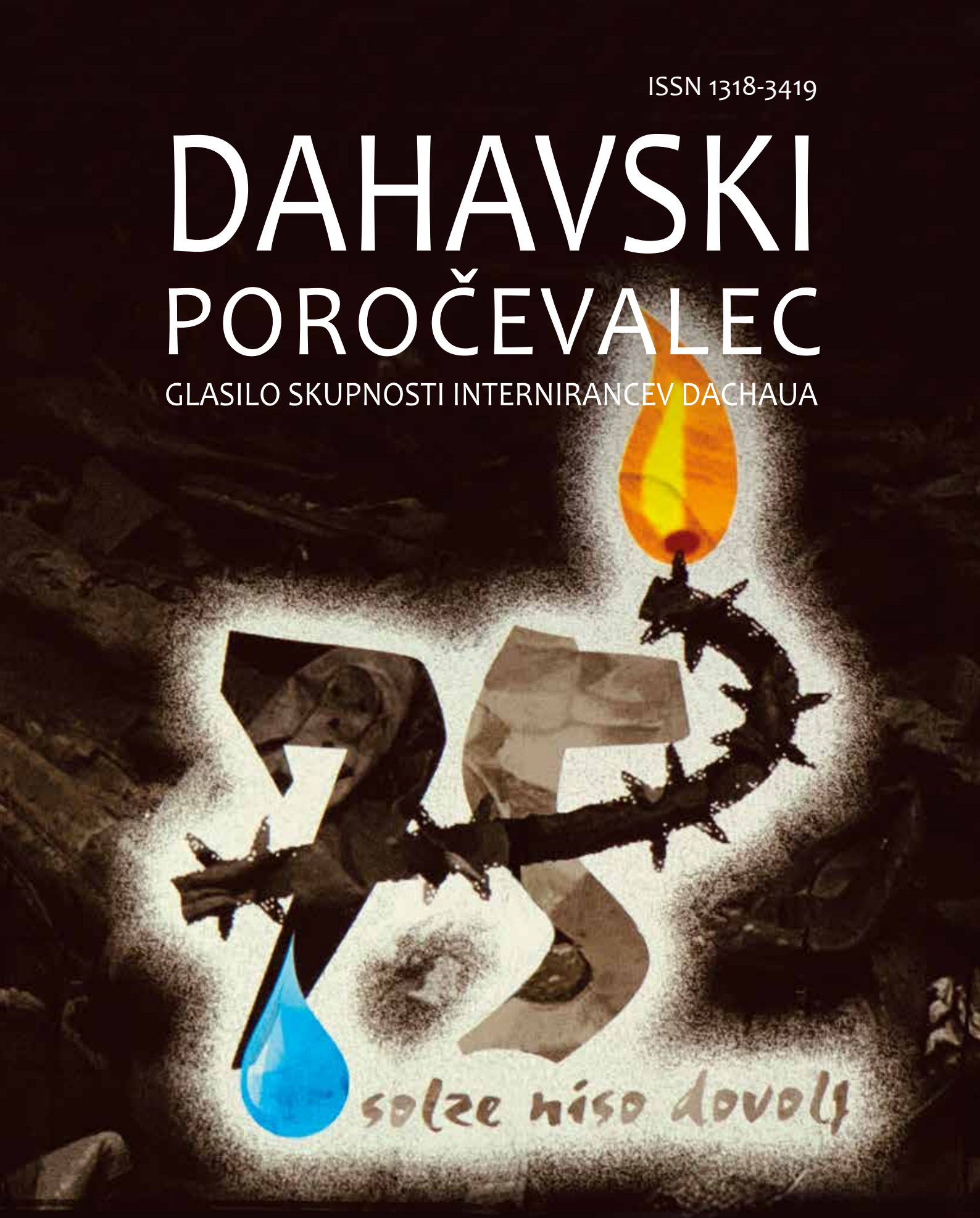
ISSN 1318-3419

DAHAVSKI POROČEVALEC

GLASILO SKUPNOSTI INTERNIRANCEV DACHAUA



29. april 1945 - 2020

DAHAVSKI POROČEVALEC

GLASILO SKUPNOSTI INTERNIRANCEV DACHAUA – SLOVENIJA
Glasilo izhaja občasno in ga člani SID prejemajo brezplačno.
Sedež: ZZB za vrednote NOB, Einspielerjeva 6, 1000 Ljubljana
Elektronska pošta: info@skupnostdachau.si
Spletna stran: www.skupnostdachau.si

Lektoriranje: David Ahačič
Prevodi: Pino Pograjc
Fotografije: Mitja Dobre
Grafike: Zoran Mušič, Vlasto Kopač, Vito Šuligoj
Naklada: 300 izvodov
Tisk: Tiskarna Uzar d.o.o.
Tržič, 2020

Naslovnica prvega poročevalca, ki je nastal takoj po osvoboditvi v Dachauu.

KAZALO

I) AKTUALNO:

Vesna Dobre: *Letno srečanje Skupnosti internirancev Dachau 8. 12. 2019*

Dr. Ljubica Jelušič: *Žrtvam koncentracijskih taborišč – naj ne bo pozabljeno!*

Slavnostni govor na letnem srečanju SID

Vesna Dobre: *Poklonili smo se žrtvam koncetracijskega taborišča Ravensbruck*

II) KOMENTARJI IN PRIPOVEDI

Andrej Ule: *Dachau kot spomin in opomin*

Peter Vodopivec: *Zapornik*

Mirjana Nastran Ule: *O nujnosti spominjanja in pripovedovanja*

Pripovedi potomcev slovenskih taboriščnikov Dachau:

Elza Kržič: *Dachau – ime ob katerem te spreleti srh*

Jelena Mihevc: *Zamolčani holokaust*

Jan Šinkovec: *Tesnobnost taborišča Dachau*

Stojana Vrhovec: *Oče mi je posredoval vrednoto strpnosti do vsakogar*

Branka Kastelic: *Vrednote svobodoljubnosti, solidarnosti, humanosti, spoštovanja... prenašam na potomstvo*

Sin Antona Ježa, Dušan Jež, *o sodelovanju s svojim očetom*

III) SPOMINI

Saša Buti: *Dogodki v vasi čepno 17. januarja 1944*

Jožica Hribar: *Po 74 letih pesmarica Nekaj partizanskih spet med ljudmi!*

Nastala je v Dachauu maja 1945

Andrej Rant: *V apelu*

Bojan Podgoršek: *Le spavaj, moj ate*

Dora Hrvatič: *Očetu Jerneju*

Anton Šepic, *I recognized my brother*

Spoštovane članice in člani, cenjeni bralci!

SPOMINJAJMO SE,

Naših dedkov, babic, očetov, bratov, sester, stricev ...

Vseh tistih, ki so za vedno ostali na tujem, vseh tistih, ki niso preživeli nečloveškega trpljenja, ponižanja, zaničevanja .... Vseh katerim so vzeli lastna imena in jim dodelili le številke.

SPOMINJATI se moramo tudi vseh tistih, ki so preživeli, to, verjamem najtežje obdobje njihovega življenja.

Spominu na preminule in še živeče bivše internirance taborišča Dachau je posvečena pričujoča številka Dahavskega poročevalca.

Pri 90 letih in več so vse redkejše žive priče srhljive zgodovine, lahko jih naštejem na prste ene roke, Anton Jež, Franc Stražišar, Boris Uzar, Boris Pahor, Venčeslav Košir, Ivan Jenček, Dušan Stefančič, Mitja Kogej.

Redke so izpovedi dedkov, babic, ker večina ni želela govoriti o tem, ne vem morda je bila bolečina premočna, morda jih je spomin na to obdobje enostavno dušil. Nekaj še živečih bivših taboriščnikov nas v svojih nadvse čustvenih izpovedih opozarjajo oz. opominjajo tudi na dejstvo kako okruten je lahko človek-človeku, zmožen najhujšega dejanja.

Te izpovedi nikakor ne smejo potoniti v pozabo in nam morajo služiti kot lekcija, da ukrepamo proti egoističnim, maščevalnim posameznikom oz. skupinam.

V tokratni številki boste brali tudi izpovedi in pesmi sinov in hčera Dachauskih in drugih taboriščnikov. Da se SPOMINJAMO je pomembno tudi za današnji čas. Vedno imejmo v mislih »NIKOLI VEČ«, da se obranimo sovraštva do drugače mislečih, do tujcev, ljudi druge veroizpovedi, barve kože .... Zelo nevarno se krepi tudi sovraštvo, ki se širi po spletu. V zavetju anonimnosti si marsikdo dovoli iti čez vse meje dopustnega. K vsemu temu početju pa določene skupine ljudi nagovarjajo politiki, ki jim ni mar za posledice njihovega ravnanja, kot, da se iz zgodovine nis(m)o ničesar naučili.

Za konec bi se rada zahvalila vsem tistim, ki ste mi zaupali svoje trpke življenjske preizkušnje.

HVALA VAM, obogatile ste me za spoznanje, da je vaša moč preživetja bila v tovarištvu in medsebojni pomoči.

Nikoli ne bom pozabila Borisa, ki biva v DPU kadar ga obiščem mi vedno pove, kako sta si z mojim tastom delila hrano oz. pakete , da sta ostala živa.

Vesna Dobre, predsednica IO SID

Avtor skulpture: Nandor Glid

Dear members and valued readers!

LET'S REMIND OURSELVES

of our grandfathers, grandmothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, uncles…

All those who never returned from foreign lands, all those who didn't survive the inhumane suffering, humiliation, hatred… All whose names were taken and replaced with mere numbers.

We must also HOLD DEAR all those that survived what must have been the greatest hardship of their lives.

This issue of The Dachau Reporter commemorates all internees of the Dachau concentration camp – those who have passed and those still living.

I can count the living witnesses of this horrifying history, all of whom are over 90 years old, on the fingers of my hands: Anton Ježˇ, Franc Stražišar, Boris Uzar, Boris Pahor, Venčeslav Košir, Ivan Jenček, Dušan Stefančič, Mitja Kogej.

We rarely heard stories from our grandparents, as most didn't want to talk about it. Perhaps their pain was too fierce, perhaps their memories too stifling. Through poignant stories, the few still living prisoners of the camps warn us and remind us of the cruelty and the awful deeds human beings are capable of doing.

These stories must not fade from our memories. They must serve as a lesson to continue the fight against egotistical and vengeful individuals and groups.

In this issue there are also stories and poems by sons and daughters of concentration camps internees. REMEMBERING is important for current times as well. We must keep the words »NEVER AGAIN« in our minds in order to protect ourselves from hatred towards people who think differently, come from abroad, are of different religions, of different skin colour… Online hatred is also dangerously gaining strength. Hiding behind anonymity, many allow themselves to cross the limits of what is permissible. Certain politicians, who don't care about the consequences of their actions, encourage such behaviour as if they (as well as we) haven't learned a thing from history.

To conclude, I'd like to thank everyone who entrusted me with their painful life experiences.

THANK YOU, you have enriched me with the discovery that what helped you survive was camaraderie and mutual help.

I will never forget Boris, who lives in the Peter Uzar retirement home. Every time I visit him, he tells me how he shared food with my father-in-law, so they could both stay alive.

Vesna Dobre, president IO SID

Letno srečanje Skupnosti internirancev Dachau 2019

Le še Boris Uzar in Venčeslav Košir, bivša interniranca taborišča Dachau, sta se počutila dovolj močna in zdrava, da sta se udeležila vsakoletnega srečanja članov, svojcev, potomcev in prijateljev skupnosti internirancev Dachau. Kljub temu pa je bila dvorana v M-hotelu nabito polna, saj večino članstva sestavljajo svojci, potomci, skratka vsi tisti, ki čutijo, da je potrebno ohranjati spoštljiv spomin na njihovo trpljenje.

Na srečanju je svoje delo v mednarodnem komiteju (CID) predstavil dr. Andrej Ule in poudari kako pomembna je naša udeležba na spominski svečanosti, ki jo bodo pripravili v Dachauu ob 75.obletnici osvoboditve tamkajšnjega taborišča, in kako željeno je, da bi se te prireditve udeležil kdo iz našega državnega vrha.

Sama sem ravno tako poročala o dejavnostih preteklega leta in predstavila program oz. plan dela za leto 2020. Prioriteta za naslednje leto je izdaja DAHAVSKEGA POROČEVALCA (DP) posvečeno 75. obletnici osvoboditve. Kar me je pa nadvse navdušilo, je dejstvo, da nam je pri pripravi DP tudi v tujem jeziku (ang., nem.) nesebično pomoč ponudila družina Pograjc.

Pograjčevi (Ta zvezdica zaspanka) nam enkrat letno pripravijo program za obisk katerega od bivših taborišč. Pretekla leta so bila to Dachau, Mauthausen, Auschwitz, letos spomladi pa smo obiskali bivše taborišče Ravensbrück. Obljubljajo, da nam tudi prihodnje leto pripravijo program, vreden udeležbe. Podjetje Emma iz Lesc nam že nekaj let daruje svečke, ki jih prižgemo našim junakom, ki so za vedno ostali na tujem.

Da pa so naša srečanja tudi prijetna in ne suhoparna, so poskrbeli glasbeniki pravnuki bivšega taboriščnika Antona Fajfariča, Ajda, Ronja in Tine s svojimi glasbenimi vložki. Svoja literarna dela sta predstavila tov. Dorotea Hrvatič in tov. Anton Šepic. Na ogled je bila tudi manjša razstava fotografij, ki so nastale spomladi, ko smo obiskali bivše taborišče Ravensbrück, grafik in pohval, ki smo jih dobili od društev za naše predano delo.

Nikakor pa ne morem mimo dejstva, kako nestrpno so udeleženci srečanja čakali, da nas nagovori naša osrednja gostja, spoštovana dr. Ljubica Jelušič.

Predsednica IO SID
Vesna Dobre

Dr. Ljubica Jelušič

Žrtvam koncentracijskih taborišč – naj ne bo pozabljeno!

Skupnost internirancev Dachau za Slovenijo, Ljubljana, nedelja, 8. 12. 2019

Spoštovani člani in članice skupnosti internirancev koncentracijskega taborišča Dachau za Slovenijo, drage tovarišice in tovariši, v veliko čast mi je biti danes na vašem občnem zboru in pozdraviti vas v imenu predsedstva Zveze združenj borcev za vrednote NOB Slovenije. Veseli me za vsakogar med vami, ki kljub drugim obveznostim šteje za svojo družinsko in svetovljansko dolžnost, biti član skupnosti internirancev in njihovih potomcev, svojcev, prijateljev. Posebej toplo pozdravljam med nami prisotna preživela taboriščnika iz Dachaua – tovariša Borisa Uzerja iz Tržiča in Venčeslava Koširja iz Ljubljane.

Pokloniti se spominu na internirance pomeni pokloniti se dostojanstvu človeka, ki je bilo med drugo svetovno vojno poteptano v prah in blato koncentracijskih taborišč. Tu ne govorimo o istih stvareh, kot takrat, ko proslavljamo bitke in padle partizane. Čeprav gre za žrtve iste vojne, vojne, ki je pod okupacijskimi režimi štirih okupatorjev uničevala slovenski narod, pa so usode internirancev drugačne od tistih, ki jih imajo borci. Dovolite mi, da izpostavim nekaj teh razlik.

Obeleževanje partizanskih bitk, pa četudi so bile krvave in uničujoče, je vedno slovesno, malone veselo, ker se slavi pogum, odločnost, bojevitost, in končno zmago vrednost antifašizma in antinacizma. Taborišča, kjer so umirali in trpeli premnogi Slovenci in Slovenke, obiskujemo molče in srh nas spreletava že samo ob misli, da je vsaka naša stopinja – pritisk na rane, bolečine in kri naših prednikov. V bitkah slavimo življenje, v taboriščih se čudimo, da je od tam sploh kdo prišel živ. In še to njegovo življenje je bilo zaznamovano z boleznimi, ki so bile posledica pretepanja, zlorab in zasramovanja s strani tistih, ki so taborišča upravljali.

Napisanih je bilo veliko esejev in raziskav na temo posttravmatskega stresnega sindroma pri bojevnikih (jurišna bolezen so temu rekli v partizanskih enotah), o posledicah taborišč na psiho in zdravje bivših internirancev pa raziskave niso bile pogoste, obstaja le nekaj osebnih pričevanj, pa še ta so redka – ker se preživeli niso mogli ponovno soočiti z grozotami umiranja, ki so jih doživljali v taboriščih. Pa tudi nekega javnega institucionalnega priznanja njihovega post-taboriščnega stanja ni bilo. Spomnim se svoje babice in dedka, ki sta umrla kmalu po vojni. V nekrologih, ki so ostali po njuni smrti, so govorniki in pisci poudarjali njun aktivizem, ustanavljanje Osvobodilne fronte, AFŽ, domoljubje – čisto nekje ob robu pa je pisalo, da sta umrla za posledicami trpljenja v italijanskih in nemških taboriščih. Torej tudi preživeti taborišče ni pomenilo živeti udobno v svobodi! Pač pa v boleznih, s travmami in v otožnih odsotnih očeh vedno slutnja smrti.

V taboriščih je ostalo na milijone sežganih v krematorijih ali pa kako drugače pokopanih ljudi, ki so tam ostali za vedno. Niso jih prekopavali, niti identificirali. Kdor je imel »srečo«, da je dotrpel v nemških lagerjih, je, zahvaljujoč nemški natančnosti, zapisan v njihovih seznamih umrlih, pa vendar so tudi oni brisali sezname ob koncu vojne, da bi pred prihodom antinacistične koalicije prikrili obsežnosti zločina, ki so ga zagrešili.

Bojevniki so v drugačnem položaju. Vojske svoje padle tovariše vedno pripeljejo domov, in če tega ne morejo narediti med vojno, se države pogajajo dolgo in vztrajno po končani vojni za prekop padlih. Morda najbolj znan prekop padlih

poznamo iz knjige General mrtve armade albanskega pisatelja Ismaila Kadareja, ki govori o italijanskem generalu, ko se po vojni vrne po svoje padle vojake v Albanijo in jih izkopane odpelje na zadnjo bitko – z javnim mnenjem v Italiji.

In koliko imen naših internirancev bo za vedno ostalo zapisanih samo v seznamih vasi in mest, od koder so bili izgnani, pa se niso nikoli vrnili – in nikogar ne bo, ki bi šel iskat zapise o koncu njihovega življenja – ker po njih nikogar več ni.

V Svobodni besedi smo pred časom objavili pesem Bojana Podgorška »Le spavaj moj ate«. Svojega očeta se ni spominjal, saj je odšel v partizane in bil kasneje deportiran, ko je bil Bojan še otrok. Svojci so iskali podatke o tem rodoljubu vseh povojnih 70 let in šele v nemških arhivih Rdečega križa so nedavno razbrali njegovo pot – da je bil najprej izgnan v Dachau, potem pa so ga poslali naprej v Sudetijo v Litomerice, sedaj Češka, v delovno taborišče, kjer je razsajal tifus in ljudje so umirali množično. Pesnik je o svojem najdenem umrlem očetu med drugim zapisal:

»Sokolovec bil vrsto let si napredni,
Slovenec zavedni, predan patriot,
nazori so tvoji pošteni in zgledni
krojili ti smelo uporniško pot.

Je strla usoda poletna ti krila,
prijeli so te, bil si v Dachau izgnan;
kdo ve, kje je ruša ti truplo prekrila,
iskali so svojci te dolgo zaman.«

Iz povedanega zaznamo eno značilnost mnogih Slovencev, ki so bili izgnani v Dachau – večinoma je šlo za mlade izobražence, intelektualce, aktiviste, predvojne komuniste, Sokolovce, mnenjske voditelje, ljudi, ki jih je nemški rajh med prvimi izgnal, zavedajoč se, da bodo budili narod, zapisan izbrisu, k uporu.

Dachau je bilo taborišče že od leta 1933, v nekdanji smodnišnici ga ustanovijo nacistični oblastniki in vanj najprej zapirajo politične nasprotnike, antinaciste, komuniste, socialne demokrate, Rome, homoseksualce, zatem množično Jude, posebej od 1938 dalje, in končno vse podjarmljene narode. Taborišče je bilo vzor za delovanje drugih taborišč, tam so bili uvedeni ukrepi za hitrejše saniranje velikega števila trupel, t.i. krematoriji, delovalo je celo pet peči. Na jetnikih so izvajali poskuse za izdelavo zdravil in druge raziskave.

Slovenci so bili med najbolj številnimi med interniranci. Razumemo, zakaj? Ta narod je bil obsojen na izbris. Zato je bilo po vseh taboriščih tretjega rajha veliko naših izgnancev.

Ob koncu vojne, ob osvoboditvi, je bilo v osvobojenem taborišču Dachau popisanih preživelih 2907 Slovencev. Kot da ni bila njihova usoda še dovolj kruta, so kmalu po povratku v domovino nekateri začeli doživljati nove torture – na podlagi izmišljenih obtožb so jih novi oblastniki zaprli, mučili, brutalno zasliševali in pošiljali celo na Goli otok. Na udaru t.i. Dachauskih procesov so bili številni predvojni komunisti, izobraženci in prvoborci. Med njimi tudi naš primorski rojak Boris Fakin – pisatelj Igor Torkar. Bojevniki so se povzpeli na oblast – in na njihovi goreči totalitaristični poti so bili kritični in izobraženi stari komunisti - bivši taboriščniki v veliko napoto. Na politično montiranih sodnih procesih so jim očitali, da so agentje gestapa (sicer ne bi mogli preživeti). Rehabilitirani so bili šele v 80 tih letih prejšnjega stoletja.

In tako smo še danes, kot narod in kot država, zaznamovani s svojo zgodovino izgnanstva. Naši predniki so bili begunci, izgnani zato, ker so bili Slovenci. In ker naj bi prostor naše domovine naselili z nemškimi prebivalci iz bolj oddaljenih predelov Evrope, da bi se torej na naših tleh nemški rajh ne le politično, temveč tudi narodnostno očistil in zaokrožil. Ob večinoma pozabljeni zgodovini izgnanstva se srečujemo z novodobnimi izgnanci, ki vse prej kot prostovoljno zapuščajo ozemlja svojih v vojnah razbitih držav, in čez naše gozdove in planjave z ožuljenimi nogami hodijo v obljubljeni svet. Mnogi so bili na svojih domovih spoštovani meščani, obrtniki in izobraženci. Zdaj so le še utrujeni in preživetja lačni migranti, ki se prebijajo čez mejo, padajo v roke različnih policij, se vračajo na izhodišče in znova poskušajo prebiti zidove in ograje, ki si jih je za zavarovanje svoje civilizacije zgradila Evropa. Doživljajo veliko gorja in diskriminacije. Nekateri primeri diskriminacije so tako hudi, da bi se po njih lahko zgledovala celo zibelka rasne diskriminacije – na njenem vrhuncu v šestdesetih letih prejšnjega stoletja so taksisti v ZDA imeli napise, da ne vozijo psov na štirih in dveh nogah, ti slednji naj bi bili temnopolti Američani. Nekateri naši taksisti so podobno naredili pred dnevi, ko bi bilo treba z Žal odpeljati sorodnike v prometni nesreči preminulih dveh mladih Sircev. Netenje sovraštva do beguncev, do drugačnih, je obrodilo sadove. Od tu naprej do taborišč ni več veliko korakov.

Če torej smo skupnost ljudi, ki zaradi svojih prednikov internirancev, razumemo vojno tudi iz druge, temačne, civilne plati, in ne le iz zmagovite, bojevniške;

Če takrat, ko zvonijo gongi vojne, vemo tudi za njeno drugo stran –

izgnancev, pregnancev, razseljenih oseb;

Če se zavedamo, da vojna potegne iz nekaterih ljudi najslabše nagone, ki jih uveljavijo s teptanjem dostojanstva drugih;

In če se zavedamo, da se ob koncu vojne strahote in trpljenja ne končajo za vse ljudi, ampak ostajajo del njihovega trpkega življenja do konca -

Potem bomo znali med sabo in za nove generacije graditi mir, sočutje in spoštovanje človekovega dostojanstva. Pred prihajajočimi prazniki naj bo to tudi moje sporočilo vsem nam, potomcem izgnancev – mir in spoštovanje ljudi naj nas vodi v novem letu, 2020, v katerem bomo proslavili 75 obletnico osvoboditve domovine, in mi bomo dodali, 75 obletnico osvoboditve naših izgnancev iz taborišč po vsej Evropi.

Vesna Dobre

Poklonili smo se žrtvam koncetracijskega taborišča Ravensbrück

Sredi aprila smo se člani Skupnosti internirancev Dachau in pa nekaj članov društev, ki so tako ali drugače povezani s spominom na kruto obdobje druge svetovne vojne, poklonili žrtvam taborišča Ravensbrük. Z nami so bili potomci bivših taboriščnic, izgnanci in pa nekaj članov društva ukradenih otrok.

Nikakor ne smem reči, da je bila pot naporna, saj so bile na to isto pot (tisoč kilometrov severno od Slovenije) v živinskih oz. tovornih vagonih deportirane naše žene, mame, sestre, hčere. ZAKAJ?

Njihov izvirni greh je bil, da so ljubile materni jezik in se niso pokorile okupatorju.

V letih 1933-1945 je bilo v okolici Berlina približno tisoč delavnih taborišč, v katerih je bilo zaprtih in od prisilnega dela na smrt izčrpanih več 400.000 ljudi od vsepovsod.

Eno od teh uničevalnih taborišč je bilo taborišče Ravensbrück.

V tem taborišču so trpele predvsem ženske, pobijale, mučile, zaničevale, poniževale pa ravno tako ženske. Tu so bile paznice bolj »pasje« od nemških ovčarjev.

Taborišče je bilo postavljeno v neposredno bližino idiličnega kraja Havel poleg jezera, v katerem je kar nekaj pepela iz krematorijev, ki so bili v neposredni bližini. Zgodovina tega kraj je težko breme današnjega prebivalstva.

Naš obisk je bil namenjen poklonu žrtvam tega krutega kraja, tako smo položili cvetje pod visoko žalostno skulpturo ženske, ki v naročju drži drugo žensko in obtožujoče gleda v smeri počitniškega mesta: kaj ne vidite, kaj se tu dogaja! Vsaj sama sem si tako razlagala. Poklonili smo se tudi ob spominskem zidu narodov in ravno tako prižgali svečke ter položili venec. Ob vsem videnem in slišanem moreš ostati ravnodušen. Prepričana sem, da je marsikomu ledenela kri v žilah, ko smo si ogledali še vsebino muzeja.

Pot nas je vodila tudi v Berlin, seveda smo si ogledali nekaj znamenitosti mesta, posebno pozornost pa je pritegnil spomenik, ki je posvečen vsem žrtvam holokavsta, in muzej pod njem. V tem muzeju so predstavljene tudi slovenske taboriščnice, predstavljeni pa so tudi krvniki Slovenskega rodu.

Z namenom opozorila, spoštovanja in ohranjanja spomina na našo zmagovalno zgodovino prihodnje leto zopet obiščemo kak zgodovinski opomnik.

Andrej Ule, Dachau kot spomin in kot opomin

Dachau kot simbol, ki ga ne smemo pozabiti

Letos se spominjamo 75. obletnice osvoboditve nacističnega taborišča Dachau. Ta obletnica je sicer le ena od mnogih obletnic dogodkov iz leta 1945, ki so pomenili konec nacistićne oblasti in njenega terorja, holokavsta. Pa tudi čas velikih upanj in volje po zgraditvi novega, bolj pravičnega in svobodnega sveta.

Vendar nosi osvoboditev taborišča Dachau v sebi še dodatne pomene in sporočila. Taborišče Dachau je bilo namreč prvo nacistično taborišče. Odprto je bilo leta 1934, kmalu po nacistični osvojitvi oblasti v Nemčiji. V njem so nacisti izumljali in preiskušali metode industrijsko organiziranega terorja, množičnega pobijanja (vključno s plinskim celicami in krematoriji), vsakovrstnega razčlovečenja, izvajanja medicinskih in drugih smrtonosnih »poskusov« na ljudeh ipd. Te metode so potem prenašali na druga taborišča in jih tam še dalje »razvijali«.

Zato je taborišče Dachau že v času nacizma postalo simbol nacistične strahovlade in podoba pekla, kot so si ga nacisti zamislili za vse, ki so jim bili kakorkoli na poti. Teh pa je bilo po nacističnem pojmovanju veliko. Zato so bila vrata v taborišče stalno odprta. Transportov novih taboriščnikov je bilo vedno več. Temu ustrezno so se slabšale razmere v taborišču, vse do smrtnonosnega kaosa in množičnega umiranja v mesecih pred osvoboditvijo taborišča zadnje dni aprila 1945. Zaradi teh okoliščin ima osvoboditev taborišča Dachau tudi simbolni pomen zmage nad vsemi sistemi totalnega razčlovečenja, ki je vzdrževal nacistično strahovlado. Ne gre le za vojaško zmago, temveč morda še bolj za zmago vrednot, ki so bila vodilne v boju z nacifašizmom. To pa so v prvi vrsti vrednote svobode in enakopravnosti vseh ljudi, solidarnosti in medsebojne podpore tudi v najtežjih razmerah.

Dogajanje v Dachauu je bilo torej velika bitka, povsem primerljiva z največjimi vojaškimi spopadi v drugi svetovni vojni. Tudi konec tega spopada je bil pomemben in veličasten. Na eni strani so stali taboriščniki, mnogi so bili že prej aktivni borci proti nacizmu. Na drugi strani pa je bil nacistični vojni in policijski aparat, ki se je nadvse trudil, da bi zatrl vsako klico odpora. Pa vendar se je tudi v dahavskem taborišču pojavil prikrit odpor, ki ga nacisti nikoli niso mogli zlomiti. To je bila posebna oblika boja z nečloveškimi razmerami. V tem boju so slovenski taboriščniki odigrali vidno vlogo. Tu je šlo tako za sodelovanje v organiziranih ilegalnih dejavnostih kot tudi za brezštevilna čisto osebna dejanja pomoči in podpore svojim sotrpinom, ki so bila praviloma zelo tvegana in požrtvovalna. Pogosto so ti požrtvovalni tovariši tvegali svoje življenje in končali v nacističnih mučilnicah, moriščih in v krematoriju.

Ker je bilo v Dachau kot v prvi vrsti »političnemu taborišču« zaprtih tudi veliko pomembnih intelektualcev in umetnikov iz vse Evrope, je v njem potekalo tudi veliko ilegalne umetniške produkcije ter beleženj vsakodnevnega dogajanja. Zlasti veliko je bilo v njem slovenskih umetnikov in intelektualcev. Naj omenim le številne slovenske slikarje, ki so v nemogočih in nevarnih razmerah zavzeto in obenem umetniško poglobljeno upodobili dachavsko kalvarijo. Naj spomnim na Zorana Mušiča, Bogdana Borčiča, Vlasta Kopača, Borisa Kobeta in Bruna Vavpotiča. V taborišču je od leta 1943 do osvoboditve ilegalno deloval celo posebni slovenski zbor pod vodstvom koroškega slovenca Folteja Hartmanna.

Nekateri slovenski umetniki so po osvoboditvi v literarni obliki zapisali svoje spomine na življenje v taborišču. Knjiga »Nekropola« slovenskega pisatelja Borisa Pahorja iz Trsta, kjer je opisal svoja doživetja iz koncentracijskih taborišč Natzweiler, Dachau, Dora, Bergen-Belsen in Harzungen je dosegla pomembna literarna priznanja in nagrade v Italiji, Sloveniji, Franciji in Avstriji. V njej je povezal svoje spomine z globoko meditacijo o življenju in smrti, pogumu in krivdi v nečloveških razmerah.

Prvi zaporniki slovenske narodnosti so prišli v Dachau leta 1941. To so bili slovenski nasprotniki nacizma iz Koroške v Avstriji, nato partizani in aktivisti osvobodilnega gibanja iz Gorenjske. Nekateri slovenski zaporniki iz leta 1941 so bili tudi zajeti nekdanji španski borci, ki so jih pripeljali iz francoskih koncentracijskih taborišč. Število slovenskih zapornikov je do leta 1945 stalno naraščalo. »Dotok« novih slovenskih zapornikov je bil posebno intenziven leta 1943 po

padcu Italije, ko so nacisti zasedli tudi nekdanje italijansko okupacijsko ozemlje z glavnim mestom Ljubljano.

Mnogi zaporniki so ostali v koncentracijskem taborišču Dachau le kratek čas in so jih poten prepeljali v druga koncentracijska taborišča. Natančno število slovenskih zapornikov v Dachauu je zaradi nepopolne dokumentacije še vedno neznano, vendar je bilo po okvirnih podatkih dr. Vide Deželak-Barič, ki na Inštitutu za novejšo zgodovino raziskuje slovenske žrtve druge svetovne vojne, v Dachauu in njegovih »zunanjih« taboriščih od 4000 do 6000 slovenskih zapornikov. Od teh naj bi jih tam umrlo približno 1700. Ob osvoboditvi so našli v taborišču približno 1800 preživelih slovenskih zapornikov.

Slovenci so sodili med »manjvredne« narode, ki bi morali po načrtih nacistov izginiti. Zato jih je množični in dobro organiziran odpor Slovencev zelo presenetil, tako da so že kmalu po okupaciji Slovenije odstopili od načrtov za množično izseljevanje ali ponemčevanju Slovencev. Naciste je vznemirjalo že samo dejstvo, da se je upor Slovencev dogajal v območju »Reicha«, kjer naj bi imeli nacisti popolno oblast. Zato so nekaj časa ta odpor Slovencev prikrivali tako pred svojo kot tujo javnostjo. Kasneje pa so ga proglašali za delo »jugoslovanskih« ali »komunističnih banditov«. Zdi se, da do konca vojne niso ugotovili, da je proti njim vstal narod, ne zgolj ta ali ona politika ali prepričanje.

Notranja združevalna moč odporniškega gibanja v Sloveniji pod vodstvom Osvobodilne fronte (kjer so resda dominirali slovenski komunisti, a pomembne so bile tudi druge odporniške skupine), se je čutila tudi med slovenskimi taboriščniki, ki so bili v Dachauu. Za slovenske taboriščnike je bilo značilno, da so imeli visoko razvito narodno zavest, dobro medsebojno organiziranost in sodelovanje, ki se je kazala tudi v pripravljenost za sodelovanje z vsemi drugimi skupinami taboriščnikov. Zato so pogosto izstopali po svoji ozaveščenosti, organiziranosti, solidarnosti in spretnosti za ilegalno delovanje v taborišču. Res je, da veliko slovenskih taboriščnikov zaradi konspirativnosti delovanja ilegalnih organizacij znotraj taborišča ni neposredno zaznalo tega delovanja, vendar so posredno čutili ta vpliv skozi mrežo medsebojne pomoči, na primer solidarnostne delitve hrane in paketov iz domovine, skrbi za obolele, medsebojno opogumljanje in podobne dejavnosti.

Slovenski zaporniki v koncentracijskem taborišču Dachau so doživljali vse vrste nasilja in mučenja. Nacisti so dobro vedeli, da so slovenski zaporniki še zlasti »trdovratni« in ponosni na svoj odpor zoper nacizem. Zato so nacisti zoper slovenske zapornike pogosto nastopali posebno ostro in brutalno. Mnogi so postali žrtve psevdomedicinskih poskusov »v živo«. Na primer neke vrste malarije, s katero so nacistični zdravniki okuževali žrtve svojih »poskusov«.

Po osvoboditvi taborišča so jugoslovanska odporniška organizacija in zlasti slovenski del te organizacije prevzeli skrb za bolne in sestradane tovariše in celo v mesecu po osvoboditvi organizirali kulturno življenje med zaporniki. Takoj po osvoboditvi taborišča je izšel list »Dahavski poročevalec«, ki je redno izhajal (v 30 številkah!) do odhoda zadnje skupine slovenskih zapornikov v domovino. Slovenska oz. jugoslovanska organizacija zapornikov se je močno zavzemala za hiter povratek preživelih zapornikov v domovino, kar je bilo deloma zapleteno zaradi tedanjih konfliktov med Angleži, in Američani ter Jugoslavijo zaradi Trsta.

Enkratno sovpadanje neizmerne krutosti nacistične uničevalne mašinerije na eni strani ter prav tako neizmernega poguma in trpljenja tisoč in tisoč internirancev na drugi strani je zaznamovalo taborišče Dachau in takšno ostaja tudi v osebnem spominu preživelih taboriščnikov in v zgodovinskem spominu človeštva. Žal se kalvarija dahavskih internirancev ni vedno končala s svobodo v domovini. Znano je, da so mnoge sovjetske internirance in internirance iz drugih držav novo nastajajočega »vzhodnega bloka« čakale doma zelo hude razmere, sumničenja, obsodbe, pa tudi vnovični zapori in celo smrtne obsodbe.

Sovjetske oblasti so vojaške ujetnike v nemških taboriščih že sicer proglašale za izdajalce. Dodatna obtožba je bila, da v tako krutih razmerah ni bilo mogoče preživeti, če nisi sodeloval z nacisti. Tako so bili sumljivi predvsem tisti, ki so bili aktivni v ilegalnih organizacijah odpora ali pomoči ali v organiziranju medsebojne pomoči internirancev. Stalinistični strah pred vohuni je tako proizvedel pošastne konstrukcije in še bolj pošastne posledice.

Preživeli slovenski taboriščniki, ne le iz Dachaua, temveč tudi iz drugih taborišč, so bili v Sloveniji po vojni na splošno podcenjevani, vsaj če jih primerjamo s slavljenjem preživelih partizanskih borcev. Sistem je poveličeval le »aktivne« borce proti fašizmu in nacizmu. Nekdanji taboriščiniki so težko, če sploh, prihajali do priznanj za sodelovanje v narodno-osvobodilni vojni in nanje vezanih zdravstvenih in socialnih

beneficij. Šele po osamosvojitvi Slovenije so začeli dobivati odškodnine za prestalo trpljenje, ki jih je izplačevala nemška država.

Zanimivo je tudi, da je bilo le malo dela vloženega v sistematično zbiranje zgodovinskega in spominskega gradiva o slovenskih taboriščnikih v Dachauu oz. o slovencih v fašističnih in nacističnih taboriščih sploh. Zdi se, kot da so mnogi taboriščniki v strahu pred morebitnim nasprotovanjem tako ponotranjili svoje spomine, da o njih pogosto niso govorili niti s svojimi najbližjimi. Temu trendu »pozabe« na prestano gorje nasprotuje slovenska Skupnost internirancev Dachaua (SID) s svojim glasilom »Dahavski poročevalec«, ki je tudi edino glasilo nekdanjih taboriščnikov iz nacističnih taborišč v Sloveniji. V njem objavljamo slovenske in tuje prispevke o dahavskem taborišču in o drugih nacističnih koncentracijskih taboriščih.

Menim, da je v Sloveniji velika nevarnost zgodovinske pozabe na preživeto zlo. Na to pozabo vpliva že visoka starost še živih taboriščnikov, bledenje spomina na drugo svetovno vojno nasploh in spregledovanje te tematike pri slovenskih zgodovinarjih. Mladi v Sloveniji se ne želijo veliko obremenjevati z dogodki med drugo svetovno vojno in po njej. Jih pa zanima, kako je bilo mogoče ohraniti človeški obraz in pokončno hrbtenico tudi sredi gorja nacističnih taborišč, in pozorno prisluhnejo pogovorom z nekdanjimi taboriščniki, če ti spregovorijo netendenciozno o vsakdanjem junaštvu in trpljenju. Del šolskega kurikuluma bi moralo biti ohranjanje spomina na ta trpki del človeške zgodovine.

Trdno sem prepričan, da je brisanje zgodovinskega spomina na koncentracijsko taborišče Dachau in vse, kar ga je omogočalo, nevarnost za našo skupno evropsko prihodnost. KZ Dachau z vsem, kar se je v njem dogajalo, in z vsem, kar je predstavljalo, pomeni enkratni in univerzalni simbol trpljenja taboriščnikov v nacističnih taboriščih in tudi v žal premnogih uničevalnih taboriščih po vsem svetu. Je tudi univerzalni simbol odpora zoper nečloveške in krvave obračune represivnih političnih sistemov z drugače mislečimi, ljudmi drugih ras in narodov, drugih kultur.

Obračun s fašizmom in nacizmom v drugi svetovni vojni je na nek način tudi obračun Evrope s samo seboj, z lastno barbarsko dediščino. Taboriščniki v nacističnih taboriščih so ta obračun doživljali na svoji koži in svojih dušah še zlasti intenzivno. Zaradi vsega tega se nam zdi izjemno pomembno, da se ohranja kontinuiteta spomina na koncentracijsko taborišče Dachau in na druga nacifašistična koncentracijska taborišča.

Dachau kot opomin za današnji čas

Mentaliteta, ki je porodila dahavsko taborišče in njemu podobna taborišča, na žalost še ni premagana in boj zoper to mentaliteto ostaja ena od glavnih nalog sedanjih in prihodnjih pomnilcev taborišča Dachau.

Prav v teh časih srečujemo z različnimi oblikami oživljanja te mentalitete, npr. v širjenju antisemitizma, zavračanja migrantov, v oživljanju rasizma ali celo odkritega nacifašizma, šovinističnega ščuvanja proti tujcem in nacionalnega egoizma. To mentaliteto srečamo danes po vsej Evropi, prisotna je na vseh družbenih ravneh, od ravni političnih in verskih vodij, ki vodijo antidemokratične in populistične politike, v množičnih medijih, ki popuščajo političnim pritiskom, razširjajo avtoritarni diskurz, občutke nemoči in strahu in se izogibljejo poglobljenim kritičnim analizam. Problem so tudi novi elektronski mediji in forumi, ki necenzurirano in neovirano širijo lažna sporočila z odkrito nasilno, rasistično ali sovražno vsebino.

Najbolj se moramo bati negativnih povezav situacij, ki prehajajo v težko obvladljivo zmes iracionalnih reakcij na nove nevarnosti, tveganja in življenjske izzive. Takšne zmesi postajajo izvori množičnih socialnih okužb, ki se lahko v pogojih množične mobilnosti in proizvodnje nevarnih lažnih novic prav tako hitro širijo po svetu in se intenzivirajo kot množične okužbe z novimi patogenimi viri. Njihovo rešitev se praviloma išče v raznovrstnih ekstremnih političnih bližnjicah, npr. v populističnih politikah, ki domnevno branijo svoje »izbrane« nacije pred grozečimi nevarnostmi.

Danes se v Evropi (pa tudi drugod po svetu) srečujemo s pravim valom pretežno desno usmerjenega populizma, ki se promovira kot edini branik pred grožnjami, ki prihajajo od »zunaj« (npr. begunci, imigranti, nadnacionalne povezave, nove bolezni). V evropskih razmerah ta populizem neposredno ogroža dosežke evropske demokracije, ki so doslej kljub vsem svojim pomanjkljivostim omogočale dostojno in dostojanstveno življenje, demokratičnost in libertarnost večine evropskih družb. Ni treba poudarjati, da takšne razmere odpirajo vrata za rehabilitacijo, če ne kar za obnovo obnovo totalitarističnega zla, kot je bil nacifašizem.

Korenine nacifašističnega zla tičijo namreč v vse prehitri pripravljenosti današnjih ljudi na dojemanje sebe, svoje ožje ali širše družbene skupine kot nekaj posebnega, vzvišenega nad drugimi ljudmi, in

na dojemanje kakih drugih skupin ljudi kot manj vrednih, nevarnih ali »deviantnih« ljudi, ki jih je treba nadzirati in izolirati od »naše« izbrane skupine. Takšno naziranje se danes krepi zaradi širjenja populističnih politik in zaradi vsakovrstnih pojavov množićnih strahov (pred teroristi, prebežniki, pred obolelimi z novimi boleznimi, pred gospodarskimi in ekološkimi krizami).

Če tako naziranje postane prevladujoče v družbi in najde podporo v političnih elitah, ki se borijo za oblast, potem je potrebna zgolj »iskra« kakega simbolno pomembnega konflikta (pogosto namerno prižgana), da zaneti požar množične epidemije strahu in sovraštva. Eno od pomembnih sredstev za boj proti navedenim pojavom samodestrukcije sodobnih družb je ohranjanje spomina na grozote nacifašizma, ohranjanje spomina na preživelo zlo, ki so ga doživeli naši starši in stari starši, in na pogumne oblike upora proti zlu.

Bledenje ali izguba zgodovinskega spomina na to dogajanje pomeni tudi slabljenje družbenega imunskega sistema, ki nas varuje zoper ponovne izbruhe podobnih norosti, kot je bil nacizem in njegova uničevalna politika. Zaradi vsega tega se mi zdi izredno pomembno, da ti spomini in vednosti ne ostanejo zgolj zasebna last taboriščnikov in njihovih potomcev, temveč se ohranjajo v zgodovinskem spominu naroda. Da se ohranjajo kot narodov ponos na izjemen pogum, solidarnost imoč in skupnosti v izjemno težkih, nečloveških časih, da se javno izražajo in beležijo, reflektirajo, komentirajo skozi optiko aktualnih družbenih razmer.

Andrej Ule, Dachau as the symbol that must not be forgotten

Dachau as a memory and a reminder

This year, we are reminded of the 75th anniversary of the liberation of the Nazi camp Dachau. This anniversary is just one of many anniversaries of events from 1945, which represented the end of the Nazi regime and its terror, the holocaust. It was also a time of great hope and will to build a new, more fair and free world.

However, the liberation of Dachau carries with it additional meanings and messages. The Dachau camp was actually the first Nazi camp. It was opened in 1934, soon after the Nazi government had taken over in Germany. In the camp, the Nazis invented and tested new methods of industrially organized terror, mass killings (including gas chambers and crematoriums), varied kinds of dehumanization, executions of medical and other deadly "experiments" on humans etc. These methods were then carried over to other camps, where they were "further developed".

The Dachau camp, therefore, became a symbol of Nazi terrorism and an image of hell, concocted by Nazis in order to imprison anyone who ever crossed their path. Because, according to Nazis, that included many people, the camps were always operational. The number of conveyances of new internees was rising, so the living conditions in the camp were worsening, which led to the deadly chaos and mass deaths in the months prior to the liberation of the camp – the last days of April in 1945. Due to these circumstances, the liberation of Dachau has a symbolic meaning of victory over all systems of complete dehumanization, which upheld Nazi terrorism. It was not only a military victory, but more so a victory of the values which led the fight against Nazifascism. Those values are freedom and equality of all people, solidarity and mutual support even in the most adverse of circumstances.

Therefore, what happened in Dachau was a great battle, comparable to the greatest armed conflicts during the Second World War. The last battle was important and glorious as well. On one side, there were the internees, most of whom had already been active fighters against Nazism prior to imprisonment. On the other side, there was the Nazi military and police apparatus, which tried very hard to nip every resistance in the bud. Despite its efforts, a secret resistance appeared in the Dachau camp, which the Nazis could not break. It was a special form of combat against inhumane conditions. The Slovene internees played a prominent role in this combat. They cooperated in organized illegal activity and offered personal help and support to their fellow sufferers countless times, which was very risky and selfless. These selfless comrades risked their lives many times and usually ended up in Nazi torture chambers, killing grounds and crematoriums.

Because many important intellectuals and artists from across Europe were imprisoned in Dachau (a camp principally meant for political prisoners), there was a lot of illegal art production and written recordings of everyday events. There were many Slovene artists and intellectuals especially. Let me mention just a few Slovene painters, who passionately as well as in-depth and artistically portrayed the Dachau suffering, while living in impossible and dangerous conditions: Zoran Mušič, Bogdan Borčič, Vlasto Kopač, Boris Kobe and Bruno Vavpotič. There was even a special Slovene choir in the camp from 1943 on, which was led by Folte Hartmann, a Slovene from Carinthia.

Some Slovene artists wrote down their memories of living in the camp in literary forms. The book "Necropolis" by Slovene author Boris Pahor from Trieste describes his experiences of living in Natzweiler, Dachau, Dora, Bergen -Belsen and Harzungen. It received important literary recognition and awards in Italy, Slovenia, France and Austria. In it, he connected his memories to deep self-examination on life and death, bravery and guilt in inhumane conditions.

First Slovene prisoners arrived at Dachau in 1941. The first were to come were the Slovene opponents of Nazism from Carinthia in Austria, then the Slovene partisans and activists of the liberation army from Gorenjska. Some Slovene prisoners from 1941 were also former volunteers in the Spanish Civil War, who were captured and brought from French concentration camps. The number of Slovene prisoners steadily rose until 1945. The "influx" of new Slovene prisoners was especially prominent in 1943 after the surrender of Italy, when Nazis took over the area, previously occupied by Italians, with Ljubljana as the capital.

Many were imprisoned in the Dachau concentration camp for a short period of time and were then relocated to other concentration camps. The exact number of Slovene prisoners in Dachau is still unknown due to insufficient documentation, but according to approximations by Dr. Vida Deželak-Barič, who studies Slovene victims of the Second World War at The Institute of Contemporary History, the number of Slovene prisoners in Dachau and its "external" camps was somewhere between 4,000 and 6,000. Approximately 1,700 of those prisoners died there. After the liberation, there were 1,800 surviving Slovene prisoners from the camp.

Slovenes were placed among "less worthy" nations, which Nazis planned to eradicate. That is why the well-organized mass resistance of the Slovenes took them by surprise. Soon after Slovenia's occupation, they abandoned their plans of mass relocation and Germanization of Slovenes. Nazis were alarmed by the fact that the Slovenes' revolt took place within the "Reich", where Nazis were supposed to have complete control. This is why they hid the news of the resistance from the foreign and native public for some time. Later on, they proclaimed it as the work of "Yugoslavian" or "communist bandits". It seems as though they did not realize until the end of the war that an entire nation rose against them and not mere politics or convictions.

The internal unifying power of the resistance movement in Slovenia, organized by the Liberation Front (mostly dominated by Slovene communists, but consisting of other important resistance groupings as well), could be felt among the Slovene internees in Dachau. It was typical of Slovene internees to have a highly developed national consciousness, to be well-organized and mutually cooperative, which showed in their willingness to cooperate with all other internee groups. They stood out due to their awareness, organization, solidarity and skill for illegal activity in the camp. While many Slovene internees did not detect the activity of illegal organizations due to its secrecy, they did, however, indirectly feel its effect through mutual help, such as sharing food and packages from home in solidarity, taking care of the elderly, mutual encouragement and similar activities.

The Slovene prisoners in the Dachau concentration camp experienced all kinds of violence and torture. Nazis knew very well that Slovene prisoners were especially "stubborn" and proud of their opposition to Nazism. That is why Nazis often treated Slovene prisoners especially harshly and brutally. Many were subjected to pseudo medical "live" trials. One of those was a certain strain of malaria, which Nazi doctors used in order to infect the victims of their "experiments".

After the camp's liberation, the Yugoslavian resistance organization, especially the Slovene part of it, took over the care of the ill and starving comrades and even organized cultural life among the prisoners in the month after the liberation. Immediately after the camp's liberation, they issued the journal, named the "Dachau Reporter", which was published regularly (having 30 issues) until the last group of Slovene prisoners was taken back home. The Slovene or Yugoslavian prisoner organization wanted to organize the return of the surviving prisoners to their homeland quickly, but that was made difficult by the then confli-

cts between the Anglo-Americans and Yugoslavia regarding Trieste.

The unique overlap of the immense cruelty of the destructive Nazi machinery and the immense bravery and suffering of thousands upon thousands of internees has marked the Dachau camp and it remains as such in the private memories of surviving internees and the historical memory of humanity. Sadly, the Dachau internees' ordeal did not always end with freedom in their homeland. It is a known fact that many Soviet internees and internees from other countries, which were part of the newly rising "Eastern Bloc", were met with harsh conditions, suspicion, convictions and even re-imprisonment and death sentences.

The Soviet regime proclaimed the war prisoners in German camps to be traitors. Further charges alleged that it was not possible to survive in such harsh conditions unless one collaborated with the Nazis. The most suspicious were those who took part in illegal resistance organization or who helped or organized mutual help among internees. The Stalinist fear of spies produced monstrous constructions and even more monstrous consequences.

The surviving Slovene internees, not only from Dachau, but from other camps as well, were generally underestimated in Slovenia after the war, especially if we compare them to the glorified surviving partisan fighters. The system only glorified the "active" fighters against Fascism and Nazism. Former internees were hardly, if at all, given any acknowledgements for participating in the national liberation war and the healthcare and social benefits that came along with them. Only after Slovenia's independence did they start receiving restitutions, paid by Germany, for the suffering they went through.

It is also interesting that there was little work put into systematically collecting historical and commemorative data on Slovene internees in Dachau or Slovenes in other Fascist and Nazi camps. It seems as if many internees were so afraid of possible opposition that they internalized their memories and some even never talked about those memories with the ones closest to them. The Community of Dachau Internees of Slovenia (CDIS) publishes the bulletin, named the "Dachau Reporter", which is also the only bulletin of former Slovene internees of Nazi camps, in order to counteract this trend of "oblivion". We publish Slovene and foreign articles on the Dachau camp and other Nazi concentration camps.

I believe there is a grave danger of historical oblivion of the evil that was overcome. This oblivion is caused by the old age of surviving internees, the general fading memory of the Second World War and the historians overlooking this topic. The youth of Slovenia does not want to be bothered with the events during the Second World War and after it. However, they are interested in how it was possible to maintain humanity and dignity amid the horrors of the Nazi camps, so they listen closely to conversations with former internees if the latter are not tendentious when talking about the everyday heroism and suffering. Maintaining the memory of the bitter parts of human history should be a part of the school curriculum.

I firmly believe that erasing the historical memory of the Dachau concentration camp and everything that made it possible is very dangerous for our collective European future. KZ Dachau, along with everything that happened in it and everything it represented, is a unique and universal symbol of the suffering of internees in Nazi camps as well as sadly numerous destructive camps across the world. It is also a universal symbol of resistance against inhumane and bloody confrontation between repressive political systems and people who think differently, belong to other races, nations, cultures.

The confrontation with Fascism and Nazism during the Second World War somehow also represents Europe confronting itself, its own barbaric heritage. The internees in Nazi camps experienced this confrontation, which took a toll on their bodies and especially on their souls. Because of all of this, we believe it is extremely important to maintain the continuity of memory of the Dachau concentration camp as well as other Nazi-fascist concentration camps.

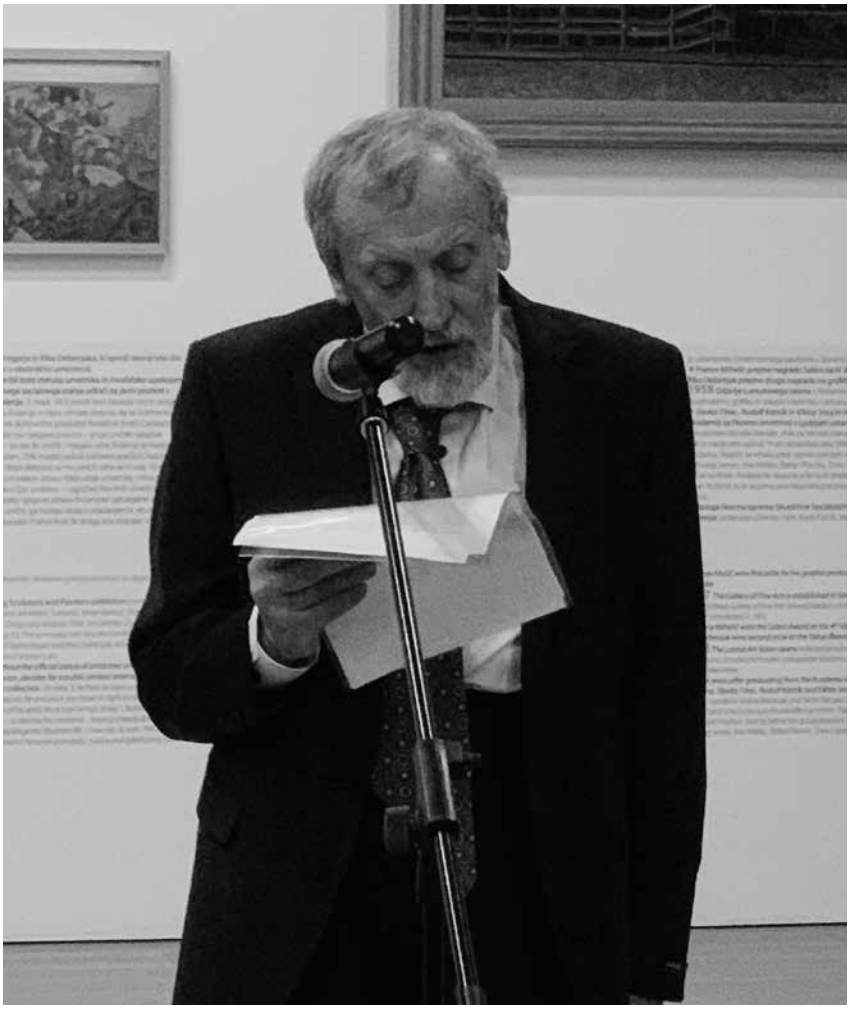
Dachau as a reminder for modern times

The mentality that birthed the Dachau camp and other similar camps is unfortunately still not defeated and the fight against this mentality remains one of the key objectives of current and future people who remember the Dachau camp.

We are currently faced with various forms of reviving this mentality, such as the spread of antisemitism, the rejection of immigrants, the revival of racism or even Nazifascism, the chauvinistic instigation against foreigners, and national egoism. Today, we encounter this mentality all across Europe, it is present in all social strata, in political and religious leaders, who pursue anti-democratic and populist politics, in mass media, which

give in to political pressure, spread authoritarian discourse as well as feelings of powerlessness and fear, and avoid deep critical analysis. Electronic media and forums also pose a threat, as they spread false messages with overt violent, racist and hateful content without being censored or obstructed.

We must be most fearful of negative situations that become a mixture of irrational reactions to new dangers, risks and life challenges, which are hard to manage. Such mixtures turn into sources of mass social contagions, which can quickly spread across the world with the help of mass mobility and the production of dangerous false news and can intensify as mass infections with new sources of pathogens. The solutions to them are seen in varied extreme political shortcuts, such as populist politics, which supposedly defend their "chosen" nations from the most threatening dangers.



Today, Europe (and the rest of the world) is met with the first wave of predominantly right-wing populism, which promotes itself as the only bulwark against the threats that come from "the outside" (such as refugees, immigrants, transnational connections, new illnesses). In European circumstances, this kind of populism directly threatens the achievements of European democracy, which has despite its shortcomings provided decent and dignified living, democracy and freedom of most European societies. Needless to say, such circumstances open the door to rehabilitation and even restoration of totalitarian evil, such as Nazifascism.

The root of Nazifascist evil lies in people nowadays being eager to perceive themselves, those close to them or their wider social groups as something special, superior to other people, and in people perceiving some other groups of people as less worthy, dangerous or "deviant", so they need to be controlled and isolated from "our" chosen group. Such opinions are nowadays reinforced by the spread of populist politics and everyday occurrences of mass hysteria (about terrorists, immigrants, those who contract new diseases, economic and ecological crises).

If such opinions become prevalent in a society and they garner support from the political elites, which fight for power, a mere "spark" (usually intentionally lit) of some symbolically important conflict can ignite a fire of widespread fear and hate. One of the important means of fighting against the previously mentioned occurrences of modern societal self-destruction is the preservation of the memory of Nazifascist terrors, experienced by our parents and grandparents, and the brave ways of fighting against evil.

Fading or the loss of memory about what happened also means that the societal immune system, which protects us from repeating outbreaks of the madness of Nazism and its destructive politics, is weakening. Because of this, I believe it is extremely important that these memories and this knowledge does not remain the private property of internees and their descendants, but is instead preserved in the historical memory of the nation. The nation should take pride in the immense courage, solidarity and power of community in incredibly harsh and inhumane times. The memories should be publicly expressed, written down, reflected upon, and discussed with current societal conditions in mind.

Peter Vodopivec

Dahavski zapornik št. 62173

Oče Vlado Vodopivec nama je, ko sva bila z bratom še otroka, večkrat pripovedoval o razmerah v Dachauu in travmatičnih taboriščnih izkušnjah, ki so ga zaznamovale za vse življenje.

Živo se spominjam, kako je postal vsakič znova vznemirjen, ko je govoril o nasilju, okrutnosti in ukazovalnem vpitju taboriščnih SS-ovcev, blokovskih vodij in kapojev, prenaseljenosti barak in gneči na ležiščih, nezadostni in neužitni taboriščni hrani, skrajno napornih delovnih pogojih ter negotovosti, izčrpanosti in lakoti. Z bratom sta naju posebej pretresla očetov opis osvoboditve taborišča, ko so zaporniki, ki se niso omejili pri povečanih obrokih in lažjem dostopu do hrane, njihovo telo pa povečane količine hrane ni preneslo, hudo oboleli in celo umrli. Iz očetovega pripovedovanja sva tudi razbrala, da je bil v Dachauu precej osamljen in v tesnejših stikih le z ožjim krogom predvojnih slovenskih prijateljev, medtem ko se je pri delovnih obveznostih v taborišču več srečeval s francoskimi, španskimi in nemškimi sojetniki.

O Dachauu in času, ki sta ga preživela v taborišču, sta se, ko smo se v petdesetih letih preteklega stoletja v zimskih mesecih družinsko srečevali na Gojški planini, večkrat pogovarjala tudi oče in Vlasto Kopač. Pri tem, kolikor se spominjam, povojnih dahavskih procesov in tedanjih brutalnih preiskovalnih in sodnih postopkov, katerih žrtev je bil tudi Kopač, ki je, avgusta 1948 obsojen na smrt in nato »pomiloščen na 20-letno zaporno kazen«, prišel iz zapora šele aprila leta 1952, vsaj pred nami, otroci, nista omenjala. Oče Vlado spominov na Dachau tudi pozneje ni zapisal.

Medtem ko je svoj pogled na predvojne spore na levici in razhajanja z vodilnimi komunisti strnil v več krajših zapisih in jih nekaj med njimi tudi objavil, se za obširnejši spominski spis o Dachauu in doživetjih v taborišču očitno ni mogel odločiti niti v sedemdesetih letih, ko je sodeloval v uredniškem odboru in pri pripravah leta 1981 izdanega zbornika Dachau. V njegovi zapuščini je tako edini zapis, v katerem je kratko popisal čas internacije in odnose s slovenskimi sozaporniki v taborišču, 'Izjava o nekaterih znanih obsojencih v takozvanem dahavskem procesu', ki jo je napisal decembra leta 1970 v podporo sodni razveljavitvi obtožb in obsodb na dahavskih procesih. Nekaj podatkov o deportaciji in prihodu v Dachau, zaporniškem delu, ki ga je opravljal, in SS-ovskem nasilju je omenil tudi v nekaterih drugih neobjavljenih spisih.

V Dachau je bil, kot je zapisal v Izjavi, »deportiran v prvih dneh leta 1944«; nekje drugod je omenil, da je prišel v taborišče 10. januarja, po vojni pa se je sozapornik, s katerim sta bila skupaj zaprta že v šentpetrski kasarni v Ljubljani, spominjal, da sta oba »odšla na transport v Dachau«, ki je »štel 156 tovarišev«, 15. januarja 1944. Po prihodu v Dachau je dobil številko 62173. Najprej je bil »na bloku za nerazporejene« in je v »takozvani komandi za čiščenje snega in blata« delal do aprila 1944. Na pobudo sozapornikov in »ker je bil tak postopek običajen«, se je kmalu po prihodu v taborišče sestal s članom »ilegalnega vodstva internirancev«, znanim slovenskim komunistom, ki naj bi se, kot so mu povedali sozaporniki, pogovarjal z večino novih internirancev in poskušal nato »preko svojih zvez z zaporniki drugih narodnosti doseči«, da so dobili komunisti, ki so prišli v Dachau, čim prej stalno zaposlitev, ter na ta način niso bili več »izpostavljeni nevarnosti transportov v druga taborišča«.

Toda pri njem, Vladu Vodopivcu, naj bi bila – kot je ugotavljal v Izjavi – »stvar nekoliko drugačna«. Članu »ilegalnega vodstva internirancev« je sicer povedal, da je bil »aktivist osvobodilne fronte« in je »na policiji s svojimi zasliševalci zelo kratko opravil«, ker se je med njimi pojavil »tudi nek znan študent iz katoliških vrst«, kateremu ni bil »pripravljen odgovarjati«. Ni mu pa »zamolčal«, da je imel »pred vojno konflikte s partijskim vodstvom« in je bil potem, ko je bil nekaj več kot tri leta član partije, izključen iz nje. Tako je lahko leta 1941 začel delati v osvobodlni fronti »šele po daljšem pogovoru z Zdenko Kidrič«, ki mu je »čisto določeno povedala«, da » njegov »partijski problem še ni rešen«. Njegovega sogovornika naj bi to ne »razveselilo«, nasprotno, razšla sta se »bolj hladno«, kot sta se srečala, sogovornikova obljuba, da bo kmalu dobil zaposlitev, pa se ni uresničila, medtem ko so jo mnogi, ki so »prišli kasneje, dobili«.

Sam se je zato, kot »je pač vedel in znal«, umikal »naborom, kjer so izbirali ljudi za transport«, stalno zapolitev pa dobil šele spomladi, ko je začel kot poljski delavec de-

lati na »plantaži«. Ko so bila jeseni tam dela končana, je dobil delo v strojni delavnici (»Fertigung Werkstätte«) tik ob taborišču. Vse do osvoboditve je delal v nočni izmeni pri rezkalnem stroju. Da mu v »ilegalnem vodstvu internirancev« niso že prej pomagali do stalne zaposlitve, naj jim ne bi zameril, saj naj bi razumel, da je bil zanje kot bivši, iz partije izključeni komunist, »autsajder«. S komunisti in člani ilegalnega odbora je vseeno ostal ves čas internacije v dobrih odnosih. Sozapornik, ki je leta 1946 poročal o njegovem vedenju v taborišču, je omenil le, da je živel zaradi nočnega dela »precej ločen od ostalih Slovencev« in je bil v »tesnejših prijateljskih stikih le z ožjim krogom svojih prejšnjih tovarišev iz Ljubljane«, zlasti z Dragom Šego (znanim povojnim kulturnim delavcem) in Brankom Dolžanom (po vojni sodnikom). Sicer pa naj bi, kot je po vojni zapisal drug sozapornik, delo v tovarni »odlično sabotiral«, zaradi česar si je »nakopal sovraštvo« tovarniškega SS-ovca, ki ga je pretepal in mu »dodajal najtežja dela«.

Glavni namen Izjave, kot je povedal že njen naslov, seveda ni bilo popisovanje piščevih osebnih taboriščnih izkušenj in doživetij, temveč osvetlitev obnašanja in ravnanja na povojnih dahavskih procesih. Vlado Vodopivec je tako v Izjavi že takoj v začetku omenil, da je poznal velik del obtoženih in se je z njimi tudi večkrat srečeval in pogovarjal. Za nekatere med njimi so, kot je zapisal, vsi »vedeli, da imajo delo v revirju« (taboriščni ambulanti) ali pa na takozvanih preizkusnih postajah. Toda »vsem« interniranim naj bi bilo tudi znano, da se »eksperimentalne postaje na revirju« od leta 1944 niso več ukvarjale z »znanimi in za življenje ter zdravje ljudi najbolj nevarnimi poskusi«, temveč samo z »malaričnimi infekcijami na internirancih« in drugimi infekcijami, ki so povzročale razne tvorbe. »Interniranci« niso zato »niti najmanj« obsojali kemikov, zdravnikov in medicincev, ki so dobili zaposlitev »na revirju«, in jim tudi niso »zavidali nekaterih manjših prednosti, ki so jih uživali« (nekoliko boljšo hrano, oprostitev od včasih zelo mučnega stanja na prostoru za apel vsako jutro in zvečer itd.).

»Trdim celo, da smo bili zainteresirani, da je na revirju zaposlenih čim več naših ljudi, ker smo preko njih dobivali nekatera zdravila, večkrat tudi kruh ali drugo hrano, kar so vsi prinašali skoraj vsak večer po končanem delu v barake, kjer smo bili nastanjeni, ter ob tem prevzemali nova naročila oziroma registrirali naše želje po medikamentih in hrani«, se je spominjal in dodal: »Ni potreba naglašati seveda, da so stvari, ki so jih ti prinašali med obsojence, skrivoma izmaknili in se s tem gotovo izpostavljali tudi določenemu riziku, saj se je vsaka tatvina v Dachauu eksemplarično kaznovala«.

Sicer pa naj bi »bilo znano«, da »zaposleni na revirju, v laboratorijih in preizkusnih postajah kljub manjšim ugodnostim in nekoliko udobnejšemu delu niso vsi spadali med lagerske prominente«. Mnogi so bili sami izpostavljeni »šikanam pravih sodelavcev s taboriščno upravo in prominentov«, ki z »njimi niso delali v rokavicah«. Kapoji, drugi funkcionarji in strežniki v taboriščni ambulanti pač niso bili strokovnjaki (kemiki in medicinci), temveč »večinoma ljudje brez izobrazbe, internirani zaradi kriminala, pa tudi zaradi politične sumljivosti«. »Najbrž lahko še živeči interniranci, ki so delali v revirju, povedo, da je bil šef revirja (nekakšen direktor) po poklicu ključavničar ali obrtnik neke druge vrste«, je opozarjal Vodopivec. »Ta je imel neposreden stik s taboriščno upravo kot z zločinskimi zdravniki SS, ki so prihajali v revir. Podobne vrste ljudje so bili tudi drugi funkcionarji ter strežniki v revirju in ostalih laboratorijih, ki so se večkrat lotevali celo manjših medicinskih posegov, dajali injekcije, izvrševali operacije itd. Predvsem pa so kot taboriščni upravi in SS-ovcem zanesljivi ljudje nadzirali in šikanirali ne samo bolnike, temveč tudi zdravnike, kemike in medicince, ki so v revirju delali. Spominjam se celo, da smo imeli vtis, da je taboriščna uprava za te funcije izbirala najbolj brutalne in demoralizirane internirance«.

»Niti v času internacije in ne po osvoboditvi, ko smo vodili postopke proti posameznim demoraliziranim prominentom,« pa ni, kot je poudaril Vodopivec, »nihče niti pomislil«, da je tudi kdo od obsojenih na dahavskih procesih, »opravljal kakršnokoli dejavnost, ki bi ne bila v skladu z moralnim zadržanjem v taborišču«, kaj šele, da bi bili »soudeleženi pri izvrševanju vojnih zločinov«. Nasprotno: vsi med obsojenimi, ki so delali v revirju, so priložnosti, ki so jih tam imeli, izrabili, da so pomagali sozapornikom. Vlado Vodopivec je bil po osvoboditvi dahavskega taborišča član »Sodnopreiskovalne komisije Jugoslovanskega narodnega odbora«, ki jo je vodil po vojni prav tako na dahavskih procesih obsojeni pravnik Oskar Juranić.

Komisija je dober mesec in pol »zbirala gradivo za posamezne kapoje in druge prominente iz vrst internirancev, ki so sodelovali s taboriščno upravo, ovajali tovariše, jih pretepali in podobno«. »Tako se spominjam, da smo zbrali gradivo za nekaj kapojev barak, za kapota kopalnice, za nekatere lagerske policiste in strežnike v revirju«, je zapisal v Izjavi. »Zbrano gradivo smo predložili ameriški vojaški policiji s predlogom, da proti osum-

ljencem postopa, in kolikor se spominjam, so bili nekateri od teh že v času, ko smo zbirali gradivo, aretirani in priprti«. Komisiji so prijave zoper ovaduhe in druge sodelavce taboriščne uprave pošiljali tudi interniranci, pri čemer pa ni bilo, kot je posebej poudaril pisec Izjave, nobene ovadbe, ki bi bremenila kogarkoli med obsojenimi na povojnih dahavskih procesih.

Vlado Vodopivec se je vrnil iz Dachaua v Ljubljano z zadnjim transportom, 9. junija 1945. Leta 1970 je v (nikoli odposlanem) pismu nemški reviji Spiegel, ki je objavila posmehljiv članek o zavzemanju Jake Avšiča za slovensko poveljevanje v Jugoslovanski ljudski armadi in njegovo kritiko enotnega srbskega poveljevalnega jezika pod naslovom Befehle auf Deutsch ironično primerjala s slovenskim nasprotovanjem enotnemu nemškemu poveljevanju v avstroogrski vojski, zapisal, da je na takšne primerjave in tak naslov »posebej alergičen«. »Befehle auf Deutsch namreč poznam in zbujajo ne samo meni, temveč mnogim, zelo neprijetne asociacije«. V Dachauu je »taka povelja poznal v vsej njihovi rezkosti« in zato »ne more nič za to, če jih ima še vedno zelo v neprijetnem spominu«, je poudaril.

Toda krivde za nacistično nasilje in vse, kar je skupaj s sozaporniki doživljal v Dachauu, ni kar posplošeno pripisoval Nemcem. Ves čas je pripovedoval tudi o tem, kako so nemški zaporniki, med katerimi so bili nekateri v Dachauu že od tridesetih let, svetovali in pomagali interniranim, ki so prišli v taborišče pozneje. Omenjal pa je tudi pomoč nekaterih stražarjev, »bavarskih« mobilizirancev, ki so občasno in skrivoma prinašali zapornikom hrano. V njegovih očeh je bil Dachau ena skrajnih institucij nadvse avtoritarnega in brutalnega političnega sistema, kakršen ne bi smel v nobeni ideološki različici nikjer in nikoli več zavladati.

Peter Vodopivec

The Dachau Prisoner no. 62173

When we were just children, our father Vlado Vodopivec often talked to my brother and me about the conditions in Dachau and the traumatic experiences in the camp, which marked him for the rest of his life.

I remember vividly how upset he became every time he talked about the violence, cruelty and commanding yelling of the camp's SS officers, block leaders and kapos, the overcrowded barracks and the crammed beds, the insufficient and inedible food, very harsh working conditions, and the insecurity, exhaustion and hunger. My brother and I were especially shocked by our father's description of the liberation of the camp, when prisoners who had not limited themselves of eating when the meals had become larger and food had become more accessible, had gotten very sick or even died because their bodies could not handle the increased amount of food. We also understood from our father's stories that he had been very lonely in Dachau and had only been in closer contact with a few Slovene friends from before the war, while during his work obligations in the camp he had contact mostly with French, Spanish and German captives.

When we went on joint family vacations to Gojška planina in the 1950s, my father also often talked about Dachau and the time he spent there with Vlasto Kopač. As far as I remember, they never mentioned in front of us, the children, the post-war Dachau trials and the brutal investigation and court proceedings, which Kopač was a victim of. In August 1948 he was sentenced to death and later on "pardoned to a 20-year prison sentence". [1] He was released from prison in April 1952.

Our father Vlado never wrote down his memories of Dachau. While he managed to sum up his impressions of the pre-war conflicts on the left and the disagreements with leading communists in a few short articles, which were published, he could not get himself to write a longer memorial composition about Dachau even in the 1970s when he was a member of the editorial board of the Dachau collection of memorial essays, published in 1981. The only written paper in his legacy which describes his internment and his relationship with other Slovene internees in the camp is "The Statement on Some Known Convicts of the So-called Dachau Trials", which he wrote in December 1970 in support of the legal nullification of

charges and convictions of the Dachau trials. He also included some information on his deportation to and arrival at Dachau, on the prison work he had done and on the SS violence from the other essays, which were never published.

In the Statement he wrote that he had been deported to Dachau "in the first days of 1944"; somewhere else he mentioned that he had come to the camp on January 10th. After the war, a fellow internee, who was already imprisoned with him in the Šentpeter barrack in Ljubljana, remembered that they had both been "transported to Dachau along with 156 comrades" on January 15th, 1944. After his arrival to Dachau he was assigned the number 62173. Until April 1944 he was placed in the "block for the unclassified" and worked in the "so-called command for cleaning mud and snow". At the fellow internees' initiative and because "such procedures were commonplace", he met with a member of the "illegal management of the internees", a known Slovene communist, shortly after arriving at the camp. This communist supposedly held conversations with many new internees and then tried "to achieve with the help of his connections to prisoners of other nationalities" that communists, arriving at Dachau, got a permanent job and were therefore no longer "exposed to the dangers of being transported to other camps".

However, according to the statement, Vlado Vodopivec's situation was "somehow different". He told the member of the "illegal management of the internees" that he was an "activist of the Liberation Front" and that his "police interrogation was quickly over, because "a known Catholic student" had been among his interrogators, and Vlado had refused to "answer to him". But he did also not "abstain from telling" that he had had "conflicts with the party leadership prior to the war", so he had been expelled from it after having been a member for over three years. Therefore, he could start working for the Liberation Front in 1941 only "after a long conversation with the party leader Zdenka Kidrič", who " clearly told" him that "his problem with the (communist) party was not yet solved". His interlocutor in Dachau was supposedly not "happy" about this. On the contrary, they parted more "coldly" than they had met, and his interlocutor's promise that he would get a stable job soon was not fulfilled, while many others, who "arrived after, got one".

That is why he evaded "the recruitment of the prisoners being gathered to be taken elsewhere as best he could". He only got a permanent job in the spring, working as a field worker on a "plantation". When the work there was finished in the fall, he got a job at the machine workshop (»Fertigung Werkstätte«) right next to the camp. He operated the shredding machine during the night shifts up until the liberation of the camp. He did not blame the "illegal management of the internees" for not helping him. He understood that he had been "an outsider" to them after having been expelled from the communist party. He had good relations with the communists and the member of the illegal committee for the entire time of his internment. A fellow prisoner, who in 1946 reported on his behavior in the camp, mentioned only that he had been "quite separated from other Slovenes" due to the night shifts and that he had "closer contact only with a narrow circle of comrades from Ljubljana", especially with Drago Šega (a known post-war culture worker) and Branko Dolžan (a judge after the war). As another fellow internee wrote down, he also "brilliantly sabotaged" the work in the factory, which had triggered an SS factory officer's "hatred", so he had been beaten and given "the harshest labor".

The main goal of the Statement, as the name suggests, was not to enumerate the author's personal experiences and ordeals in the camp, but to shed light on the behavior and treatment of the convicts at the Dachau trials in the concentration camp. In the very beginning of the Statement Vlado Vodopivec mentioned that he knew many of the convicts and that he regularly met and talked with them. He wrote that "everyone knew" that some of them "had jobs in the infirmary of the camp (in "revier") or the so-called experimental stations". However, "every" internee also knew that "the experimental stations" had not taken part in "the known experiments, which were very threate-

[1] *The Dachau trials (Slovene Dachauski procesi) were 10 political (Soviet type) show trials in Slovenia, held between 1947-1949. The name refers to the fact that 31 defendents of the 37 sentenced had been prisoners in the Dachau concentartion camp. They were accused of becoming Gestapo agents in the camps and of continuing espionage and treasonous activity after the war. 15 of them were sentenced to death, 10 were executed and 3 of them died during the interrogations. All the sentenced and accused had been communists before the war and Liberation Front activists or Partisans during the war, some had even fought in Spain. The trials took place in a extremely charged political atmosphere before and during the Yugoslav conflict with Moscow and Cominform, when as many historians believe today, the then leading Slovene communists (former partisans) felt threatened not only by the Soviets, but also by the elder, pre-WW II comunist generation and communist intellectuals (during the war concentration camps prisoners). As it was proved already the 1970s the so called evidence against the accused and sentenced was completely forged and the accusations false. Some accusations were thus dropped in 1971 and 1976, in 1984 the proceedings and sentences were nullified and in 1986 the accused were rehabilitated.*

ning to the lives and health of people" since 1944, but had instead focused on "the malaria infections of the internees" and other infections which caused growths. Therefore, "the internees did not disapprove the chemists, doctors and medical personnel who got a job in revier", nor did they "envy the small advantages they enjoyed (slightly better food, exemption from the sometimes excruciating conditions of the morning and night assembly etc.)".

"I even claim that we were interested to have as many of our people working in the camp infirmary (in "revier") as possible because they could provide certain medicine, sometimes even bread or other food, which they brought to the barracks, where we stayed, almost every evening after work was done, and received new orders or registered our wishes for medication and food," he remembered. And he added: "There is no need to point out that the things they brought to the internees were of course secretly stolen and, that they thus took a risk of being punished as an example as was done with every theft in Dachau."

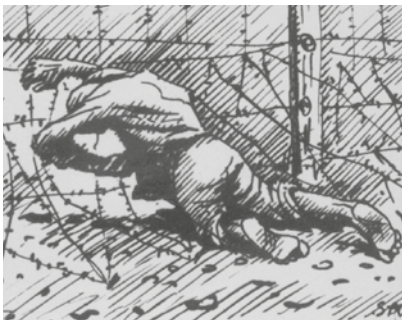
It was supposedly "known" that "not all those who were employed in revier", in the laboratory and in the experimental stations were privileged despite the small advantages and slightly more comfortable work". Many were exposed to "the chicanery of the true collaborators with the camp management and the privileged prisoners, who "did not work thoughtfully with them". Kapos, other officials and attendants in the infirmary were simply not experts (chemists and medical personnel), instead they were "mostly people without an education, interned due to criminal activity or political suspicion". "Even surviving internees who worked in "revier" could probably tell you that the office manager was a locksmith or some other kind of craftsman," Vodopivec took note. "He had direct contact with the camp management, as well as with the criminal SS doctors, who came to the infirmary. Other officials and attendants in the infirmary and the laboratories were similar kinds of people. They oftentimes even tackled small medical procedures, gave injections, carried out operations etc. And above all, seen as reliable by the camp management and SS officers, they controlled and chicaned not only the ill, but the doctors, chemists and medical personnel who worked in "revier". I even remember that we were under the impression that the camp management chose the most brutal and demoralized internees for these positions."

"Neither during the internment, nor after the liberation, when we led the proceedings against some privileged concentration camp prisoners, did we even think about" any person, convicted at the Dachau trials, "carrying out any activity which would not be in line with the moral restraint in the camp", let alone "partaking in the execution of war crimes". On the contrary: each and every convict, who had worked in the infirmary, had seized every opportunity to help their fellow internees. After the liberation of the Dachau camp, Vlado Vodopivec was a member of the "Commission of Judicial Inquiry of the Yugoslav People's Committee", which was led by legal expert Oskar Juranić, who was also convicted at the Dachau trials after the war. The Commission "gathered the material on individual kapos and other privileged prisoners among internees, who cooperated with the camp management, informed on their comrades, beat them and the likes". "I remember how we collected the material on a few barrack kapos, a bathroom kapo, some camp officers and attendants in revier," he wrote in The Statement. "The collected material was submitted to the American military police with the proposal that they proceed against the suspects, and as I remember, some of the suspects were already arrested and detained when we were collecting the material." The internees also sent reports on informants and camp management collaborators to the Commission, however, the author of The Statement pointed out that there had been no criminal complaints that would incriminate anyone that had been convicted at the post-war Dachau trials.

Vlado Vodopivec returned to Ljubljana from Dachau via the last conveyance on June 9th, 1945. In 1970, the German magazine Spiegel published an article titled "Befehle auf Deutsch", which ridiculed Slovene general Jaka Avšič's championship of Slovene command of the Yugoslav People's Army and his criticism of Serbian being used as the sole language of command. It also ironically compared it to Slovene's opposition to the German language being the sole language of command in the Austro-Hungarian army. Vodopivec wrote a letter to the magazine, which he never sent, where he expressed that he was "especially allergic" to these kinds of comparisons and article titles. "Befehle auf Deutsch is familiar to me and it prompts very uncomfortable associations not only in my mind, but in many others' as well." He knew very well "how curt these kinds of commands seem" from a Dachau perspective, so he stressed that he "cannot help it if he still has bad memories of them".

However, he did not attribute the blame for Nazi violence, which he and fellow internees experienced in Dachau, to all Germans.

He also always spoke about the German prisoners, some of them having been in Dachau since the 1930s who had advised and helped the internees who had come to the camps after them. He also mentioned the help of certain guards, "Bavarian" recruits, who had sometimes secretly brought food to the prisoners. In his eyes, Dachau was one of the most extreme institutions of an authoritarian and brutal political system, which should not come to power in any ideological variant or anywhere ever again.



Mirjana Ule: O nujnosti spominjanja in pripovedovanja

Potrebno je vedno znova ponavljati: »Nikoli več!«

Razmislite, da se je to zgodilo:
Zapovedujem vam te besede
Vtisnite si jih v srca
Ko ste doma, ko hodite po cesti
Ko ležete in vstajate;
Ponavljajte jih svoji deci.

(Primo Levi. Ali je to človek)

Ljudje, ki so bili izpostavljeni taki človeški katastrofi, kot so bila koncentracijska taborišča, želijo o tem govoriti, želijo doživeto sporočiti prihodnjim rodovom. Lahko pa pride tudi do molka o izkušnji, ki ga terapevti razlagajo z zagato neizrekljivosti. V nobenem primeru pa ne morejo uiti zarezi, ki jo je sprožilo življenje v "skrajnih razmerah"in, ki se kaže v občutju preživelih, kot da bi imeli dve identiteti.

Kot socialna psihologinja poznam socialne teorije, ki pravijo, da ljudje ustvarjamo sami sebe in svet s pripovedovanjem zgodb. Gre za ustvarjalno dejavnost, v kateri se identiteta obenem refleksivno razkriva in konstituira. Čeprav je akt spominjanja povezan s preteklostjo, se aktualizira v sedanjosti – zdaj, v trenutku spominjanja. Zgodbe dajejo človekovemu življenju kontinuiteto in smisel.

Predvsem se spomini oblikujejo, preoblikujejo in prenašajo na krajih »zločina«, ob obiskovanju taborišč. Zato se tudi imenujejo »kraji spominja«, saj so primarno namenjeni shranjevanju in ohranjanju taboriščne "preteklosti" (Jurič Pahor, 2008). Vsi ti kraji spomina na zločine v času nacifašizma imajo dvojno vlogo: vlogo ohranjanja informacij o preteklosti ("pričevanje") in ohranjanje vednosti za prihodnje generacije.

Spominjati se pomeni, kot pravi tudi Slovar slovenskega knjižnega jezika "delati, navadno z besedami, da kdo česa ne pozabi". V

starejšem pojmovanju te besede je bila pripovedna komponenta še izraziteje poudarjena, saj je bil glagol "spominjati" istoveten z "omenjati kaj, govoriti o čem". Avtorji celo ponazarjajo to razlago s travmatskim spominom:: "govornik je spominjal težke dni vojne" (Bajec et al. 1985: 857).

Spominjanje pomeni tudi preiskovanje preteklosti, da bi se človek lahko s pomočjo govora spopadel s travmatično izkušnjo. Razgovori s preživelimi iz koncentracijskih taborišč so pokazali, da ljudje lahko v presenetljivi meri integrirajo celo skrajne izkušnje. Skušajo jih povezati v pripoved, ki je vsaj minimalno smiselna.

Do podobnih zaključkov prihajajo tudi raziskave, ki se ukvarjajo s *psihosocialno odpornostjo* (resilience) preživelih in njihovih potomcev. Angleški pojem *resilience* označuje ponovno pridobitev moči, potem ko je ta bila podvržena travmatizaciji. Psihosocialna odpornost se kaže predvsem v tem, koliko smo zmožni prestati in subjektivno predelati travmatične izkušnje. Psihosocialna odpornost pomeni zmožnost osvobajanja od prisil, zapovedi in prepovedi, ki jih nalagamo samemu sebi ali nam jih nalagajo drugi.

Na to opozarja pisatelj Primo Levi, ki je preživel holokaust v predgovoru svoje knjige *Se questo è un uomo* (Ali je to človek), ki si jo je zamislil že v Auschwitzu, spisal pa takoj po vojni. Takole pravi: "Potreba, pripovedovati 'drugim', je pred osvoboditvijo in po njej postala tako neposredna, da je spodbijla druge osoevne potrebe: knjiga je bila napisana, da bi bilo zadoščeno prav tej potrebi, v prvi vrsti je torej imela za cilj notranjo osvoboditev. (Levi, 2004:8)

Ugotovitev odgovarja časovni izkušnji travme. Izkušnja travme, obračunavanje z njo, se praviloma lahko vzpostavi šele naknadno, to je z re-konstrukcijo izkušnje. Primo Levi je "potrebo po pripovedovanju" označil kot primarno potrebo, primerljivo s "potrebo po hrani in pijači", in dodal: "Namera, 'postati priča' se je pojavila šele kasneje. Primarna potreba je bila v tem, da se s pisanjem rešim." Pisanje je torej imelo terapevtsko funkcijo in kot pravi Levi, »mu je pisanje prineslo olajšanje«(prav tam; 8)

Podobno je tržaško slovenski pisatelj Boris Pahor, ki je preživel taborišča Dachau, Struthof, spet Dachau, Dora Mittelbau, Harzungen in Bergen Belsen, večkrat v razgovorih, tudi v zadnjem telefonskem razgovoru z Andrejem Uletom februarja 2020 povedal, da je bilo pisanje "tudi terapija in ne samo potreba, da se taboriščna doživetja ohranijo kot pričevanje". Je pa tudi rekel, da je terapevtski pomen tega pisanja zavestno zaznal šele kasneje. Začel je pisati, »da bi se rešil teme«, kot je povedal.

Tudi mnogi pisci dnevnikov in mnogi drugi pričevalci so svoja pričevanja zabeležili ne predvsem za to, da bi jih ohranili ampak zlasti zaradi neobvladljive notranje nuje, da pričajo, da pišejo (Jurič Pahor, 2008). Kljub temu pa, kot tudi poročajo analitiki, spominjanje in pripovedovanje ne vodi v povnanjanje taboriščne izkušnje. Te izkušnje se ne da rešiti ali odsvojiti. Preživeli se od teh doživetij ne morejo "ločiti", jih opazovali od zunaj, z distanco. Travma ostaja, ni je mogoče pozabiti, kaj šele zanikati. To kažejo tudi študije, ki ugotavljajo, da se trauma prenaša tudi na naslednje rodove.

Potreba po pričevanju se poveča v času osebnih ali družbenih kriz. Taka osebna kriza, ki poveča potrebo po pričevanju, je značilna zlasti za obdobje ostarelosti, ki jo spremljajo popuščanje fizičnih moči, pa tudi bolezni, izguba bližnjih oseb, vrstnikov. Gre za obdobje, ko se človek približuje travmatični točki smrti, stanju, ki lahko zadobi poteze re-travmatizacije, še zlasti, če upoštevamo, da sta bolezen in visoka življenjska starost v taborišču skorajda vedno pomenili smrt.

V času družbenih kriz, ki vsebujejo možnosti novih spopadov in "katastrof", ima pa spominjanje in pričevanje še pomembno družbeno vlogo. V takih časih pa je razširjanje zavedanja, da se je treba boriti za »nikoli več«, še bolj družbeno pomembno.

Primo Levi je na tem dejstvu utemeljil tudi svojo knjigo: »Knjige nisem napisal zato, da bi izoblikoval dodatne obtožne točke, prej utegne služiti kot dokumentacija za trezno presojo določenih vidikov človeške duše. Mnogim, posameznikom ali narodom, se lahko zgodi, da imajo bolj ali manj zavestno, vsakega tujca za sovražnika. Največkrat je tako prepričanje prisotno globoko na dnu duše kot prikrita okužba, ki se pokaže le občasno in nepovezano ter ne utemeljuje nekega miselnega sistema. Vendar pa, ko se to zgodi, tedaj je na koncu verige lager (Levi, 2004: 7).

Mnogi sporočajo svoje izkušnje na grozote koncentracijskih taborišč tudi zaradi občutka »dolžnosti«, do vseh tistih, ki so za vedno ostali, da bi svetu pokazali, kaj so videli in doživel, za vse tiste sotrpine, ki so to tudi doživeli – ki pa niso več mogli govoriti. Občutek jetnikov, da *morajo* pričati, tudi – in morebiti zlasti – za tiste, ki se iz koncentracijskih taborišč niso vrnili, pa je bil lahko tudi odločilen motiv za preživetje samo. V momentih absolutnega obupa, je bila "naloga", da priča svetu o zločinih, tista, ki je pomagala preživeti. Jetniku je

se nadaljuje na 26 strani

Kenotaf žrtvam dachavskih procesov, svečke nam daruje podjetje EMMA iz Lesc.

Vse dokler se tvoji vnuki spominjajo tvoje zgodbe, obstaja upanje, da jim ne bo potrebno izkusiti tvoje preteklosti.

Častni člani SID, zadaj Venčeslav Košir, Franc Stražišar, spredaj Boris Uzar na sprejemu pri predsedniku Borutu Pahorju.

Nadvse zgovorno obeležje v spominskem parku Ravensbrück.

Udeleženci obiska in poklona žrtvam taborišča Ravensbrück, v ozadju ZID NARODOV.

Obtožujoč pogled v smeri počitniškega naselja Havel. Ali domačini in turisti res niso nič vedeli, kaj se je dogajalo za bodečo žico?

Moderna galerija v Ljubljani, otvoritev razstave del Zorana Mušiča.

Letno srečanje SID 2019.

Brandenburška vrata.

Ljubelj S, odkritje prostorske inštalacije japonskega umetnika Seijija Kimota.

As long as your grandchildren remember Your story, there is hope that they will not have to experience your past.

Tudi letos smo v spominskem parku v Dachauu položili venec v spomin našim rojakom.

Trio Ronja, Tim in Ajda. Vsako leto nas navdušijo.

pomagala, da je ponovno našel smisel za prihodnost, upanje, ki ga je poleg drugih naključij ohranilo pri življenju.

Tudi Boris Pahor je posvetil drugo izdajo svoje knjige *Nekropola (1967/1997)*, v kateri se sooča s taboriščno izkušnjo, " vsem tistim, ki se niso vrnili". Samega sebe ima v njej za človeka, ki nosi v sebi življenje živih in smrt mrtvih. Do te izkušnje goji dolžnost, da jo mora posredovati, in zase pravi, da je neke vrste *"misjonar*«, prenašalec misije iz taborišča v običajni svet, glasnik tistih, ki jim je bil glas nasilno odvzet.

Naš veliki sodobni likovni umetnik Zoran Mušič, ki so ga novembra 1944 odvedli v Dachau, je, kot pravi sam, začel risati: »Zadržano začnem risati. Morebiti sredstvo, da se osvobodim. Najprej poskušam tajno, v kotu, risati stvari, ki sem jih videl na poti do obrata: prihod konvoja, živinski vagon je odprt, trupla visijo iz njega. Zgrabi me neverjetna sila, da rišem... Rišem kot v transu...Notranja nuja me sili, da narišem vse, tudi vsak najmanjši detajl...življenje, smrt..." (Mušič, 1992, 1970).

Posedovanje papirja, pisal in drugih pisnih pripomočkov je bilo v koncentracijskih taboriščih strogo prepovedano. Kljub tej nevarnosti so mnogi umetniki, pisatelji in pisci zabeleževali dogodke v koncentracijskih taboriščih in s tem tvegali usmrtitev. To velja tudi za druge improvizirane kulturne dejavnosti, ki so se kljub nezosnemu terorju in nadzoru vseeno razvije znotraj taborišča in dajale oporo in vlivale upanje jetikom.

Med temi se je "še posebno proslavil" slovenski zbor v Dachauu. Gre za zbor, ki ga je od začetka leta 1943 pa do konca vojne vodil Valentin (Foltej) Hartmann iz Libuč pri Pliberku na Koroškem. Petje je kljub neizprosnemu nasilju, duševni zbitosti in telesni shiranosti dajalo moč tako pevcem kot sotrpinom, saj je veliko pripomoglo k odstranitvi obupa in malodušnosti ter širitvi odpornosti in življenjske volje. "Vzpostavil se je tako močan krogotok moralne energije med zborom in 'občinstvom'", ki še danes "odzvanja v srcih nekdanjih taboriščnikov, čeprav so pesmi zbora že davno odzvenele" (A. Ule 2007: 60).

Vloga molka in neizrekljivega

Ker ima spominjanje in pripovedovanje tako pomembno osebno in družbeno vlogo, ker razbremenjuje travme in ker osvešča prihodnje generacije, je molk, osotnost pripovedi in pričevanja, najhujše, kar lahko doleti človeka. Ta ugotovitev ni nova. Prisotna je že v bibličnih pripovedih skupaj s podobo "poslednjega pričevalca", torej posameznika, ki preživi uničevalno nasilje. Čeprav se mu to, kar se je zgodilo, zdi izrazito boleča in nepozabna resnica, pa o tej resnici ne more spregovoriti. Ne najde besed zanjo.

Ta je "zagata neizrekljivosti", prisotna tudi v spominih preživelih. da so neprijetne, boleče, zastrašujoče ali travmatizirajoče izkušnje podvržene potlačitvenim procesom. Zareza, ki jo je sprožilo življenje v "skrajnih razmerah", se nanaša prav na to, kar sem slišala tudi od svojega očeta: "Grozot se ne pozabi". Travma se odigrava na nonverbalni ravni in se na tej ravni tudi prenaša. To razloži tudi "pakt molka", ki je pogosto vladal znotraj družin preživelih koncentracijsko taborišče.

Iz pripovedi druge generacije izhaja, da se velika večina preživelih s svojimi otroci in vnuki o svoji taboriščni izkušnji skorajda ni pogovarjala. Navzoča je bila le kot tiha vednost, zaznavna preko spominskih drobcev ter ponavljajočih se podob, vedénj in razpoloženj.

Tudi sama se iz otroštva spomnim, da je o taboriščih v naši družini vladal neke vrste molk. Nikoli se ni govorilo o tem. Je pa Dachauu zlovešče bdel nekje v družinskem spominu. Zato je bil za mene celo otroštvo predstava o nečem najbolj groznem, predstava "pekla". Beseda "krematorij" je bila pa najbolj grozna. Včasih sem imela moreče sanje in vedno sem sanjala nekaj, kar sem si predstavljala pod besedo krematorij: ogenj, ljudje, ki gorijo….Tudi v šoli se ne spominjam, da bi kaj veliko govorili o taboriščih in o žrtvah. Partizanstvo se je slavilo, vse velike bitke na jugoslovanskem prostoru smo se učili. O taboriščih nismo slišali skoraj ničesar.

Iz vsakdanjih pogovorov med odraslimi, sorodniki, se pa od najzgodnejšega otroštva spominjam tega, da je bilo večrat omenjeno, kakšna krivica se dela očetu in vsem taboriščnikom, ker se jim ne prizna njihove vloge v času vojne. Spominjam se, da oče nikoli ni hotel sodelovati v teh pogovorih, nikoli ni dajal občutka, da se mu godi krivica.

Več možnih razlag tega molka je: mogoče za nekakšno interiorno oziroma psihološko zavoro", za "mejo" , ki zagotavlja, da preživeli ne zaidejo v "nelagodno situacijo, če bi morali zdaj to lastnim družinskim članom povedat". Zano je, da so tovrstne tesnobe, podobe in občutja pogoste pojavne oblike postravmatske stresne motnje pri preživelih. Znano je tudi, da jih le-ti prenašajo tudi na potomce – včasih celo tako, kot da bi bili zgolj potomci nosilci simptomov, ne pa tudi preživeli, ki jih prenašajo.

Tu ne gre več za poskus prikritja nemoči preživelih. Preživeli bi le težko sprejeli, da bi jih otroci in

vnuki doživeli pasivne in prestrašene, kaj šele nebogljene in zlomljene. Gre za razkritje travme: travma se lahko prelevi v grozečo zasledovalno silo, ki tudi otrokom ne da dihati. Čeprav starši o svoji travmi z otroci ne govorijo, na nezavedni ravni nenehno prenašajo informacije, ki nakazujejo golo dejstvo njene prezence: kričanje ponoči, panika, obup, socialna tesnoba, bolezenska asimbolija sprožijo v otrocih svet fantazij o tem, kar se je nekoč moralo zgoditi.

Kljub temu se zdi, da ima molk oziroma nezavedni modus sporočanja pomembno funkcijo. Kar je zavestno in se posreduje z besedo ali govorom je ogroženo védenje. Mogoče ga je pozabiti, potvoriti ali z njim manipulirati. Nezavedni transfer je v tem smislu bolj zaščiten, konstanten, ker se odteguje volji subjekta in omogoča, da potomci morebitne ponovne človeške katastrofe lahko predvidijo, jih pričakujejo. Kar pomeni, da jim ne bodo tako nemočno izpostavljeni, kot so jim bili njihovi predniki. To obliko predelave travme je mogoče razumeti kot poskus, spraviti pod kontrolo efekt presenečenja.

Šele, ko so se taboriščnikom rojevali vnukinje in vnuki, so se nekateri začeli odpirati in zanimivo, najraje tej generaciji, potem šele drugim svojim bližnjim. Zdi se, kot da morajo tem najmlajšim nekaj važnega sporočiti, preden se poslovijo iz zgodovinskega odra.

Prav zato je pomembno, da se zabeležijo tudi spomini potomk in potomcev slovenskih zapornikov taborišča Dachau. V njih odzvanja namreč tudi tisto, kar je sicer neizrečeno ali neizrekljivo za same taboriščnike, bodisi zato, ker je bilo zanje preveč travmatsko ali pregloboko za ubesedenje. Potomke in potomci namreč na svoj način zaslutijo to vsebino in jo znajo razbrati iz besed, še bolj pa iz nebesednega artikuliranja svojih prednikov. Morda bodo potomci tretje generacije v tem še boljši, kajti njihovi dedi in babice so se v pogovorih z njimi pogosto bolj odprli in sprostili kot v pogovorih s svojimi neposrednimi potomci. Zato bomo nadaljevali z zbiranjem spominov druge in tretje generacije »dachavcev«. A že spomini, ki smo jih uspeli dobiti za to številko, so pomembni in pomenljivi.

Zaključek:

Šele v zadnjih letih njegovega življenja sem očeta natančneje prevprašala o njegovi izkušnji preživetja v taborišču Dachau. In razgovori z njim so pokazali dvoje; da ima potrebo, da o tem govori in da predaja zelo pomembna sporočila. Kaj sem se najbolj zapomnila; da je poudarjal, da ga je izkušnja Dachaua naučila zmernosti in samodiscipline. Ravno zmernost, tolerantnost in samodisciplina so bile vrline, ki nam jih je trem otrokom oče privzagajal celo otroštvo.

Po očetovem mnenju je bilo med Slovenci v Dachauu veliko solidarnosti, medsebojne pomoči in da je ravno zaradi tega veliko Slovencev preživelo. Upanje je bilo poleg hrane najpomembnejši preživetveni impulz. Kdor je imel voljo, je preživel. Kdor je obupal, je umrl. Podobne izkušnje ste napisali tudi vsi tisti, ki ste mi posredovali vaše zgodbe in ki so zabeležene v nadaljevanju.

Pa vendar; premalo smo se pogovarjali starši in starimi starši o taboriščnih izkušnjah. Ali je to naša krivda? Ali smo bili premladi? Ali smo bili kot neposredna povojna generacija že tako preveč obremenjeni z vojno? Ali je bil kriv nejasen odnos družbe do taboriščnikov? Ali pa so naši starši in stari starši preveč potisnili to grozno izkušnjo in o njej niti niso mogli govoriti.

Kakorkoli, sedaj je prepozno. Z njimi ne moremo več govoriti. Lahko pa zabeležimo našo izkušnjo. Živeli smo z njimi in z njihovo izkušnjo, ki jih je tako ali drugače zaznamovala za celo življenje. In to so vsaj v neposredni obliki prenašali tudi na nas. Tudi molk je sporočilo in še kako močno.

Da bi vendarle naše spomine ohranili za prihodnje generacije, da bi preprečili kakršnokoli ponovite teh grozot, sem vas zaprosila za vaše spomine. Hvala vsem, ki ste se odzvali. Napisali ste svoje zgodbe-spomine, ki sledijo temu tekstu. Če se vam zdi smiselno in če bi želeli nadaljevati, mi lahko sporočite vašo pripravljenost po e-mailu: mirjana.ule@guest.arnes.si. Mogoče nam uspe zbrati več spomino nas potomcev druge in tretje generacije in lahko pripravimo pričevanja za naše zanamce. Da ohranimo spomin in da preprečujemo zlo.

Viri:

Jurič Pahor Marija (2008). O nuji pripovedovati o Auschwitzu. Narativnost spominjanja in geno-tekst simbolizacije. Razprave in gradivo, Ljubljana, 2008, št. 56–5

Levi, Primo (2004). *Ali je to človek.* Ljubljana, Cankarjeva založba.

Mušič, Zoran (1992) *Arbeiten auf Papier von 1945 bis 1992*. Mit Texten von Victor Martino, Konrad Oberhuber und Jean Clair. Ausstellungskatalog. Klagenfurt: Graphische Sammlung Albertina und Landeshauptstadt Klagenfurt.

Ule, Andrej (2007): "Slovenski zbor v Dachauu: Primer mednarodne solidarnosti = Der slowenische Dachau-Chor: Ein Beispiel internationaler Solidarität." V Slovenska Prosvetna Zveza in Slovensko Prosvetno Društvo "Edinost" v Pliberku. Klagenfurt/Celovec: Založba Drava: 58-60.

Mirjana Ule: On the necessity of remembering and storytelling

We must keep repeating: »Never again!«

Never forget that this has happened.
Remember these words.
Engrave them in your hearts,
When at home or in the street,
When lying down, when getting up.
Repeat them to your children.

(Primo Levi. If This Is a Man)

The people who were exposed to a human catastrophe like the concentration camps have a need to talk about it and vividly report about it to future generations. However, people can also be silent about their experiences, which therapists explain as the dilemma of unpronounceability. However, they cannot ever escape the pain inflicted while living in "extreme conditions", which is expressed through survivors feeling as if they had two identities.

As a social psychologist I am aware of the social theories that say that we form ourselves and the world around us through storytelling. It is a creative activity that uncovers the identity through reflexes and at the same time constitutes it. Even though the act of remembering is connected to the past, it actualizes in the present – now, in the moment of remembering. Stories give continuity and meaning to a person's life.

Memories mostly form, transmit and reshape themselves at the scene of the "crime" – while visiting the camps. That is why they are called "places of remembrance", as their main purpose is to storage and preserve the camps' "past" (jurič Pahor, 2008). These places of remembrance of crimes during Nazifascism have a dual role: preserving information about the past ("testimony") and holding knowledge for future generations.

Remembering also means inspecting the past in order for a person to confront a traumatic experience through speech. Conversations with survivors of concentration camps showed that people can integrate to a large extent even the most extreme experiences. They try to organize them into a story that makes at least minimal sense.

Studies, dealing with psychosocial resilience of survivors and their descendants, have come to similar conclusions. "Resilience" denotes regaining power after it has been subjected to traumatization. Psychosocial resilience is reflected in the amount of traumatic experiences we are able to go through and subjectively process. Psychosocial resilience is the ability to free yourself from the coercion, command and prohibition that we or others put onto us.

The writer Primo Levi, who survived the holocaust, draws attention to this in the preface to his book Se questo è un uomo (If This Is a Man). He got an idea for the book in Auschwitz and he wrote it immediately after the war. "The need to tell our story to 'the rest', to make 'the rest' participate in it, had taken on for us, before our liberation and after, the character of an immediate and violent impulse, to the point of competing with our other elementary needs. The book has been written to satisfy this need: first and foremost, therefore, as an interior liberation" he says. (Levi, 2004:8)

This realization meets the temporal aspect of trauma. Experiencing trauma, dealing with it, can only be established after, that is through the reconstruction of trauma. Primo Levi labelled "the need to tell our story" as an elementary need, comparable to "the need for food and drinks", and later on added: "The intention, 'becoming a witness', formed itself later. The primary need was to save myself." Therefore, writing had a therapeutic function and as Levi states "it brought relief".

Similarly, the Slovene-Italian writer Boris Pahor, who survived the camps; Dachau, Struthof, Dachau again, Dora Mittelbau, Harzungen and Bergen Belsen, talked about the same thing many times, one of those times being the last telephone conversation with Andrej Ule in February 2020, where he said that writing »was also therapy, not just a need to preserve experiences as testimonies«. He also added that he noticed the therapeutic aspect of his writing only later on. He started writing to »free myself from this topic«, he said.

Many diary writers and other witnesses wrote down their testimo-

nies not only to preserve them, but mostly because of the uncontrollable inner urge to report, write. According to analysts, remembering and talking about the camp experiences does not lead to detachment from them. No one can be freed from this experience or dispose of it. The survivors cannot "part" themselves from their experiences or look at them from afar, from a distance. Trauma stays, it is impossible to forget, much less to deny it. This is reflected in studies that find that trauma transmits onto descendants.

The need for storytelling grows stronger during personal or societal crises. A personal crisis that enhances the need for storytelling is typical of old age, accompanied by receding physical strength, as well as illnesses, the loss of loved ones and peers. It is a period when a person comes closer to the traumatizing point of death, a state which can induce re-traumatization, especially if we consider the fact that old age and illness was a sure death sentence in the camps.

Remembering and storytelling has an important societal role during a time of societal crises, which include the possibility of new armed conflicts and "catastrophes". And spreading awareness that we need to fight for "never again" during these times becomes even more important.

Primo Levi based his book on this fact: "It has not been written in order to formulate new accusations; it should be able, rather, to furnish documentation for a quiet study of certain aspects of the human mind. Many people - many nations - can find themselves holding, more or less wittingly, that 'every stranger is an enemy'. For the most part this conviction lies deep down like some latent infection; it betrays itself only in random, disconnected acts, and does not lie at the base of a system of reason. But when this does come about, when the unspoken dogma becomes the major premiss in a syllogism, then, at the end of the chain, there is the Lager" (Levi, 2004: 7).

Many feel a sense of "duty" to talk about the horrors of concentration camps, the duty to all those who were left behind, in order to show the world what they felt and saw, for all their fellow sufferers, who experienced this – but could no longer talk (Jurič Pahor, 2008). The prisoners' feeling that it is necessary to testify to also – and especially – honor those who never came back was crucial for survival. During moments of absolute despair, the "mission" to testify to the world about the crimes was what helped them survive. It helped the prisoners to find a new meaning for the future and find hope that helped keep them alive among other coincidental factors.

Boris Pahor also dedicated the second edition of his book Necropolis (1967/1997), which deals with the camp experience, to "all those who never returned". In it he sees himself as a human that carries the life of the living and the death of the dead inside himself. He feels a duty to pass this experience on and calls himself a kind of "missionary", a carrier of the mission from the camp to the normal world, the messenger of those whose voices were violently stolen.

Our great contemporary fine artist Zoran Mušič, who was taken to Dachau in November, 1944, says he started drawing: "I start drawing hesitantly. Perhaps as a means to free myself. At first I try secretly, in a corner, to draw things I saw on my way to the factory: the arrival of a convoy, a livestock wagon being open, bodies hanging from it. I get the incredible urge to draw… I draw as if in a trans… An inner urgency forces me to draw everything, even the most minor detail… Life, death…" (Mušič, 1992, 1970).

The possession of paper, pencils or other writing aid was forbidden in the concentration camp. Despite this danger, many artists and writers wrote down the events in the concentration camps and risked being executed by doing so. The same goes for other improvised cultural activity, which developed inside the camps and gave support and hope to the prisoners despite the unbearable terror and control.

The Slovene choir in Dachau was especially "celebrated". The choir was led by Valentin (Foltej) Hartmann from Loibach near Bleiburg in Carinthia from 1943 onwards. The singing gave strength to the singers as well as fellow sufferers despite the relentless violence, mental lethargy and physical emaciation, as it helped remove despair and discouragement as well as spread resilience and the will to live. "They established such a powerful circuit of moral energy between the choir and the 'audience'" that to this day it "echoes in the hearts of former internees despite the songs dying away years ago" (A. Ule 2007: 60).

The role of silence and the unpronounceable

Because remembering and storytelling has such an important personal and societal role due to its trauma relief and awareness-raising of future generations, silence, absence of storytelling and testimony is the worst thing a person can experience. This finding is nothing new. It is already present in the Bible, along with the image of the "last storyteller", an individual that survives destructive violence. Even if what happened

to him seems like an extremely painful and unforgettable truth, he cannot speak about it. He does not find the words for it.

This "dilemma of unpronounceability" is also present in the memories of the survivors. Uncomfortable, painful, frightening and traumatizing experiences are subjected to processes of repression. The pain, triggered by life in "extreme circumstances", refers to the same thing I heard from my father: "One never forgets the horrors." Trauma plays out on a nonverbal level and transmits on the same level. This explains the "silence pact", which ruled among families of those who survived the concentration camps.

The second-generation stories tell us that most survivors hardly talked about their camp experiences with their children or grandchildren. It was present only as a silent awareness, detectable through pieces of memories and recurring images, behaviors and moods.

I remember that silence surrounded the camps in my family. We never spoke about it. However, Dachau loomed somewhere in our family's memory. Therefore, it was the image of something horrendous, of hell, all throughout my childhood. The word "crematorium" was the most awful one. I sometimes had nightmares and always dreamt about things I imagined as crematoriums: fire, people burning… I also do not remember ever talking about the camps or the victims in school. The Partisan movement was celebrated; we were taught about all the great battles on the Yugoslavian territory. But we almost never heard anything about the camps.

I remember from everyday conversations with adults and my relatives when I was a child that it was often mentioned how unjust it was that my father's and all the internees' role during the war was never recognized. I remember my father never wanting to take part in these conversations, he never gave the impression that there was injustice.

There are many possible explanations to this silence: perhaps it was an inner or psychological brake, a boundary, which assured that survivors never encountered an awkward situation if they had to reveal these horrors to their family members. Such anxieties, images and feelings are often the survivors' manifestations of Post-traumatic stress disorder. Trauma can transform into a horrifying pursuer that does not let even children breathe.

Even though parents do not discuss their trauma with their children, they nonverbally transmit information that indicate the presence of trauma: nightmares, social anxiety, alcohol consumption trigger a world of fantasy in children of traumatized parents about what happened.

Only after the internees got grandchildren did some open up about it, interestingly, they liked to talk about it with their grandchildren the most. It seems as if they have to tell the youngest members of their family something important before they leave the stage of history.

That is why it is important to write down the memories of the descendants of Slovene prisoners of the Dachau camp. The unspoken and the unspeakable of the internees echoes through them, perhaps because it was too traumatizing or too deep to put into words. We, the descendants, feel this content in our own way and can make it out from words and even more so from the nonverbal articulation of our ancestors. Perhaps the third-generation descendants will be even better at it, as their grandparents opened up to them more and felt more at ease to talk about it with them than with their immediate descendants. That is why we will continue collecting memories of the second and third generation if they are ready to tell them. But just the memories we were able to collect for this issue are important and significant on their own.

Postscript

Only in the last remaining years of my father's life did I ask him more in detail about his experience of surviving the Dachau camp. My talks with him showed two things: he has a need to talk about it and he transmits very important messages. I remembered the following; he emphasized how the Dachau experience taught him to live in moderation, self-discipline and solidarity. And moderation, self-discipline and solidarity were precisely those virtues that he instilled in us, his children, throughout our childhoods.

According to my father, there was a lot of solidarity and mutual help among the Slovenes in Dachau, which saved many from death. Hope was, besides food, the most important impulse of survival. Those who had will, survived. Those who gave up, died. All who forwarded their stories, which are recorded below, wrote about similar experiences.

However; we did not talk enough to our parents and grandparents about their experiences in the camps. Is that our fault? Were we too young? Were we already burdened enough by war, being the immediate post-war generation? Is it society's fault due to its unclear attitude towards the internees? Or did our parents and grandparents repress this awful experience

so much that they could not talk about it?

In any case, it is too late now. We cannot speak to them anymore. But we can record their experiences. We lived with them and their experiences, which marked them one way or another for their entire life. That is what they transmitted to us indirectly. Silence is a message too, a very powerful one.

However, to preserve these memories for future generations, to prevent these horrors from happening again, I asked you for your memories. I give my thanks to everyone who responded. You wrote down your story-memories, which follow this text. If you believe it makes sense to continue, you can communicate your readiness through e-mail: mirjana.ule@guest.arnes.si . Perhaps we can collect more memories from second- and third-generation descendants and prepare a testimony for our own descendants. In order to preserve the memories and prevent evil.

Sources:

Jurič Pahor Marija (2008). O nuji pripovedovati o Auschwitzu. Narativnost spominjanja in geno-tekst simbolizacije. Razprave in gradivo, Ljubljana, 2008, št. 56–5

Levi, Primo (2004). Ali je to človek. Ljubljana, Cankarjeva založba.

Mušič, Zoran (1992) Arbeiten auf Papier von 1945 bis 1992. Mit Texten von Victor Martino, Konrad Oberhuber und Jean Clair. Ausstellungskatalog. Klagenfurt: Graphische Sammlung Albertina und Landeshauptstadt Klagenfurt.

Ule, Andrej (2007): "Slovenski zbor v Dachauu: Primer mednarodne solidarnosti = Der slowenische Dachau-Chor: Ein Beispiel internationaler Solidarität." V Slovenska Prosvetna Zveza in Slovensko Prosvetno Društvo "Edinost" v Pliberku. Klagenfurt/Celovec: Založba Drava: 58-60.

Elza Kržič

Dachau – ime ob katerem te spreleti srh

Sem vnukinja v Dachau ustreljenega deda Franca Pičulin. Rojen je bil 19.12.1882 v okolici Bovca. Kot dober zidar in kasneje zidarski mojster je delal po večjem delu Avstroogrske. Družino si je ustvaril z ženo Marijo. Leta 1913 se jima je rodil prvi sin, leta 1921 in 1924 pa še druga dva. Preživel je prvo svetovno vojno in si ponovno zgradil v vojni razrušen dom. Preživel je obdobje, ko je bila Primorska priključena Italiji, po kapitalizaciji Italije leta 1943, pa še obdobje, ko so te kraje zasedli Nemci.

Nekega popoldneva leta 1944, ko je ravno odnesel triletnega vnuka na popoldanski počitek, so se nepričakovano pripeljali Nemci, ga aretirali in poslali v taborišče Dachau (govorilo se je, da je bil vaški župnik tista oseba, ki je Nemcem izdajal podatke o aktivistih, saj je bilo ta dan aretiranih več mož). Življenje mu je vzel SS stražar sredi aprila 1945, ki ga je ustreli na poti na delo, ko je zaradi onemoglosti padel na tla in ga tam pustil. Krutost tega dejanja je še toliko večja, saj mu je ta ne/človek vzel življenje v zadnjih dnevih pred osvoboditvijo taborišča.

To so tista dejstva, ki so mi ostala v spominu še iz otroških let. Takrat se je o vojnih razmerah pri nas veliko govorilo. Kot otrok pa vsega seveda nisem razumela. Le strašen strah so mi ti pogovori povzročali, kar se je manifestiralo v nočnih morah, zato sem se najraje kam umaknila, da ne bi vsega slišala.

V kasnejših letih sem sicer včasih poslušala kakšne pogovore med starši in drugimi sorodniki tudi o tem. Bila pa sem preveč usmerjena na druga življenjska področja, da bi jim bolj zavzeto prisluhnila. Zelo mlada sem namreč odšla od doma in se vanj vračala le ob dopustih. Šele po smrti staršev, ko je prišel čas, da mojim potomcem predstavim naše korenine sem ugotovila, da je vir informacij z njima za vedno presahnil in da jih bo potrebno dobiti le iz obstoječe in uradne dokumentacije oz. iz pogovorov s še živečimi sorodniki in vaščan.

Po dedu mi je ostala njegova fotografija, ki je vse do smrti stare mame visela na zidu nad mizo, dve osebni izkaznici in pismo, ki ga je stari mami poslal iz Dachaua. To pismo, čeprav je zelo skopo, mi veliko pomeni, saj je to njegova edina vez z mano. Iz naslova razberem, da je nosil številko 69494 in bival v bloku 28/4. Spomnim se tudi, da sem videla nekakšno plaketo imenovano SPOMENICA z njegovim imenom in podatkom, da je umrl v taborišču. Prav tako obstaja v vasi spomenik padlim in umrlim v taboriščih v katerega je vklesano tudi njegovo ime.

In kaj mi je še ostalo v spominu? Pripoved mame, kako hudo je moralo biti stari mami, ko je po koncu vojne s strahom pričakovala povratek moža iz taborišča in treh sinov iz vojne. Najprej je izvedela za smrt moža. Na srečo so se vrnili vsi trije sinovi, zadnji sicer šele septembra 1945. Veselje ob dejstvu, da so se živi in zdravi vrnili

domov pa je bilo skaljeno, ko jim je morala sporočiti žalostno resnico o smrti očeta.

Vest o smrti moža ji je prinesel sotaborišč nik, doma iz sosednje vasi. Ta ji je tudi povedal, kako kruta smrt ga je doletela. Še danes se sprašujem, kaj vse ji je še povedal o njegovem življenju v taborišču, kaj je bilo s truplom, ali je obležalo na polju, je bilo pokopano ali je bilo kremirano? Žal danes ni več nikogar, ki bi mi to povedal in bojim se, da tega tudi ne bom zvedela, saj do danes še nisem uspela dobiti nobene uradne informacije o bivanju in smrti deda v tem taborišču.

Danes je prepozno za kesanje, da se temu nisem prej posvetila, da sem marsikaj preslišala, kaj pozabila, nič zapisala. Premalo sem se zavedala minljivosti.

Letos se bom udeležila slovesnosti ob 75. obletnici osvoboditve taborišča. Naj bo to moje intimno srečanje z Dachauom. Poslovila se bom od deda, ki ga nisem poznala in ga v mislih spodobno pokopala. Dachau me je oropal njegove bližine, njegove dobrote in pozornosti.

Jelena Mihevc

Moja zgodba; zamolčani holokaust

Izhajam iz družine, kjer sta bili obe družini pravih staršev zaradi judovskega porekla žrtve holokausta. Tako biološki oče, kot mati sta bila judovskega porekla in sta pred drugo svetovno vojno živela s svojimi družinami v Budimpešti.

Očetova zgodba: Pred pričetkom vojne v času holokausta (iztrebljanja judov) leta 1939 je bila očetova družina v celoti pregnana iz Budimpešte in odpeljana v taborišče Dachau; dedek in babica, moj oče njegov brat, sestra in dvojčka. Dvojčka sta bila še zelo majhna. Takrat je bil Dachau še pretežno judovsko taborišče, kamor so odvažali cele judovske družine; moške, ženske in otroke. V taborišču sem izgubila babico in dvojčka. Medtem, ko so dedek, teta in stric ter moj oče uspeli preživeti taborišča in se vrniti.

Mamina zgodba: mama in njeni starši - moji stari starši so sicer uspeli ostati v Budimpešti v času druge svetovne vojne. So pa vojno preživeli v kopalnici pri nekih znancih. O tem mama nikoli ni želela govoriti, tako da mi natančni podatki o tem, kako so živeli, kako so se prehranjevali med vojno, kako je mama kot mlada deklica stara toliko kot Ana Frank, ni znano. Do svoje odraslosti tega niti vedela nisem, pa tudi potem ni hotela o tem govoriti. Najbrž ji je bilo prehudo.

Po vojni sta oče in mama študirala, se srečala in se poročila. V času znova oživljenega antisemitizma (sovražnosti do judov) na Madžarskem, sta emigrirala v Subotico, kjer je bil že očetov brat. Jaz sem se rodila v Subotici leta 1951.

V tem času so emigrirali tudi ostali očetovi sorodniki (očetova sestra in dedek); najprej v Italijo v begunski tabor, od tam v Belgijo in nato v Avstralijo, kjer so si ustvarili nov dom.. Po pripovedovanju moje tete se moj oče nikoli ni opomogel od taborišča. Ves čas je trpel od depresije in nejasnega strahu. Dve leti po mojem rojstvu je storil samomor.

To so bile v mojem otroštvu povsem zamolčane zgodbe. Izvedela sem jih šele kot odrasla oseba, tik pred poroko. Vsega tega namreč nisem vedela, dokler nisem leta 1972 iskala rojstni list in potrdilo o državljanstvu za poroko v Subotici, kjer sprva niso niti našli mojih podatkov. Po težkih pripetljajih, sem uspela dobiti potrdilo o državljanstvu in svoj rojstni list. Zame je bil to hud šok, ker sem v rojstnem listu videla, da sem bila rojena kot Liht, in kasneje posvojena pod priimkom Pjević. Mama je v otroštvu rojstni list namreč vedno skrivala pred menoj. Mene pa pravzaprav ni zanimal.

Tudi po tem, ko sem že ugotovila to dejstvo, mama ni hotela govoriti o tem in mi pojasniti zmedo iz mojega otroštva. Največ o svojem izvoru sem izvedela tete, to je očetove sestre, ki je leta 1987 prišla z možem iz Avstralije v Nemčijo po odškodnino za bivanje v taborišču.

V otroštvu in mladosti torej v moji družini nisem nič slišala o teh medvojnih grozotah. Mama nikoli ni hotela govoriti o tem, kako je preživela vojno. Leta 1971 sem delala na popisu prebivalstva in na inštruktaži sem prvič zvedela, da si lahko narodnostno neopredeljen. In ker je bila moja nacionalna identiteta nejasna, sem se odločila, da bom neopredeljena.

Mama je bila ogorčena. Rekla je: »kako neopredeljena, saj vendar živiš v Sloveniji«. To je izviralo iz njenega temeljnega strahu zaradi strahotnih izkušenj med vojno, pa tudi povojnega antisemitizma. Saj mi je celo prepovedala govoriti o judovskem poreklu. To je povzročilo razkol med mamo in mano. Pa spet ne toliko, da bi gojila kakšno zamero do nje, saj sem poskušala razumeti njene hude izkušnje in travme, tudi njen molk in prikrivanje resnice. Bilo je preveč boleče zanjo, hotela je pozabiti, hotela me je obvarovati pred njo.

V otroštvu sem doživljala taborišča samo toliko, kolikor sem slišala v šoli. Šlo je mimo mene in se nikoli nisem poglabljala v to. Zato je bil šok ob spoznanju, kaj se je zgodilo mojim prednikom, hud.

Hudo me je prizadelo. Bilo je pa vseeno dobro, da sem to izvedela kot odrasla osebe in da v otroštvu nisem bila neposredno obremenjena s travmami staršev. Lažje sem predelala to vest. Pa takrat me je že zaposlovala družina, delo, otroci.

Sva se pa prav zaradi tega oba z možem včlanila v Skupnost internirancev Dachau in začela obiskovati Spominski center Dachau. Ko sem prvič šla v Dachau, me je zelo pretresla cela scena, število ljudi, razstava …. . O tem sedaj bolj razmišljam.

Jan Šinkovec

Tesnobnost taborišča Dachau

Čas mojega otroštva in mladostništva je bil pač čas drugega sistema, v katerem se je še vedno precej govorilo o obdobju vojne in s tem povezanimi izkušnjami staršev. V spominu so mi bolj ostali pogovori o prezgodnji smrti očetove sestre, ki je izgubila življenje 3 tedne pred osvoboditvijo, kot tudi maminega brata in sestre, ki sta prav tako izgubila življenje. Ne spominjam pa se, da bi oče zaradi tega vcepljal vame kakršnokoli sovraštvo do drugače mislečih, oziroma s prstom kazal na kogarkoli iz okolice, čeprav sem kasneje izvedel, da je marsikoga poznal.

Glede svoje izkušnje v Dachau, pa je pričel govoriti širše šele koncem 70. in v začetku 80. let, ko je pričel s pisanjem Dachauskega zbornika. Šele takrat sem prvič tudi obiskal taborišče.Mislim, da dolgo ni govoril o težki izkušnji iz taborišča, ker je bila še dolgo sveža v njegovi zavesti in ni hotel tega prenašati name.

Glavno sporočilo, ki mi ga je oče posredoval, je bilo prav gotovo sprejemanje drugačnih in drugače mislečih, izogibanje sovraštvu.

Ne glede na to, da so mi bile travme glede njegovega bivanja v Begunjah in nato v Dachau prihranjene, ima vsak obisk kateregakoli taborišča nerazumljivo (?) stresen vpliv name. Čeprav pred obiskom taborišča ne čutim večje vznemirjenosti kot to, da posredujem otrokom informacijo, kaj je doživel njihov ded, me vedno ob vstopu prevzame hudo tesnoben občutek.

Stojana Vrhovec

Oče mi je posredoval vrednoto strpnosti do vsakogar

Oče Stojan Vrhovec o svoji izkušnji iz Dachaua ni nikoli pripovedoval. Je pa njegova mama govorila o paketih, ki jih je pošiljala njemu v Nemčijo in bratu v italjanska taborišča. Oče je potrdil, da je pakete dobil in v odprtih paketih je ostala smo fižilova moka, s katero je ublažil lakoto. Pripovedovala je tudi, kako sestradan in shujšan je prišel domov in je tri tedne samo jedel in spal.

Tudi nam otrokom o svoji izkušnji ni nikoli pripovedoval. Tudi med odraslimi se o tem ni govorilo. Je pa moj oče redno obiskoval svojega sotrpina in sovrstnika iz njegovega domačega kraja. Nikoli nismo bili z njim in ne vem kaj sta se pogovarjala.

Vsekaor je Dachauska izkušnja vplivala na njega, Če o tem razmišljam danes, se tega zavedam. Takrat, ko pa sem bila otrok, pa o tem sploh nisem razmišljala.

Je pa bil nasprotnik duhovščine in šele kasnej sem izvedala, da je skupino mladih aktivistov izdal vaški župnik in jih predal italjanom. Na srečo so jih predali Nemcem in ti so jih deportirali v Dachau. Če bi jih izdal belogardistom, bi končali na Urhu. Tako pa so nekateri ostali živi.

Ni pa svojega odpora do duhovščine obešal naveliki zvon in ni v meni vzbujal sovraštva do njih. Nisem hodila v cerkev, čeprav smo živeli v vaškem okolju. Sem se pa družila z otroci katerih starši so bili verni in moja najboljša prijateljica je hodila v cerkev in tudi jaz sem kdaj šla z njo. Tudi njeni starši niso bili zagrizeni verniki. Druženju z njimi mi moji starši niso preprečevali.

Vrednoto, ki mi je dal, je bila strpnost do vsakoga in vseh.

Že v odrasli dobi sem šla z njim v Dachau. On in mama sta večkrat bila s skupnostjo internirancev Dachau na obisku taborišča. Nazadnje, ko je že bil bolan, pa mama ni hotela z njim in sem šla jaz. Peljali smo se z avtobusom. Tudi drugi se o Dachau niso pogovarjali, ampak o življenju zdaj in tu. Žal je oče tam zbolel in morala sem poskrbeti za njega. Tako si taborišča nisem ogledala.

Danes si ne želim tja. Po njegovi smrti sem odkrila zapiske o njegovem bivanju v taborišču, a priznam, da se ne morem pripraviti k branju.

Branka Kastelic

Vrednote svobodoljubnosti, solidarnosti, humanosti, spoštovanja ... prenašam na potomstvo

O izkušnjah bivanja sta mi v otroštvu pripovedovala moja mama (Slavka Dežman Kastelic, roj 1927), ki je bila v taborišču Ravensbruek-Wurzen in dedek Anton Dežman, roj. 1900), ki je bil v Dachau (Branka Kastelic).

Od mame se po pripovedovanju najbolj spomnim umazanega dela v neki tovarni, kjer so zapornice iz strojnega olja odbirale majhne dele za letala delanje škarta. Nadalje se spomnim pripovedovanja o vodji taborišča s psom, ki se je gibala po zaporniških prostorih. Spomnim se pripovedovanja o slabih pogojih za spanje –natrpani pogradi, izbruh garij itd.Govorila je tudi o hrepenjenju po domačih.

Posebej pri mami je bilo značilno, da ni hotela večkrat govoriti o tistih časih, kajti spomini so jo preveč prizadeli in izmučili.

Dedek je največ govoril o žrtvah, ki so končale v krematorijih, o hrani. Še sedaj hranim posodo, ki jo je prinesel od tam. Govoril je o njegovi pomoči mlajšemu taboriščniku iz bližine domačega kraja. Dr.France Černe mu je bil do konca življenja hvaležen, da mu je odstopal koščke kruha, da je kot otrok lahko sploh preživel.

Moja predstava taborišč me je v zgodnjem otroštvu precej zaznamovala, po pripovedovanjih sem si ustvarila svoje slike, ki so še danes nekako v mojih spominih.

V šoli smo se učili o taboriščih. Posebej se spomnim izvajanj glede tretmana do Židov, krematorijev, mučenja, iztrganost otrok od staršev, slike "živih mrličev" v skladovnicah pred pokopom itd.

Vse je globoko vplivalo na moj odnos najprej do staršev in drugega sorodstva, ki je v 2. svetovni vojni izgubilo življenje. Na vsem tem so se mi oblikovale vrednote, ki jih še danes gojim, kot npr.: svobodoljubnost, solidarnost, ponos, humanost, spoštovanje, odgovoprnost, tovarištvo itd.

Vse vrednote, ki izhajajo iz taboriščne izkušnje staršev/starih staršev kot odrasel človek globoko nosim v sebi vse življenje in jih prenašam tudi na svoje potomstvo.

Sin Antona Ježa, Dušan Jež

O sodelovanju s svojim očetom

Seveda mi moj oče nikoli v otroštvu ni pripovedoval o svojih težkih doživetjih v koncentracijskih taboriščih KL Dachau, delovnih taboriščih KL Neuaubing, KL Ueberlingen in končno ob koncu vojne v KZ Allach. Vsa ta taborišča je preživel na podoben način kot avtor Taboriščnega taroka, arhitekt Boris Kobe, v letih 1944 in 1945. Spomin na trpljenje je bil očitno tako velik in dolgotrajen, da se o tem več desetletij ni dalo govoriti. Tako kot moj oče, tudi Boris Kobe, kot pripoveduje njegov sin prof. Jurij Kobe, ni nič govoril o taboriščih ali Taboriščnem taroku. Po drugi svetovni vojni so se preživeli taboriščniki enostavno morali ukvarjati s težkimi in zahtevnimi pogoji življenja po vojni. Na moje otroštvo in odraščanje torej očetova v vojni preživeta travma ni prav nič vplivala.

Šele desetletja kasneje je pri nekaterih bivših taboriščnikih prišlo na dan vse, kar so težkega doživeli. Moj oče me je vzel s sabo na pot leta 1995, ko je bil on star 70, jaz pa 41 let, in ko se je pet slovenskih preživelih internirancev ob 50-ti obletnici konca druge svetovne vojne udeležilo spominskih slovesnosti v Ueberlingenu ob Bodenskem jezeru. Tam je bilo med vojno delovno taborišče, podružnica Dachava, in ob navezavi stikov z društvom Dokumentationsstaette Goldbacher Stollen und KZ Aufkirch/Ueberlingen smo si muzejsko urejene rove, ki so jih nekoč v težkih pogojih prisilnega dela in stradanja kopali taboriščniki iz različnih držav, tudi ogledali. Vseh pet nekdanjih slovenskih internirancev je tako neposredno obujalo spomine na nekdanje suženjsko delo v rovih, ki so jih spet videli po toliko letih.

Sledili so skoraj vsakoletni obiski te lokacije in redni stiki med člani društva, ki mu je predsedoval zgodovinar g. Oswald Burger. Z očetom sva imela tudi redne stike z Muzejem novejše zgodovine v Ljubljani, stike z KZ Gedenkstaette Dachau in z g.dr. Maxom Mannheimerjem, članom CID, z zgodovinarji mestnega arhiva mesta Friedrichshafen, s še živo pričo nacističnega nasilja, gospo dr. Grete Leutz iz Ueberlingena, in celo z združenjem Associazione resistenza Colle del Lys pri Torinu v Italiji. Leta 2000 smo se ob proučitvi reprodukcij Taboriščnega taroka moj oče, gospod Oswald Burger ter podpredsednik nemškega društva g. Ulrich Kleiner in jaz odločili, da pripravimo razstavo povečav Taroka, saj prikazujejo prav ta taborišča, v katerih je bil tako Boris Kobe kot moj oče. Dr. Iztok Durjava iz Muzeja novejše zgodovine je sodeloval pri strokovnem oblikovanju razstave, moj oče kot tolmač prizorov iz taborišča, ki jih prikazujejo Kobetovi natančno in dokumentarno izrisani taroki. Kot poklicni fotograf sem prevzel tehnični del izdelave foto povečav (iz originalnih tarokov) in oblikovanje ter transporte in postavitve razstave. Po premieri v Ueberlingenu (2001), smo razstavo postavili še v nemškem mestu Weingarten, na Colle del Lys pri Torinu, v Friedrichshafnu, v Škofji Loki, v Dobrovem v Brdih, v spominskem centru Dachau, ter na povabilo g. Jelka Kacina tudi v zgradbi evropskega parlamenta v Bruslju (2005). Moj oče je imel tako v Nemčiji kot v Sloveniji več predavanj, predvsem pred srednješolci. Na mojo iniciativo sva leta 2011 organizirala na Vegovi gimnaziji v Ljubljani skupno predavanje g. Borisa Pahorja in Antona Ježa o nacističnih

in fašističnih taboriščih druge svetovne vojne. Tudi pisatelj Pahor je namreč bil v Dachavu. Predavanje je zelo dobro uspelo.

Pri vsem tem dolgoletnem ukvarjanju s spomini mojega očeta na travmatsko obdobje taborišč pa sem pogosto videl, kako težko je tudi po toliko letih govoril o tem. V takih trenutkih sem mu bil kot spremljevalec vedno v oporo.

Z očetom sva bila aktivna približno 15 let, zdaj pa je prestar, da bi še potoval v Nemčijo in deloval pri razstavah. Jaz še vedno gojim osebne stike z nemškimi sodelavci in prijatelji, januarja 2019 so me povabili na zanimivo konferenco o prihodnosti vodenja spominskih centrov na krajih nekdanjih nemških nacističnih taborišč. Dvodnevna predavanja v organizaciji Univerze v Konstanci (Dr. Anne Berenike Rothstein) so bila na otoku Mainauu na Bodenskem jezeru, poudarek pa je bil, kako sploh predstaviti nekdanje grozote taborišč novim generacijam, ki so zrasle z računalniki, mobilnimi telefoni in v blaginji ter miru. Številni nemški zgodovinarji so razmišljali tako o virtualnih, holografskih pričah, kot o računalniških simulacijah, pravega recepta za prihodnost pa po mojem občutku še niso našli. Vsi so se pa zavedali, da je obdobje živih prič mimo, in da so še živi preživeli nekdanjih koncentracijskih taborišč izredna redkost, tako kot je na primer moj oče. V okviru te konference so posneli dokumentarni film z izjavami mojega očeta in z mojimi pogledi na vse to (v ta namen je pred tem prišla ekipa v Ljubljano, saj moj oče ne more več potovati), in ta film so premierno projecirali na stene rovov v Goldbachu, drugi dan konference, ko so si udeleženci lahko ogledali rove, ki so jih nekdanji taboriščniki, torej tudi moj oče, kopali v hrib ob Bodenskem jezeru.

Dogodek je vzbudil veliko zanimanje udeleženih zgodovinarjev, in čeprav moj oče ni mogel biti fizično prisoten na projekciji, so ga vendar videli in slišali njegove izjave o vojni, ki je naj nikoli več ne bo. Ob tem je treba omeniti, da so na podoben način prijazni in prizadevni zgodovinarji posneli izjave mojega očeta že pred tem v Muzeju novejše zgodovine v Ljubljani, kjer je oče dobil naziv ambasadorja muzeja. Na ta način se bo vsaj nekaj izjav bivših taboriščnikov ohranilo in bo to gradivo za nadaljnje raziskave.

Čeprav sam nisem bil nikoli zgodovinar, sem v vseh teh letih našel smisel in zadovoljstvo pri tem volonterskem delovanju na področju raziskav zgodovine, taboriščnih travm mojega očeta, predstavitev fenomenalnega Kobetovega umetniško dokumentarnega Taboriščnega Taroka in druženja s sedanjo generacijo slovenskih in nemških zgodovinarjev. Zdaj imam tam tudi sam res veliko odličnih prijateljev, ki jih rad obiskujem. V veselje so mi bili tudi stiki z družino pokojnega Borisa Kobeta.

Elza Kržič:

Dachau – the name that sends shivers down my spine

I am the granddaughter of Franc Pičulin, who was shot in Dachau. He was born on December 19, 1882, near Bovec. As a qualified mason, he worked across Austria-Hungary. He built a family with his wife Marija. In 1913 their first son was born, their second in 1921 and their third in 1924. He survived the First World War and then rebuilt his home, destroyed by the war. He lived through Primorska's (the Slovene Littoral) annexation to Italy and the Germans occupying the area after Italy's capitulation.

On an afternoon in 1944, just when he carried his three-year-old son for a nap, the Germans unexpectedly came by to arrest him and send him to the concentration camp Dachau (the village pastor was supposedly the one who revealed the information about the activists to the Germans, as many men were arrested that day). An SS guard took his life in the middle of April 1945. The guard shot my grandfather on the way to work when he fell to the ground due to exhaustion. The guard left him there to die. The cruelty of this act is even greater when you learn that this in/human took Franc's life in the last few days before the liberation of the camp.

These are the facts that remained in my memory from when I was a child. Back then there was a lot of talk about the war. Of course, as a child I didn't understand everything. These conversations caused a lot of terrible fear in me, which manifested in nightmares. That's why I used to hide away from them, so I didn't hear all of it.

Later on I sometimes listened to these conversations between my parents and other relatives. However, I was too focused on other things in my life to listen to them more eagerly. I left home very early and came back only during vacations. After my parents died, the time came to present my roots to my children. Only then did I find out that this information was buried with them and that I have to get it from the existing official documents or from talks with living relatives and fellow villagers.

What was left of my grandfather was a photograph of him, which hung on the wall above the table, two identity cards, and a letter that he had sent to my grandmother from Dachau. This letter, although very sparing with words, means a lot to me because it is the only bond I have with him. I make out from the title of the letter that his number was 69494 and that he lived in the 28/4 block. I also remember that I saw a plaque, titled "SPOMENICA", with his name and the fact that he died in a camp on it. Furthermore, there is a memorial in the village for those who died in the camps with an inscription of his name.

What else do I remember? A tale told by mother of how hard it was for my grandmother when she waited in fear for the return of her husband and three children after the war. She was the first to learn about her husband's death. Fortunately, all three of her sons returned. The last to come back did so in September 1945. The joy of them coming back alive was marred when she had to tell them the sad news about their father.

She learned about her husband's death from a fellow camp prisoner of his, who lived in a neighboring village. He also told her about the cruelty of his death. I still ask myself to this day what else he had told her about living in the camps, what happened to his body – did it stay in the field, was it buried, was it cremated? Sadly, there is no one left that could tell me about this and I'm afraid I'll never find out, as I haven't been able to get any official information about the life and death of my grandfather in this camp.

It's too late to feel remorseful about not giving enough attention to it before, about missing a lot of conversations, about forgetting, about not writing it down. I wasn't aware enough of the transience of life.

This year I'll attend the solemnity at the 75th anniversary of the liberation of the camp. Let it be an intimate meeting of me and Dachau. I will say goodbye to grandpa, who I did not know, and bury him properly in my mind. Dachau robbed me of his presence, his kindness and his attention.

Jelena Mihevc:

My story; a holocaust kept secret

I come from a family where both of my real parents' families were victims of the holocaust because of their Jewish heritage. My biological father and mother were of Jewish heritage and lived with their families in Budapest before the war.

My father's story: My father's family was driven out of Budapest and taken to the Dachau camp in 1939, before the war began in the time of the holocaust (the extermination of Jews); my grandfather and grandmother, my father, his brother, sister and the twins. The twins were very young. At that time Dachau was still a camp mainly for Jews, where entire Jewish families were taken to; men, women and children. I lost my grandmother and the twins in the camp. However, my grandfather, aunt, uncle and my father were able to survive and come back.

My mother's story: My mother and her parents (my grandparents) were able to stay in Budapest during the Second World War. They lived through it in some friends' bathroom. My mother never wanted talk about it, so I do not know the exact information about how they lived, what they ate, how my mother as a girl as old as Anne Frank lived. I did not even know about it up until my adulthood and even after that she did not want to talk about it. It was probably too hard for her.

After the war my father and mother pursued a higher education, met and got married. During a time of reinvigorated antisemitism (hatred of Jews) in Hungary, they emigrated to Subotica, where my father's brother lived. I was born in Subotica in 1951.

During this time, the rest of my father's family (his sister and grandfather) emigrated; first to a refugee camp in Italy, from there to Belgium, and then to Australia, where they found a new home. My aunt told me that my father had never recovered from the camp. He constantly suffered from depression and an irrational fear. He committed suicide two years after I was born.

These stories were completely kept secret during my childhood. I only found out about them as an adult, right before my wedding. I wasn't aware of any of this until I went searching for my birth certificate and my certificate of citizenship for the wedding in Subotica, as they had not found these documents at first. I was able to get my certificate of citizenship and my

birth certificate after much trouble. It was a great shock for me to see that I was born as Liht and later adopted with the name Pjević. My mother always hid my birth certificate from me when I was a child, and I did not actually care about it.

Even after I found out about this, my mother did not want to talk about it and explain my confusing childhood to me. I learned about it mostly from my aunt, my father's sister, who came to Germany from Australia in 1987 to collect her restitution for being in the camps.

During my childhood and youth, I never heard about these terrors of war. My mother never wanted to talk about how she survived the war. I worked on the census survey in 1971 and during the instruction lessons I learned for the first time that you could be ethnically undefined. Because my national identity was unclear, I chose to be undefined.

My mother was outraged. She said, "What do you mean, undefined? You live in Slovenia!" This was due to a fundamental fear of hers, coming from the horrible experiences during the war as well as postwar antisemitism. She even forbade me from talking about my Jewish heritage. This caused a division between us. However, it was not big enough for me to hold any grudges towards her. I tried to understand her harsh past and trauma, as well as her silence and concealment of the truth. It was too painful for her, she wanted to forget it, she wanted to protect me from it.

When I was a child, I knew of the camps only from what I heard in school. It went by me and I never gave it any further attention. That is why learning about what had happened to my ancestors was a severe shock. It hurt me greatly. Nevertheless, it was better to have learned about it in adulthood, so I was not burdened by my parents' traumas as a child. It was easier to process. And I was already preoccupied with family life, work, children.

This is why both me and my husband joined the Community of Dachau Internees and started to regularly visit the Dachau memorial center. When I first came to Dachau, I was shocked by the entire scene, the number of people, the exhibition… I think about it more often now.

Jan Šinkovec:

The anxiety of the Dachau camp

The time of my childhood and adolescence was a time of a different system, when my parents still talked a lot about the war and their experiences, connected to it. I remember conversations about my father's sister's premature death – she lost her life three weeks before the liberation – as well as about my mother's brother and sister, who lost their lives as well. However, I do not remember my father implanting into me any kind of hatred towards those who thought differently. He also never pointed a finger at anyone in our surroundings, even though he knew a lot of people.

He only started to talk more at length about his experiences in Dachau in the late 70s and early 80s, when he started writing for the Dachau collection. That is also when I first visited the camp. I think he did not want to talk about his harrowing experience for so long because it was still fresh in his mind and he did not want to pass that onto me.

The main message my father passed onto me was definitely to be tolerant to those who are different and think differently, and to avoid hatred.

Even though I was spared the trauma of his imprisonment in Begunje and in Dachau later on, every visit to any concentration camp still has an irrationally stressful effect on me. Even though I do not feel any major unrest before visiting the camps, apart from that of telling my children what happened to their grandfather, an anxious feeling overwhelms me every time I walk through the entrance.

Stojana Vrhovec:

My father passed onto me the values of tolerance towards anyone

My father Stojan Vrhovec never spoke about his experience in Dachau. However, his mother talked about the packages she had sent to Germany for him and to Italian camps for his brother. My father confirmed that he had gotten them, that what had been left inside the opened packages was just bean flour, which had helped him soothe his hunger. She also talked about how starved and emaciated he was when he came home and that he did nothing but eat and sleep for three weeks.

He never talked about it even to us, his children. It was also never a topic of discussion among adults. My father did, however, regularly visit his fellow sufferer and companion from his hometown. We never went with him and we did not know what they talked about.

The Dachau experience definitely had an effect on him. I am aware of that when I think about it now. But when I was a child, I never gave it any thought.

He opposed the clergy and only later on did I find out that the town priest had betrayed a group of young activists and had given them up to the Italians. Luckily, they turned them over to the Germans, who deported them to Dachau. Had the priest turned them over to the Slovene Home Guard, they would have ended up dead on the hill Urh. But because of their luck, some of them stayed alive.

He did not shout his opposition to the clergy from the rooftops and he did not instill hatred towards them in me. I did not go to church even though we lived in a village. I did, however, hang out with children whose parents were religious, and my best friend went to church, so I went with her sometimes. Her parents were fervent believers. My parents did not forbid me from socializing with them.

The values he passed onto me were tolerance towards anyone and everyone.

I went to Dachau with him when I was an adult. My mother and he went to visit the camp with the Community of Dachau Internees multiple times. He was sick the last time he went, so I accompanied him instead of my mother. We went by bus. People there did not talk about Dachau either, but about their lives here and now. Unfortunately, my father got sick and I had to take care of him, so I could not see the camp.

I do not want to go there now. After he died, I found his notes about living in the camp, but I must admit that I cannot get myself to read them.

Branka Kastelic:

I pass the values of loving freedom, solidarity, humanity, respect… onto my descendants

My mother (Slavka Dežman Kastelic, born in 1927), who was detained in Ravensbruek-Wurzen, and my grandfather (Anton Dežman, born in 1900), who was detained in Dachau, talked to me about their experiences.

What I remember most from my mother's accounts is the dirty work in some factory, where female prisoners had to collect small pieces of waste from machine oil in order to make planes. I also remember her talking about a camp manager with a dog, who moved around the prison premises. I remember her talking about bad sleep conditions – crammed bunk beds, scabies outbreaks etc. She also talked about longing for home.

What was most characteristic of my mother was that she did not want to talk about that time because the memories hurt and exhausted her too much.

My grandfather talked mostly about the victims that ended up in the crematoriums, about food. I still keep the pot he brought from there. He talked about helping a fellow internee from a town near his home. Dr. France Černe was forever grateful for receiving pieces of bread, so he could survive as a child.

My perception of the camps marked me at an early age. The accounts made me visualize them and they are still present in my memory somehow.

We learned about the camps in school. I especially remember the classes on the treatment of Jews, the crematoriums, how children were pulled away from parents, the pictures of "the living dead" piled before burials etc.

It all had a big effect on my relationship with my parents and their relatives who lost their lives during the Second World War. It all formed values that I still hold, like loving freedom, solidarity, pride, humanity, respect, responsibility, camaraderie etc.

As an adult, I hold dear all the values that come from my parents' and grandparents' experiences in the camps and pass them on onto my descendants.

The son of Anton Jež, Dušan Jež,

about cooperating with his father

My father of course never talked to me about his hardships in the concentration camps in Dachau, the labor camps in Neuaubing, Überlingen, and Allach towards the end of the war. He had similar experiences to those of Boris Kobe, the author of the camps' tarot cards, in 1944 and 1945. The memory of suffering was obviously so big and pervasive that it could not be spoken of for several decades. My father, just like Boris Kobe, as told by his son Prof. Jurij Kobe, did not talk about the camps nor the tarot cards. After the Second World War, the surviving internees had to deal with the harsh and demanding post-war living conditions. My father's trauma, therefore, did not have any effect on my youth or growing up.

Only decades later did everything that former internees lived through see the light of day. My father took me along in 1995, when he was 70 and I was 41, when five surviving Slovene internees attended the memorial ceremony at the 50th anniversary of the end of

the Second World War in Überlingen, near Lake Constance. A labor camp, a subsidiary of Dachau, was positioned there during the war. By establishing contacts with the Dokumentationsstaette Goldbacher Stollen und KZ Aufkirch/Überlingen society, we were able to see the tunnels, turned into a museum, which were dug by starving internees from different countries in harsh conditions. All five of the former Slovene internees were able to remind themselves of slave-like labor in the tunnels, when seeing them after so many years.

What followed were yearly visits to the camps and keeping in contact with other members of the community, presided over by historian Mr. Oswald Burger. My father and I also kept in regular contact with the National Museum of Contemporary History in Ljubljana, with KZ Gedenkstaette Dachau, and with Dr. Max Mannheimer, a member of The International Dachau Committee, with historians of the Friedrichshafen city archive, with Ms. Grete Lutz from Überlingen, a living witness of Nazi terror, and even with the Associazione resistenza Colle del Lys association from Turin, Italy. In 2000, my father, Mr. Oswald Burger, the vice-chairman of the German society Mr. Ulrich Kleiner, and I investigated the facsimiles of the camps' tarot cards. We decided to prepare an exhibition of the cards' magnifications, as they show the camps where my father and Boris Kobe lived. Dr. Iztok Durjava from the National Museum of Contemporary History helped with the design, and my father served as an interpreter of the scenes from the camps, which were drawn intricately and in detail on the cards. As a professional photograph, I took over the technical aspects of the magnifications (of the original cards), as well as the design, transport, and final formation of the exhibit. After our opening in Überlingen in 2001, we moved it to the German city Weingarten, then to Colle des Lys near Turin, then to Friedrichshafen, and also to Škofja Loka, Dobrovo v Brdih, the Dachau memorial center, and to the European Parliament building in Brussels in 2005 to the invitation of Mr. Jelko Kacin. My father held many lectures in Germany and Slovenia, mostly for high schoolers. In 2011, we organized a joined lecture by Mr. Boris Pahor, who had been in Dachau as well, and Anton Jež on Nazi and fascist camps during the Second World War at the Vegova Upper Secondary School in Ljubljana on my own initiative. The lecture was a great success.

In the many years we worked on my father's memories of the traumatic life in the camps, I oftentimes saw how hard it was to talk about it even after so many years. In moments like this, I was always a supportive companion.

My father and I were active for about 15 years, but now he's too old to continue travelling to Germany and work on exhibits. I still cultivate my relationships with German coworkers and friends. In January, 2019, they invited me to an interesting conference on the future of managing memorial centers at places where German Nazi camps once stood. Two-day lectures, organized by Dr. Anne Berenike Rothstein of the University of Konstanz, were held on the island Mainau on Lake Constance. The focus was on how to present the horrors of the camps to new generations, that grew up with computers, mobile phones, and in a prosperous and peaceful time. Many German historians considered virtual, holographic witnesses, computer simulations, but I don't think they found the right answer yet. They were all aware that the time of living witnesses was over and that living survivors of the concentration camps are a true rarity, like my father. As a part of the conference, they filmed a documentary, including my father's statements and my own perceptions of it all (they came to Ljubljana beforehand, as my father can't travel anymore). At the premiere on the second day of the conference, they projected the film onto the walls of the tunnels in Goldbach, dug into the hill near Lake Constance by former internees, my father among them.

The event made the historians, who participated, very interested in the image and words of my father, who couldn't be there, saying that a war like that must never happen again. I have to mention that similarly kind and hard-working historians of the National Museum of Contemporary History in Ljubljana filmed my father's statements even before the film. He was given the title of ambassador of the museum. By filming him, they made sure that at least some former internees' experiences will be preserved and used as material for further research.

Even though I was never a historian, I found purpose and joy in my volunteer work through the years, helping research history, the traumas of my father due to the concentration camps, presenting the phenomenal artistic and documentary camps' tarot cards by Kobe, and socializing with the present generation of Slovene and German historians. I now have many great friends that I love to visit. I also took great pleasure in being in contact with the family of the late Boris Kobe.

Saša Buti

Dogodki v vasi čepno 17. januarja 1944

Uvod

Za svojo seminarsko delo sem želela raziskati dogodek, o katerem mi je nona že večkrat pripovedovala[1]. Med drugo svetovno vojno, natančneje 17. januarja 1944 je bilo iz vasi Čepno odpeljanih sedem moških, ki se, razen enega, niso nikoli več vrnili v rodno vas. Končali so v zloglasnem nemškem koncentracijskem taborišču Dachau.

S strahotnim dnevom sredi januarja 1944, so tako ali drugače povezani vsi štirje informatorji, ki so sodelovali pri nastajanju te naloge. Najstarejša informatorja, Milan Željan (roj. 1926) in Agata Buti (roj. 1930), se dogodka še živo spominjata. Agata Željan (por. Buti), trinajstletna deklica, je postala priča trenutka, ko je nemški okupator iz vasi odpeljal sedem moških, ki so bili kasneje deportirani v nemško taborišče Dacahu. Domov se je vrnil le eden. Milena Požar, takrat stara tri leta in pol in dveletna Dora Penko (por. Hrvatič), sta s tem dnevom ostali zaznamovani za celo življenje, saj sta s sorojenci ostali brez očeta. Anton Požar in Jernej Penko sta bila namreč dva od sedmih moških, ki so bili odpeljani v Dachau in se od tam nikdar več nista vrnila.

Pripovedi so se me dotaknile. Ljudje so, ne glede na to koliko so pretrpeli in v kakšen pomanjkanju so živeli, ostali optimistični in trmasti. Razpolagali so z lastnostima, ki nam jih danes kritično primanjkuje.

Čepno

Vasica Čépno, z okoli petdesetimi prebivalci, je gručasto naselje pod jugovzhodnim pobočjem Vremščice (1027 m) in velja za eno najstarejših naselbin v Košanski dolini.

Vas je v času NOB imela 20 hiš in okrog 150 prebivalcev. Zaradi ugodne lege vasi, ki se z zahodnim in južnim delom neposredno dotika gozda, so se tu ustavljali kurirji in jo prehajale večje enote, kot so: Šercerjeva in Gradnikova brigada ter Istrski odred. V vasi je od spomladi leta 1943 deloval terenski odbor OF, istega leta pa je bil ustanovljen tudi krajevni odbor SPŽZ (Slovenska protifašistična ženska zveza). V januarju je bil organiziran krajevni odbor ZSM (Zveza slovenske mladine), kmalu zatem pa še aktiv ZKM (Zveza komunistične mladine). Prav tako je delovala gospodarska komisija in narodna zaščita (Kraigher, 2002).

Iz skoraj vsake hiše na Čepnem je izhajal vsaj eden partizan. Vključeni so bili v Tomšičevo brigado, Kosovelovo brigado, Šercerjevo brigado, Prvo slovensko artilerijsko brigado, Tretjo prekomorsko brigado in Peto prekomorsko brigado. Druga svetovna vojna je vasi vzela 17 moških.

Strahotni dan 17.1.1944

Na obrobju vasi, v hiši Marije Željan (Čepno 36), se je zbirala hrana za manjše partizanske enote in kurirje. Tako so v noči na 17. januar v hišo prišli trije kurirji. Ko so proti jutru odšli so naleteli na nemško zasedo. Ubit je bil eden od kurirjev, nemška vojska pa je na to cel dan divjala po vasi. Mariji Željan so požgali hišo in gospodarsko poslopje, sedem oseb pa so odpeljali v internacijo.

Milan Željan se tega dogodka prav dobro spominja. Proti jutru ga je z glasnim trkanjem na okno zbudila sestra Ivanka, ki je sicer živela v Trstu, vendar se je med vojno zadrževala doma in je med tem časom stanovala pri svoji svakinji Mariji Željan. Kričala je naj se skrije, saj je vas obkoljena. Ker niso vedeli kam ga skriti, je sestra predlagala naj zleze k očetu, ki je bil na smrtni postelji in je čez dva dni umrl. Oba so močno pokrili, le očetu je glava molela izpod odeje. Ko so Nemci vstopili v hišo, je mati pričela kričati, da je v hiši bolnik s tifusom. Vojaki so odprli vrata od sobe kjer spal oče in ko so zagledali bolnika so odšli. Šele ko so nemški vojaki vas zapustili, si je Milan upal zlesti iz skrivališča.

Agata Buti je o dogodku povedala, da se spominja kako so v vas, v noči na ta nesrečni dan, prišli trije partizani, med njimi tudi njen in Milanov brat, Anton Željan. Ko so se najedli in posušili so odšli, za njimi pa so prišli drugi trije partizani, ki so ob odhodu padli v zasedo. Dva partizana sta uspela pobegniti, enega, z imenom Zdravko Pipan, pa so ustrelili. Ko so pričeli s streljanjem so iz hiše pobegnili sestra Ivanka, Marija Željan z obema sinovoma in še ena vaščanka. Ivanka je z malim nečakom zbeža-

[1] *Tekst je skrajšana verzija seminarske naloge, ki jo je avtorica Saša Buti pod mentorstvom doc.dr.Petre Kavrečič leta 2018 opravila na magistrskem študijskem programu Zgodovina na Univerzi na Primorskem, Fakulteta za humanistične študije.*

la domov k staršem, Marija Željan s starejšim sinom pa k sosedu, kjer so njo zasuli z listjem in slamo, njega pa poslali v hlev, pod pretvezo, da pomaga pri živini.

Ko so bežali iz hiše, so nemški vojaki našteli sedem ljudi, vendar ko so po vasi iskali ženske, niso vedeli katere so bile v hiši, ker so vse nosile bele majice, spletene iz ovčje volne. Tako so izbrali sedem moških.

Ko je bilo vsega konec, so vojaki hišo Marije Željan najprej izropali. Pobrali so hrano namenjeno partizanom in hišo nato zažgali. Na zbirališče sredi vasi, kamor so pripeljali aretirane moške, je z svojim malim nečakom, ki ga je imela v varstvu iz radovednosti prišla tudi Agata Buti. To pa bi se lahko končalo tragično, saj je vojak prepoznal malega dečka, ki je pred tem bežal iz goreče hiše. Bila je sreča, da oficir za vojakovo odkritje ni pokazal zanimanja. Ko so vse zbrali, so se vojaki postrojili in kolona je krenila v Hrastje pri Pivki. In kot je v vnemi pripovedovanja vzkliknila Agata Buti: »Zbogom, jih ni bilo nikdar več nazaj, kot samo eden!«

Jožica Hribar, po 74 letih pesmarica Nekaj partizanskih spet med ljudmi

Nastala je v Dachauu maja 1945

Ob lanskoletnem mednarodnem dnevu spomina na holokavst (27. januar), je Mojca Kopač, hčerka znanega arhitekta Vlasta Kopača, članom Skupnosti internirancev Dachau, ki deluje pri ZZB NOB Slovenije, podarila originalne, lične knjižice partizanskih pesmi z naslovom Nekaj partizanskih. Posebnost teh knjižic je, da jih je maja leta 1945 izdal Kulturno-propagandni odsek Jugoslovanskega narodnega odbora v koncentracijskem taborišču Dachau, član tega odbora je bil tudi Vlasto Kopač, ki mu je večje število teh knjižic po koncu vojne uspelo prinesti s seboj iz taborišča, skupaj s številnimi risbami.

Ob osvoboditvi aprila 1945 je bilo v koncentracijskem taborišču Dachau okoli 3200 Jugoslovanov, ki so bili dobro organizirani. Med čakanjem na transport, s katerim so osvobojene internirance prepeljali v domovino, so ti v taborišču prirejali srečanja in mitinge, na katerih so prepevali borbene in partizanske pesmi jugoslovanskih narodov, ki so bile zbrane v knjižici.

Pesmi so bile napisane s pisalnim strojem in razmnožene na ciklostil ter spete v lične knjižice, Mojca Kopač jih je našla v očetovi zapuščini, kot pravi pa njen oče o taborišču ni nikoli govoril. O nastanku teh knjižic pa priča zapis v zborniku z naslovom Dachau, ki je izšel pri založbi Borec leta 1981, med urednik pa je bil tudi Vlasto Kopač. V njem je med drugim zapisano, da so bili slovenski interniranci v Dachau zelo dobro organizirani, v svoje vrste so pritegnili tudi sotrpine iz ostalih jugoslovanskih republik. Med čakanjem na odhod v domovino so v taborišču izdajali Dahauski poročevalec, ter brošure Razsvit, Vesti in Jež za žico. Ob osvoboditvi pa so jih zavezniki spodbujali naj pišejo o svojih spominih na dogajanja v taborišču in rišejo, zato so med tem časom nastale tudi risbe številnih Slovencev, med njimi tudi Kopačeve o strahotah taborišča.

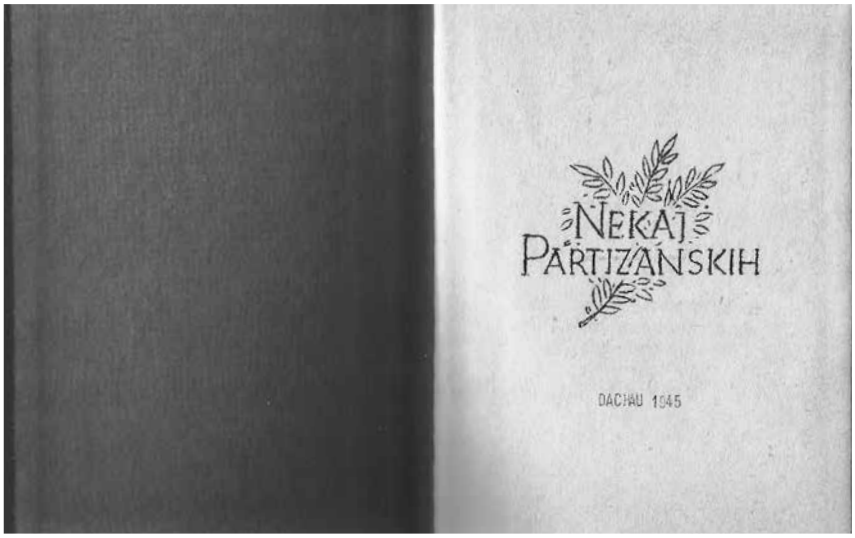
Jugoslovanski interniranci so se v domovino vračali v treh transportih, 5., 7. in 9. junija 1945 v kamionih, ki so jih dali na razpo-

lago zavezniki, ti so transporte, v vsakem je bilo okoli tisoč ljudi, spremljali do Podkorna, kjer so jih prevzele jugoslovanske oblasti in jih namestile v tri zbirne centre v Ljubljano, Kamnik in Kranj. Od tukaj so se nato vračali na svoje domove, odvisno od zdravstvenega stanja.

Z drugim transportom se je vrnil tudi Vlasto Kopač, ki se je rodil 3. junija 1913 v Žireh, očetu akademskemu slikarju in mami Čehinji, ki jo je oče Franjo Kopač spoznal med študijem v Pragi. Vlasto Kopač se je leta 1934 vpisal na študij arhitekture pri Jožetu Plečniku in delal tudi v njegovem arhitekturnem biroju. Ob napadu na Jugoslavijo so si študijske prostore, kjer je poučeval Plečnik prilastili Italijani, razred je bil razpuščen, Kopač pa se je pridružil ilegalnemu odporniškemu gibanju. V Ljubljani si je uredil skrivni atelje in v njem ustvarjal plakate, časopise in razne dokumente za OF. Oktobra 1943 so ga aretirali domobranci, v začetku januarja 1944 pa je pristal v Dachau. Kljub prepovedi je skrivaj risal tudi to, kar se je dogajalo v taborišču. Ko so junija 1944 jugoslovanski zaporniki ustanovili ilegalni komite znotraj svoje zaporniške skupine, je bil Kopač njegov ustanovni član. Za taboriščni časopis Dachauski poročevalec, ki je prvič izšel 1. maja 1945 je Vlasto Kopač narisal in oblikoval naslovnico in ilustracije.

Povratek v domovino je bil tudi za Kopača sprva obetaven, saj se je poročil in dobil hčerko, a že oktobra 1947 so ga aretirali in postal je eden izmed obsojencev v slovitih dachauskih procesih in obsojen na smrt. Po pritožbi so obsodbo spremenili v 20 let zapora s prisilnim delom, leta 1952 pa je bil pogojno izpuščen, a je bil državljan brez državljanskih pravic, brez premoženja, brez volilne pravice in naslednje štiri leta brez stalnega dela.

Mojca Kopač s knjižico pesmi Nekaj partizanskih, ki jih je po 74 letih našla v očetovi zapuščini.



Pomagali so mu prijatelji, Marjan Dermastja ga je vključil v ekipo, ki se je zavzemala za ohranitev planšarstva na Veliki Planini in tako je Kopač, sam izjemen planinec in naravovarstvenik zasnoval šest različnih tipov planšarskih koč, ki so zgodovinsko utemeljene v planšarski literaturi. Tako so nastala tipična turistična poslopja, kakršna so še danes na Veliki planini.

Kopač je tudi zasnoval in izdelal načrte za postavitev 104 spominskih stebrov iz istrskega kamna ter 6 figurativnih obeliskov ob mestnih vpadnicah, kjer so bili med vojno t. i. bloki (prehodi), izbral lokacije na teranu, zakoličil celotno traso in nadziral kamnoseška dela v delavnicah Minerala. Tako je nastala znamenita Pot ob žici okupirane Ljubljane. Umrl je v Ljubljani leta 2006. Leta 2012 so v Spominskem centru koncentracijskega taborišča Dachau pripravili razstavo Kopačevih risb iz taborišča pod naslovom Zamegljen pogled. Razstava je naslednje leto gostovala tudi v Muzeju novejše zgodovine v Ljubljani, kjer so ji dodali še nekaj avtorjevih osebnih predmetov, ki jih je posodila njegova hči Mojca Kopač.

Le spavaj, moj ate

Ej, ate, moj ate, le glej ga: moj ate;
po dolgem sem času uzrl te spet.
Ni čudno? Saj skoraj pozabil bi nate,
tako vrtoglavo vrti se ta svet.

Naključno prišla mi je tvoja zbledela
podoba v roke, pred moje oči;
kot treščila vame bi z jasnega strela,
ko iskal v arhivu sem stare reči.

Potrudil se fotograf v sveti je veri
z retušo ozaljšati bledi obraz.
Kljubujem z vsem srcem njegovi nameri,
naj pravo podobo ohranja nam čas.

Sokolovec bil vrsto let si napredni,
Slovenec zavedni, predan patriot,
nazori so tvoji pošteni in zgledni
krojili ti smelo uporniško pot.

Je strla usoda poletna ti krila,
prijeli so te, bil si v Dachau izgnan;
kdo ve, kje je ruša ti truplo prekrila,
iskali so svojci te dolgo zaman.

Pomislil sem včasih: če bi se povrnil
in slišal, kaj danes se vse govori,
bi raje se stokrat v grobu obrnil
kot da bi poslušal vse gnusne laži.

Takrat že so mnogi se tresli, lagali,
ko ti si boril se in nisi se bal,
in raje s sovražnikom so barantali,
a zdaj si pa ti domovino izdal?!

A ti, ki so vzeli ti mlado življenje,
a ti, ki si zlahka vse žrtve sprejel!?
Več tisočkrat bi si zaslužil vstajenje,
a zdaj bi najraje te kdo še preklel?

Kaj kriv si, kaj krivi so tebi enaki,
da tekla še tudi po vojni je kri,
ko zmage pijani so divji prostaki
zgolj iz maščevanja morili ljudi?

Kako si kdo upa kratiti ti slavo,
kako si kdo upa ti blatiti čast,
ko hodil s pokončno si dvignjeno glavo,
sovraga preziral, zlagano oblast!

No, je že tako, kot uči nas pregovor,
da tisti, ki nimajo čiste vesti,
poiščejo hitro najbližji izgovor,
da slaba jih vest v srcu čim manj pekli.

Le spavaj, moj ate, v veri iskreni:
resnica na dan si utrla bo pot;
in dokler na svetu še tvoji so geni,
visoko častil te svobodni bo rod.

Bojan Podgoršek, Sežana, 2016

Oče Bojana Podgorška, Franc Podgoršek – Franjo, je bil doma s Ponikve, kot aktivist NOB je deloval na področju Maribora; izgnan v koncentracijsko taborišče Dachau, podružnica Flossenbürg 23. 1. 1945 in 27. 1. 1945 premeščen v Litomeřice na Sudetskem Češkem. Umrl je 20. 2. 1945, domnevno zaradi epidemije tifusa, ki je na začetku leta 1945 kosila v tem taborišču. Svojci so skope podatke o njegovi taboriščni usodi pridobili šele leta 2011.

Keep resting, my daddy

My daddy, my daddy, lookit: my daddy,
I see you again after so many years.
It's strange as I've almost forgotten you, sadly,
for time flows so quickly on our spinning sphere.

At random a faded old image of you
appeared in my hands and in front of my eyes,
it felt like crash, like a bolt from the blue,
while searching for old things our archives comprised.

With candid intent, the photographer tried to
retouch the old picture to liven your face.
With all of my heart I defended your right to
not have your authentic appearance replaced.

A member of Sokol, your thoughts were progressive,
a conscious Slovene, a devout patriot,
beliefs that you had were all honest, impressive,
rebelling with courage, you always had guts.

One can't escape fate, so your wings had been severed,
they caught you and took you to Dachau to die,
who knows where with sod your dead body was covered,
your kin couldn't find you, for ages they tried.

A thought comes at times: if you were resurrected,
and heard all the words that are spoken today,
instead of submitting to lies, unaffected,
I'm sure you would rather just turn in your grave.

So many were scared back in those times already,
when you battled boldly, with grit, without fear,
to barter with enemies, they were all ready,
and now you're the traitor – it's you that they smear.

It's you whose young life was diminished and taken,
it's you who was ready to sacrifice all!
Deserving of being each day reawakened,
yet some wouldn't mind cursing your life at all!

It isn't your fault or of those who were like you
that blood had been shed even after the war
as power-drunk savages went to decide to
vengefully murder and let the blood pour.

How dare some encroach on your well-deserved glory,
how dare some besmirch your respectable name?
You walked with your head up, you lived out your story
of hating our foes and authority's claim.

It's no revelation, it's true what they say:
that those who don't have a clear conscience – to find
the poorest excuse they go out of their way –
in order to lessen a heart's painful bind.

Keep resting, my daddy, and always believe
that truth will prevail in some form, in some way,
as long as your kin is alive, we'll succeed
to honor your memory day after day.

Bojan Podgoršek, Sežana, 2016

Franc Podgoršek – Franjo, the father of Bojan Podgoršek, originated from Ponikva. He was an active member of the People's Liberation Army in the Maribor region. He was deported to the concentration camp Dachau, Flossenbürg on January 23, 1945, and then to Litomeřice in Sudetenland on January 27, 1945. He died on February 20, 1945, supposedly due to a typhus outbreak that wreaked havoc in the camp at the beginning of 1945.

His relatives didn't get ahold of the sparing data about his fate in the camps until 2011.

Dora Hrvatič: Očetu Jerneju

23.8.1905 – 19.2.1945

Ko ste se v Dachau odpeljali
še čisto majhna sem bila
z bratcem mamo smo jokali
sreča je s tabo šla.
Ko sem tri leta dopolnila
mama dobila je »mrtval«
žalost ta se je zgodila
očeta je umoril »feld maršal«
Trpeli smo in se borili
s pomanjkanjem in revščino
a glavo pokonci smo nosili
nad to drhaljo fašistično.
Nemci so zločin storili
nad poštenimi ljudmi,
ker so očetje se borili
za boljši jutri z zvermi.

V apelu (Dachau)

Z vami zdaj stojim v apelu,
številke klicanih poslušam
in odgovarjam nanje:«Tu ! Tu ! Tu !«
Za vsakogar, ki ga več ni;
za vsakogar, ki v pepelu že trohni,
namesto vas še vedno kdo stoji,
tu, na apelu in javlja se do sodnih dni !

Niste umrli vi zaman,
in tudi mi ne bomo;
za vsakim novi bodo še prišli
in pričali na sodni dan!
In pričali na sodni dan,
ki se za vas je že zgodil –
namesto rabljev, ste trpeli vi!

Na fotografijah ste razstavljeni v muzeju,
kup živih trupel, ujetih v krč luči,
ki s slike nemo v večnost govori…
Tu trupla govorijo brez imen
in odgovarjajo: »Tu ! Tu ! Tu sem«,
še nerojenim javljajo v apelu
in pričajo v vesoljni eter,
da še živijo v pepelu,
ki davno že ga je odnesel veter…

Trpljenja vašega odvzeti se ne da,
ne zmanjša kes ga, ne obžalovanje,
ker hujše je kot vse moreče sanje,
zato na veke naj obsoja sile zla!
Hoteli rablji so izbrisati spomin ljudem,
zato ni trupel, ki bila bi pokopana;
a nič zato; vaš grob je v srcu vsakega zemljana,
ki počasti spomin, ko pride sem…

Z vami zdaj stojim v apelu,
kot vsak, ki tu stoji
in tiho klanjam se pepelu -
in duša me boli…

Andrej Rant

I recognized my brother

Above the Dachau camp there loomed a frightening heavy cloud,
the smell of burning flesh invaded wooden barracks,
an SS soldier in the tower whistled over crowds
and aimed a gun at people – skeletal and barren.

In front of shoddy barracks piles of slaughtered victims lay
with open eyes protruding, begging, from the skulls without a tear to shed,
they spoke of longing to be free, they spoke of cruelty the Nazis had displayed,
a promotion in exchange for every murdered head.

Me and my brother both had numerals assigned,
six figures, with no effort quickly memorized,
while to a district, paving roads, I was consigned,
my brother was in Braun's experiments dehumanized.

While days had passed, and hopeless weeks, and endless months,
we starved and shivered, dragging heavy rollers over roads,
I countlessly imagined drinking poison, once
I realized I'm just a number here – no soul, just bones.

Malaria-infested bugs were drinking blood from tired hands
and hypothermia had caused me pain I can't express,
the masters of my life revealed to me they changed their plans
and put me in »Sonderkommando« - handling people, burned to death.

Through day and night shifts I had filled the greedy crematorium,
the dirty, burning bodies crackled ominously in the fire,
the ash of bones and human meat had filled my lungs, sensorium,
oven chimneys like volcanos burned in red, smoke curling higher.

Victims couldn't be distinguished one man from another,
the SS beasts had mutilated, turned them into freaks,
with rotten flogging wounds and full of worms, their faces were all smothered,
they once were proud and dignified, and smiles filled their rounded cheeks.

Then I, one day, as if I knew already, turned a body on its side
and on its skinny arm I saw my lifeless brother's tattooed number,
as if a nightmare came to life, I felt a pain in me reside,
trembling as I held him gently, as if not to wake him from his slumber.

In front of Nazi ovens' opening there lay my dear, beloved brother,
a simple heap of bulging limbs, a tightened stomach, dead,
I know before he passed, there was but one thing he could utter,
he begged them simply for some: »Bread… bread… bread…«

Through desperate cries I pushed my brother to the scorching flames,
he turned to ash the moment I released him from my hands,
I wish that I had died instead, to never feel this pain…
Forgive me, please, forgive me, brother, these are war's demands.

Tone Šepec

This poem is written in loving memory of Tone's brothers Gustln and Ludvik Demšar from Rakek.

Kdor se ne spominja preteklosti, je obsojen na to, da jo bo še enkrat doživel.

Santajana