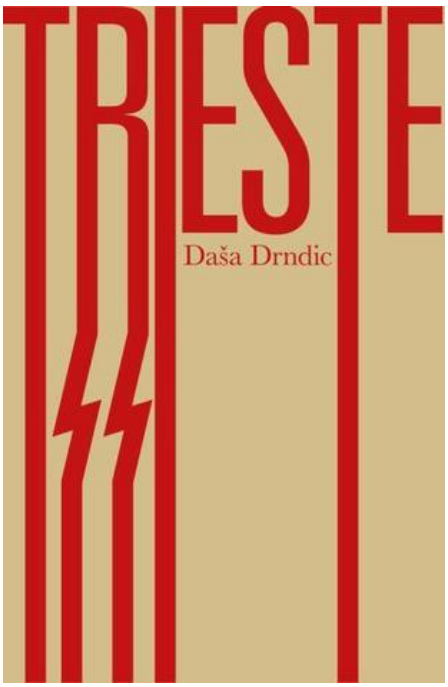

Trieste

Daša Drndi?

Trieste

Daša Drndi?

Trieste Daša Drndi?
Haya Tedeschi sits alone in Gorizia, north-eastern Italy, surrounded by a basket of photographs and newspaper clippings. Now an old woman, she waits to be reunited after sixty-two years with her son, fathered by an S.S. officer and stolen from her by the German authorities during the War as part of Himmler's clandestine 'Lebensborn' project, which strove for a 'racially pure' Germany. Haya's reflection on her Catholicized Jewish family's experiences deals unsparingly with the massacre of Italian Jews in the concentration camps of Trieste. Her obsessive search for her son leads her to photographs, maps and fragments of verse, to testimonies from the Nuremberg trials and interviews with second-generation Jews, as well as witness accounts of atrocities that took place on her doorstep. A broad collage of material is assembled, and the lesser-known horror of Nazi occupation in northern Italy is gradually unveiled. Written in immensely powerful language, and employing a range of astonishing conceptual devices, Trieste is a novel like no other. Dasa Drndic has produced a shattering contribution to the literature of our twentieth-century history.

Trieste Details

Date	:	Published May 1st 2011 by Maclehose Press Quercus (first published 2007)
ISBN	:	9780857050229
Author	:	Daša Drndi?
Format	:	Hardcover 432 pages
Genre	:	Historical, Historical Fiction, Fiction, World War II, Holocaust, Cultural, Italy, War

From Reader Review Trieste for online ebook

Bob Mendelsohn says

I was distracted by the author's use of present tense throughout the book. Never allowed things to be put in time separation. Also it read more like a history text book than a novel. I was very hopeful over and over, but constantly disappointed. Sorry, cannot recommend it at all.

Lisa says

Trieste, shortlisted for the 2013 Independent Foreign Fiction Prize is a shattering book, even if you've already read a few books about the Holocaust. That's because it brings those events firmly into the present, not neatly tucked away in the category of events some would rather forget. Daša Drndi?'s powerful story repudiates anyone who thinks it's 'time to move on, it was all so long ago'. The book, in revealing the existence of the Nazi's Lebensborn Program tells us that there are men and women living today who, whether they know it or not, have identities that are false, and that the parents of some of these people are – after all this time – still searching for them.

In the author's note at the back of the book Drndi? explains that her story is based on fact, and the construction of the book is testament to that. It includes family trees; archival records; newspaper clippings; photographs and testimony from various war crimes tribunals. In the middle of the book Drndi? lists 35 pages of the names of the 9,000 Jews deported from Italy or killed in Italy between 1943 and 1945. I was shocked to find there the surnames of Italian families I know, and now I wonder whether their extended families were among the victims. There are also brief biographies of the SS – their backgrounds, their crimes, their court proceedings, and all too often, their contented post-war lives amid sympathisers and the world turning a blind eye. The book also includes snippets of music, and poetry and prose from writers as diverse as Ernest Hemingway, Jorges Luis Borges, Ezra Pound, T.S. Eliot and other authors and poets perhaps more familiar to European readers. It is not easy to read, not just because of the subject matter, not just because not everything is translated into English, but also because of the accumulation of detail and the way fragments leak into the narrative.

It is the story of an old woman, Haya Tedeschi, whose infant, was stolen from his pram in late 1945. In July 2006 having spent a determined lifetime trying to find him, she waits to be reunited with this child.

He was stolen during the period of Nazi control

To read the rest of my review please visit http://anzlitlovers.com/2013/05/05/tr...

Elyse says

Trieste is a city and seaport in northeastern Italy situated towards the end of the narrow strip of Italian territory lying between the Adriatic Sea and Slovenia.
This book by Dasa Drndic, had me 'google-reading' about the ancient history, the Middle Ages, the early modern days, 19th century, 20th century, ...WWI, annexation to Italy and the Fascist area, WWII and the

aftermath, and the Zone A of the Free Territory of Trieste in 1947-54.

Any reader who loves storytelling -- will be enchanted at the start of this novel. Haya Tedeschi, was born in 1923, in Gorizia....a time when the town and the whole region became officially part of Italy.
Haya, reflects back on her Catholicized Jewish family's experiences. She's sitting in a rocking chair surrounded by a basket of photographs and newspaper clippings. Haya was waiting to be reunited with her son after sixty-two years, fathered by an SS officer and stolen from her by the Germans authorities. --part of Heinrich Himmler's clandestine Lebensborn project founded in 1935....(outlaws of intermarriage with Jews and others who were considered inferior). Children who were born by an interracial couple were believed to grow up to lead a Nazi-Aryan nation.

"I got in touch with the Red Cross. I hoped The Red Cross would help me find my grandparents' names. I might have relatives. I might have nephews. My mother had six brothers. My grandmother was a gypsy from Hungary and my grandfather was from Yugoslavia. I believe I have hundreds of brothers and sisters. Who knows how many women he slept with, and man who got my mother pregnant? Mother never told me my grandmothers' name. I am German property, because I was made in Germany at the behest of Heinrich Himmler. I was born in Germany, but when the war ended they forced Mary Bozic to take me with her, because they wanted to forget I existed. They did not want to see me. They wanted to forget that I had ever lived, but I'm not giving up. Germany owes me an apology. It owes me compensation. Me and my mother Mary
Bozic. I must find out who my family are and where my grandfather and grandmother are buried. Thank you for hearing me out".

In the middle of this book there are 44 pages of about 9,000 names of Jews...(tiny print) ... who were deported from Italy, or killed in Italy or in the countries Italy occupied between 1943 and 1945. "BEHIND EVERY NAME THERE IS A STORY"
It's 'powerful' to see all these names - each in print!!!!! It kinda does something to you!

THIS is TERRIFIC historical novel. The reader gets a taste of the charming city- a cosmopolitan melting pot where at the beginning of the 20th century it was bustling with artist's and philosophers such as James Joyce and Sigmund Freud. Music, fashion, cuisine, politics, fishing, laughing, and the grand love of every day people....Dasa Drndic opened my eyes and gave me an experience of Trieste - past - and present-where I had none.
The last chapters especially got to me....they would anyone!!

Special thanks to *Violet* for recommending I read this. I bought the hard copy last 'year'. Sorry I took so long to read it.....and forgive me 'again' for going past my 3 sentence goal!!! Still need to try harder or read more average books.

Kris says

The review below appears in The Quarterly Conversation, Issue 37: http://quarterlyconversation.com/trie...

In the opening passages of Daša Drndi?'s *Trieste*, an elderly woman, Haya Tedeschi, sits in a rocking chair in her third story apartment in the Northern Italian town of Gorizia, close to the port of Trieste:

Is that the chair whimpering or is it me? She asks the deep emptiness, which, like every emptiness, spreads its putrid cloak in all directions to draw her in, her, the woman rocking, to swallow her, blanket her, swamp her, envelop her, ready her for the rubbish heap where the emptiness, her emptiness, is piling the corpses, already stiffened, of the past.

As Drndi? reiterates throughout the novel, "Behind every name there is a story." And Haya Tedeschi's story is draped in death. Born to a Jewish family that converted to Catholicism and tacitly supported the Fascists in Italy, Haya was a bystander to the Holocaust. She attended movies while Jews and partisans were transported to concentration camps; she pored over movie magazines while thousands of Jews and partisans were killed in the former rice mill San Sabba; she attended concerts with her Nazi lover, Oberscharführer Kurt Franz, while families were torn apart. And on April 13, 1945, the Holocaust was brought home to her when her infant son Antonio was stolen out of his stroller. Throughout Trieste, Haya waits for Antonio to be found, to return to her. As she waits, she echoes a refrain from T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," "HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME."

In the novel's epigraph, Drndi? quotes Jorge Luis Borges: "A single moment suffices to unlock the secrets of life, and the key to all secrets is History and only History, that eternal repetition and the beautiful name of horror." The central question of Trieste is the impossibility of coming to terms with the horrors of history, when historical cycles blend past, present, and future and there is no clear way to avoid repeating yesterday's bloodshed. The novel itself is not built on character development or plot twists. Instead, Drndi? amasses archival evidence that damns not only the Nazi regime but all bystanders for their complicity in the Holocaust. The novel bears witness, and demands its readers do the same.

Jan Morris describes the city of Trieste as "an allegory of limbo," demonstrated by its shifting political allegiances—first as a part of the Habsburg empire, then later given to Italy, briefly ruled by the Germans during World War Two, and finally given back to Italy in 1954 against the wishes of Yugoslavia. In 1943, when the Germans took over Trieste, they established a police barracks and extermination camp in the former rice mill of San Sabba. Drndi?'s documentary evidence of the horrors experienced there shines a light on an often-overlooked part of the Holocaust. And the ability of local families such as the Tedeschis to blend into the majority during periods of crisis presents questions of culpability and identity. What does it mean to be Jewish? How to cope with the human toll of a commitment to national identity? Are children guilty of the sins of their parents? Are any families free from the ghosts of ancestors' mistakes?

Throughout *Trieste*, Drndi? provides a wealth of historical evidence: trial transcripts, interviews, photographs, music, maps, genealogical charts. This documentary evidence is presented in overwhelming detail. In one 44-page span, Drndi? provides a list "of about 9,000 Jews who were deported from Italy, or killed in Italy or in the countries Italy occupied between 1943 and 1945." Drndi?'s approach recalls Roberto Bolaño's list of murdered women in Mexico in *2666*, and to a lesser extent his encyclopedia of fictional literary fascists, *Nazi Literature in the Americas*. Drndi?'s approach is different in part because of the years of archival research behind the novel, in part because of the sheer variety of documents she presents. In some cases, she even brings the dead back to life, as when she presents testimony from those who died in the concentration camps. And in the rooms of archives like Bad Arolsen lie millions of stories waiting to be told:

At the baroque palace in Bad Arolsen, on huge sliding shelves marked with the names of the camps, cities, battles, regions, in alphabetical registers, lurk unfinished stories, trapped fates, big and little personal histories, embodied histories, there are people huddled there who languish, ghost-like, and wait for the great

Mass of Liberation, the eucharistic celebration after which they will finally lie down, fall asleep or depart, soaring heavenward. Bad Arolsen, this vast collection of documented horror,preserves the patches, the fragments, the detritus of seventeen, yes, in digits, 17 million lives on 47 million pieces of paper collected from twenty-two concentration camps and their satellite organizations….

Drndi? also provides a window into Haya Tedeschi's thoughts through morbidly lyrical passages detailing Haya's dreams and internal visions. Throughout the novel, during her decades of waiting, Haya is haunted by ghosts.

She hears voices where there are none. Her voices are dead. All the same, she converses with the voices of the dead, she quibbles with them, sometimes she slumps limply into their arms and they whisper to her and guide her through landscapes she has forgotten. There are times when events boil over in her mind and then her thoughts become an avenue of statues, granite, marble, stone statues, plaster figures that do nothing but move their lips and tremble.

Her memories a graveyard, Haya is surrounded by decay and rot. She dreams of corpses and skulls, of dragging her mother by her legs to hide her. She leafs through the archival records she has amassed, which she keeps in a red basket by her feet.

Now, in 2006, while she waits, while she sifts through the past as if opening dry beanpods from which the beans fall like sealed, enslaved little stories composed of images flitting by in flashes, while she digs through the red basket at her feet uncovering the crusty layers in the little piles of sealed lives, out slips the envelope, so she puts it on her lap and rocks it as if it is a stillborn child.

In 2006, as Haya walks the streets of Gorizia, the dead are more real to her than the neighbors she passes:

She cannot see, nor is she watching. She has wax plugs in her ears. She does not hear…. She has little memories, darting memories, fragmented. She sways on the threads of the past. On the threads of history. She swings on a spider's web.

Haya used to look to literature for answers to her pain and guilt, and the novel is filled with quotations from T. S. Eliot and Romain Rolland, Jean Giono and Ezra Pound. She even engages in a debate with Kierkegaard over despair and memory. But by the end of her period of waiting, she has grown weary of words, preferring numbers and formulas instead, "because everything is in formulas, everything."

Haya's lover Kurt Franz lived the instability of language. An amateur photographer, he meets Haya in a tobacco shop, when he buys film. They soon begin to meet in secret, screening away the reality of war. Franz presents himself as cultured, handsome, charming, an avid gardener who loves his dog Barry, lives for music, and is a devoted son. In reality, before arriving at Trieste, Franz oversaw final operations at Treblinka, pushing through final executions and killing inmates by his own hand, or by ordering Barry to attack male inmates. And then, in 1943, he was assigned to Trieste, where he was responsible for overseeing the executions of Jews and partisans in San Sabba. Haya and Franz's relationship illustrates the destructive power of relationships: "The way lives interweave yet never touch, only to collide in mutual destruction, inconceivably distant in their simultaneity."

Haya is not the only character haunted by Kurt Franz's crimes. Their son, Antonio Tedeschi, was kidnapped under the Lebensborn project, a German program designed by Himmler to ensure the racial purity of the German race by providing care for pregnant women, and later by enabling German families to adopt children who met the racial and biological standards set by the Nazis. Many of these children were kidnapped.

Antonio provides his own testimony in the final chapters of Trieste, the only chapters written in the first person, adding to the immediacy and power of his witnessing. He speaks of his anguish in learning that the Traubes, who raised him as Hans Traube, were not his biological parents, as well as his pain and guilt in learning that his biological father was a Nazi. He holds himself complicit in his father's actions by virtue of having Franz's blood running through his veins.In a telling detail, Hans is a professional photographer, which both represents his bearing witness, and provides a link with his biological father, the amateur photographer.

My situation is complicated many times over. I was stolen. I am a Lebensborn child…. But theninto my life crept that murderer, S.S.-Untersturmführer Kurt Franz and that Jewish woman who spread her legs for him, for the blonde angel of death, the admirer of music and nature, the bad amateur fanatic photographer, the baby-faced executioner, she spread her legs while trains rumbled past, right there in front of her nose, on their way to killing grounds all over the Reich.

Antonio notes that his story is shared by many others, as he provides testimony from other Lebensborn children. Their experiences reveal the continuation of hatred, secrecy, racism, and pain decades beyond the end of World War II. There's no outlet for their pain, no compensation that can give them back, not only their childhood, but also their sense of self.Antonio's voice is clear, strong, anguished. Like Haya, he attempts to reconstruct his identity through archival research. Crucially, they are both looking for some respite from the burden of history – but Drndi? does not provide much hope. As Antonio says near the conclusion of the novel, "Together, we will drape ourselves in the histories of others, believing that those pasts are our pasts and we shall sit and we shall wait for those pasts to fall into our lap like a fat, dead cat." And he concludes with a chilling reflection on the repetition of history:

We should probably be able to learn something from the repetition of history, repetitio est mater studiorum, but despite the fact that history stubbornly repeats itself, we are bad learners, and History, brazen and stubborn, does not desist, it goes right on repeating and repeating itself, I will repeat myself until I faint, it says, I will repeat myself to spite you, it says, until finally you come to your senses, it says, yet we do not come to our senses, we just grow our hair, hide and lie and feign innocence. Besides, for some of us, those of us who like Santa Claus lug sacks on our backs, sacks brimming with the sins of our ancestors, History has no need to return, History is in our marrow, and here, in our bones, it drills rheumatically and no medicine can cure that. History is in our blood and in our blood it flows quietly and destructively, while on the outside there's nothing, on the outside all is calm and ordinary, until one day, History, our History, the History in our blood, in our bones, goes mad and starts eroding the miserable, crumbling ramparts of our immunity, which we have been cautiously raising for decades.

Rowizyx says

Niente, io ad agosto leggo più che impegnato, riesco a essere bastian contraria anche sui libri da ombrellone.

Trieste è una lettura terrificante, un docuromanzo dove la vicenda di Haya e del suo bambino rapito è un filo per parlare di Treblinka. Di Sobibór (non ricordo di aver mai sentito parlare di questo lager in particolare, nel corso dei miei studi) e del terribile programma di Himmler per la perfetta razza del superuomo ariano, con le case per le donne ingravidate (volenti o nolenti) da SS per avere bambini perfetti, oltre ai bambini rapiti per preservarne "l'arianità", bambini che in molti casi hanno poi conosciuto la violenza della società post-bellica, colpevoli di essere figli dei loro padri. Pagine di storia che si preferisce dimenticare. È particolarmente crudele la parte sui bambini ospitati nelle case del progetto Lebensborn in Norvegia, poi abbandonati al loro

destino, spesso poi messi in manicomio. Bambini di tre, quattro anni in manicomio. Perché colpevoli di essere figli dei loro padri.

Come la Risiera di San Sabba, unico lager con camere a gas e crematorio attivato in Italia. Da ragazzina mi colpì molto, perché comparve in una ricerca stupida fatta per scoprire avvenimenti importanti nel giorno del mio compleanno. Compio gli anni nella data in cui il Senegal festeggia l'indipendenza dalla Francia, Martin Luther King è stato assassinato... e in cui fu messo in funzione il crematorio di San Sabba.

L'autrice in questo libro ricostruisce il contesto friulano e dalmata durante la seconda guerra mondiale, e racconta anche da dove provenissero le SS incaricate di portare a regime la Risiera. Il loro bel curriculum di omicida di massa. E riporta tutti i nomi dei deportati dalla Carinzia, 9.000 nomi elencati in poche pagine, che fanno veramente male.

Così come le testimonianze di Treblinka e di Sobibór, intervallate dalle deposizioni in tribunale degli ufficiali SS accusati di crimini di guerra. È un libro che fa male, che deve far male, e che deve ricordarci l'orrore di quegli anni, oggi che viene troppo facile a troppe persone inneggiare a roghi in piazza o a una bella doccia nelle camera a gas per chi è diverso o la pensa diversamente.

Un libro che si dovrebbe leggere.

Denni says

More affected by this book than virtually any other. It is an example of why literature matters. Its virtues include its unusual structure/form, the astonishing degree of research that went into it, and its beautiful and poetic language (where it is able to have such language), as well as the remarkable work of the translator. Both the author and translator should have won prizes. I learnt much that I didn't know about what was done in Europe in the 1930s and 1940s, and that, of course, is important, but the additional impact of this book is the way it turns the mirror back to reflect us, here and now, and to make us question our ability now to fail to know how our world works now. I struggled with it at first as it's slow to start and very dense, concentrated, but thank goodness I persisted. I'd found this book on the library shelves by chance when I was early for a work meeting. I read the extract on the back cover and this caught my attention because it's so beautifully written. I'm so glad I found it. I'm so glad there are still libraries. I will now buy my own copy because this is a special and important book, and I can't recommend it highly enough.

Carloesse says

Un romanzo-documentario: così il sottotitolo. L'argomento è sicuramente interessante (Olocausto, campi di sterminio nazisti, la risiera di San Saba, l'Adriatisches Kunstenland, il piano Lebensborn, le colpe dei padri, i sensi di colpa dei figli, colpe di chi agì e di chi semplicemente ignorò, chiudendo entrambi gli occhi, anche tra gli stessi ebrei che rimasero ai margini delle persecuzioni: la stessa Haya (per metà ebrea e amante di un feroce ufficiale nazista), la protagonista: cosa sarebbe stata la sua vita, cosa la sua coscienza se non le fosse stato rapito il figlio ?

La parte più propriamente "romanzo" (buona e ben scritta) tuttavia rimane fioca, quasi un sottofondo, e avrebbe potuto svilupparsi ben più ampiamente. La parte documentaristica invece alla fine è un enorme

dossier, non si capisce bene neanche quanto rigoroso (tutto da fonti accertate? Quanto ricostruito dall'autrice ?).
Qualche merito il libro ce l'ha: tenere desta la memoria ed avvisarci che il male si annida sotto ogni bandiera: così nella Chiesa cattolica di Pio XII che si rifiuta di restituire alle loro famiglie ebree i bambini che aveva salvato (e ormai cattolicamente indottrinato: doni di Gesù che non si possono restituire così, sui due piedi); o tra i civili e democratici norvegesi nel trattare i figli del Lebensborn (tra essi anche una cantante degli Abba, fuggita per questo dalla Norvegia in Svezia: non lo sapevo!), comunque anch'essi certamente delle vittime, dei bambini innocenti, degli esseri umani, con la stessa inumana brutalità dei nazisti contro i quali volevano sfogare la propria rabbia,…

Però confesso di avere proceduto a fatica tra tutto questo vasto materiale, e di essermi spesso sentito durante la lunga lettura un po' come un piccolo canotto tra le onde.

Lee Foust says

Inside this book there is a beautiful novel. Inside this book there's also way too much historical trivia. (I say trivia not to denigrate the war criminals and horrors it depicts, but because these characters and their deeds are recounted in snippets and lists, presented as if they were trivia.) There's also many scenes or testimonials of WWI, WWII, and post-war horrors. You will occasionally lose several pages to some particular act of brutality you know is historical fact and it will disallow your concentration for some time--horrors are horrors and the effect us this way, therefore a dramatic text should probably use them sparingly both to keep the reader engaged and so as not to deaden us to horror through repetition.

The narrative does come together, explain itself and the amassing of related war trivia, in the end, on its own terms, as a pastiche of two characters' powerless to either renege or capture their own histories search though documents and information to come to some sort of terms with their place in history... Still, as I read I was often furious at the book for the incessant trivia and the battering horrors when they preempted, deferred, or weakened the slightly more traditional narrative. I'm not a technique hater either. I love experimental and postmodern fiction. But frequently *Trieste* abused technique rather than used it to scale new heights. This is a beautiful novel with some deep flaws in its experimental form, I think. Maybe I'm wrong. I actually want to be wrong, for the novel's sake.

I'll be writing about it for my newspaper and I'll publish the essay here after we go to print.

Here's the promised article:

Borderland literature: Daša Drindi?'s Trieste

Borders, languages, national identities, and particularly nation states, are neither stable nor clear-cut. Case in point, the farthest Northeastern corner of Italy, the Friuli region and its largest city, Trieste. Like most of the regions of the country now known as Italy, the Friuli was a Roman province, a medieval semi-democratic duchy, and then by turns annexed by succeeding and overlapping early modern empires: the Austrian, the Kingdom of Hungry, the Venetian Republic, and finally, the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Since 1954, its been

a region of the Italian Republic. From 1943 until liberation by the Allies in ‘47 the Friuli was, along with sections of what are now Croatia and Slovenia, part of the Adriatisches Küstenland, an SS-run vassal state of the Third Reich. Between liberation and opting to join Italy (‘47-54) the Friuli was an independent city-state protected by the United Nations. The people of the region have many mixed cultural identities: Italian, Croatian, Slovenian, Austrian, Catholic, and Jewish. Besides its own local dialect, the languages of all of the above nationalities are spoken in Trieste and environs as well as several overlapping and mixed dialects.

Daša Drindi?’s 2007 novel Trieste (published in English in 2012 by Britain’s Maclehose Press) is a post-modern historical novel set in Friuli (despite its title the action occurs mainly in Gorizia and Nova Gorica). The novel beautifully and, at times, horrifically charts the family tree of its protagonist, Haya Tedeschi, (herself a cross-current of identities: Italian, Slovene, Jew) through the shifting political boundaries that sweep across the region during the two World Wars and the destructive and tragic consequences when state-sponsored nationalisms come calling in a soldier’s uniform. Alongside the traditional narrative of our protagonist, her parents and grandparent’s stories of WWI, her own WWII romance, the kidnapping of her child, and her years spent searching for him, the text is peppered with historical documents, bits of well-known poems and novels, and testimonials of the perpetrators and victims of the holocaust drawn from the Nuremburg trails and other sources. Like the novels of W. G. Sebald, lists, charts, and photos heighten the reality of the story’s background, making it difficult to dismiss as "mere" fiction. The artistry of interweaving fact with fiction will excite many readers. While I believe it to be an alluring technique, it also prompts my sole negative critical opinion of the novel: there’s a bit too much of it. I loved the story so much I sometimes grew impatient to get out of historical trivia and return to Haya and her drama. I felt this especially during the long section of short biographies of the guards at Trieste’s San Sabba transit camp.

Originally a rice husking plant, the Nazis transformed the San Sabba complex into, at first, a detention and transit center for deporting dissidents, partisans, and Jews to Auschwitz. Later, outfitted with a crematorium, San Sabba saw its own share of systematic, state-sponsored killing. Today the Risiera is an important Holocaust museum. Still, San Sabba is relatively peripheral to the novel’s plot and, although of great historical interest, I felt that it got more attention in Trieste than the narrative itself demanded. And, anyway, few things I have read have moved me like my own visit the Risiera museum.

Flaws aside, Trieste is an important and beautiful novel. I feel we will always need art that reminds us that our constructed identities are far from stable or singular and that the politics surrounding them will always lead to little more than divisive chaos. Each of us is far more than a skin color, a gender, a language group, a dialect, a city, a nationality, an ideology, or a flag. We also live in the fluidity of time, which will one day become history. Trieste confronts not only the horrors of Irredentism and Nazism and how national identities can torture and exterminate so many of its own citizens for a misguided and absurd sense of purity—as if, within the many crosscurrents of identity there could be any such thing! The novel also emphasizes our responsibility to our descendants. Trieste’s stunning final section deals with the irreversible damage done to the children of Nazi war criminals and, by extension, to European consciousness and culture of the following generation, because of the horrors committed by their fathers and mothers. More than anything else Trieste illustrates the danger of constructing national identities and imposing them militarily. We are human first and foremost; most of the rest is posturing.

Second reading:

This novel was better the second time through--both clearer and more aesthetically satisfying.

Obviously I was a bit annoyed at the percentage of historical info., testimony, and short biography on a first

reading--much of this made more sense during my second reading as I knew where the story was going. Therefore much of the information seemed less casual because I understood better the thematic links between some information and the main narrative itself. A lot of that had to do with the female experience of World War II, which makes this novel very interesting. Since war is "man's work" and villains are most commonly male in novels--certainly more frightening because usually both physically and culturally more powerful than female characters--it's refreshing to read of not only the female victims of the Third Reich, the hardships of the innocent bystanders of WWII, but even some of the German women who participated in the monstrosities of the regime.

The final chapter was also much more pointed and satisfying to me the second time through. It seems to me now that a major theme of the novel is the paradox that we humans live mostly through text, history, narratives, and cultural context and yet we feel like free, self-defined actors and want to be judged on our own actions. Obviously a historical/cultural event as devastating and morally suspect as the Nazi movement opens up a legacy for the next generation impossible to accept, bear, or even stomach. Hence the desire to escape history in conflict with the longing to belong, to have a history and a culture behind one. The fact that in the final scene the two protagonists can only communicate by reciting lines from Eliot's "Wasteland" is a fit end to the story of these equally lost characters looking for identities in a mass of historical documents and ephemera. Identity is grounded in culture but is voiced by individuals, art, documentation. (It also explains the form of the novel and its need to present oodles of ephemeral information outside of the main narrative.) This might be the main reason history is always spun so positively by the "winners"--it's not the conscience of a nation, but rather the foundation of a culture meant to gift the next generation a positive birthright.

Tuck says

in this brilliant novel with its mix of archival and historical and the STORY of haya, a jewish woman in gorizia, just north of trieste, one sees techniques of bolanos 'nazi literature' Nazi Literature in the Americas, mixing historical fact with the historical novel but told from the present day (as sad and horrific as this novel is, there are some funny parts, the nazi blowup doll for soldiers to get their nut off, but not have to worry about going to town or getting a disease [never released to the soldiers though, nazis just used regular brothels, rubbers, doctors , hired women etc] and the jokes about pope ratz, being a rat and a nazi etc etc) where her stolen son (stolen by the lebersborn) whose dad was/is franz um, whatshisname, a death camp killer, tracks down his mom, after 62 years. so novel has entries of war criminals' histories, a list of 9000 names of jews killed or shipped off to be killed from italy, pictures, good advice from thomas bernhard, poetry from borges and pound, official correspondence from catholic church secret archives and international red cross tracking service, train schedules (you know which trains), and storyline of haya, old, alone with her nightmare memories where she both asks the question 'what affect was holocaust on people who 'weren't involved' and asserts that every single person has a story worth telling (but i guess only if we have somebody as bad ass at dasa drndic to tell it heh?) and the only way to understand wwii is to truly ask for the stories and have the courage to listen to the answers. this novel goes well with goldsteins croat 1941 history 1941: The Year That Keeps Returning and jan morris' trieste book Trieste and the Meaning of Nowhere and anything by niklas frank. an incredibly brave and non-mainstream novel one would expect from dalkey archive, not Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, but such it is.

Roger Brunyate says

Behind Every Name There is a Story

> Abeasis Clemente
> Abeasis Ester
> Abeasis Giorgio
> Abeasis Rebecca
> […]
> Zundler Henriette Cecilia
> Zwirblawsky Enoc Hersch
> Zylber Szaya
> Zynger Jerachmil.

These are the first and last of a list of around 9,000 Jews from Italy or Italian-occupied countries killed between 1943 and 1945. Forty-four pages printed in four columns of small type, they stand like a granite wall separating the first half of this book from the second. Although visually the most unusual feature in this totally extraordinary Holocaust novel, it is not the only one: there are court transcripts, poems, entries from a biographical dictionary, fragments in many languages, and even grainy photographs in the manner of W. G. Sebald. And names, names, names.

The protagonist, though based on fact, is fictional. Haya Tesdeschi, an old woman of 83, sits in her room in Gorizia, on the border between Italy, Austria, and Croatia, and waits to meet her son, stolen from her by the Germans as a baby, 62 years before, in 1944. But the photos in the basket at her feet go back even farther, to when her parents had not yet met and Gorizia was an international spa. As she does throughout the book, Drndic paints the picture in Homeric fashion, by conjuring up names:

> Ah, all the actresses, duchesses, dancers; all the poets, journalists, singers and marquises whom He gets to know and love long after his first forays to local brothels at sixteen (when He pawned His grandfather's watch); ah, Teodolinde and Clemenze, and Giselda Zucconi, and Olga Ossani; Maria Luisa Casati Stampa, amasser of exotic animals and bizarre furniture; oh, Ida Rubinstein, Isadora Duncan, the singer Olga Levi Brunner, and after her, the pianist Luisa Baccara, then the wealthy American painter Romaine Goddard Brooks, who later comes out as a lesbian; then, oh Lord, celebrated Eleanora Duse…

It goes on, the list of names, famous and forgotten, beginning as an unstoppable lyrical stream, but changing eventually to a meticulous accounting of atrocity. Haya is born, grows up, meets a charming young German soldier nicknamed "The Doll," bears his child. Meanwhile trains pass through Gorizia, trains whose schedules are notated in numbing detail. A nearby rice factory is converted as a detention center. The parade of names continues, but now they are the biographical entries of personnel from Sobibor or Treblinka, excerpts from their trials, and a note of what happened to them after the war (in most cases, nothing).

Haya becomes a mathematics teacher, retires, and waits. She still amasses information, but the witnesses in the trials she now sees in her mind are mostly ghosts. The poets Elliot and Pound have more to say to her than the voices of living people. But her story is still about names. Somewhere in Germany, in the small town of Bad Arolsen to be precise, there are millions of them, archived documents that might reunite her with her son. And so the focus passes to the next generation, people who wake up one day to discover that they are the children of mass murderers.

With the one exception of its central character, this is a book of facts. But facts marshaled with such variety of technique, such ingenuity, such anger, and such compassion that the book makes compelling reading from its beautiful start to an ending that, with so much purged away, has its own very different kind of beauty. A masterpiece.

Kate Lee says

I am a huge WWII geek. As in I will read practically anything under the sun if it has to do with WWII. I've read a lot of war novels before, but this one blew everything else out of the water. It is truly a war novel like no other.

The Ups: Remember how I said Homegoing was the most ambitious novel I'd read this year? I lied...it's definitely Trieste.

This book borders on the line between non-fiction and fiction so often that I can't even tell which parts are fiction or non-fiction. There are SO many facts imbedded into the text, which is why a lot of readers grew tired of the book after a while. It was overwhelming, but I decided to stick with it, especially because the facts were essential in creating a large picture of how terrible and huge the impacts of Nazi Germany were and are on the world.

The general theme of the story, and a quote that is repeated multiple times, is "Behind every name, there is a story." In fact in the middle of the novel there is a list of 9,000 Jews who were deported from or killed in Italy between 1943-1945. There is also a section describing the lives of many German officers and their terrible actions, and what little/no punishment they received. The horror and injustice and anger is enough to make your head spin, but that is what is necessary.

Haya is referred to as a "bystander" of sorts, a citizen who turned her face away from all the terrible things happening to her friends around her. She, like so many others, is silent and doesn't speak up against the Nazi regime. Later, however, through her search for her missing son, it is shown that she is a victim as well; her son was stolen from her by the Catholic church to be used to purify the German race.

This is a story that is trying to bring truth to a historical event some people are trying to forget. It shows the collaboration of the Church and the government in prosecuting the Jewish, it shows the corruption and secrecy that stills goes on TO THIS DAY regarding documents, it shows, most importantly, how everyone is a victim when we forget, when we say: "It was too terrible, I don't want to hear about it."

It was certainly not an easy book to get through. It wasn't graphic or extremely disturbing, but it was just so packed with facts and truth that it was unsettling in that respect.

The Downs: I do think it is not an easily approachable novel form. I found myself wishing the plot would speed up, or being confused because I was skipping between German facts and Haya's story. I wish it was a little more approachable so its impact could reach more readers...but maybe without all its element it would not have been so powerful.

Violet wells says

“She has always been somehow weightless, free of the heavy burden of mother tongues, national histories, native soils, homelands, fatherlands, myths, that many of the people around her tote on their backs like a sack of red-hot stones.”

This is Haya Tedeschi who, at the beginning of the novel, is an old Jewish woman sitting in a rocking chair in the Italian town of Gorizia, near Trieste. She is surrounded by documents, photographs, cuttings. Her head is swarming with memories, “melting in her mind like chocolate”.

It should be remembered that Trieste was one of those places which was a disputed territory in both world wars. A kind of no-man’s land perennially awaiting the outcome of some new military action. Its inhabitants never quite sure of where they belonged, pressed in by borders that were continually shifting around them. In short, it’s an inspired place to set a novel about the horrors of world war two.

Haya’s story is constructed piece by piece with frequent brilliantly researched documentary interludes. The artistry with which this novel moves back and forth between the personal and the public, a microcosm and a macrocosm of the Holocaust is, for the most part, brilliant. Haya’s story is told with a kind of disarming playful lyricism at times which reminded me of Nicole Krauss but without Krauss’ whimsy, her artificial sweeteners (which I enjoy) . We learn about Haya’s family’s displacement during the first world war. We learn that, like most Italian Jews, they are integrated into Italian life and do not identify themselves primarily as Jewish. To outsiders they are essentially indistinguishable from any other local resident. We see how they are forced by events to become nomads. Work takes them to Albania, Milan, Naples, Venice and Trieste. The hub of the novel is Haya’s relationship with a seemingly and, relatively speaking, innocent German soldier who is also a keen photographer. Haya is a typical young girl. Wilfully ignorant. While transports are leaving Trieste in the middle of the night she is often to be found at the cinema or dining in a trattoria. (Drndic is very tough on Haya and her family: “The Tedeschi family are a civilian family, bystanders who keep their mouths shut, but when they do speak, they sign up to fascism. For 60 years now these blind observers have been pounding their chests and shouting we are innocent because we didn’t know!…these yes men, these enablers of evil.”) Kurt Franz, the German boyfriend, leaves her when she is pregnant. A year later her son mysteriously vanishes when her back is turned. The central mystery of the novel is what happened to her son. The personal horror of the novel is the gradual unfurling of who his father was, what he did.

There’s a sense we’ve become a little immunised to the horrors of the Holocaust. This novel rips through all those palliatives. It adds new horrors to the Holocaust. Some of the things you learn are as disturbing as anything you already know. I won’t spill any beans because these details are very much an integral part of the novel’s emotional charge. You also learn a few more light-hearted facts like, for example, how when Mussolini’s Ministry of Culture clamped down on the infiltration of foreign words into the Italian language they forbade Italians to refer to Louis Armstrong by his American name; instead he had to be called Luigi Braccioforte! More unsettling we discover that the Swiss allowed the transport trains to pass through their territory when the Brenner tunnel was snowed up on the provision that the Red Cross be allowed to serve the prisoners hot soup and coffee.

I read some of the other reviews of this and noticed one person objected to the Nuremburg transcriptions and especially the list of the 9,000 Jews deported from Italy. I found this list very moving because you knew every one of those people had a deeply moving human story like Haya’s. And you don’t have to read every

name on the list so this seemed a rather querulous complaint. There might be a case for complaining that, at times, the documentary dwarfed the human story of Haya; that perhaps one didn't quite get to know Haya as much as one would have liked and occasionally the large scale narrative detracted rather than added to the momentum of the small scale narrative. Personally, for example, I found the quoting of Pound, Borges, Shakespeare, Eliot and others clumsy rather than illuminating. But this is a small misgiving.

There's also a fabulous twist when, late in the novel, we learn who is narrating the novel. This is without question one of the most painful novels I've ever read. It's no Schindler's List, softening the horror with acts of moving kindness. There's nothing uplifting about this narrative - except the artistry with which it's constructed.

Elalma says

Una delle critiche che i sopravvissuti hanno fatto alla letteratura della Shoah è quella di non rendere mai abbastanza l'orrore con le parole. Gli stessi testimoni, grandi scrittori, come Primo Levi o Boris Pahor si sono rammaricati, per la loro (presunta) incapacità di testimoniare e rendere l'indicibile a parole. Perché l'orrore più grande lo fa la Storia, quando ti sbatte in faccia le testimonianze nude e crude, senza filtri, senza emozioni, perché sono parole di uomini "morti" dentro, sia vittime che carnefici. Qui è riportato tutto il marciume, lo scandalo, l'abominio che risulta dalle testimonianze, dai documenti, dalle liste sotto il pretesto di un romanzo e fa male, molto. Sì, perché mentre scorre la storia di finzione, emerge una ricerca di materiale vero, le biografie di tutti i gerarchi che stettero a Trieste tra il 1943 e 1945, gli stessi boia di Treblinka, la storia della risiera di San Sabba, gli ignavi, i sadici, i bambini rapiti; tutto ciò diventa l'ossessione dei protagonisti e diventa anche quella del lettore. Mi sono chiesta anche io se tutto ciò non rasentasse quella che chiamano "pornografia dell'olocausto", come alcuni recensori hanno sottolineato, ma poi mi sono detta che il voltastomaco, il disagio era giusto che ci fossero, perché quando ci si volta dall'altra parte, quando si lascia scivolare la storia, quando ci si abitua, tutto diventa di nuovo possibile. Perché "I bystander", e cioè gli ubbidienti, i taciturni, coloro che*siamo innocenti perché non sapevamo*, i neutrali, gli osservatori ciechi , gli adattati c'erano allora e ci saranno sempre. *I bystander siamo noi*. Ecco il perché, forse, di questi pugni nello stomaco: sono i sensi di colpa dei protagonisti. La scrittura è curata, profonda, sempre adatta al contesto: rapida e concisa nella finzione, fluente quasi ridondante nei pensieri, oppure ossessiva e claustrofobica nella descrizione degli orrori, ma sempre e comunque colpisce.

Lisa Lieberman says

Assembly required.

Daša Drndi? says she spent two years researching this book. Much of that time seems to have been spent online, downloading documents from the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum's collection and other Holocaust related sites. Witness testimonies, lists of Jews deported from Italy or killed in the countries occupied by Italy (43 pages of names!), photocopied photographs inserted, W. G. Sebald-style, into the text, transcripts from the Nuremberg Trials, capsule bios of prominent Nazis.

Collecting all this stuff took time, but the hard work of extracting meaning from it is left to the reader. Maybe Drndi? was overwhelmed by the task she set for herself, but I'd have liked it if she'd spent another year at the very least reflecting on her material, distilling it (as Sebald does). I see this as the responsibility of an author who takes on a topic like the Shoah, to help readers navigate those dangerous shoals. The line between Holocaust literature and Holocaust porn is easily crossed.

What's the difference? I'm going to let Imre Kertez, the author of *Fatelessness* (which I reviewed here a few weeks ago) answer that one:

> I am somebody who survived all of it, somebody who saw the Gorgon's head and still retained enough strength to finish a work that reaches out to people in a language that is humane. The purpose of literature is for people to become educated, to be entertained, so we can't ask them to deal with such gruesome visions. I created a work representing the Holocaust as such, but without this being an ugly literature of horrors.
>
> Perhaps I'm being impertinent, but I feel that my work has a rare quality—I tried to depict the human face of this history, I wanted to write a book that people would actually want to read.

Dov Zeller says

I've read reviews in which people call this book a brilliant novel, and in my mind brilliance is beside the point and whether or not this is a novel I could not say. It is a powerful weaving together of prose, poetry, oral histories and other historical documentation. A book in which a character tries to come to terms with her choices during a time of war, and for all of her years lived after the war, forces herself to look unflinchingly at her complicity and tries to unravel the mystery of her son's disappearance (a good 60 years before this novel's chronological present.)

I've heard "Trieste" described as "documentary fiction", a category I didn't know existed, and one I like very much. People compare her to Sebald, and I don't know if I agree. Her writing is much messier and much harder to assimilate, there is none of Sebald's smoothness. Instead of walking and talking like a tour-guide, it is almost as if someone is talking in the way of the ancient mariner, but without any care as to who is listening. Haya doesn't seem to notice us, she is quiet and determined and perhaps a little monomaniacal (I realize that is a conflict of terms). Meanwhile, Drndic is screaming. I can feel her voice going hoarse, her mania, her horror and frustration as she uncovers more and more evidence of the horrors of history that go on unwitnessed, un-addressed, unjustified, still clawing into our collective consciousness. If only there could be some kind of reparation, so we can move onto a clean page. But there are no clean pages. Every page has the names of the dead, of the dead and forgotten who were killed unjustly and who suffered horrifically, and the dead and forgotten whose magnificent crimes were ignored. What is more horrific? That the victims are forgotten? That perpetrators, sadistic, more than willing engineers of vast killing machines, got a pat on the back and walked away to lead "normal" lives?

One goodreads reviewer said she wished Drndic had taken another year to assimilate her raw materials before putting it all into this novelistic form, but it is the failure of the novel to assimilate its own contents that, I think, makes it such a force of nature. It is the unresolvable tension between Haya's quiet plodding voice and Drndic's rageful despair that makes this book a thorn in an ocean-sized paw. In a way this book is a critique of assimilation and the novelistic form. People want well-crafted stories that have good table

manners and even do most of the chewing and swallowing for them. Drndic kind of gives us all a big, beautiful fuck you, and says, look at this mess! This is what history is! It's an overgrown, underchewed, gristly, grizzly mess! But it doesn't have to be! Or maybe it does. Because we are pitiful, spiteful and frail. We either walk away from our genealogy and our mistakes, or we're destroyed by them.

I uniquely experience in this book the weight of and continuity between the two world wars, how they are part of the same inexorable tectonic shifting of history, and all of this through the life of a little port town and its own shifting national identities, and in particular, through the days of Haya Tedeschi, an Italian born Jew whose family is caught up in all the currents of these wars and doing its best to survive, often by keeping their world-view small and focused on not rattling any windows. In fact the family converts to christianity (I can't recall if it is a full conversion) and sides with the fascists because it is the path of least resistance (literally) and it is at this time, during the second world war, when the family is doing its best to stay under the radar and going so far as to resent the resistance fighters and see them as trouble-makers and the nazis and fascists as the civilizing force, that Haya meets a charming, boyish nazi officer and has an affair with him. She is around twenty years old and relatively innocent of critical thought, just letting herself be swept in the directions that bring her the most ease of pleasure and the least risk of pain. Something like that. And then she gets pregnant and her nazi reveals his true colors in an understated and chilling moment. He leaves Trieste and leaves Haya to manage on her own with the child, and she is happy to do that. But when her child disappears the course of her life changes. She spends much of the rest of her life trying to find him, and forcing herself to look at the horrors of the war and particularly those perpetrated by her sons father.

At the center of this work is the tragedy and crisis of the children, particularly Jewish children, kidnapped or held "hostage" by the church (i.e. never returned to their family of origin after the war) so they could be raised as proper christians (the mechanics of this continue long after the war) and of the *lebensborn* -- children conceived as part of the nazi project of spreading their genetics far and wide. Many of the former never discovered their true identities, or by the time they did, it too late for reparation. Many of the latter were horribly abused after the end of the war, and even those who weren't often suffered (and still suffer) greatly trying to make existential sense of being born of murderers. One of the more famous lebensborn, acknowledged in this novel, is Anni-Frid of Abba.

Also central to the novel is the history of the internment camp/death camp in Trieste called San Sabba.

Toward the end of the novel we move away from Haya and toward her son, a professional photographer (his father was an amateur one, and, as Antonio Tedeschi/Hans Traube tells us, untalented). While I am often distracted and disappointed by shifts in perspective, this shift deepens my experience of the story -- it is very meaningful given the address of trauma through generations. Though their life experiences quite different. their emotional struggles are hauntingly similar:

"When I write about the role of my mother in the universal history of infamy, I will not know who strolled around the San Sabba rice mill, who snapped pictures of San Sabba, my mother or I, who searched through the files of the officials of the Adriatisches Kustenland, she or I, who studied the detailed form the life of SS Untersturmfuhrer Kurt Franz, Haya Tedeschi or I, Hans Traube-Antonio Tedeschi, who was it that visited Treblinka. Together, we will drape ourselves in the histories of others, believing that those pasts are our pasts and we shall sit and we shall wait for those pasts to fall into our lap like a fat, dead cat." (351)

Some quotes from the novel (I could post many more, but not sure where to begin or end)

Her grandfather was born in Gorz. Her mother was born in Gorz. She was born in Gorizia/Gorica. When the Great War broke out, the began moving, living in many places. She doesn't know what Gorz was, nor does she know what Gorizia is now though she has been here nearly sixty years. She take walks along Gorizia's streets, but hers are brief forays, quick walks, walks with a purpose, jaunts. Even when she takes longer strolls, when her strolls are more leisurely (when the days are mild and her room feels stale, a humid inertia), Haya doesn't notice the big changes in her surroundings. She feels as if she has been sitting for sixty years in a shrinking room, a room whose walls are moving slowly inward to meet at a miniature surface, a line, at the apex of which she sits, crushed. She cannot see, nor is she watching. She has wax plugs in her ears. She does not hear. Gore, Gorizia, are memories. She isn't certain whose memories they are. Hers or her family's. Maybe they are fresh memories. When she goes out she squints at the sun, picks daisies, sits at the Joy Cafe and smokes. She has not let herself go. She does not wear black. She is not forever rocking back and forth. All is as it should be. She has a television. She has little memories, darting memories, fragmented. She sways on the threads of the past. On the threads of history. She swing son a spider's web. She is very light. Around her, in her, now is quiet. Giros has a history, she has a history. The days are so old. (8)

MINCULPOP is born, the Ministry of Popular Culture, and with it new dictionaries, orthographies, patriotism; the use of foreign phrases Is banned, and they are replaced by Italian surrogates. Maxim Gorky is dubbed Massimo Amaro, but he is swiftly removed from the libraries and bookshops; Louis Armstrong becomes Luigi Fortebraccio, and Benny Goodman is Benjamin Buonuomo; shortly thereafter MINCULPOP bans all jazz performance and broadcasts.
Life in the Tedeschi family goes on. For Haya it is altogether ordinary, completely forgettable, as ordinary life is, until the day when, at the beginning of the school year in September 1938, her teachers Nella Negri, Amato di Veroli, Samuel Tagliacozzo, Massimo Pavoncello and Viola Sass do not show up to teach Geography, Mathematics, History, Italian and Physical Education. Until the day when Florian, after dinner, whispering in a conspiratorial hush, as if about to say something obscene, declares, We are Jews, and [Haya] asks, *What does that mean?* (47)

On San Sabba

So in 1976 Haya makes a little file, utterly pointless. She writes out notes, arranges them, rearranges them, as if shuffling a pack of cards. I could play solitaire with these notes, she says, which, in a sense, she does. This dog-eared file, full of cracked photographs of people, most of whom no longer exist, becomes Haya's obsession; over the year she supplements her collection, slips into it little oddities, terse news items which after two, three, four decades she digs out and peruses, as if grabbing at dry dandelion fluff, as if catching eiderdown in a warm wind. Pointless, pointless. Forgotten dossiers, sealed archives open slowly, slowly, and what emerges is no more than water dripping from cracked sewage pipes. During the Trieste trial in 1976 only the two 'big fish' remain: Josef Oberhauser, brewer in Munich, former San Sabba commander and - from 1941 to the end of the war - Dr. Dietrich Allers, a high ranking official, one of the executive directors of the T4 program, a lawyer and SS -Obersturmbannfuhrer (approximately a colonel). But Allers dies a year before the trial, in 1975. Born in 1910 in Hamburg, Allers worked as an attorney until 1968, when he is sentenced to eight years in prison, which he does not serve out. So all the fuss, all the pursuit of justice - for nothing, because according to the agreements in force at the time between Italy and Germany, only those suspected of crimes committed after 1948 may be extradited. The trial goes on literally in a void: no defendants sit in the courtroom, the judges natter on, journalists snap their cameras - at no-one. In a solemn voice the judgement is read out to unschooled farmer Josef Oberhausen, but Josef Oberhausen is nowhere to be seen, so to whom is the judgement read? Oberhausen is sentenced in Trieste to life imprisonment, yet in Munich he goes on selling beer, especially during the Oktoberfest, when he is in particularly fine fettle. Three years later, in 1079, fat Oberhausen dies of a heart attack.

~On Barry, the dog of nazi Kurt Franz

I don't know how he was with children, but he was docile. After Treblinka closed, Barry was taken in by a Nazi physician and in 1944 the doctor sent Barry to his wife in northern Germany. Several years later they put Barry down, because he was old and feeble. Later, in 1965, veterinarians and psychologists from Dusseldorf asked the famous behavioral scientist Konrad Lorenz to shed some light on the dog's behavior. Lorenz told them that such behavior in a dog is altogether plausible; that a dog's behavior expresses the subconscious of the dog's master, as Lorenz put it. If he has an aggressive master, the dog will probably attack other people, Lorenz said, and if the behavior of his master changes, the dog's behavior will change as well, Lorenz said, and Lorenz can be believed, because during the war he was a loyal Nazi who 'changed masters' after the war and was given the Nobel Prize in 1973 for his research into animal and human behavior. (278)

On the church's role in child kidnapping during and after the war.

It is known, writes Morelli, that at the time of the war many children found shelter in Catholic monasteries, in boarding schools and in schools, but not at the behest of the Pope, writes Morelli. It is well known that after the war the Jews who survived had serious difficulties locating their children, retrieving their children from Catholic institutions, writes Morelli, but until now it was only possible to surmise that the Church was systematically stealing Jewish children in order to indulge Jesus. For sixty years the Church and its 'servants' have been striving to prove to the world that they have no blemish on their conscience for their activities as far as World War Two is concerned, writes Morelli. For sixty years the Church has been trying to prove the innocence of Pope Pius XII and many of his bishops and priests. If there is anything that has been preserved with dedication and faith, anything that has been sacrosanct in the church books, then it is the dates of baptisms and deaths, writes Morelli, so it wouldn't be difficult to ascertain what happened to the baptized Jewish children. If Switzerland, so-called neutral Switzerland, has mustered the strength to set up the edgier Commission, the I.C.E. - An independent commission of experts - though only on 12 December, 1996, writes Alfonso Morelli, to prove the ties between the Nazi regime and the Swiss banks who had at their disposal vast quantities of stolen Jewish property: if Australia has spoken out about the children kidnapped by their authorities, stolen from Aborigines during World War One, writes Morelli, then instead of obscuring history, the Catholic Church can get off its are and throw open its archives. And not only that, writes Morelli. It is time for the Church to stop pretending, to stop lying about how its greatest crime during the war was inadequate involvement in saving Jews, writes Morelli, it is time for the Church to stop believing that it is enough for it to launch anaemic apologies for its 'inadvertent' lapses, these ecclesiastical apologies, which are becoming more and more revolting over time, truly disgusting, insipid, writes Alfonso Morelli, because, he writes, it is reasonable to deduce that this letter written to Cardinal Roncalli is not the only incriminating document hidden in the vast secret archives of the Catholic Church. We are hopeful it has become clear by now, writes Morelli, that the Church should slow things down a bit as far as the panicked, nearly hysterical race to beautify, canonize, whatever, Pius XII, who, ah, now this is something that is widely known, writes Morelli, was at the head of a Church which was openly championing anti-Semitism at a time when the Nazis and Fascists were persecuting and murdering Jews on a grand scale. He, Pius XII, led a Church in which many German priests abused church birth registers in order to help the Nazis determine who should be first to wear a yellow star - and then be killed, and some German priests kept right on doing this officially for an entire decade after the Holocaust ended, in order to convince those Jews once and for all that they were guilty of murdering Christ. Just as a reminder, writes Morelli, the 'Reichskonkodat', a concordat signed on 20 July, 1933, between the Holy See and the Reich, is in force in Germany to this day. During that time, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, the future Pope Pius XII, is Secretary of the Vatican, and he is the one who signs this concordat, while Cardinal Micheal von Faulhaber, writes Morelli, in a sermon given in Munich in 1937, says, 'Now, when the leaders of the greatest world nations observe the rise of the new

Germany with a dose of reservation and much skepticism, the Catholic Church, this greatest moral force on earth, is showing its trust in the new German authorities through this concordat, which is an act of vast significance, because it contributes to the strengthening of the renown of the new authorities throughout the world,' says Faulhaber, writes Morelli. Abe Foxman tells me, continues Morelli, and Foxman is director of the Anti-Defamation League, writes Morelli, that they placed him, Foxman, with a Polish family and his nanny had him secretly baptized, and later there were terrible problems, all sorts of complications, before he was returned to his parents. I believe that today there are tens of thousands of Jewish children in the world who were saved and then baptized, Abraham Foxman tells me, writes Alfonso Morelli, children who do not know to this day of their origins, nor will they ever learn of them, says Foxman, writes Morelli. (284)
