

About Truth and Lies

Everybody says they love the truth. Some say the truth loud and clear. Others only whisper it timidly. Everyone believes in his/her own truth.

And then, how is it possible for the same event to be presented in many different ways, in white, black or gray, depending on the witness? Is truth such a subjective notion that each of us can have a different interpretation of it?

If we speak about *happiness* or about *love*, each of us has a different opinion and each of us is right in his own way. If we talk about an equation, a mathematical addition, a fact that is real, or an object, is it possible to have a multitude of interpreta-

tions? Is there an absolute, undeniable truth?

Searching further for the truth, a lot more questions come to my mind.

How is it possible that the greatest tragedy of our people, the mass murder of six million people in incredibly tragic circumstances, is presented by some as «an invention of the kikes/Jews, determined to get rich from the bones of their grandparents»? How is it possible that the death factory from Auschwitz was close to becoming a peaceful Catholic monastery? How is it possible that, during «that Sunday» from Iași, when there were killed 12,000 very scared Jews,



they say that only 500 «persons» died? How is it possible? How could this happen? Is history such a subjective notion that each event can be interpreted in a different way? Are not the gas chambers sufficiently convincing? What about the films and pictures taken by the Germans themselves in the extermination camps? Pictures of living skeletons - still alive - naked, staying on the edge of a pit, waiting for a final bullet. Pictures of the dead bodies from the ghettos. Pictures of the people thrown from the death trains. Numbers tattooed on the arms of the survivors. Films taken by the Allies when they discovered the extermination camps and were greeted by strange beings who did not have the power to enjoy the moment because they were dying too fast. Dead bodies carried with bulldozers. The smell of burnt flesh from around the crema-

toriums. The slaves from Krupp and I.G. Farben. Suffering and death. Death as a redemption from suffering.

Haven't all these things happened? Is it possible for it to be just an invention? A misinterpretation?

Are the deniers of the Holocaust honest people who were simply misled or are they perfectly conscious of the truth? Could they possibly know even more than we do, and do they lie, lie without shame, with a criminal shamelessness?

For, in this case, not to acknowledge the truth makes us accomplices to crime, it legitimizes the murderers, it is the preparation for a new murder.

It is with sadness that I must say that some people do lie, they lie out of interest and out of hate. They lie when shouting, when smiling, when writing.

Unfortunately, the writer of these lines - also - is lying. I said many times that I want, even though my possibilities are limited, to help you find out what happened. I said that I want the youth to know what happened to their grandparents, the ones who didn't return, the ones who returned and kept the silence. I also said that it is my duty, YOUR duty, each of you must keep the *memory*, because this is the only grave of those without a grave. I said that we are the heirs of a terrible, total suffering, a pain without escape, that we must tell this to the whole world. The world doesn't know it, for they haven't been told, and when they are told, they do not believe it, because this truth is unbelievable.

Unfortunately, I lied to you. I *want* to forget. I want to forget this obsession that followed me since

childhood. I want not to think of the fact that I only owe my life to geography; had I been born a few hundred kilometers North, I would have died in



Transnistria; some 1,000 kilometers West, I would have died in an extermination camp. Whenever I enjoy my child, I would like to be able not to think of the mothers whose children died in their arms, of hunger, disease and cold. Whenever I go to my mother's grave, I would like

to be able not to think of the families split by Dr. Mengele - life to the left - the gas chambers to the right. Whenever I eat, I would like to be able not to

like to be able not to think of the long lines of people carried as cattle, where the ones who were falling from exhaustion, were shot on the spot. Whenever I caress a dog, I would like to be able not to think of the dogs from the camps, trained to tear the prisoners apart. Whenever I breathe, I would like to be able not to think of the ones who desperately tried to inhale a last gasp of air in the gas chambers.

I would like to forget. But I cannot. I owe the dead every single moment of my life. We all do. It is our duty not to forget them. It is our duty to tell our children and grandchildren the little we know about what happened.

This is why we are together today on the roads where the disaster fell upon 60 years ago.

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