The Stolen Years," 2nd Edition)*

# אני מאמין

*Ani maamin*

***I believe***

אני מאמין באמונה שלמה  
בביאת המשיח  
ואף על פי שיתממה  
עם כל זה אחכה לו  
בכל יום שיבא.

*Ani maamin beemuna shlemah  
b'viat hamashiach.  
V'af al pi sheyitmameha  
im kol zeh achake lo  
b'chol yom sheyavo.*

***I believe with complete faith  
in the coming of the Messiah.  
and though it may be late,  
I will wait every day for His coming.***



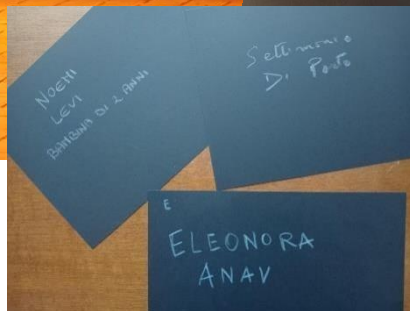
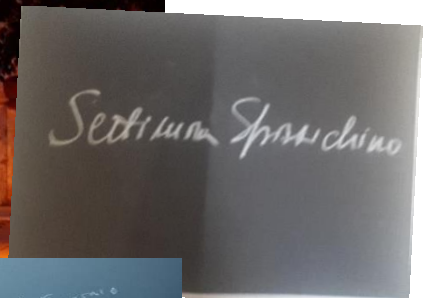
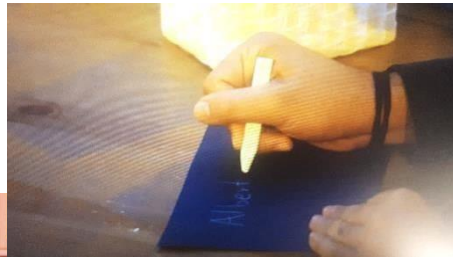
*The text of this song draws on Maimonides Thirteen Principles of Faith, the melody is attributed to a chassid from Moditz named Azriel David Fastag, who composed it inside a cattle car as he was being deported to the Treblinka death camp. Two young men, at Fastag's request took the tune to the Rabbi of Moditz who had fled Europe in 40. One died in this attempt, blessed be his memory, but the other managed to get the melody to the Moditz Rabbi. After he received the notes and had the following sung Reb Azriel David's Ani Ma'amin before him, the Rabbi of Moditz said: "When they sang Ani Ma'amin on the train of death, the pillars of the world shook. The Almighty said:*

***"Whenever the Jews sing Ani Ma'amin, I will remember the six million victims and have mercy on the rest of My people."***

*(source: Ytzhak Dorfmann, Ani Maamin)*



## *FAREWELL*



*We will not forget you.*







## CONVEGNO DELLA MEMORIA



Progetto  
**MEMORIA** **CDEC**



**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2022 VIA DELLE FORNACI 161**  
**Maestre Pie Filippini theater hall**





*Before entering the theater hall at 161 Via delle Fornaci, the guests of Ricordiamo Insieme continue the artistic performance “We will not forget you” that began at the former Military College, now the Center for Advanced Defense Studies (CASD): writing all the names of those deported after October 16, 1943 from Rome to the German death camps and never returned home with white pen on black cardboard.*



Once again this year we would like to thank the Maestre Fiiippini Sisters, the Catholic nuns who own this beautiful house where we have been commemorating the Shoah for almost 10 years. Thank you for your exquisite and continued hospitality!

pictured with Federika: guest of honor Dr. Alex Urbani, (Researcher, Project Manager Simon Wiesenthal Center - Europe) with his wife



## TESTIMONY

Dr. Mario De Simone

Brother of Sergio and cousin of Andra and Tatiana Bucci

Thinking about what it was that happened to my family makes one wonder if all this could have happened to me and my own three children. For me and my wife, who were born after the war in a country that was destroyed but was rebuilding its life and in which everyone wanted to forget everything, this question puts us before a choice. *(f: Dr. Mario De Simone with his wife Clotilde)*



The history of my family and my brother Sergio had to be known by people and in particular by the young generations that were forming unaware of what the previous generations had been capable of committing and which we now ran the risk of letting slide into oblivion.

Thus, as a result of our decision, books have been written, newspaper articles have been written, meetings are being held in schools on the occasion of January 27, Holocaust Remembrance Day. Many schools

ask for our testimony and we try to go to all of them, in an effort to spread this tragic history as much as possible. My wife and I have been doing this since we became aware of the shocking facts I am going to tell you now.

I am the son of an Italian Navy marshal who in the period between 1936 and 1937, now close to discharge was serving at the shipyards in Fiume, now Rijeka in Yugoslavia. He worked on behalf of the Navy because a number of submarines were being built at those shipyards.

In Fiume lived my mother who was a Jewish refugee from Ukraine. She arrived in Fiume, at the time of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, after a long wandering around Europe with movements reported on documents written in German and Ukrainian. I have only recently been able to reconstruct them thanks to one of my sons who is fluent in German and an Ukrainian lady who, by coincidence, is actually from a town near the one where my mother was born.







*(Photo of my mother's family shortly before they left for Fiume)*

In the photo my mother is the child sitting on the left  
My mother, Gisella Perlow, was born in 1904. When her family moved away from her home village she was about three years old. She grew up in Fiume, as an Austro - Hungarian citizen. At that time, Austria-Hungary was tolerant towards Jews, people lived there quietly. Hers was a working-class family, my mom was a milliner, her sister (Aunt Mira) was a seamstress, of the brothers, Yossi and Aron, definitely one worked in construction, he was a bricklayer or painter, I don't know. The other brother did something else, I do not quite remember. They lived quietly. The photographs of that fateful year 1943 when mother moved from Naples to Rijeka, show a serene, orderly, family, living quietly with their children.

I keep a photo of the whole family on the beach in Rijeka, bathing, taken in the last summer they spent there together. Children, moms, dads, sitting there on the beach, briefly, a normal, happy family. There was only the one small difference, that they were a Jewish family.



*Mira Perlow Bucci, Gisella Perlow De Simone, Paula Perlow, Alessandra (Andra) Bucci, Sergio De Simone, Tatiana (Tati) Bucci*

My mother is the lady on the right with her hand on my brother Sergio's shoulder. The lady on the left is my Aunt Mira with her two daughters Tatiana and Andra who survived Auschwitz.



Sergio and Mario's father,  
Edoardo De Simone

My father Edward met my mom in Rijeka. They fell in love, got married, in the meantime the job at the shipyard was over, my father was discharged from the Navy, and they came to live in Naples.

**And there in Naples my brother was born on November 29, 1937.**

Life flowed quietly. In 1938 the *racial laws* were passed in Italy. Bureaucracy was set in motion and in July 1940 my father received a letter from the City Council of Naples that I reproduce below in copy:

The letter arrived when my father had been called to come back to the Navy because the country in June 1940 had entered the war. My father, an ex-serviceman, was recalled immediately, and at that very moment, the City of Naples sent my father this note. These bureaucratic lines express obvious and uncaring violence. The viciousness and violence of a letter like this should be studied at school.

Basically in that letter the "race" directorate of the City of Naples (it is dramatic but the City of Naples had a race directorate, as did all Italian municipalities, whose function

was to verify that the citizens met the religious, habitual and physical standards of the "Italic race." This is what you normally use to do with animals not with people, however!).

Napoli, 29 luglio 1940 XVIII

MUNICIPIO DI NAPOLI  
I DIREZIONE  
I DIVISIONE  
Sezione Raza

283354 032936

Al Sig. De Simone Edoardo  
Via R. Forghieri 65 bis

-----  
NAPOLI

Allo scopo di raccogliere gli elementi necessari per sottoporre all' On.le Ministero dell' Interno la valutazione e la decisione circa la eventuale appartenenza alla razza ebraica del vostro figliuolo, Sergio.....

.....

siete invitato a presentare a questa Direzione, termine di giorni 8 da oggi, tutti quei riterrete opportuni alla valutazione e per i certificati dai quali possano rilevare:

a) atto di nazionalità dei genitori;  
b) certificati di battesimo comunque impartiti precedente al 1° ottobre 1938;  
c) certificati negativi e positivi di iscrizione politica;  
d) documentazione dalla quale possa dedursi che nei figli non concorre alcuna manifestazione di qualsiasi modo rilevabile.

IL DIRETTORE

*avanti no sette certificati*  
*8-11-940 XVIII*

Naples City Hall 1. directorate 1. division race section 29. Juni 1940 XVIII  
For the purpose of gathering the necessary elements for submitting to the honorable Ministry of the Interior the evaluation and decision as to whether your son Sergio belongs to the Jewish race, you are invited to submit to this directorate race section within the period of 8 days from today all those documents and attestations that you deem appropriate for the aforesaid evaluation and especially the certification of which the following positions may be revealed:  
(a) act of nationality of the parents  
(b) certificates of baptism however imparted to the children at a time prior to October 1, 1938  
(c) negative and positive certificato enrollment in the Israeli community  
(d) documentation from which it can be inferred that on the part of each of the children no manifestation of Judaism in any way disclosable concurs.

I chief director of services no signature

Here, my father was asked to prove that, verbatim, "your son does not show signs of Jewishness." In this letter dated July 1940, my brother, born in the end of 37, a little child of two years and a few months is the one they are writing about!

My father had to prove that the little boy never went to Synagogue services, that he did not speak Hebrew, that he had not been baptized after the date racial laws had been introduced in 1938.

I did not get to know what my father actually did as a result of these demands of the Naples municipality.

A Neapolitan historian who is writing the history of the Jews of Naples in the archives of the Prefecture found the documents that my

father had submitted before he had left for the war. There are listed a series of documents with which he was trying to prove, poor man, that his son was "Aryan" and not Jewish.

My father was unaware that the prefectures were compiling lists of Jews to be deported. News at that time was subject to strict censorship, and then there were no modern means of communication that allow for real-time information.

My father had to go off to war in the Navy where he would risk his life for his fatherland. That same homeland that meanwhile was implementing the program to destroy his own family. This was the sick patriotism of a sick nation.

My father, therefore, left and my mother was left alone in Naples. Naples was a very bombed-out city in which people did not live peacefully. In addition, my father's family was not very affectionate toward her, in short, it was more the contrary, so that she eventually made the decision to return to her mother and in June '43 she took the train and went to Fiume (*Rijeka*). There she spent the summer, as the photographs show: the whole family on the beach bathing, the children, my cousins, my brother, other cousins, her sister's children, or her brother's children all just enjoying time there, quietly. Nothing seemed to be happening around them. My mom stayed there with her family members, she didn't go back to Naples to stay there over the winter.



(photo: Verein Bullenhuser Damm, Sergio De Simone with his cousins Andra e Tati)

In March 44, the German SS showed up at my grandmother's house accompanied, as always, by Italian fascists in service. They took them all ... My cousins told me some particular scenes, like my grandmother throwing herself at the feet of the patrol leader, begging him in vain to at least spare the children. She obviously was well aware what was going to happen. They were all taken, the youngest of my cousins was still in bed with a fever caused by rubella. All of them were taken..... After a passage to the *Risiera di San Saba* in Trieste they were

loaded into the plumbed cars of a train and arrived at Auschwitz.

There was Dr. Mengele waiting for them, they were sorted out in a deliberately chaotic selection ... probably to confuse them even more so that they would not make any kind of trouble disturbing



those absurd jailers. My grandmother, with one of my mom's sisters, Aunt Sonia, who was unmarried and lived with her, were put to one side; nothing was heard of them any more. My mom's brother, Uncle Yossi, and his wife were separated, Uncle Yossi and my brother Sergio put among the men, his wife, my mom, my Aunt Mira with her daughters Tatiana and Andra among the women. Having made these selections, they were stripped naked and provided with clothes, that had been taken from other poor victims. Then they were tattooed with the little number on their arms, the children were taken to the children's stalag and the adults went along with the other adults. My mother and my aunt were put to work in the section that was called "Canada", where some prisoners sorted all the goods that had been seized from the prisoners. Clothes, coats, hair, the gold teeth, everything ... Everything these wretches had of value was taken to Canada where the prisoners working there had to sort out, sort out, ... Anyway, this was a more comfortable place than the others, perhaps, because even if you had to work, at least you could stay indoors.



(image source: b&s editions)

These details were told to me by my cousins Tatiana and Andra. With my mom we never talked much about her deportation, we started talking about it as a family after this story emerged through the research of a German journalist, Gunter Schwarberg.

My mom tried to keep me out of all this, I think she wanted to protect me. I was still a small boy growing up in a family on which this overwhelming burden of history weighed heavily. Within our family my mom would only talk about it with my dad and with her sister, my Aunt Mira. I myself would just listen and learn that I obviously had this brother who was missing because of the war and who certainly one day would come back home.

My mom would continue to say, "One day your brother will knock on the door, it will be him coming back, for sure, you will see that he will come back, someone will have picked him up in Poland, because he was a very beautiful child, someone will have raised him, you will see that he will come back."

I grew up in this certainty, keeping it inside of me, caring about my own things. As a boy and then as a student, I was behaving quite superficially about this matter.

My cousins told me that the children lived like little animals in the Auschwitz shed where they had put them and where they were under the control of a person in charge, a woman prisoner who somehow took care of them. This woman seemed to like my cousins, they have not understood why. We suppose that perhaps the two little girls reminded her of a daughter or granddaughter, of someone within her own family. And this was translated then into an extra piece of bread, a woolen shirt stolen from someone and given to them, little things that in the disastrous context of the concentration camp helped to make them feel better.

One day this woman took my cousins aside and told them: "Tomorrow a gentleman from the camp, a camp doctor, will come and line you up. He will ask you, "Whoever wants to see his Mummy may take a step forward!" (an absolutely perverse way used by adults to deceive children). "When this request is made to you, keep your eyes directed on the floor, do not move and do not respond!" My cousins reported this to my brother, but, when this man came and said, "Whoever wants to see Mommy, step forward!", he stepped forward.

He was an only child and wanted urgently to see his mom.

### **My brother and the other nineteen children took that step forward.**

These little children would not see their mother at all, not even from a distance. They were put on a train, they were fed a little better, because those who had requested them, had specified that they had to be in good health. The letter addressed by doctor Heissmeyer to Mengele explicitly calls for "twenty pieces" for laboratory analysis, so the children were considered laboratory pieces possibly in good condition, not deteriorated, therefore unusable, so they were given a little chocolate, to make them feel better.



SS Colonel and physician  
Kurt Heissmeyer



"chocolate produced for the army"  
f: espenlaub military antiques

They took them to the Neuengamme concentration camp, which is situated near Hamburg, and there Dr. Heissmeyer, who was an SS colonel as well as a doctor in Hamburg, a physiologist, had set up a research laboratory to try to isolate the tuberculosis vaccine in vivo in people. These children were injected with live tuberculosis bacteria in the lymph glands of their armpits. And then afterwards, periodically, Heissmeyer would take biopsies of the axillary glands to see if any results had developed (I'm not a doctor, however, I'm told that this is something that doesn't make sense, even then it didn't make sense, when knowledge was more limited than it is now). And anyway they were practicing experiments on human beings absolutely devoid of any ethical and deontological principles. The children were simply deteriorating, getting sick, developing fever attacks, the doctors were only achieving anything but the suffering of these poor creatures.

**Precisely on his birthday, November 27, '44 my brother was taken away from Auschwitz, and was brought to Neuengamme.**

All this went on, until early April '45 when the Allied troops had arrived at the gates of Hamburg. At this point Dr. Heissmeyer (I get a sense of revulsion calling him a doctor. Doctors cure people and do not kill them; no doctor would ever dare to do such an experiment on human beings, at least no doctor I know!) asked Berlin for instructions on how to go on with the experiments. The final answer came directly from Berlin, probably directly from Himmler: they were instructed to eliminate all evidence of what had been done. Heissmeyer very systematically began to eliminate all the papers and had all the people killed that were involved.

Two doctors, a French and a Belgian doctor were killed (...), two poor guys who had been taken prisoners because they were anti-Nazi partisans. They had been interned in the concentration camps and then forced to cooperate with Heissmeyer. These two somehow tried to alleviate the suffering of the children, sometimes unseen—all this appears from the documents--instead of injecting them tuberculosis bacteria they injected distilled water, in short, they did what they could to prevent further suffering of the children.

The two of them were killed, then two nurses, I think they too were French, and twenty Russian soldiers who were acting as servants. They were all killed and they got rid of their corpses in the crematorium of the Neuengamme camp.

The same was done with the twenty children. That is it was done in a strange procedure. In my opinion they did not know exactly what they were supposed to do with them. They took these children from Neuengamme, brought them to the Bullenhuser Damm school which was a sub-camp of Neuengamme (sub-camps were facilities that were used to do things that they did not want to do in the camps). In this elementary school the children were sedated with morphine. Then one by one they picked them up and took them to the basement where they hung them with butcher's hooks from the iron heating pipes. Since the children were emaciated, they were light and did not die. The SS group under the command of SS Lieutenant Arnold Strippel clung themselves at each of their bodies to make them die.

The SS group of Bullenhuser Damm.

*Arnold Strippel*



*Wilhelm Dreimann*



*Ewald Jauch*



*Johann Frahm*

At their trial, one of Strippel's aides said they had hung them "like pictures on the walls." This was the feeling expressed by this SS man.

Evidently a person who joined the SS transformed into something else.

Reasoning in this way highlights a change in their mental habit that had become criminal.

After that they took the bodies of the murdered children and brought them back to Neuengamme.

And there they burned them all in the crematorium. The children and the adults.

All of them were put in the oven and burned.

In this way there is nothing left of them.





School facade at Bullenhuser Damm  
f.: Verein Bullenhuser Damm

**How did this story come to light?** This story came to light because the SS, the ones who had formed the group at the school at Bullenhuser Damm, had been ordered to get rid of all the documents. Heissmeyer, had documented all the experiments that he had performed, he had elaborated laboratory papers, he had documented everything scrupulously. However, to burn all the papers took time, the British soldiers were now very close in front of the city gates

...so the SS men ordered the school ward to continue the elimination work. The ward, however, did not continue with this work.

**He took what was left of the papers and buried them in the school garden. In a cookie box, a tin box.** It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it? A horror fairy tale, but a fairy tale.

And this man never in his whole life had the courage to reveal where this box was buried, because when the war was over, the uniforms were gone, but the SS was still present. And people were afraid. They persecuted those who wanted to talk. They were threatening them with death like the Camorra, the Mafia, they used the same methods.

And thus the whole thing did not come out until a German journalist -- there are few like him, .... I adore him, because he was a special person, Günther Schwarberg was his name -- acted.

Called up by the Wehrmacht to go to war he escaped to Norway where he became a partisan who fought against the Nazis. When he came back to Hamburg, the whole city knew about this story, but nobody talked about it, because it was still a story that had left an important aftermath in the city. Somehow he started to search for the papers and documents, the evidence of this story, but he couldn't find it. He tried to get the documents from the school custodian of whom he knew that he had hidden them. He did not give up, even not in front of his deathbed. At this point the custodian revealed to him where this box had been buried. From what was left of these papers he began to reconstruct the facts.

Other documents were put forward by Heissmeyer himself at his trial. He tried to prove that he had acted in the interest of science (that's really what he tried!). With these reconstructions and the testimony of surviving relatives (whole families of some of these children had disappeared!) the truth about the facts came to light. The surviving relatives went to testify. Schwarberg also contacted my mother, that is why we got involved. Schwarberg's work served as evidence at the trial of Heissmeyer, Strippel and the SS group leaders.












The German journalist **Günther Schwarberg**

(Photo source: Verein Bullenhuser Damm)

Heissmeyer was tried and convicted. When he smelled the air of conviction he fled to East Germany where the Russians arrested and tried him. In 1967 he died in the Bautzen prison in East Germany, where he had gone hoping to save himself. Strippel, on the other hand, died peacefully with all honors in his own bed, as I have heard.



Thank you

Source more photographs: family archives of Dr. Mario De Simone

Surname	Name	Sex	Nationality	Place of birth	Date of birth	Age when killed
Altmann	Mania	F	 Poland		07/04/1938	7 years, 0 months, 13 days
Birnbaum	Lelka	F	 Poland	?	??/??/1933	11/12 years circa
<b>De Simone</b>	<b>Sergio</b>	<b>M</b>	 <b>Italy</b>	<b>Naples</b>	<b>29/11/1937</b>	<b>7 years, 4 months 21 days</b>
Goldinger	Surcis	F	 Poland	Ostrowiec	??/??/1933-1934	10/12 years circa
Herszberg	Riwka	F	 Poland	Zduńska Wola	07/06/1939	5 years, 10 months 13 days
Hornemann	Alexander (Lexje)	M	 Holland	Eindhoven	31/05/1936	8 years, 10 months 19 days
Hornemann	Eduard (Edo)	M	 Holland	Eindhoven	01/01/1933	12 years, 3 months, 19 days
James	Marek	M	 Poland	Radom	17/03/1939	6 years, 1 month, 3 days
Jungleib	Walter (- Jacob ?)	M	 Cecoslovacchia	Hlohovec	12/08/1932	12 years 8 months 8 days

Surname	Name	Sex	Nationality	Place of birth	Date of birth	Age when killed
Klygerman	Lea (o Lola?)	F	 Poland	Ostrowiec	28/04/1937	7 years 11 months 22 days
Kohn	Georges-André	M	 France	Parigi	23/04/1932	12 years 11 months 27 days
Mekler	Bluma (Blumel)	F	 Poland	Sandomierz	??/??/1934	11/12 years circa
Morgenstern	Jacqueline	F	 France	Parigi	26/05/1932	12 years 10 months 24 days
Reichenbaum	Eduard (Edulek)	M	 Poland	Katowice	15/11/1934	10 years 5 months, 5 days
Steinbaum (o Szteinbaum)	Marek	M	 Poland	Radom	26/05/1937	7 years, 10 months, 24 days
Wassermann	H.	F	 Poland	?	??/??/1937	7/8 years circa
Witońska	Eleonora (Lenka)	F	 Poland	Radom	16/09/1939	5 years, 7 months 4 days
Witoński	Roman (Romek)	M	 Poland	Radom	08/06/1938	6 years 10 months 12 days



Surname	Name	Sex	Nationality	Place of birth	Date of birth	Age when killed
Zeller	Roman	M	 Poland	?	??/??/1933	11/12 years circa
Zylbergberg	Ruchla	F	 Poland	Zawichost	06/05/1936	8 years 11 months 14 days

Source:: Verein Bullenhuser Damm

## זכרוננו לברכ

*zichrona livracha in Memoriam*



*Mario De Simone's mother  
Gisella Perlow with his brother  
**Sergio De Simone**  
shortly before their deportation to Auschwitz*

**THEIR MEMORY SHALL BE A BLESSING**

*Musical reflection . Berthold Pesch . Berlin*





## TESTIMONY

### **Dr. Bernadett Hoechbauer in Gross** **German teacher for foreigners**

I am German and it is a great honor for me to have the opportunity to speak to you, especially now, after the moving words of Mr. De Simone. Thank you.  
I am a longtime friend of Federika Wallbrecher.

Facing the preparations for this day, I have come frighteningly close to dark chasms:

On the one hand, there is the physical proximity to Rudolf Höß (=Höss), the commandant of Auschwitz, who made the gas chambers become reality.



Rudolf Höß (*Höss*) grew up in Mannheim, within walking distance of my home. One of the greatest criminals of the Shoah lived right close to where I live now, the building can still be seen today.

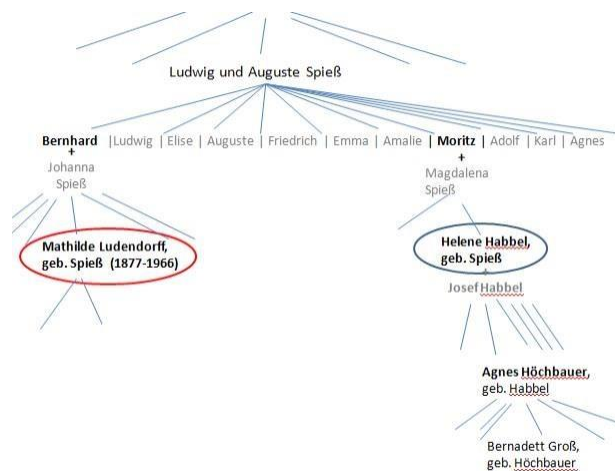
*Nikolaus Happ (1937-2020)*



On the other hand I present to you a friend of my parents, Nikolaus Happ, whom of course I also got to know. Only recently I learned about his family background. Nikolaus Happ's father was a medical doctor and was sentenced to death and executed for his crimes during the Nazi period. How heavy must his guilt have been! This doctor's name was Waldemar Wolter (1908-1947). He was a member of the Waffen-SS and a medical doctor in several concentration camps: in the

*Sonderlager Hinzert (special camp Hinzert)* and in the concentration camps Sachsenhausen, Dachau and Mauthausen.

Thirdly, I followed hints given to me by my aunt. Long after the war had ended, probably in the 1950s, she and her mother (my grandmother) had visited a distant relative who was married to Erich Ludendorff. She recalled that this relative wore a skirt with a hem sewn in at the bottom, decorated with swastikas.



Who was this woman, my relative?

She was my grandmother's cousin, a cousin of my mother's mother.

Mathilde Ludendorff (Oct. 4, 1877-May 12, 1966)

Source: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y9jp7gijLuU> Am Heiligen Quell, Jahrgang 1929 bis 1931, Ludendorffs Volkswarte



Her name was Mathilde Ludendorff, née Spieß, (*Spiess*) she was a highly educated woman, a qualified physician and came from a family of Protestant pastors.

Her third husband (Erich Ludendorff) was one of the highest military officers of World War I and was the leader of the extremist rightists before Hitler came to power. Mathilde Ludendorff spread *voelkische* [nationalist] ideas and declared that Judaism (as well as the Jesuits and the Freemasons) was a great threat to the German people. She wrote countless texts and books with his terrible theories and universal explanations. She did not incite concrete actions against Jews, but prepared the ground for them. One of her books is entitled. "*Jewish Power, Its Nature and End*"-published in 1939. Undeterred,

she continued to spread her dark thoughts even after 1945. Today there still exists the "*Bund der Gotterkenntnis*" (*The Society for the Knowledge of God*), which she herself founded. Followers of this group still refer to Mathilde and her writings. And they even wish to be buried in the same cemetery as Mr. and Mrs. Ludendorff.

So far I've only managed to come across a small text of hers (It's dirt; reading it makes your soul dirty!). This text was written in the 1950s - disguised as a letter, because she was forbidden to publish it.

It is about the blessing of Esau (i.e., the blessing that Esau received from his father Isaac, after his brother Jacob had dishonestly obtained the blessing of the first-born son) and Mathilde Ludendorff tries to prove in a pseudo-scientific way that in this biblical passage, and thus in the very Torah, it is foreshadowed that the Jews should be fought and that we should finally free ourselves from their domination.

And she incorporates this text in the following plot:

An angry Jew rebukes Mathilde Ludendorff-after the Shoah!- but she, however, explains the above facts to him. The man sneaks away, pale and trembling and full of gratitude towards Mathilde. In 1960 a well-known German magazine (*Der Spiegel*) called her the " great-grandmother of German anti-Semitism."

### **A dark chasm opened up in my family that still today has an impact.**

Now I want to talk about my direct ancestors:

Let us remember together my father - Karl Höchbauer. He came from a poor farmer's family in the "Bavarian Forest"(*Bayerischer Wald*) region.



His mother **Anna Höchbauer, born Pacholik** was an anti-Nazi by faith (she was Catholic) in this encouraged by the parish priest, who also was an opponent of the Nazis. My father wanted to participate in the sports activities of the Hitler Youth (the National Socialist youth organization), but because they always took place at the same time as church services, he was not allowed to go. ("You don't go there, you go to church!") As far as he knew, there were no Jews living in his village.

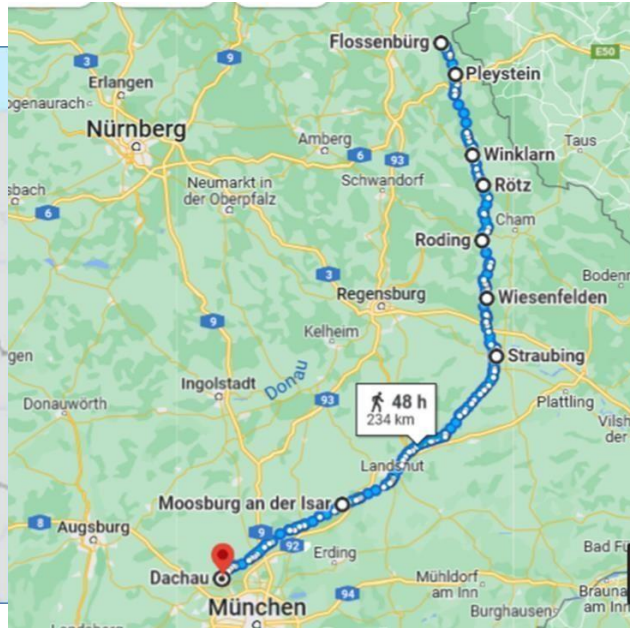
A woman from the village where my grandmother lived and who "worked" in a concentration camp once told my grandmother:

*"You can't imagine what is happening there. Now I have three extra days off because I invented something even more heinous that I could inflict on them!"* (on the prisoners)

Although this woman told my grandmother that she was very shocked, she obviously persisted in her task and thus was granted special leave for her particularly cruel "ideas".

In late April 1945 - my father then was 10 years old - the following happened: One of the so-called "*Death Marches*" (the withdrawal of prisoners from the advancing front - in this case to Dachau) passed through my father's village called Wiesenfelden.





The starting point of this „Death March“ was Flossenbürg, a labor camp, in which prisoners had to work in the stone quarries. Flossenbürg was the second extermination camp after Dachau. Since their house was located right on the main road, my father’s family witnessed this. He recounts:

Together with his mother and brothers and sister from the second floor of the building he was able to see the convoy of the people who passed by.



The prisoners were accompanied by SS guards armed with rifles and German shepherd dogs. They begged for food from every person they met. In front of the house there was a dunghill, on which lay a rotten red cabbage head. One of the prisoners threw himself on it but was violently driven away from it.

My father remembers that they themselves threw a loaf of bread out of the window and that one of the prisoners wanted to pick it up, but the SS pushed him away and made everyone step over the bread.

There is a pond about a hundred meters from the house. My father ran away and to get there. One of the prisoners was kneeling on the shore to drink. A guard kicked the kneeling prisoner from behind with his boots until he fell into the water.



(Photo source: Wikipedia)

In the water the man would join hands and shout several times, "Shoot! Shoot!" He thus prayed for his death. However, one of the dogs in the convoy received orders to jump into the water and pull the prisoner out. He was soaking wet. A hundred meters further on, just outside the village, he was shot in front of a large fir tree.

Some elders who were not in the war, the parish priest and some altar boys (including my father) collected the eighteen corpses, which were located between their village and the next one.

They dug a pit by the wall behind the village cemetery and buried the corpses there placed in sacks. Later they were exhumed by the Americans.

What about my mother Agnes' parents?

Dr. Josef Habel, and Helene Habel.

My grandmother Helene Habel was Mathilde Ludendorff, born Spieß's cousin, also her own maiden name was Spieß. (= *Spiess*)

Both she and her husband (my grandfather) were opponents of National Socialism.

My grandfather's Catholic publishing house and printing house were struggling because they were on the „BLACK LIST" as is noted in my grandmother's diary. In 1940 she wrote in her diary about the war:

*"...( ) How many wounded, how many homeless. Woe to him who set it all in motion, who brought so much misery on mankind! ( )... Internally the struggle against two churches continued, restriction upon restriction, concentration camps filled with religious people, with intellectuals."*

Obviously she knows about the concentration camps, but no persecution of Jews is mentioned in her diary. What about her relationship with the Jewish people?

My mother Agnes remembers several conversations between her mother and a Jewish neighbor, Mrs. Wolf - probably in 1943 - on her way home from kindergarden.

As a child she had noticed that the conversations were quite serious.

At home, one day my grandmother said regretfully, "They went to get Mrs. Wolf."

Since then my mother has not heard from her.

(I later learned that Mrs. Wolf's children survived).



(in the center, Bernadett Hoechbauer's great-grandparents in Gross, the second girl from the right Agnes, her mother)

At home, at table, they prayed for the soldiers, for the fallen, for the sick, but they never prayed for Jews. The reason cannot be fear or caution in the face of those in power, because even after the end of the war, the suffering of the Jews does not appear in grandmother's diary.

I also did not find it in the fine arts magazine that my grandfather published in his publishing house from 1946 onwards. The magazine appeared for twenty-six years. And similarly in a book from my grandfather's publishing house about Kurt Huber, a member of the resistance group, "Weisse Rose," (*White Rose*) from 1947. The Holocaust is never mentioned there.

Rather, it seems to me that my grandparents had a non-relationship with Jews, that Judaism was absent from their lives. Can the roots for this behavior perhaps be found in Christian anti-Semitism?

I learned that opposition to National Socialism does not automatically mean solidarity with Jews. The fact that there was a Mathilde Ludendorff and the chasms she opened in my family (whose writings persist to this day) shakes me terribly.

I am not even able to comprehend the suffering of a single day, or a single hour, of a single person among millions of victims.

Let me say:

*I am immensely sorry, for what has happened to you and your family members.*



*I bow in front of the victims, I bow in front of their pain.*

*(the teacher kneels down)*





*Sara Spizzichino informs us that all the names of the Jewish deportees from Rome to the German death camps after October 16, 1943 were individually written with a white pen on black cardboard and thanks the participants for participating in the performance*  
***We will not forget you.***



## *Electric Swing Road*



*Stefano Petrocco, bass . Fabrizio Paccagnini, drums*  
*Stefano Galli, guitar . Marco Marcor, sax and clarinet*



**TESTIMONY Prof. Antimo Marandola,**  
author of "The Dirty Hands of the Church in the Shoah"

Good evening, as first thing I would like to thank the organizers, but it is precisely of Tobias and Federica that I intend to speak, to linger for a moment, because they are for me the demonstration that one should never reason by stereotypes. Today they are among my best friends. But, reasoning by stereotypes they really should be my enemies, because they are Catholics, they are Germans, and they had the goodness to tell me that they had Nazi relatives. Nothing could be further from my feeling! Yet, today they are among my best friends.



At the same time, I imagine that there is no one in this room who appreciates bullying, just as I am sure that the vast majority of people in this room does not feel bullied right now. Yet, they are not aware. Bullying manifests itself in many different ways. One form of bullying is the bad information of which we are often unwitting victims, bad information that leads us to assimilate a flood of what we would call fake news today, but which is real baloney, and which poisons our intelligence, our sensibility, our historical culture.

I have written a book on this subject and I go around presenting it. Yesterday I was in Pescara and even there I was given a series of

objections, warm ones, I would say, which I have catalogued by now because they are always the same.

Firstly I am told that the church has asked for forgiveness, so why criminalize it anymore? We talk about the church because the title of my book is *The Dirty Hands of the Church in the Shoah*. It is because I perceive the church as the instigator of the Shoah. If I want to give answers I have to go into detail, I have to try to understand better, understand thoroughly. Because *We Remember Together*, Ricordiamo Insieme, all right, but what shall we remember? That is, is Remembrance self-reference or is it aimed at something? Memory has to be finalized and one of the goals we have to set for ourselves would be to clean up with the nonsense that has always been propagated, like, for example, that the Church has already asked for forgiveness. Of course, it has asked for forgiveness ninety-five times, asking different categories, around the world, Protestants, Indians, and so on, and then also Jews. But the request for forgiveness the way it is formulated is more an offense than a request for forgiveness.

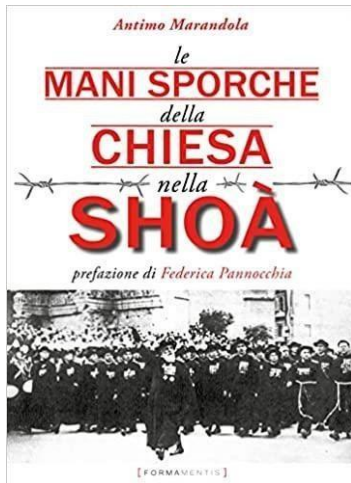
The document by which the request for forgiveness was made was given a Hebrew title, in order to prove something or more so to make it less understandable by the faithful who probably do not have such a deep knowledge of the Hebrew language...

They called this document *Teshuvah*, which actually in Hebrew means "return", return to the state of grace, and so yes, request for forgiveness. But, *teshuvá* follows precise rules that have all been ignored.



*Teshuvá* commands that no one in the place of the perpetrator can ask forgiveness from the victim, and no one can grant forgiveness except the victim for the evil that it has suffered.

But most importantly, before doing *teshuvá* and thus before asking for forgiveness, one must put into action the reparation of the evil that has been done. And this does not turned out to have been done.



(left: bookcover *The dirty hands of the Church in the Shoà*)

There is forgiveness to be granted but no one has ever allowed himself to grant it. Moreover, if there are wrongs for which to ask forgiveness, there are culprits: and so we bring up the names of the culprits for this evil for which the church asks forgiveness. No one has been punished, no action has been taken by the church to clean up within its own walls, and this would have been a good start for the request for forgiveness.

Speaking about forgiveness and punishment I must mention Don Tiso, who was president of the Republic of Slovakia, which was allied with the Germans. This Don Tiso, although he sent 80,000 Jews to Auschwitz as President of the Republic did much worse. During

the deportation of the Jewish population he gave orders that the Jewish girls between the ages of 15 and 25 should not be sent to Auschwitz, because they seemed to be "particularly pretty" and therefore had to be destined for the brothels of the German army on the Russian front. It is not what I say, Don Burzio himself says it. He was the envoy of the Secretariat of State in Bratislava and reported, every day, on what was happening in Slovakia, where the President of the Republic was a priest. So it is Don Burzio who remembers what was going on.

But that is not all, there is worse. This report by Don Burzio that is kept in the archives of the Vatican Secretariat of State at it's margin shows an annotation by Msg. Tardini, a member of the Secretariat of State, who writes: "Seen by the Holy Father." To me this annotation seems obscene, because here we see three words of enormous violence: "seen" as just any bureaucratic paperwork that can be filed away... "Holy." I'm not a Catholic, I don't want to get into the theological merits of this word, but to me it seems a great obscenity to call someone a Saint who is a witness of such a terrible event and doesn't tear his clothes, doesn't cry out in scandal. The only reaction of the Secretariat of State was a phone call to the Slovak ambassador to the Holy See.

And the last word "father." I don't know what kind of father Tardini must have had, it doesn't show up in the documents, but I wish I could tell you about my father's life. My father was worth of that word. This is one of the many aspects of the Shoah that needs to be explored, that needs to be made known. I know that I create scandal when I say that the church is the instigator of the Shoah. I take responsibility for that. I wrote it in a book of 1,200 pages in two tomes. It is the result of 11 years of research also in the Vatican Secretariat Archives and the Archives of the Secretariat of State, as well as in the entire Catholic press from then to now. And I always quote the documents from which I drew this information, from this karst river, because I'm sure no one would be interested in what I think, and so I've shown that it is not me who says it but that the Vatican documents say it.

It is also said that the church saved many Jews - nothing could be more false. Of course there are Jews who said that there were some clergymen who saved Jews; this is true, so much so that Israel, clergymen or not, recognized all those who saved Jews and awarded them the highest honor of Righteous Among the Nations. But in reading the analysis of hagiographical books that speak of this salvation of the Jews, one comes to define that 15,000 Jews were saved, coincidentally, the

exact number of Jews enrolled then in the various Jewish Communities, but there were deaths, there were those who escaped on their own, etc. So why does the church make this mistake by crediting itself with such extensive rescues? There is an economic reason. In fact, we must point out that hospitality in convents etc. was not free. There was a fee to pay. And not always Jews who came from five years of starvation, lack of work, lack of medicine, without a card to collect food, were already quite broken. Very often, maybe they would accept that certain tuition they had to pay, but after a few months the money would run out and then they would be sent away. And they would go in search of another convent, another church, another, possibly cheaper place to go. It may have happened that these families who changed three, four times their place, their shelter, were counted three or four times. But they were always the same that were counted. It also is nonsense if people keep repeating: "now enough of all this! This stuff here is 70 years old, why keep on talking about it! And here is the worst, because this way of thinking assumes that the Shoah ended the day the gates of Auschwitz were opened! This is another great nonsense. The Shoah began with the writing of the Gospels and never ended. And I will show you that it is still very actual!"

About a year ago, that is in fact not 70 years ago, within 11 days 4,500 missiles were fired on Israel. Had they not been intercepted thanks to Israeli intelligence, there would have been another Shoah. 4,500 missiles in 11 days is much more

than those that have been fired on Ukraine until now. But did anybody here by any chance hear any of the world's great authorities shout scandal about this Shoah being put into action one more time? Nothing. There was no mention of it. It means that the Shoah, which is still continuing has not yet entered people's minds. It is not a current topic. Jewish meat continues to be very cheap, in the market places of history. Remembering, Remembrance, is surely sacrosanct. But let's finalize it



for something. Not only to remember past martyrs. One day on a wall I saw a beautiful writing, "Don't mourn the dead Jews, honor the living!" So in that sense my friends will always find me willing, even if critical, to make Memory, to serve some concrete purpose today, because today the Shoah still endures. Please forgive me, I do not want to offend anyone, because everyone is free to believe in what he wants even in the broomstick. During a trip to Auschwitz, organized by Mayor Veltroni, accompanying high school students from Rome, as we were looking at the wall where people were shot inside Auschwitz - Birkenau a boy asked me, "Would you be offended if I now would make the sign of the cross?" I answered him, "Not at all! I'm sorry that you still don't understand anything about Auschwitz. Auschwitz is the denial of the right to profess any religion so you can make all the signs you want! That means come and visit Auschwitz!" G.d only knows how much I don't want to offend anyone. But I have to submit to the eighth commandment that obliges me not to bear false witness.

*(photo black wall Auschwitz USHMM archives)*

Thank you

After the transcript of Prof. Antimo Marandola's speech, we asked, insisting, for some information about his parents:

The road that led from my house to my elementary school, passed in front of the barracks where my father served so in the morning we used to walk that stretch of road together. I had learned that my father, when he passed other military personnel, would give the military salute and I understood the reason for that. He also did it when he went to talk to my teacher, as a sign of great respect.

On the other hand, I did not understand why he did it when we passed two elderly gentlemen sitting in front of their fabric store. It was the same store to which my mother took me on those rare occasions when she decided I needed a new dress. When it was time to pay the price of the dress she would begin a negotiation that bordered on the tones of a tragicomic comedy. The negotiation would go on for up to a couple of weeks between dropouts, returns, new ideas and various consultations. Eventually a deal would be struck and, having paid the agreed price, I would return home with my mother proud of the price snatched. My new dress would be shown to my mother's friends whom my mother would punctually tell that he store where she had bought was the most expensive store in Velletri, but also the one with the best products.

My father never knew why I was doing so well at school. I liked to study but my motivational satisfaction was the happy expression on my father's face when he told his brothers that I was a bit

of a naughty boy but he forgave me because I was doing very well at school. As long as I could see that expression on my father's face again, I would even study at night.

Today I know that I had a happy childhood and from my wonderful parents I learned a lot, simple but very important things that accompanied me all the way to my relations to the boards of directors of big companies or banks. When my father would get his paycheck, after dinner, my parents would make piles of the money on the kitchen table for the various expenses they had to meet during the next month. There was a constant moving of bills from one pile to the other, and the traffic would last for hours. I would end up asleep and punctually find myself in my pajamas in my bed. I knew that our family had been awarded the Gold Medal for Resistance without really understanding what it was all about. My family was a peasant family. They were so very far away from those fine intellectual people I read about in school books. I was 16 years old when suddenly my father died of a heart attack. The same year my mother died but her agony was

long and I got to chat with her a lot. She made a promise that I would become a lawyer because near our house lived a lawyer who had a beautiful house, a beautiful wife, and two wonderful boys. According to her, a law degree comprised the whole package.

Among the many recommendations and promises she decided to answer an old question of mine, always evaded. Why was my father giving the military salute to that elderly couple sitting in front



Benedetto Marandola e Tommasina Del Maestro



of the fabric store. Her answer made me discovered a whole world: He was saluting them with deference because they were Jewish and we were Jewish, too.

I, too, was Jewish.

I nodded, but the news meant almost nothing to me, it was as if she had told me that I was no longer from Lazio soccer team but was from Roma. Time passing I began to understand what kind of news she had given to me. I began to reconstruct the segregated history of my parents and discovered that my father, who was not Jewish, had been deported to Dachau as a political opponent and my mother, who was Jewish, had been in the mountains with the partisans, where she had met the brothers of what would become her husband and my father.

I understood that they had lived a bad life and were so traumatized that they wanted to erase all traces of Jewishness from my future. They had baptized me, confirmed me and sent me to study at the Salesians.



*Monument to Vittorio Marandola erected in Fiesole at the site where he was shot by the Nazi-Fascists.*

I finally understood why my father, even when we went to the beach in the summer, always kept a shirt on: he was ashamed to be branded with a number on his arm, like an animal. I began to read frantically, but the more I read, the more my hunger for knowledge increased. Every day my curiosity to understand what this new family I had been catapulted into was about increased. I never missed their festivals, their ceremonies, their rituals feeling a great warmth around me. The initial curiosity matched perfectly with my passion for historical research that had begun with Santa Claus. As a child I had always received wonderful presents and on Christmas night I would prepare a hearty snack for Santa Claus that I would find punctually consumed the next morning. When, as I grew older, I discovered that it was not true that it was Santa Claus who brought me presents but that it was my parents instead, I felt a disappointment that made me think: appearances were not to be trusted! Behind the sweetest of appearances could lie a trick. Such mistrust accompanied me throughout my life and helped me to go beyond books to search for original documents in archives. Discovering a document ignored by historiography made me feel like a kind of Christopher Columbus! Guaranteed lunch and dinner for my family and having kept faith with my mother about my degree, at a now adult age I can devote myself to historical research with a desire to share what I have discovered through writing books. By now, I think I have understood what it means to be Jewish and I have a duty to pass it on to my children, without imposing anything, but by letting them experience firsthand what it means to have so many brothers and sisters by taking them on vacation to Israel and setting a good example. In this way I hope to fulfill one of the dreams of every Jew: to have Jewish grandchildren.

For my part, I think I deserved those wonderful parents I had. Antimo



*Musical reflection . Berthold Pesch . Berlin*

## TESTIMONY

### Dr. Reinhard Wilde

Legal director, Bishop's Ordinariate Freiburg im Breisgau

On the evening of May 23, 1940, at 5:30 p.m., French author Antoine de St. Exupery, who means a great deal to me, took off with his observer Dutertre and a gunner from the small airport at Nangis les Loges for a reconnaissance flight to Arras. The mission: reconnaissance of tank concentrations near Arras by flying at low altitude 700 meters above the ground.

Probably only a few hours earlier, May 23, 1940, right near Arras, my great-uncle, *Obersturmführer* (senior squad leader) of the *Totenkopf* (skull)-SS, Gerhard Swoboda had shot himself with his pistol, which had been left with only one bullet for this purpose.

In his book "Flight to Arras" ("Pilote de Guerre"), Antoine de St. Exupery describes this flight, which, because of the extreme danger, takes him to his limits and - in retrospect - to an appeal to humanity and the spirit of sacrifice:

As long as my culture has relied on God, it has preserved this concept of sacrifice that God has placed in the heart of man. Humanism neglected the essential role of sacrifice: it wanted to communicate man through words and not through deeds.



In contrast to this philanthropist St. Exupery: **my great uncle Gerhard Swoboda.**

This contrast on the same day and in the same place moves me.

My father always spoke very highly of my great-uncle Gerhard. My father was seven years old when he died near Arras. "Uncle Gerhard" was handsome, tall, nice, child-loving and very musical. He wore an imposing black uniform. My father, who as early as 1953, was disputing with his Catholic high school teachers, whether the officers of the resistance against Hitler were traitors or heroes, downplayed Uncle Gerhard all his life: "He was in the SS, but he mostly made music there." I followed him.

Gerhard Swoboda, born in 1903, grew up in a generation that could no longer participate in World War I as a soldier but that suffered intensely, emotionally from the fact of the German defeat. In his



book "Geschichte eines Deutschen" (History of a German), written in exile as early as 1939, historian Sebastian Haffner analyzes that it was this generation, frustrated by the double disappointment of defeat and the lack of opportunity to participate in the fighting, that became Hitler's most loyal followers.

The parental home was rigidly Catholic and very patriotic, his father was the regional chimney sweep and quite wealthy. Gerhard's father is said to have deliberately and rudely bumped into passersby on the sidewalk coming toward him at the "wrong end."

In the 1920ies Gerhard Swoboda first worked as a musician in a café and was fond of fun and women. He later studied Catholic church music in Regensburg.

This meant an intensive study of spiritual content and Catholic liturgy; one would think that a person studying the music of the Catholic church would have Christian values at heart.

In the early 1930s he married his wife Gertrud, to whom he brought a bouquet of red roses with a single white rose to the hospital for the birth of their beloved daughter.

In the end of 1935 Gerhard Swoboda - I find it difficult to speak of "Uncle Gerhard" - joined the SS Totenkopf - the unit that guarded the concentration camps - and did his "training" in various concentration camps (Dachau concentration camp, Sachsenburg concentration camp). The basis of the "training" was the so-called "Dachau School," invented by the concentration camp inspector and commander of SS Totenkopf units, former psychiatric patient Theodor Eicke:

It was a school of cruelty to defenseless people. Those who failed to do so in "training," brutally beating a prisoner arbitrarily and without reason, were ridiculed and unfit for duty.

Gerhard Swoboda became an officer. He knew Theodor Eicke well.

From mid-1936 the construction of the Sachsenhausen concentration camp had begun.



troop badge  
SS Totenkopf (skull)

Gerhard Swoboda was involved in its construction from the beginning and was responsible for the creation of the Totenkopf SS music platoon of the Sachsenhausen concentration camp.



f: Sachsenhausen concentration camp in 1943,  
source:Wikipedia)

In late 1936, early 1937, seven prisoners escaped from the concentration camp, which had not had yet been optimally secured.

This event inspired the writer Anna Seghers to write the famous short story "The Seventh Cross," which was also made into a film.

It involves the hanging of escaped prisoners on poles-only one prisoner manages to escape completely and his "cross," the seventh, remains empty. Gerhard Swoboda almost certainly witnessed this.



(<https://youtu.be/RTUqFgTuWCY> reception of Mussolini and Hitler in Munich)

Gerhard Swoboda proudly recounts marching with his band in front of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini in Munich in September 1937.

Shortly thereafter, he told his wife that a Jewish woman (a woman he thought was Jewish) accidentally passed him while they were traveling on a city bus in Berlin. He told her with satisfaction how he had shouted at her and how she was shocked and frightened.

Another time he proudly reported how he walked into a Munich office in uniform and how the people who worked there jumped to their feet out of deep respect. The SS Totenkopf Division participated in the Western campaign and for the first time clashed with British troops on the afternoon of May 21, 1940 near Arras.

Gerhard Swoboda was used to being a strong holder of brutal state power. At Arras, as a soldier, he encountered powerful counter-violence, his division suffered casualties and at times even fell into disarray.

Between May 19 and 28, 1940, members of the SS Totenkopf Division killed more than 260 French civilians, there also occurred frequent looting.

On May 21 or at most on May 22, 1940, Gerhard Swoboda must have behaved in a way that he had to be punished with death penalty. But what was punishable by death?

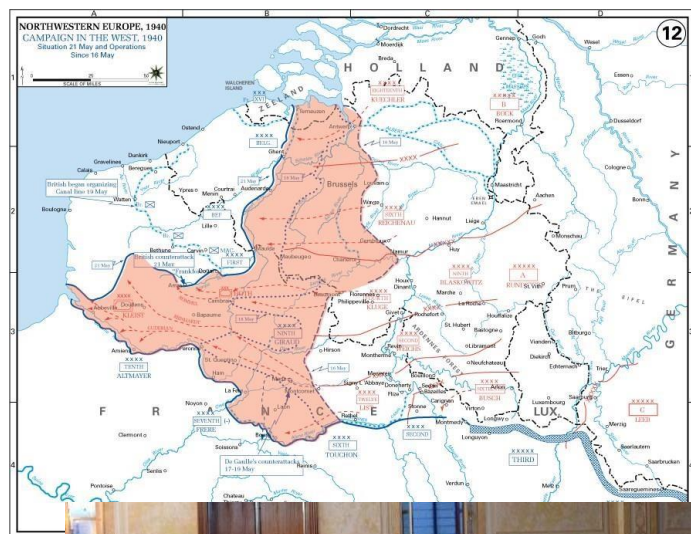
Treason, which meant collaboration with the enemy, desertion, insubordination, betrayal of secrets, aiding prisoners of war, etc.

In the dynamic situation of military advance and fighting, it seems more likely that he refused an order.

At the moment of extreme tension in the fighting at Arras, he failed, lost his nerves and abandoned his post, failed to carry out an orderly attack?

Or did he refuse the order to shoot civilians, women and children?

In these two very different cases, he would have fundamentally failed to live up to the SS ideology of the relentless fighter and instead would have proved himself to be a human being. So far we do not know the truth.



It was considered a "show of mercy," to be personally approved only by Heinrich Himmler in Berlin, that an SS officer sentenced to death was "allowed" to shoot himself; in this case his family would keep his pension. So there must have been a phone call from Arras to Berlin. According to his assistant, Gerhard Swoboda then got drunk and wrote one last message to his wife before shooting himself: "I am doing this for you and for our daughter."

A few hours later, Antoine de St. Exupery flew over Arras.

Had Gerhard Swoboda actually refused to carry out a civilian shooting, this omission would have been a conversion-from SS henchman to human being.

Conversion is the most enduring element of reconciliation.

Reconciliation requires first and foremost looking at and enduring unreservedly the recognized reality. In Germany, this still happens very little in many families today. When I talk about my great uncle, some confess that there were people in their family who did wrong during the Third Reich. In the relationship of the Catholic Church to fellow Jews in the Third Reich, the wrong was in not helping them - we are talking about helping them to survive. In German law -- I don't know if there is a similar idea in Italian law -- the gravity of misconduct by omission is measured by the framework conditions under which the omission occurs. There is a difference, for example, if I happen to witness an accident or if I contributed to the accident: In the latter case, there is a duty of guarantee; failure to help weighs heavily and is punished severely.

Historically, in my view, the Catholic Church has this duty of guarantor to its fellow Jews - centuries of anti-Semitism were also fertile ground for the persecution of Jews by the National Socialists. The lack of help weighs heavily.

Second, reconciliation needs a concrete and humble request for forgiveness and the other side's willingness to forgive. Reconciliation is probably a two-sided sacrifice.

Finally, reconciliation gains credibility only through conversion. It documents the continuous turning away from transgression. I quote here the words of Antoine de St. Exupery quoted at the beginning: It is not words that make a man, but his deeds. Both in the Catholic Church and in ourselves: There is still a long way to go. It will probably succeed only with God.

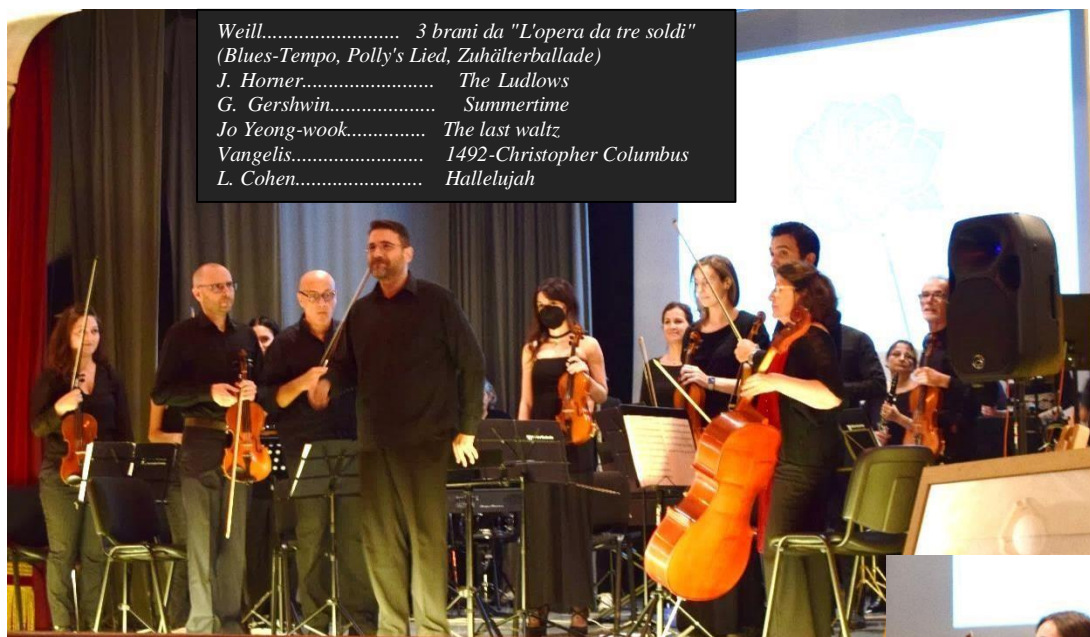
Thank you.





# Thanksgiving concert Open Orchestra of the Corelli Institute

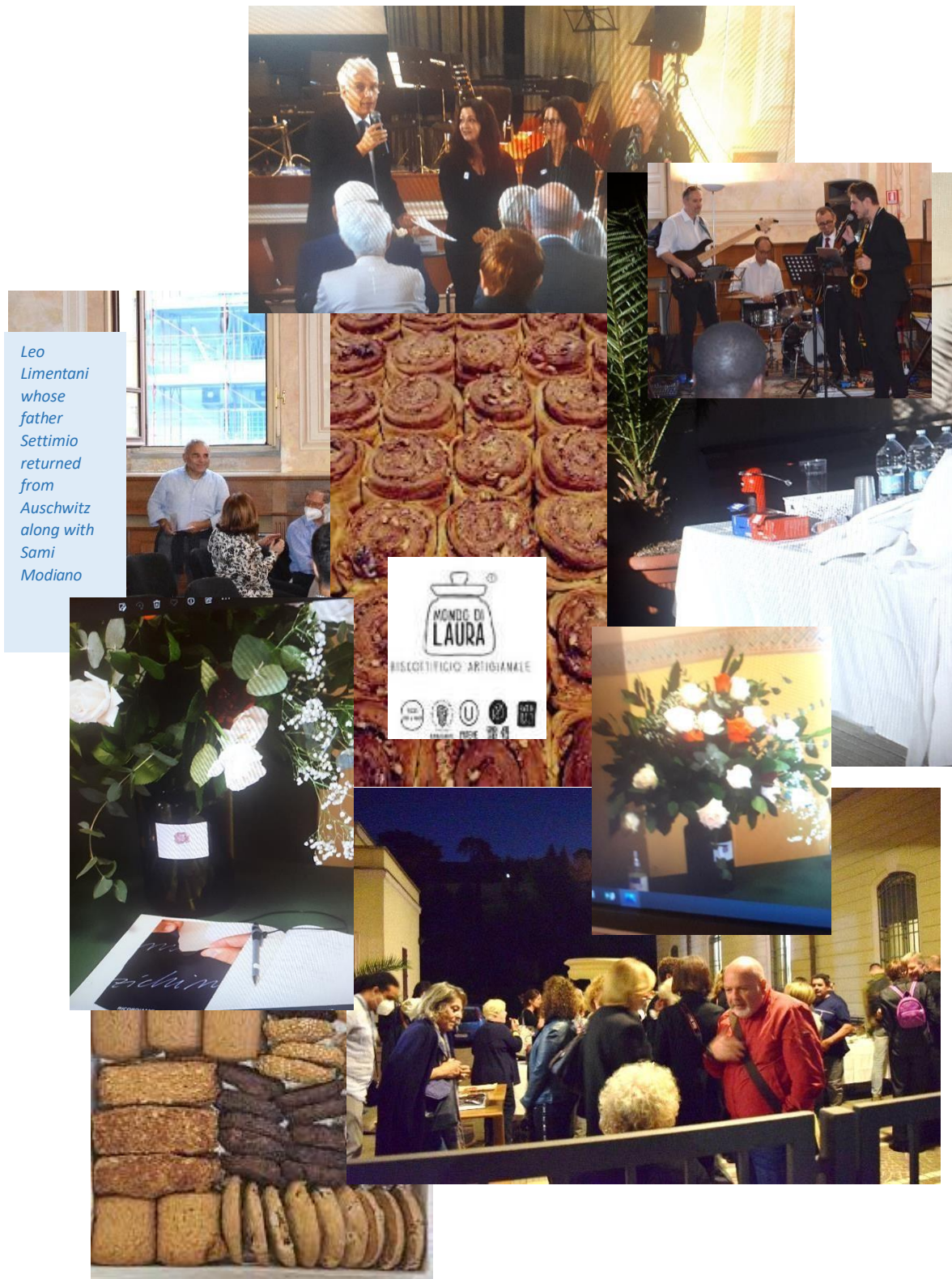
Weill..... 3 brani da "L'opera da tre soldi"  
(Blues-Tempo, Polly's Lied, Zuhälterballade)  
J. Horner..... The Ludlows  
G. Gershwin..... Summertime  
Jo Yeong-wook..... The last waltz  
Vangelis..... 1492-Christopher Columbus  
L. Cohen..... Hallelujah



## THANKSGIVING CONCERT



## INTERVAL



*Leo  
Limentani  
whose  
father  
Settimio  
returned  
from  
Auschwitz  
along with  
Sami  
Modiano*





# *THE TRUTH IS A WEB OF VOICES*

10 questions by Gitta Sereny  
by **Rosario Tedesco**

Roberto Speziale

dise

The Truth is an wWeb of Voices  
10 questions from Gitta Sereny  
by Rosario Tedesco  
with Pasquale di Filippo and Rosario Tedesco

Franz Stangl was commander of the Sobibór and Treblinka death camps, in Poland, from 1942-1943. He was the only death camp commandant brought before a court of law. He survived the war and escaped to Brazil, but was arrested in 1967 and imprisoned in Düsseldorf, Germany.

There, in his cell, in 1971, Gitta Sereny, an English Jewish journalist, born in Austria and of Hungarian descent, interviewed him for 70 hours, making him tell her his life; descending with him into that darkness; asking the eternal questions that have always nagged at us about how and why all this was possible; in the hope of getting closer to that truth that can shed light into that darkness.

(Nineteen hours after their last meeting, he dies.)

"Like a messenger from Greek tragedy, Gitta Sereny - she who asks questions -, saw the horror and came back from that border, unexplored for us, to tell us about it.

Today, in our out-of-sixth time; in our present that sees the community increasingly broken and prey to its worst instincts; today, the delicate role of Gitta Sereny, I believe must be entrusted precisely to the community, that is, to the agreed audience, which thus will not only witness the descent ad inferos, but will become an active and driving part of it."

Rosario  
Tedesco



## NEW QUESTIONS

New questions will be brought to the stage posed by viewers:  
simple, courageous questions that trigger answers from the darkness.  
why?  
what did you do?  
what were you thinking while you were doing it?

Closed, colored envelopes will be distributed among the audience,  
who will receive a few brief instructions on how the evening will unfold.  
Following the sequential order of the envelopes, it will be the audience who will take voice and  
address Stangl directly. It will proceed in this way, from question to question, from answer to  
answer. Time out of sixth, time that was meant to be blocked forever, thanks to these key-  
questions, will flow again. For a community that questions the past makes it alive.

### INTERPRETER

#### ROSARIO TEDESCO



Rosario Tedesco

Foto: Andrea Sorrentino

Actor and director, he trained at Luca Ronconi's school. He has collaborated among others with Antonio Latella. For film work he has taken part in major international productions, acting alongside Anthony Hopkins, Udo Kier, Michael York. He has worked with multicultural companies, with whom he has performed in the most important national theaters, from Teatro Argentina in Rome to Carignano in Turin and Piccolo Teatro in Milan, and on international tours. In 2017 and 2018 with Matteo Caccia he directed the Festival Mosto (the juice of stories), the first storytelling festival aimed at the interweaving of experiences, between theater, journalism and reportage and promotion of the territory.



Pasquale de Filippo

With the project Double Dream for Palermo. 5 paintings for the city, which he conceived and directed, starting from Arthur Schnitzler's text he experimented with a contemporary idea of Stadtspiel (city theater), produced by the Goethe-Institut Palermo and performed by Pasquale di Filippo. A personal journey of civil theater transpires from the plays, whose direction and adaptations he has supervised, that feature the History of the 20th century and individual responsibility: The Vicar by Rolf Hochhuth, The Physicists by F. Dürrenmatt, Unknown Recipient by K. Kressmann-Taylor, Berlin Childhood by Walter Benjamin, In Those Darkness-The Truth is a Web of Voices- by Gitta Sereny, Two Inside a Fire-Stories of Stone- by Rosario Tedesco

## MUSICAL FAREWELL SWING ROAD



*THANKYOU...*



... to all of you who have helped us and who  
accompany us on our path of Shoah  
Remembrance here in Rome, especially the  
**WITNESSES** who form the heart  
of our initiatives in October.

your **RICORDIAMO INSIEME** Team

Grazia, Rivka and Sara Spizzichino Federika and Tobias Wallbrecher







