

**The Photo Album:
Autoethnographic Witnessing and the Post-Shoah Re-creation of Memory**

by

Julia Ellen Herzog

A.B. Cornell University, 1981

J.D. Osgoode Hall, York University, 2003

LL.M University of Victoria, 2015

A Dissertation Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

In the School of Child and Youth Care,

University of Victoria

© Julia Ellen Herzog, 2023
University of Victoria

All rights reserved. This dissertation may not be reproduced in whole or in part, by photocopying or by other means, without the permission of the author.

We acknowledge and respect the lək'wəḡən peoples on whose traditional territory the university stands and the Songhees, Esquimalt and W̱SÁNEĆ peoples whose historical relationships with the land continue to this day.

Supervisory Committee

**The Photo Album:
Autoethnographic Witnessing and the Post-Shoah Re-creation of Memory**

by
Julia Ellen Herzog

A.B. Cornell University, 1981

J.D. Osgoode Hall, York University, 2003

LL.M University of Victoria, 2015

A Dissertation Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

In the School of Child and Youth Care,

University of Victoria

Supervisory Committee

Dr. Mandeep Kaur Mucina, Supervisor
School of Child and Youth Care, University of Victoria

Dr. Charlotte Schallié, Committee Member
Germanic and Slavic Studies, University of Victoria

Professor Lee Henderson, Committee Member
Department of Writing, University of Victoria

Abstract

With a focus on a family photograph album this doctoral dissertation uses the idea that testimonial objects speak and initiate the creation of new memory. To frame her theoretical approach the author refers to the literatures of memory studies, Holocaust studies, material cultures, autoethnography and contemporary psychoanalytic theory. The author was particularly influenced by an early reading of Art Spiegelman's (1973, 1986) classic graphic novels about his family's experience in the Shoah, *Maus I* and *Maus II*, long before this dissertation was imagined. The author contends that literature and art is an effective way of communicating experience that defies direct reference. Recovering the stories of her forebears is this author's mechanism of understanding silence, retrieving the existence of family members, some of whom were believed to have perished in the Shoah, honoring their memory and helping future generations connect to their ancestors. The author describes her research methodology for her doctoral dissertation as a blend of autoethnography, narrative inquiry and an organic emergent approach. Historically, as we emerge into a period of time where there are fewer eye-witnesses to the Shoah and new approaches to learning about its impact, the author's research rests on the idea that there is an emerging third generation discussion. The key methodological question asked in this doctoral dissertation is how creative autoethnographical witnessing and exploration of family stories in a narrative can help develop insight concerning the transgenerational impacts of the Shoah. Will the process of autoethnographic creative writing combined with multi-media depictions of a story as an art-based expression of research develop a representation of that which had been disavowed? Can the representation then be added to the repertoire of effective discourse and action toward combatting antisemitism and other forms of hate? The author

proposes that research as an act of transgenerational witnessing can lead to illumination benefiting those within and outside of her community regarding cataclysmic loss.

Preface

I acknowledge and respect the lək̓ʷəŋən peoples on whose unceded traditional territory I live and work including the Songhees, SXIMELEĒ (Esquimalt) and W̱SÁNEĆ peoples whose unrelinquished historical relationships with the land continue to this day. I am grateful for the honour and safety of living, working, raising my children and teaching my grandchildren to cherish and protect the traditional territories of the many Coast Salish peoples.

While my story focuses on the experiences of the Romanian Jews in the Shoah, there are otherworldly tropes echoing similarly in the circumstances of the Indigenous peoples of North America, as well as other peoples who have experienced a genocidal trajectory. There are differences in the histories, however, I suggest it is important to pay attention to the common threads concerning precarious groups of people, whose identities governments have attempted to erase through systematic oppressive techniques.

Massacres, death by disease, loss of language, destruction of families and the resulting trauma that ripples through generations are all common components of the genocide of the Jews in Romania and the Indigenous peoples in British Columbia, the place where I live. My narrative below has a particular focus on the Romanian Shoah and the Jewish peoples of Europe. My work confronts and explores the silence that exists as a signal of intergenerational impacts. Reclaiming memory, identities, family, language, culture, knowledge and spirituality are all essential parts of a healing pathway. This dissertation is an example of one offering of a way toward creating a conversation that overcomes silence, the restoration of memory, healing and moving forward.

Table of Contents

Supervisory Committee	ii
Abstract	iii
Preface.....	v
Table of Contents	vi
Table of Exhibits.....	ix
Table of Figures	x
Family Trees	xii
Acknowledgements.....	xx
Dedication	xxii
Introduction.....	1
Chapter One: A Family Memento.....	6
Fragments of Stories	7
My Research Focus.....	14
Intergenerational Witnessing	14
Living Objects and the Power of Stories	16
Encounter and Slow Awakening.....	19
Objects as a Window	20
Messages from Postcards	21
Transgenerational Remembering	21
Transgenerational Impacts of Catastrophe.....	25
Psychoanalytic Viewpoints	26
A Note Regarding Epigenetics and Transgenerational Transmission	29
Contemporary Psychoanalytic Views	31
The Phantom	32
Unconscious Communication	34
“Perverse Disavowal”	36
“Telescoping of Generations”	42
Temporal Disturbances	43
Multiple Directions	45
“ <i>Unde este cimitirul evreiesc?</i> ” Where is the Jewish cemetery?	48
Objects of memorial and trans-generational communications.....	48
Memory.....	51
History.....	56

Chapter Two: Methodology	59
Theoretical Orientations.....	60
Intersubjectivity	61
Nomadologies	63
Methodologies.....	69
Key Methodological Question	69
Autoethnography.....	69
Ethics of Autoethnography	70
Recovering Stories	74
Memory as Practice.....	76
Visual Storytelling and Photographs	77
Performativity and Method.....	82
Creative Autoethnography: Telling our Stories	83
Methods.....	85
Rhizomatic Approach	88
Research Strategy for Gathering Non-Exclusive Sources of knowledge/data.....	90
Interrelationships.....	90
Archival Research.....	91
Travel to Location.....	93
Writing and reading as a research process	93
Why Stories are Important and Advance Knowledge.....	94
Dream Work.....	95
Arts-based data/analysis.....	96
Significance and Expected Contribution	97
Relevance of my Study to Child and Youth Care.....	97
Dissertation Chapters	99
Chapter 3: Data/Analysis	101
My story, a “nomadology” begins	101
My Maternal Grandparents.....	102
My Paternal Grandparents	108
Note: Photograph from album of Barbara Bauer	109
Travels.....	110
The photo album	110
Reminiscing with my mother.....	111

Paulina’s tears	114
Finding the Weismans.....	115
Iași, Romania	117
Europe	119
Romania, September 2019	120
Searching for the Jews of Iași	122
Cimitirul Evreiesc The Jewish Cemetery, Iași, Romania, 2019	129
Bukovina.....	131
Searching for Stories.....	137
Pandemic.....	142
Renewed Research Efforts	143
Looking for the Weismans.....	145
The 1950s: Romanian Immigration to Israel	146
Meeting my Cousins	150
Heading to the Romanian Border with Ukraine	150
Meeting cousins in Israel	153
Two Sisters: Yael and Orly (Speranza’s Great-grand daughters).....	153
Danny Zohar (Speranza’s grandson) and his wife, Drora Zohar	158
Bucharest during the Second World War	160
Rachel and Nechemia	162
My Arrival in Romania, 2022.....	166
Taking the supplies to Siret, Romania at the Border with Ukraine	167
Arriving at the border in Siret.....	168
Peatra Neamt and meeting Emil	174
Emil Nicolae Nadler	175
Reflections/Analysis	180
The Re-creation of Memory.....	180
A Documentary Discovered.....	187
Gaps and Silence.....	188
Chapter 4 Discussion and Application.....	190
Education	191
Perspectives.....	191
History and memory	195
Tikkun.....	197

Honouring the testimony of survivors and furthering research	198
Limitations	199
Cadenza.....	199
Summary of What I learned about Paulina’s Siblings	200
Coda	200
Survival Stories.....	201
Conclusion	204
Bukovina.....	207
Implications.....	208
The Open Road	209
Postscript: Digital Archival Exhibit.....	210
References.....	211
Appendix.....	225

Table of Exhibits

Exhibit 1	xii
Exhibit 2.....	xiii
Exhibit 3.....	xiv
Exhibit 4.....	xv
Exhibit 5.....	xvi
Exhibit 6.....	xvii
Exhibit 7.....	xviii
Exhibit 8.....	xix

Table of Figures

Figure 1	4
Figure 2	7
Figure 3	9
Figure 4	10
Figure 5	11
Figure 6	11
Figure 7	12
Figure 8	21
Figure 9	27
Figure 10	37
Figure 11	38
Figure 12	40
Figure 13	41
Figure 14	41
Figure 15	50
Figure 16	57
Figure 17	101
Figure 18	102
Figure 19	103
Figure 20	103
Figure 21	104
Figure 22	105
Figure 23	106
Figure 24	107
Figure 25	108
Figure 26	109
Figure 27	109
Figure 28	111
Figure 29	112
Figure 30	116
Figure 31	118
Figure 32	120
Figure 33	121
Figure 34	123
Figure 35	124
Figure 36	125
Figure 37	125
Figure 38	126
Figure 39	127
Figure 40	128
Figure 41	129
Figure 42	129
Figure 43	130

Figure 44	132
Figure 45	133
Figure 46	134
Figure 47	135
Figure 48	139
Figure 49	144
Figure 50	145
Figure 51	148
Figure 52	149
Figure 53	150
Figure 54	152
Figure 55	154
Figure 56	155
Figure 57	156
Figure 58	157
Figure 59	159
Figure 60	162
Figure 61	163
Figure 62	165
Figure 63	165
Figure 64	166
Figure 65	167
Figure 66	169
Figure 67	169
Figure 68	170
Figure 69	172
Figure 70	173
Figure 71	173
Figure 72	175
Figure 73	176
Figure 74	177
Figure 75	179
Figure 76	182
Figure 77	183
Figure 78	184
Figure 79	187
Figure 80	205
Figure 81	206

Family Trees

Exhibit 1

Descendants of Josef Weisman and Brana (nee Kitai) Weisman (Paulina's parents)

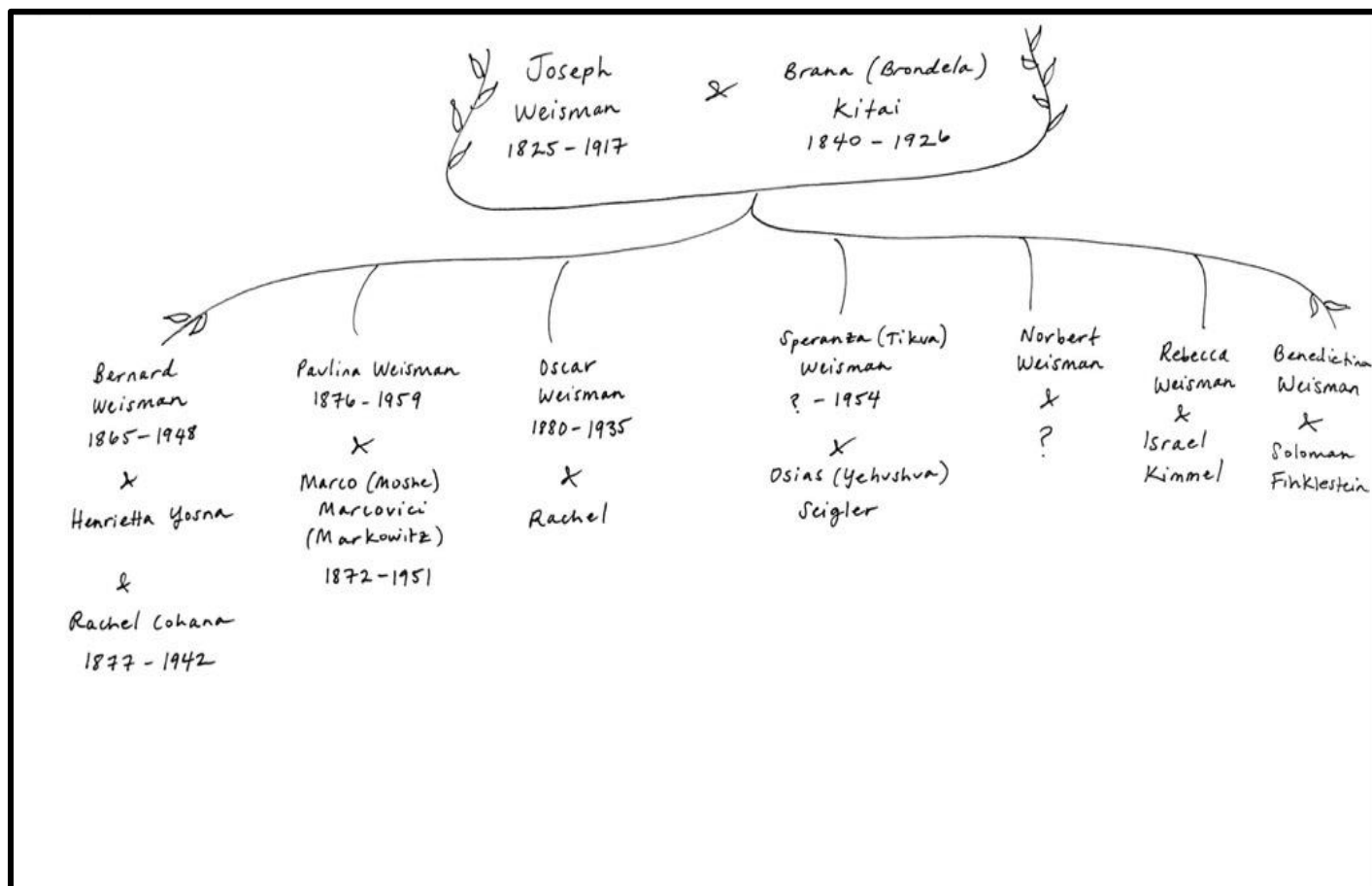


Exhibit 2

Descendants of Morris and Rebecca (nee Solomon) Marcovici (Marco's Parents)

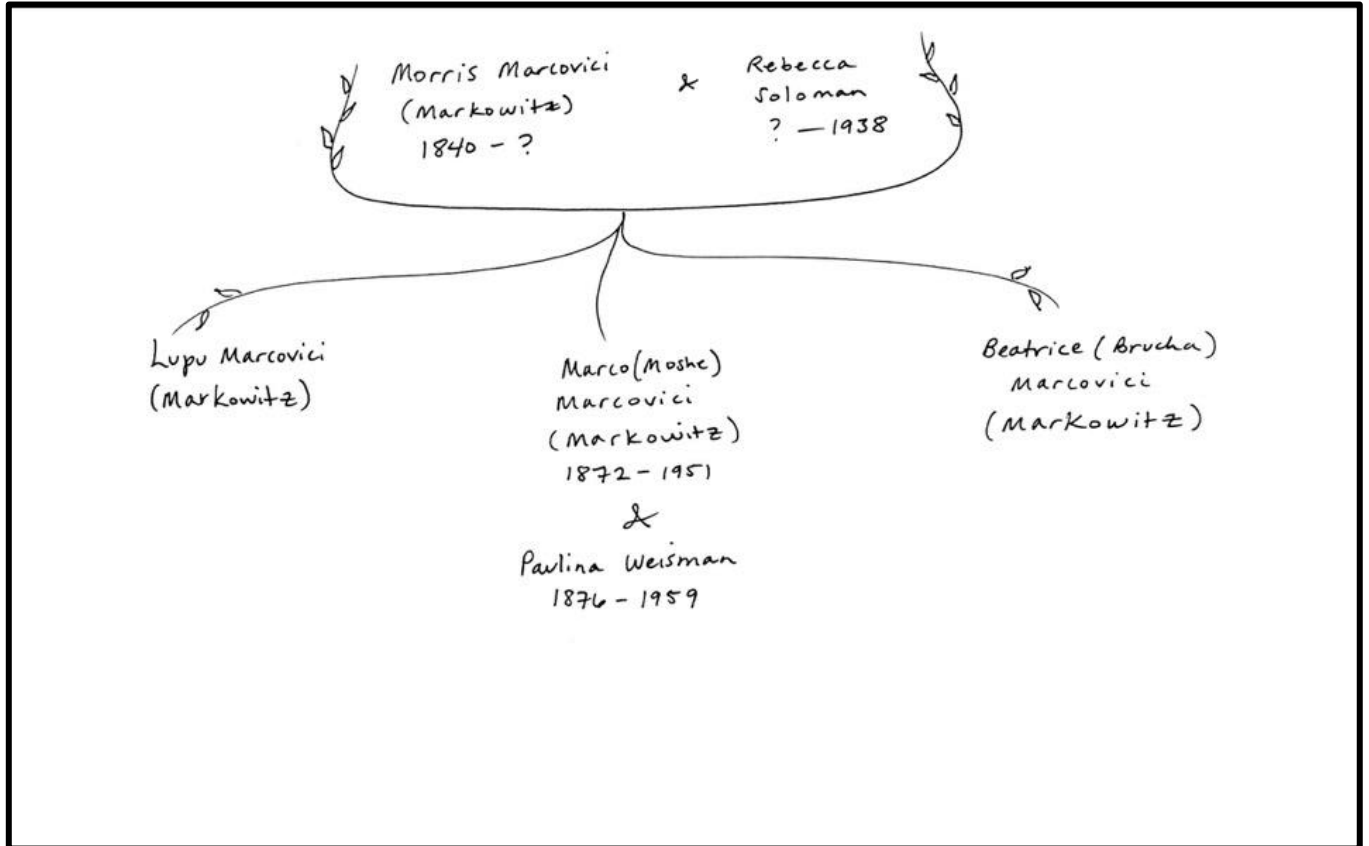


Exhibit 3

Descendants of Bernard Weisman (Henrietta) and (Rachel)

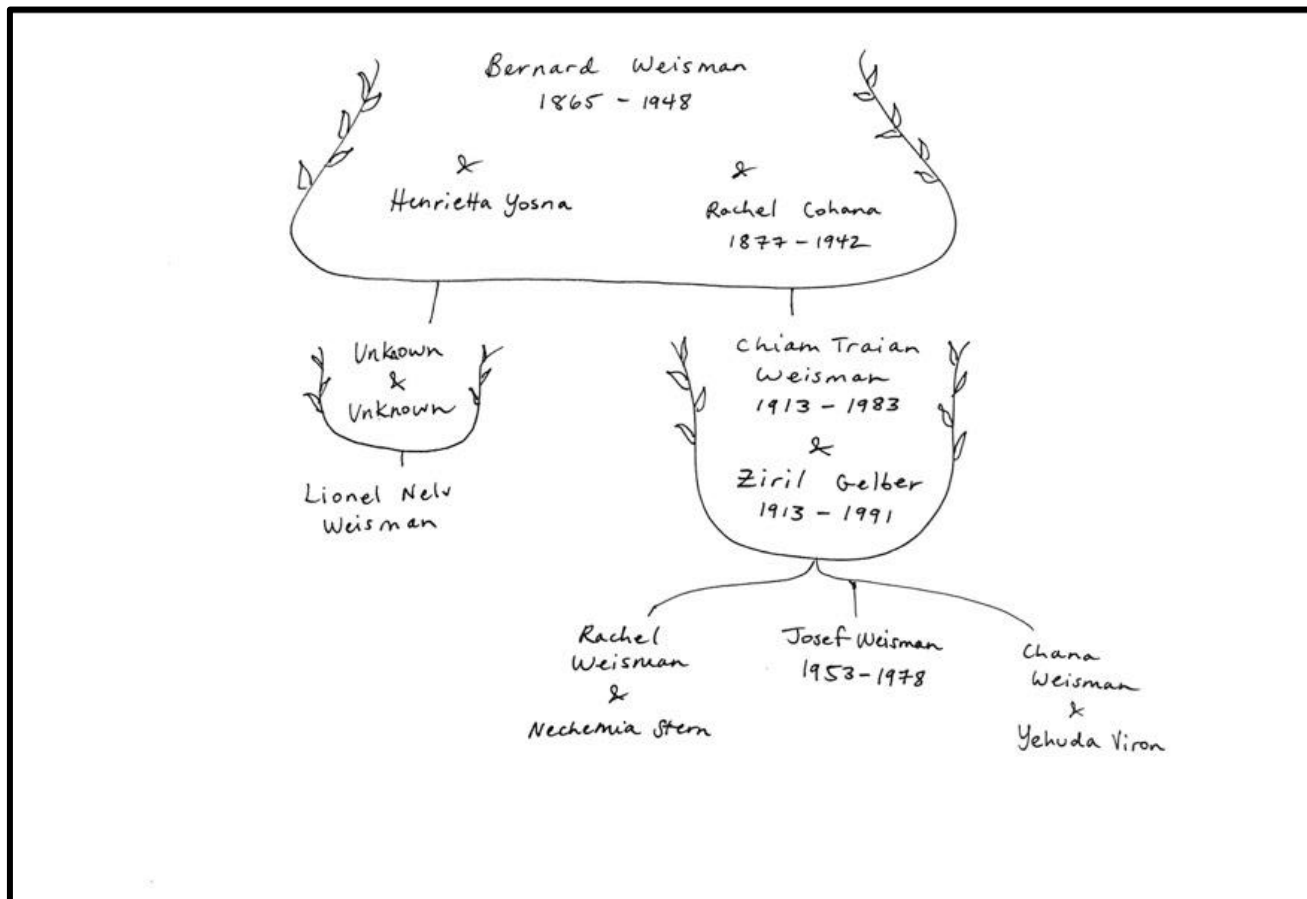


Exhibit 4

Descendants of Paulina (nee Weisman) and Marco Marcovici [Markowitz]

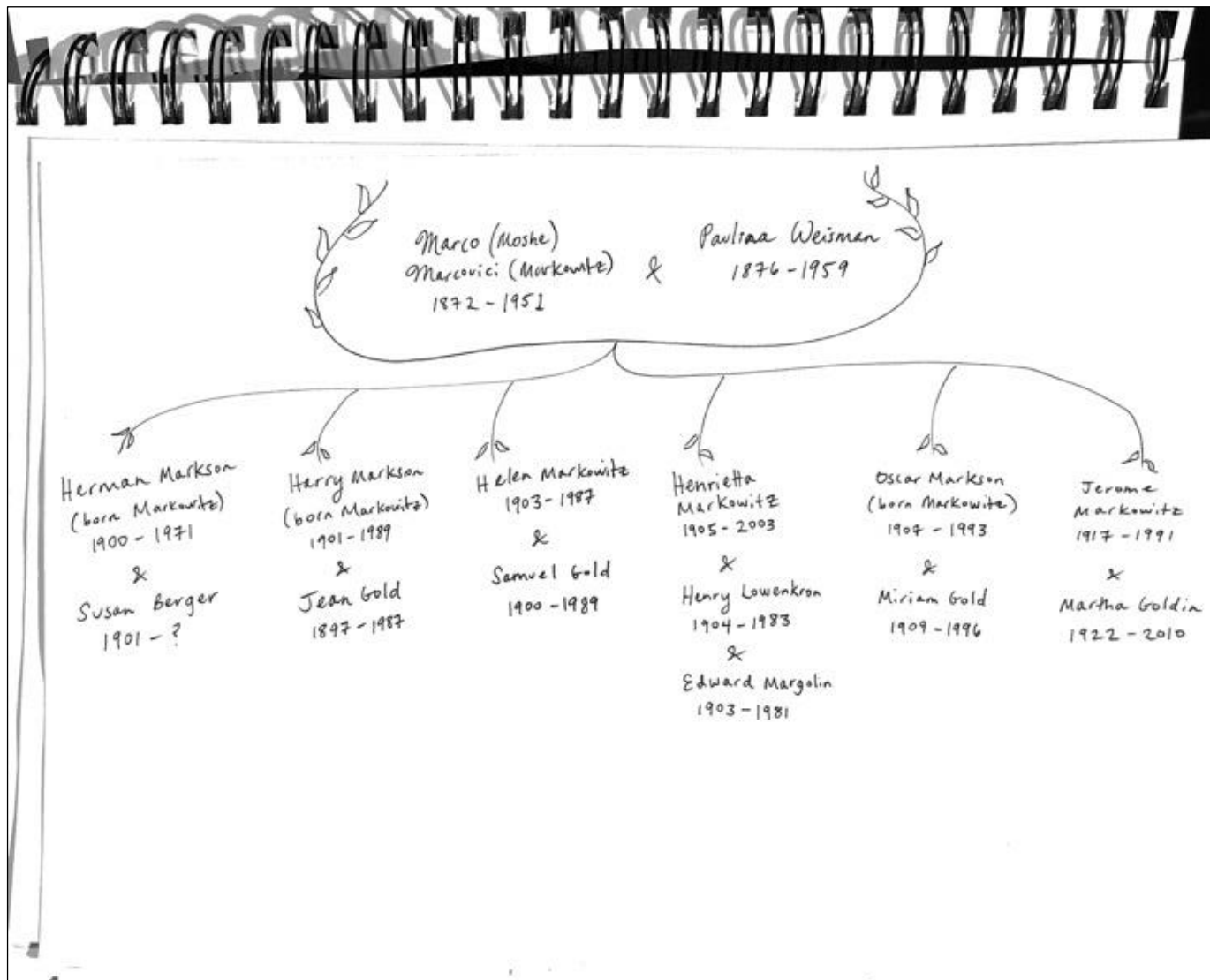


Exhibit 5

Descendants of Speranza (Tikva) (Weisman) and Yehushua Osias Seigler

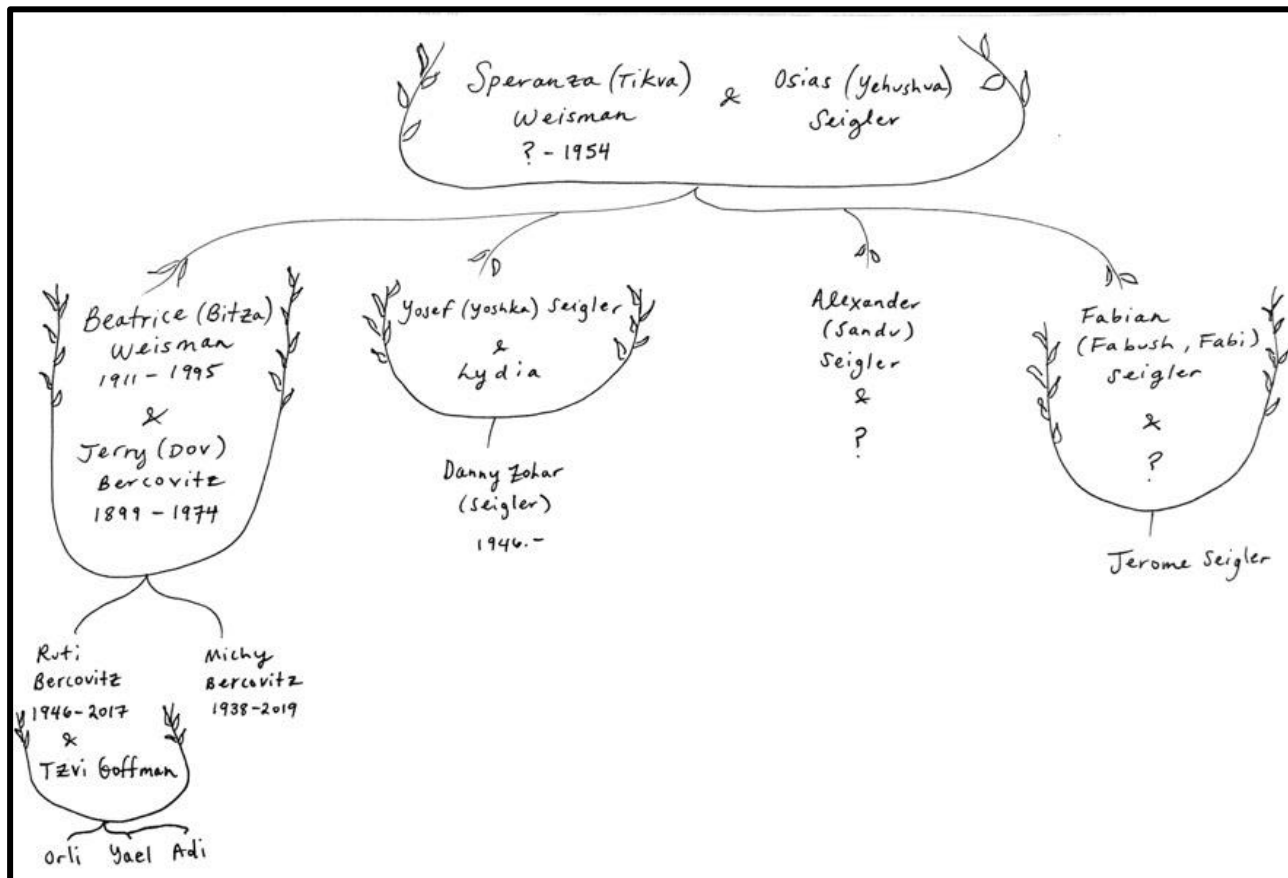


Exhibit 6

Descendants of Benedictina (Weisman) and Solomon Finklestein

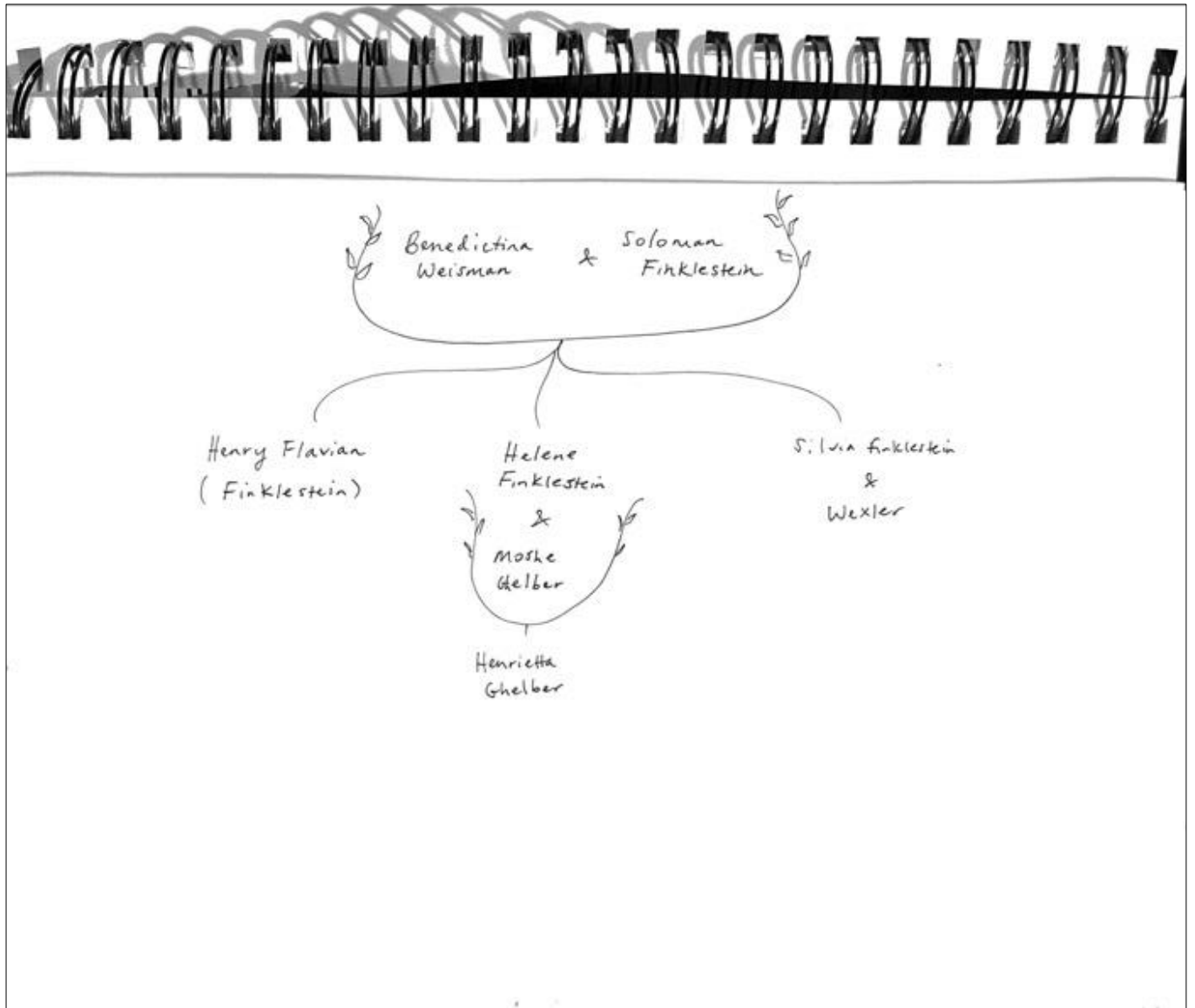


Exhibit 7

Descendants of Helen (Markowitz) (Marcovici) Gold and Samuel Gold

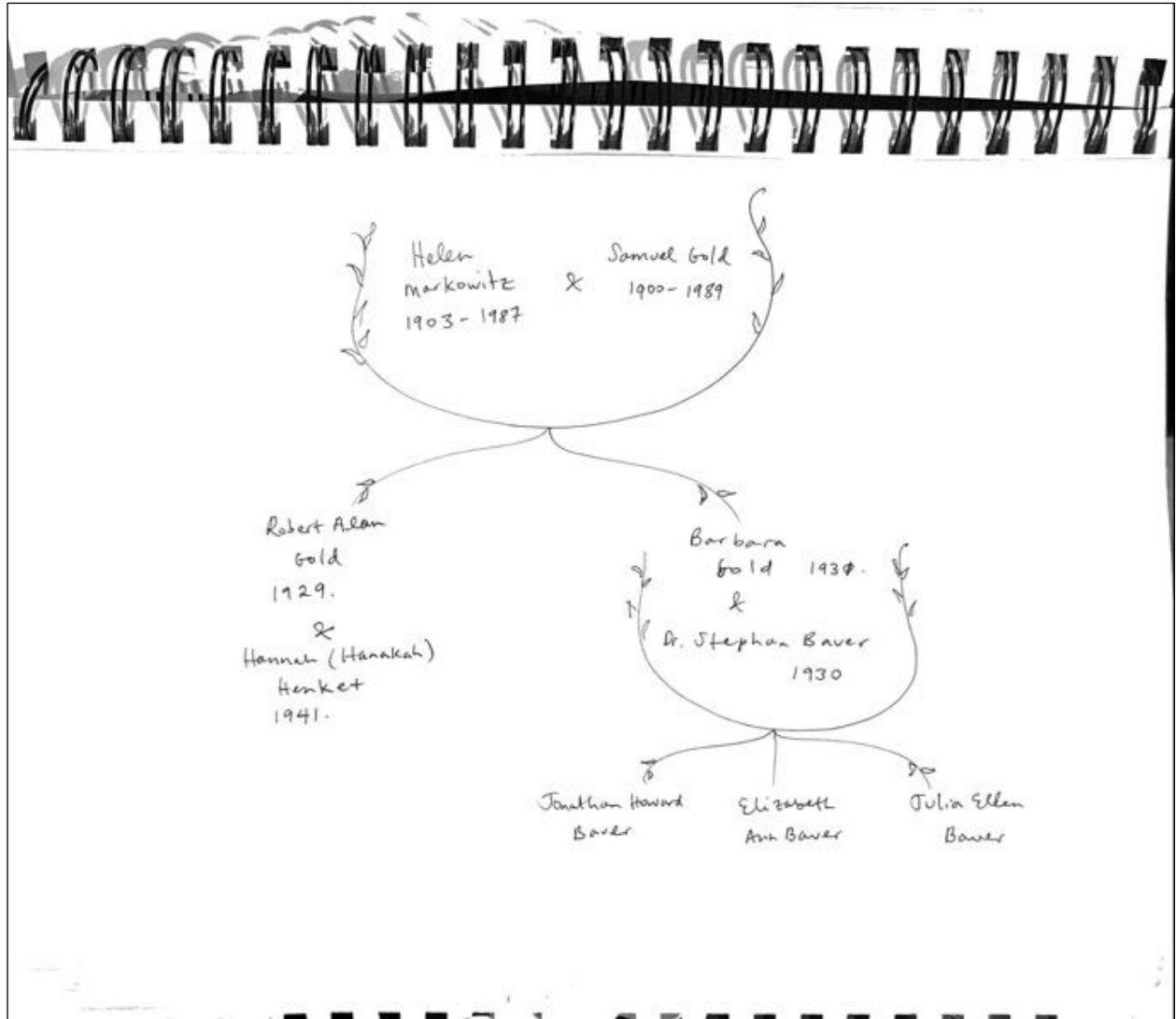
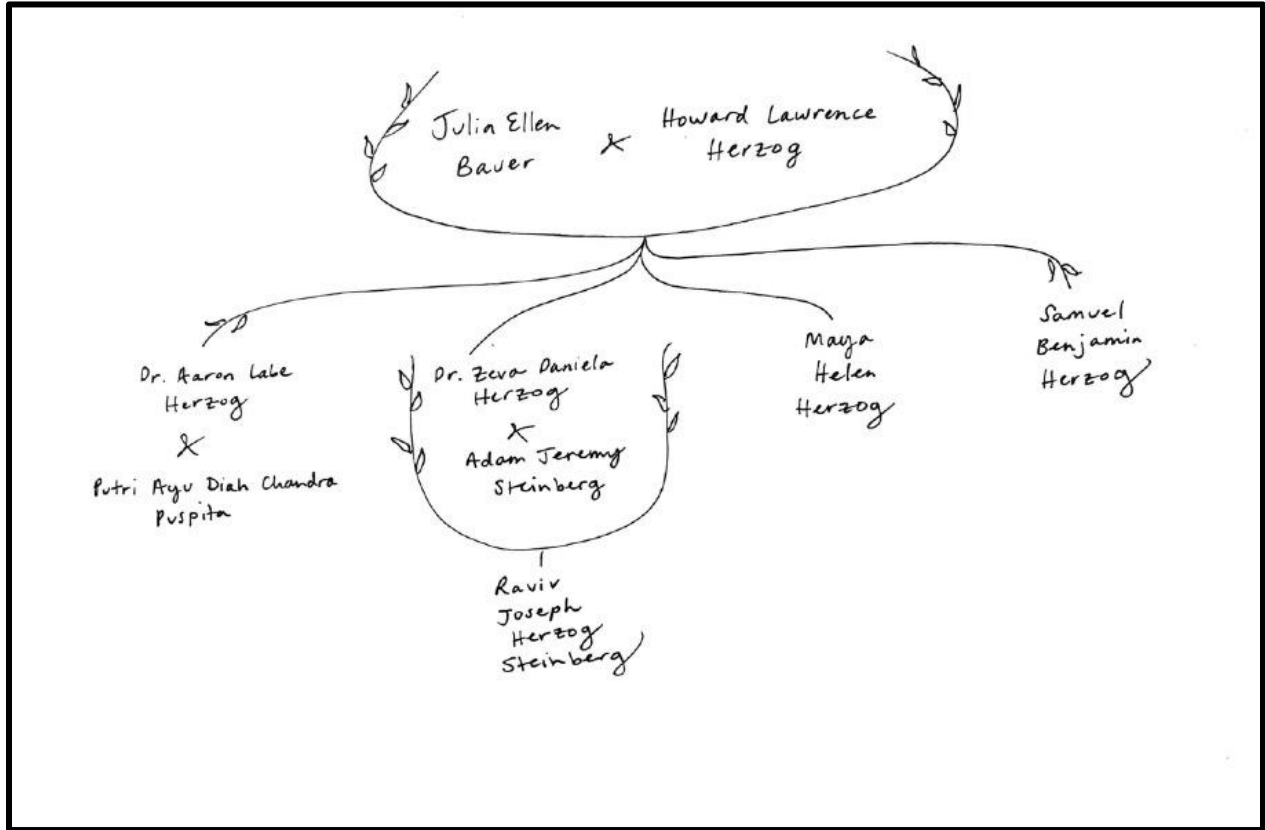


Exhibit 8

Descendants of Julia Ellen (Bauer) and Howard Herzog



Acknowledgements

To the Weissman, Marcovici, Gold and Bauer women— In particular, my great-grandmother, Paulina, my grandmother Helen, my great-aunt Henrietta, and my mother Barbara for meticulously preserving the photo album with its many clues so that I could follow their threads. To my newly found cousins and their families, Rachel (Weisman) Stern, Danny Zohar, Yael Goffman and Emil Nicolae Nadler—for your willingness to open up your lives and stories to me and to re-create connections to our families. To my new friends in Romania, Sorina Postolea and Stefania Iosef—your warm welcome has epitomized Tikkun.

There were many people who helped me with this project along the way. First, any errors or omissions all belong to me, and for that I apologize. I would like to draw special attention and thanks to my mother, Barbara. I have enjoyed seeing your eyes light up each time over the years, when we have talked about your extended family who you clearly love and loved deeply. And to Paulina, my almost namesake, whose strength and determination are an obvious thread in this story. My father, Steve Bauer, who inspired me to study psychoanalytic thought with his great library of books in his own study. My grandmothers, Helen Gold and Sadie Bauer—who gave me, as an aside to their loving, warm natures, the stubbornness to follow through. My sister Betsy Matheny—who encouraged my curiosity, and whose art I cherish. To my four children, Aaron, Daniela, Maya and Sammy—who were willing to hear me talk about this project and each kindly read drafts at different times, and particularly Maya—who didn't know what she was saying when she agreed to be my illustrator! There have been many friends, family and community members, who have shown interest and I hope they find the result inspiring for their own family history search. I cannot name all, so forgive me for forgetting. In particular, my cousin Yosi Zacharin who started this project, and cousin Susan Margolin, who I am happy to be

spontaneously back in touch with, and my friends--Lucy Nerenberg, her mother Gilberta Toma, Jill Swartz, Rabbi Harry Brechner and Rebbetzin Rae Ann Brechner for encouraging me and adding their own wisdom and insights. Zsofi Surjan—who agreed to meet with me weekly and helped me finish. And of course, Margaret Bergmann Ness, my life-long friend, who introduced me to the intricacies of contemporary psychoanalytic ways of thinking and is always willing to leap into conversations with me.

To my supervisor and committee—my deepest thanks for all of your time and support. Dr. Mandeep Kaur Mucina—with deep gratitude for your guidance and support in walking down this alternative path with me. Dr. Charlotte Schallié—Charlotte, your insights have been invaluable. Lee Henderson—your creative talents and help with containing this project were integral. Many thanks to Dr. Matthew Huculak, digital librarian extraordinaire. Sincere thanks to Dr. Belarie Hyman Zatzman, from York University Theatre Studies, for stepping in last minute as external examiner and for her insightful comments. With deeply felt thanks to Dr. Sandrina de Finney, and my PhD cohort, who helped me widen my perspective, and who graciously listened and shared their wisdom with me— Qwul'stun'a'wat/Danielle Alphonse, Eskiselwet/Tracy Underwood_Gina Mowatt, and Travis Yang.

Finally, my husband Howie, without whom this project would have been brief conversations over coffee in the morning, quickly left behind in our busy lives. Outside of my gratitude for endless listening and help with proofreading, there are no words that adequately express my deep love, Howie, which leads me to the little person who is able to express himself so perfectly—our grandson. Raviv—I delight in watching you toddle over to your Zayde with great hugs and pure love, and in that way, speaking for me the words of love that are difficult to craft.

Dedication

To the next generation - Raviv, Tali Bea, Susanna and Albert, and all of the generations that follow.

To my cousin Rachel Weisman's grandfather, Chaim Gelber, his brother Shalom and Shalom's son Yosef Gelber and son-in-law, Dov Barbash who were victims of the Iasi pogrom.

To my cousin Danny Zohar's grandmother, Rachel Dichter and his uncles, Puiu and Filip Burda who were summarily shot and killed by Nazi soldiers in Kishniev (present day Chişinău).

To the men, women and children who were victims of the June 29, 1941 pogrom in Iasi, Romania, may we find you all.

May their memory be for a blessing. זיכרונום לברכה

Introduction

The photographs are buckling and yellowing with age. The tabs that used to hold them in place have gradually become unglued over the years. The photograph album lived in the bottom of a dresser in the summer house. I can't remember when I first saw the photos. Was it when I was a small child, or more recently? Were they at my house when I was growing up, or were they originally at my grandmother's house? I was always fascinated by the photos. I knew that the pictures were of relatives from Romania, before the Second World War, and of my mother's family, after the war.

The photograph album started out as a "mnemonic object" (Schallié, 2019), a living object which I am using as a guide and jumping off point for the re-creation of memory and narration of the past to create a new present. The album is thus becoming a pathway toward the illumination of the textured lives of individuals, my family members, some of whom were caught in the horror of the Shoah. As I engage with each photograph in my grandmother's album, I am trying to find out what happened to the individuals whose gaze connects to me.

My mother's grandparents, Paulina and Marcu Marcovici¹ (see Exhibit 4) lived in Iași, Romania. Marco had a haberdashery store. Marco was the son of Morris Marcovici, a *Shoichet* (kosher butcher) in Iași (see Exhibit 2), and Pauline, the daughter of Josef Weisman, who owned a hardware store in Piatra Neamt, Romania (see Exhibit 1). In 1902, during a pogrom² Pauline and Marco's store was ransacked, and the family fled the violence of Romania. Any other details

¹ Paulina and Marcu Marcovici changed their names gradually to Pauline and Marco Markowitz, I will refer to them as Pauline and Marco, as that is how they are referred to in my family.

² Defined in the Cambridge dictionary as an act of organized cruel behaviour or killing that is done to a large group of people because of their race or religion.

We acknowledge and respect the ɫək^wəŋən peoples on whose traditional territory the university stands and the Songhees, Esquimalt and WŚÁNEĆ peoples whose historical relationships with the land continue to this day.

about the destruction of the store have been lost to time. We only have the bare information from when my mother Barbara Bauer (see Exhibit 7) asked why her grandparents moved to the United States and she was told that men on horseback destroyed her grandparents' store during a pogrom. Marco traveled to New York in December of 1902, with Pauline traveling a year and a half later after my grandmother was born, with their three children, Helen, Herman and Harry. Three more children were born in the United States, Henrietta, Oscar and finally Jerome.

Romania has a complex history concerning its Jewish population, with antisemitism, hatred of Jews as an aspect of Romanian society (Ancel, 2011). Jews had an inferior position within society, and were considered foreigners (Ancel, 2011). The intricacy and entanglement of Jewish history, changing political borders and antisemitism in the Romanian historical regions of Moldavia and Bukovina is beyond the scope of this dissertation, however it is important to note that Jewish presence in the area has been dated to the 1st century BCE (Costachie, S., 2010). Led by a photo album, my work is a presentation of a family experience. My family in Romania was solidly middle class at the turn of the 19th century— tailors and shopkeepers. Iași, Romania is close to the border of the modern state of Moldova, and in the area of Romania termed Moldavia. The Jewish population was concentrated in the historical region of Moldavia, an area which includes Iași and Piatra Neamt, and Transylvania. Marco's family, the Marcovicis, lived in Iași, and Pauline Weisman's family were from Piatra Neamt, approximately 200 km east of Iași, in the Eastern Carpathian mountains. The early 1900s was a time plagued by violent pogroms. A much-publicized pogrom occurred in 1902 in a community then called Kishniev, or Kishineff, approximately 200km north of Iași, in present-day Chișinău, Moldova. A 1903 New York Times article provided the following description (see Figure 1):

The bloody massacre at Kishineff has irritated the Rumanian populace and they are like hyenas who have smelled blood from afar. All the Jews in Roumania are almost frightened to death. The Christians of...and many other places proclaim openly that they will massacre all the Jews (New York Times, 1903, May 21).

In this environment of terror, Paulina Weisman Marcovici gave birth to her third child, Helen (who would be my grandmother), and then traveled with the children to the United States to join her husband Marco Marcovici.

Forty years later Pauline and Marco's brothers, sisters and their families who remained in Romania were visited by the extreme horror of the Shoah. In June of 1941, approximately 15,000 Jews were massacred in Iași, Romania by the police, and military, with the broad participation of local civilians. The Jewish population of Iași at the time numbered 45,000 (Yad Vashem, 2004). By the end of the Second World War, half of the Jewish population of Romania had been murdered (Yad Vashem, 2004).

In this backdrop, guided by my great-grandmother Pauline's photograph album, my exploration of my family history began.

Figure 1

New York Times, May 21, 1903

JEWIS IN ROUMANIA AND POLAND ALARMED

**Letters Show That Passion
Against Them Is Widespread.**

**Armed Guards in Warsaw Protected
Jews—Suffering at Kishineff—
More Contributions Sent.**

Information showing that the outrages at Kishineff had an effect of inflaming anti-Jew passions elsewhere than in Bessarabia was received yesterday in this city. Alarming conditions in Warsaw, Russian Poland, and Roumania, were described in letters. Further details of the disaster at Kishineff were also received. It is said that 20,000 Jews are preparing to emigrate to America.

The Jewish Daily News is in possession of a letter received a few days ago by a prominent Jew of this city from his brother in Warsaw. The writer's name is not divulged for fear that the Russian authorities might inflict punishment upon him. In part it reads:

Of course you have heard and read about Kishineff. Here in Warsaw it whirled on us to that every one expected to do his utmost. We consequently looked forward to additional news, but it seems that our agitation was understood and calmed as a matter of fact.

Here in Warsaw we expected a riot on May 3, and indeed it did occur. All our Jewish youth were organized and had squads in every corner. We did indeed and ourselves in the afternoon looking and picked minute men in front of the churches. These minute men were young men armed with revolvers loaded with heavy cartridges. The streets swarmed with our boys and a long line to them.

So cheerfully armed and prepared were we that we were not afraid and the Christiana feared to walk through the streets. We were not afraid of the police and the army, and you will see some signs of the talk going on now. These things were done and without fear. The Jewish world that charges us brought against the whole Police Department of Kishineff, whom it declares as being primarily to blame for the disaster.

When Leshchinski, the Imperial Chief of Police, advised us yesterday he said indirectly who the Police were. This little man succeeded in convincing the Chief of Police, the Colonel, the Mayor, and all the rest of our white devil's crew.

The Jewish Herald, 122 Canal Street, yesterday published from its correspondence in Bessarabia a letter dated May 1, and which

My research uses the idea that autoethnographic creative writing, multi-media depiction of narratives, and hearing, writing, and telling the stories of my family will create new encounters and evidence concerning the impacts of catastrophic events on a family. I am using autoethnography and writing as a method of inquiry. Interviews with extended family and travel created realizations and surprises. The photograph album has helped me navigate as a witness and participant and become familiar with the terrain of Romania and the relatives I have encountered. The new stories that unfolded during my journey are helping me to puzzle and parse through the faded particles of stories that I had heard from my childhood. Do catastrophic events permeate through multi-generations? Can creative autoethnographical witnessing and exploration of family stories in a narrative help develop insight concerning the transgenerational impacts of the Shoah? Could a multi-media presentation of an ordinary extended family

impacted by pogroms and the Shoah be a contribution toward education concerning antisemitism and other forms of hate generally, and specifically within the Romanian landscape. How can the portrayal of a family, fragmented by the Shoah, deepen the sensitivity of helping professionals toward their clients? Will the process of autoethnographic creative writing, combined with multimedia depictions of a story as an art-based expression of research, develop a representation of that which had been disavowed? Can the representation then be added to the repertoire of effective discourse and action toward combatting antisemitism and other forms of hate? I invite the reader to join me in my explorations, through theoretical inquiries, experimental methodologies and an ongoing experiential analysis.

Chapter One: A Family Memento

The photograph album was a family memento, with photos of Pauline and Marco's siblings and their children. Subsequently, I discovered some of the photographs are more like postcards, with greetings to Marco or Pauline written in Romanian on the verso. Over the years my mother took great care with the photo album. When the photos started to fall out, she reattached them by gluing tiny black corners into the album so that each photograph could be carefully tucked in rather than being glued directly onto the pages. Time has worn all of us, and the album crumbles more each time I handle it. My mother, who is almost 90, and I took the album to the University of Victoria library where they digitized the photographs to preserve them. I struggled with how to find out what happened to our family members in the photograph album during the Second World War. They are my cousins, my grandparents' aunts and uncles, and their children.

The impact of the Shoah on my family is difficult to discern, but subtly present. Initially, I have specifically figured out something about our cousins, through conversations with my mother and through interviewing my Israeli cousin Yosi. Marco Marcovici, my great-grandfather, had a much younger sister named Brucha (whose Romanian name was Beatrice) (see Exhibit 2) meaning "blessed" in Hebrew³. There is another Beatrice, Pauline and Marco's niece, who was usually called "Bitza" (See Exhibit 5). I later discovered that Marco had another sibling, a brother, Lupu. Families were often large in that generation, but I only have information about the two siblings of Marco. My great-grandmother Pauline was one of seven siblings,

³ Jewish naming practices often include giving a child a name in their country of residence's language, along with a Hebrew name, and in Romania, frequently a name in Yiddish as well.

Speranza, Rebecca, Benedictina, Norbert, Bernard and Oscar. Pauline was the only sibling who left Romania to live in the United States before the Second World War.

Fragments of Stories

The story I heard is that Benedictina (see Exhibit 6) survived the Shoah and walked out of Romania, journeyed somehow to Paris and finally got to New York where Benedictina may have stayed with my great-grandmother Pauline for some time. Or perhaps Benedictina did not leave Romania at all and it was her daughter, Helena, who walked out of Romania after the war. Perhaps it was their sister Rebecca who stayed in New York for a while.

Stories are jumbled and I only know fragments. I frequently heard my mother mention Benedictina's son Henry Flavian who lived in Paris. Pauline had a guest bedroom in her apartment that was frequently visited by Romanian relatives, said my mother. Oscar died young, before the war. Gradually, I found part-answers to some of my questions.

Figure 2

Wedding photo of Oscar and Rachel, 1923



Note: Illustration by Maya Herzog

One of Benedictina's daughters, Helena, immigrated to Israel, and my cousin Yosi interviewed her over twenty years ago about our family history. From Helena we know that her Uncle Bernard Weisman's descendants (see Exhibit 3) also found refuge in Israel after the Second World War.

At first, I had no information about Pauline's siblings', Speranza (see Exhibit 5), Rebecca or Norbert and their families. At the time of writing I still do not have any information about Marco's relatives including his sister Brucha. The stories of Marco and Pauline's niece Bitza (the other Beatrice), her husband Jerry, and their baby boy Michy whose photographs figure prominently in the album came to light later, during my research and are described below.

Although my information is scrambled and vague, it appears that Pauline's siblings all survived the Shoah in Romania and they and/or their descendants immigrated to Israel. What I do know is that Pauline visited Romania in 1923 and that was the last time she was able to see all her family together, and that Marco never returned to Romania.

In 1946 my mother spent her last year of high school living in Florida with her grandparents, Pauline and Marco. She went south to escape the cold winters of Pennsylvania as she suffered from ill health in the northern winters. I imagine the time with her grieving grandparents. My uncle remembers Pauline crying over the postcards, but my mother does not hold that memory.

Years later my mother interviewed great-aunt Henrietta and asked her about each person in the album, so many of the people's names have been identified. I always thought of these people as my "ancestors", people from previous generations who had lived, grown old and died peaceably. There is a formal portrait of my great-great grandmother Brondela; her head is covered by a shawl, she wears a plain dark coat of good quality, she does not smile. Or there is

my great-great--grandfather, Joseph Weisman, who owned a hardware store in Piatra Neamt, Romania. They were my great-grandmother Pauline's parents (see Figure 3).

Figure 3

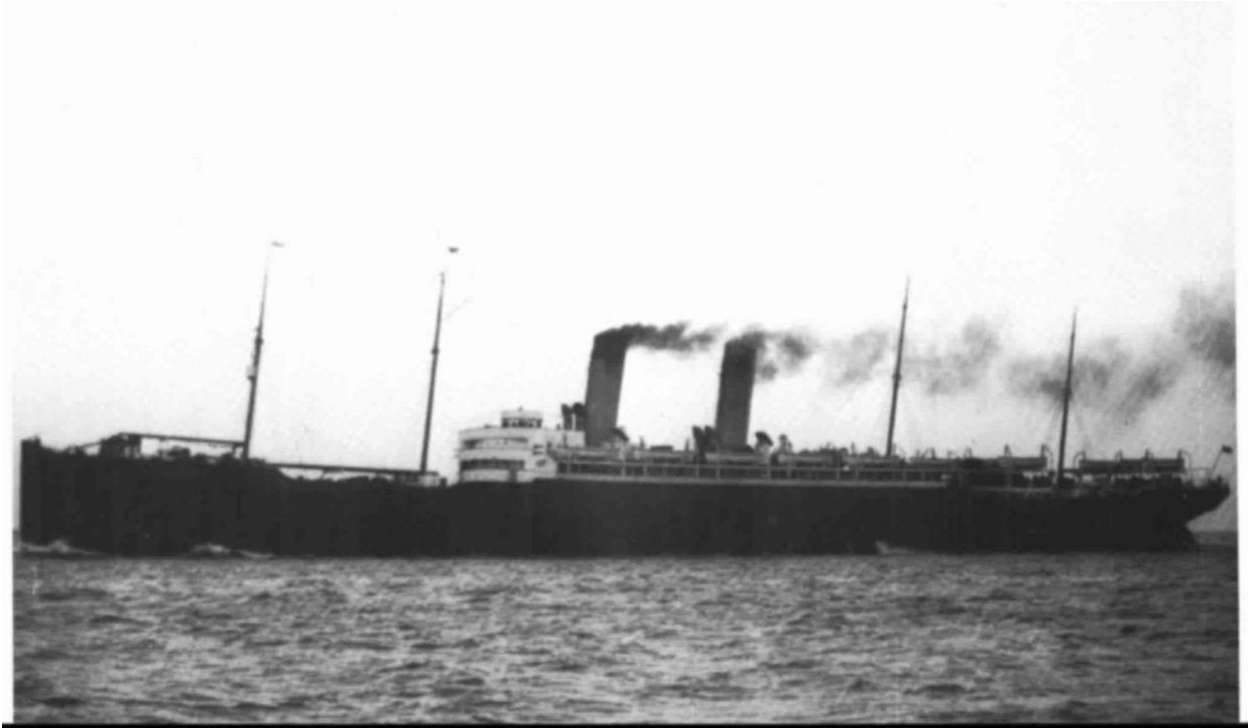
Josif and Brondela Weisman, Piatra Neamt, Romania, c.1915



I have been thinking about Pauline and her six brothers and sisters. Pauline and her children would have traveled steerage class on the S.S. Zeeland (see Figure 4), traveling on the crowded ship across the ocean, landing on Ellis Island in New York in 1904.

Figure 4

S.S. Zeeland



Curiously, Pauline repeated the journey years later, by herself, when she returned to visit her family in Romania in 1923 (see Figure 5). My mother said it had been a journey of recovery to spend time at a spa, after a loss.

Figure 5

Pauline Markowitz (nee Marcovici) (bottom left, seated) and her siblings, Romania, 1923



Pauline is sitting on a garden bench, next to her sister, Benedictina. The photograph was taken in 1923, in Romania, the last time Pauline saw her sisters, who all stand behind her. There is a young girl, dressed in white, with a flower in her hair and a serious expression, sitting in front of Pauline and Benedictina. The young girl might be Brucha, Marco's much younger sister. At first glance they all look quite somber, but focusing in, I see the slight glimmer of a smile on Pauline's face.

Figure 6

(Brucha Marcovici), Marco's youngest sister, undated



The photograph above is of a Brucha Marcovici, her delicate, fine features looking out at me. She is posed reclining on a chaise, with her arms resting on an embroidered pillow wearing a simple but elegant white shirt. In the tilt of her head, I see the gentle expression of her youth and vulnerability. Brucha Marcovici would have lived in Iași, Romania. Looking into Brucha's thoughtful eyes is more than the fact that she once lived, but is also connected to me as the viewer and within the context of the photographer. Who took the photograph, and what were they thinking? Simultaneously, I wonder about this lovely young woman, what were her hopes and dreams? Why do I feel drawn to her? As I started to think more specifically about the people in the photographs, I started to wonder where were my grandparents' aunts and uncles and cousins at the time of the Shoah?

Figure 7

Pauline's sister Speranza Seiglar and her family, November 1937



My mother did not recall having any great-aunts or great-uncles in her life. Within the search for answers to my questions is a struggle against the awkward silence in my memory. I have read and heard about what happened to Jews in Romania during the war—how they were summarily shot, murdered, or thrown into trains without food, water or sanitation, for days and days, bodies being thrown out of the train as it progressed on its journey to Transnistria—a place

of torture and starvation. Some Jews managed to hide in the countryside or in Bucharest or other cities, still existing in a state of terror for years (Alpern, 2001; Carmelly, 2015, Hirsch, 2010). Once, I asked my mother what she thought happened to the family members in the photographs. Her answer: “they all perished during the war”. This terrible yet oddly unelaborated statement is one starting point of my inquiry. Hearing my mother’s brief words, sparked a new awareness that the story of our family’s experience during the Shoah was something previously undiscussed, a silence that was reluctantly opened with my question. I would return many times to my mother’s words before recognizing their import.

In my family, the Shoah was something that happened to others, not to our relatives, although certainly to our friends. My grandparents arrived as young children to the United States; my great-grandparents having left Eastern Europe at the turn of the 20th century. Thus there was a belief that the Shoah did not have an impact on our family. I choose the term “Shoah” deliberately. Shoah (“the destruction”) is the Hebrew word meaning catastrophe or destruction to refer to the murder and persecution of European Jewry by the Nazis, and I follow Yad Vashem in using that nomenclature. I prefer the term “Shoah” to “Holocaust”, the origin of which is a sacrifice consumed by fire (Berenbaum, 2019). The idea of a sacrifice is abhorrent, there were no sacrifices, only murders.

The photographs are artifacts of an uncomfortable silence, and the development of an illusory family memory covering an inarticulated loss. The photograph album belonging to my great-grandmother was cared for delicately, first by my great-grandmother, then by my grandmother and then by my mother. It is an enigma that the album existed without its story being told to the next generation. The photo album was an item of curiosity and care. When we were young my sister and I sat together peering over the pages with fascination, a treasure from

the distant past we thought. Yet there were no conversations among the adults in our family about the people in the album. The mute existence of the album belongs to that which is known and not known (Caruth, 1996; Faimberg, 2012) simultaneously—a belief that among our family members, my grandparent’s aunts, uncles and cousins, there were those who perished in the Shoah.

My Research Focus

Recovering the stories of my relatives is the mechanism of understanding the silence, retrieving the existence of family members who may have perished in the Shoah, and honoring their memory and helping my children and grandchildren connect to their ancestors. This is one form of taking back the lives from the Shoah and claiming them in all the richness they deserve. Can this act of transgenerational witnessing inform others affected by catastrophic loss? Is there a possibility of collaborative sharing to foster healing and illumination, starting with my own family stories and expanding out to my community and other communities affected by oppression, persecution and genocide?

Intergenerational Witnessing

I am focusing on my relatives’ stories, in the hope to become clear about the vague and perhaps yet undiscovered past. I feel a responsibility to research Pauline and Marco’s brothers, sisters and cousins to find out what happened to them during the Shoah. This obligation also reflects my commitment to future generations, as Hirsch (2017) so aptly expressed, to use my sensitivity inherited from my forebears to address contemporary wrongs and apply my own responsiveness locally. In thinking about responsibility to my forebears, I note that a connection to our ancestors is intrinsic to Jewish practices and cosmologies. The *Amidah*, the central daily prayer of Jewish practice is a pathway seeking divine inspiration, invoking our ancestors who are

seen as a key for entering prayer consciousness. We see ourselves as guided by and cared for by our ancestors (personal communication, Rabbi Harry Brechner, June 4, 2020). The Jewish Ashkenazi tradition starts with naming our children after a relative who has passed away and is elaborated with a rich and complex practice of remembrance which continues throughout our lives.

I am structuring my encounter with the photograph album drawing from memory and Holocaust studies (Assmann, 2016; Caruth, 1996, Hirsch, 2008; LaCapra, 1994), literature (De Waal, 2010, Sebald, 2001, Spiegelman, 1986, Wiesel, 1978), material cultures (Bennett, 2010; Hoskins, 2009; Kidron, 2010; Kopytoff, 1986; Latour, 2014, Schallié, 2019), autoethnography (Ellis, 2007, 2014) and contemporary psychoanalytic theory (Cavalli, 2012; Frankel, 2003; Ferro, 2006; Frie, 2019; Levine, 2017; Garon, 2012; Salberg & Grand, 2017) to frame my approach. I am particularly influenced by an early reading of Art Spiegelman's classic graphic novels about his family's experience in the Shoah *Maus I and Maus II* (1973, 1986) long before my dissertation was imagined. When discussing the creation of *Maus* Spiegelman (2011) explained:

The subject of *Maus* is the retrieval of memory and ultimately, the creation of memory.

The story of *Maus* isn't just the story of a son having problems with his father, and it's not just the story of what a father lived through. It's about choices being made, of finding what one can tell, and what one can reveal, and what one can reveal beyond what one knows one is revealing. These are the things that give real tensile strength to the work...

(p. 73).

I consider my project as an effort to create new memories out of destruction, to take the gentle photographs of my relatives and rescue them from their unknown past. My theoretical

discussion starts with psychoanalytic theorists who have discussed traumatic loss from a transgenerational point of view and articulated the progression of that thought to currently incorporate social, cultural and political awareness. Secondly, I will look at how memory studies theorists have applied psychoanalytic concepts to broader questions of memory and representation. While theorists frequently discuss the impact of the Shoah on the descendants of survivors, I am particularly focusing on my extended family, and their absence. How their absence manifested as intergenerational silence is a point of curiosity and sorrow. In this work, my effort is to transform the loss of family history into an act of witnessing and restoration of their existence. Does this act of telling a story transmit and share an element of healing for others? Within the context of a cultural, familial and contemporary perspective, I will cautiously pursue my Romanian relatives' stories, which begin inside of a photograph album.

Living Objects and the Power of Stories

Jane Bennett (2011) highlights the active role that nonhuman material objects can take on with the idea of “thing-power” (p. 20), the vitality of things. The concept of “thing-power” is a starting point, to understand the kinetic potency of the photograph album not tied to the binary of life versus matter, but conceptualized as a source of energy (Bennett, 2010). Bennett (2010) draws on Bruno Latour’s concept of “actant”, meaning a thing that has agency that depends on its interaction with many bodies and forces (p. 21). Latour (2014) wrote: “The Earth has now taken back all the characteristics of a full-fledged actor. Indeed, as Dipesh Chakrabarty has proposed, it has become once again an agent of history, or rather, an agent of what I have proposed to call our common geostory” (p. 3). Bennett restated Spinoza’s characterization of a falling stone as having the agency to aspire to continue its motion in the context of her idea of the power of things (p.2). Thus the photo album played an active role as it tumbled through my

life initiating my own actions. The concept of thing power is related to other post-modern conceptions of self. For example, Buber (1970) characterized the self as blended with the natural world, removing distinctions between self and other, between “I and thou”. Buber (1970) wrote:

I contemplate a tree....I can feel it as movement: the flowing veins around the sturdy, striving core...I can assign it to a species and observe it as an instance, with an eye to its construction and way of life...I can dissolve it into a number, into a pure relation between numbers, and eternalize it. Throughout all this the tree remains my object and has its place and its time span, its kind and condition. But it can also happen, if will and grace are joined, that as I contemplate the tree I am drawn into a relation, and the tree ceases to be an It. (Buber, 1970, p. 58)

The photograph album is an object in the living room, it sits on a shelf, how does it speak (Mitchell, 1996)? As a child I experienced the album as a pleasurable journey into the past. As an adult I began to investigate and interrogate the object. Now, inside are photographs that reach out to me in a moment’s breath. The dusty album has used its own power as we interact. The album has taken me traveling to far points. This year, I was the first member of my extended family to travel to Romania in almost one hundred years even though our family had centuries of presence there before the war.

The idea of the earth as agent of its history has been present in Jewish ontologies. For example, in Judaism, the name *Adam* means human and *Adamah*, meaning the earth or soil illustrates how humans are made of the soil (Sultar, 1998) and the name Eve or Chavah, comes from the Hebrew, *chai* meaning life. There are further ontologies inside Judaism that speak to the oneness of world, rather than in dualities separating person from stone or plant or animal. Jewish cosmologies include the view that all of creation is alive and contain elements of the spiritual,

thus the world is experienced as sentient. This viewpoint progresses to an “I-Thou” integrated approach to the natural world and departs from the “I-it” (Buber, 1970 as cited in Gendler, 1998) or objectified notion of perceiving stones and trees as objects without sentience. (Gendler, 1998). In many North American Indigenous ontologies, as well, there are ancient teachings which engage in a relational view of the world. In Nishnaabeg ontology, knowledge and intelligence Simpson (2014) teaches us that Nishnaabeg intelligence is particularly useful for thinking about interrelationships and responsibility. Simpson portrays a Nishnaabeg story about a young girl learning from animal friends and trees about maple syrup, thus illustrating “land as pedagogy”. Simpson stated:

Meaning then is derived not through content or data, or even theory in a western context, which by nature is decontextualized knowledge, but through a compassionate web of interdependent relationships that are different and valuable because of that difference. Individuals carry the responsibility for generating meaning within their own lives—they carry the responsibility for engaging their minds, bodies and spirits in a practice of generating meaning. Within Nishnaabewin, I am responsible for my thoughts and ideas. I am responsible for my own interpretation and that is why you’ll always hear from our Elders what appears to be them ‘qualifying’ their teachings with statements that position them as learners, that position their ideas as their own understandings, and place their teachings within the context of their own lived experience. This is deliberate, ethical and profoundly careful within Nishnaabewin because to do otherwise is considered arrogant and intrusive with the potential to interfere with other beings’ life pathways. (p.11).

While Simpson’s description of our responsibility toward our own ethics and pathways are beyond my narrative and not of my culture, I am touched by the images and words depicted

of discovery and exploration of knowledge and trees, of love learned by a small girl through the making of maple syrup and learning from the creatures around her. What I have learned from Simpson about placing my work in the context of my own lived experience connects to my journey, which is to locate and reconnect to past knowledge since violently erased in the Shoah. I am taking this journey primarily in my new home in Victoria, British Columbia, the traditional territory of the Lək̓ʷəŋən peoples including the Songhees, SXIMELEĒ (Esquimalt) and W̱SÁNEĆ peoples. I walk frequently in the land traditionally stewarded by the Lək̓ʷəŋən speaking peoples, and find that while I gain my own sense of equanimity from walking in the quiet local forest I also recognize the echoes of an erasure similar to that of the Romanian Jews throughout Vancouver Island. My own lived experience includes the necessity and obligation to connect to my past and to apply that connection to the present. Thus, my obligation is to my ancestors, but I have a simultaneous obligation born of my own awareness of contemporary oppression occurring in my community to work responsively and with responsibility toward preventing and ameliorating the wrongs in my present home.

Encounter and Slow Awakening

My encounters with the photograph album occurred over time (from my childhood onward), and in an unexpected manner created my current inquiry, a discovery and exploration of family history. The encounter involved an uncanny combination of interactions, timing, curiosity to a result—a slow awakening of the understanding of the impact of the Shoah on my own existence. Latour (1999) brought up how surprise is provoked: “There is no object, no subject. . . . But there are events. I never act; I am always slightly surprised by what I do” (Bennett, 2010, p. 27). The elements of surprise and encounter mirror and support the evolving, organic nature of my process of the renewed discovery of the photograph album and ensuing

doctoral inquiry. I started my research with only bare knowledge, some photographs and a belief, transmitted over generations, that some family members perished in the Shoah. As I step closer to gathering more information, I became simultaneously anxious (not knowing what facts I will be facing) and more curious. Using the photograph album as a guiding force helped me to contain the waves of uncertainty as I reached out to living relatives, and when I traveled across the ocean to Romania to search the archival records for more information. I am connecting with an unfathomable web of history that lives dormant underneath our extended family's narrative, an action that is simultaneously uncomfortable and creative. Is the information that I seek buried in the Romanian national archives, protected by a reluctant government? How will my discoveries impact the generations to follow?

Objects as a Window

The task of remembering and using objects as a window into a family history has been used to illuminate a complex past. For instance, De Waal (2010) traced Japanese Netsuke, tiny objects of Japanese art, which he inherited and used as a guide to his storytelling process. De Waal remarked about the living power of objects and the choices involved with story-telling:

This pulse intrigues me. There is a breath of hesitancy before touching or not touching, a strange moment. If I choose to pick up this small white cup with its single chip near the handle, will it figure in my life? A simple object, this cup that is more ivory than white, too small for morning coffee, not quite balanced, could become part of my life of handled things. It could fall away in to the territory of personal story-telling: the sensuous, sinuous intertwining of things with memories. A favoured, favourite thing. Or I could put it away. Or I could pass it on. (p.17)

Messages from Postcards

It would be much easier to leave the photo album alone. But there is some kind of pulsing connection that draws me on to seek more information about what happened to my family. What type of residue of the Shoah has shifted through the cracks between generations? Inside my family’s photo album are postcards with words in a language my family no longer understands. In my family, no one speaks, reads or understands Romanian or Yiddish anymore. There is the postcard photograph of Traian Weisman, sent in 1934. Traian’s appearance is refined, with a neatly ironed collar and a custom-tailored suit. Perhaps his tie is colorful, showing a flair for style.

Figure 8

Traian Weisman, Peatra Neamt, Romania, 1934, and verso of photograph



Transgenerational Remembering

Hirsch (2006) postulated that postmemory may be seen as an “intersubjective transgenerational space of remembering, linked specifically to cultural or collective trauma” (p. 10) and queried whether only subsequent generations are able to witness and work through the previous generations’ experiences. Thus, my exploration of the photograph album has become

possible as a member of a subsequent generation, taking over from the previous generations. The photograph album is an intersubjective object through which I am conversing with my ancestors. How does an object function as a partner in a relationship? Brown (2006) engaged with psychoanalysis' theory of object relations, which relates to the inter-and intrapersonal and considered instances where psychoanalytic theory turned its attentions to things. In the case of object relations in psychoanalytic theory, the "objects" are internalized and externalized, the voices held inside the individual's psyche. Brown (2006) discussed Melanie Klein's play therapy techniques wherein the child's interactions with toys are expressions of the child's fantasies and projections, that is, the child's internal objects. Brown (2006) noted that Klein's work "allows us to perceive modes of separation from, attachment to, and aggression toward objects, which are part objects (and not really subject or object) and need not be derived from some original whole" (p. 94). Brown (2006) highlighted work by Searles (1981) that looked at relations to the nonhuman world and argued Searles' work could be viewed as an expansion of Klein's (1975) object relations theory of primary attachment to the breast. Brown (2006) noted Searles' ideas of primary attachment to the nonhuman environment, the original infant state before the infant differentiates from the environment. Brown (2006) looked at the familiar—a child receiving a kaleidoscope as a gift and considers that we might formulate new questions or questions that we have not been willing to ask, about the ordinary. Thus, the ordinary object of an old family photograph album may become a relationship with a past which is both internal and external at the same time.

When recognizing its place in time and history, the photo album contains more than simply photographs. In the context of the Second World War and the Shoah, Hirsch (2006) wrote of photographs: "Haunting spectres, they not only signal a visceral material connection to the

past and carry its traces forward, but they also embody the very fractured process of its transmission” (p. 237). One way of describing objects is that they are mediators between past and present (Hoskins, 2009, p. 9). The photograph album contains traces of an extended family disrupted and fractured through cataclysmic world events, and what remains contains mystery. The photographs illuminate an unelaborated past with hints of sorrow and loss and act as a conversation between past and present. In his seminal work on the biography of things, Kopytoff (1986) indicated that the cultural marking of an object may be temporal, or the thing may be perceived differently depending on the individual who is perceiving it. Thus, the passage of time, which includes the geopolitical, socio-cultural, and historic contexts, and the individual’s perception in viewing the photograph, will all affect its impact and interpretation. My own perception of the photograph album changed dramatically over time in the context of my own life. At first, as a curious child, I considered the individuals in the album as distant ancestors, although I was drawn to stories about survival and the Shoah and well aware of my Jewish self. Yet, our family silence about our own experiences of the Shoah prevailed and the photograph album remained in a strange imaginary stasis for decades, undisturbed in the cupboard. I continue to puzzle over the silence and the stasis but believe there are hints of insight in W.G. Sebald’s literary work. Sebald (2001) expressed the experience of this type of preservative amnesia through the story of *Austerlitz*:

Since my childhood and youth...I have never known who I really was. From where I stand now, of course, I can see that my name alone, and the fact that it was kept from me until my fifteenth year, ought to have put me on the track of my origins, but it has also become clear to me of late why an agency greater than or superior to my own capacity for thought, which circumspectly directs operations somewhere in my brain, has always

preserved me from my own secret, systematically preventing me from drawing the obvious conclusions and embarking on the inquiries they would have suggested to me. (p. 44)

The full stories remain hidden behind the gradually disintegrating pages of the photograph album. Not long ago, pulling the dusty album out of the cupboard, I started to ask questions. I recall the narrative I heard from my mother about the pogrom during which Marco's haberdashery store in Iași, Romania, was destroyed. Marco traveled first to the United States. I have difficulty imagining what it was like for Pauline to stay behind to give birth to her third child, my grandmother Helen, and then travel a year later by herself to New York with three small children, leaving her large extended family behind. I don't know if I would have done the same amidst the hardship and I am grateful for her bravery, because it likely secured my existence. I also think about the violent past that Pauline left behind, an atmosphere of tension where attacks on Jews were part of the nation's terrain.

Nancy Miller (2011) inquired: "So what's a pogrom? Motl, the young boy whose tale of emigration fills the pages of Sholem Aleichem's (1953/2009) *The Adventures of Motl the Cantor's Son*, tries to get an explanation from another boy his age, Kopl, aboard the ship" (p. 37):

Kopl says to me, "You don't know what a pogrom is? Then you're just a little baby! Nowadays pogroms happen everywhere. A pogrom starts from nothing, but once it starts, it lasts three days." "What is it?" I say. "A fair?" "Some fair! They shatter windows! They smash furniture! They rip pillows! Feathers fly like snow!" "What for?" "What for?! Because! A pogrom isn't just on houses. They destroy shops! They throw the merchandise out onto the streets, they break everything up, scatter everything, pour

kerosene over it all, and set it on fire.” “Go on! Really?” “Do you think I’m making it up? Afterward, when there’s nothing left to wreck, they go from house to house with axes, irons rods, and sticks while the police follow behind. They sing and whistle and shout, ‘Hey fellows, let’s beat up the Jews!’ And they beat and kill and murder, stab with knives.” “Who?” “What do you mean who? Jews!” “Why?” “What a question! It’s a pogrom!” “And if it’s a pogrom—what of it?” (p. 37)

I pause as I encounter the agonizing thought that such attacks have become increasingly part of our contemporary landscape.

Transgenerational Impacts of Catastrophe

There have been rich and varied scholarly debates and conversations regarding the transgenerational transmission of the impacts of catastrophic events including psychoanalytic theory, memory studies, Holocaust studies, epigenetics, and historiography. These ideas are intertwined and sometimes disputed. While maintaining a stance respectful of the importance of taking many different perspectives, I believe the ideas of contemporary psychoanalytic theorists have provided a valuable contribution to understanding human responses to catastrophe. The area of study is vast and so I will first focus only on the evolution and explication of contemporary psychoanalytic views, and secondly explain how these concepts have been applied in memory studies. I am also choosing to remain true to the autoethnographic focus of my work, rather than traveling to larger societal conversations which may lead to political debates. That is, I am letting the voices of my ancestors guide me and remain interested in telling their stories, as perhaps a metaphor regarding someone else’s narrative, or more barely, only, the telling of a story for that purpose alone. Beyond my ancestor’s stories, or originating in their narrative,

remains myself and my family—without awareness, impacted by a silence. The telling of their stories has the potential of helping the silence unfold into new memory.

Psychoanalytic Viewpoints

What does telling a story mean? In psychoanalysis, a narrative is an ambiguous term and can be understood expansively. Ferro (2006) explained his use of the term as an individual psychoanalyst:

By narration I mean a way of being in the session whereby the analyst shares with the patient in the ‘construction of a meaning’ on a strongly dialogic basis, without particular interpretative caesuras. It is as if analyst and patient were together constructing a drama within which the various plots increase in complexity, intersect and develop, sometimes even in ways that are unpredictable and unthinkable for the two co-narrators, neither of whom is a ‘strong’ holder of a pre-constituted truth. Within this mode of proceeding, co-narrative transformation or indeed transformational co-narration takes the place of interpretation. (p. 1)

In the same sense, my journey into the story of my relatives and my narration is first a co-constructed drama based on historical information and family stories. As I enter this encounter with my family and our ancestors, I enter a transformational narration. Starting with the gaze of Brucha, the faded photograph of Pauline and her siblings, mark the beginning of a simultaneous experience of both past and present. Understanding how that past has or has not been metabolized over three generations is part of the narrative.

Figure 9

My great-grandmother Pauline (seated on bench, left) with her sisters Speranza, Benedictina and Rebecca in Romania in 1923



My specific focus in this doctoral inquiry is the discussion of how trauma or the effects of catastrophic events may be transmitted over generations. Sandor Ferenczi was a Hungarian psychoanalyst who wrote in the early 1900s and whose work has influenced contemporary relational psychoanalysts. Ferenczi (1955) said that trauma is incomprehensible and comes without warning to the undefended and unprepared person. The aftermath of the trauma is that “one’s trust in the benevolence of the external world is destroyed and one feels deceived” (p. 44). Ferenczi (1955) also stressed that “Shock always comes upon one unprepared. It must needs [*sic*] be preceded by a feeling of security, in which, because of subsequent events one feels deceived; one trusted in the external world too much before; after, too little or not at all” (p. 254).

The long-term effects of trauma create a world where the victim feels danger and their character is “marked by mistrust, hypersensitivity, rigidity, difficulty sustaining object

relationships, pessimism, and an aversion to life, in place of the natural spontaneous personality” (Frankel, 2003, p. 52). Ferenczi’s conceptual understanding of trauma was also that it bypassed consciousness and is registered in the body (Frankel, 1998). While a nuanced discussion of Ferenczi’s complex theories is outside the scope of my dissertation I note the link between Ferenczi’s theories of trauma and contemporary psychoanalytic theory (Frankel, 2010). Ferenczi criticized Freud arguing that Freud’s classical approach, which focused on uncovering the repressed unconscious, was retraumatizing. Ferenczi instead experimented with intersubjective methods and theory well ahead of his time (Frankel, 2010).

Levine (2017) elaborated on the limitations of classical psychoanalytic theory: Freud’s epistemology reflected the strong empirical, rational scientific ethos that dominated the medical thinking of 19th century Vienna and continued in the unspoken assumptions of 20th century North American ego psychology. The latter did not give credence to the positive role of the countertransference, the communicative aspect of projective identification, intersubjectivity or the co-construction of meaning. (Levine, 2017, p. 3)

Levine explained that there has been a transformation from Freud’s approaches, with contemporary ideas that recognize “intersubjective, transformational processes that were creative and catalytic rather than uncovering” (Levine, 2017, p. 2).

In this doctoral inquiry I am exploring the transgenerational experience of the Shoah in my own family. Peering through the window of photographs from three generations ago I am hoping for discoveries which are transformational, creative and helpful to others who have had similar experiences. I also seek to provide a narrative for subsequent generations that may not provide explanations but hopefully will be a disruption and an opening to counter silence. I do

not question the impact of catastrophic events on individuals and communities, as discussed by Levine (2017), the concept of trauma itself finds its roots in the positivist Western medical thinking of 19th century Vienna. I seek to investigate the idea of transgenerational transmission of trauma but recognize that the use of this idea is fraught with complexity. While I seek the wisdom of prior and contemporary theorists, I also problematize the idea of universal assumptions about trauma. For example, the biomedical model may place the problem on the individual, with various diagnoses linked to trauma (Hunter, 2018). Further, undue focus on the past may divert our attention away from the importance of the here and now (Hunter, 2018). The premise of transgenerational transmission of trauma may lead to the over-medicalization of social suffering (Maxwell, 2014). The concept of transgenerational transmission of trauma has led to erroneous assumptions pathologizing families and communities (Maxwell, 2014). Kirmayer (2014) emphasized the value of studying genocide and other forms of massive, organized violence. I agree with Kirmayer's (2014) statement "each human catastrophe has its own history, social dynamics, and corresponding patterns of individual and collective response rooted in culture and context" (p. 301).

A Note Regarding Epigenetics and Transgenerational Transmission

While the psychoanalytic discussion is descriptive of how trauma and family narratives live across generations, there is no explanation of how the possibly unconscious transmission occurs. One theoretical viewpoint that attempts an explanation of how trauma is transmitted is that of evolutionary developmental biology. One suggestion is that transmission occurs at four different levels: the physical level of genetics, the epigenetic level which involves variations in the expression of genes, the behavioral level and symbolic inheritance, and transmission through language and culture (Kellerman, 2011, p. 34). Kellerman (2011) provided a definition of

epigenetics: “the study of heritable changes in gene expression that are not due to changes in the underlying DNA sequences. Such heritable changes in gene expression often occur as a result of environmental stress or major emotional trauma” (p. 34). Thus, Kellerman proposed that the unconscious transmission relates to general sensitivities, rather than specific past memories. Significantly, a Swedish study found that famine or over-eating in the lives of grandparents could affect the life expectancy of grandchildren (Kellerman, 2011, p. 5). Christopher Canning (2008) began his essay concerning the emerging field of epigenetics with a critique of the term mental illness, problematizing the pathologizing of mental illness as a disease. Canning’s concern is with the either/or binary:

In other words, asking whether or not mental illnesses are exclusively socially or biologically constructed has led us to an epistemological dead-end (Lock 2005; see also Wilson 1998, 2006). Elizabeth Wilson’s (1998) work, which spans feminist and critical theory, neuroscience, ethics, and psychology, addresses this very issue by creating unlikely theoretical links between theory and biology, affect and cognition, neurology and psychoanalysis.

Canning argued that a study of epigenetics provides an opportunity to consider the interaction between genetic and environmental factors looking at mental health in a more holistic and non-deterministic manner. Canning (2008) asked:

[I]f two conditions appear on the same strand of DNA, what social and/ or environmental factors trigger the on/off switch of particular genes? How do these factors interact with DNA (or how is DNA a part of changing environments), and how do the two work together to produce certain observable physiological and behavioural traits? How are these traits (and many others) passed on through a ‘cellular memory,’ or imprinted on

particular regions of chromosomes to be passed on intergenerationally. (Morange 2002; Bird 2007, as cited in Canning, 2008, p. 16)

In 1944 Dutch railway workers attempted to stop Nazi progress and blocked Nazi trains on the railway (Zimmer, C., 2018). This plan resulted in retribution by the Nazis who were not stopped, and who, subsequently, blocked the transport of food resulting in a mass famine termed the “Dutch Hunger Winter”. In the last year of the war, more than 20,000 people died of starvation in the Netherlands. In 2018, epidemiologist L.H. Lumey conducted longitudinal studies of the survivors of the Dutch Hunger Winter and found that children of women who were pregnant during the famine had significant health effects including higher rates of obesity, schizophrenia and diabetes. Dr. Lumey proposed that these particularities could be explained through epigenetics (Zimmer, 2018). I am briefly mentioning epigenetics in my conceptualization of my topic of transgenerational effects of catastrophe to provide a wider lens regarding awareness of additional contemporary areas of research. My intention in this dissertation, however, is to research my personal experience in the light of psychoanalytic and memory theories, using the material object approach as my study organically develops.

Contemporary Psychoanalytic Views

Respecting the importance of taking many different perspectives, I believe the ideas of contemporary psychoanalytic theorists are a valuable contribution to understanding human responses to catastrophe. Frie (2017) emphasized the value of a cross-disciplinary approach understanding the transgenerational effects of catastrophe. Frie further valued the use of personal narratives for developing contemporary understanding. Frie’s (2017) insight was “the use of personal experience and the recall of memories...can give rise to a kind of reflection and immediacy that would not otherwise be possible” (p. 18).

The Phantom

Abraham and Torok were Hungarian/French psychoanalysts whose theoretical approach was a synthesis of phenomenology, Ferenczi's theories, and a critique and expansion of Freudian theories. One such expansion was Abraham and Torok's idea of the phantom, the idea of a structure in the psyche reflecting how unspoken memories may haunt us across generations. "The phantom is therefore a metapsychological fact: what haunts are not the dead, but the gaps left within us by the secrets of others" (Abraham & Torok, 1975/1994. p. 171). The concept of the phantom reorients and enlarges the focus of psychoanalysis to include the importance of listening to the voices of several generations in order to understand the present (Abraham and Torok, 1994). Abraham and Torok described how the child's direct empathy with their parent could form a haunting, alien phantom in their unconscious (p. 181).

the phantom is a formation of the unconscious that has never been conscious—for good reason. It passes—in a way yet to be determined—from the parent's unconscious into the child's.... it works like a ventriloquist, like a stranger within the subject's own mental topography. (p. 175)

Abraham and Torok (1994) stated that introjection was a central concept developed by Ferenczi and related to the concept of the phantom:

I considered every sort of object love (or transference)...as an extension of the ego, that is as introjection. In principle, man can love only himself; if he loves an object he takes it into his ego. ...I used the term "introjection" for all such growing onto, all such including of the loved object in, the ego. As already stated, I conceive the mechanism of all transference onto an object, that is to say all kinds of object love, as an extension of the ego (Ferenczi, 1980), (Abraham & Torok, (1994) p. 112).

Abraham and Torok (1994) explained that Ferenczi viewed introjection as the broadening of the ego (p. 127). The phantom, Abraham and Torok proposed, prevents introjection and obstructs our perception: “The presence of the phantom indicates the effects, on the descendants, of something that had inflicted narcissistic injury or even catastrophe on the parents” (p.174). They termed the psychic response to trauma a “preservative repression” (p.159). “Preservative repression seals off access to part of one’s own life in order to shelter from view the traumatic monument of an obliterated event” (Abraham & Torok, 1994, p. 18). Abraham and Torok termed the sealed off area a “mental crypt” (Ritter, 2015, p. 49). The “mental crypt” is described as a segment of memory that contains memory traces of the traumatizing event. Thus, the actual traumatic event is preserved yet sealed off, as if it had never occurred:

The crypt marks a definite place in the topography. It is neither the dynamic unconscious nor the ego of introjections. Rather, it is an enclave between the two, a kind of artificial unconscious, lodged in the very midst of the ego. Such a tomb has the effect of sealing up the semipermeable walls of the dynamic unconscious (Abraham and Torok, 1994, p. 159).

Abraham and Torok further proposed that the parent’s unelaborated traumatic memories (those existing in the parents’ ‘mental crypt’) exerted a problematic influence on the child. Ritter explained the elaboration of trauma involves bringing the origin of the trauma to consciousness, which would lead to a fading of the phantom. Ritter (2015) proposed that traumatic experiences may occur from both individual life histories as well as collective, historical events.

My discovery of the unspoken meaning within the photograph album is a result of a collective historical event, but also unique to my family. I propose that the uncomfortable silence that I perceived is something like a phantom passed on through the generations. The tragedy that

befell my grandparent's family was not discussed, and I suggest this was because of its unbearable nature. In subsequent chapters I will explain more about the 1941 massacre of Jews in their hometown of Iași. Until I discovered this history, my mother had never even heard about the massacre. I understand from my uncle that his grandmother (my great-grandmother) would cry over the photographs and postcards, the very ones that sit in the photograph album, carefully wrapped in acid-free tissue paper (as directed by the library archivist) in a box stored on the top of my piano. Yet my uncle also stated that asking about the Romanian relatives was just not a possibility. Thus, the unelaborated experience of familial separation and loss was passed on to the next generation. While the mechanisms of such a transmission perhaps remain mysterious, further work has been done since Abraham and Torok's discussion of the phantom or mental crypt.

Unconscious Communication

Enid Balint was a prominent British psychoanalyst who worked with couples and families. An essential component of transgenerational transmission is Balint's (1993) idea that the caregiver's unconscious is communicated directly to their infant's unconscious through their relationship. In some cases, this communication skips a generation and is transmitted to the grandchild, as Balint described:

I have come to see this as a foreign body inside the grandchild, which remains unconscious but gives rise to affect and action, which did not occur in the parent.

Whether to describe this as negation, disavowal, or in some other way needs further discussion. (p. 115)

Thus, the photograph album, left inside of a cupboard, underneath other piles of memorabilia, lived like a phantom in my childhood home. As a metaphor, similar to Balint's

foreign body, the existence of the photo album existed without negation, yet also without understanding, a cogent example of transgenerational transmission. We learned about the Shoah at Hebrew School, through photographs in magazines, through the experiences of friends. One time, I asked a visitor to my home, a friend of my parents with an accent where he was from? He answered with a question—did I know what a shtetl was? I felt, from his answer, that I should not have asked. I had learned, of course, that a shtetl was a Jewish village, the type completely eradicated during the Shoah. Thus, the Shoah was something that happened to neighbors and friends, not my family—a terrible past in close proximity but belonging to others.

The theme of one generation's unconscious communication to the subsequent generations is controversial and may seem esoteric, yet essential to this discussion. The idea and mechanism of how this communication bypasses one generation and moves to the next is a matter of speculation.

Balint (1993) proposed that in trying to understand her patients, she would need to consider three generations and noted:

Some patients are affected by aspects of their parents' unassimilated unconscious life, which does not seem to affect their parents' activity or behavior but does affect their own. In analysis it can be traced to the experience of grandparents which was bypassed by the parents, instead of being introjected and identified with, and handed on to the children. The children do introject it, but it is not identified with and therefore cannot become conscious. (pp. 116-117)

The history lives as a "phantom" within subsequent generations, a ghost created by the previous generations' unelaborated traumatic memories and narratives. In the case of my family it was more the absence of stories, and the fragmentation of the family as Pauline's siblings

disappeared without further information. Such a history “shadows the development of the second generation, while the third generation assimilates it into themselves in such a way that it becomes part of the self” (Cavalli, 2012, p. 598). Cavalli postulated that the third generation develops a mental void and must attempt to give meaning to what seems meaningless. By expanding the boundaries of psychoanalytic theory to include multiple generations, the concept of the transgenerational transmission of trauma opened a pathway toward understanding and healing across generations amongst individuals and communities who have experienced traumatic loss. Key to this generational view are the concepts of disavowal and mourning.

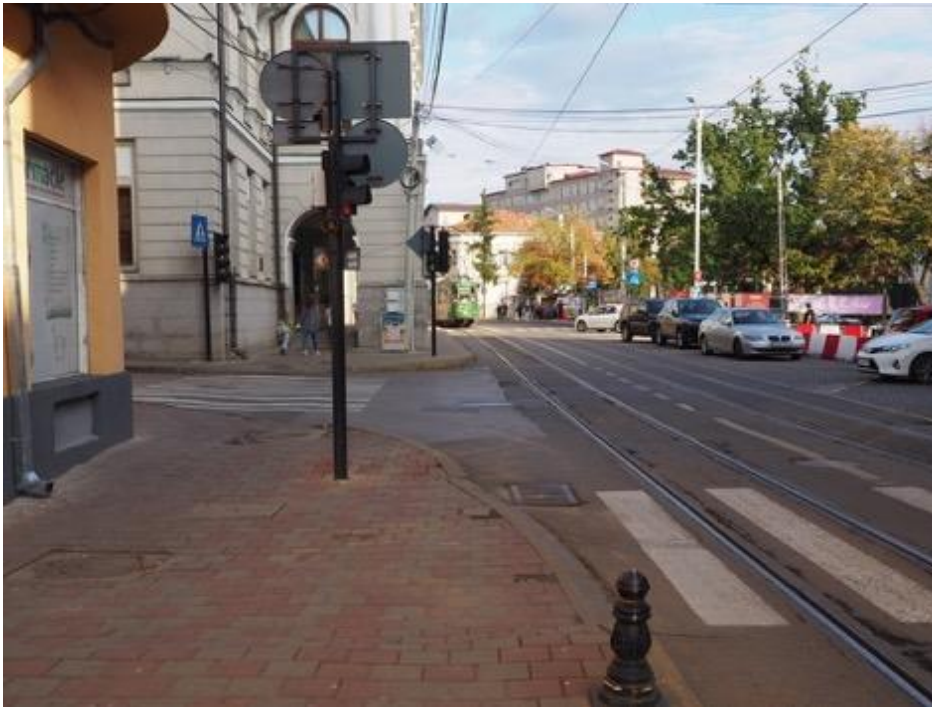
“Perverse Disavowal”

Faimberg (2012) discussed her position as a psychoanalyst listening to her patients who survived the Shoah, including those whose parents, grandparents or even great-grandparents survived. Faimberg (2012) proposed that there is “a more open way of listening to and interpreting what the patient can and cannot say about his immediate experience of the Shoah, or the way the effects of this experience have been transmitted between generations” (pp. 157-158). Faimberg (2012) wrote of the “essential functioning of witnessing” (p. 160) where it would be extremely vital for the survivor to tell what happened. The survivors would find that people were not open to listening and that the function of witnessing was thus abolished by the Nazis who held absolute power and told them no one would believe their story. An inability to listen was an example of people “denying the existence of things that ought not to exist (Levi, 1986/1989)” something Faimberg (2012) termed a “perverse disavowal” (p. 161). In fact, I experienced this type of perverse disavowal during my visit to Iași, where my cousins had lived. Of the 1941 full scale massacre of thousands of men, women and children conducted by the Nazis, Romanian soldiers and local citizens throughout the streets of Iași during a 48-hour period (Ancel, 2011),

there appeared to be contemporary ignorance. The main street in Iași where the Jewish shops used to be is called *Strada Cuza Voda*. In September (2019) during my visit to Iași, I took a photograph of the street.

Figure 10

Strada Cuza Voda, Iași, Romania, September 4, 2019



Note: Photograph taken by Julia Herzog

Later, after returning home to Canada, I came upon a photograph of the same street taken in 1941 of people walking on the main street while the bodies of Jewish victims of the massacre lie on the sidewalk.

Figure 11

Strada Cuza Voda, Iași, Romania, July 1, 1941



Civilians walk along Cuza Voda Street in central Iași, near the Cinema Sidoli, past the bodies of Jews killed by Romanian soldiers and civilians during the Iași pogrom.

Note: Photograph, public domain, U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum

Currently, the only local acknowledgement of the massacre is a monument hidden up in the Jewish cemetery, a distance from town. The cemetery itself is in almost complete disrepair, being taken over by thick bushes and trees.

Faimberg (2012) wrote that “a special feature of disavowal is that the nature of what is to be disavowed is known and unknown at the same time” (p. 162). Faimberg (2012) described the experience of “knowing and not knowing” (Caruth, 1996) undigestible facts of traumatic loss. In the case of the Shoah, Faimberg stated that there is “the problem of mourning: the tragedy of genocide as an object of impossible mourning” (p. 157). Metabolizing the disavowal, going through the process of recognizing the loss and mourning for Faimberg is the journey of healing.

In other words, we acknowledge both the real material existence of the events, and their effects (whatever they have actually been) on the patient's psyche. My main point is that this judgment of actual existence (of the events and of their psychic consequences on the patient) is intended to foil the effectiveness of disavowal, which lies at the root of the patient's despair (p. 165).

The image of the callous pedestrians walking past so many bodies along Cuza Voda street underlines the tragedy of Iași. The erasure of the Jewish community in Iași, the town where my grandmother was born, the original home of Pauline and Marco, strikes directly at the wound of my own family's loss. The horrendous complicity of the local population in Iași and the wilful blindness of their descendants was a constant message to me during my travels.

My grandmother's aunts and uncles and cousins peer out at me from the photograph album. I know many of their names, but not all, and disturbingly, not their stories. There is a photo of "Bitza (Beatrice) and Jerry, 1935". Bitza is sitting in a chair, the train on her wedding gown draped artfully; her legs are crossed and her pose conveys a sense of style, her husband Jerry standing by her side. Where were Bitza and Jerry in 1941?

Figure 12

Left: Wedding portrait of Bitza (Beatrice) and Jerry, 1935



There is also a photograph of Bitza with their baby Michy in 1939. Bitza is wearing a pearl necklace. Her make-up is elegant, her baby smiles into the camera dressed in a beautiful outfit with a bow. There are no stains on their clothing, they look to all appearances comfortable, well-off and content. What were their experiences in the years that followed?

Figure 13

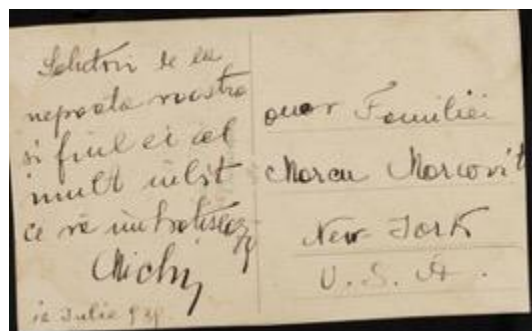
Marco and Pauline's niece Bitza and baby Michy, 1939, photograph of baby, 1939



On the verso of the photograph of Bitza and her baby, there is a note. After Marco and Pauline received the above photographs with their notes written in Romanian on the back in July 1939 the family did not receive further photographs of Bitza, Jerry and Michy.

Figure 14

Verso of photographs of Bitza and Michy and photograph of Michy alone, all written in Romanian to Marco Marcovici in July 1939



Where did Bitza, Gerry and their baby Michy live? Did they survive the subsequent years of terror? These are questions I did not know to ask when my grandparents' generation was still alive. These are also questions I understand were not possible to be asked by my mother or uncle. The photographs are evidence of an experience of knowing and not knowing (Caruth, 1996; Faimberg, 2012), and they delivered a strange message to me, cast over time. It took many years of research to finally discover Bitza's story, and in Chapter 3 I will reflect on how Bitza's story sheds some light on the generational silence I experienced, as well as creating a familial paradigm shift.

“Telescoping of Generations”

Faimberg (1988) wrote of “the telescoping of generations” through a reflection on a case study of an individual whose father did not acknowledge the death of his family during the Shoah in Poland (103). Psychoanalytic theory provides a detailed and complex theoretical understanding of the psychic development of the individual in the face of trauma and intergenerational connections. According to Faimberg's explanation of psychoanalytic identification, the concept of object relations is one way of describing the individual's internal world. That is, the individual identifies with their parents who have become part of the individual's psychic organization. These internal parents, or objects are not the actual material parents who are or were in the person's life, but those who form part of the person's psyche through past identification. If an individual “is subjected to a history that does not belong to the subject” (p. 108), an intrusive process may occur. In the case of Faimberg's patient, the object (the death of the father's family in the Shoah) was expelled by the patient's father, which the patient had to contain. Faimberg thus discussed how in order to understand an individual's

psychic development we need to consider three generations back in time. Faimberg terms this type of transgenerational identification the “telescoping of generations” (p. 103).

Mourning is part of the process of metabolizing such catastrophe, therefore interrupting the telescoping of generations. Connolly (2011) explained that “one of the principle factors in the intergenerational transmission of trauma is the incapacity on the part of the survivors to remember, to mourn and to symbolize the trauma”(p. 610). Connolly discussed the “death of time...a dissociation between history and memory with the result of the creation of a history without memory” (p. 612).

Unresolved mourning creates the inability to metabolize and symbolize and this difficulty is passed down to the next generations (Connolly, 2011). Disturbances in temporality, that is, a perception of time and a feeling of discontinuity between past, present and future may be found in survivors of the Shoah, and in the next generations (Connolly, 2011). In my own family, the sense of doubt, the vague inarticulate character of the family stories created a kind of history without memory. There were fragments of stories, part explanations without the kind of detail that would illustrate the past, brief sentences without emotional content that described Pauline and Marco’s journey out of the pogroms of Romania, and the losses of their families.

Temporal Disturbances

The experience of temporal disturbances were depicted eloquently by Sebald (2001) through the character of “Austerlitz”:

If Newton thought, said Austerlitz, pointing through the window and down to the curve of the water around the Isle of Dogs glistening in the last of the daylight, if Newton really thought that time was a river like the Thames, then where is its source and into what sea does it finally flow? Every river, as we know, must have banks on both sides, so where,

seen in those terms, where are the banks of time? What would be this river's qualities, qualities perhaps corresponding to those of water, which is fluid, rather heavy, and translucent? In what way do objects immersed in time differ from those left untouched by it? Why do we show the hours of light and darkness in the same circle? Why does time stand eternally still and motionless in one place, and rush headlong by in another? Could we not claim, said Austerlitz, that time itself has been nonconcurrent over the centuries and the millennia? It is not so long ago, after all, that it began spreading out over everything. And is not human life in many parts of the earth governed to this day less by time than by the weather, and thus by an unquantifiable dimension which disregards linear regularity, does not progress constantly forward but moves in eddies, is marked by episodes of congestion and irruption, recurs in ever-changing form, and evolves in no one knows what direction? Even in a metropolis ruled by time like London, said Austerlitz, it is still possible to be outside time, a state of affairs which until recently was almost as common in backward and forgotten areas of our country as it used to be in the undiscovered continents overseas. The dead are outside time, the dying and all the sick at home or in hospitals, and they are not the only ones, for a degree of personal misfortune is enough to cut us off from the past and the future. (p. 101)

The moment that I re-discovered the photograph album with dawning awareness was a temporal disturbance in the family narrative that I had been accustomed to. Some have questioned my search. To what relevance is the discovery of this faded album, old photographs, and amorphous family history? The album lived outside of time, and my pulling it into the present is a process of metabolizing my family story in service of the next generation.

The experience of disavowal is implicit, and accompanies the strange sense of timelessness. Over the generations disavowal varies: in the first generation the disavowal of the trauma is a complete negation, the trauma is unspeakable, in the second generation there is denial and the trauma is ‘unnameable’ and in the third generation the secrets are foreclosed, and unthinkable (Garon, 2012). It is the telling of the story, and the elaboration of the meaning that can diffuse the effects of the disavowal (Garon, 2012, p. 35).

Multiple Directions

I am curious not only about the silence, but the discomfort that holds an element of shame permeating the conversation in my family about our history as Jews. There was a silencing of the language (all of my grandparents’ first languages was Yiddish, yet barely a word was spoken in my house growing up), creating a feeling of diminishment of our own particular version of Jewish heritage. I am guessing that the silence was also a method of survival having reached safety—trying for the impossible goal of assimilating into the dominant culture. Once I started asking, I heard about my great-grandmother’s tears as she looked at the postcards, the tears were not a secret, but something known and yet unknown (Caruth, 1996), about which I asked reluctantly. Even in the asking, there was no further conversation, just the continuing uncomfortable silence.

Salberg (2015), a relational psychoanalyst, applied attachment theory in her search “to demystify” (p. 22) the telescoping of trauma through generations. Salberg’s focus was to think of “how a person carries within his or her mind and inscribed on his or her body numerous histories of experiences within the family’s legacy of traumas and losses, along with the family’s culture and external world” (p. 22). Since attachment is related to the parent’s attunement or lack of attunement, there is a deep unconscious communication of security, of fear, of love, and of

hatred. Salberg proposed that transgenerational transmission should be conceptualized from a multiplicity of directions:

transmissions are always multigenerational and richly influenced by context, both historical and personal, and are carried in the mind and in the body. No one theory can begin to explain this, and for that reason we must draw from many sources and interweave various points of view to understand the complexity of experience (pp. 24-25).

Roger Frie (2017, 2019), a psychoanalyst, discovered that his German grandfather had joined the Nazi party. He used his own experience in a journey of inquiry and an examination of the process of transmission in relation to past and present perpetrator groups. Frie connected his struggle with the issue of historical trauma and responsibility arguing that our own subject-position, the events that preceded us will affect how we make meaning. Frie acknowledged the mostly former stance of psychoanalysis to remain detached from history, society and culture and argued that we must engage with history and remembering:

Answering history's ethical demand requires us to delve into a past that is manifestly painful. History's call and the work of psychoanalysis are inherently related: Both require us to make sense of how the past and present are connected, to see how historical traumas and injustices shape our collective and individual experience. But how much do we actually know about the legacies of perpetration and the effects of these collective crimes into the present? ...Do North Americans see the relationship between their nations' foundational myths and the cultural genocide of First Nations in Canada...I find myself reflecting on the many forms of denial: forgetting, disavowal, dissociation, willful disregard (p. 129).

Salberg (2017) has recently coined the term “trans-generational turn” to describe a multi-generational and horizontal “communal cohort” regarding human suffering and massive trauma. Psychoanalytic scholarship regarding trans-generational trauma has expanded beyond and within the experience of the Shoah and has emerged from its intra-psychic beginnings, to a recognition of the myriad traumatic experiences both external and internal, across generations, society and history that have contemporary repercussions. Salberg’s work emphasizes the importance of cultural and historical context in our understanding of human suffering. The frequency of police brutality against black and racialized people in our communities exemplifies the pervasiveness of white supremacist thinking and racism (bell Hooks, 2003) which courses through our society. As I face the past injustices against my own family, I must also face the current oppression existing in my own community.

Salberg’s (2017) wrote about the “haunting quality of transgenerational transmissions” and concluded that where there are such ghosts this implies a mourning that has not occurred. (p. 37). The idea that there is not one theory, and that there are many aspects of existence to consider helps to contemporize and veer away from more static views of existence. Caruth (1996) stated:

If Freud turns to literature to describe traumatic experience, it is because literature, like psychoanalysis, is interested in the complex relation between knowing and not knowing. And it is, indeed the specific point at which knowing and not knowing intersect that the language of literature and the psychoanalytic theory of traumatic experience precisely meet. (p. 3)

Caruth (1996) thus wrote about the communicative strength of literary works in conveying traumatic experience and exploring memories.

“Unde este cimitirul evreiesc?” Where is the Jewish cemetery?

During the summer of 2019, I traveled to Iași to see if I could find information about my grandmother’s side of my family. I do not know any Romanian language, and the only information that I had was our family name. It turned out that the name Marcovici is a very common Jewish surname in Romania. I held high hopes of finding information from the local Jewish population, from their museum or through any kind of serendipity. The clues that I had were inadequate, however, and I discovered that most of the documents and evidence of my family that I searched for were sequestered in the impenetrable Romanian National Archives.

My journey thus became one of photographing the remaining synagogues I could find, and looking for my forebears in cemeteries. I began to learn some words in Romanian, a melodic Romance language with similarities to Italian. One of the first sentences I learned to ask was “*Unde este cimitirul evreiesc?*” Where is the Jewish cemetery? Prior to traveling to Romania, I had spoken with Jewish community members in Canada who had previously visited other regions of Romania. I was advised of the importance of the Jewish cemeteries for my search.

The specific intersection of the living and the dead, of knowing and not knowing are audible in W.G. Sebald’s literary work. During an interview just before Sebald’s early death in an accident he said “[t]hese borders between the dead and the living are not hermetically sealed... There is form of travel or gray zone. If there is a feeling, especially among unhappy people that there is such a thing as a living death, then it is possible that the reverse is also true” (Schwartz, 2007).

Objects of memorial and trans-generational communications

How do the physical objects of memorial—the graves of my ancestors— communicate to me over time, and across something like a “piece of silk... [that] separates us from the next

world” (Sebald, p. 54). To frame my encounter with the space of the *cimitirul evreiesc* in Iași, I seek to understand the processes of transgenerational transmission of trauma, the impact of disavowal across generations, and the potential for reviving or re-creating those memories that have been displaced over time. As an individual three generations removed from the Shoah, objects, artefacts and stories aid in the re-creation and production of new memory. The space of the *cimitirul evreiesc* is deeply foreign and yet contains vast material traces of multiple generations of my family. I consider the deteriorating Jewish cemetery as both a metaphor for, and as literal physical evidence of the erased and almost vanished Jewish population in Romania.

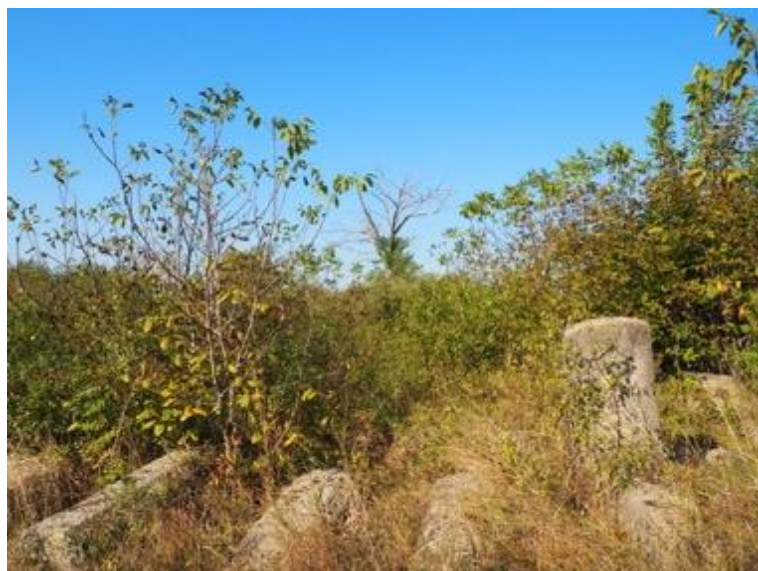
My personal belief is not only in the theoretical phantoms that travel across generations, but in the real spirits that welcomed me when I visited the desecrated “*cimitirul evreiesc*” (Jewish cemetery) in search of my great-grandparents’ graves. It is a Jewish tradition when visiting a grave to place a stone on the gravestone. Talmudic rabbis called a gravestone a nefesh (soul), as there is a Jewish mystical belief that a soul hovers over the place where its body is buried. The stone honors the soul by giving it a place to reside. The purpose of the Jewish practice of placing a small stone on a grave when visiting is to remind the dead that the living have not forgotten them and as a source of comfort for the living. In Jewish tradition, souls are believed to be aware of the living world. I brought two stones with me on my journey, hoping that I would find my ancestors’ graves.

At the *cimitirul evreiesc* in Iași I walked for hours among the 100,000 toppled tombstones and dense overgrowth. I felt oddly held by the hot sun, dried brush, and thousands of members of the Jewish community. Most of the gravestones had fallen over, the names unreadable. The erased history of the Jews of Iași illustrated by the vast, neglected property. Yet, high on the hill overlooking suburban houses in the distance, I felt somehow the presence of the

vanished community, as their *neshamot* (spirits or souls)⁴ embraced me. I was in connection with a non-discriminating, multiple-faceted world in which during one acute moment I did not separate myself from the other, from the brambles and trees covering the memorials for my relatives. As I felt their presence, I was able to slowly return to the entrance having connected somehow with an almost unreachable past.

Figure 15

Cimitirul Evreiese (Jewish Cemetery), Iași, Romania, September 5, 2019



Note: photograph taken by Julia Herzog, September, 2019.

The phantom memory of my Romanian family members has existed in my own psyche, and decades after my first awareness of the photograph album I am now taking on the project of discovering and documenting their past, and developing insight regarding the process of silence across generations impacted by the Shoah. Whether my relatives' voices call out to me in

⁴ In Judaism, the soul consists of three parts which are called by the Hebrew names, nefesh, ruach and neshama. The word neshama is a cognate of nesheema, which means literally "breath." Ruach means "wind." Nefesh comes from the root nafash, meaning "rest," as in the verse, "On the seventh day, [God] ceased work and rested (nafash)." (Exodus 31:17). Neshamot is the plural of neshama (Kaplan, 1982).

actuality, or as an echo of conversations not held from previous generations, are both possible explanations of my focus and are a matter of individual and particular beliefs and experiences. My search has revealed a disturbing and uncomfortable reality regarding the ‘perverse disavowal’ of the Romanian people regarding the Romanian genocide during the Shoah. As a member of a subsequent generation, the essence of my approach is to give meaning to the absence of memory, to the disavowal I experienced as I walked the streets of Iași, and in the cemetery hills.

Memory

My work of resuscitation and remembering is informed by scholarly considerations of memory and history. In particular, Dominique LaCapra (1998) was deeply concerned with the problem of memory and reflection:

But the recent turn to memory may have more than a symptomatic value, at least when a concern with memory includes a desire to be attentive to the problem of history insofar as it bears on the present and future, involving the need for a self-critical examination of one’s own implication in the problems one treats... Ideally, history critically tests memory and prepares for a more extensive attempt to work through a past that has not passed away (8).

The self-critical examination of my family’s history through an engagement with photographs in a family album is a project to work through the fact of loss, to connect with that past, to find a way of discovering, expressing and mourning those family members whose memory has become fragmented due to world cataclysmic events. LaCapra (1998) stated that mourning may take place in communal forms and should be seen in the context of Freud’s concept of working-through. My family’s experience is both individual and profoundly

collective among the Jewish people. My process of working through is not unique yet very particular. Melancholia and mourning were compared and contrasted by Freud, said LaCapra, and mourning allowed for engaging with trauma and thus achieving a recathexis of life, with melancholia as acting-out and mourning as working-through (LaCapra 1998, 44). LaCapra applied psychoanalytic concepts concerning the individual psyche to community and history and explained that the mirroring of the past operates through acting out, creating the experience of the past as if it were the present. Mourning, elaborated LaCapra,

[i]nvolves the introjection through a relation to the past that recognizes its difference from the present and enacts a specific performative relation to it that simultaneously remembers and takes at least partial leave of it, thereby allowing for critical judgment and a reinvestment in life..." (LaCapra 1998, p. 45).

Thus, the mirroring of the past exists in a relived present when a trauma has not been metabolized. Mourning involves a processing of the past so that it can be remembered and partially left behind. The present then becomes invigorated with life. La Capra suggested that acting-out may be necessary for the mourning of loss with working-through as a way of partially counteracting the effects of trauma and generating new possibilities in life. In the sense that mourning may be considered a collective experience, so it may be a communal experience among family members, inside a community and a culture.

My experience is connected to the Jewish people erased from Romania whose relatives, including my own family, exist (or do not exist if there were no survivors) in different manners in disparate lands. I am personally aware of Romanian Jews who found sanctuary in France, Argentina, North America, Mexico, and Israel. As outlined through this paper I look specifically at the condition of the *cimitirul evereiesc* as an image of a step backwards and seek to look

forwards, a way of working-through to create ways of engaging with the past in order to illuminate different possibilities for the future.

The photograph album which started out as a mnemonic object (Schallié, 2019), is a hopeful pathway toward the possible elaboration of the forgotten lives of individuals, my family members, some of whom may have been murdered in the Shoah. As a participant in memory production, the photographs themselves operate as a catalyst and dynamic source of new memory. When I engaged with each photograph in my grandmother's album, I pondered how to discover what happened to the individuals whose gaze connected to me. When I contemplated traveling to Romania, a member of my synagogue cautioned me that I might find no traces of my family in Romania. Another friend told me to look carefully in the cemeteries. Sebald (2001) wrote of such a search for an evanescent family past:

The chasm into which no ray of light could penetrate was Jacobson's image of the vanished past of his family and his people which, as he knows, can never be brought up from those depths again. On his travels in Lithuania, Jacobson finds scarcely any trace of his forebears, only signs everywhere of the annihilation... (p. 297).

Indeed, my experience of Romania was of a foreign place, mostly empty of evidence of its past Jewish inhabitants, with only the cemetery holding hints of my vanished family. Just a few months after my first visit, the Romanian authorities destroyed the historical gateway to the Jewish cemetery in Iași. Municipal authorities said the gateway was unsafe and that the local Jewish community had been consulted (Jewish Heritage Europe, 2019). There is no information on what such a consultation included. I query whether there was an imbalance of power and resources. Suburban houses lie beyond the archway and I wonder what lies beneath those houses?

The photograph album is filled with vibrancy, people whose gaze reaches out to me over time. How have these previously forgotten photographs come to be remembered at this time? Aleida Assmann (2016) wrote of the “the dynamics of individual and collective memory in the shadow of a traumatic past” (p. 6). Assmann considered individual versus collective societal memory and stated that memories are questionable, fleeting and unreliable (p. 12). Individual memories are based on individual perspective and are not transferable according to Assmann. The fragmented way that I became aware of my relatives in the photo album is an example of formless memories that are disconnected and fleeting, yet linked with the memories of others (Assmann, 2016). Assmann (2016) noted that individual memories are always within the context of the social environment and temporal horizon (p. 13). Assmann argued that “[t]he basic law of life...is forgetting. The continual process of forgetting is not only a normal aspect of social life, but it is also a precondition for survival...” (p. 35). In the context of Assmann’s ideas it is not surprising that my great-grandparents could not speak of their losses. The dynamics of my great-grandparents remembering was deeply impacted by their experience of having survived untold violence in Romania, traveled great distances, finally settling in a place of relative safety.

LaCapra (1998) mentioned two reasons for the importance of attention to memory. First there is trauma which has effects on everyone, but particularly for victims ruptures or fragments memory. It may also create problems of identity, wrote LaCapra (1998). Trauma has its own characteristics:

The traumatic event is repressed or denied and registers only belatedly (*nachträglich*) after the passage of a period of latency. This effect of belatedness has of course been a manifest aspect of the Holocaust as it impinged not only on Germany and Germans but also on other nations and groups (LaCapra, 1998, p. 9).

The individual belatedness of my family's experience illustrates the idea of a period of latency before a realization of the traumatic event. The reverberations of the Shoah continue through actual ignorance and denial in Romania (Jewish virtual library) and the belated registering of the events in the descendants of the victims. I inherited a photo album, an object that became a literal window into a fragmented past. As I look at each photo in the album, I see far more than a faded photograph. I see a lost history and my great-grandparents' sorrow.

Hirsch (2008) stated that postmemory is a "structure of inter- and trans-generational transmission of traumatic knowledge and experience" (p. 106). Hirsch's work (2001, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2015, 2017) is a central foundation and reference point for my research which is concerned with the themes of memory, family and photography. While the events happened in the past, the present continues to be affected.

Hirsch explored three themes: memory, family and photography. Photographic images are singled out as a way of transmitting embodied experience and providing an affective, living link to the past. In particular, family photos form fragments and shape the work of postmemory, elaborated Hirsch. Hirsch (2015) explored the psychic complexities involved with reparation, mourning, survival or inheriting traumatic events when the denial of the events continues. The peculiarities of the Romanian displacement and the genocide of the Romanian Jews were noted by Hirsch (2015), specifically that there is widespread public and academic ignorance (even concerning the accuracy of numbers of victims) about the three to four hundred thousand Jews and Roma who perished in Romania during the Shoah (Yad Vashem, 2004).

The exploration of my grandmother's photo album has initiated my discovery of an entangled family history. As Hirsch (2008) wrote, "photographic images that survive massive devastation and outlive their subjects and owners function as ghostly revenants from an

irretrievably lost past world” (115). Hirsch (2017) identified the need of familial and affiliative descendants of survivors to give voice to narratives of injustice, courage and resistance. I suggest that there is also the potential for familial and affiliative descendants to attempt to discover their relatives’ stories where there were no survivors to tell them, or where stories were lost or faded through intergenerational silence. Our further debt and obligation to future generations, as Hirsch articulated, is to use our attunement to address contemporary catastrophe and consider how to use this responsiveness.

History

The postcard photograph of Brucha Marcovici is undated, and I understand my family was from Iași. According to Snyder (2010) by the end of the summer in 1941 the German effort in the Second World War became focused with the elimination of the Jews as the central task. The evolution of Hitler’s Final Solution directly affected millions, including my relatives in Iași as I pointed out above. On June 29th, the Germans, Romanian soldiers, police and civilians, on express order of Ion Antonescu, the head of the totalitarian Romanian state (Ancel, 2011), carried out the orders to cleanse the Iasi of the Jewish population. At the signal of a false air raid siren, the killing on the streets of Iași began, with approximately 15,000 Jews murdered. Thousands of Jewish men, women and children were murdered or taken on death trains to Podu Iloaiei, a small town northwest of Iași (Yad Vashem, 2004). I would learn later of my cousin Rachel’s grandfather and uncles who did not survive the death train. In the city of Iași, bodies were lying on the streets throughout town and were thrown into ditches along the city boulevards. In fact, bodies were thrown into a ditch in front of the Trei Ierarhi Monastery on Stefan Cel Mare Boulevard in central Iași (personal communication with Iași pogrom survivor, October 25, 2019). I was walking in front of that church on September 4, 2019 prior to learning

of the fate of pogrom victims. I did not see any markers of those graves, and the boulevard is paved over into an attractive walking market through the center of town.

Figure 16

In Front of the Trei Ierarhi Monastery, Stefan Cel Mare Boulevard, Iași, Romania, Sept. 4, 2019



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

Snyder's remarkable work emphasizes the need to correct historical images of the era. Snyder's insights delve deeply into the complexity of the Shoah and surrounding historical political interactions reminding us that simplistic explanations are not a suitable approach. Interestingly, Snyder wrote regarding concentration camps:

A sentence to the concentration camp in Belsen was one thing, a transport to the death factory Belzec something else. The first meant hunger and labor, but also the likelihood of survival; the second meant immediate and certain death by asphyxiation. This, ironically, is why people remember Belsen and forget Belzec (p. 381)...The Germans began the mass killing of Jews in summer 1941 in the occupied Soviet Union, by gunfire over pits, far from a concentration camp system that had already been in operation for

eight years. In a matter of a few days in the second half of 1941, the Germans shot more Jews in the east than they had inmates in all of their concentration camps...The vast majority of Jews killed in the Holocaust never saw a concentration camp” (p. 382).

Millions of people were murdered during the Second World War (Snyder, 2010) and the majority of Jews who were murdered did not leave behind survivors to remember them. Out of those many millions, I discovered my family’s photograph album leaving traces of lives, the memory of whom I hope to pull out of history and time.

Chapter Two: Methodology

The telling of truth against a backdrop of silence is an obligation. The catalyst to my doctoral inquiry is my developing relationship with a family photograph album in the context of my own family's silence and lack of knowledge regarding the experience of our relatives during the Second World War. Telling our stories must also be performed with responsibility. One purpose is to never forget and to remember (Wiesel, 1958).

I am inspired by Edmund De Waal's investigation of his family's ceramic figures inherited from his great uncle Iggy. De Waal's work of literature relates to his family history, fitting into the type of methodology that is my aspiration. De Waal (2010) wrote:

How objects are handed on is all about story-telling. I am giving you this because I love you. Or because it was given to me. Because I bought it somewhere special. Because you will care for it. Because it will complicate your life. Because it will make someone else envious. There is no easy story in legacy. What is remembered and what is forgotten? There can be a chain of forgetting, the rubbing away of previous ownership as much as the slow accretion of stories (p. 17).

Since I am exploring my own family and self, my research methodology includes an autoethnographical approach. I will be hearing, writing and telling stories and thus narrative inquiry blended with memoir and creative nonfiction (Tedlock in Denzin & Lincoln, 2017) also fits into my repertoire of methodologies. I am taking an emergent approach as I encounter new evidence and new stories. My research commences with an object, a photo album. As such, my family's past will be narrated by entering into an intimate conversation with personal objects and traces of history (Schallié, 2019). My research is in a state of constant discovery, commencing from the beginning of my awareness of the photograph album which through my research

“constitutes a *milieu de memoire*, creating a new historical consciousness” (Schallié, 2019, p. 8), that is, the photo album itself operates as a dynamic source of new memory. The photo album is an example of an “interdependent co-producer of memory work” (Schallié, p. 2) created in a process of transgenerational witnessing through physical objects and artefacts. As we emerge past the historical post-memory (Hirsch, 2012) period of time where there are fewer eye-witnesses and new approaches to learning about the impact of the Shoah⁵, my research rests on “third generation memory discourse [which] is primarily mediated through mnemonic objects, testimonial artefacts, and material traces” (Schallié, 2019, p. 15). Furthermore, I will be continually considering the specific ethical challenges that go along with such travels in research. Underlying my methodologies is theory which I will now articulate.

Theoretical Orientations

As I approached the topic of my research methodology, which includes making inquiries and ultimately telling my story, I have adopted the idea that storytelling can be contemporaneous, created at the time of telling (Chase, 2018). There are also flexible boundaries to how narrative is communicated (Chase, 2018, p.548). Julia Kristeva (2001) wrote “[w]e must tell the story of our life, then, before we can ascribe meaning to it” (p. 3). Kristeva summarized Arendt’s thought that while brilliant narrative matters, it does not save a life (Kristeva, 2001, p. 3). Kristeva and Arendt pointed out an important aspect of research to consider. Shall I focus on trying only to provide a narrative of lived experience, or is there an action component that is an

-
- ⁵ “*Shoah*, meaning ‘catastrophe’ or ‘disaster’ and to a lesser extent *Hurban* (in Hebrew) or *Churban* (the Yiddish pronunciation of the same word) meaning ‘destruction’ are the Hebrew words that have remained in use in the internal Jewish discourse regarding the fate of the Jews during the Nazi era. *Holocaust* is a Greek word meaning ‘entirely burnt sacrifice’, originally relating to pagan sacrifices. The term *Holocaust* emerged as the leading term in the English speaking world and has a derivation in Christianity. Michman (2014). For a more in-depth discussion of terminology see Michman (2014).

ethical necessity? Thus, I am questioning the significance of telling stories. As a backdrop to embarking upon my research, I have emphasized the importance of having a sturdy foundation built of my ethical views informed by the contemplation of scholarly thought. Finally, through my research I have sought to think disruptively, to remain curious about discovering the remarkable and to create an encounter that does not have a goal of transformation but is transformation itself (Taguchi, 2012).

Intersubjectivity

In trying to become aware of my own yet undiscovered assumptions, I considered how others before me have come to understand their own process. Linden (1993) wrote of her work taking the testimony of Holocaust survivors in the context of her own background as a North American Jew born after the Holocaust. In a gradual manner, Linden explained how the meaning of taking testimony and creating narrative was co-produced.

[The] seemingly innocent narrative practice served to obscure both subjectivity and agency: whose voice, point of view, and interpretation I was representing at any given moment—mine or theirs. It blurred the fact that meanings, by their very nature, are indeterminate, situated, and emergent—negotiated between partners in discourse. (p. 2)

Linden (1993) critiqued a positivist approach to ethnography, and described her writing as “an ethnomethodological breaching experiment of sorts, intended to reveal the means of textual production, and to remind readers that data lend themselves to multiple representations and interpretations” (p. 4). Linden recognized that her writing was co-created with the people she was interviewing.

The blending of subject and object has been vigorously explored in post-modern thought. One way to imagine relationships is through the caregiver-infant dyad. A dynamic entity is

created, beginning at birth when the infant communicates with the world through her parents (Ferro & Civaterese, 2015). As a mother who has been fortunate to breast-feed my four children, I experienced a blurring of the idea of the binary “caregiver-infant dyad”. During my children’s infancy, I felt that each child remained part of my body; a period of time often referred to as the “fourth trimester”. This feeling of intimacy is echoed in biology. My daughter, a first responder physician contracted Covid-19 from a patient while breast feeding her six-month-old baby. I discovered that in fact, the current theory is that antibodies detected in the breast milk from lactating Covid-positive mothers could be passing viral immunity to their babies (Yeager, A., 2020). The biological truth that breast milk is protective of infant’s health is not a new concept however in the middle of a pandemic the image of the nursing dyad whose bodies have a blended immune response is a dramatic illustration of the multiplicity and blending of binaries. Furthering the idea of mother’s breast milk transmitting health impacts to the infant, the epigenetic transmission of traces of trauma have been studied in different populations, including the children of Holocaust survivors. Epigenetics has been termed a young science with debatable conclusions, and it is important to emphasize the impacts of trauma are changeable, and as one epigenetic researcher stated “healing the effects of trauma in our lifetimes can put a stop to it echoing further down the generations” (Henriques, 2019).

Merleau-Ponty described how the individual is part of a ‘field of relationships’. The field is the place and instance where the body experiences the environment through all the senses and fully occupies the moment (Merleau-Ponty, 1962 in Ferro & Civaterese, 2015). Ferro and Civaterese (2015) explained Merleau-Ponty’s description of the subject as part of a totality that is constantly in motion with all parts interacting with each other. Following Merleau-Ponty, Ferro and Civaterese (2015) explained that the unconscious includes a corporeal unconscious. Derrida

similarly commented: “Between the actor and the analyst, whatever the distance or differences may be, the boundary therefore appears uncertain. Always permeable ...” (Derrida, 1995, p. 3). Civaterese (2016) elaborated on the idea of intersubjectivity saying “touching something is, at the same time, being touched” (p. 11). Thus in our sphere of interactions there is constant movement and porosity.

Taguchi (2012) followed a congruent line of thinking stating “...Moving from the idea of bodies with separate borders to interdependencies and entanglement, think of the “bodymind” of the researcher engaging in a “process of transcorporeality” (Taguchi, 2012, p. 271). How does one conduct research with the idea of a constantly shifting and evolving intersubjective self, in its contextual environment? Taguchi offered the idea of “diffraction as counterpoint to reflection” (2012, p. 268). Rather than reflecting on “data” that is separate from the self and focusing on the other, difference is considered positive transformative energy. Diffracting is like the waves in the ocean, always merging with each other and constantly flowing and changing where the original wave merges with the new (Taguchi, 2012, p. 270). Therefore, when thinking about intersubjectivity, we are thinking about entanglement. This entanglement involves relationships with other bodies, material and human all with indistinct boundaries. (Taguchi, 2012).

Nomadologies

Deleuze described the concept he termed “a hecceity”. The word “hecceity” or “haecceity” is explained by the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy:

[A] term first proposed by John Duns Scotus (1266-1308)... It is, rather, a non-qualitative property of a substance or thing: it is a “thisness” (a *haecceitas*, from the

Latin *haec*, meaning “this”) as opposed to a “whatness” (a *quidditas*, from the Latin *quid*, meaning “what”).

In the context of the quote from Deleuze below, I understand hecceity to be something like the gathering of characteristics of a thing. According to Deleuze (1994):

The concept of a bird is found not in its genus or species but in the composition of its postures, colors, and songs: something indiscernible that is not so much synesthetic as syneidetic (p. 398)...The concept speaks the event, not the essence or the thin—pure Event, a hecceity, an entity: the event of the Other...It is like the bird as event (p. 410).

My understanding of Deleuze’s idea here is the gathering of characteristics as an assemblage, rather than the category or label defining the event, in this case the bird as event. When describing “a book,” Deleuze argued that:

A book has neither object nor subject; it is made of variously formed matters, and very different dates and speeds. In a book, as in all things, there are lines of articulation or segmentarity, strata and territories; but also lines of flight, movements of deterritorialization and destratification. Comparative rates of flow on these lines produce a phenomena of relative slowness, and viscosity, or, on the contrary, of acceleration and rupture. All this, lines and measurable speeds, constitutes an *assemblage*.” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 4).

Deleuze thus introduced the idea of movement, of lines of flight that exist in his concept of the assemblage. The existence of a “book” entails the movement, of events. The concept of the rhizome informs that of the assemblage. Deleuze enumerated “certain approximate characteristics of the rhizome” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 7):

The rhizome itself assumes very diverse forms, from ramified surface extension in all directions to concretion into bulbs and tubers. Principles of connection and heterogeneity: any point of a rhizome can be connected to anything other, and must be. This is very different from the tree or root, which plots a point, fixers an order. (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 7).

Deleuze's descriptions make me think about my garden. We carefully planted a new garden with native plants, plants that attract pollinators and some fruit (raspberries, gooseberries, red currants, wild strawberries). The wild strawberries grew everywhere, their horizontal runners, called stolons spread out and new daughter plants grew and created a soft bed, eventually allowing us to wander in the garden having tastes of small sweet berries (Hebda, 2020). At the same time morning glory had crept under the fence from our neighbor's garden wrapped itself around my gooseberry bush that barely survived. Interestingly, I read this about morning glory: "Typically, morning glory spreads by rhizomes (horizontal underground stems), which are, like the above-ground parts, extremely vigorous and strong. Above-ground stems also have the ability to produce roots and new rhizomes where they touch the ground" (University of British Columbia Botanical Garden, 2005).

The morning glory has developed an undefeatable base in the corner of the garden. How can we possibly categorize strawberry and morning glory, both abundant, one a wanted plant the other an apparently and unwanted garden hazard? The morning glory produces lovely flowers, the strawberry tasty fruit, both tend to encompass all the plants around them. Deleuze & Guattari's ways of thinking apply nicely to my garden but also to my dissertation. Multiplicities, like morning glory, are rhizomatic (Deleuze and Ghattari, 1987, p. 8). My garden is like an assemblage, and importantly, it is not a contained object. The garden consists of its plants, but it

is also how the hummingbirds enjoy the tiny red flowers of the fuchsia in the back as they hover leaving and returning, how butterflies are also attracted during their short lives to visit, and how I watch the garden every day as it cycles through its seasonal changes. All these movements are described by Deleuze as “deterritorialization” and “reterritorialization” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 10).

On a different time and geological scale, my dissertation is concerned with the deterritorialization and reterritorialization of my family. There is a certain amount of chaos in my garden, which makes it a beautiful and dangerous place (dangerous if you were a gooseberry bush, or a struggling rose). The world as we perceive it is dangerous to humans too. We don’t know how to predict the ruptures in our lives or how to describe previous dislocations. Deleuze wrote: “History is always written from the sedentary point of view and in the name of a unitary State apparatus, at least a possible one, even when the topic is nomads. What is lacking is a Nomadology, the opposite of a history” (Deleuze & Ghattari, 1987, p. 23). This dissertation, which is in many ways a history of a nomadic family, needs to be a Nomadology.

St. Pierre has written extensively about research methodologies inspired by the perspectives of Deleuze, Guattari, Derrida and others. Rather than coming up with categories and focusing on oppositions the concepts of assemblages and rhizomes lead to the idea of movement and making connections. St. Pierre argues that the “appearance of data” encompasses and travels beyond words to “dream data, sensual data, emotional data, response data” (St. Pierre, 1997a) and “memory data” (St. Pierre, 1995, p.621). St. Pierre noted that thinking with post-modern theorists means taking a deconstructive approach toward methodology, putting the structure under erasure. Derrida (2016/1974) expounded upon the meaning of “under erasure”: “...the

gesture of *sous rature* implies “both this *and* that as well as “neither this nor that” undoing the opposition and the hierarchy between the legible and the erased (p. 375, n. 48)”.

St. Pierre followed Derrida, Deleuze and Guattari and argued that rather than rejecting structure, we are opening up new aspects of experience. St. Pierre advocated that the alternative to definitions and categories may be searching for change and experience what happens in the process. Thus rather than “analysis,” notice what springs up as “remarkable” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1991/1994, as cited in St. Pierre, 2013). The idea of “storying ourselves” differs from analyzing isolated transcripts of interviews (Kuntz & Presnall, 2012, p. 741). My nomadic approach is without a defined goal, wandering into different physical spaces and across time (Kuntz & Presnall, 2012; Braidotti, 2002). In a psychoanalytic, psychotherapeutic context, Wilfred Bion famously argued to approach work as a therapist with a particular state of mind, that is, without memory or desire and stated “where the question of desires and the question of memory have to be dealt with a definite matters of discipline—the banishment of them from the mind” (Bion, 2018, p. 9). Bion argued that verbal descriptions are distortions, they are transformations of a real experience and that we are concerned with sensuous experience. Bion explained:

...in order to see clearly one really needs to be pretty well blind: metaphorically and literally. It is really a sort of positive lack of anything in one’s mind, if one can put it like that; that the darker the spot that you wish to illuminate, the darker you have to be—you have to shut out all light in order to see it; and only in that way is it possible to get the conditions in which a real object, but one which is formless and not in any way appreciable to what we ordinarily regard as the senses, emerges, evolves, and becomes possible for us to be aware of (p. 6).

As I engage with the data uncovered during my research, I need to banish my own assumptions, biases and open my mind and senses to the unexpected. I follow St. Pierre's argument cautioning against privileging voice, verbal data or interview data over her idea of "transgressive data" (for example: dreams, sense data, memories, responses). I am working on a way of destabilizing my thinking, reading, writing, and doing as a way of revealing through the cracks images of "what happens" (Jackson, 2017, p. 604). St. Pierre referred to writing as her "field of play" and considered writing as a field of inquiry (2018, p.605). I follow St. Pierre and am similarly inspired by Deleuze who wrote:

To write is not to impose a form (of expression) on the matter of lived experience. Literature rather moves in the direction of the ill-formed or the incomplete, as Gombrowicz said as well as practiced. Writing is a question of becoming, always incomplete, always in the midst of being formed, and goes beyond the matter of any livable or lived experience. It is a process, that is, a passage of Life that traverses both the livable and the lived. Writing is inseparable from becoming...To become is not to attain a form (identification, imitation, Mimesis) but to find the zone of proximity, indiscernibility, or indifferentiation where one can no longer be distinguished from *a* woman, *an* animal, or *a* molecule—neither imprecise nor general, but unforeseen and nonpreexistent, singularized out of a population rather than determined in a form. (Deleuze, 1998, p. 1).

Methodologies

Key Methodological Question

The key methodological question I ask is how creative (Hanauer, 2020) autoethnographical (Ellis & Patti, 2014) witnessing and exploration of family stories in a narrative can help develop insight concerning transgenerational impacts of the Shoah. Will the process of autoethnographic creative writing (Hanauer, 2020) combined with multi-media representations of my story as an art-based expression of research, demonstrate a practical method of uncovering truth? I propose that my gathering of data through encounters with the photograph album and its ensuing connections creates a changing perspective on my family's narrative, as a microcosm of a broader experience.

Autoethnography

Ellis (2007) described autoethnography as a genre of research which begins with personal experiences and flows in a relational manner between looking at the vulnerable self and arriving at a breadth of perspectives. Ellis (2007) discussed “radical reciprocity” wherein the researcher examines herself in coordination with others (p.13). Ellis (2007) remarked “autoethnography involves a back-and-forth movement between experiencing and examining a vulnerable self and observing and revealing the broader context of that experience” (p.14). Ellis & Adams (2014) explained:

Autoethnography implies connection: the stories we write connect self to culture; the way we research and write these stories blends social science methods with the aesthetic sensibilities of the humanities, ethnographic practices with expressive forms of art and literature, and research goals of understanding with practical goals of empathy, healing and coping (p. 2).

It is important to consider context when exploring personal history. “... the interpretation of context or culture is both individual and collective and needs to be understood not as an acquisitional process but as an intersubjective process of ongoing negotiation.” (Hoskins, 2000, p. 49) Taking in a more comprehensive perspective, understanding context includes a more expansive view than that of the individual psyche alone (Hoskins, 2000). The effort to understand includes noticing how personal interpretations of experience shift and change over time and are impacted by many variables touching on the individual’s experience.

Ethics of Autoethnography

The simultaneous purpose of the effort to remember is to seek a gentle path of knowledge in the face of silence, sorrow and amnesia. I suggest that I owe a responsibility to remain aware that stories can be dangerous and should be told with respect and protected from voyeurism (Costa et al, 2012) and exploitation. I also continue to debate the ethical dimensions of using my personal story in an academic environment. Do I dishonor my relatives who suffered during the Shoah, or those who did not survive by using the scant evidence of their lives as part of my story? There have been certain moments in my life when I have understood clearly that my project of discovery is a way of honouring my relatives, and that I am responding to shadow voices giving me this task, asking to be remembered. I wonder sometimes, with so much devastation in the past, if there is a powerful flow of voices trying to reach us, so that we do stop repeating cataclysm, so that we can remember. I hear gentle voices reaching out through time

letting me know that those relatives understand and support my journey, and they wish for their voices to be heard.

Elie Wiesel (1978) wrote:

An event that by itself should have brought about a greater sense of awareness, an all-encompassing metamorphosis, was reduced to the level of anecdote...The Holocaust no longer evokes the mystery of the forbidden; it no longer arouses fear or trembling, or even outrage or compassion. For you, it is one calamity among so many others, slightly more morbid than the others. You enter it, you leave it, and you return to your ordinary occupations. You thought yourselves capable of imagining the unimaginable; you have seen nothing. You thought yourselves capable of discussing the unspeakable; you have understood nothing, you have retained nothing (p. 3).

It is with Wiesel's words in mind that I hesitate. Faimberg restates Thomas Mann's (1947, 1961) idea that "even the most dispassionate description of a reality, inasmuch as it gives rise to the pleasure of thinking, might be tinged by a degree of complicity, or even a certain approval of that reality" (Faimberg, 2012, p. 160). I am concerned with the idea of complicity, or benefiting from the stories of my relatives in some way. Hirsch (2008) discussed the ethics around remembrance of the Shoah and questioned: "How can we best carry their stories forward without appropriating them, without unduly calling attention to ourselves, and without, in turn, having our own stories displaced by them?" (p. 104).

As an ethical dilemma, Ellis (2007) queried how we can present our lives while still maintaining honor and responsibility toward our relationships. I take as a starting point the idea that "revolutionary love" with those whom we encounter is ethical caring and a way to access creativity and affirm life (Skott-Myhre & Skott-Myhre, 2015). Rather than adhering to strict

codes and models of ethics, a fluid approach to accessing our desire (Skott-Myre & Skott-Myhre, 2015) and our unconscious may form an alternative framework for encountering reality. I refer to an encounter deliberately, that is, Deleuze's practice of seeking disturbance and disruption to experience an encounter with creativity (Deleuze & Parnet, 1996 in McCoy, 2012).

Ethical stances on the research methodology of autoethnography have been the subject of discussion in the academy. Dickson & Holland (2016) proposed a Lacanian hysterical inquiry as an alternative to the university's standard ethics review board approach. Rather than privileging the positivist code-oriented institutionalized approach, they argued that Lacanian discourse theory supports a radical qualitative inquiry. Their inquiry argued that the idea of a separation between a scholar's research and the self is an illusion. The position of Lacan's hysteric, argues Dickson & Holland (2016), "gives voice to desire—in all its convoluted and confused glory" (p. 138). Dauphinee (2010) introduced three ethical concerns about the academic voice in research. First, that the academic voice has limits in its ability to convey reality. Second, that in its claim to have capacity of making sense and mastery the academic voice "perpetrates a considered violence against those whose realities it claims to write" (Dauphinee, 2010, p. 806). Finally, we are limited by operating within the conventions of our field to be respected by our colleagues. Dauphinee argued that on the converse, autoethnography allows us to take the risk of seeing what we have ignored in ourselves and others and taking action accordingly. Ellis (2007) wrote of "relational ethics" and proposed that the researcher may examine herself in coordination with others as a form of radical reciprocity. The examination of the self in a coordinated radical and relational manner is thus a method for developing a spacious capacity for understanding self and others. Ellis & Patti (2014) called for compassionate interviewing and centered their research on

the relationship that develops over a long period of time during a reciprocal and collaborative research approach. Ellis (2007) argued that autoethnography itself is an ethical practice.

As a researcher, I am searching for a practice, a mode of expression and representation of my research with the foundation of the relational ethics described above. Dauphinee (2010) seemed to question the mainstream authority of the academy and sought a radical space where there is a recognition that there are irresolvable issues, that of the ability to trust in our representations of others, or the impossibility of the separation of subject and object. Dauphinee (2010) wrote “Responsibility, ethics and love are not the same. But they often enable on another... Sometimes, love is a surprise that animates our research...” (p. 818). One apt comment concerning ethical concerns in research is that ethics committees have adopted an overly cautious approach based on abuses in biomedical research, creating strict guidelines for research “even if they pose no greater risk than one would encounter in their everyday lives” (Fitzgerald, 2005 in Dickson & Holland, 2017, p.134). The foundation of my ethical approach counters “one that does not privilege the disciplining rationality of the university by prescribing ever more commandments that act as proxies for the superego, but one that reinstates the radicalism that Lacan argues is inherent in hysteria (Lacan, 2007[1969-1970] in Dickson & Holland, 2017, p. 135.). I embrace Dickson & Holland’s (2010) approach to the ethics of autoethnography where the positivist approach represented by ethics guidelines “reveals the privilege of a certain kind of ‘knowledge’ over the truth” (p.142). I agree with troubling the idea that there could be autonomous participants and voluntary participation in a family, where all actors are interrelated and have a history. Accordingly, any concept of objectivity would have to be illusory. From this point of view, ethics are also deeply particular.

Recovering Stories

My specific project involves locating information about my relatives who remained in Romania during the Second World War. As a Jew, I am aware that some of my cousins likely did not survive the war. Even the act of asking direct questions about these relatives to my family raises an ethical dilemma. To ask direct questions creates a brief caesura opening a crack in an embedded wall of silence revealing the chance of stirring up or creating trauma. Yet not to ask leaves the fate of my relatives forgotten and invisible. Connolly (2011) considered transgenerational or intergenerational trauma and observed that some survivors were unable to process their traumatic experiences. Connolly's view was that the transgenerational transmission of traumatic experiences stem from the survivors' incapacity to remember and an inability to mourn and symbolize (2011, p. 610).

Connolly (2011) discussed research which has found profound impacts on second and third generation Jews whose parents or grandparents were interred in death camps. Fresco (1984 in Connolly, 2011) referred to the parents' silence transmitting an alteration in their children's sense of time. This "death of time" then creates a dissociation between history, memory and time (Connolly, p.612). Sensations and emotions are transmitted and Connolly (2011) wrote "[i]t is as though the children are forced to dream the nightmares of their parents..." (p. 613). Themes of silence and impact on multiple generations have a very personal resonance with my story.

My own personal act of resistance in this case is to stand up against the fragmentation of my family and the dissociation with our past, yet brings along with such a stance the risk of acting in a traumatizing manner. I can choose for myself to explore my family's collective past, but is it ethical to choose the unfolding, unwrapping and exposure of traumatic loss to others? I refer back to the idea that everyday lives contain uncertainty, disruption and trauma.

As I study the experience my family had during the Shoah, I shall also be cognizant of where I am writing from, that is, Canada, and my own experience of the benefits of life on Vancouver Island amidst the ongoing colonization and oppression of the Indigenous peoples of this island, and of Canada. If the purpose of my project involves challenging indifference, I must therefore challenge my own indifference. Chapman (2013, p. 196) advocated for the development of a “troubled consciousness”. I believe that it is part of my ethical foundation to trouble my own passivity in the face of local tragedy, and to destabilize my understanding as a pathway against indifference and toward social action. I need to think critically in a rigorous manner (Heath, 2012) as I pursue my exploration of my own families’ oppression. My discourse concerning re-alignment of the oppressor in my past, highlights my consciousness of my own participation in contemporary oppression, and my own commitment to action. This view is particularly significant in today’s context. At the time of writing demonstrations which were ignited by the murder of George Floyd by police officers in the United States were illuminating the systemic violence in our society that targets Black, Indigenous and racialized people. Therefore, my awareness and narration of past injustice against my family and the Jewish people informs the significant importance of standing up against racism, colonial violence and white supremacy in today’s context.

With my family’s photo album as a beacon, I am traveling through the window of my family’s images in search for their obscured past. As indicated previously (Herzog, 2020, p. 9), I believe it is my debt to my great-grandmother Pauline to find her brothers and sisters, and my obligation to future generations, as Hirsch (2017) articulated, to use the inherited sensibility of the transgenerational impact of trauma to act effectively regarding contemporary oppression. In thinking about responsibility, I consider that a duty toward our ancestors is embedded in Jewish

practice and cosmology. I wrote previously (Herzog, 2020) that the Ashkenazi Jewish tradition starts with naming our children after a relative who has passed away, and is elaborated with a rich and complex practice of remembrance which continues throughout our lives.

I further suggested in earlier writing (Herzog, 2020) that the re-discovery of my relative's stories might foster insight concerning my family's silence about the extended family's experiences in Romania during the Shoah. Reclaiming the lives and histories of my relatives is an act of resistance to intolerance and hate. I propose that my research is a way to illuminate that which has been obscured by the passing of time and disavowal. My methodology is the practice of transgenerational witnessing, using writing as a technique of inquiry. My intentional act of creating a re-remembering of my family's past through different forms of arts-based discovery is a research practice that is a counterpoint to silence and oppression.

Memory as Practice

Disavowal is a type of silence, a not telling of a story. How do we understand the experience of such silence? Silence exists even on the part of the listener. Primo Levi, an Italian Jewish writer and survivor of Auschwitz, and Elie Wiesel, a writer and Romanian Jewish survivor of Auschwitz, each wrote memoirs of their experiences during the Shoah shortly after their liberation. However, explained Assmann (2016, p. 79), remarkably both authors had difficulties publishing their memoirs and it took years before there was a receptive audience. Historians and philosophers have connected the work of psychoanalysis with that of history to explain this type of societal response. Assmann (2016) theorized that there is a stifling societal pressure to forget some experiences, a mechanism which may still be in place even many decades after the events. Assmann (2016) described post-war Germany and the taboo on public debate during the first decades after the war. Breaking the silence subsequently became a

demand from the side of the victims and only after fifty years, survivors' stories started being recorded, a process that continues to this date.

Forgetting can also be an intentional strategy and a resource (Assman 2016). I wonder what my great-grandparents experienced after losing contact with their siblings. My uncle told me that what happened to our relatives in Romania, whose photographs I now have in my house, was just not discussed. It is like they are encased in the album, which became a solidified mental crypt that I now care for. I know there was not absolute forgetting, but understand there was silence. Assmann (2016) spoke to the asymmetry between perpetrator and defenseless victim and stated that this involves an asymmetry of memory; this suggests that the only way to create symmetry is through collective memory and a preservation of the past. Assmann added the nuance of the cathartic process of mourning, advocating for ethical mourning as a form of protest.

Assmann's proposal for ethical mourning as a form of protest is presented as an "ethical turn" (Assmann, 2016, p. 60), an ethical practice of memory which is the act of recognizing victims, calling them by name, and telling their stories. When "murdering reaches vast and immeasurable proportions, judicial process is never sufficient so additional forms of engagement are demanded" (Assmann, 2016, p. 60). According to Assmann, ethical mourning includes establishing an "obligatory memory to be borne by humanity as a whole" (p. 60). Thus, my action of exploring the lives of my relatives, finding their names, where they lived, and who their children were, is a framework for ethical practice.

Visual Storytelling and Photographs

Exploring the photographs in the album of my cousins is a practice in uncovering a complex history. Interaction with the photograph of an ancestor has subtle intricacies which are

depicted precisely by Kidron (2012): “The dead remain forever liminal—both magically present in photos and painfully absent beyond their frames” (p. 14). Susan Sontag (2003) discussed memory in the context of photographs and introduced the idea that memory is individual, unique and cannot be reproduced. Collective memory, Sontag (2003) continued, is a type of stipulation, a decision on what is important, which images have enough significance that they will be a trigger for particular thoughts or feelings that are predictable (p. 86). There may be problems with using photographs of atrocities to trigger thoughts and feelings. The photographs are a form of visual evidence and it is our obligation to seek out the provenance of each photograph, determine its history, attribution and subjects (Crane, 2008). When we cannot find the identity of the victim in the photograph—how do we obtain consent? Furthermore, we need to consider the gaze of the photographer, Hirsch (2008) pointed out that repeating the Nazi gaze is a form of perpetration of the abuse. Crane (2008) argued that the photographs should be removed from view, that we have the ethical alternative of “choosing not to look” (Crane, 2008, p. 1). Sontag (2003) questioned the rationale for using atrocity photographs. One argument was that putting forward such photographs helps us to understand how belief systems that are based on racism and defining the other as less than human can “legitimate torture and murder” (p. 92). Perhaps presentation of such photographs is to disrupt the indifference of those who are remote from the tragedy, violence and crisis, whatever and wherever it is. Earlier in this chapter I discussed the pogrom in Iași in 1941. The juxtaposition of the photographs in Figures 10 and 11, places the horror of 1941 directly in front of us. Simultaneously, I worry, however that I do not know the identity of the victims lying on the street. Is it correct to portray the photographs in an academic paper? Does the fact that the same atrocity photograph is readily available online through the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum’s website provide a justification for my use of the

photograph? While I wish to fight against indifference and dehumanization, I must question my methods.

Sontag argued that our feelings of sympathy also “proclaim our innocence as well as our impotence” (p. 102). In this way we are able to separate ourselves from the possible implications that “our privileges are located on the same map as their suffering, and may—in ways we might prefer not to imagine—be linked to their suffering, as the wealth of some may imply the destitution of others” (p. 103). Sontag argued that painful images “supply only an initial spark” to help us imagine the implications of our privilege. The intricacies of what photographs *do*, includes questioning whether we become numbed or callous with so much media inculcated throughout our contemporary awareness. Yet this also, Sontag explained, is a pernicious thought, because it assumes that the “we” are the privileged spectators. Victims do wish to have their suffering witnessed. The desire to have one’s story told is poignantly demonstrated through the existence of the Ringelblum Archive, a collection of writings and artefacts clandestinely created at complete mortal risk by inhabitants of the Warsaw Ghetto and secreted away through burial in three locations (Grossman, 2018). Sontag concluded that images of atrocity “still perform a vital function. The images say: This is what human beings are capable of doing—may volunteer to do, enthusiastically, self-righteously. Don’t forget” (p.115). Sontag (2003) distinguished between remembering as an ethical act and memory as “achingly, the only relation we can have with the dead” (p. 115). The act of making a commitment to remember and the use of photographs as a memory aide creates a sense of perplexing entanglement.

Mitchell (1996) asked “what do pictures want?” and argued that pictures present an actual face, instead of a flat surface, and speak to us in both a literal and figurative manner (p. 72). Instead of asking what pictures do, Mitchell considered pictures as a subaltern to be invited

to speak to us. In Mitchell's view, rather than holding power, pictures spark an awakening of our desire to see. Delving into the labyrinth of visual reciprocity, Mitchell argued "[v]ision is as important as language in mediating social relations, and it is not reducible to language, to the 'sign', or to discourse. Pictures want equal rights with language, not to be turned into language" (p. 82). The idea is that pictures (which can be photographs) communicate at a different level than through language and what pictures want is to be asked, rather than interpreted.

The trouble with visual representation *and* the trouble with language is the need to not reenact oppression through the effort of representation. How does one create a fulsome representation of that which cannot and should not be reproduced? Commenting on an exhibition of four rare photographs taken by Auschwitz prisoners in 1944 Linfield (2010) wrote that the photographs were in themselves an act of revolt:

The photographs are flashes—quick, incomplete illuminations—of a larger actuality. They are fleeting, fragmented, maddeningly incomplete; they are pathetically small and weak when measured against the power and the crimes of which they speak. They are what Hannah Arendt, in writing of Auschwitz, called '*instants of truth*'; but such instants, she added, 'are in fact all we have available to us to give some order to this chaos of horror.' (p. 90).

Linfield (2010) expressed the type of mental process that hovers underneath the censorship of photographs, pictures, artistic expression: "One could see, once again, the childish extremism that photographs evoke: the insistence that if they can't tell us everything, they must tell us nothing, and that if they can't reveal full truths, they must be lies" (p. 88). While pictures may ask that we invite them to speak, we may not be able to verbalize what they mean. The

difficulty that we have may not be what the pictures are saying, but our inability to metabolize their truth.

James Friedman traveled in Europe in the 1980s and photographed 12 different Nazi Concentration Camps. Friedman described the subjective and personal nature of his photography. Emphasizing the projects' continued relevance in the face of the intense contemporary rise in racist and antisemitic incidents Friedman argued for "the urgent importance of art that closes the distance between the past and the present" (p. 7). I am embarking on a project that involves photographs, both those of my family and those that I have taken since entering this journey. As I travel with the idea of a type of memorialization of my relatives, I also am aware that I am creating a new form of memory. That memory is a "fluid process rather than a finite goal" (Kaplan, 2019, p. 42) is the essence of my project. How I am negotiating with the passage of time, and spatially (Kaplan, 2019) with my visit to the place of my family's past is an ongoing pursuit. As I travel in the contemporary, I also hear echoes and outright expression of racism and antisemitism. My journey to create visual and creative written images of the past can encourage reflection and create warnings (Kaplan, 2019) for the future.

Reversing Susan Crane's admonition of "choosing not to look", I suggest, emphatically that we *choose* to look, and perhaps more closely, rather than at the atrocity, or only at the atrocity, but more closely at the people and their mostly vanished culture. To delve deeply into the provenance of each photograph of my relatives is a way to bring their lives and history back into focus. My interaction with, for example, the photograph of my cousin Brucha inside of the album, is one instance of an ethical act of remembrance. My research methodology is therefore the practice of re-creating a transgenerational memory.

Performativity and Method

At a train station which had been the site of deportations of Jews to concentration camps, a video walk was created to extend the notion of the static boundaries of monuments (Bertens, 2019). The video walk is an example of the contemporary phenomenon of the transformation from eye-witness testimony to cultural memory with respect to the Shoah (Bertens, 2019). The idea of the video walk is to have active participation in order to spark a new process of remembrance (Bertens, 2019). Thus, a possible antidote to passivity and indifference could be a performative art installation which acts to elicit the continual production of memory. Dembek (2019) provided insight into the tensions that may be raised with performative art commemoration. In a participatory art project performed on site at the Warsaw Ghetto in Poland, Dembek questioned whether the project produced a perpetuation or reproduction of the oppressive dynamics as they still continue today. Dembek emphasized the intricate layers of the spatial, cultural and historical that existed in the site-specific participatory art installation. In post-war Poland, the amnesia about the past and continued antisemitism within the population acted as a barrier to the possibility of bearing witness to the fate of the victims in the Warsaw ghetto. Dembek argued that the local community members must have the capacity to situate themselves within their own deep history and culture in order for the performative art to have its intended effect.

Psychoanalytic theory speaks of the tendency for victims of trauma and perpetrators to enter into a cycle of reenactment of oppressive dynamics (LaCapra, 1998). I add the idea that amidst the spatial, cultural and historical are the individual and group psyches and the capacity of the unconscious to take in and metabolize the unique circumstances of the trauma. For example, as I walked the streets of Iași with a local community member my colleague seemed unaware, at

least consciously, of the extent of the 1941 massacre and presented the event to me as a rounding up of adult males to be shot at the police station. That was conceptually horrible, but the truth was more horrifying as actually entire families, including small children, were shot and murdered and left lying on the street in front of their homes (Ancel, 2011). The mind can only use what it is capable of containing. Contemporarily, I live on a site of oppression and amidst a current pandemic. The same waves of oppressive amnesia are at work today in this atmosphere of determining who has the resources to possibly escape the disease. I am experiencing my own awareness that I am sitting and writing in the safety of my home while others are trapped living in close proximity and thus completely at risk of developing disease because of their poverty or homelessness.

I elaborated previously (Herzog, 2020) on Hirsch's (2008) poignant comment, "photographic images that survive massive devastation and outlive their subjects and owners function as ghostly revenants from an irretrievably lost past world" (p. 115). Hirsch (2017) pointed out the need for descendants to articulate the stories of those in their families who survived the Shoah. In the same sense, there is a need to discover the names and voices of those who did not survive, to attempt to find their stories as a disruptive act and an ethical practice toward creating a contemporary space of compassion.

Creative Autoethnography: Telling our Stories

I question how to tell these stories, which are also mine. Caruth argued that the language of literature functions best to express the disavowed. In particular, Caruth (1996) elaborated that traumatic experience, referring to Freud's theories, is not assimilated as it happens and "simultaneously defies and demands our witness" (p. 5). The question of traumatic experience cannot be asked or theorized about directly but "must, indeed, also be spoken in a language that

is always somehow literary: a language that defies, even as it claims, our understanding” (Caruth, 1996, p. 5). Caruth (1996) pointed out that the central problem of catastrophe is listening, knowing and representation: “What returns to haunt the victim, these stories tell us, is not only the reality of the violent event but also the reality of the way that its violence has not yet been fully known” (p. 6).

The belated aspect of the experience of trauma is a central element in the psychoanalytic theory of trauma and we hear its echo in history. The idea summarized by Caruth (1996) is that the experience of trauma and of history involves inherent latency, an “indirect referentiality of history” (p. 18). “The historical power of the trauma is not just that the experience is repeated after its forgetting, but that it is only in and through its inherent forgetting that it is first experienced at all.” (p. 17). As I emerge from a family experience of transgenerational forgetting, I am now engaging in a process of witnessing and discovery.

Caruth (1996) questioned whether “[w]e could say that the traumatic nature of history means that events are only historical to the extent that they implicate others. And it is thus that Jewish history has also been the suffering of others’ traumas” (p. 18). When asking, “what do the dying bodies of the past have to do with the living bodies of the present?” (p. 26), Caruth revealed a quandary in our re-visitation of the past, asking us to consider how we can prevent a betrayal of the past. I have been asked how my discovery and research about my relatives is relevant today and return frequently to my dedication to be of service to future generations. I think about the power of forgetting as juxtaposed against memory. As Sebald’s (2001) main protagonist commented in Austerlitz:

I think how little we can hold in mind, how everything is constantly lapsing into oblivion with every extinguished life, how the world is, as it were, draining itself, in that the

history of countless places and objects which themselves have no power of memory is never heard, never described or passed on. (p. 24)

Mitchell (1996) commented on the complexities of visual representation and told of how pictures ignite an awakening of our desire to see. Using creative writing, multi-media communication and photographs to express the unspoken may animate further creativity and a way of metabolizing the past.

Methods

My initial intent was to learn whatever facts I could about my family history. I began the journey of finding out what actually happened to my cousins during the Shoah. Information is not easily obtainable, as I am finding with my preliminary research. My research activities began with a close examination of the photographs in the album. For example, as I began to look closely I discovered that there is writing on the verso of many of the photographs, all in Romanian. Thus, translations are required for further understanding. Furthermore, through looking at the dates on the backs of the photographs I discovered that many of the photographs were of people that I should have known as I was growing up but for the fragmentation of my family during the Second World War. This knowledge flew in the face of my previous understanding that these were photographs of ancestors from many generations of a distant past. How was it that I never heard my grandmother speak of her aunts, uncles and cousins from Romania and that I only had part information about the extended family? Not only was the family history never mentioned, but my grandparents also unconsciously silenced their language—Yiddish—now entirely lost to contemporary generations in my family.

After a telephone conversation with a cousin, I discovered that there are more relatives in the U.S. and Israel of whom I was not aware, descendants of one sister of my great-grandmother

that I heard survived the war. Later, I discovered descendants of my great-grandfather's brother, Bernard. During the course of my research, I spoke and corresponded with relatives in Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, Florida, France, Israel, and one distant cousin-by-marriage—in Romania, some of whom are documented in the Appendix below. Thus there are more people who would have family stories to share—another mode of inquiry. While I journeyed twice to Iași, Romania, my grandmother's place of birth, I am still struggling to gain access to family records that are sequestered in the Romanian National Archives.

Historical research is also part of the inquiry. Prior to examining the photographs and beginning to learn of the history, I was unaware of the horrendous massacre in Iași that was perpetrated during a time when my grandparent's extended family lived there.

In the course of designing a multi-media community workshop I discovered that many members of my current local Jewish community are first, second or third generation descendants of immigrants/refugees who were from the same area as my grandmother's family. Through the richness of interacting with community members I have found recipes, and collaborated with local musicians to revive some lesser-known Romanian klezmer music to be performed at the future workshop.

“Klezmer” is the combination of the Hebrew words “Klay” and “Zemer” meaning “tools of music” or “vessels of music” meaning musical instruments. It is a style of music influenced by Eastern Europe and Middle Eastern tones and has its deep origins in biblical times in Israel. Klezmer is Yiddish music that despite having suffered great losses in the Shoah is enjoying a renaissance and can be heard in a variety of settings all over the world. Klezmer tells the story of itinerant musicians who were marginal to the community and created blended tunes with Roma and other influences. The Klezmer musician had a slightly tainted reputation yet had an essential

role in the community, playing music for weddings and other community celebrations (Ray, 2010). While an in-depth exploration of the significance of klezmer music is beyond the scope of this dissertation, the importance of the music is a central point. The Shoah destroyed the culture of European Jews and the majority of European klezmer musicians were murdered in the Shoah. The revival of klezmer in North America and Europe is convoluted and the echoes of “presence and absence” (Ray, 2010, p. 360) reverberate in contemporary klezmer performance. The tension between revival, nostalgia and the re-creation of memory all become part of the story of klezmer music. When I gathered together with myself on flute, my son on violin, his violin teacher, a bass player and a guitarist to play klezmer music we all arrived in my home carrying our instruments and our differing Jewish histories. The idea of playing old unfamiliar tunes from our decimated culture is not unique and the work of preparing such music for performance without sentimentality takes time and care. While we all did not have the embodied emotional memory of the music from our childhoods, I believe the building of the ensemble and the performance would be an act of re-creating memory and resisting historical destruction.

I am working through the lens of autoethnography in conjunction with historical and archival research, field site visits, family interviews, engagement with local community and recording my own reflections concerning the above activities. During the process of field and archival research I have been creating a digital annotated library archival exhibit of the photograph album, the photos, the Romanian language messages on their versos with informal translations and my historical findings. Representation of genocide using new digital technology is an emerging contemporary discussion. Kansteiner (2014) described an experiment with holographic and interactive digital testimony of survivors of the Shoah. Frostig (2018) introduced The Vienna Project, an interactive, interdisciplinary dynamic memorial in Vienna.

Distinct from static memorials, this project used a variety of art forms staged in 38 different locations over the course of one year, emphasizing “decentralization, fragmentation and disintegration” (p.285). The Vienna Project was an innovative “counter-monument formulation of remembrance” (p. 296), illustrating the creative power when remembrance and art are integrated. The annotated museum style archival exhibit of the photograph album that I am creating will become part of the University of Victoria library archives, yet also has the potential to become a dynamic space where others can contribute to it as a living history.

My goal is to engage in a multi-media creative writing project that depicts my journey of [re]discovery, using writing, photographs as well as illustrations contributed by my daughter adding to the multi-generational texture of the project. The work will be digitized and linked to the electronic library archive providing the further depth and breadth of digital representation.

The gaze of the vibrant figures in the photograph album reaches me—simultaneously mute and demanding. There is a stubborn unwillingness within myself and my family members to approach the topic of the fate of our relatives through direct engagement. This is part of the belated latency of my discovery. I believe that the many components of this journey may help uncover and create representations of the shadows of the past in service of future generations and contemporary consciousness.

Rhizomatic Approach

I am focusing on “the construction of stories and their meanings rather than on the collection, organization, verification, and presentation of evidence” (Ellis, 2020, p. 4) during my autoethnographic research. Using the energy inside the photographs as tinder, the many components of my research are creating a fire tetrahedron. The four sides of the fire tetrahedron are represented by fuel, heat, oxygen and chemical chain reaction. Accordingly, the power being

emanated will produce further rhizomatic data. Walter Benjamin described photographs as holding “the essence of that moment which passed long ago, the future nestles still today” (Benjamin, 2015, p. 67-68). My research connects the past to the present and I “seize hold of a memory as it flashes up at a moment of danger” (Benjamin, 2015, p. 257). As I connect with the past/present of the photographs I continue to write as my central form of inquiry.

While I take a rhizomatic approach to this doctoral research I must also recognize that the project must have a container. In my garden I have not found a solution to the unstoppable morning glory and have decided to move the gooseberry bush to a different part of the garden. Another solution would be to put the bush into a large pot so that it could thrive, although it might stunt its growth or need to be transplanted as the gooseberry bush has the potential of growing to a height of six feet. There is one container for my research project that exists in the context of the PhD dissertation and that is time. Accordingly, for the purpose of this doctoral research I have placed the project into the large clay pot called time--at the edge of this sunny garden and thus it can thrive until it needs to be transplanted. I have set out below a description of sources of knowledge and a pictorial representation of my schedule for the data/research stage and writing of the dissertation. As this past autumn has taught me, there are many events that can create delays—a pandemic, the birth of a grandchild, the loss of a loved one, accidents, illness...but what I have set out below is an optimistic and efficient time container with the caveat that there could be perhaps inevitable delays. Accordingly, touching the past/present will be attempted with the following foundational efforts elaborated in Appendix A and represented with a diagram in Figure 5 as sources of knowledge enclosed lovingly in a time schedule container.

Research Strategy for Gathering Non-Exclusive Sources of knowledge/data

Interrelationships

I have been thinking about the image of a fire tetrahedron and its components of fuel, heat, oxygen and a chemical chain reaction. Imagining the photograph album as fuel, it is creating heat in the sense of a new discovery in order to raise the effort of research to its ignition temperature and oxygen which helps sustain the creative interest in this project, even as I face frustrations. Fire can be a destructive source, but also a creative initiative of new life. The interrelationships with the different research strategies indicated below are symbolized by the chemical chain reaction that creates raw energy, something new (Firesafe, 2022).

For example, the photograph album contains multiple ways of interaction. Each photograph was taken in a different location and holds clues, including language clues, the name of photography shop, name of town, year of photograph, relationships of the individual to others in the album and to myself, type of clothing worn, activity depicted (wedding, vacation) composition of the participants (posed family photo, individual). Many of the photographs have writing on the verso in Romanian. A translation of the writing also brings to bear more avenues of exploration. Accordingly, a meticulous observation of all facets of each photograph ignites new discoveries and a wealth of data.

The postcards in the photograph album appeared to have been carried by hand, and some were addressed to “Marcu Marcovici”. It was this way that I learned my great-grandfather’s name was “Marcu Marcovici” rather than “Marco Markowitz”, a fact that had been lost to subsequent generations. Searching for information on the ancestry.com genealogical database with the name “Marcovici” revealed Marco’s ship manifest for his arrival in New York on December 17, 1902 on the vessel “Blücher” to be met by his “brother” “Lupin”, opening up a

new avenue of search for Marco's possible relative. Further confirmation that this was the correct Marcovici's ship manifest was found in Marco's naturalization petition discovered through a number of search iterations using the name "Markowitz". The petition indicated that Marco traveled to the United States on the vessel Blücher, and family members listed on the naturalization application included my great-grandmother Pauline, and my grandmother Helen (her name was "Helane" on the manifest) and my two great-uncles. The ship manifest also matched the family story that Marco traveled to the United States prior to Pauline and the first three children. In the introduction above, I referred to the fact that Marco traveled after his haberdashery store was ransacked during a pogrom. A recent informal conversation with a granddaughter of Marco led to the information that she was surprised and had not heard about the reason for Marco's immigration. While this all seems chaotic and messy, there is a gradual picture being revealed of a fragmented family's story.

Archival Research

Archival research at the Romanian National Archives fell to a complete halt. I tried numerous avenues to try to locate my grandmother's birth certificate and at the time of current writing have been unsuccessful.

Ancestry.com's databases are a rich source of information. In addition, online information from a variety of other sources is available. For example, the 23 & Me, Geni, U.S. Holocaust Museum, Ellis Island records, Yadvashem, JewishGen, USC Shoah Foundation are all potential sources. In April of 2021, I discovered a link to an Israeli family tree in Hebrew (luckily, I am able to read simple Hebrew) indicating that the person who posted that tree is a descendant of Pauline's sister Speranza. Through the family tree connection I located Bernard and Speranza's descendants in Israel.

As discussed above, while researching the Iași pogrom on the U.S. Holocaust Museum's website I discovered the photograph of Strada Cuza Voda (Cuza Voda Street) with victims lying on the street and bystanders walking by, just after the 1941 massacre in Iași. The photo I took in Romania in 2019 while I searched for family records in Iași was an uncanny echo of the museum's photograph, depicting the same street, empty, from a similar angle. Furthermore, when I interviewed a non-relative survivor of the Iași pogrom, and showed him my photographs from my visit to Iași he pointed directly to a photo of a main boulevard in Iași where he had witnessed bodies being buried after the massacre. A melange of a site visit, interview, and historical research brought forward a disturbing discovery to contemporary sensibilities: the boulevard mentioned above, now paved over into an outdoor tourist market without any signs of a memorial.

The DNA services of 23 & Me and Ancestry.com offer an additional way to possibly search for family members world-wide. I was recently contacted by a person of Romanian descent who shares DNA who asked me via Ancestry.com messaging if I have a grandmother named Helen. I have not yet completed that correspondence.

Formal and Informal Conversations

I have had both formal and informal conversations with my cousins (in the US, Israel and with one distant cousin in Romania). I have an approved human ethics certificate from the University of Victoria. Both informal and formal conversations/interviews involved obtaining verbal consent. I have been taking detailed notes after interviews and writing up my impressions. I characterize the formal interviews as those conducted on zoom and recorded. I have found that some individuals are uncomfortable with being recorded, and in those cases I opted for a more

informal approach. I was able to introduce my mother who was in New York to her cousin Rachel in Israel, through a zoom conversation, while I remained in Canada.

Travel to Location

I finally traveled to Romania in April 2022 and located some documentation of my great-grandparents' lives in Romania (in the cemeteries). I was able to travel to Israel and met some of my cousins—Pauline's siblings' grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Writing and reading as a research process

During the research process I have used writing as inquiry, and I have created a three-generation dialog within my own family. While I have been writing, my mother and daughter have been painting and sketching their own impressions. While writing, I am also reading the work of others for continued development of theory and method. Recently, I have been reading the work of Phillipe Sands. Sands (2016) sought to find answers to his own family history through "scraps of information" (p. 7) about his grandfather's life through researching the traces of his life in Lviv, Ukraine. Sands' research approach is based on his background as an international lawyer. Sands simultaneously deeply explored his grandfather's history during the Shoah, combined with a legal analysis of terminology used during the Nuremberg trials and the lawyers who debated those terms. Sands' insights into the origins of human rights terminology impacted my own views of how to approach the Shoah in connection with discourse regarding human rights. Human rights itself is a term of art, used to inform international law regarding the acceptable conduct of governments a topic which I expand upon in my discussion below. Sands' analysis of the evolution of the terms "crimes against humanity" and "genocide" provide insight into how researching the history of legal terms provides a further depth of understanding of those terms. Sands' search for documents and use of documents and interviews to make connections

and create understandings resonates with my own background as a legal researcher. Each item that I find is evidence perhaps leading to a greater understanding of the impact of the Shoah on my own family and how I might apply new understandings in a contemporary setting. Sands (2016) wrote of his journey to a place in the outskirts of his grandfather Leon's town, Lviv.

Deep down, untouched for half a century and more, lay the remains of thirty-five hundred people of whom the long-forgotten Gerszon Taffet wrote in the summer of 1946, individuals each, together a group. Among the bones that lay beneath was a commingling, Leon's uncle Leibus, Lauterpacht's uncle David, resting near each other in this place because they happened to be a member of the wrong group. (p. 372)

The remains from the Iași pogrom of 1941 still remain primarily undocumented. I know now that my cousin Rachel's grandfather and uncles were victims of the Iași pogrom. I am also aware that I have been unable to find out the journey of all members of my extended family who were from Iași. If it is possible, can an uncovering of those journeys lead to healing? Will an understanding of what it meant in the past in my own family to be a member of the "wrong group" help to see more clearly the contemporary? How does the individual experience of family fragmentation and silence over generations connect to understandings of the human condition?

Why Stories are Important and Advance Knowledge

As I dug deeper into the specifics of my family history, I was able to pull out some stories from the various sources I have mentioned above. I recently read a book of Bedouin women's stories by Lila Abu-Lughod. In Abu-Lughod's preface she explains how the "wonderfully complex stories of the individuals...might challenge the capacity of anthropological generalizations". Abu-Lughod argued that the stories themselves would unravel their theme-based titles. In the same sense, rather than coming up with themes or generalizations,

the stories that I have uncovered may elucidate understandings in their own unique manner and sense of being. In fact, the process of digging for knowledge and meanings may in itself be the story of particular interest as I may find myself confronted with the ultimate paving over of my family's history.

Dream Work

I propose that my dissertation is a form of dream work. Freud wrote that dreams are transformations of wish fulfillment into sensory images to which beliefs are attached. "If only", the optative, is expressed in the images of dreams. Dreams are linked to memory traces. Freud stated that memories are in themselves unconscious and "memories can produce all their effects while in an unconscious condition" (p. 539). Freud referred to Nietzsche's point that in dreams "some primaeval relic of humanity is at work which we can now scarcely reach any longer by a direct path". Most of the data that I am collecting is buried in the unconscious of my family and must be discovered indirectly as relics of a fragmented past. Still, dream work has the value of uncovering, which leads to the ability to follow the memory traces to specific evidence such as a ship's manifest mentioning the name of a heretofore unknown brother. The ship's manifest leads to an ability to visualize and connect to the sensory image of a steerage ship with a young mother and her three small children, leaving her parents and siblings behind, sailing on the S.S. Zeeland to New York.

Taking the idea that a unique story has value, I also have the understanding that this is one story amongst others. Amidst the Jewish community there is nothing unique about having a family history impacted by genocide. However, examining the particular fragments of the family and filling in the blank spaces fulsomely brings a dreamscape to reality and is a life affirming statement. The effort of pulling names and people out of a dim past demonstrates that the lost

may perhaps be found and emphasizes the value of the particular. The value of the ordinary and the particular is also connected to other stories of the fragmentation of families through catastrophic events. Hopefully, there is some insight and healing that comes from the process of discovering the lost past.

Arts-based data/analysis

The following data/analysis chapter requires a word of explanation. In the next chapter, I am engaged in a conversation with photographs, individuals and places. I deliberately have presented the data and analysis as one word, as instructed by St. Pierre (2013) to permit the data to be part of assemblage and connote movement and flight (Deleuze & Ghattari, 1987, p. 4). Following Deleuze and Ghattari (1991/1994, as cited in St. Pierre, 2013), I invite the reader to consider an alternative view of analysis as the uncovering of the remarkable. The narrative below thus is intended to be an encounter wherein the exceptional may emerge from the ordinary. My writing focus is to bring you, the reader, into an experience of immediacy through becoming acquainted with an extended family impacted by pogroms and the Shoah. Using my great-grandmother's photo album, I have connected with my ancestors through their images and brief words. Those connections led me to a number of pathways, some which did not provide the information I was seeking. That is, I could not find Brucha Marcovici or more mundanely, my grandmother's birth certificate. Other connections brought more stories and a further textured understanding of my extended family. While much is left unknown, I was surprised by the unexpected introductions to descendants of my great-grandmother's siblings, of whom I was previously unaware. I invite the reader to experience an "intersubjective transgenerational space of remembering" (Hirsch, 2006, p. 10) with the hope that my story will inspire discovery and curiosity in the reader.

Significance and Expected Contribution

Uncovering the silence of my family's story is an act of resistance against the erasure of the Jews of Romania and the contemporary reverberation of racism and antisemitism. Millions of people were murdered during the Second World War and the majority of those who were murdered did not leave behind survivors to remember them (Snyder, 2010). Out of those many millions I discovered my family's photograph album leaving traces of lives, the memory of whom I hope to pull out of history and time. Important contemporary scholarly work concerning intergenerational trauma focuses on second and third generation survivors and the theory of "post-memory" (Hirsch, 2006). My work addresses a perceived gap, examining the experience of subsequent generations of families who left Europe before the Second World War leaving behind entire branches of their families. My research contributes a new branch of study to recent scholarly work (Hirsch, 2006) "after the age of testimony" (Gamzou, 2019, p. 235) that looks at the descendants of survivors. I am concerned specifically with recovering the stories of a lost generation, those for whom there were no witnesses, and no survivors. I am looking at the fragmentation of my family as a result of the Shoah. I seek to apply my research results through making connections with those who may have experienced intergenerational impacts of systemic discriminatory violence. Ultimately, as bell hooks stated, I seek to use my work to "serve others as a form of political resistance" (Watkins, 2003).

Relevance of my Study to Child and Youth Care

I have taken the theoretical approaches described above and have been applying them to my research. I proposed a data collection methodology of creating an assemblage of encounters that springs from the photographs. Throughout my data collection the ongoing metadata has been in process—the nomadic writing of my encounters as inspired by the comments of Deleuze

articulated above. Janet Newbury, a Child & Youth Care scholar referred to her methodology as “nomadic being” and explained her process of “intentionally engaging with my reading, writing and thinking...and critically reflecting along the way (Newbury, 2012, p. 94).

Braidotti (2019) wrote how subjectivity travels transversally, in-between binaries, assemblages that flow, disrupting binaries and producing “affirmative values and projects”.

I proposed to look at my family’s experience in the Shoah and to purposefully disorient myself so that I can write through the cracks and fissures in order to see the multi-layers and entanglement of whatever I encounter. Intentionally disorienting myself in the midst of my research travels is a way of touching “the creative tension of border and the space between subjects that has a high degree of possibility” (Skott-Myhre, 2012, p. 305).

Skott-Myhre argued that the field of child and youth care may be an arena for such challenges and that argument was my initial attraction to child and youth care. Skott-Myhre (2012) wrote: By challenging these binary forms we might begin to propose a new phenomenology of the subject that frames experience not as a function of the individual but as the lived experience of life itself as it is manifested through the human organism as a part of a much larger whole (p. 306).

Accordingly, from my perspective as a child and youth therapist this doctoral project takes on the challenge of a wider transgenerational view of the family, from a particular autoethnographic and Deleuzian launch. Taking on the Deleuzian imaginary of the nomadic writer, I am seeking to turn on its side the approach to my family’s story. I believe my subjective encounters with the many elements of my project have become a flowing assemblage, and a discovery of the liminal spaces where new ideas may emerge.

As a clinical counsellor I have worked with both children and their parents and frequently have observed the coursing of anxiety from one generation to the next. Having an understanding of the flow of anxiety transgenerationally through my nomadic research contributes to my own repertoire of understandings used to cultivate healing in others. My project is a demonstration of how nomadic research into past generations of a family can create something new. In the case of my research, new interactions arose in my own family through having family members create illustrations and our ensuing conversations. For those who have made intentional helping an aspect of their lives, awareness of transgenerational impacts can assist and strengthen understanding in helping relationships. The idea of creating an arts-based family story can be a concrete part of a collaborative framework for helping. Madsen & Gillespie (2014) talk about “walking and talking” (p. 10), that is, entering into the perspective of the person one is helping. The importance of “hearing, holding and bearing witness to people’s own story” (p. 11) is an essential mode of helping. I believe that bearing witness involves holding the other in our own hearts without judgement, and simultaneously accepting ourselves. Brach (2003), a meditation teacher and psychotherapist stated simply, “[c]ompassion for ourselves naturally leads to compassion for others” (p. 225). Bearing witness is the experience of transforming another’s suffering into compassion. In that manner, bearing witness to another’s generational story with compassion is a pathway to healing.

Dissertation Chapters

The dissertation includes the traditional chapters of theory and methodology. The research was conducted with an iterative and rhizomatic pathway which is depicted below. Individual photographs and interpretative drawings are presented in the dissertation with a deeply researched story and along with the co-constructed memories created through

conversations with extended family members (my mother, her cousins, their children, other descendants of Pauline's siblings whom I discover). My journal reflections include the experiences encountered through the various methods of researched depicted above.

Accordingly, the data collected throughout the research process forms the interior of the dissertation. The dissertation contains links to the knowledge translation—a publicly available library archival exhibit through the University of Victoria library depicting the photograph album, the stories that I have uncovered and my process and reflections. The knowledge translation and knowledge mobilization effort has been unfolding, both during and subsequent to the process and completion of the research and this dissertation. As an ongoing knowledge translation, my mother, sister, daughter and nieces are collaborating with me to create artistic representations of the research. Ultimately, the ensuing knowledge translation, that is, a graphic novel and library exhibit, represent a multi-generational, continuing family conversation.

Chapter 3: Data/Analysis

My story, a “nomadology” begins

In the hallway in my old home, there was a bookcase with many faded paperbacks, but then, there was the brand-new Book of Knowledge encyclopedia collection. As a child, I would sit on the carpet and open a volume and smell the glossy new pages and flip through reading about anything that came up. I also liked to rummage through drawers in my house, and I feel certain that is where I first found the photo album, layered under the expired passports, report cards from previous years, and old postcards. Here I am (see Figure 17), holding onto the photo album. I wondered who were the people in these ancient photos, but never thought to ask, and the photo album stayed there, nestled in its drawer until a time came when it was possible to ask.

Figure 17

Julia Herzog, age 5



Note: Pen and ink drawing by Maya Helen Herzog⁶

⁶ Maya Helen Herzog is my daughter who has graciously agreed to create illustrations for this dissertation and the future graphic novel. Maya is named after my grandmother, Helen Gold, the daughter of Pauline, and after cousin Maya Gertzovski, who was murdered at age 6 at Auschwitz.

My Maternal Grandparents

Florida Grandma (see Exhibit 4) (Helen Markowitz, née Marcovici) was a whirlwind of energy. Helen played tennis every day at Flamingo Park in Miami Beach. My sister and I visited every winter. We swam in the pool at the apartment building. We slept in Florida Grandpa's (Sam) art studio amongst his oil paints, and were careful not to knock over any of the paintings leaning against the wall (see Figure 18). I would sit with my many library books in the sunny room among the paintings and oil paint reading each afternoon. Every morning we would traipse to the tennis court to learn to play tennis, something I never truly succeeded at accomplishing.

Figure 18

Painting of summer cabin in Copake, New York, by Sam Gold, circa 1966



Conversations with Helen and Sam about Romania or Poland where they were born were rare, if at all. Sam used to say that he was from “Minsk, Pinsk or somewhere like that”, without

further elaboration. When my brother interviewed Sam about his childhood for a school project Sam wrote “childhood memories not very pleasant” (see Figure 19).

Figure 19

Photo of Samuel Gold’s statement, 1974

image of homeland after leaving (if immigrant to United States); or, image of area of identification (e.g., Africa) _____
 ARRIVED U.S.A. AS INFANT - NO MEMORIES OF HUNGARY

length of contact with old country after leaving _____

general attitudes toward American life as fulfilling expectations _____
 "THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM" CAME TRUE FOR ME
 I WAS ABLE TO RETIRE AT A COMPARATIVELY EARLY AGE,
 LIVE COMFORTABLY, HELP OTHER PEOPLE FINANCIALLY!

recollections of childhood _____
 LIVED ON LOWER EAST SIDE (MANHATTAN) - GRADUALLY
 MOVED - UPRIGHT AND EVENTUALLY HAD OUR OWN HOME IN
 PRINCETON NJ. LIQUIDATED AFTER SCHOOL AND SUMMER - CHILDHOOD
 MEMORIES BUT NOT PLEASANT.

Outside of artifacts that indicate support of Haddassah (see Figure 20), I did not see any vestiges of Jewish practices and I do not remember any conversations with my maternal grandparents about the extended family.

Figure 20

Haddassah Plate



Note: Haddassah Women’s Zionist Organization of America, is a Jewish philanthropic organization. Photograph by Julia Herzog

My grandparents' aunts, uncles and cousins just were never mentioned. My mother Barbara (Helen's daughter) asked her grandparents why they left Romania. My great-grandparents, Marcu and Paulina Marcovici changed their names to Pauline and Marco Markowitz. It appears they spoke Yiddish and English to their children, once they arrived in the United States, leaving behind the Romanian language. According to my mother Barbara, Marco's answer to why they left Romania was that "Men came on horseback and destroyed their dry goods store because we are Jews". Marco left Romania first, and almost two years later Pauline traveled with three small children, one of whom was my grandmother, Helen.

Figure 21

Helen in New York



Note: Sketch by Maya Herzog

Figure 24

Markowitz children in New York, Pastel drawing by Julia's sister, Elizabeth Matheny



My Paternal Grandparents

Since we lived in New York, Brooklyn Grandma [Sadie] and Brooklyn Grandpa [Ben] visited us every week.

Figure 25

The view from our Apartment in New York City



Note: Oil painting by Barbara Bauer

Sadie and Ben’s families also had fascinating Eastern European Jewish refugee stories, the details of which will be subjects of future exploration. My father always told me that even though Ben was born in New York, Ben’s first languages were Yiddish and German, and that he did not know any English until he went to Kindergarten. My grandmother Sadie took elocution lessons to learn to speak elegant English. I remember Sadie always said “if you please”, rather than the simple please. My connection to my Brooklyn grandparents was intensely close and also deeply tied to food. The most momentous symbol of my grandparents’ visits was the big box of Brooklyn jelly donuts that they often brought. Large circles, full of strawberry jam and covered with powdered sugar they were just like my warm and round grandma. I frequently slept with my

sister on my grandparents' couch in their Brooklyn apartment—screaming and laughing “feet-to-feet” our toes touching.

Figure 26

Jelly donuts



Note: Sketch by Maya Herzog

When I was 15 and Sadie died, and Ben came to live with us, our house was dark and full of grief.

Figure 27

Sadie (Goldberg) and Ben Bauer



Note: Photograph from album of Barbara Bauer

Travels

The next year I was off to Thailand as an exchange student, signing up for a year with American Field Service's international high school program. I learned Thai language and dancing and even lived for a time in a small rice farming village. Later, at university I spent most of my time practicing Aikido and studying Japanese. When I graduated I began to wonder about my identity.

The first time I was in Israel, someone stopped me and asked if I was from Romania. We chatted, and of course, I learned how to pronounce "Jassy (the spelling my family used)," which in Romanian is spelled "Iași," the town where I always thought and heard Helen (Florida Grandma) was born.

I met my future husband high on a hill overlooking the Sea of Gallilee on a Kibbutz in Israel. We picked apples and worked in the kitchen, we soon married and I then became for years, immersed in the art of raising a family.

Our lives were one of constant motion—moving many times for my husband's computer consulting career—from Canada, to Israel, to the US, back to Israel and finally landing in Canada to stay. Was this a remnant, a memory of a family feeling, of insecurity, of impermanence, an echo of previous generations?

The photo album

Over the years during visits to my parents' house, occasionally I would pull out the photo album. About ten years ago I started looking more closely at the photographs.

Figure 28

Sample photos from Paulina Marcovici's photo album



My parents' summer house in Amagansett, New York, has a small population of mice that enjoy camping in the sofa, and looking for crumbs in the kitchen. There is also the slight salty, damp smell of the Atlantic Ocean and of my mother's plants that fill up the sunny living room.

We placed the photograph album on the pine table at the beach house, my mother and I, with a couple of my children (one already a young adult) peering over our shoulders. Who are the people in the photographs? After my grandmother Helen died, my mother (Barbara who is Helen's daughter) and my great-aunt Henrietta (Helen's sister) annotated the names and information that Henrietta remembered. Touring the photo album with Henrietta's notes and then with my mother's memory I found out some names, but there were few stories.

Reminiscing with my mother

I find I am gradually taking the place of my mother and great-aunt. I am noticing how quickly the names of family members and friends can fade into the periphery and eventually, if there is no family historian, into a place of forgetting. Not quite a memory anymore.

I asked my mother, maybe more than once—what happened to these people during the Holocaust? My mother’s unelaborated answer “They all perished during the war” (B.Bauer, personal communication, May 10, 2010).

As I looked at the photographs, I wondered about my mother’s statement. How could we find out about what happened to the many people in the photograph album. I knew that before the Second World War there were approximately 757,000 Jews in Romania, and during the Shoah approximately 400,000 Jews were murdered in Romanian controlled areas. However the number of Jews murdered under Romanian control has not been determined precisely (Yadvashem, 2004). Raul Hilberg stated regarding Romania that “no country, besides Germany, was involved in massacres of Jews on such a scale” (Hilberg, 1985; Yad Vashem, 2004).

Figure 29

Romania 1933-Holocaust Encyclopedia, US Holocaust Memorial Museum



My mother and I called her brother, my uncle Bob over to the house (he lives nearby in Amagansett). They did not talk about the relatives in the post-war period; there was silence, explained Bob, except that he has a memory of Paulina crying over her postcards (R.Gold, personal communication, May 10, 2010). Barbara remembers that the postcards had stopped coming during the war years (B.Bauer, personal communication, May 10, 2010).

During the last winter of high school Barbara had health difficulties and was sent to live with Paulina and Marco in Florida for the term. The thought was the warm winters of Florida would be easier on her breathing than the cold Northeast. Barbara remembers the long train ride to Florida, filled with returning soldiers still in uniform (B.Bauer, personal communication, May 10, 2010).

Bob and Barbara reminisced about what they remembered about their Romanian family. There were the “Flavians”, he was a lawyer, she was a physician. They were a couple Barbara met in Paris. They had owned property in Bucharest, expropriated by the communist government, but held a bank account in Switzerland, and had a daughter living in the U.S. Barbara thought. Barbara had a chance to travel to France after graduating from college. The Flavians had no way of getting money to their daughter so they gave Barbara a packet of gold jewelry to bring to the USA (and Bob as well) to give to their daughter (B.Bauer, personal communication, various dates). Barbara does not remember her cousin’s first names but she told me this story many times. I discover later that the Flavians changed their name from Finklestein. They are the children of Benedictina, and related to the cousin in Beersheva and in Florida and to the cousins whom I have been unable to find in New Jersey. After reading this narrative, my cousin Rachel explained that the exact story was as follows: Henry, who was called “Ziku” in the family, was married twice. He never had children. In 1945, his sister Sylvia immigrated with her

family to New York. Presumably, Rachel wrote, the delivery of the jewelry was financial support to Sylvia—Ziku never had children. Rachel's father Traian visited Sylvia in New York in 1947. Sylvia visited Israel in the 1960s. Later, after the 1967 war in Israel, Sylvia's son Alexi visited Rachel with his wife Goldie. They had two daughters. I have not yet connected with Sylvia's children and grandchildren, but they must be the missing cousins in New Jersey.

Paulina's tears

For many years now, our family only meets up at the beach house on rare occasions. We are spread out across the Atlantic and Pacific, families are growing, there is a new generation emerging and the small beach house cannot accommodate all of us. Quite a few years passed until I reignited my interest in the photo album.

In the course of my research I was grateful to be accepted into the School of Child and Youth Care's PhD program. I was introduced to the University of Victoria Digital librarian, Matt Huculak. When Dr. Huculak explained my research to the University archivist, the University of Victoria library offered to scan the photograph album to preserve the photographs. During her next visit from New York, my mother brought the album to me in Canada. I remember walking into the huge library with my tiny mother. I had the album in a large bag and was instructed by the librarian to keep everything in the album intact. When exploring the album in preparation for scanning I turned over the photographs, discovered names, dates, and writing in Romanian on the backs of many of the photographs. The photographs were a kind of postcard, some of which were hand delivered perhaps, after my great-grandmother Paulina Weisman's (Helen's mother) 1923 visit to Romania. I wondered about my family members. Many of the photos have notes on the back sent to Marco and Paulina from their family. At that moment I realized that these might have been the postcards that held Paulina's tears.

Finding the Weismans

Later, sitting at home in Victoria, British Columbia, I was still puzzling over the long-forgotten? Lost relatives? I started building a family tree and scoured the internet for information about Jews in Romania. My cousin Jeff, who had immigrated to Israel decades ago and now goes by his Hebrew name, “Yosi”, had done some preliminary research. Starting from Yosi’s work, I began my detailed investigation. Yosi explained to me, while talking on Zoom from Israel, that he knew of Benedictina’s family members (who were not interested in talking with me), and that there were other cousins who were descendants of Bernard that Yosi had not met. However, their name was “Weisman”, such a common name in Israel, Yosi thought, that finding them seemed virtually hopeless.

Figure 30

Yosi's family tree research⁷

Descendant Listing for Weizmann/Josef
Produced - 11/09/2014

Ind	Child	G'C	GG'C	G2G'C	G3G'C
Weizmann/Josef (M) (b. ~1825) & ?/Branca (F) (b. ~1827 bp. Romania dp. Romania m. ~1840)	Weizmann/Speranza (F) & Siegler/Osias (M)	Siegler/Alexander (M) & ??? (F)	Siegler?? (F)	Siegler/Yoshka (M) & ?? (F)	Siegler?? (F)
		Siegler/Fabian (M) & ??? (F)	Siegler/Jerome (M)	Siegler/Beatrice (F) & ?? (M)	?? (M)
		Siegler/Beatrice (F) & ?? (M)	??/Ruth (F)		
Weizmann/Rebecca (F)					
Weizmann/Norbert (M)					
Weizmann/Bernard (M) & ??? (F)	Weizmann/Chaim (M) & ?? (F)	Weizmann/Chana (F)	Weizmann/Rachel (F)	Weizmann/Yosef (M)	
	Weizmann/Peter (M) & ?? (F)	Weizmann/Zacharia (M) (bp. Rumania) & ?? (F)	Weizmann/Nelu (M)	Weizmann/Retta (F)	
	Weizmann/Hillel (M)				
Weizmann/Oscar (M)	Weizmann/Benedictina (F) & Flavian/? (M)	Flavian/Henry (F)	Flavian/Helene (F) & Ghelber/Moshe (M)	Ghelber/Luciano (M) & Lipkin/Tamar (F)	Ghelber/Yael (F)
				Ghelber/Anat (F)	Ghelber/Iris (F)
				Ghelber/Henrietta (F) (b. 06/06/1925 d. 06/1990) & Bernstein/Mordechai (M) (b. 1920 d. 1974 m. 1956)	Bernstein/Orly (F) & Hawley/Dan (M) (m. 08/1982)
					Bernstein/Tami (F) (b. 29/09/1961) & Kunievsky/Baruch (M) (b. 23/08/1959 m. 08/08/1984)
					Kunievsky/Nadav Mordechai (M) (b. 08/03/1989)
					Kunievsky/Keren Miriam (F) (b. 02/07/1992)
					Kunievsky/Reut Henrietta (F) (b. 16/01/1999)
	Flavian/Silvia (F) & Wexler/? (M)	Wexler/Alex (M) & ?/Goldie (F)	Wexler/Jay (M)	Wexler/Eugene (M)	Wexler/Elaine (F)
	Flavian/Alexander (M)				
Weizmann/Paulina (F) (b. ~1874 bp. Bucharest, Romania d. ~1958 dp. Hewlett, NY, USA) & Markowitz/Marco (M) (bp. Jassi, Romania dp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA m. 26/12/1897)	Markowitz/Jerome (M) (dp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA) & ??? (F)	Markowitz/Jerome (M) (dp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA) & Goldin/Martha (F) (b. ~1922 bp. New York City d. 29/01/2010 dp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA)	Markowitz/Judy (F) (bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA) & Roberts/David (M)	Markowitz/Sandra (F) (bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA) & Goldstein/? (M)	Goldstein/Emma (F)
				Goldstein/Daniel (M)	Goldstein/Philip (M) (bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA)
				Markowitz/Marc (M) (bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA)	Markowitz/Steve (M) (bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA) & ?/Ann Marie (F)
				Markowitz/Jennifer (F)	Markowitz/Jeffrey (M) (bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania, USA)
	Markowitz/Oscar (M) (bp. New York City dp. California, USA) & Gold/Miriam (F)	Markson/Joan (F)	Markowitz?? (F)		
	Markowitz/Helen (F) (bp. Romania dp. Miami Beach, Florida, USA) & Gold/Sam (M) (b. 1900 bp. Poland d. 1989 dp. Long Island, New York)	Gold/Robert (M) & Henket/Hanneke (F) (b. 1941 bp. Velp, Holland)	Gold/Barbara (F) (b. 12/11/1931 bp. Allentown, Pennsylvania) & Bauer/Steve (M) (b. 1930 bp. Brooklyn, New York)	Bauer/Jonathan (F) (b. 1955 bp. Brooklyn, New York) & Formentin/Vittoria (M) (b. 1957 bp. Italy)	Bauer/Betsy (F) (b. 1957 bp. Massachusetts, USA) & Matheny/Ted (M) (b. 1954 bp. Ohio, USA)
					Matheny/Andrew (M) (b. 1984 bp. Westchester, New York)
					Matheny/Cici Sara Helen (F) (b. 1987 bp. Washington, D.C.)
					Matheny/Hannah (F) (b. 1990 bp. Paris)
					Matheny/Tamara (F) (b. 04/1996 bp. Russia)
					Bauer/Julia (F) (b. 1959 bp. Brooklyn, New York) & Herzog/Howard (M) (b. 1953 bp. Saint Catherines, Canada)
					Herzog/Samuel Benjamin (M) (b. 18/12/1957)

⁷ Yosi prepared a chart of the descendants of Josef Weisman [See Exhibit 1 showing that Josef Weisman and Branca Kitai were my great-great grandparents, and were the parents of Paulina]. Note the difference in the spelling of Weisman, and the blank areas where Yosi did not have information. I have found Weisman spelled in numerous different ways making researching the family more challenging. It was not until I had collected more documents that I determined the best choice of spelling. On Josef Weisman's grave, on Traian Weisman's passport and on a

Iași, Romania

My great-grandmother Paulina had said (according to Barbara) she was from Bucharest, that she married the son of a butcher, and moved to Iași, in the far northeast corner of Romania. I found out through my research that Paulina and her family were from Piatra Neamt, a small town in the mountains northwest of Iași. When asked why Paulina might have insisted upon her Bucharest identity, my mother thought it was likely that Paulina just wanted to be viewed as being from Bucharest, with the idea that it was a more urban, cultured center. Paulina was proud of her knowledge of French, Barbara told me. Paulina had to learn English when she arrived in the United States and her grandchildren both laughed at and were fond of her accent. I know this, because when I was a child I heard the gentle jokes about her accent repeated, even though Paulina was long gone by then. Iași was a slightly larger town than Piatra Neamt, where Paulina moved after her marriage to Marco. I have a photo of Marco's father, my great-great grandfather, "Morris Marcovici" who was a Shoichet (kosher butcher) in Iași (Figure 31).

telegram sent from Josef Weisman announcing Paulina and Marco's wedding, the name was spelled Weisman and thus I have chosen that variant.

Figure 31

Morris Marcovici, Shoichet



As I studied my family's past, for the first time, I read about the 1941 pogrom in Iași, Romania, described above. It is disturbingly extraordinary that such a massive event was not discussed among the family. In fact, I understand that Barbara and Bob were not even aware of the horror. When I began my research Dr. Charlotte Schallié introduced me to Serge Haber in Vancouver, a survivor of the Iași pogrom. It was the day after Serge's Bar Mitzvah, Serge explained, during the course of an interview, when Germany and Romania invaded the Soviet Union during the Second World War. (Yad Vashem, 2004). At our meeting, Serge requested that his own description of the Iași pogrom be heard directly (S. Haber, personal communication, October 25, 2019).

This is Serge's testimony:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RIVddWfXAsA>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WCiXbiDxz6c>

Europe

With photographs, some names, and new knowledge of the specific atrocities that occurred in my grandmother's town of birth I grew committed to travel to Romania to learn more. Although I was admonished by members of the local Jewish community who had conducted their own postwar search for family in other parts of Eastern Europe that I would likely find nothing, I was determined to seek more information.

During the summer of 2019 there was a beautiful baby party for the first of the next generation, my great-niece Susanna, Emine and my nephew Andrew's daughter, at my sister's house in Marly-le-Roi, France. There was a great game of match the baby photo to the adult, and there were many amazing feasts. The most remarkable event was the meal that Emine's parents, who live in Crimea, made for all of us. As I sat at the long table filled with our family members it occurred to me that anyone might be startled: Emine's family members are Muslim Crimean Tatars, also present were my brother-in-law's family, who can trace their Scottish and Irish ancestry back many generations in the United States; originally from Ohio, my sister and her husband, now French citizens, my family from Canada and my parents, the only great-grandparents present, from New York. Fast forward to the summer of 2022, and I then found myself at my son's wedding to his Indonesian wife, Putri. As I write, it is a sunny afternoon in Victoria, British Columbia, and I imagine the refraction of light as a prism, the welcome essence of the shifting shape of my immediate family.

It was the summer of 2019, however, and the world felt a little safer than it does now; I was feeling like I had already made it across the Atlantic to the family party in France and I decided on an impulse to travel to Iași. I thought I might find traces of Paulina's family. I was hoping if I followed the trail of the photographs and researched in the Romanian archives I might

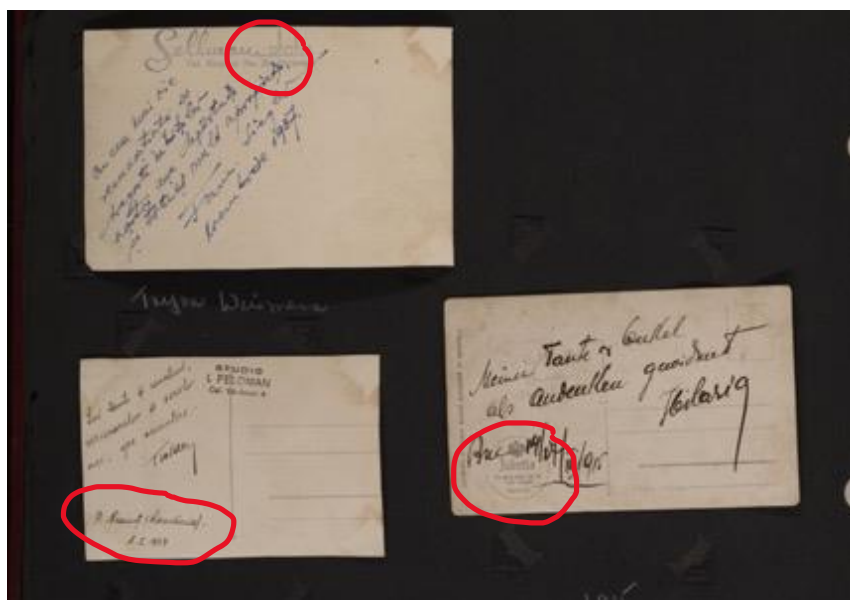
find my grandmother's birth certificate and information about her extended family. This visit to Romania was to finally discover and unravel the missing stories. Yet still what I found were stories hidden between gaps and a remaining silence. Let me explain.

Romania, September 2019

I learned a few words in Romanian, and set out to find my grandmother's birth certificate. I decided to visit each of the places noted on the backs of the photographs—Bucharest, Iași, Piatra Neamt (see Figure 32).

Figure 32

Verso of postcard photographs sent to the Marcovici Family with locations noted



Note: Verso of photographs from Pauline Markowitz's photo album.

Arriving in Bucharest, my mind was on heading to Iași where my grandmother said she was born. Next to my hotel in Bucharest was Cișmigiu Park (see Figure 33), and in the early morning while walking in the park I saw varied people starting their day, the young mother bringing her little girl to school, two scruffy looking young men on bicycles with remarkably well-behaved large dogs who followed them when they whistled. There were benches to sit on,

and the morning air was cool with that gentle soothing sound of the trees with their leaves stirred by the breeze. I walked on the crusty leaves the paths were laden with, and the air was both fresh and dusty with the dry air of a Mediterranean climate.

Figure 33

Cișmigiu Park, Bucharest, Romania, September, 2019



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

The city felt like a surreal version of Tel Aviv of twenty years ago, cars driving incautiously and fast through narrow streets, a cool early morning leading to hot sun in the day, but Bucharest had its own touch—concrete Brutalist architecture from the communist era, mixed with the lovely ornate 17-18th century crumbling buildings. There was graffiti almost everywhere.

I walked to the Holocaust Memorial. It appeared to me as a “singular architectural monstrosity” (Sebald, p.29), with its placement in a seemingly nowhere spot in town, its square

concrete lines, the paucity of names included in the display, the apparent lack of responsibility the Romanian government expressed for the murder and deportation of the Romanian Jewish population. It was a difficult place to find, even though it was near the center of the city. I tried to read all the names displayed on the interior walls of the monument and, as I write, I realize how few names were listed and how many Jews were actually murdered in Romania in comparison. Complicated histories were mentioned in the monument display, the destruction of part of the Jewish cemetery in Bucharest—this was to become a theme of my visit—cemeteries in ruins, a living population extinguished throughout Romania.

A short flight from Bucharest, the tone in Iași is gentler, with a large university at one end of town and many ornate buildings in its downtown core. I arrived in Iași in the middle of the day at a quiet small airport. I found my way to my hotel in the center of town and sat outside in the hotel's café, and finally felt relaxed and enjoyed watching the passersby, who were in short sleeves and light dresses for the warmth of the still summery September day. I walked up a long street and followed the trolley tracks for many blocks.

Searching for the Jews of Iași

I found my way to Synagogue Mare, the Great Synagogue of Iași, where I met Albert who was inside teaching a young boy. Albert is a local teacher and Jewish community leader. First, Albert introduced me to the museum curator who brought me to a small room in a portable style building across from the synagogue (see Figure 34). I was immediately impacted by the scant information (see Figure 35) set in a dusty, dark room with a clear lack of resources to support their work. This museum may be one of the only representations of a mostly vanished community. This community was also my grandmother's birthplace and the place where part of my family lived for unknown centuries. The name "Marcovici" appears in scattered places in the

displays and documents in the museum. Albert told me that most of the documents relating to the Jewish history of Romania are at the National Archives and may be difficult to access.

Figure 34

Doorway of Jewish Museum of Iași



Figure 35

Rabbis and Synagogues, Jewish Museum, Iași



The Synagogue Mare (see Figure 36; Figure 37) was recently renovated. Next door, there is another smaller synagogue and the tiny Jewish center and museum. Albert was kind enough to let me into both synagogues to take photos and talk for a little while. He also invited me to morning prayer service the next day. I understood from Albert that there used to be one hundred and twelve synagogues in Iași, and now only two stand, the rest having been destroyed.

Figure 36

Synagogue Mare in Iași, Romania, September, 2019



Figure 37

Synagogue Mare Sanctuary, Iași, Romania, September 2019



I went to the early morning minyan (prayer meeting)—I had promised Albert I would go. I walked along *Strada Cuza Voda* (Cuza Voda Street), following again the trolley tracks along blocks that my family would have walked, lived and worked on, the street which historically had been lined with Jewish shops. As I was walking, I imagined my grandmother as an infant, being pushed in a pram along these same streets.

During the next few days I would meet Israelis who were originally from Iași, who were also going to the cemetery to visit the graves of their parents, grandparents or other relatives. The women I met at the synagogue told me that to find the grave of my great-great grandmother, I would need to stop first at the Jewish center, where they have the burial records. After the prayer services I met up with Sorina and Stefana, two lovely university professors from Alexandru Ioan Cuza University (See Figure 38), located in Iași and one of Romania's most highly regarded universities.

Figure 38

Alexandru Ioan Cuza University, Iași, Romania



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog.

I was introduced to Sorina and Stefana through some tangled connections with my sister's friends in France. We sat at the café in front of my hotel, where I became entranced with their friendliness and warmth. Stefana and Sorina seemed intrigued by my research.

Stefana whose last name is Iosef, said she believes that her grandfather was forced to convert from Judaism and has been looking into her own family history (S. Iosef, personal communication, September, 2019). When I returned to Bucharest, I visited the Center for Jewish History and discovered that in Romania, there is a directory with all of the names of Jews who converted (Staff, personal communication, Center for Jewish History, September, 2019). Later, when I returned to Iași, Stefana and I met in a park for a quick coffee to catch up. There is a photo of us sitting together on the park bench and looking closely at the photo, by chance, there is a slight outline of a rainbow above our heads (See Figure 39).

Figure 39

Julia and Stefana in a little park, across the street from Alexandru Ioan Cuza University



Note: Photograph from album of Julia Herzog

Sorina (See Figure 40) and Stefana wanted to help. They both enthusiastically and generously took time from their work to help me on my research journey. We went to the Jewish center and there we found handwritten books containing the cemetery records dated from 1917-1941. We poured over the books for quite some time looking for my great-great grandparents, Rebecca (Solomon) Marcovici and Morris Marcovici and found several Marcovici's.

Figure 40

Sorina helping me at the Jewish Center of Iași



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

I photographed pages of the record books and then the next step was to bring the names to the caretaker at the cemetery to see if she could find their graves. I found the record of Rebecca Marcovici, who had died in 1938, who was likely my great-great grandmother, as the year made sense and there were no other Rebecca Marcovicis in the book.

Figure 41

Rebecca Marcovici, Cemetery Record from Jewish Community Center, Iași, Romania

Nr.	Numele și Pronumele		Data Nașterii			Sex	Vârsta	Nr. înscr.	OBSERVAȚII	
			Zi	Lună	An					
179	Maria	Halman	29	Jan	6	F	120	2	16	
180	Stela	Segall	24		6	F	120	7	24	
181	Anna	Rebenbaum	8		1	F	120	2	8	
182	Stela	Segall	10		F	100	3	17		
183	Rebecca	Marcovici	10		F	120	2	15		
184	Stela	Segall	7		F	10		Caray		
185	Spiranta	Muller	12		F	120	2	33		

Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

Cimitirul Evreiesc The Jewish Cemetery, Iași, Romania, 2019

Later, Stefana and I drove up to the *Cimitirul Evreiesc* (the Jewish Cemetery) (see Figure 42). The gravestones sprawl over a vast area of thorny weeds (see Figure 42; Figure 43). Many of the stones are knocked over or tilted and are mostly overgrown by brambles, bushes and trees.

Figure 42

Cimitirul Evreiesc, Iași, Romania, September, 2019



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

The caretaker is an older woman of indeterminate age, who walks with a pronounced limp. She has four or five dogs who follow her around. The caretaker's father originally took care of the cemetery, Stefana's professor told me when we met, that this has been the caretaker's life-long vocation. Stefana and I walked up a long dirt road, to where the graves of my great-great grandparents might be. Lining the road were headstones that looked like they had perhaps been moved from their original location and placed there to line the road, some of them were broken (see Figure 45). Beyond the headstones was a thick bramble of thorny bushes and trees. Inside the dense bush were hundreds of tombstones, many unreadable as they had deteriorated over time.

The cemetery itself, I heard from Albert, had over a hundred thousand graves. He also told me that the first graves date back to the 1600s. It was a large property spreading across the top of a rolling hill with encroaching suburban houses in the expansive view. The city of Iași sits in a valley below the cemetery and below the university, but suburban growth and development has surrounded the area.

Figure 43

Cimitirul Evreiesc overlooks the suburbs of Iași



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

Despite the hot sun, the brambles and the thick trees overtaking the gravestones, I felt a fascination with the place and stayed for quite a while. I was needing to take in the experience of the damaged cemetery, and my feeling of complete helplessness in that environment. This place felt foreign to me and full of ghosts.

Bukovina

It was the end of the week, and the caretaker advised it would take time to search for Rebecca Marcovici's gravestone. There was no access again to the cemetery until Monday and so I traveled instead to see what I would find in Piatra Neamt and its environs. Arriving in Piatra Neamt in the afternoon, it was sunny and hot, and I found the entrance of the synagogue locked. In 2019 I had not yet discovered my cousin Emil, who, it turns out, is the president of the Jewish community in Piatra Neamt and whose offices are next to the synagogue, and so I continued on. Exploring Bukovina, a mountainous region which is divided between Ukraine and Romania, I ended up in Gura Humorului, where I searched for signs of its former Jewish community. When I showed my slides to some friends from the Jewish community in Victoria, one friend exclaimed that his aunt had been from the small shtetl there. Most of the Jewish people of Gura Humorului were deported to Transnistria, Romania's killing fields, starting in 1940 by the terrorizing Iron Guard (Yad Vashem, 2004). Using Google Maps, I was looking for the cemetery, but only saw a row of houses, one, with a woman working in her garden out front. Using my most limited Romanian I asked "*Unde este Cimitirul Evreiesc*" (*where is the Jewish cemetery?*) and was then pointed to a gate behind her house, leading up a hill. In the end, my most significant encounter in Bukovina was yet another cemetery in shambles (see Figure 44).

Figure 44

Cimitirul Evreiesc, Gura Humorlui, Bukovina, Romania, September 2019



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

I returned to Iași the next Monday morning, and ventured back to the Iași Jewish cemetery, this time alone, hoping to find Rebecca Marcovici's grave. I decided to take a taxi as I was afraid I would get lost. The driver also did not know how to get there either, and finally dropped me on a dirt road on top of a hill overlooking the far end of the cemetery property. I climbed through a gap in the fence at the back of the property. The summer sun was hot and I walked alone, searching for the entrance.

I finally found my way through thorn bushes and trees growing over tombstones and overgrown brush, down the hill, until I located the main part of the cemetery and looked for the caretaker. There were two older Israeli women appearing to be in their 70s there, one originally from Botoșani (Romania), one originally from Iași who was there to visit her grandmother's grave. The caretaker was leading them. The ladies spoke Romanian and Hebrew so I managed to

communicate in Hebrew and I followed. The woman from Iași was very moved when we arrived at her grandmother's grave and afterwards she was crying and stumbling in her high-heeled sandals. I held her hand and helped her get back to the main path.

The two ladies translated for me, as the caretaker only spoke Romanian to help me ask the caretaker to show me the way to my great-great grandmother Rebecca Marcovici's grave. The caretaker told me it was very difficult to get to Rebecca Marcovici's grave and that she would not take me there. When I protested the caretaker said we would need a taxi and I needed to pay her 200 lei (about \$50.00). Oddly enough the two ladies had arrived with their taxi driver who agreed to drive up the dirt road, which was very rough and lined with old broken tombstones, toward Rebecca's grave. We proceeded forward, however, after only a moment, the car could not go further (see Figure 45).

Figure 45

Cimitirul Evreiesc, Iași, Romania, Overgrown road



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

Finally, I followed the caretaker out of the car through the dense brush and trees. I was wearing a thin silk top which got thorns stuck in it and was getting torn, but it protected my arms from scratches. In the end my blouse was ruined. I kept trying to step on the thick thorny bushes and knock them down with my foot so that there would be a place to walk through, to protect myself from injury. The caretaker led me seemingly blindly through the thicket of trees and brush and scattered graves which were marked by large coffin-sized stone structures (see Figure 46). The stones were marked with the names of individuals in Hebrew and in Romanian, and while it was clear they were gravestones, they were of a style I had not seen before. I tried not to step on top of any of the stone structures, although the caretaker and her four dogs did not observe any such prohibitions. The process of getting to the grave was almost as overwhelming as being there.

Figure 46

Following the caretaker and her dogs in the Iași cemetery



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

The grave was inscribed with “Rifca Marcovici” with the date of 1938 (Rifka being the Hebrew translation of Rebecca). I brought the two stones with me to place on the grave and the caretaker held the bushes back so I could take some photos. I feel I could have examined the space more carefully, but I lost touch with myself in the chaos and emotion of the moment. I scraped away the moss on the granite with my fingernails so that I could clearly see the date: it was 1938 (see Figure 47).

Figure 47

Rebecca (Rifca) Marcovici’s grave, Cimitirul Evreiesc Iași, Romania, September 2019



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

The caretaker seemed impatient and urged me to leave and afterwards, I somehow followed the caretaker back to the dirt road. When we found the taxi, the driver started to shout at me that he wanted fifty US dollars because there were paint scratches from the rough road (all

of this being translated from Romanian into Hebrew by the two ladies). I did not believe the damage was from the brief ride in the taxi, I said no (in English), that I would not go back in the taxi. The taxi driver kept shouting at me in Romanian. I turned my back on the scene, and abruptly walked off fast into the hills toward the remote-parts of the cemetery. After leaving the angry taxi driver and the confused Israeli ladies and after watching the caretaker head (with her uneven, painful gait) back toward the entrance, I walked away as far as I could from that difficult, angry scene. The expansiveness of the dried brushy space, being on top of the hill overlooking houses in the distance was calming. But more than the view or the hill was a wave of comfort that came to me from all of my ancestors, my relatives and Jewish community members, buried in this place, and I stayed there awash, held by their arms and neshamot (spirits or souls). I was reminded of a passage in “Austerlitz”:

Evan told tales of the dead who had been struck down by fate untimely, who knew they had been cheated of what was due to them and tried to return to life. If you had an eye for them they were to be seen quite often, said Evan. At first glance they seemed to be normal people, but when you looked more closely their faces would blur or flicker slightly at the edges. And they were usually a little shorter than they had been in life, for the experience of death, said Evan, diminishes us, just as a piece of linen shrinks when you first wash it...Hanging from a hook on the wall above Evan’s low workbench, said Austerlitz, was the black veil that his grandfather had taken from the bier when the small figures muffled in their cloaks carried it past him, and it was certainly Evan, said Austerlitz, who once told me that nothing but a piece of silk like that separates us from the next world. (Sebald 2001 54)

I walked for hours afterwards, up a windy, hilly dirt road past some new houses being built into a completely foreign neighborhood. I decided to search for the Botanical gardens as I knew they were somewhere in the distance. At the top of the hill a woman drove her late model sport utility vehicle into the driveway of her ornate, large new house. My feelings of disassociation were magnified by the contrast of the new construction and wealth against the decimated cemetery and erasure of the Jewish people. Seeking contact with the gentle solace of a natural place, I asked to be pointed toward the Botanical gardens. I finally reached a main street and after an hour of walking made my way to the gardens where, again, I felt held, this time by living beings, the roses, the unusual trees, and a small lily pad garden with a sprinkler. It was hot that day, and I had been in the sun for hours. I put down my bags and walked under the sprinkler and let the water cool me down and wash off the cemetery visit.⁸

Searching for Stories

During my visit to Romania I connected most directly with the neshamot⁹ of my forebears. My search for the stories of my cousins who did not leave before the war continued. I became aware in my travels that there is a deeply buried Jewish past in Romania and the path toward uncovering my relatives' stories is as tangled and impenetrable as the cemetery grounds.

The buried past of the Romanian Jews is both figurative and literal. In 2019, a mass grave was found in Stanca Roznovanu, northeast of Iași. The remains were found near a mass grave found in Vulturi, Romania in 2010 (Reuters staff, July 2, 2019). Just before my visit, a third mass grave including the remains of children was found in the Popricani forest near Popiricani village

⁸ This experience reminds me that at Jewish cemeteries there is a faucet at the exit, where the practice is to ritually wash hands after visiting the cemetery.

⁹ This could be translated from Hebrew as the breath of the soul.

(Frazer, 2019). In 2014, a scientific investigation concluded that the mass killings in the Popircani forest outside of Iași were conducted by the Romanian military (Frazer, 2019).

The decimation of the Jewish population in Romania is echoed by the continued contemporary erasure of the history and current existence of Jews of Romania. The past genocide, which is also contemporary, is being re-enacted through deliberate individual acts and official Romanian government actions and policies (Aderet, 2019). The recent vandalism of a Jewish cemetery in Romania where 73 tombstones were destroyed is an example of a deliberate individual antisemitic act (Marinus, 2019). The Iași municipal government's destruction of the historic entry archway to the Iași cemetery is an example of systemic antisemitism (Aderet, 2019). The government of Romania, both on local and national levels, controls the space and property of the former Jewish inhabitants of Romania (Aderet, 2019). This hegemonic silent oppression is expressed in myriad bureaucratic practices such as the underfunding of the Jewish Museum in Iași and the destruction of the archway of the Jewish cemetery with the excuse that it was a safety hazard. As argued by Nelson (2002), the regulation of space can be racist, or in this case, antisemitic, through being subtly hidden by pseudo-logical administrative arguments”

[T]he legal regulation of space governs what can and cannot happen within it, in ways that may not be obviously defined as racist in law itself, nor perhaps to a community not directly and negatively affected by such regulation...the regulation and limitation of spaces of resistance are easily masked as a necessary measure to protect the public, a reasonable and equitable measure that applies equally to all citizens, rather than targeting any specific group (Nelson, 212-213).

Thus, the destruction of the cemetery archway is a symbol for the continued removal of the existence of the Jews in Iași. The crumbling cemetery itself is a metaphor for the inherent

antisemitism in its very abandonment by the Romanian government and among its citizens. When I asked why the cemetery is in shambles, I was told that it was because the Jews do not have the resources to care for the cemetery and that in Romania it is the responsibility of the particular group to care for its own cemetery. I was told, for example, that the Catholic cemetery is cared for by the Church. Who is to care for the *neshamot*? Whose waves of love wafted throughout the beautiful hills within the garden of the cemetery? Whose responsibility is it to care for remaining artifacts of a community when the government itself is responsible for that community's destruction?

The disturbing continued erasure of the Jews of Iași exists in both blatant and subtle measures. In a practice that continues today, for thousands of years, Jews have marked their doorways with a mezuzah (see Figure 48). A mezuzah is a small, often beautifully crafted object marking the doorpost of the Jewish home. Within the mezuzah is a hand scribed parchment containing the sacred, central prayer of Judaism—the *Shema Yisrael*.

Figure 48

Mezuzah Affixed to my doorpost in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada



I walked down Strada Cuza Voda, the main street that winds through central Iași. A streetcar travels the length of the street, from the synagogue all the way up a number of miles to the university and beyond. I understood that the Jewish shops used to line the Strada Cuza Voda (S. Iosef, personal communication, September 2019). Stefana and I walked into a former Jewish residential neighborhood off of Strada Cuza Voda, and I looked for signs that this was a place

where Jews had lived. In the courtyard children were playing ball, parents standing outside chatting in the friendly dusk evening. There were no marks or traces of mezuzahs on any doorposts and I wondered about the vanished past of the neighborhood.

The fact that only recently, mass graves have been discovered in Iași (Marinas, 2019) is evidence of the Romanians' reluctance to face their past. As indicated above, I interviewed Serge Haber, a witness to the massacre of the Jews in Iasi at the age of thirteen. (S.Haber, personal communication, October 25, 2019). There were no apparent markers on *Strada Cuza Voda* to commemorate the victims when I walked in Iași, along the main plaza in 2019, and again in 2022. Only the cemetery located a distance from town has a memorial monument, and by its distant nature this monument is hidden from the general population and the reality of the massacre is diminished through ignorance and silence. During the course of my meeting with Serge I showed photographs of the main boulevard in Iasi. When Serge saw the photograph of the Trei Ierarhi Monastery on *Stefan Cel Mare* Boulevard in central Iasi, he suddenly exclaimed that after the massacre, the bodies were thrown into a ditch in front of that church (S.Haber, personal communication, October 25, 2019). As noted above, the boulevard is now a beautiful pedestrian street without a memorial, its history indiscernible. In the summer of 2019, before I knew Serge's story, I wandered on that boulevard on a warm summer evening and observed craft vendors displaying their ware. I listened for a time to a street musician sitting on a park bench expertly playing his accordion.

In Romania, I discovered an elaborate bureaucratic system of what felt like the withholding of documents, information, and archival materials. When I started to inquire about finding records about my own family I was advised the information I seek may only be found in the local National Archives offices for each municipality. I was initially unable to make a request

for documents because of the language barrier; fortunately, I found a way to make a request with Stefana's help, however there was no answer from the National Archives. In the spring of 2022 I visited the Iași Archives' reading room still hoping to find my grandmother's birth certificate. I met animosity there, and the archivist told me bluntly "your information is bad, it is wrong" and eventually I had to leave frustrated. Thus, antisemitism and the continued oppression of the Jews of Romania exist in a callous bureaucracy, legal regulation, individual acts of violence and the suppression of evidence. This violence is acutely expressed by the abandonment of the almost hidden and deteriorating *Cimitirul Evreiesc*, the Jewish cemetery.

What led me to explore the cemetery in Iași, to insist upon finding the grave of my great-great grandmother, and to walk in the heat and thorn bushes? Was there a strand in my unconscious of a previous generation's troubles? What remains to me is my own experience. My exploration of the *Cimitirul Evreiesc* shifted my orientation and created a pivotal and vital moment in time and space. Merleau-Ponty wrote about such moments of dislocation as "the intellectual experience of disorder, but the vital experience of giddiness and nausea, which is the awareness of our contingency, and the horror with which it fills us" (Merleau-Ponty, 1962, 254).

The story of my walk in the cemetery is not unique. It appeared to me that there may be almost daily Jewish visitors to the cemetery in Iași. Thousands of people were murdered in Iași and their relatives were evicted and expelled, ending up in varied, distant lands. Jews remain closely tied to their families and their ancestors. When a close relative dies, we may light a candle each year on the anniversary of their death. A special word in Yiddish, *Yahrzeit* exists for such a date and particular prayers are said on numerous occasions during the Jewish calendar year. When I visited my great-great grandmother's grave, I had carried stones from Canada to place on her grave, mark my connection, to leave my message of love and remembrance. I

believe the connection I felt in the cemetery was of warm greetings, that memories exist to be revived and that my task is one of resuscitation.

Pandemic

On March 17, 2020, my family and I were getting ready for March break, the season the public schools go on vacation. That year, Covid-19 arrived, schools closed and the university moved quickly to online meetings and course completion. Suddenly, I was in a quiet house with my youngest son and husband. We were all adjusting to working from home and the stunningly dramatic world circumstances of the Covid-19 pandemic. The greatest focus in our house was my daughter, in Seattle, in her last trimester of pregnancy, still working as a medical resident, and our son, also a medical resident in Brooklyn, N.Y., newly assigned to a Covid-19 emergency hospital for the remainder of the academic year. Along with the strangeness and fear of the Covid-19 pandemic came for us the wonderful gift of our first grandson, Raviv Joseph on June 18, 2020.

I watched family members come down with Covid and felt grateful for their recovery, and experienced anxiety over my family members who were all far away, whom I could not visit. I wonder, what was it like for Paulina in 1923 when she visited her family in Romania. This was a long journey at sea from New York to Europe, and then over land to Romania. I imagine Paulina must have been in touch with her family through or after the First World War, and through the Spanish flu pandemic because she was able to make the journey to see them during that brief period between the wars. From what I hear from Bob and Barbara, during the Second World War, Paulina and Marco were unable to reach their families and the postcards stopped coming. There is only a slight resemblance here, the distance from family during a world disaster is modified by our electronic era. But I feel a strange parallel of global upheaval. Our young

people—in my case—my daughter and son who were in their medical residencies—were fighting the virus. At the time of writing this dissertation, in far-off Ukraine, the young people are volunteering and drafted into the military, and the older generation can only watch.

Renewed Research Efforts

In February of 2021 I renewed efforts in my research. I met again online with my cousin Yosi who lives in Israel. Yosi and I both grew up in and near New York City. We were a large group of the children of my mother's first cousins and would see each other regularly at *B'nei Mitzvahs*¹⁰, and at family reunions at my great-uncle Jerome's (see Exhibit 4) farm in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Our mothers, both now in their 90s, remain close friends. We knew from Yosi's interview many years ago, of Retta, Benedictina's daughter (See Exhibit 6), and that Paulina's siblings Bernard (See Exhibit 3) and Benedictina (See Exhibit 6) had children and grandchildren who moved to Israel. We did not have any contact information for Bernard Weisman's family, but Yosi had gotten in touch and built a relationship with Benedictina's great grandchild and her family in Israel.

I heard from Barbara, that Benedictina and her children had hid in a convent during the Second World War, and then her daughter Helena¹¹ had walked across the border to travel to Israel (B.Bauer, personal communications, 1998-present). The exact story is unknown, and Benedictina's great-grandchildren did not have any information. Yosi gave me Benedictina's great-granddaughter's contact information in the U.S. and so I gave her a call.

¹⁰ Coming of age religious practice for 13 year olds in Judaism, where the child will study, sometimes for many years and then lead the Saturday morning service, with a celebration afterwards.

¹¹ Benedictina's daughter's name was "Helena", just like my grandmother, and her granddaughter was "Retta", short for Henrietta, just like Yosi's grandmother. If we had more information going back further generations in the family tree, I'm certain we would find forebears with those names.

Benedictina's great-granddaughter (she would be my second cousin) firmly let me know that she and her sister (who lives in Israel) have no interest in the past. She told me her family escaped from Romania in the 1950s but did not elaborate. I offered her a lovely photographic portrait of her great-grandmother with her family (See Figure 49). My cousin told me that they each have a box of photographs and documents, and that they do not know anything about Benedictina's or Helena's story and are not interested. She firmly said she was not interested even in the photograph. There are more cousins in New Jersey whom the cousin knows, however Benedictina's great-grandchild would not connect me to them. The lack of interest my cousins expressed, spoke to me of the 'telescoping of generations' (Faimberg, 1988), discussed earlier in Chapter one, a pathway of intergenerational traumatic silence.

Figure 49

Benedictina and her family in Romania



I mentioned above that Benedictina had a son, Henry Flavian, who moved to Paris, France at some point. Barbara said she heard that Henry had escaped from Romania on foot all the way to France. We have a photo in which Aunt Henrietta identified Henry. My mother remembers meeting Henry in Paris, and Yosi said that he met Henry in his later years, in Israel. I found out much later, that Henry had changed his name from Finklestein to Flavian, when he moved to France. Such significant pieces of information like a name change are more clues to unraveling the family narrative. Now I understood that Benedictina's married name was Finklestein. Here is Benedictina and other family members with Henry Flavian, standing behind her to the right (See Figure 50).

Figure 50

Henry Flavian standing rear, right



Looking for the Weismans

My family's history was wound up in a tight ball of twine, previous generations' silence holding the strands together. There are many ways to search for family members these days, there is DNA sampling, family trees, online databases and, of course, conversations with family members. Conversations with family had left me in a vacuum. I knew of Benedictina's story, yet

her great-grandchildren were not able to talk with me. While I had some names from Yosi's research, I could never confirm Benedictina's story, and I still could not find the Weismans. My great-aunt Henrietta had noted names on many of the photographs. Using the information that Yosi had gathered and Henrietta's notes on the photographs, I created a family tree on Ancestry.com's website.

The unraveling of the Weisman family history was sudden. In April of 2021 a family tree in Hebrew popped up on my computer screen. Since I can read Hebrew, I noticed the name "Tikva" which means hope. It was a match to my great-grandmother's sister "Speranza". I emailed the creator of the Hebrew language family tree, and confirmed that indeed, our families were the same. The creator of the website was my newly found cousin, Yael Goffman (see Appendix E). In a rapidly planned zoom meeting I met Yael, Speranza's great-granddaughter (see Exhibit 5), who was equally enthusiastic about reconnecting the different strands of our family. Yael took a break from work to meet with me on Zoom. Yael is of my generation, both of us are great-granddaughters of two sisters, Paulina and Speranza. I learned that Paulina's sister Speranza had moved to Israel after the war. Paulina's brother Bernard had passed away in Bucharest in 1948, but his son, Traian Chaim, had left Romania for Palestine in 1944 with his wife Zirl and their daughter Rachel, during the British Mandate just prior to the establishment of the State of Israel. Yael then introduced me to her cousin Danny Zohar (see Exhibit 5), a grandson of Speranza, and to Bernard's granddaughter, Rachel (see Exhibit 3).

The 1950s: Romanian Immigration to Israel

We have family in Israel, Yael explained, the descendants of Pauline's brother Bernard Weisman, and sister, Speranza Seigler. Yael's mother died a few years ago and Yael only recently started learning about the Weisman side of her family. Yael's mother was Ruti

Bercovitz and she lived in Romania until she was five years old. Ruti was the daughter of Bitza (or Beatrice) and Dov Gerry Bercovitz.

Yael's uncle was Michy Bercovitz. I had been wondering for years about Bitza and her son Michy, as there is a stunning photo of Bitza and her baby in the album (see Figure 13). Bitza was Yael's grandmother, and Michy her uncle. When Yael's mother Ruti passed away, Yael interviewed her uncle Michy and was able to fill in the family tree. Yael did not hear anything about her grandparent's experiences during the Shoah, but all she knew is that they survived the war and immigrated to Israel in 1951. Speranza died in 1954. Ruti Bercovitz went to Romania once, and Yael said, she visited graves in Iași. This puzzled me. Whose graves was Ruti visiting? However, Yael did not know more.

One of the photos that Yael sent me is curious (see Figure 51). It is addressed to the Marcovici family (see Figure 52), yet Yael's mother had the photo. The photo has to be in Romania, as there is writing on a sign in front of the gate in Latin script and it is dated August 10, 1935. In the photograph there is a young girl, off to the side. She is wearing a lovely dress, with Maryjane shoes and white ankle socks. Her eyes look somber and her mouth forms a slight pout, giving the impression that she did not want to be in the photo. There is also someone else, grinning and peering behind the fence. The photographs hold stories and family secrets unknowable as the generations have drifted into the past.

Some stories survive, either explicitly or by allusion and suggestion. For example, standing in front of Rebecca and Israel Kimmel, is Alex Siegler, and then next to them, Speranza, Osias and Fabian Siegler. Speranza "gave" Rebecca and Israel their son Alex to raise, perhaps as they were not able to have children, said cousin Danny Zohar. Yael's mother also had identical photos to mine, as it seems the photo postcards were duplicated to send to different

family members. Other stories remain unknowable. How did this photograph, dated August 10, 1935, and addressed to the Marcovici family, come to be handed down to Yael's family in Israel? In 1935, which member of the Marcovici family first received this photograph?

Figure 51

Yael's photograph



Figure 52

Verso, Yael's photograph



The next photo that Yael sent me solved a mystery I had been puzzling over regarding the identity of the third person (white hat on the left) as Oscar Weisman (the brother who died young, said Henrietta), the younger brother of Paulina, in this photograph with Paulina's sister Speranza and older brother, Norbert Weisman (see Figure 53).

Figure 53

Identifying Oscar Weisman



Meeting my Cousins

The pandemic was still persisting and it was not until March of 2022 that I finally traveled to Israel to meet my cousins. The Omicron wave was hopefully receding and I made plans to travel to Israel with my son during his school break. We decided to set out to meet our newly discovered long-lost cousins in Israel, and I was pondering whether I would continue on alone to Romania. While I was planning there were dangerous rumbles coming from Europe and I hesitated, and then on February 24, 2022, Russia attacked Ukraine.

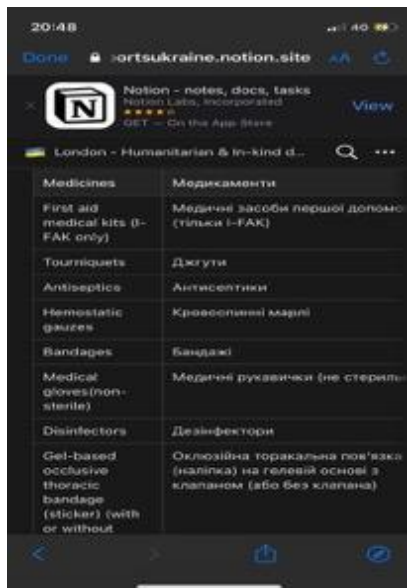
Heading to the Romanian Border with Ukraine

My nephew Andrew's partner, Emine Ziyatdinova is a Ukrainian photo-journalist, and also, importantly the mother of my great-niece, Susanna. While I was planning and deciding on my travels, I heard that Emine had been traveling to Poland, delivering first aid supplies to the

border. When I asked Emine if she thought it would be helpful for me to do the same in Romania, she sent me the current list of needed supplies. I reached out to Congregation Emanu-El, in Victoria, and members came through with almost \$7,000.00 of donations in three days for purchase of the emergency medical supplies. Emine connected me with her friends in Chernivsti, Ukraine, who have been distributing supplies to those who need them. I was to carry the humanitarian aid supplies to Ukrainian journalists at the Romanian border on behalf of Congregation Emanu-El.

I soon found out what an iFAK kit was (compact emergency trauma kits usually distributed to police or military), and had to google “Celox” (a coagulant for dressing major wounds). My family and I started searching for supplies by calling hunting stores, and stores/websites that supply police. We scoured the internet and were able to fill two large duffle bags with needed supplies. My journey was planned to first go to Israel to meet my cousins accompanied by my son, Sammy. On the way to Israel we stopped in France at my sister’s house, where we added large amounts of ibuprofen, acetaminophen and some personal supplies the journalists requested (power packs for phones, new underwear and socks, all items that are preferable to receive new rather than used) scheduled for delivery the following week at the Romanian border with Ukraine.

Figure 54

Supply list and bag of supplies


Medicines	Медикаменти
First aid medical kits (I-FAK only)	Медичні засоби першої допомоги (тільки I-FAK)
Tourniquets	Джгути
Antiseptics	Антисептики
Hemostatic gauzes	Кровоостанні марлі
Bandages	Бандажі
Medical gloves (non-sterile)	Медичні рукавички (не стерильні)
Disinfectors	Деанфектори
Gel-based occlusive thoracic bandage (sticker) (with or without	Оклюзивна торакальна пов'язка (наліпка) на гелевій основі з клапаном (або без клапана)



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

A Ukrainian family staying with my sister in France had Ukrainian currency (Hryvnia) which they were unable to change. I traded the remaining dollars for Ukrainian cash in order to provide the journalists with transportation money. Our supplies were distributed by 2404.org (Ukrainian journalism emergency fund which is organised by Emine and Andrew's friends Roman and Katya: Zaborona.com media) to Ukrainian journalists working on the frontlines. At the time of the donation, tragically a friend and colleague of Emine, Maks Levin,

was killed, and another lost a leg (<https://www.nytimes.com/2022/04/02/world/europe/ukraine-photojournalist-maks-levin-dead.html>). Part of the cash was ultimately sent to Maks Levin's young family—his wife and their four young children.

Thus my voyage to Romania to discover more of my family's past was transformed into a contemporary journey with its echoes of the Second World War. While I was connecting with the descendants of my great-grandmother's siblings I was attempting to reach and contribute support for the people fighting for their freedom and for the victims of the current horror being experienced in Ukraine.

The complex connection between past and present was not lost on myself or Emine. Emine's little daughter Susanna is the great-great-great granddaughter of Jewish refugees from Romania (as is my grandson, Raviv). Susanna is also the daughter of Emine, a citizen of Ukraine, of Moslem Crimean Tatar descent. I felt somehow that my voyage was not only linking the fragments of our Jewish family, but bringing past into present, the blending of cultures, perspectives, in the very web of my immediate and extended family. The symbolism of a synagogue sending a member to make this donation also felt like a healing over the heavy weight of history. In the face of such destruction and violence was there something positive we could do to mend the torn fabric between peoples?

Meeting cousins in Israel

The first step in the journey was to set out for Israel where my son Sammy and I planned to finally meet the cousins with whom I had been corresponding.

Two Sisters: Yael and Orly (Speranza's Great-grand daughters)

Café Noir is a lively, upscale café in the heart of Tel Aviv's nightlife. Sammy and I met Yael and her sister Orly in the evening there (see Figure 55). Yael and Orly both take after their

grandmother Bitza Weisman (as I imagined her), attractive, elegant and friendly. Are we trying to make up for lost time, a lost repetition of shared family time? There was a feeling of family and the idea that we are reconnecting strands that were left dangling after the war. Yael's mother Ruti was five years old when she arrived in Israel from Romania with her parents and grandmother, Speranza, my great-grandmother's sister. Yael tells me how happy they are to have found us since they do not have many relatives. The abundance of an extended family is something they have missed. There was also the symbolism that it was two sisters meeting with us.

Figure 55

Left to right: Sammy, Orly, Julia and Yael outside of Café Noir



Note: Photograph by passerby in Tel Aviv, Israel

While meeting with Yael and Orly, I thought about our great-grandmothers. When I look at the photo of the Weisman sisters, Paulina, Benedictina, Speranza and Rebecca together, I think of how close they must have felt. It was a long journey to travel back to Romania, yet Paulina did so, by herself. In 1904, Paulina made the first trip to the United States by ship, alone with

three small children. When I see the sisters gathered together in their photograph (see Figure 56), I can imagine Paulina's strong motivation to travel back to Romania to visit her family.

Figure 56

Seated: Paulina (left), Benedictina (right); Standing: Speranza (left), Rebecca (right) (1923)



At the café with Yael and Orly, I recalled another photo of the Weisman sisters. The Weisman women are dressed elegantly in long gowns. One of the sisters has her legs crossed, showing off new, crisp and fashionable leather shoes (see Figure 57).

Figure 57*Sisters*

It was striking to sit in a café with my cousins in Tel Aviv, and feel warmth and family when previously we were strangers. After puzzling for years over the identity of the individuals in the photo album, it was a momentous to find the grandchildren of Bitza, and to discover that the baby Michy grew up to be clearly loved by Yael and Orly. The bride Bitza's veil cascades along the armchair with her ivory slippers sparkling. Gerry stands in full formal suit, his bowtie fitting exactly with a white handkerchief in his front pocket. Bitza has delicate pearls around her neck as she holds infant Michy in Romania in July of 1935 (see Figure 58). While we do not have the stories of how they withstood the danger, fear and devastation of the war years in

Romania, we know now that they managed to survive, and find sanctuary in their new home finally in 1951.

Figure 58

Bitza (Beatrice) Weisman and Gerry Dov Bercowitz, 1935; Bitza and Michy



Yael heard from her uncle Michy that when they arrived in Israel they had lost everything. Postwar Israel was not kind to Romanian Jewish immigrants. They were disliked and not trusted as a group. As seems to be human nature, there was a hierarchy of war refugees, with

the German immigrants at the top and Romanians at the bottom (D. Beck, personal communication, May, 2022). When I met with Danny, he explained that this was a difficult time for his family as well.

Danny Zohar (Speranza's grandson) and his wife, Drora Zohar

It was nearing the start of Shabbat (the Sabbath) as Sammy and I drove up a leafy, quiet street to the home of our cousin, Danny Zohar (see Exhibit 5), in a town north of Tel Aviv. When we arrived at Danny's house, Danny and Drora greeted us at their door. At the time Danny heard we were coming to Israel, he immediately opened his home to us, despite the stresses of the pandemic. We were warmly invited in to stow our bags in their upstairs room and stay overnight for Shabbat. Danny and Drora are retired and have a large family all of whom live nearby in their neighborhood. They live in Even Yehuda, a small, quiet town to the east of Netanya, and have lived there for decades.

Danny and Drora set out a fabulous Friday night dinner. It was a lovely banquet starting with traditional Israeli salads and Romanian salads as well. I had to warn Sammy that these were just appetizers as there was more dinner to follow (brisket, in fact, which is usually saved for special holidays in my house). It was so comfortable to be welcomed in this way, to a Friday night dinner. Danny's mannerisms reminded me of my grandparents (although he is not so far in age from me) somehow. It was the friendliness and warmth and how they embraced our family connection that I so appreciated.

During the course of the visit, Danny's children and grandchildren stopped by to visit and chat. Sammy always travels with his violin, as he was preparing to play a challenging piece, the first movement of the Bruch concerto, for his final recital. After dinner, Sammy brought out his

violin and played classical and klezmer¹² music. The grandchildren were fascinated, and to their delight, Sammy proceeded to give them their first violin lesson (see Figure 59).

Figure 59

Sammy gives his cousin her first violin lesson



Note: Pencil sketch from photo, Maya Herzog, 2022.

Before dinner, we sat on the comfortable couch together. Danny was dressed in a blue tracksuit with the sound of Drora preparing dinner in the background (see Figure 60). I set up my camera to record a video of Danny talking about his family, the war, the communists, and the move to Israel. They lost everything to the communists, Danny explained. Uncle Fabian had convinced Danny's grandmother Speranza to buy a factory in 1948. Speranza was a "dominant" woman, Danny said (meaning assertive), and his grandfather, Osias, was more easy going. The decision to invest in the factory was an economic disaster for the family because one year after they invested all of his grandfather's business earnings into the factory it was confiscated by the

¹² Klezmer is the name for the type of music played by itinerant Eastern European Jewish musicians.

communists. The factory, Danny explained, still exists today in Romania. The family left for Israel as they did not want to live in a totalitarian regime, Danny clarified, they wanted their freedom. It was very difficult for his family in Israel, with nothing, starting over without language and without resources.

Danny's family did not have much contact with the Weismans, Danny advised. His grandmother Speranza lived with them in their apartment in Israel, but Danny was very young while Speranza was still alive, and she was ill most of the time. Danny reminded me that travel was very difficult at that time, it took two to three weeks to travel from Israel to New York, and that was only for the very rich. Danny knew his cousins, the children of Benedictina and of Bernard. Danny grew up living next door to his cousin Rachel, the granddaughter of Bernard, Speranza's brother, but he was not aware of Benedictina's grandchildren living in Beersheva and in Florida, nor did he know anything of my great-grandmother Pauline or the extended family in New York.

Bucharest during the Second World War

I asked Danny about his family's experience during the war. Danny heard from his parents that the family was as a whole safe in Bucharest. A point of interest to me is that Danny had the impression of safety, because it has been reported that Jews in Bucharest lived under extreme circumstances during the Shoah, they were robbed of all property, they experienced violence, shootings, forced labor, there were also deportations (Yad Vashem, 2004; Bernstein, S., 1997). An eyewitness account was shared with me recently. Gilberta Toma lived in Bucharest from 1941-1944 from ages six to ten years old. Gilberta had to change her name from Taubman to Toma, and was sent to a Christian school where the nuns pretended that she was Christian. In 1941 Gilberta recalls answering her door when her father was deported to a concentration camp

in Transnistria. When her father returned a year later, Gilberta wrote, he was so thin she did not recognize him. The family later moved to the countryside where they tried to blend in with the local population but were identified as Jews and had to immediately flee. From there, Gilberta's father was preparing a hiding place in Bucharest, when fortunately the Armistice arrived (G. Toma, personal communication, October 13, 2021, Claims Conference Form).

Danny did not know how it was for the family in Piatra Neamt or Iași, except that generally, he said, it was a dangerous and terrible situation for the Jews in the Northeast—they were shot, deported to Transnistria, as we will hear again from Rachel's family. More than half of the Jews of Romania were murdered in the Shoah.

Danny paused, and explained more: Danny's mother, father, grandmother and uncles first traveled to Kishniev, to the North of Iași, during the war. Kishniev at the time was under Russian control and is currently called Chișinău, in Moldova. Danny's parents were warned that German soldiers were coming and they needed to flee. Danny's grandmother would not leave her sewing machine behind and was determined to stay in Kishniev. Danny's mother and father left for Georgia and his father joined the Russian army. The German soldiers shot his grandmother and uncles. Danny explained that his parents did not know what happened until many years later. In Israel, after the war, they searched for their family members, listening every day to the daily 1:00 pm announcement for names of survivors. Finally, they found one aunt of Danny's who knew what happened. Danny's mother remained devastated her entire life, Danny said.

Figure 60

Julia (left) and Danny Zohar in his living room



Note: Photograph by Samuel Herzog

Rachel and Nechemia

Tante Paulina's doll had long hair (like no other) and was treasured, first by Rachel, and later by her sister, Chanah (see Figure 61). Rachel received the doll from her father who said it was from Tante Paulina. Rachel's father traveled to New York in 1947, explained Rachel, and brought her the doll. Rachel was born in 1944 and moved to Israel with her parents that year. Rachel said that she, and in turn her sister Chanah both loved that doll. They cherished Tante Paulina's gift. Did Traian travel to New York hoping to move to New York? My mother remembers the Romanians living in her grandmother Paulina's apartment—names are lost. The flashpoints of inconsistency become points of more research, delving deep into the many stories.

Figure 61

Rachel with Tante Paulina's doll



Note: Photograph provided by Rachel Stern

I first met Rachel Stern (see Exhibit 3) via zoom, with her husband Nechemia. I could tell from the brief correspondence we had so far that Rachel was also intrigued by our connection. There was, immediately, a relaxed open feeling, and it was as if I were sitting in the apartment of an aunt or a cousin, yet we were just on video with each other.

When I arrived in Jerusalem, I found my way to Rachel and Nechemia's apartment—barely finding a parking spot, walking past an ornate Judaica shop and finally finding their apartment, with the warm Mediterranean sun bright against the smooth Jerusalem stone walls. Rachel is a retired lawyer, her husband, Nechemia, a retired accountant. They have a large family and are observant Jews. I understand that of all of the cousins, Rachel's father, Traian

Chaim, was the only one who was orthodox. Rachel is the granddaughter of Paulina's older brother Bernard Weisman (see Exhibit 1 and Exhibit 3).

Sammy and I sat with Rachel, Nechemia and Chanah, Rachel's sister in Rachel's cozy Jerusalem apartment. Right away, we were warmly welcomed to come sit at the table for lunch to talk and share photos. It did not seem like Rachel knew anything more about the relatives in New York, with only the small memory of the beloved doll. As with all of the cousins, the connection between our families had been lost after they left Romania for Israel. When I asked how her family was able to survive during the Shoah, Rachel and Nechemia told their story.

Zirl, Rachel's mother, was from Iași. Nechemia described how the Jews of Iași were taken by train to Călărași and Podul Iloaei (<https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/this-month/july/1941.html>). The trains went back and forth filling a mass grave, explained Nechemia and Rachel. Zirl's father, brother and brother-in law (Rachel's grandfather and uncles) were rounded up and put on the death trains and murdered. Zirl's father was wearing a shirt with his name on it and somehow (Rachel did not elaborate) he was found and buried in a private marked grave. Zirl fled to Bucharest and was married six months later to Traian Weisman (see Exhibit 3). Rachel gave me a photo of herself with her great-grandfather Yehushua Ghelber (see Figure 79) whose sons were murdered in the Iași death trains.

Traian's (see Figure 62) photographs from before the war were prominent in Paulina's album. I have a photo of Traian taken when he lived in Piatra Neamt, in 1934 before all of the violence. It seems like there were many connections between the Jewish families in Piatra Neamt and Iași, although they were some distance away, currently a two-hour drive.

Figure 62

Traian Weisman



Traian and Zirl left Romania in 1944 (see

Figure 63) when Rachel was five months old. They traveled by boat to Istanbul and then by train to Palestine.

Figure 63

Traian, Tziril and Rachel's Romanian passport



Nechemia's (Rachel's husband) family were from Hamburg and Berlin. In 1935 he and his parents took a train to Italy and were waiting to leave by ship for months. Finally, they found a ship going to India and were dropped off at the Suez Canal. The three traveled by camel to Palestine. Nechemia had a snapshot of their journey (see Figure 64).

Figure 64

Nechemia's father on camel traveling from Suez Canal to Palestine, 1935



Note: Photograph provided by Nechemia Stern

My Arrival in Romania, 2022

As I traveled on to Romania, Sammy returned to Canada back to high school as his spring break was over. I continued on alone to meet my cousin Emil (who is the President of the Jewish community of Piatra Neamt), and to investigate in the National Archives in Iași and Piatra Neamt. I still had a focus in Romania of my search for my grandmother's birth certificate. My first plan, however, was to travel directly to Siret, Romania at the border with Ukraine to

deliver the much needed medical supplies. I wrote about my travels below in our synagogue newsletter to thank our membership for their rapid and generous contributions, the narrative of which in part follows below (Congregation Emanu-El newsletter, May 2022).

Figure 65

North Eastern Romania Highlighting Places I visited



Taking the supplies to Siret, Romania at the Border with Ukraine

My flight went from Tel Aviv to Paris to Iași in the Northeast part of Romania to the town where Paulina and Marco had their haberdashery store and lived with their three children. When I arrived at the airport in Iași, which is a rather small airport, it was really quite heart-breaking, so different from the last time I was there in 2019. It had been a sleepy little airport with only a few business travelers. The airport was packed with Ukrainian families, small children running around, and also some boisterous American young men. When I picked up my rental car, the counter was full of donated food, diapers, bottles of water for the refugees. They had only one car left—a standard shift Renault, and my feet hardly reached the pedals. It was

already late in the day, so the next morning I set out for Suceava, a town about 45 minutes south of Ukraine, so that I would have a quick drive the following day to the border.

I arrived in the late afternoon in Suceava. It is a bustling small city and I managed to get through traffic to a fading resort on the outside of town. Rusty showers, a comfortable bed and a great sauna were my reward. I find driving in Romania difficult as the roads are narrow and eager drivers like to speed on their way to wherever. However, the Romanians are extremely courteous and any time I have asked for directions or help they have gone to great lengths for me.

I had been checking in with Ery (see Figure 66) who is with the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (JDC), on duty daily at the border assisting refugees who told me what they needed. Albert, (who I met in 2019 and who teaches *B'nei Mitzvah* in Iași) had given me the name of Ery as a contact at the border. It turns out that Ery knows my newly found cousin, Emil Nadler Nicolae, quite well, whom I was to meet for the first time the next day in Piatra Neamt, Romania.

Arriving at the border in Siret

Early the next morning, following Google Maps on fairly empty roads I set out with my car full of groceries and medical supplies to the border crossing at Siret, Romania. I first found myself approaching a series of exhibition-style tents lining a narrow road. I pulled over and realized this must be the border with Ukraine. Everyone was just opening up their tents, and there were many police officers around. The tents were those of international aid agencies from all around the world (see Figure 67). I sent a text to Ery who sent me a photo of their tent so that I could find them. I actually did not even realize until I arrived that I was providing the food

directly to the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee's (JDC) tent. They have a large tent and were providing aid to all Ukrainians (not only Jews).

Figure 66

Julia and Ery in front of the JDC tent, April 2, 2022



Note: Photograph by JDC volunteer, Siret, Romania.

Figure 67

Ukrainians arriving at the border in Siret, Romania, April 2, 2022



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

At the JDC tent I met two ladies (see Figure 68), both named "Lydia" and three teens who were helping them. The two "Lydias" were busy cooking soup, pasta and serving hot food and drinks to people as they approached the tent. It was very cold, at one point, Lydia grabbed a blanket and wrapped it around me with a big hug. One of the boys, Jakob, helped translate and I obtained permission to bring my car up to the tent. The boys then brought in all of the food donations and safely stowed the medical supplies in the back of the tent.

Figure 68

The "Lydias" cooking at the JDC tent



Note: Sketch by Maya Herzog

I was in touch via "Signal" (a communications app) with the journalists from Ukraine who were traveling from Chernivsti, Ukraine (formerly Chernowitz) to Siret, Romania to meet me. I had to wait a number of hours and Lydia had me bringing chocolate, snacks and drinks to the little kids as they arrived. People were walking over the border carrying small bags, holding children. They were mostly women, children and older people. One young woman was walking

with two tiny kids one on each hand, approximately three and four years, and just as I handed each one a treat, their grandparents arrived and swooped them up. I cannot imagine the emotions of the little family at that moment, knowing also, that they must have left the young father behind to fight. Most people were not greeted by relatives, but were greeted by the different aid agencies and bused to a variety of locations where, Ery told me, they could rest and obtain help and make decisions about their relocation plans.

Meanwhile, I was waiting and worrying about Olga and Angelina who were on their way to pick up the supplies. Olga described herself as a “media trainer and human rights defender”. Angelina is a chamber music vocalist turned “driver” as she was in charge of driving across the border with Olga. Angelina’s husband works for the non-profit organization supporting Roma in Ukraine that has been helping coordinate getting the supplies to the journalists on the front line. Olga is an old friend and colleague of my nephew’s partner, Emine, (Ziyatdinova, 2022) who recently published an article concerning LGBTQ Ukrainians in a safe house in Poland, seeking sanctuary from the war. One of Emine’s colleagues, Alexander Chekmenev (2022), who we were hoping to help by sending these supplies, recently had a photo journalism piece depicting the war experience in Ukraine, which filled the entirety of the *New York Times* magazine. Finally, Olga and Angelina arrived and we sat down in the tent to eat some of Lydia’s soup, warm up and take some photos (see Figure 69).

Figure 69

Olga, Julia and Angelina in the JDC Tent, April 2, 2022



Note: Photograph by JDC volunteer

I gave Olga and Angelina a bag of snacks, drinks and coffee and we fit all of the supplies into the trunk of their car. Olga then wanted to organize some photographs, in particular the one above, holding Olga's Ukrainian flag that is a kind of talisman for her as she has been keeping that flag through the annexation of Crimea and the war in Donbas where I believe Olga is from. Olga was carrying a book of poetry by a contemporary Ukrainian poet, Lyuba Yakumchuk. The book had traveled by mail to Olga through the war from Kyiv to Chernovsti, and Olga gave me the book. Holding the book of poetry in my hands, I thought about the hands it had passed through and what they had endured. After visiting with Olga and Angelina, they were then on their way back to Ukraine to arrange the transport of supplies to Kyiv, and to continue their fight. Later, Olga sent me a photo the journalists took in Lviv when they received the supplies.

Figure 70

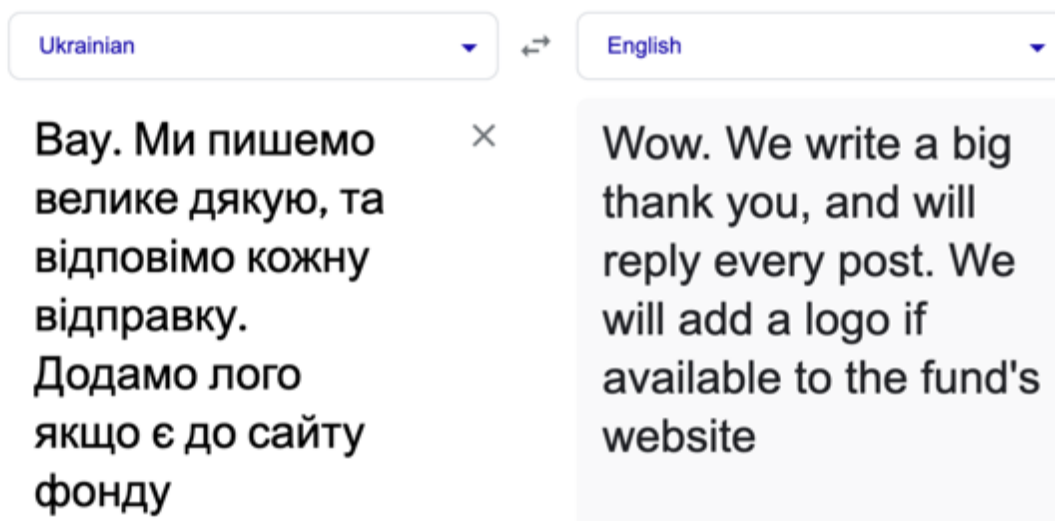
Journalists receive supplies in Lviv, Ukraine, April 4, 2022



Here is a screen shot using Google Translate of a text I received from the journalists when they heard about the donation.

Figure 71

Journalists text thanks to Congregation Emanu-El



The following poem by Lyuba Yakimchuk captured the moment of my meeting with Olga and Angelina:

The return

we want back home, where we got our first grays
 where the sky pours into windows in blue rays
 where we planted a tree and raised a son
 where we built a home that grew moldy without us

but the road back home blossoms with mines
 needle grass and fog cover the open pits
 we come back Bitzar, guilt-ridden, reticent
 we just want our home back and a little peace

if only to go there, to breath the scent of mold
 pulling yellowed photographs out of the family albums
 we're going home where we won't grow old
 parents and graves and walls waiting for us

we will walk back, even with bare feet
 if we don't find our home in the place where we left it
 we will build another one in an apricot tree
 out of luscious clouds, out of azure ether
 Lyuba Yakimchuk, 2015

Peatra Neamt and meeting Emil

After packing the two duffle bags into Angelina and Olga's car, I left the border, driving through the Bukovina region to Piatra Neamt. The countryside is picturesque, with rolling hills and the mountains of Transylvania in the distance. I think someday in the future I will return to go walking around old castles and hiking in the mountains. I was still on the search for my grandmother's birth certificate, however, and for more information and connections with my ancestors.

Emil Nicolae Nadler

Emil is the president of the Piatra Neamt Jewish community, he takes care of the centuries old Baal Shem Tov Synagogue, originally built in stone, rebuilt in 1766 (see Figure 72).

Figure 72

Baal Shem Tov Synagogue, Piatra Neamt, Romania



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

Emil is also a distantly related cousin. A nationally known published poet and journalist, Emil says that in addition to his work with the Jewish community he is “a writer, art critic, and museographer”.

Figure 73

Emil with his portrait (along with muses Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan) painted by artist friend



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

Emil is also a gentleman in the old-fashioned European sense. When I arrived in Piatra Neamt, tired from the drive and visit to the border, Emil welcomed me by reserving a hotel room

for me and taking me out to dinner. The next day, we met up in Emil's office which is situated next to the Baal Shem Tov Synagogue in a separate building. Returning to meet Emil, I had to call him to find my way, as I did not remember the entrance which is slightly hidden on the side of an old building. It was rainy and cold and I was happy to be ushered in by Emil at the doorway, and then met Emil's staff who greeted me in Hebrew: "Brachim Habaaim", welcome! Then I was brought by Emil into his office, where he offered me a steaming cup of strong coffee. Emil works at a large desk with evidence of his busy schedule illustrated by the impressive pile of papers in front of him. Emil's office is filled with original art, gifts from his artist friends/colleagues, and some Jewish community art rescued from the many destroyed synagogues of Bukovina, the story of each which would likely fill its own volume.

Figure 74

Emil at his desk



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

We had some difficulty communicating, half in French, half in English, as we did not have a language in common in which either of us had real fluency. Yet I understood from Emil that his grandparents moved to Israel, after the war, but not Emil's parents. Emil's father was a doctor and they lived in the outskirts of town, which also reflected their position in the Jewish community. They were closely identified as Jews but remained distant, explained Emil as most of the Jewish population (like my family) were storekeepers, middle class, or else rather poor. Emil said his family were intellectuals and thus outsiders.

Emil explained that since his grandparents moved to Israel, the family became cut off from each other. The communist regime and the difficulties with communications created an almost complete separation until the December 1989 revolution, the execution of Romania's then dictator Nicolae Ceausescu and the fall of 42 years of communist rule. Emil showed me a photo of his elderly mother meeting cousins (including Danny Zohar) who finally visited Romania from Israel. This would have been long after his grandmother had died.

It is a testimony to Emil's graciousness that he was willing to walk out with me in the deep chill of the rainy Peatra Neamt morning to venture to the Jewish cemetery. Emil hailed a cab, refusing my offer to use my rental car and we sped over to the cemetery. Climbing up a hill we entered through a gate to another place with leaning gravestones, and covered with growing bushes and weeds. We had to pace out the rows to find Josef Weisman's grave (see Figure 75). Emil was meticulous, explaining that the row numbers were confused, as each time someone dies, the relatives want to place the grave at the front of the cemetery. Emil has no knowledge of Hebrew, and most of the older tombstones were written in Hebrew that I could not decipher. I snapped photos as I walked, thinking that later I could have them translated.

Figure 75

Finding Josef Weisman (Iosef Weisman):



Note: Iosef Weisman's grave above close-up of inscription, and full photo illustrating how the cemetery is also overgrown with trees and bushes. Photographs by Julia Herzog.

Reflections/Analysis

The experience of Emil and his parents shed light on my great-grandmother's separation from her family. Emil's grandparents were unable to return to Romania from Israel. And so forty-two years later Emil's mother would meet her cousins when they traveled from Israel to Romania to meet her, long after her own mother was gone. I thus had a glimpse of Paulina and Marco's situation. During the chaotic post-war period, as the communist regime took hold in 1947 in Romania, it would have been difficult for Paulina and Marco to find information about their families. With some cousins arriving in New York from Romania, with others remaining in Romania and then later immigrating to Israel there was incoherence and impermanence. Paulina had Romanians staying at her apartment, my mother said. And so for a brief time, there was some connection, as it seems Traian, Bernard's son, was able to visit his aunt Paulina and to bring a doll back to Romania from Tante Paulina for his infant daughter Rachel. However, by the 1950s, of my great-grandparents' generation, all had gradually passed away.

The next generation—my grandparents—did not maintain contact with their cousins in Israel. They may have known of some of them, but, as far as I am aware, they did not correspond. Communications were so different then. I remember, even in the 1980s, it was difficult to make a telephone call from Israel to the United States. It was extremely expensive, and connections were constantly dropped.

The Re-creation of Memory

The story of my family seems to continue anew, the shifting of borders and the shifting of perspectives operating simultaneously. When Paulina's postcards from her family stopped arriving in New York, I can use my imagination and Barbara's thoughts to feel what their

experience might have been. Did Marco and Paulina find all of their family in the confusion of the postwar period?

I consider myself partially an observer, yet also intimately impacted and intertwined with the events and traumas I am observing. The “deterritorialization and reterritorialization” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p.10) of my extended family became a story of deep complexity. I felt and lived a discomfort that was passed down through generations. My experience was of a discomfort of not knowing the stories but feeling the sorrow regardless. I felt the stories through silence. I wonder still, about Paulina and Marco’s experience.

After hearing Danny, Rachel and Yael’s stories I am aware that there are puzzling part answers. “They all perished” was a confusing partial statement that filtered down through time. Understanding the facts that were revealed by my cousins, my mother’s statement is not surprising. There were, generally, horrific losses among Jews and there are individuals today who continue to suffer terribly from their grief and trauma. I know now, that there were terrible losses in the previous generation of my extended family, some whom I heard about during my visit to Israel, and possibly some that we cannot discover.

While the complete story of the Marcovici family is yet unknown, the predominant story for the Weisman siblings was of survival. Paulina placed a photo of Speranza and her family in the photo album, and notes from her siblings in Israel sending their love. However, Aunt Henrietta no longer knew all of their names, or their stories. My mother was only vaguely aware of Romanians visiting and of Benedictina’s family in Israel. I discovered writing on the backs of many of the photographs in Romanian, a language long lost to my family. My mother heard her parents speak their secret language of Yiddish during her childhood, but even that knowledge is lost.

There is a photograph of some people standing outside in summer clothing looking to be in the style of the 1950s. I know now, that the photograph was taken after the war, but I am not sure if it was taken in Israel, or right before they left Romania. When I finally looked at the back of the photo I recognized Speranza's name. The note was to my grandmother, saying "to my dear niece Helen, love from Speranza, Osias and friends" (see Figure 76).

Figure 76

Photo sent to Paulina sending love to my grandmother Helen from Speranza and Osias



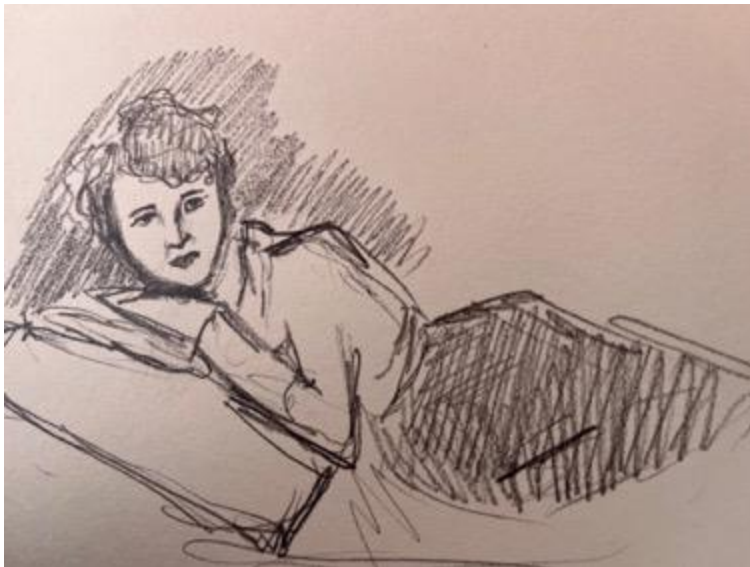
As I noted above, Marco sailed on the S.S. Blücher to New York, a year before Paulina and the children. I imagine that Paulina left Iași and went to stay with her parents in Piatra Neamt, with her two children and expecting her third while Marco established himself in New York. Marco's brother "Lupu" or "Wolf" immigrated first to the US, something I first discovered through examining the SS. Blücher's ship manifest (see Figure 22). Later, I heard that there was an argument over money and the brothers became estranged. A brief note written by my great-

aunt Henrietta, under the photograph of a young woman lying on a chaise, identified her as Marco's much younger sister Brucha (Beatrice) (see Figure 77).

I have been encouraged to look for spaces and absences, as well as discoveries in my research (Charlotte Schallié, personal communication, May 30, 2022). Honouring my relatives is concerned with discovery, but also creating memory where there is none. Deep in my imagination, I am envisioning Brucha, a beautiful woman, perhaps peering at us from a chaise in Iași, Romania. History has not preserved her journey. Perhaps she traveled to New York, or Israel, and I just have not yet found her. I do not know her story, but I see a spark of liveliness in her and hope she kept that spark despite the known devastation of June, 1941 in Iași.

Figure 77

Brucha Marcovici, Marco's younger sister; 1930s



Note: Sketch by Maya Herzog, 2022

From turning over each photograph, to noticing inconsistencies, the surprising facts that emerged contradicted my assumptions. My discoveries showed through the cracks in my 'field of inquiry' (St. Pierre, 2018). As I entered into the real history of Paulina's siblings I entered into a

story of resilience in the face of hardships. Yael Goffman had information about Norbert and wrote:

למד הנדסה בגרמניה, שם התחתן. ללא ילדים. חזר לרומניה, היתה לו חנות סחורות ברזל
 engineering in Germany, where he then married. Norbert did not have any children. He
 returned to Romania where he had a hardware store. (Y.Goffman, personal
 communication, April 2021)

Danny later elaborated that Norbert had died a tragic death, but he did not clarify. Two of the Weisman siblings immigrated to Israel—Speranza and Rebecca. Benedictina and Bernard’s children also ended up in Israel. When I sat with Bernard’s granddaughters, Rachel and Chanah (who Danny refers to affectionately as “Chanahle” which means “little Chanah” a sweet endearment in Yiddish) and Rachel’s husband Nechemiah, I listened to them reminiscing about our family. Rachel is named after her grandmother Rochelle, or Reisel. Bernard and Rochelle (see Figure 78) stayed in Romania, and their son Traian Weisman immigrated to Israel. There is a photo of Bernard and Rochelle, and the writing on the back was sent to my great-grandparents and is signed with Rochelle’s Yiddish name—Reisel.

Figure 78

Bernard and Rochelle



I sent my cousin Rachel photographs of the graves of Josef Weisman, and of Rochelle Weisman from the cemetery in Piatra Neamt. Rachel expressed her gratitude to me when she received the photos. This is a way of re-creating memory, of confirming the real existence of our family in the place that they lived for centuries. This was a place where the next generations were forced to flee. Rochelle Weisman passed away in 1942 in Piatra Neamt. We do not know any more of her circumstances. There are many absent stories.

When I spoke with my cousins, Rachel and Danny, my understanding was that their parents did not directly share their stories of survival during the Second World War. Perhaps they thought to protect their children from stress, from trauma, or found it too difficult to share. We know now that the fear is always transmitted, rather spoken or not, and so it is important to share, and to talk about difficult issues to interrupt the thread of anxiety. I imagine, perhaps, that my relatives wished to protect their children. In the same way, the thread of fear passes through the generations. This dissertation is a way of overcoming silence.

The puzzle was, and is, the silence and the fragmentation of a family that has in its essence great warmth and love. I felt immediately, when I met Danny, Rachel, Channah, Yael, and Orly a sense of connection and joy. Their stories and the stories of their parents and grandparents (the siblings of my great-grandmother) demonstrated their strength. How they survived the Nazi invasion of Romania and the virulent antisemitism of the Romanian collaborators is uncertain, how many losses they experienced remains unspoken. Once they escaped the Nazis, they were welcomed by a totalitarian government which stole their wealth and left them impoverished. When they escaped again to Israel, even there, they were greeted both by sanctuary and by a degree of hardship.

The decisions that were made suddenly, on an impulse—to flee, to leave, to sell a business, to convert—some say survival was predicated by luck. Even today, the choices that are being made rely on luck. Does one escape and leave a home behind and then dream and vow, as Lyuba Yakimchuk wrote “ if only to go there, to breath the scent of mold... we will walk back, even with bare feet”.

In Judaism there is the concept of “Tikkun”, usually spoken of in connection with a repair of our world. This dissertation is thus a gift of Tikkun, of the de-fragmentation of a family, and a reaching out over generations and continents to bring the embrace of the arms of a large family, dispersed across the globe, and have the descendants find each other.

It is difficult to seek truth when confronted by a seemingly sensible silence. That is, the silence that we believe protects our children. We do not want them to suffer, to know the truth of atrocities that were inflicted on ourselves or our community. However, to leave the words as silence will contribute only to the ongoing transmission of that awkward anxiety. To leave the silence also permits a space where the family’s stories can be lost, and revised by others. Chaim Ghelber and his brothers were murdered in Iași in June 1941. Yehushua Ghelber is standing on their veranda, Rachel sitting happily with her great-grandfather. The photo does not reveal the anguish that he must have lived with.

Figure 79*Yehushua Ghelber with Rachel Weisman**Note:* Photograph provided by Rachel Stern**A Documentary Discovered**

On a serendipitous moment as I was completing this dissertation, I discovered a documentary published at the time of my writing. It was made by *France 24*, a French state-owned international news agency, which takes us on a journey to Iași. The videographer visits the very places I found during my family research, only a month before I arrived in Piatra Neamt. First, they travel to the cemetery in Iași, where they meet the cemetery caretaker and her dogs, and where she shows the mass grave from the Iași massacre. They show footage of the plaza in downtown Iași, but the researcher is not aware that bodies were tossed into the ditch in front of the church, as Serge witnessed, and there is a possible mass grave under the plaza. They take us to my cousin Emil’s office in Piatra Neamt, to speak with a survivor of the massacre—but do not mention that they are interviewing in the heart of Bukovina, where most Jews were deported to Transnistria, which “served Romania as a giant killing field for Jews” (Bletry, 2022).

The particular concern in the documentary was to set out two contrary trends currently existing in Romania. First, there is the enactment of an important new law making Holocaust education mandatory in middle and high schools commencing in 2023. Second, there is the rise of a right wing party "The Alliance for Unity of Romania ('AUR'), prominent for its revisionist, antisemitic and racist overtones which has captured ten percent of the popular vote (Bletry, 2022). The documentary valiantly battles historic Holocaust denial, but still there are the gaps, the places where the stories are not told, or told partially, or without context. The stories of Rachel's grandfather, of Danny's grandmother, place Romania on the map of the European erasure of Jews. This dissertation is an effort to recapture the history of a family in the context of the wider travesty of the Shoah.

Gaps and Silence

There are gaps and silence in my story, too—most prominently, what is not known about the Marcovici family, in particular, the story of Brucha Marcovici. There are also many stories of strength, survival and connection—the Weisman sisters, Speranza, Rebecca and their brother Bernard's son Traian. When I searched for the stories about their experiences during the war, I found silence. However, significantly, I found stories of strength and continuance in the next generations. For myself, I have uncovered a family history—complex, nuanced, and in my writing and in the art on these pages you have found my own family conversation.

The photo album spoke to me over decades and generations without words because we no longer had the language. I turned over the silence in my mind, and pursued its source. Perhaps my cousin Emil Nicolae Nadler's poem speaks more clearly of its impact:

Freedom of speech

If there's no beauty
no truth
no faith
no love
no light

it does not necessarily follow
that there will be ugliness
there will be lies
there will be betrayal
there will be hatred
there will be dark

if words die
it does not necessarily follow
that we will have silence

Emil Nicolae Nadler 2020

Chapter 4 Discussion and Application

Scholarship regarding the intergenerational impacts of cataclysmic world events has often focused on individuals (Cavalli, 2012; Frankel, 2003; Ferro, 2006; Frie, 2019; Levine, 2017; Garon, 2012; Salberg & Grand, 2017). I have taken a pathway toward looking at my extended family and the fragmentation and destruction of ties that occurred due to the world disaster of the Shoah. Of course, it is not possible for me to interview my great-grandparents about their experience of leaving Romania as the result of antisemitic violence. There is a silence and are gaps surrounding their personal narrative of having left before the Shoah, while leaving their siblings and parents behind. It is unknown how much they heard of their siblings' suffering during the Shoah. Loss of language, history and memory created a vacuum in which I could only guess my own family's history. Investigating the points of destabilization and confronting uncertainty created a pathway toward what was, in the end a chance discovery. There are still mysteries left in my family history. I have a glimpse that my great-grandparents may have heard about their siblings' losses during their nephew, Traian Weisman's, visit to New York in 1948, yet many questions remain unanswered. Pauline and Marco seemed to have been silent about the impact of the Shoah on our family leaving a haunting aperture through which I have been peering. During my research I confronted two silences, the silence of the known but not spoken and the silence of the unknowable. The two silences that I explored exist on different strata, within the self and family, and simultaneously existing in the greater society of Romania. There is a history of the Jews in Romania that is yet uncovered and still primarily denied. However, through stubborn research I discovered a richness of story, experience and new connections that have their own profound intrinsic value.

My analysis is both internal and external at the same time. I am braiding the internal aspects of myself, family and community with the application to communities outside of my own. Below I discuss the importance of education, and conversations surrounding human rights. Ultimately I return to the heart of my work which is the re-creation of memory through a new field of view emanating from the intricate inspection of a photo album.

Education

One of the assumptions of my work is that teaching about the Shoah is important. One pedagogical approach is to teach through objects and stories. I thought carefully about my forgotten family members and my hope has been to revive the fragmented connections to their lives and history. They were elegant Romanians with large families and it appears they had a deep connection and loyalty to family. The task I took on was to find traces of my family members who we lost touch with during the war. Educational approaches that communicate stories and history through arts-based methodologies are a critical tool that can be used to struggle against hate, and a resource for a pathway to vitality, health and tolerance.

Autoethnographic witnessing and creative narrative is a methodology of connecting with others through an individual story. I offer my own family story as an embodiment of an autoethnographic approach.

Perspectives

The Shoah may be characterized or labeled as a genocide of the Jewish people of Europe, perpetrated through an extreme violation and rejection of the humanity of the Jewish people. Education about the Shoah may be tied to identifying and defining terms such as genocide and human rights. Along the course of my reading for my dissertation I encountered both terms.

“Human Rights” is in essence an ethical/philosophical idea transformed into a legal concept embroiled with history, politics and chaos. The United Nations defines “Human Rights” as:

Human rights are rights inherent to all human beings, regardless of race, sex, nationality, ethnicity, language, religion, or any other status. Human rights include the right to life and liberty, freedom from slavery and torture, freedom of opinion and expression, the right to work and education, and many more. Everyone is entitled to these rights, without discrimination.¹³

The United Nations indicates that international human rights law sets out the obligations of governments with respect to human rights. Those obligations were articulated in 1948 with the *Universal Declaration on Human Rights* [hereinafter “*Declaration*”], noting the date of the *Declaration* coincides with the post-Second World War time period. It is remarkable that while the United States and Canada are signatory to the *Declaration*, many nations are not, including Russia and Saudi Arabia, also emphasizing the political implications of the *Declaration*, as well as the institution of the United Nations. Furthermore, while countries may be a signatory to the *Declaration*, they are not necessarily compliant regarding enactment of the *Declaration’s* components.

The origins of the term genocide lie in the postwar Nuremberg trials. The distinction between crimes against humanity and genocide were finessed by legal scholars at the time of the trials. In the contemporary international criminal court, the prosecution would need to establish intent. If there were intent to eliminate a group, the finding of the court would be genocide. The targeting of individuals as part of a systematic plan, would be a crime against humanity (Sands, 2017). These legal distinctions have created, according to Sands (2017) a hierarchy of

¹³ <http://www.un.org/en/sections/issues-depth/human-rights/>

victimhood, increasing the divisions of “them and us”, and reducing the chance of reconciliation (p. 364).

I mention the above to emphasize the historical and political implications of legal terminology. I also suggest that discussions concerning “Human Rights” also involve discussion of “Law”, and both are terms of art¹⁴ which are descriptors of complex societal systems. While we cannot disentangle from political contexts, awareness of political threads may help to stay focused on what is important. As a lawyer I have been trained as a technician, to parse words and create specific meanings. I mentioned that it was not difficult for me to travel to Romania, but did not speak of the subtle fear I faced. Sands wrote of his visits to Lviv, explaining that “...identity and ancestry are complex, dangerous matters” (p. 367).

I am able to speak directly about legal terms, but the underlying tensions are not communicated. In Lviv or in Iași, disclosing identity is delicate. This sensitivity was communicated to me by Olga’s hug at the border with Ukraine. Olga recognized the significance of a Jewish congregation’s donation to Ukrainian journalists and felt it important to say something, without bluntly articulating the aspects of forgiveness and reconciliation that were part of our offer to help. My daughter Maya was on a train to Lviv a number of years ago, accompanied by my nephew, taking her own journey to visit one location of our family’s past (my paternal grandfather’s family was from Lemberg, which is now Lviv). During an encounter with other passengers on the train Maya disclosed her Jewish identity. The response of the other passengers was so vitriolic that my nephew refused to translate. (M. Herzog, personal communication, May, 2016). Isa Milman (2021), a daughter of survivors of the Shoah, published

¹⁴ As defined in Black’s Law Dictionary: **term of art.** 1. A word or phrase having a specific, precise meaning, in a given specialty, apart from its general meaning in ordinary contexts.

an insightful and detailed memoir of her family's experience and profound losses during the Shoah. Milman wrote of her struggles during her travels witnessing the erasure of Jewish existence in Eastern Europe, similar to what I observed in Romania. Analogous to the deep historical meaning of the emotional embrace I felt with Olga, Milman wrote of her welcome to Poliske, the village, then known as Pohorelowka, where her mother was raised. Milman contrasted witnessing the erasure and disavowal of Jewish existence in Poland and Ukraine with the warm welcome she received in Poliske, and wrote:

But on the other hand, less than thirty kilometres away, we'd experienced Poliske, where we were greeted like long-lost family. The night Nataliia announced that the whole village was waiting to meet us, I couldn't believe my ears, but it was absolutely true. Even now, when misery about the horrible state of the world rises up and floods me, I recall our encounters with Oksana, Larissa, and Nadezhda and feel the closest to what I can call redemption. It was as necessary for them to meet us as it was for us to meet them, and in that forest clearing, where we feasted and danced together, we knew that we were braiding the strands of our histories into a story that had been lost for much of a century, and none of us would ever again be the same. It was our living moment of *tikkun*, or repair (2021, p. 229).

Bringing in identity and personal stories creates strong meaning that can overcome the divisions caused by the technical crafting of words. It is my argument that there should be a delicate sensitivity in approaching the Shoah. The approach should be infused with narrative, conducted with infinite care, attention to nuance, address the specificity of the Shoah, and finally deeply reference the lost culture and language.

History and memory

Is there a duality between history and memory? I am inspired by French philosophers Deleuze and Guattari, (1987) stating that knowledge is more like a “*rhizome*”, something chaotic, flowing and interrelated. I see the discussion of history and memory as a kaleidoscope of colours, with the boundary between memorial, memory and history interlaced with humanity, time and borders. What about reconciliation? Is there a duty of the descendants of the perpetrators to seek reconciliation with the descendants of the victims? What of reparation? What of reclaiming confiscated property? What if the property is a castle, a country’s utility system, a metal works factory?¹⁵ What is the obligation of descendants of victims to listen to the descendants of the perpetrators, is there any duty? To provide forgiveness? These are issues that are alive, which brings me to my point that conversations about the Shoah need to be a “living” discourse. Amidst the tangle of bureaucracy and a suppressed history I sought my grandmother’s birth certificate. The archives in Iasi hold the records of countless families, searchable with an inadequate computer system and densely packed in its segregated volumes. I felt a subtle oppression and I could not clearly identify whether it was a language barrier or the suppression of history and memory that I faced in my frustrated search. A birth certificate may be only a piece of paper, but it also could lead to a series of claims, including citizenship. I disclosed my Jewish identity at the Iasi archives and felt the bristling abrasiveness of the archivist. I felt the questions above circling in the quiet of the archival reading room, questions that are partially unspoken and that we sometimes fear to speak.

¹⁵ I have had personal communications with members of the Jewish community in Canada, regarding the confiscation of castle, utility and factory during or just subsequent to the Second World War. My cousin Danny Zohar advised that the communist government of Romania confiscated his family’s metal works factory just after the war. The factory still exists in Romania.

Romania, has taken political and legislative action both *for* and *against* historic truth and the Romanian complicity, complicating concepts around responsibility and truth. I encountered such contradictions during my visits to Romania. The re-writing of borders creates an additional quagmire. For example, Hirsch (2015) wrote of the extensive ignorance in today's Shoah-related discussions about the Romanian administered area Transnistria, where Romanian Jews and Roma were deported to brutal ghettos and concentration camps.

I have experienced the echoes of the alienation and fear of my ancestors, having witnessed the atmosphere in Romania, and felt the suggestion of transgenerational remnants during conversations with my cousins in Israel. I return to the importance of personal stories and further argue that visual representation is part of an effective narrative. Charlotte Schallié's (2022) recent work portraying testimonies of four survivors through graphic narratives provides such insight:

These stories show that there was not one generic experience of the Holocaust. The multiplicity of experiences is expressed through graphic style, color and even the individual accents of the speakers. Each unique voice and experience are framed and represents one less voice lost to time (p.184).

While scholars have grappled with how to approach the Shoah, I believe that trying to package the chaos of the Shoah into a neat theory may be a Sisyphean effort. I return to a proposal that education regarding the Shoah be combined with a rich, textured education about the mostly vanished Jews of Eastern Europe. I also emphasize the recognition that terms of art, such as 'human rights', be tempered with the subtle understandings of the personal. A complex, hermeneutic reflexive process, suggested Gross, can combat the tendency toward politicization and minimization of the Shoah (Gross, P.17). When entering such a thoughtful process we must,

therefore, contemplate the intricacy surrounding a discussion of the Shoah, along with the potential for teaching about xenophobia, racism, genocide, and human rights (Bryan L. Davis and Eliane Rubinstein-Avila).

I propose moving away from the binaries of history versus memory, human rights versus individual perspectives, universalism versus particularity and consider these ideas as an assemblage of concerns. I suggest that the use of arts-based techniques that interlace viewpoints, positions and experiences may express the complex web of interactions discussed above. I emphasize again, the importance of weaving in lost knowledge and arts into Holocaust education. That is, learning more of ordinary lives in pre-Shoah Europe, Jewish practices, Yiddish language, music, theatre and stories of lives lived are all generative educational aspects that can lead to nuanced understandings. Sharing individual stories through artistic avenues reduces the chance of stereotyping and helps resuscitate some of that which was lost.¹⁶

Tikkun

The process of a re-creation of family memory is a process of Tikkun. The Tikkun that I put forward may be a road map for others. In some ways, I feel the rightness of my connection to Romania, a place where my family lived for centuries. I also feel comfortable with my personal nomadic history, and how it fits into the family narrative.

We need to talk directly with our children about difficult subjects. The knowledge translation from this dissertation in the form of an archival library exhibit and a future graphic novel are all potentially accessible talking points and learning places for young people. The graphic novel may be a place to counter the denial of the Shoah, particularly in Romania.

¹⁶ An example of such artistic sharing is the play "Survivors", produced by Zelda Dean, that recently toured the British Columbia school system: <https://downtownvictoria.ca/event/bema-productions-presents-survivors/2022-12-08/>

Perhaps the future novel can be used to provide part of a venue for the creation of a more accurate history, even to be placed in the new Romanian educational curriculum about the Shoah. The archival exhibit is preserved at the University of Victoria library and will be linked to the graphic novel and this dissertation. I have narrated my story with the use of photographs and drawings. The drawings themselves are engaged in a co-created Tikkun, as they are created by my family members: mother, sister, and daughter. My collaborative family project may also be an example, or a reference point for working with individuals and families who are confronting their own histories that have been impacted by the intergenerational impacts of crimes against humanity and genocide.

Honouring the testimony of survivors and furthering research

My story differs from those of survivors of the Shoah and I need to acknowledge that difference. Significantly, I need to express my deep gratitude to the many thousands of survivors who have provided testimonies in other formats and locations¹⁷, risking re-traumatization in the service of education and sharing truth. The phenomenon of the fragmentation of the family and the sorrow of those who left before the Shoah, having suffered from pogroms, who lost family members and friends are subjects that provide insights into the human condition. The displacement and alienation possibly felt after moving away from a homeland, and the estrangement from a home that acted as a vehicle of persecution, hate, killing and deep grief are all ordinary and extraordinary human experiences. The reverberation of the above experiences through generations is the subject of this dissertation. Further use of an autoethnographical,

¹⁷ For example: <https://www.ushmm.org/remember/holocaust-reflections-testimonies>; <https://sfi.usc.edu/collections/holocaust>; <https://www.yadvashem.org/collections/testimonies.html>

multi-media depiction of individual stories as well as the emerging third generation discussion are all areas of future research.

Limitations

My work has been limited by the Covid-19 pandemic, originally preventing me from travel and dampening some of the connections I could make due to Covid protocols. My work has occasionally been impeded by my obligations to care for ill family members. Time has also been a limitation. It takes more time than I had to build meaningful relationships and even to meet people. Deepening my connection to my newly found cousins as well as meeting the next generations, are all efforts underway and only just begun. I have also had my own time limitations. During the course of this dissertation, I have been fortunate to experience many blessings. The birth of my grandson, Raviv, has been, for me, an astoundingly impactful event further moving me to galvanize my research in service of the next generation.

Cadenza

How did the experience of the violence that shattered their safety in Iași, forcing them to flee their home, become reduced into one sentence by my great-grandparents Paulina and Marco? That is, the scant information told to me by my mother was that men on horseback had ransacked their store because they were Jews and they had to leave. Thirty years later Paulina and Marco then lived with years of separation and uncertainty about their families and friends, who remained in Romania. Did they hear of the massacre in Iași and the losses in their sibling's families? That, we can only guess. Strangely, my mother had never heard of the 1941 atrocities in Iași. With the communist ascendancy in Romania, and the difficulty and expense of communications and travel it is difficult to determine the extent of postwar contact Paulina and Marco had with their extended families. Marco died in 1951. Paulina lived the longest of her

siblings, and passed away in 1959. Thus, the postwar opportunity for reuniting the siblings was brief, if it existed at all.

Summary of What I learned about Paulina's Siblings

There were seven Weisman siblings, the children of Josef Weisman and Brana Kitai. They would have grown up in the small mountainous town of Piatra Neamt in the Carpathian mountains. The siblings were Norbert, Bernard, Benedictina, Paulina, Rebecca, Oscar and Speranza, the youngest. Of all the siblings, outside of Paulina, only Speranza left Romania for Israel. However, the descendants of Benedictina and Bernard all moved to Israel.

As discussed above, my cousin Danny explained more details about his part of the family's story. Paulina was already in her last decade of life while according to Danny, Paulina's sister, Speranza and her family and Bernard's children all managed to leave Romania and were adjusting to life in Israel. Danny was also aware of Benedictina's daughter and her family who immigrated to Israel.

Danny also knew something of Paulina's sister, Rebecca. Rebecca lived in Bucharest and Danny remembers visiting her as a young child, before he moved to Israel. Rebecca also lived for over a decade in New York when my grandmother was a child before returning to Romania well before the Second World War. Benedictina, Speranza and Rebecca did not share their stories with their grandchildren of how they survived during the Shoah, or the challenges they faced during the war. Thus, I discovered a transgenerational silence within my cousins' families, as well as my own.

Coda

Perhaps one could say that it is a theme, the impacts surrounding loss and tragedy suffered over generations. Paulina and Marco's experiences radiated through the generations,

with their stories unspoken or incomplete. Traumatic experiences simmer in the consciousness of the older generation, becoming reduced into an unconscious awareness in the future generations. Part stories were evidenced in my conversations with my cousins. The past appeared to remain a central part of Danny's family life, as Danny described the murder of his grandmother and uncles, even in its atmosphere of silence. Rachel gave me the poignant photo with her great-grandfather, explaining how her grandfather and uncles were murdered in the Iași pogrom, and how in 1941 her mother fled Iași for Bucharest with Traian, Bernard's son. Ruth, the granddaughter of Speranza, visited Romania in the 1990s, explained Ruth's daughter Yael. Ruth went to the Iași cemetery, but Yael does not know whom Ruth was memorializing.

There is significance concerning the dislocation that I experienced when I traveled to Romania, in particular, at the Iași cemetery. I documented some of the history of my family in Romania, and confirmed that they had lived for generations in Piatra Neamt and Iași. I confirmed the family's history through plaques with our family name on the old, no longer functioning synagogue in Piatra Neamt, where my three-fold great grandfather was a rabbi generations ago. I witnessed the obtrusive evidence of the expansiveness of the erasure of the Romanian Jews. More than 50% of the Jewish population of Romania were murdered, my cousin Danny explained. The visceral experience of going to a town that held centuries of my family's past, where there had been over a hundred synagogues and to find only two synagogues and a neighborhood divested of its mezuzahs, its Jewish population emptied, was incomprehensible.

Survival Stories

I made a remarkable discovery that most, if not all of Paulina's siblings survived the war, and the next generation made its way to Israel. I connected the grandchildren of four of Paulina's siblings, who had not previously been aware of each other. In delving into my family's story. I

discovered a story of survival, the details of which are unknowable, except in the memory traces of our unconscious.

The richness of new family connections was the gift of my research. While I could not take back every memory, find every person that was lost, I have partially repaired a family that was split first by pogroms, and then more finally by the Shoah. The story above is that of the reterritorialization of a family. The gaps that were left by the silence of my great-grandparents is partially filled with new relationships and new knowledge. What is the significance of my research beyond finding family and reintegrating the fragments left behind by the destruction of the Shoah? Perhaps the significance goes beyond words but is a demonstration of how one can untangle history as an exercise in healing and illumination. Autoethnographic witnessing amplifies and honours the power of individual narratives still holding space for silence and the presence of memory that can no longer be reconstructed (C. Schallie, personal communication, November, 2022).

Going beyond my personal narrative, this dissertation also contributes to the contemporary discourse on a number of issues. First, this work combats Holocaust revisionism and contemporary antisemitism still robust in Romania. Notwithstanding positive legislation (e.g. the recent introduction of Holocaust education into the Romanian curriculum) “the memory of the Holocaust remains a highly contested issue in contemporary Romania” (Carstocea, 2021, p. 314). As a member of a small community, looking inward and outside of myself, I am also a witness and an intrepid researcher seeking to promote education countering the wider societal disease of racism and hatred of the other.

The discourse surrounding the transgenerational transmission of trauma is relevant to the groups and individuals who are impacted, and to those who seek to help others in a healing

journey. My narrative in Chapter 3 is an arts-based narrative and analysis attempting to bring you, the reader, into my family's story, so that you can feel my experience. What was it like to walk down Strada Cuza Voda, a street my family worked and lived upon for centuries and find no remnants or memorials? How did it feel to sit in the national archives of Iași, Romania and be given volumes of vital records, with the Jewish documents segregated into their own volumes? What was my experience, when the archivist in Iași yelled at me that my information was stupid and wrong, that my family never lived in Iași? I argue that those experiences are meaningful beyond myself. We can only know about the dissolution of a family's history through walking the streets where the family once lived. The autoethnographic analysis permits the space to reveal encounters with destruction, and creates a platform for revealing the vivid details of a particular story along with recognizing the presence of gaps and silence.

The erasure of the Jews of Romania is not unlike other erasures, eradications of human lives, spirit and culture. The violent characteristic of hatred of the other present in human existence needs to be revealed, discussed, and explicated. The response to Serge's revelation I described above, about the discarding of Jewish victims into the boulevard next to the Trei Ierarhi Monastery in Iași, should be an investigation, excavation, uncovering of the past atrocities so that the remains of the Jewish victims of the 1941 massacre can be properly buried and memorialized. It is one step that Romania has placed Holocaust education into its curriculum, and contemporary consciousness, however Romania needs to take a step further to confront the deeper problems of perception. That is, the view that Jews are seen as foreign which is "an inextricable part of Romanian history" (Carstocea, 2021, p. 328) and is still present in contemporary Romania (Carstocea, 2021). Uncovering individual truths and ordinary lives is a contribution to the discourse regarding the Jews of Romania who were dehumanized and whose

population was primarily murdered and removed from Romania. The vehicle of the autoethnographic arts-based narrative brings to light the story of an individual family amongst many thousands, and the remnants of the Jewish population who continue to be at best, ignored.

My journey to locate my family members, even my frustrated search for my grandmother's birth certificate, can be used as a demonstration of a practical method. Using the photo album as a catalyst, I have demonstrated a technique of autoethnographic witnessing of the deterritorialization and reterritorialization of a family. This technique can be replicated by those who are in the position to help others in their journeys of understanding and healing across generations. My contribution of an arts-based story discussing the impact of the violence of pogroms and the Shoah on one Romanian Jewish family contributes to the contemporary discourse regarding the intergenerational impacts of genocide and systemic violence on families. As I wrote earlier, it is estimated that 300,000-400,000 Romanian Jews were murdered during the Shoah. Those numbers dehumanize lives. My contribution is to provide color and a notion of the types of lives that were impacted, thus producing some texture to the complicated stories of the last century.

I have struggled against the currents of the transgenerational impacts of past history, the missing people of the past, and those who hold scars and were unable to speak with me. Gradually, rich stories of individuals were revealed to me, beyond the photographs, taking back lives and recreating memories. The process of being curious, and going backwards into the past to reach the present is a tool and methodology of healing.

Conclusion

As I peered up at a plaque in the old synagogue in Piatra Neamt I made out the names of the rabbis from previous generations. When I had looked at cousin Yael's family tree (See

have arrived at these accomplishments by following through with my research. I added to the fiber and texture of my story by traveling to the places from which my family was dislocated.

Driving in Romania felt challenging, compared to my usual routes in my small town in Canada. The rural roads were narrow and the drivers fast. Pastoral views abounded.

Figure 81

Road in Bukovina on the way to Piatra Neamt



Note: Photograph by Julia Herzog

The small villages were dotted along narrow strips, as cars sped by. Horse and cart would pull out in front of cars, forcing the traffic to slow for a moment. My mind wandered, and I noticed that the villages were not prosperous, and the roads unfriendly for pedestrians. Stopping for gas I could not figure out how to fill up the tank. Which nozzle was for unleaded? I stood there, frozen and finally went over to someone who was filling his tank. The courteous Romanian took over, made sure that my tank was full, and that I could continue on my way. The hours spent in a coffee shop with Sorina and Stefania also demonstrated a cultural characteristic that I don't think I would find at home. Warm summer afternoons spent sipping coffee with new acquaintances are

an aspect from another culture. However, when I juxtapose the friendly nature of strangers and acquaintances in Romania against the trend toward revisionist history and news of contemporary right-wing politics, I feel a sense of foreboding layered on top of a scant hope.

Bukovina

Northeastern Romania, where Iași and Piatra Neamt lie, are part of historical Bukovina, an area considered a “borderland” region (Fisher, 2019, p.176). The history of Bukovina is narrated from different perspectives and approaches and have been separated by time periods. Bukovina is currently divided between Ukraine and Romania, and was developed as a province of the Habsburg Empire in the late 18th century. One scholar described Bukovina as the “most diverse and most Jewish province” of the Habsburg Empire. (Fisher, 2019, p. 177).

I located the *Yizkor Bicher*¹⁸ (Memorial Book) for Iași and found it to contain a cacophony of facts over a timespan of centuries (Kara, 2016). There is information about Jewish guilds of artisans and merchants with detailed specifics. According to the Iași *Yizkor Bicher*, 51% of the population of Iași was Jewish at the time of my great-grandparent’s departure. Now, a bustling city of over 300,000, the Jewish population is tiny, numbering in the hundreds. The Iași *Yizkor Bicher* described the historic antisemitic environment in Iași and emphasized how the University of Iași in the 1920s represented a “turbulent, devastating center of antisemitism” (Kara, 2016, p. 31). In my contemporary experience, the continued presentation of the Bukovina region in idealized, Christian terms is evidenced by a tourist guide I picked up while in Iași. The guide contains photographs of a bucolic countryside, churches on almost every page and a comment, indicating the existence of an “ethnic and religious mosaic” in Bukovina and how the “region’s

¹⁸ Yizkor Bicher, are memory books documenting Eastern European towns and villages written by survivors of the Shoah, in conjunction with people who left before the Second World War. The books were written as a record of Jewish life in the various communities.

native Romanians nevertheless managed to preserve their national identity” (Camilar, 2008, p.11). It was the word “nevertheless” that struck me, it seems there was no need to preserve the absent Jews. There is a single mention of the Jewish population in the guide: a photograph entitled “The old Jewish cemetery in Siret” (Camilar, 2008, p.64), without further explanation.

Implications

As I wander from personal familial stories, traipsing across historical landscapes for which I am inadequately positioned to explore, I return to the concept of Tikkun as an aspirational approach. My work presented in this dissertation has three-fold significance. First, my work is presented as an autoethnographic witnessing of an ordinary journey reconnecting missing aspects of my family’s history. In all cases, my family included, whether it was from the tremendous trauma of pogroms, or the unspeakable terror and loss of the Shoah, there were unspoken memories. Behind the family silence, I uncovered an extended family who experienced profound losses during the Shoah and a thread of silence similar to my immediate family. Thus, I detected echoes of Abraham and Torok’s (1974/1994, p.171) idea of the phantom based on gaps in our intergenerational understandings of our family stories. Second, this dissertation is an example of how a journey healing rifts in time and place can aid helping professionals consider different ways of perceiving, connecting and working with individuals and families. It is possible to help others who have experienced intergenerational trauma by bearing witness, and practicing intensive listening. Helping the client to tell their story and elaborate on their story’s personal meanings may help diffuse the impact of the trauma (Garon, 2021). Finally, my intention and hope is that my story, presented in an accessible format, may be an inspiration for curiosity and an educational resource. I discovered two languages of silence, the unspoken and the

unknowable. My story in its multi-media presentation is reaching for a third language in the face of the two silences.

The Open Road

Led by my great-grandmother's photo album, I have touched upon a vast panoply of possible routes of exploration. From history, to psychoanalytic theory, to arts-based research I have tried to come up with an evenly produced narrative that is neither a purely academic treatise, nor too dramatically self-referential. I have foundered when talking from the inside and wandering on the outside and have landed somewhere in between. I argue that these liminal areas of in-between are the places where I have been able to meet my ancestors and finally reach some of my contemporary cousins. Through academic foraging and literal driving through Romanian countryside, I have made and shared my discoveries. I suggest my dissertation is akin to the open road, as Jack Kerouac remarked "There was nowhere to go but everywhere, so just keep on rolling under the stars". I offer my work as one roadmap ahead, and a reaching of my hand out to next generations who are of any place and time.

Postscript: Digital Archival Exhibit

I have created a multi-media digital exhibit in conjunction with my dissertation. Through the creation of the digital archive, my hope is that my work that will be an accessible and multi-modal arts-based experience, through listening, reading and visual art. The exhibit can be accessed here:

<https://lib.uvic.ca/jfh>



The digital exhibit was created with the support of the University of Victoria library, whose staff diligently scanned and preserved digital copies of the photo album, and the guidance of Dr. Matthew Huculak, digital scholarship librarian. I also refer to the significant materials that have been created at the University of Victoria library: lib.uvic.ca/histories, lib.uvic.ca/stories and on Dr. Charlotte Schallié's project website, <https://holocaustgraphicnovels.org/>.

References

- Abraham, N. & Torok, M. (1994). *The shell and the kernel* (N. Rand, Trans.). University of Chicago Press.
- Abu-Lughod, L. (1993). *Writing women's worlds: Bedouin Stories*. University of California Press.
- Aderet, Ofer. "Romania Destroys Historic Gate of Jewish Cemetery Holding Holocaust Victims". Haaretz Israel News. January 9, 2019. <https://www.haaretz.com/world-news/europe/.premium-romania-destroys-historic-gate-of-jewish-cemetery-holding-holocaust-victims-1.6826081>.
- Alpern, J. (2001). *No one awaiting me*. University of Calgary Press.
- Ancel, Jean. 2011. *The history of the Holocaust in Romania*. (Y. Murciano, Trans.). University of Nebraska Press; Yad Vashem. (Original work published 2002).
- Ancestry (2006-2021). www.ancestry.ca.
- Assmann, A. (2016). *Shadows of trauma: Memory and the politics of postwar identity*. (F. Clift, Trans.). Fordham University Press. (Original work published 2006).
- Balint, E. (1993). *Before I was I*. The Guildford Press.
- Benjamin, W. (2015). *On Photography*. E. Leslie (Ed.). Reaktion Books.
- Bennett, Jane. (2010). *Vibrant matter: A political ecology of things*. Duke University Press, doi: <https://doi-org.ezproxy.library.uvic.ca/10.1215/9780822391623>
- Bertens, L. M. F. (2019). 'Doing' memory: performativity and cultural memory. In Cardiff, J. & Miller, G.B. (Eds.). *Alter Bahnhof Video Walk. Holocaust Studies: A Journal of Culture and History*, DOI: 10.1080/17504902.2019.1578454
<https://doi.org/10.1080/17504902.2019.1578454>.

- Berenbaum, M. (2019, November 14). Holocaust: European history. Encyclopedia Britannica.
<https://www.britannica.com/event/Holocaust>
- Bion, W. (2018). *Three papers of W.R. Bion*. (C. Mawson, Ed.). Routledge.
- Bletry, N., Trelluyer, T., & Michaelson, R. (2022, March 25). *Romania's Iași pogrom, one of the worst massacres of Jews during World War II*. France24.
<https://www.france24.com/en/tv-shows/revisited/20220325-romania-s-Iași-pogrom-one-of-the-worst-massacres-of-jews-during-wwii>
- Brach, T. (2003). *Radical acceptance: Embracing your life with the heart of a Buddha*. Random House.
- Braidotti, R. (2019). A theoretical framework for the critical posthumanities. *Theory, Culture & Society*, 36(6) 31–61.
- Brown, B. (2006). Object relations in an expanded field. *Differences: A Journal of Feminist Cultural Studies*, 17(5), 88-106.
- Buber, M. (1970). *I and Thou*. (W. Kaufmann, Trans.). Charles Scribners Sons. (Original work published 1957).
- Camilar, M. (2008). *Bukovina Tourist Guide*. (A. I. Blyth, Trans.). Ad Libri Publishing.
- Caruth, C. (1996). *Unclaimed experience: Trauma, narrative, and history*. Johns Hopkins University Press.
- Canning, C. (2008). Epigenetics: An emerging challenge to genetic determinism in studies of mental health and illness. *Social Alternatives*, 27(4). Pp.14-21.
- Carmelly, F. (2015). *Across the rivers of memory*. The Azrieli Foundation.

- Carstocea, R. (2021). Between Europeanisation and local legacies: Holocaust memory and contemporary antisemitism in Romania. *East European Politics and Societies and Cultures*, 35(2) 313-335.
- Cavalli, A. (2012). Transgenerational transmission of indigestible facts: from trauma, deadly ghosts and mental voids to meaning-making interpretations. *Journal of Analytical Psychology*, 57, 597-614.
- Center for Jewish History, Bucharest, Romania. www.csier.ro.
- Chapman, C. (2013). Cultivating a troubled consciousness: compulsory sound-mindedness and complicity in oppression. *Health, Culture & Society*, 5(1), 182-198.
- Chase, S. (2018). Narrative inquiry: Toward theoretical and methodological maturity. In Denzin, N.K. & Lincoln, Y.S. (Eds.). *The Sage handbook of qualitative research*. (pp. 546-560). Sage.
- Chekmenev, A. (2022). : <https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2022/03/18/magazine/ukraine-war-kyiv.html>.
- Costa, L., Voronka, J., Landry, D., Reid, J., McFarlane, B., Reville, D., Church, K. (2012) Recovering our stories: A small act of resistance. *Studies in Social Justice*, 6(1), 85-101.
- Costachie, S. (2010). The age of the Jewish population in Romania. *PaRDeS : Zeitschrift der Vereinigung für Jüdische Studien e.V.*, 16, 11-19.
- Crane, S. (2008). Choosing not to look: Representation, repatriation, and Holocaust atrocity photography. *History and Theory*, 47, 309-330.
- Connolly, A. (2011). Healing the wounds of our fathers: Intergenerational trauma, memory, symbolization and narrative. *Journal of Analytical Psychology*, 56, 607-626.

- Dauphinee, E. (2010). The ethics of autoethnography. *Review of International Studies*, 36,799-818.
- Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. (1987). *A thousand plateaus: Capitalism and schizophrenia*. (B. Massumi, Trans.). University of Minnesota Press.
- Deleuze, G. (1998). *Essays critical and clinical*. (Smith D. and Greco, M. Trans.) Verso.
- Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. (1994). *What is philosophy?* (H. Tomlinson & G. Burchell, Trans.). Columbia University Press. (Original work published in 1991).
- Dembek, M. (2019). Archaeological fever: Situating participatory art in the rubble of the Warsaw ghetto. *Holocaust Studies*, DOI: 10.1080/17504902.2019.1578458; <https://doi.org/10.1080/17504902.2019.1578458>.
- Derrida, J. (2016). *Of grammatology*. (G. Spivak, Trans.). Johns Hopkins University Press. (Original work published in 1974).
- Derrida, J. (1995). *On the name*. (D. Wood, Trans.). Stanford University Press. (Original work published in 1993).
- De Waal, E. (2010). *The hare with amber eyes: A hidden inheritance*. Farrar, Strauss and Giroux.
- Dickson, A. & Holland, K. (2017). Hysterical inquiry and autoethnography: a Lacanian alternative to institutionalized ethical commandments. *Current Sociology*, 65(1), 133-148.
- Ellis, C. (2007). Telling secrets, revealing lives; relational ethics in research with intimate others. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 13(1), 3-29.
- Ellis, C. (2020). *Revision*. Routledge.
- Ellis, C. & Patti, C. (2014). Compassionate interviewing and storytelling with Holocaust survivors. *Storytelling, Self, Society*, 10(1), 93-118.

- Faimberg, H. (2012). Listening to the psychic consequences of Nazism in psychoanalytic patients. *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, LXXXI,(1), 157-169.
- Ferenczi, S. (1955). *Final contributions to the problems & methods of Psycho-Analysis*. (trans. E. Mosbacher), London: Hogarth Press.
- Fisher, G. (2019). Bukovina: A borderland region in (trans-)national historiographies after 1945 and 1989-1991. *East European Politics and Societies and Cultures*. 33(1),176-195.
- Frankel, J. (2003). Exploring Ferenczi's concept of identification with the aggressor: Its role in trauma, everyday life, and the therapeutic relationship. *12(1)*, *Psychoanalytic Dialogues*, *The International Journal of Relational Perspectives*. 101-139.
<http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/10481881209348657>
- Frankel, J., (1998). Ferenczi's trauma theory. *American Journal of Psychoanalysis*. 58(1),41-61.
- Ferro, A. (2006). *Psychoanalysis as therapy and storytelling*. (trans. Philip Slotkin) London: Routledge.
- Ferro, A. & Civitarese, G. (2015). *The analytic field and its transformations*. London: Karnac Books.
- Firesafe. <https://www.firesafe.org.uk/information-about-the-fire-triangle-tetrahedron-and-combustion/>
- Fraser, J. (2019, July 12). *Second mass grave of Jewish Holocaust victims discovered in Romania*. Jewish News: Britain's Jewish Newspaper.
<https://www.jewishnews.co.uk/second-mass-grave-of-jewish-holocaust-victims-discovered-in-romania/>
- Frie, R. (2017). *Not in my family*. Oxford University Press.

- Frie, R. (2019). History's ethical demand: Memory, denial, and responsibility in the wake of the Holocaust. *Psychoanalytic Dialogues*, 29(2), 122-142.
<https://doi.org/10.1080/10481885.2019.1587987>
- Friedman, J. (2019). The Holocaust didn't happen in black and white. *Shofar: An Interdisciplinary Journal of Jewish Studies*, 37(1)1-8.
- Frostig, K. (2018). Coming to terms with the past: The Vienna Project as an interactive, interdisciplinary model of memorialization in J. Lindert, A. T. Marsoobian (eds.) (pp. 283-303), *Multidisciplinary Perspectives on Genocide*. Cambridge, MA: Springer International Publishing.
- Garner, B. (1999), *Black's Law Dictionary*. West Group.
- Garon, J. (2004). Skeletons in the closet. *International Forum of Psychoanalysis*, 13, 84-92.
- Garon, J. (2012). From disavowal and murder to liberty. *American Journal of Psychoanalysis*, 72, 33-45.
- Gamzou, A. (2019). Third-generation graphic syndrome: New directions in comics and Holocaust memory in the age after testimony. *The Journal of Holocaust Research*, 33(3), 224-237.
- Geni.com. (April, 2021). <https://www.geni.com/corp/>.
- Gendler, E. (1998). A sentient universe. In E. Bernstein, (ed.), *Ecology and the Jewish spirit, Where nature and the sacred meet*. 58-68. *Jewish Lights Publishing*.
- Gold, Trudy. (2015). *The timechart history of Jewish civilization*. Worth Press Ltd.
- Grollier. (1966-). *The New Book of Knowledge*.
- Grossman, R. (Director). (2018). *Who will write our history?*[Film]. Katahdin Productions.

- Hanauer, D. I. (2020). *Mourning writing: A poetic autoethnography on the passing of my father*. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 1-8. <https://doi.org/10.1177/1077800419898500>.
- Heath, M. (2012). On critical thinking. *The International Journal of Narrative Therapy and Community Work*, 4, 11-18.
- Hebda, R. (2020). *Curious*. Royal B.C. Museum. <https://curious.royalbcmuseum.bc.ca/native-strawberries-wild-ancestors-of-our-delicious-cultivated-fruit/#:~:text=All%20three%20wild%20strawberry%20species,a%20new%20daughter%20plant%20develops>.
- Henriques, M. (2019). *What is epigenetics*. <https://www.bbc.com/future/article/20190326-what-is-epigenetics>.
- Hilberg, R. (1985). *The Destruction of the European Jews*, rev. ed., Holmes & Meier.
- Hirsch, M. (2001). Surviving images: Holocaust photographs and the work of postmemory. *The Yale Journal of Criticism*, 1(1), 5-37
- Hirsch, M., & Spitzer, L. (2006). What's wrong with this picture? *Journal of Modern Jewish Studies*, 5(2), 229-252.
- Hirsch, M. (2008). The generation of postmemory. *Poetics Today*, 29 (1), 103-128.
- Hirsch, M. (2010). *Ghosts of home: The afterlife of Chernovitz*. University of California Press.
- Hirsch, M. (2012). *The generation of post-memory: Writing and visual culture after the Holocaust*. Columbia University Press.
- Hirsch, M. & Spitzer, L. (2015). Small acts of repair: the unclaimed legacy of the Romanian Holocaust. *Journal of Literature and Trauma Studies*, 4(1-2), 13-42.
- Hirsch, M. (2017). Debts. *Auto/Biography Studies*, 32(2), 221-223.
<https://doi.org/10.1080/08989575.2017.1288002>

- Hoskins, J. (2009). Agency, Biography, and Objects. In Tilley, C. (ed.) *Handbook of Material Culture*, C.Tilley et al.(ed.) Sage, 74-84.
- Hoskins, M. (2000). Living research: The experience of researching self, other, and discourse. *Journal of Constructivist Psychology*, 13(1). 47-66, DOI: [10.1080/107205300265973](https://doi.org/10.1080/107205300265973)
- Jewish Virtual Library,(1998-2020). American-Israeli Cooperative Enterprise.
<https://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/the-banality-of-history-and-memory-romanian-society-and-the-holocaust>
- Jewish Heritage Europe. “Romania: City demolishes ornamental gateway to Jewish cemetery in Iași, but plans to rebuild it closer to the cemetery”. Last modified January 8, 2019.
<https://jewish-heritage-europe.eu/2019/01/08/romania-monumental-portal-to-jewish-cemetery/>
- Jewish Seniors Alliance, (n.d.) *Serge Haber’s testimony on the Holocaust*.
<https://jsalliance.org/serges-testimony-on-the-holocaust/>
- Kansteiner, W. (2014). Genocide memory, digital cultures, and the aesthetization of violence. *Memory Studies*, 7(4), 403-408.
- Kaplan, A.(1982). *Meditation and Kabbalah*. San Francisco, CA: Weiser Books.
- Kaplan, A. (2019, April 15). *The soul: understanding the source of our soul and its eternal essence*. <https://www.aish.com/jl/sp/bas/48942091.html>.
- Kaplan, B. (2019). Memory as fluid process: James Friedman’s “12 Nazi Concentration Camps” and Gunter Demnig’s *Stolpersteine*. *Shofar: An interdisciplinary Journal of Jewish Studies*, 37(1), 41-71.
- Kara, I. (2016). *Trilogy of three Romanian Jewish communities: Bacau, Iași, & Podu Iloaies, Romania*. Jewish Gen, An Affiliate of the Museum of Jewish Heritage.

- Kellerman, N. (2013). Epigenetic transmission of Holocaust trauma: can nightmares be inherited? *Israel Journal of Psychiatry and Related Sciences*, 50(1), 33-39.
- Kerouac, J. & Cunnell, H. (2007). *On the road: The original scroll*. Viking.
- Kidron, C. (2012). Breaching the wall of traumatic silence: Holocaust survivor and descendant person-object relations and the material transmission of the genocidal past. *Journal of Material Culture*, 17(1), 3-21.
- Kopytoff, I. (1986). *The cultural biography of things: commodization as process*. (Appadurai, A. Ed.). Cambridge University Press.
- Kristeva, J. (2001). Life as a narrative. In Schoenberg, T. & Trudeau, L. (Ed.). *Twentieth-Century Literary Criticism*. (pp. 3-100). Gale.
- LaCapra, D. (1994). *Representing the Holocaust: History, theory, trauma*. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press.
- LaCapra, D. (1998). *History and memory after Auschwitz*. Cornell University Press.
- LaCapra, D. (2001). *Writing history writing trauma*. Johns Hopkins University Press.
- Latour, Bruno (2014) *Agency at the time of the Anthropocene*. *New Literary History*, 45, 2014, 1-18.
- Linfield, S. (2010). *The cruel Radiance: Photographs of Political Violence*. University of Chicago Press.
- Levine (2017). The fundamental epistemological situation: Psychic reality and the limitations of classical theory. Previously published in Levine, H. Die grundlegende epistemische situation. Die psychische Realitat und die Grenzen der klassishcen Throie. Jahrbuch der Psychoanalyse. 74 Stuttgart-Bad Cannstatt: frommann-holzboog., 203-229.

- Linden, R. (1993). *Making stories, making selves, feminist reflections on the Holocaust*. Ohio State University Press.
- Lubow, Arthur. (2007). "Crossing Boundaries." In *The emergence of memory: Conversations with W.G. Sebald*, edited by Lynne Sharon Schwartz, 159-173. New York: Seven Stories Press.
- Madsen, W. C. & Gillespie, K. (2014). *Collaborative helping: A strengths framework for home-based services*. John Wiley & Sons.
- McCoy, K. (2012). Toward a methodology of encounters: opening to complexity in qualitative research. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 18(9), 762-772.
- Merleau-Ponty, M. (1962). *Phenomenology of Perception*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul.
- Michman, D. (2014). 'The Holocaust'—Do we agree what we are talking about?. *Holocaust Studies*, 20 (1-2),117-128. DOI: 10.1080/17504902.2014.11439098
<https://doi.org/10.1080/17504902.2014.11439098>.
- Mitchell, W.J.T. (1996). What do pictures "really" want?. *October*, 77, 71-82.
- Miller, N. (2011). *What They Saved: Pieces of a Jewish Past*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.
- MyHeritage.com (April, 2021). www.myheritage.com
- Newbury, J. (2012). *Contextualizing care: Alternatives to the individualization of struggles and support* [unpublished doctoral dissertation]. University of Victoria.
- Nelson,, J. (2000). The space of Africville. creating, regulating and remembering the urban "slum". *Canadian Journal of Law and Society*, 15 (2), 163-185.
- Nicolae,E. (2020). Libertatea cuvântului. Freedom of Speech. In L. Vianu, (ed). *Five Romanian Poets, Romita Malina Constantin, Diana Geaccar, Emil Nicolae, Ioan Es. Pop, Florarea Tutianu*. (43). Contemporary Literature Press. Univerfsity of Bucharest.

- Ritter, A. (2015). Theories of trauma transmission after Ferenczi: The unique contribution of Hungarian Psychoanalysis. *Canadian Journal of Psychoanalysis*, 23, 42-56.
- Salberg, J. (2015). The texture of traumatic attachment: Presence and ghostly absence in transgenerational transmission. *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, LXXXIV, (1), 21-45.
- Sands, P. (2017). *East west street*. Vintage Books.
- Schallié, C. (Ed.). (2022). *But I live. Three stories of child survivors of the Holocaust*. New Jewish Press, and Imprint of University of Toronto Press.
- Schallié, C. (2019). Hidden in plain Sight: Post-Holocaust mnemonic objects and material traces in Arnon Goldfinger's *The Flat* (*החדיררה*). *Holocaust Studies*, 2019, 25, 2-19.
<https://doi.org/10.1080/17504902.2019.1637498>
- Schwartz, L. (2007). *The emergence of memory: conversations with W.G. Sebald*. New York: Seven Stories Press.
- Skott-Myhre, K. S. G., & Skott-Myhre, H. A. (2015). Revolutionary love: CYC and the importance of reclaiming our desire. *International Journal of Child, Youth and Family Studies* 6(4), 581-594.
- Skott-Myhre, K.S.G. (2012) *International Journal of Child, Youth and Family Studies* 2 & 3, 300–315.
- Sebald, W.G., (2001). *Austerlitz*. (A. Bell, Trans). London, UK: Hamish Hamilton.
- Simpson, L.B. (2014). Land as pedagogy: Nishnaabeg intelligence and rebellious transformation. *Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education & Society*, 3(3), 1-25.
- Snyder, T. (2010). *Bloodlands: Europe between Hitler and Stalin*. New York, NY: Basic Books.
- Sontag, S. (2003). *Regarding the Pain of Others*. Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

- Spiegelman, A.(1986). *Maus*. Pantheon Books.
- Spiegelman, A. (2011). *Meta maus*. Pantheon Books.
- Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy; <https://plato.stanford.edu/>
- St. Pierre, E. (2013). The appearance of data. *Cultural Studies-Critical Methodologies*, 13(4), 223-227.
- St. Pierre, E. (2011). Post qualitative research, the critique and the coming after. In N. Denzin, & Y. Lincoln, (Eds.). *The Sage handbook of qualitative research*. Los Angeles: Sage.
- Sultar, J. (1998). Adam, Adamah, and Adonai: The relationship between humans, nature, and god in the bible. In E. Bernstein, (ed.), *Ecology and the Jewish spirit, Where nature and the sacred meet*. pp. 19-26. Jewish Lights Publishing.
- Taguchi, H. (2012). A diffractive and Deleuzian approach to analysing interview data. *Feminist Theory*, 13(3), 265-281.
- Tedlock, B. (2011) Braiding narrative ethnography with memoir and creative nonfiction. In N. Denzin & Y. Lincoln (eds). (2017). *The SAGE Handbook of Qualitative Research*. SAGE publications, pp. 854-866.
- United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, (2018).
<https://collections.ushmm.org/search/catalog/pa1070869>
- United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, (2019, November 21). *Romania*.
<https://encyclopedia.ushmm.org/content/en/article/romania>
- University of British Columbia Botanical Garden, (2004).
<https://forums.botanicgarden.ubc.ca/threads/how-to-remove-unwanted-morning-glory.2636/?gclid=Cj0KQCQiA8dH->

[BRD_ARIsAC24umZZkzIa4ARlFQbULxopGQBWjNX1BiEHeiL8pks3jV52I28l13adz1oaAljgEALw_wcB](https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/about/final-solution-beginning/romania.html)

Viebach, J. (2019). Of other times: Temporality, memory and trauma in post-genocide Rwanda.

International Review of Victimology, 25(3) 277-301.

Watkins, G. (2003). *Teaching community: a pedagogy of hope*. Routledge.

Wiesel, E. (1978). *A Jew today*, Random House.

Wiesel, E.(1958) *Night*. (S. Rodway, Trans). Avon Books.

Yad VaShem. The World Holocaust Remembrance Center (n.d.) *July 1941, Jewish Survivors of the Death Train from Iași to Calarasi, Romania*.

<https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/this-month/july/1941.html>

Yad VaShem.(n.d.).The World Holocaust Remembrance Center. *The Iași Pogrom*.

<https://www.yadvashem.org/education/educational-materials/lesson-plans/Iași-pogrom.html>

Yad VaShem.(n.d.).The World Holocaust Remembrance Center. *Pogrom in Bucharest*

Synagogue, 1941. <https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/this-month/january/1941.html>

Yad VaShem.(n.d.).The World Holocaust Remembrance Center. *Murder of the Jews of*

Romania. [https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/about/final-solution-](https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/about/final-solution-beginning/romania.html)

[beginning/romania.html](https://www.yadvashem.org/holocaust/about/final-solution-beginning/romania.html)

Yad VaShem.(2004, November 11).The World Holocaust Remembrance Center. *The report of*

the International Commission on the Holocaust in Romania.

<https://www.yadvashem.org/docs/international-commission-on-romania-holocaust.html>

Yad VaShem, The World Holocaust Remembrance Center (2019), *The Central Database of*

Shoah Victim's Names, <https://yvng.yadvashem.org>

Yakimchuk, L. (2015). *Apricots of Donbas*,

Yeager, A. November 17, 2020; *The Scientist*; <https://www.the-scientist.com/news-opinion/breastmilk-harbors-antibodies-to-sars-cov-2-68162>

Zimmer, C. (2018, January 31). The New York Times;
<https://www.nytimes.com/2018/01/31/science/dutch-famine-genes.html>

23andMe Inc. (2021, April). <https://www.23andme.com/en-ca/>

Zyatdinova, Emine (29 March 2022). Insider. <https://www.insider.com/a-safe-house-in-poland-offers-lgbtq-ukrainians-sanctuary-from-bombs-2022-3>.

Appendix

Chronology of Research Trips and Interviews

Travel Schedule and interviewees:

1. Autoethnographic research commenced in 2019 through a course-based research project with a trip to Romania from September 2, 2019 to September 11, 2019 including the following interviews:
 - a. Dr. Stefana Iosif, Iași, Romania: (Professor—Alexandru Ion Cuza University of Iași), Iași Romania: September 5, 2019
 - b. Dr. Sorina Postolea, (Professor—Alexandru Cuza University of Iași), Iași, Romania: September 5, 2019
2. Zoom/Telephone Interviews:
 - a. October 25, 2019: Serge Haber (Survivor of Iasi Pogrom, Vancouver)
 - b. December 2020: Cousins—Florida and Israel: did not wish to speak to me
 - c. February 1, 2021: Yosi Zacharin (Cousin, Israel—originally from New York)
 - d. February 21, 2021: Judy Roberts (Cousin, Pennsylvania)
 - e. April 18, 2021: Yael Goffman (Cousin, Israel)
 - f. June 27, 2021: Rachel and Nechemia Stern (Cousins, Israel), Barbara Bauer (Parents, New York), Maya Herzog (Daughter, Seattle)
 - g. July 8, 2021: Rachel and Nechemia Stern (Cousins, Israel), Barbara and Stephen Bauer (Parents, New York)
3. Various New York trips from March 2021-December 2022
 - a. Barbara Bauer: many informal conversations with my mother

- b. Susan Margolin: January 3, 2022 (cousin, New York)
4. Trip to Israel from March 21, 2022 to March 29, 2022 included the following interviews:
 - a. March 25, 2022: Danny Zohar (cousin, Israel)
 - b. March 26, 2022: Yosi Zacharin (cousin, Israel)
 - c. March 27, 2022: Yael Goffman and Orli Mandelbaum (cousins, Israel)
 - d. March 28, 2022: Rachel and Nechemia Stern (cousins, Israel)
5. Second trip to Romania from March 31, 2022 to April 5, 2022 included the following interviews:
 - a. April 1, 2022: Dr.Stefana Iosif, Iași, Romania: (Professor—Alexandru Ion Cuza University of Iași, Romania)
 - b. April 3, 2022: Emil Nadler (Cousin, Piatra Neamt, Romania)