RESISTANCE OF THE HEART

INTERMARRIAGE AND THE ROSENSTRASSE PROTEST IN NAZI GERMANY

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r of the Berlin Gestapo's Jewish Desk
mmissioner Walter Stock.

e February rumors of a massive arrest of Jews that would
ermarried Jews this time pulsed through the city. Tensions
On February 26 the Berlin Gestapo's Jewish Desk director
ck attended a meeting with the Wehrmacht's Armaments
discuss the replacement of Jewish workers with forced la-
Poland and Russia. At noon the same day Moritz Henschel,
an of the Jewish Community, appeared under Gestapo orders
apo's Jewish Desk on Burgstrasse. The offices were swarming
eds of outside police officers in civilian clothing, waiting for
tructions. After waiting anxiously for hours, Henschel was
o prepare new task forces and collection centers for arrested
Gestapo would need five or six first-aid stations, with Jewish
a number of secretaries, with typewritters. All these in-
led Henschel to the inevitable conclusion: "An evacuation
portions" was imminent.[85]
els voiced misgivings in advance about trying to force the
of families, as he engaged Hitler's SS division. He hoped
"brawny force" by the SS Leibstandarte Hitler during an
n carried out in "grand style" would stifle any outcry the
of intermarried Jews might cause. But he worried that
he German disaster at Stalingrad, with the regime pushing
forts from the home front, the time was not exactly right
g this domestic problem with force.[86]

XIV

COURAGEOUS WOMEN OF ROSENSTRASSE

Liberty, when men act in bodies, is power.

—Edmund Burke

Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak.

—Robert Frost

THE LION'S DEN

Before dawn on the twenty-seventh the Final Roundup was under way. Gestapo chauffeurs were at their posts that morning by four for a "big alarm Jewish action." Every covered truck in Berlin was requisitioned for the raid.[1] The SS Leibstandarte Hitler appeared without warning at factories to arrest working Jews while the Gestapo and street police seized Jews from their homes and the streets—even some on visits to Berlin.[2] Erika Lewine, a feisty young woman of eighteen from a hard-scrabble working-class family, remembered that day. Erika worked for Siemens, the giant telecommunications firm, where her shift began at six. She had barely arrived when she heard the tramp-tramp of boots crossing militarylike on the floor above. "Yes," she heard her supervisor say. "The SS is taking all of you. We can't do anything about it."

At that moment the SS strode in with horsewhips in their hands and begin whipping and shouting, "All Jews out!" The entire Jewish

group, without steps or ladders, scrambled to get onto the truck. Together with thousands of others Erika was penned up in the horse stables of Hermann Goering's air force barracks.[3]

"There were two young women from Siemens with us," Erika said. "And when we arrived at the barracks, they began to talk about making an escape. I told them that this would be stupid, but they didn't listen. They were so much in despair they took off running and were both shot. And then we had to watch the shooting after they were both caught. 'Look at this,' a Gestapo man said, 'so you'll know what happens to those who try to flee.'

"Then the Gestapo sorted the men out from the women." Erika continued. "I saw my aunts and my uncles, and all my cousins, my entire family, for the last time. After that I never saw them again. All my relatives from my father's side were gassed—twenty-two relatives, all from Berlin. All of them were taken in this mass action—except one aunt, who had already been taken in 1942."

In another, distant part of the city Dr. Ernst Bukofzer was also surprised that morning by the SS. He was a Jew who had been practicing law when World War I forced him to the front to share the common German cause with another young soldier, Adolf Hitler. Like Hitler, he returned from war decorated with the Iron Cross medal for bravery. After the war Bukofzer married a German with two daughters and again practiced law until under Hitler this was again interrupted.[4]

Bukofzer had just reached work when the whole Jewish crew was ordered out to the courtyard. The men at first thought they were expected to load a truck, he remembered. Instead an SS man, who gestured wildly, ordered Bukofzer and his coworkers to jump onto the waiting truck. They were given no explanation. In the dark one Jew managed to slip away and under the fence. Six SS men were sent after him, but they finally returned, unsuccessful. Then another officer checked the workers' names against a list, confiscating their work permits and any sharp objects. One of them confiscated Bukofzer's flashlight. An SS man gave a warning that guards sitting at the back of the truck would immediately use their weapons if anyone tried to flee. Then they charged off to the Hermann Goering barracks. Along the way they stopped for more Jews, even stopping at factories with only one Jewish employee. Ferdinand Wolff, a Jew married to a German, was picked up from his job at Warnicke & Böhme.

Upon arriving at the Goering barracks, Bukofzer recalled, "we had to get out of the truck—fast. Then we heard one of the drivers ask a nearby guard, 'Are your guns already loaded?' If before we had been uncertain about our fate, we now believed that our last hour had certainly struck. But the day wore on: noon, afternoon, then evening. There was no food or drink. There were no toilets. Truck after truck rolled up, bringing more and more Jewish workers.

"When in the afternoon a number of us men were commanded to dig trenches in front of the camp, we were convinced that we were shoveling our own grave." Bukofzer continued. "Then the female prisoners were led out in a group. They also thought they were to be shot and buried and began to wail and cry out in fear. Then under the inspection of the SS guards and their gloating catcalls they were forced to relieve themselves in the open trenches."

Neither Charlotte nor Julius noticed the SS and their trucks that morning, or any other signs that this Saturday would be different. Julius had to report to the police to renew his pass for taking public transportation to work. Jews had to walk to work except if work was more than six kilometers (four miles) from home. Driver's licenses had been taken from Jews in 1938.[5] "My husband left at seven in the morning, saying he would be back at ten," Charlotte said. "But he didn't come back!"

Arriving at police quarters, Julius was ordered to take a seat beside two women, each wearing the Star of David. Neither knew any more than he did about what to expect. Then a street policeman, service revolver at his side, entered with two more Jews. District by district, all over Berlin, the regular street police had been requisitioned to help the Gestapo and the SS bring Jews into custody. Without explanation two police officers escorted Julius and the others to a nearby streetcar. "Now they're even taking the cripples!" Julius heard someone mumble as he got on. Jews were prohibited from sitting on public transportation, and Julius steadied himself on his crutches as the car lurched from stop to stop. He schemed about getting word to Charlotte and then decided to trust the stranger who had complained under his breath. He wrote a phone number on a matchbox and pressed it into the stranger's hands. "Would you please call my stepmother and say that you saw me here?" he asked. "She is Aryan."

By noon Charlotte had begun to look for Julius. Across from their house was a grocer with a telephone, and she had an agreement with Julius that he would call there if he needed her. "The store owners were very nice," Charlotte recalled. "They were truly anti-Nazis—secretly, of course." But Julius had not called, and each time Charlotte ran over, there was still no message.

"Then at about two-thirty I saw my mother coming," said Charlotte. Someone had called her mother to say that Julius had been taken with five other Jews to Levetzowstrasse. Fearful, Mrs. Press had first

denied knowing any Jews when the stranger called. But when he persisted that a Jew on crutches had given him her number, she knew it was Julius. Charlotte went to the police office for a record of Julius's arrest. A friendly officer who recognized her told her to go to Rosenstrasse.

Across the city center Julius's sister, Erna, was also trying to get in touch with Charlotte, the German in her life who represented a possible connection to safety. That morning, as Erna was walking down Kantstrasse to work, she had been warned by a street policeman to go back home. Erna had recognized this officer instantly. He had been saying hello to her each morning on her way to work, and for anyone wearing the Star of David, a greeting from a German could be a surprise.

The Gestapo, seeking the advantages of surprise, sought to conceal its plans. Yet preparations for the arrests required the Gestapo to give indications to employers and churches, as well as Jewish leaders, and word leaked out. Ursula Braun said her "family always got word of Gestapo actions—through, for example, a Gestapo chauffeur, who always spoke with one of our neighbors."[6] Rumors caused one Jew in a privileged intermarriage to flee Berlin with her daughter, to relatives in Braunschweig.[7] Elsa Holzer's Jewish husband, Rudi, was approached by a friend, Abraham Moritz, who had contacts with the Jewish Community and proposed that the two of them go into hiding together to escape the arrests. Rudi refused, saying he had no money and didn't want to be dependent on Moritz for help.[8] Ingeborg Schneider-Lüschow said she received a warning through her former boss, who had "continuous contact" with the Berlin Gestapo. Another deportation action was about to begin immediately, he informed her, and this time it would include intermarried Jews.[9] Goebbels fumed that shortsighted industrialists had managed to warn four thousand Jews. "Our plans were tipped off prematurely, so that a lot of Jews slipped through our hands," he wrote. "But we will catch them yet. I certainly won't rest until the capital of the Reich, at least, has become free of Jews."[10]

The Gestapo used deception to spread an air of normality until Jews were ensnared. Werner Goldberg's father, Dieter Elkuss, and other intermarried Jews had received orders through the mail to appear at the Labor Bureau on the Fontane Promenade in central Berlin that morning of February 27. Hilda Elkuss had married her Jewish husband in December 1933, after they had heard rumors that intermarriages would be banned. "That was courageous," she said, "because in a way we knew what was coming—and it came too."

On this day Dieter and Hilda thought that he would receive a new

work assignment. This was welcomed since Dieter, like Rudi, worked extremely long, hard hours for the railroad. Yet Hilda was on guard. She had formed her social circle mostly from among intermarried couples and knew that other intermarried Jews had received similar orders. "We [intermarried Germans] were like-minded," Hilda said, "and got to know each other from the tennis or the bridge club—even before the war." Hilda and her circle of intermarried German wives decided to go together with their husbands as a group that morning. At the bureau, however, they were forced to split into two groups, one of Jewish men, who were loaded onto trucks, the other of the German wives, who were told nothing.

Those summoned to the Labor Bureau that day were either intermarried Jews or *Geltungsjuden Mischlinge* who wore the Star of David. Gad Beck, a twenty-three-year-old half Jew who had grown up with a strong sense of Jewish identity, was among them and was also expecting a new job assignment. He remembered waiting in the back of the Gestapo's truck at the Labor Bureau until they were a company of forty or fifty men. Then they were driven to Rosenstrasse and unloaded directly into a single room. Gad had grown up in Berlin's Scheunenviertel, the Jewish ghetto of poor and Orthodox Jews from the east, and he knew the area around Rosenstrasse like the back of his hand.

The method of summoning Jews to the Labor Bureau made their arrests convenient, and perhaps it also deceived church and Interior Ministry officials, who had raised concerns about *Mischlinge*. Eichmann ordered that arrested intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge* be separated and interned at Rosenstrasse.[11] "These Jews at Rosenstrasse were supposed to be put on a train, and then no one would have heard from them again," said Siegbert Kleemann, the Jewish Community's personnel director, who had organized the Jewish task forces to assist the Gestapo during the Final Roundup.[12] They were separated to make it seem as if they would not have the same fate as other Jews, and maybe they were to be taken initially to labor camps, where they could be retrieved if complaints warranted it, but from which they were never supposed to return. Goebbels expected some kind of opposition to the forcible separation of intermarried couples,[13] and deception might help throw these opponents off-balance, at least until the Jews had been shipped out. When Hilda and her friends asked the police about their husbands, they were told to return the following day. They waited quietly, but on the following day the police still had no information for them.

Gad didn't remember being afraid when he arrived on the Gesta-

po's truck at Rosenstrasse 2–4, surrounded as he was by a familiar Jewish context. This, the oldest part of the city, dating back to the thirteenth century, was where Jews had first congregated in Berlin, in 1348. Accused of spreading the Great Plague, the Jews were driven out of Berlin, not to reappear for four centuries. By the early twentieth century there were nearly a quarter of a million Berlin Jews, but now, in 1943, they were soon to be virtually wiped out once more.[14]

The area around Rosenstrasse was a place of community and safety, according to Gad. "This area was the center for us Scheunenviertel Jews," he said, combining a sense of irretrievable loss with a romantic prophetic vision. "It was a Jewish section, something that's hard for a Berliner today to imagine. The Jews lived and had their shops there, and that whole area lived from these Jews. There were only small bakeries and textile shops. Nothing grand. There was also a café there or two that only Jews used. During the week all the kids went to the Jewish schools on Auguststrasse or Grosse Hamburger Strasse. I too went to school around the corner from Rosenstrasse, on Grosse Hamburger Strasse. Every day I took the train to Hakescher Market, where I got out, and saw Rosenstrasse. Behind it was the Heidereuter synagogue, which I attended for years and years. Fridays and Saturdays this area was ruled by the presence of Jews, as they filled the streets to and from the synagogue."

Gad was curious when he arrived that Sabbath morning at Rosenstrasse. Who was there? Did he know anyone? "I met one man who perhaps had associations with the Gestapo," he said. "He wasn't negative because I knew of a relationship he had to a Jewish family in the underground. He looked at me and saw I looked very sporty. That morning I had dressed to make an impression, with long black boots and riding pants. So this man looked at me and said, 'You will be an orderly! You will look out here, so that everything stays quiet and the people remain calm, so that everything here can develop smoothly.' "

The Gestapo requisitioned the help of an unprecedented number of Jewish Community employees for the Final Roundup. Each received a yellow "protection ID," signed by the chairman of the Jewish Community, with the script: "The person showing this ID is protected from this action, because he is employed for urgent reasons. In case of doubt, call the office of Commissioner Walter Stock."[15] Many employees of the Jewish Community forced into Gestapo service wore red armbands stamped with a number, to alert the police not to arrest them for the duration of this operation, even though they also wore the Star of David.

"I too became an orderly, with an armband," Gad whispered. He

was reminiscing now, back in Berlin, where after eighteen years in Israel he had returned to live. He felt more at home in Berlin, he said (but he brought to mind Robert Frost's line "the heart is still willing to seek, but the feet question whither"). "As an orderly," he continued, "I had the armband and could enter the various rooms in the building. And that's the way I met my sister, Miriam, who was arrested from work at Siemens. And then I found my father, who was also there, and he was totally broken."

Werner's father was also imprisoned that day along with Gad Beck and Dieter Elkuss. When Mr. Goldberg hadn't returned by early evening, Werner and his mother began to fear the worst. Werner set out to find him. The Fontane Promenade in front of the Labor Bureau was deserted, but across the street in a park stood a small group. They told Werner that trucks had taken the Jews away that morning, but no one knew where. So Werner started off again, questioning each person he encountered. Someone said the Jews had been taken to Clou, the recently closed entertainment center. At Clou, however, Werner was hurried on by reports that Jews married to Germans were at Rosenstrasse.

At Rosenstrasse Werner found about 150 to 200 people collected, mostly women. "Outside the building the sidewalk was blocked off," he recalled. "Policemen stood across the street from the crowd that had gathered and prevented anyone from getting through. About twenty policemen, positioned about ten meters from each other, formed a chain across the front of the building. And the people in the crowd waited, hindered from any kind of contact with persons inside. We had virtually no notion at all what was happening inside."

"What's going on?" Werner asked a policeman who stood there. "I think my father is in there."

"Write down his name," the policeman replied. He took the name from Werner and gave it to an SS man at the door.

"Shortly thereafter he came out and nodded," explained Werner. "Now I was certain that Father was behind the wall." Werner called his brother and made arrangements to take shifts with him, standing vigil on the street. From then on Werner and his brother took turns watching the door day and night. There was only one door, and if their father left, he would have to leave through it.

On that first evening of the Final Roundup, Elsa was desperate for news about Rudi. When she searched her memory to locate in time that day when she feared she had lost him, she remembered that they

had just celebrated her thirty-ninth birthday. Normally Rudi returned by two o'clock on Saturdays, but she expected him to return as much as an hour later this Saturday. He had an insatiable sweet tooth and bought sugar on the black market from a source near Janowitzbrücke. He would go there after work, he said, but be back by two-thirty.

"Well, it turned three o'clock, and then three-thirty," Elsa said. "Already at that point I had terrible fear. I didn't know where my husband was or where to look. I thought perhaps that he got into trouble for buying sugar. Then I reproached myself, thinking, No! We won't eat sugar anymore! Then I thought I should have asked him exactly *where* at Janowitzbrücke he would be, so I could find him. Then I waited a little longer. We had no phone. I thought I might start out. Then I thought, If I go now, maybe he'll come and I'll be gone. I got sick. I had made potato soup that evening, and since then I have never cooked it again. At ten I simply couldn't stay at home any longer. I pulled my courage together and rode down to Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse, where Rudi worked. There at the station a man came out of the glass booth, as he saw me coming, and said, 'Mrs. Holzer, I've waited for you. Here, take your husband's things.' "

Elsa's intensity grew as she began to recall the strength it took to ask, "*Where is my husband?*" She whispered the question fiercely now, the way she had finally taken action. "The Jews were all taken," she heard him say. "The SS rolled in here like fire trucks and bundled them off. I don't know where to. They're gone now. Please take his things home."

Rudi's winter coat, his street shoes, and his briefcase were still there. There had been no time for Rudi to take them. That meant he had only his wind jacket. On the street Rudi often wore the wind jacket over his winter coat, because his winter coat had no Star of David. At work, among his Jewish colleagues, he always wore the wind jacket with the star. Elsa had smeared it with cinders until its bright yellow turned grayish. She half feared to take his clothes as if admitting that was all that remained. Home at midnight she couldn't rest. "In my head was only 'who, what, when, how, where,' " Elsa said. "I thought I would go mad. Where was I supposed to go find my husband?"

At ninety-three Dr. Ernst Bukofzer still remembered well the night he had spent on the cement floors of the Hermann Goering barracks. There were no windows, and when the huge doors stretching the entire length of the barracks were pulled down, it was pitch-black. Hundreds of people spent the winter night on cement there, without blankets.

Many reckoned with the ends of their lives; a number suffered nervous breakdowns. The sorrowful murmuring and wailing continued throughout the night. Many yearned for word from their loved ones. Bukofzer himself had last seen his mother when the Gestapo took her, tossing her "like a chopped log" on the truck. "At least I knew my wife and children were safe," said Bukofzer. "By contrast, this was the worst for my fellow sufferers, who did not live in intermarriages."

In the morning the huge doors at the Goering barracks were suddenly flung open to the bright light, and the place began to swarm with SS men, lesser officers, and their assistants. Hauptscharführer Karl Krell, an unemployed baker who had found work for Berlin Gestapo, was the director of this detention center. He ordered Jews married to Germans to step to one side. A Jew married to a German who had divorced her in 1939 told Krell that she had three children and that the father was no longer there to care for them. "That doesn't matter," Krell retorted. "Your husband could also be put into a concentration camp!" With that he waved her over to the group that would stay behind.[16] But when his back was turned, she slipped into the group of intermarried Jews, along with Ernst Bukofzer. Around midday the

Hauptscharführer Karl Krell, an unemployed baker who found work for the Jewish Desk of the Berlin Gestapo arresting and deporting Berlin Jews.

intermarried Jews were loaded onto a truck and taken to Rosenstrasse.

There a crowd flooded the streets, spilling back to the Spandauer Brücke. Most people did not work on Sunday and were free to come and go as they pleased. In front of the building people surged back and forth. As Bukofzer got out of the truck on Rosenstrasse, he caught sight of his youngest stepdaughter. "Impulsively I waved," he said. "Thereupon a guard gave me a kick in the seat so hard I almost fell over, and I hurried into the house with the others. But I now knew that my relatives were informed about my fate. That gave me a certain calm. Someone was there for me."

Just around the corner and within earshot of the crowd on Rosenstrasse was Burgstrasse and the Jewish Desk of the Berlin Gestapo. A few salvos from a machine gun could have emptied the square. The law forbade all public gatherings, and the Gestapo registered every incident that looked even faintly like a hostile gathering. Now they searched in vain for organizers of the protest.[17]

On the first day of the Final Roundup the Gestapo, the SS, and the street police seized and imprisoned five thousand Jews. On Sunday, all day long for the second day, heavy trucks plied the streets throughout Berlin, their canvas canopies only thinly veiling the outline of tightly packed human cargo. Coworkers and neighbors lowered their gazes, wrote one Jew who went underground when he saw the caravan of trucks on his way to work that day.[18] Charlotte Israel remembered once seeing people rub their hands in pleasure as the Gestapo shoved Jews on their truck. History was being made, and this was a necessary part of it, the regime promised.

For the Weigert family the story of Rosenstrasse became a collective memory, told and retold. In Mrs. Weigert's Berlin apartment more than forty years later, it brought them together again, as Mrs. Weigert and her children, Horst and Helga, relived it. Occasionally their individual memories contradicted one another, but together they wove a narrative, like a tapestry, from the events each in turn experienced.

Helga Weigert was an eight-year-old *Mischling* at home with her German grandmother when the Gestapo arrived on the second day of the Final Roundup. "Dress the child warmly, and give her some milk to take along," the Gestapo said. While the grandmother dressed Helga, Mr. Weigert arrived. He and Helga's brother were also on the Gestapo's list. But without waiting for the brother, the Gestapo drove off with Helga and her father to the Levetzowstrasse synagogue.

"When we arrived, we had to identify ourselves," Helga remembered. "You were categorized and put with your group." Parents were

separated from children; spouses were separated from each other. Jews who tried to move out of their group to meet friends or family were beaten by a Gestapo man with a cowhide whip who screamed "dogs!" and "lousy Jew!" at them. A German man who had come to the synagogue to talk to his Jewish wife made it to the balcony where the group of Jews in intermarriage were held. From there he was kicked so hard he tumbled back down the stairs.[19] *Geltungsjuden* who were married to Jews or were members of the Jewish Community were put with the group of Jews married to Germans.

"After a while we were put into a truck and taken to a building that turned out to be Rosenstrasse," Helga said. She was in the same building with her father but separated. "Some of the children separated from their parents weren't even old enough to go to school yet," she remembered. "One was rolled up, about the size of a soccer ball. Many had been plucked from the street as they played or walked to school. Of course the parents weren't told what had happened." Forty-three abandoned children called the Jewish Community in search of their parents.[20] Julius Lewine, an artist who worked as a helper at the Jewish Community and was himself to die in Auschwitz months later, found two deserted infants. Making the rounds of the various huge collecting centers with an infant in each arm, he called out over and over again for the mother. After a half day's search he finally found her, and reunited them for the trip "east."[21]

Mrs. Weigert was at work that day when she got a call from her mother: The Gestapo had been there to take her husband and small daughter. "I ran, ran, ran back home," she remembered, "and from there I ran to Levetzowstrasse synagogue. I rushed up to go in. I wanted to see if my child was there, and my husband. But I wasn't allowed in! SS men stood in front of the door. One said, 'Get back. People are being transported from here.' 'Where will I see my husband again?' I asked. 'Wherever he goes, I will go. So I have to know.'

"And then I just waited there at a little distance to see what was happening and who was being transported, and then I saw Jewish people were shoved into the truck brutally. I was horrified. I had terrible fear. I tried again to enter the synagogue, saying, 'I've got to find my next of kin.' They stopped me again. Then I tried a third time, and one of the SS men took hold of me by the arm and said, 'If you don't disappear, I will throw you out.'

"And then I withdrew and, in terrible fear, began to make a scene there on the street. I was infuriated and cried out again and again: 'Help! Help! Help! What's going on here!' I myself wasn't sure what was happening to the Jews; one didn't believe it. The street was totally

empty there where I was, except for the synagogue. And then a woman approached me and said, 'Hey, don't make a scene here, or it will get much worse! If you want to do something, don't do it here alone. Go to Rosenstrasse. At Rosenstrasse you will find a number of people with the same problem you have, who are gathering together there.'

"So I went there and walked around, looking. And there were many people who were experiencing the same thing I was! And then I saw my sister-in-law. My husband's brother had also been arrested that day, so she had also come to Rosenstrasse. Her family and ours lived in the same house, one above the other. Later we went home together. I had a son there, and my mother, who was already over eighty, and if I hadn't gone back, she wouldn't have known what to do. But my sister-in-law and I agreed to get up at the crack of dawn to return."

All day the Jewish intermarriage partners and half Jews kept pouring into Rosenstrasse 2–4. They were mostly male Jews married to German women and a lesser number of *Mischlinge* who wore the Star of David. About one hundred women or girls were there.[22] Inside, it became harder and harder to move around. Forty men were squeezed into a room of twenty square meters, so that they could only sit or stand in turn. When not standing, most crouched or knelt on bare floors; some had a bale of straw or two, others an old mattress. In one small room the younger prisoners stood the entire time, to give the older ones a chance to sit. An older man, distraught and hungry, died of a heart attack.[23]

Erika Lewine was in a room with other women, including an actress about forty years old. Erika recalled fondly that "once in a while she acted out something or played, so we could laugh. I know she wore a ponytail and had black hair—straight as an arrow. I still see her sitting in front of me on the ground. These are pictures which one never loses. Another woman in the room always whistled tunes for us, so that we were a little bit distracted. She could whistle hundreds of tunes—splendid!

"We didn't have a toilet. Only a bucket, in a sort of closet. All the women got their periods because of the excitement. We couldn't wash ourselves; we had nothing there; we were totally covered with dirt. Then I forced myself to carry the bucket out, nose pinched shut, so I could put one foot in front of another.

"And there I saw my father in the hallway. He almost fell over in fright because he thought I was at home. He said, 'I'll give you my bread.' Our only food the entire time was dry bread with marmalade. I said, 'No, Dad, you eat it please.' "

Ernst Bukofzer was crammed into a small room on the third floor that faced the street. "If I stole a glance through the window I could occasionally catch a glimpse of my wife and daughters among those passing back and forth on the street," he said. "Several times I could also determine that crowds were scattered by the police."[24] Gad Beck remembered being in a room with his father where the floor was so thick with people that "we squatted on the ground, because there wasn't enough room to even lie down. Beside me was a very nice young man, Johann Siegel, very well dressed in comparison to the others. I discovered that this family had a villa in Grünewald and that the man was an accomplished biochemist."

As an orderly Gad Beck was allowed outside the building. "On that first evening of the arrest there was a circle of people on the street—maybe about two hundred," he said. "No massive wall. On the second day there were already more standing there. And there I discovered my mother and her four Christian sisters. All of them bourgeois Germans. They stood beside each other, and said: 'We want our husbands back!' That was the heroic act of their life. They didn't have anything more to lose. Their husbands had just been taken."

Gad's mother had brought a small package of food for Gad, his father, and his sister. Gad took them in. Other family members also brought packages for their imprisoned loved ones—food, toiletries, love notes tucked in butter sandwiches—and kept insisting that someone take them in. Some of them wrote names on their packages and then threw them at the door. Gad, who later became involved in efforts to rescue Jews,[25] recalled that at Rosenstrasse, "I was happy. Everyone looked at me and said, 'He's the orderly; he's the one who comes and goes, in and out, and takes care of business.' "

Among the crowd on the street Werner and his brother had continued a twenty-four-hour vigil. Others also remained through the night. Suddenly an open jeeplike vehicle of the SS Leibstandarte Hitler drove up; four members of the Tall Guys Club—the nickname for the Leibstandarte, which required its members to be at least six feet tall—were supposed to disperse the crowd. There in the front seat sat Werner's old classmate and childhood friend Karl Wolf. Werner rushed over and, taking Karl by the arm, said, "Karl, you've been sent to me from heaven."

"Why?" said his old friend, embarrassed by Werner's reappearance.

"My father is imprisoned in there, and I need your help to get him out. Can you help me speak with him?"

"Look, I can't talk to you here," said Karl. "Here's my card. Call me later."

On the evening of the second day of the Final Roundup, Anton von Kryshak, a regular street police officer who had been at his job since before the Third Reich, received orders in the afternoon to guard a Jewish collection center at Rosenstrasse 2–4. "I had to report at about eight in the evening at the Rosenstrasse detention camp, armed only with my service pistol, to relieve five members of the SS, wearing black uniforms," he said. "I was very astonished that I was not given instructions on how I was supposed to replace the SS. I had the impression that the people had longingly awaited my appearance and wanted to leave the detention camp as fast as possible. The next morning, around eight I was replaced by about twenty members of the city police. They were astounded to find that I had spent the entire night alone, without the least incident."[26]

Kryshak received three days of vacation because there had been no escapes. The story his superiors later told him was that each Berlin police district was supposed to have sent a policeman to Rosenstrasse, but only his did. Perhaps those planning the Final Roundup did not have plans for police guards around Rosenstrasse for more than two days and had to improvise quickly.

On Monday, March 1, the Gestapo continued to arrest Jews at their houses and on the street. Children were also taken. On Uhlandstrasse in Wilmersdorf a nine-year-old child attempting to flee was shot and wounded by an SS man.[27] Wally Grodka wrote in her diary: "Close to Bayernplatz . . . in the evening hours the SS tries to pick up two children, whose parents they already hold. One was thrown into the car. The other ran off. He ran a few steps and lay crying. An SS big shot had shot him in the knee, to hinder him from fleeing."[28]

Gerhard Braun, a nineteen-year-old *Geltungsjude*, was home that Monday when the Gestapo came for him. He had recently gotten engaged and had attended school with Stella Kübler, the infamous Gestapo "catcher."[29] After the war he became a professor in Berlin and together with his then fiancée, Ursula, they raised five children. Like Gerhard, Ursula was half Jewish. But she was not a member of the Jewish Community, was not required to wear the Star of David, and in turn had not been arrested. Gerhard had been sick in bed on Saturday and so escaped the SS arrests at work. Now, amid "wails and cries of my mother," he too was taken.

At Rosenstrasse the minutes passed slowly, uneventfully. To

shorten the hours of uncertainty, Gerhard tore part of the cover from the mattress the Jewish Community had placed in the room and marked it with a pencil like a chess board—a chess board he still had in 1985. Using pebbles as chess pieces, he and his fellow sufferers were able momentarily to forget their plight.[30] To eat there was chopped cabbage, and more cabbage. The Jews waited in line for the food for up to three hours in front of clogged toilets that had no doors. "I have never eaten chopped cabbage again," Gerhard remarked. Another Jewish inmate remembered that there was a lot of confusion. One morning at about six, for example, the inmates received potatoes and sauerkraut.[31] There was no information about what was to happen next. Now and then the Gestapo held roll calls. Occasionally Gerhard also heard the protest outside and took hope. "The Jews inside had already seen their partners holding to them through so much hardship that they were hardly astounded at the action outside. These [German] partners had proven they would hold fast this way on an almost a daily basis, if not in such a public and obvious form as this."

In an attempt to keep people away from Rosenstrasse, where they would see an illegal crowd protesting, the city closed the closest elevated train station, Bahnhof Börse.[32] It was of little use. People willing to defy Gestapo orders and death threats would walk the extra mile. Mrs. Weigert was on Rosenstrasse with her sister-in-law. On the street "there were small groups of family members," she recalled. "Then we spread out on the street, in front of the building, and we marched back and forth. There we said, in chorus, 'We want our husbands back! We want our husbands back!' Yes! We simply wanted to get our husbands back. "My sister-in-law and I weren't even sure if our family members were really there. That was only what we had heard from the general public."

Unsure her husband and daughter were really at Rosenstrasse, Mrs. Weigert chose to protest there anyway. There was solidarity and perhaps safety in numbers. Mrs. Weigert had heard of protest as a form of political influence. She recalled knowing something of Mahatma Gandhi's mass mobilizations, and she was indignant. Her family had been violated. Something had to be done. Some of the women protesting on the street would have known about or even personally experienced the frequent Communist and Socialist street protests during the Weimar period, to say nothing of the specifically women's mass uprisings and politically orchestrated street actions against World War I and on behalf of women's suffrage.

Gerhard Braun's mother had called her son's fiancée, Ursula, at work, and Ursula went as quickly as possible to Rosenstrasse. "On the

street there was never any news about what would happen," she remembered. "And so the only thing to do was to join the crowd and hope. We were forced to go against the law," said Ursula, who never before or after that has felt so compelled to disobey the state openly. She described the energy that caused the women to group together and protest as the "courage of despair," saying that "it was the most urgent sense of emergency that drove us. We knew what we were facing too. I had met Gerhard through my sister, who was married to Gerhard's brother. My sister and Gerhard's brother were taken by the Gestapo in 1942, along with their two-year-old son, and we never heard from them again.[33] I never stopped to consider whether going out on the street would help bring the men back," she said. "But our motivation for being there was to have them back! I met a woman there who didn't know me, and we made an appointment to meet there the next day."

Evenings in wartime Berlin were dark. In compliance with blackout regulations that made the city a harder target for RAF pilots to find, not so much as a single light was permitted to shine through an apartment window.

Looking back, Berliners were to remember the evening of March 1 as "the first big air raid." It foreshadowed the degree of bombing to come, but March 1, 1943, was still a loudly proclaimed "Day of the Luftwaffe," a celebration of Goering's air force. The enemy, the Royal Air Force (RAF), also knew this.

At about eight-thirty on the evening of the Day of the Luftwaffe, the air-raid sirens began to sound. Nerve-racked Berliners crept into basement shelters, as dozens of houses exploded and lit up in the flames. Hundreds of people were burned, suffocated, or buried under ruins. Cathedrals, monuments of culture, museums with ancient treasures—what had taken centuries to establish—disintegrated in minutes.

Rosenstrasse lay in the middle of the city, where most of the RAF's bombs fell. At the first hint of attack the SS, Gestapo, and police guards fled the building, having nailed the windows shut. The Jews stayed put, awaiting the mercy of gravity and chance. Bombs peppered the vicinity; one explosion followed another. Across the Spree, on Unter den Linden, the opera house was hit. St. Hedwig's Cathedral, where the Catholic priest and cathedral provost Bernhard Lichtenberg had prayed for the Jews in open services, took a direct hit and more or less disappeared. Nearby, the horse stables of the royal palace were destroyed. Königstrasse collapsed in a stretch of blazing ruins. A wing

of Goering's nearby Luftwaffe headquarters was struck and burned. In the opinion of an American OSS informant, damage in Berlin on March 1 was greater than in all former air raids combined. One thousand people were reported killed outright, while more than three thousand were thought to be severely wounded. Between three thousand and four thousand homes were destroyed. The raid "resulted in a great deal of anxiety on the part of the inhabitants of Berlin, who realize that only a beginning has been made," wrote the OSS.[34]

The building at Rosenstrasse 2–4 shook and wobbled, the walls shuddered, and the rooms, between short pauses, lit up as brightly as at midday. Like other Jews and intermarried Germans, Gerhard Braun remembered conflicting emotions about the plunging bombs that night. He clearly recalled his terror as he was stuck on the third floor at Rosenstrasse, on one side, while on the other side he hoped that the British bombs would overwhelm his mortal enemy, the German state and its supporters. His fiancée, Ursula, also had clashing feelings. "On the one hand were fury and hate against the Nazis, who deserved the attack, and on the other side there was terrible misery all around each of us—the screaming people, the hellish fires."

For Jews, bombings could come as moments of grace, leveling the extreme social hierarchy. Six hundred thousand German civilians died in the raids, and Jews of course also faced this danger. Yet as long as the bombs fell, the Gestapo were in bomb shelters. The persecutors too were afraid and waited out the bombings helplessly. Cocky Gestapo men eyed the sky nervously and dashed to the shelters the moment the air-raid sirens blew. Some Jews even escaped during these moments, and there was rejoicing among Berlin Jews at the news in 1943 that Prüfer had been killed by a bomb. The death that dropped from the sky might strike anyone and seemed more tolerable for threatening everyone, not just Jews. As Lotte Paepcke wrote, burdens borne by everyone in the community are lighter than solitary burdens that "mark and separate."[35] Like the Jews, Charlotte Israel wanted to see the regime smashed. "I always had such fear about the air raids," she said. "But on that night I thought, That serves them right! I was so enraged. I was together with a few others, who got down on their knees and prayed. I could have laughed in scorn! But then I thought of my husband, who was locked up at Rosenstrasse. I knew they would not be able to leave the building."

After a long hour the bombing was over, for that night. Entire blocks lay in ruins, but somehow Rosenstrasse 2–4 remained untouched, a sign that "God was with us after all," said Erika. Werner Goldberg's father was still lying on the bare floor after the bombing

when the door opened and someone with a flashlight stepped through. "Goldberg!" a man called. Without knowing who called, Mr. Goldberg got up and stepped over about thirty people to get to the door. The man with the flashlight grabbed him by the arm and led him down the stairs. There an officer pressed into his hand a folded page that he determined to be a release form. Goldberg and other men from privileged intermarriages—those with children who were baptized members of the Christian Church—were released that night.[36]

The Goldberg family lived to the south in Wilmersdorf, a well-to-do section of the city favored by Jews, miles from Rosenstrasse. It took Mr. Goldberg several hours to get there, picking his way through burning streets, collapsing balconies, and shattered glass. A terrible odor of burning and sulfur hung over the city for hours, and people struggled to pull furniture or other belongings from the burning buildings. "At four-thirty the doorbell rang, and there stood my father, covered with dirt and ashes, unshaven, and almost starved," remembered Werner.

On the morning of Tuesday, March 2, German newspapers inveighed shrilly against the British "terror attack" on Berlin. In their reports, following Goebbels's new tactic of confronting the people with the serious situation, the words "sorrow" and "suffering" occur frequently. An editorial by Goebbels exhorts the people to lighten the burdens by sharing them, declaring again that the welfare of the community transcends that of the individual.[37] He promised that Germany would soon deal the enemy a frightful blow and in his diary that day confides: "We are definitively pushing the Jews out of Berlin. They were thrown together in one fell swoop last Sunday and will now be shoved off to the east in short order."[38] Goebbels was away at Obersalzburg, until March 3, and those reporting to him had not yet informed him of the Rosenstrasse Protest. Goebbels's deputy, Leopold Gutterer, said that those in charge had hoped that the courage of the women would fail and that they would grow weary or become intimidated and leave.[39]

Yet neither the police nor failure of courage seemed able to disperse the demanding crowd. Relatives of those imprisoned continued to stream to Rosenstrasse. In the hours after work the crowd grew larger. It swelled and ebbed as people joined and then departed for work or other urgent business. After work hours the crowd peaked. Following the bombing, some of the women climbed onto the ruins of a neighboring bombed-out house, not yet cordoned off, to peer into the upper-story windows. Alfred Schneider, a skinny, boyish barber turned SS man, as a member of the Berlin Gestapo was in charge of overseeing the Jews at Rosenstrasse 2–4 from his office by the entrance on the ground floor.[40] He always wore his SS uniform, slammed doors, shouted orders, and made extra noise with his boots when walking. Now this "pencil, this nobody who wanted to be somebody," as one of the women protesters later described him, tried to order the protesters to go home. Unsuccessful, he retreated to watch the situation from behind the curtains in a café across the street, which was also host to many protesters warming themselves.

On various occasions the guards brandished weapons and ordered the protesters to "clear the streets or we'll shoot." The protesters ran for the shelter of doorways, and some took refuge under the nearby automobile bridge over Spandauerstrasse. But within minutes they began streaming out again and took their places. Again they were scattered when the SS suddenly leveled their guns and shouted, "Get back or we'll shoot!" Again the troops of protesters soon flooded back into Rosenstrasse. "When they threatened to shoot," Mrs. Weigert remembered, "we ran in separate directions, so that they couldn't get all of us at once or would think that we really went away. But after five or ten minutes we all appeared again, got together, and began calling out, 'We want our husbands!' But only that. We didn't call out anything else." No one knew for sure whether the Gestapo's threat to shoot was directed at them or their imprisoned loved ones, said Weigert. But Gutterer remembered that "the threat was definitely directed against the women."

Since her father's arrest on the first day of the roundup, Ruth Gross, a ten-year-old *Mischling*, had been coming to Rosenstrasse several times each day. Each time she took a small package of bread in case she could somehow get it to her father. "Sometimes an orderly in civilian clothes took a package of bread from us," she recalled. On the street "people came alone and went off alone again in different directions. You went there in the first place just because you had heard the rumor 'They are there!' So you naturally went there and returned there. Did anyone hear anything? Could you meet someone? Can anyone say something or other, were there any reports? Someone called out, and then the others joined into the group, and into the chorus of voices. We thought: We are Aryans, and if we only stand here and we are only women, perhaps they will become fearful. That was not political resistance, but indeed, it was a protest. That was an attempt

to achieve something. Because it was always the case that one was never supposed to be very noticeable—always. Conspicuous it certainly was, and had an effect.

"There I discovered my father behind a window. He saw me too and waved with the little note from the little package we had sent him. So he had received it! At the corner was a kiosk, where I always stood, because there I could always watch precisely that window behind which I could occasionally glimpse my father. When we were scattered [by threats that the police would shoot], I could always stay a little longer at that kiosk because the police didn't come from all sides. They didn't want to arouse any extra excitement by driving away the women."[41]

As more learned of it, the protest continued to grow. The Holzers were not part of the "mouth radio" network among Berlin's Jews and intermarried couples, so Elsa turned to Dr. Marlou Droop, the writer she worked for. Droop, the Nazi, was angered about the news of Rudi, her Jewish friend. "As a Nazi party member she felt responsible for all that happened in the state," Elsa said. "And now she couldn't rest. She tried talking to an old family friend, an army officer. 'You can't do anything about that!' he replied. 'Besides, you shouldn't even mention things to do with Jews—or if you do, you can't be caught doing it!' Then Dr. Droop consulted with her Catholic allies since Rudi was a Catholic. When that didn't work, she went to the Gestapo Jewish Desk on Burgstrasse and finally learned that intermarried Jews were interned at Rosenstrasse."

Elsa told her supervisor she would be late for work the next day. Elsa was a dependable employee no one suspected of intermarriage. The supervisor readily agreed. "I thought I would be alone there the first time I went to Rosenstrasse," Elsa recollected. "I wanted to find out what was going on. I didn't necessarily think it would do any good, but I had to go see what was going on. I thought perhaps there would be a house, and maybe he would peer through the window. But as I arrived, I saw a crowd—at six in the morning already! People flowed back and forth. The street was full. This short little street was black with people. They were like a wave, and they moved like a body, a swaying body."

Elsa thought one of the guards would perhaps accept a small package of food for Rudi. Rudi was especially fond of pumpernickel, and she had made a small butter and pumpernickel sandwich. Between the buttered bread she placed a sheet of waxed paper, with her message: "Dear Rudi, all the best. I love you forever, your Elsa." "There was

such uncertainty then," Elsa recalled. "I didn't know whether he would be alive tomorrow or not."

After taking stock, Elsa began to look around for a "human face" among the row of police guards who would help her. Some of Berlin's street police had been employed long before the Nazis, at a time when the Berlin police were heavily members of the Social Democratic party. Now a few police guards gave small signs of encouragement to the Jews, and one appeared in the room of Dr. Kurt Radlauer and told the prisoners, "Don't believe that we're in agreement with this."[42] Mrs. Weigert described the guards as "understanding but not sympathetic." As the women continued to define the setting at Rosenstrasse, one Gestapo agent even took a package from Charlotte and agreed to give it to Julius. Charlotte was standing among the crowd when she saw an orderly she recognized, a Mr. Hirschfeld. She ran up to him. Would he take the package to Julius? The man beside Hirschfeld asked her what was in the package. "No knives?" The next day when she approached Hirschfeld again he exclaimed that she must never try such a thing again. "My God, Mrs. Israel," he said, "that was a Gestapo officer accompanying me."

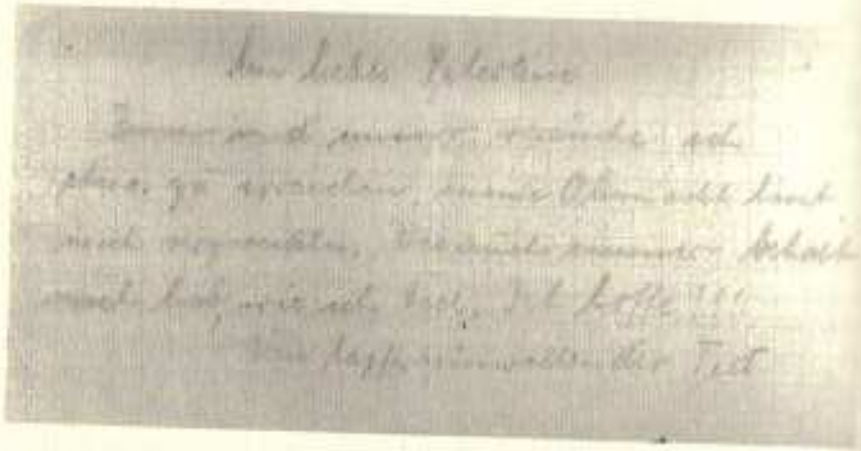
Suddenly Elsa glimpsed their doctor, Dr. Cohn, who lived in their neighborhood, coming through the door. As a medical orderly he could visit the imprisoned Jews and then return home. Elsa ran up to grab his arm. "I nearly fell over when he told me he had seen and talked to Rudi," she said. Elsa was full of questions about how Rudi was doing. She was excited and asked whether he could take something in to Rudi. But Dr. Cohn was afraid and said he was allowed in only as a doctor.

Finally Elsa approached a police guard who had spoken with another woman. "I didn't know whether he would knock me down or lock me up too if I asked a favor," she said. "But I wanted to let my husband know I was there. The policeman made a long face, but he took the sandwich. Then I was dizzy with the thought that Rudi would know I was there," Elsa recollected. "In the midst of all that fear I felt real joy!"

Hilda Elkuss also arrived at Rosenstrasse only several days after her husband, Dieter, had disappeared. She had been in a panic as the Final Roundup had continued ominously throughout Berlin. Dieter's two sisters and two of his aunts had been deported earlier. One had dropped a postcard from a train on the way to Auschwitz, and that had been the last sign of life from her.

Finally, through "mouth radio," Hilda and her friends found out

A love letter Elsa smuggled to her husband, Rudi, in a sandwich, while he was interned at Rosenstrasse. After the war, Elsa said, Rudi kept the note in his wallet as a talisman.



that their husbands were at Rosenstrasse. They went there together after work and saw that "women were promenading." That first day they had come for information, but the next day she went, Hilda said, "to accomplish something. We got together in small groups and called out, 'We'd like to have our husbands back.' We were really quite courageous. Of course. We belonged to our husbands. It was actually this feeling that we belonged there and had the right to be there that motivated us. It wasn't a law, but it was our right." Like other Germans of her generation, Hilda had grown up with hardly a thought of disobeying the law.

When she was interviewed, she lived in a tidy apartment in Berlin-Charlottenburg and was still active in an exclusive tennis club. Hilda's memories of the protest, like her manners, were of actions disciplined by proper diplomacy. While other German women married to Jews remembered being screamed at and threatened by Gestapo men urging them to divorce, Hilda remembered only polite suggestions. The protest was a cautious effort to influence the Gestapo. "One has to remember that we too could have been arrested, and it appeared to us to be more diplomatic to just get together in small groups," she said, "and walk back and forth, and always we looked up toward the windows and called out in a chorus. We waved and hoped that they would look out and see us. That was a real protest, of course. It was a call for help, a

request for consideration. We had to be cautious. We hoped we would achieve something."

Like Hilda, Mrs. Weigert went with her sister-in-law to Rosenstrasse every evening after work. Also like Hilda, she stressed that she was defending her rights, on the street. "We wanted our husbands and had a right to that," she said. "That was out of self-respect, the protest. The Weigert family has always been a decent family, and we've had a certain pride. So of course I had to do something. That I took for granted. Of course they would have been deported if we hadn't asked questions and demonstrated." Then she added, "When a person is in need, a person is also courageous." Elsa too emphasized that "you wouldn't believe what a person in need is capable of."

Each woman wanted her husband back. Several women emphasized that they had been careful only to call out together for their husbands, nothing else. This would have been a key part of any protest strategy for the women, but it is not certain that they instructed one another on this. A couple of eyewitnesses recalled that a single voice called out "We want our husbands," and then on the repeat, the others joined in.[43] "We cried out for our husbands; we had that in common," said Hilda. "We were not in despair yet. That's why we took action." Mrs. Weigert agreed: "We didn't talk a lot at all or make any agreements. We simply all wanted the same thing there, and we felt we had to do something."

Johanna Löwenstein, Hans-Oskar's mother, also remembered the solidarity. "At first it was as if I were paralyzed," she recalled about hearing the news that her husband and son had been interned at Rosenstrasse. "But it was nothing less than a flood of people that poured into the street, and of course I also joined in. It was a feeling of solidarity with one another that drove us on and gave us courage."[44] Standing beside Mrs. Löwenstein among the protesters on Rosenstrasse was her sister, a longtime party member who was the wife of the head mayor of Potsdam and wore the Nazi party golden emblem.[45]

Gad Beck recalled that at Rosenstrasse his mother had "created an entirely new circle of friends that lasted a lifetime. All at once these women could acknowledge their Jewish relatives there—together, openly, on the streets. It was a public confession of family ties—to Jews."[46]

Clou was Berlin's huge, well-loved concert and pleasure hall. Hitler had held his first speech in Berlin there, on May 1, 1927, but most of

the acts were more playful: dancing, concerts, cabaret, burlesque. Just days before the Final Roundup, Goebbels, as part of the Total War measure to close unnecessary businesses, had silenced Clou, and now it became a detention center for Jews captured in the massive Final Roundup.

On Monday afternoon, March 3, Clou was a theater of brutality. As the neighborhood looked on, the Gestapo shoved and beat Jews onto the ubiquitous fleet of trucks. The SS man of the local Berlin Gestapo's Jewish Desk in charge of this, Sammellager, was eloquently dressed in a black pinstripe suit, as though attending a cocktail party. Exuding an air of superior self-regard, he drove the Jews onto trucks with a whip, crying, "Faster, faster."[47] From there the Jews headed for the freight station on Quitzowstrasse—and Auschwitz. Under the swing of horse-whips, 1,736 Jews were driven into open cattle cars.[48] Husbands remained separated from wives, mothers from children. Night fell as the train steamed into the unknown. No one was there to protest for these Jews, and not one of them could be saved; a consensus of silence deadened the pangs of conscience.

To help maintain the official secrecy on the true fate of the Jews, the Gestapo had striven to arrest and deport them in an orderly and efficient way without attracting public attention. An SS man who witnessed the deportation of Jews from Clou that day objected. He almost certainly knew about the fate of the Jews and didn't raise his voice about that. However, he considered the public view of the treatment of Jews "politically insane." Public brutalities might upset the people and cause them to question the regime's claim that Jews were being sent to work camps.

From his editorial office of the SS newspaper, *Das Schwarze Korps*, around the corner from Clou on Zimmerstrasse, Hauptsturmführer Rudolf von der Rissen looked onto the courtyard. "The Jews stormed as quickly as possible . . . out of Clou and attempted, as fast as possible, to get on the truck," he reported to Dr. Rudolf Brandt, a high-ranking member of Himmler's personal staff. "When about half of the Jews were on (they couldn't have gotten on faster), a civilian, cigarette in mouth, swinging a huge dog whip, came galloping out of Clou and beat like a wild man upon the Jews struggling to get on. I must note that among these Jews were women with small children in their arms. The view was at once degrading and humiliating.

"[The man] beat especially the women, so much so that a great howling arose, whereupon the man bellowed up to the surrounding houses that the windows were to be closed. . . . A man of the Weapon-SS had apparently taken a thick walking stick from one Jew and also

beat now from his position just as madly upon the Jews, who were already on the truck, although they could go no farther. A police officer with a smaller stick did exactly the same thing.

"Later I received a call from the Stapo [Berlin Gestapo]. . . . There was supposedly someone from that office who had just been there to oversee the matter. In any case he reported that nothing out of order had happened, and he verified that a dog whip lay on the table.

"I might add that during this incident workers and employees stood at all the windows and doors of the tall surrounding buildings, watching. This [is an] impossible and politically nothing other than crazy method of procedure. . . ."[49]

When Dr. Brandt received this telex, he considered it so important he put a copy in his safe. The SS, at a high level, was moved to assess the events in the capital city, home of foreign journalists, embassies, spies—all people who must be shielded from any details of such a treatment of Jews and any signs of dissent among the Germans. Goebbels could no longer be shielded from details.

Edith Kopf, Charlotte's closest friend, was deported to Auschwitz during the Final Roundup of Berlin Jews in early March 1943. Charlotte never heard from or about her again.

That day Charlotte Israel went to Clou. She already had her coat on, for as she said, she never removed it, not even at night. She always had to be ready. At home she had received from Edith Kopf, her best friend, a letter that documents the trauma Jews all over Berlin were experiencing, alone.

"Dear Lotte!" Edith began. "Several days ago I tried to call Mother. What's happened to Mama? I am in Clou, Mauerstrasse. Don't have a thing. Send the most necessary—tooth brushes, laundry, etc. My things balcony room. Speak with the nice woman. Bring me please yourself before 7:30, also news of Mother.

"Maybe you can drive by—Aschaffenburgerstrasse 22, Masur, the same for sister-in-law. Come pretty soon, as long as I'm still here. Survived tonight good. Hope you did too. What's Julius doing? (Above all, yarn, needles). Skin cream, mouth water, Band-Aids. All as soon as possible. Much warm thanks, maybe also blankets, pillows, everything is there. Eating utensils, plates. Warm kiss. Until we see each other soon, your, Edith."

Charlotte threw together a bundle of what she had and hurried out to Clou, planning to go by Rosenstrasse later. She didn't understand Edith's plea to speak with the "nice woman" but thinks it indicates how Jews hung for hope on Germans who had shown them sympathy. As Charlotte arrived at Clou, she saw huge trucks pulling out, headed for the train station. Perhaps Edith is in there, she thought, on the way to "the east." A guard at the door asked her business and checked his list. "Yes, she has just been taken away," he reported. Then Charlotte reproached herself for not being there on time. Edith will have thought that I wasn't loyal to her in her last moment, she mourned desperately.

By March 4 the local Berlin Gestapo was acting with force and terror. Criminal Adviser August Schiffer, Walter Stock's superior at the Berlin Gestapo and the third and middle-ranking of three executives in charge of the day-to-day operations of the Final Roundup, reportedly ordered the deportation of some Jews, while brutally torturing one who attempted escape. The same day the regime executed the remaining members of the Herbert Baum Group, some of whom were personally acquainted with or related to the families of those protesting at Rosenstrasse.[50] These resisters, arrested in May 1942 for destroying a Nazi exhibit deriding communism, were executed in Plötzensee, a Berlin prison renowned as the site of Nazi torture and death.

The previous day the Gestapo had arrested several intermarried

Jews who were prominent intellectuals. At least one or two of them lived in a privileged intermarriage, which should have protected them during the Final Roundup, but the regime had a particular hatred for anyone who might think independently and shape public opinion. Among the intellectuals taken was Dr. Arenberg, a former employee of the Prussian parliament (Landtagsstenograph), the free-lance writer Wolf, the father of Edith Wolf, and the Jewish poet Arthur Silbergleit. Silbergleit, having heard of the Final Roundup, had just broken his own arm, in hope that this would provide the medical certificate needed to get an exemption from the deportations. The arm was still in a cast.[51] Mr. Wolf, who had lived in the same house with the writer Kurt Tucholsky, had temporarily edited the anti-Zionist newspaper *Toleranz* and had never been able to decide to leave Germany, even under Hitler. Like Silbergleit, Wolf was arrested at home and hauled off to Grosse Hamburger Strasse.

Dr. Arenberg was a courageous man who had helped Jews to safety

Criminal Adviser August Schiffer, Walter Stock's superior at the Berlin Gestapo, who, along with Stock and Rolf Günther, was in charge of the day-to-day operations of the Final Roundup.

August Schiffer and his wife as newlyweds.

by furnishing them with false passports but had stayed on to help others. In the Grosse Hamburger detention center he shared a three-by-four-square-yard space with about thirty-five others. From the first day of the Final Roundup Jews and their pursuers had come and gone continuously. Trucks rolled up, "cries like battle commands" rang out, and hundreds of the Gestapo's victims poured in or were hurried out. Gestapo men strode importantly, dutifully, in and out. Amid the confusion Arenberg decided to attempt escape. Slouching over and scrunching his hat down over his face, he sauntered out the door behind a row of three Gestapo officers, past the entry guards, who checked the identification of all those coming and going, and bolted.

When he got the news, Schiffer was beside himself with rage. He called Felix Lachmuth, the Gestapo's Jewish Desk officer in charge of the Grosse Hamburger center. If Dr. Arenberg was not back in custody by midnight, Lachmuth would be sent to a concentration camp, Schiffer warned. Furthermore, ten randomly chosen Jewish orderlies would be shot in the courtyard of the building. Lachmuth slumped out of his room white as a corpse and related this to the Jewish orderlies in sobs. The Gestapo men and their Jewish orderlies were immediately dispatched in teams of two, and one caught Dr. Arenberg shortly before midnight at a distant Berlin train station, Berlin-Grünau, trying to get out of town.

Arenberg was taken that night to an "interrogation." It was led by Schiffer, who in a Posen prison, in the first year of the war, had killed five priests. First he had shot them in their stomachs with his service pistol so that they screamed horribly, and then, as they writhed in agony and begged him for a "mercy shot," he had shot them all again, one by one, in their buttocks. This he had confessed in a "sobbing voice" while drunk in a bar, claiming "that he nevertheless could never kill children, but indeed, it had to be, because the future avengers had to be wiped out."

A Jewish orderly who saw Dr. Arenberg after Schiffer's interrogation the next morning said that what he saw of the doctor was not capable of being described with human words. Mouth, nose, eyes were no longer to be perceived. Both arms were broken, a leg had been pulled out of its joint, and his whole body wounded from a machine that had whipped him for hours during the night, after the Gestapo had exhausted themselves from the torture and retired to bed. The Gestapo explained that they wanted to make him "understand," Dr. Arenberg told this witness in tortured speech. Dr. Arenberg's tormentors sent him on a stretcher to the gas chambers and ovens of Auschwitz. There are things considerably worse than death. Who, knowing where it would lead, would have the courage to take the course of Dr. Arenberg?

On March 4 the Gestapo deported thirteen Jewish men in intermarriages from Grosse Hamburger Strasse and five Jewish women from Rosenstrasse to Auschwitz. The intermarried intellectuals too were deported, and like the five women accused of treason, they were never seen in Berlin again.[52] One of the women deported was accused of throwing a treasonous note from her window.[53] Erika Lewine reported that Scharführer Alfred Schneider appeared at the door of their room, assumed a military bearing, and shouted: "I would like to know which one of you threw that treasonous note out the window! If I don't get five volunteers, then I will select them myself." The windows had been nailed shut, so everyone knew this was an outrageous accusation. "But one had to remain absolutely quiet, or you were nailed," said Erika.

By March 4 the Jews who had been taken from Clou the day before had arrived in Auschwitz. On that day in Auschwitz, Obersturmbannführer Maurer reminded Auschwitz Commandant Rudolf Höss that these Jews had been employed in the war industry and would be employable at Auschwitz. The arriving Jews were thus brought not to the crematorium but instead to the Auschwitz plant of I. G. Farben, the most powerful business conglomerate of the Third Reich. Farben had permission to fill its labor needs from the arriving Berlin transports, but Obersturmführer Schwarz was not impressed. Only 632 were men, Schwarz complained, and most of the 918 women and children had to be given "special treatment": They were immediately gassed and burned. At Auschwitz the SS main office for economic administration (WVHA) was expecting 15,000 Jews to arrive from Berlin; approximately 8,000 Berlin Jews did arrive, but intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge* were about to be "temporarily deferred" from deportations once again.[54]

The RSHA apparently experienced the protest as a challenge to its power, but Goebbels could see that the women were attempting to keep their families together rather than calling for the collapse of the regime. He was keenly attuned to the politics of women, as well as to that of crowds (some men were among the protesters, but the drive to protest clearly came from the intermarried women, who made up the vast majority there). Even though Goebbels had argued that women should work, he had just rejected proposals to increase cigarette rations for men on the front by reducing cigarettes apportioned to women. "Women's political hatred," Hitler said later in 1944, "is extremely dangerous."[55]

By the time of the protest, reports were abundant that hundreds of thousands of women were simply disobeying or cleverly evading Hitler's Total War decree that ordered them to register for work. The

war in combination with Nazism's peculiar mass movement politics and fear of social unrest added weight to any dissent or protest by women. The regime had expanded the political role of women, with conscriptions that left them dominating the home front more than ever, and it relied on them for work. Ominously, defeatism was setting in among Germans after Stalingrad and so much war. For Goebbels the protest represented additional evidence of dissent, a public display that might be seen as indicating an early failure of Total War. The effort to break up intermarriages affected only tens of thousands of Germans, but it caused a public show of opposition when thousands of other women were disregarding Hitler's Total War decree.

Nevertheless, had there been no protest on Rosenstrasse, the Gestapo would have kept on arresting and deporting Jews until perhaps even Eichmann's most radical plans had been fulfilled. Differences existed between Eichmann's office and the leadership on the importance of maintaining social quiescence, during deportations, but this would not have mattered if protests during the Final Roundup had not arisen. Power plays surrounding decision making on intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge* do not so much explain the survival of these Jews as point to the regime's fear of unrest. There would have been no hesitation and no conflict among officials had intermarried Germans cooperated fully with Nazi racial aims. It was, after all, the aggregate noncompliance of intermarried Germans that had caused the leadership to order the "deferment" of intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge* in 1941 despite the RSHA. It was the recalcitrance of intermarried Germans that had made a real issue out of the different positions of the top leadership and the RSHA on the importance of social quiescence in the first place, and it was their protest in 1943 that soon caused Goebbels to revert to the position of temporarily deferring these problem cases.

On or about March 5 the Gestapo took new measures to end the protest. Officers forcibly removed about ten women protesters, and a vehicle was used to disperse the crowd. One of the women forcibly removed reported: "We were escorted single file by the Gestapo to the Labor Bureau, where we peeled potatoes all day and then were released."[56] But those who saw them leave feared for them. "Where these women were taken we didn't know," said Charlotte. "And after that I hung back a little in the crowd. Otherwise I could have been taken too, and then I wouldn't have been able to help my husband either."

Elsa was there when an open jeeplike vehicle drove up to the edge of the crowd. "Two SS men were sitting in front, and two in back,"

she said, "in black uniforms and steel helmets. The two in back stood up, and I saw that they had machine guns. 'Clear the streets now or we'll shoot,' they cried. And at that moment the truck started toward us. Not slowly either! At the same time I heard a rattle—tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! We ran like wild. Everyone tried to take shelter inside the courtyards of the nearby houses. But they were all locked. The Gestapo had locked us out. The people at the doorways were nearly smashed flat by those pushing from behind. Who wanted to get shot? First we wanted to free our husbands!"

By their insistence the Germans protesting at Rosenstrasse redefined the image of what was occurring. Elsa sensed that she was part of a force that was gaining confidence. She had originally come there for information, but by now, she said, she hoped to have an effect on the fate of her husband. "We expected that our husbands would return home and that they wouldn't be sent to the camps," she said. She understood her action as an ethical, influential act, one she could not escape. "We acted from the heart, and look what happened," she said. "If you had to calculate whether you would do any good by protesting, you wouldn't have gone. But we acted from the heart. We wanted to show that we weren't willing to let them go. What one is capable of doing when there is danger can never be repeated. I'm not a fighter by nature. Only when I have to be. I did what was given me to do. When my husband needed my protection, I protected him. I went to Rosenstrasse every day before work. And there was always a flood of people there. It wasn't organized or instigated. Everyone was simply there. Exactly like me. That's what is so wonderful about it."

Dr. Droop had been to Gestapo offices for Elsa, but many of the women who protested also went directly to the Gestapo to seek the release of their loved ones. Charlotte went repeatedly to the Judenreferat of the Berlin Gestapo on Burgstrasse, after she had gathered courage from the protest on the street. "I went to every office to get him released," she said. "I said, 'You won't really be able to get much out of him. Earlier he played music, and you won't really need that, I guess.' The Gestapo men always threw me out. Well, what else could I have expected?"

Hilda actually entered the Rosenstrasse building—the "den of lions," as she called it. She wanted to find out if her husband was there, and a guard took her in as he checked his list. Dieter was there, and the guard agreed that Hilda could bring a small package for him the next day. "The guard was cool but not unfriendly," she said. "The next day I waited on the first floor as the guard called my husband downstairs, and I gave him the things. What a terrible moment. I had

just enough time to give it to him and say a word or two. But at least I knew he was still alive. Whether I would see him again, no one knew. It was dangerous to go into that den of lions."

Mrs. Weigert too went after her husband, into the heart of the Nazi terror system. "At Burgstrasse I spoke with a Führer—in uniform. I was pretty much together, quite calm, not at all rebellious. I spoke to him, he answered, and if he had a question for me, I answered him. And then I also went to Kurfürstenstrasse 116 [Eichmann's office]. All of them told me, 'Developments will be unfolding', or 'We don't know.' So I had to go again. What could I do there?"

Hannah Herzberg was married to Erich, a shoemaker who was one of the intermarried Jews deported to Auschwitz on March 4. The Gestapo of course did not tell her this. When she began inquiring, some officials rebuked her, saying, "Get divorced, and then you'll be rid of the whole can of worms. You'll find another man." Several days after she had last seen Erich, she received a postcard from him. He was on his way to Auschwitz when he managed to toss a postcard out the window in Silesia. "He wrote 'I'm on the way to the east. Chin up.' And then there was another note: 'Request finder to please send this card!' "

With the card Hannah went to the Gestapo offices on Burgstrasse. "I was led to an elderly man on the top floor and told him my story," Hannah said. " 'That's not possible!' he replied. 'If your husband lives in an intermarriage, he hasn't been deported.' " The Gestapo also told other women who said that their husbands had been deported from Rosenstrasse that this was not possible. Hannah, however, had the postcard from her husband as evidence. "I laid the card in front of him on the table and said, 'Take a look at this, please,' " she said. "He read the card and in a very official tone said, 'I'd like to know who forwarded this mail!' I said to him, 'People!' He screamed at me, 'Do you mean to say that we too are not people?' "

By midweek Elsa had been late so many consecutive days that her supervisor turned angry and threatening. Elsa had been a model employee for Siemens, "and when someone else was missing, I was always there to help. But after I was late three or four days, my supervisor was mad. But the fact is I only wanted to be there where my husband was." Like Werner and others, Elsa had had to make herself useful to the regime, in order to help her family survive it, but now she was putting her job in jeopardy. To explain why she had been late so often, she finally broke down and told her boss, "I'm looking for my husband, and as a Jew he was arrested."

"He just about fell over when he heard that," Elsa remembered.

"No one knew. At Siemens all intermarried Germans had been expelled. 'Mrs. Holzer,' he said to me, looking pale, 'you haven't told me anything, please. You haven't told me anything. Otherwise I am obligated to inform the director's office. Go as often as you like, but you have to say that you didn't tell me about it.' "

On March 6, in fulfillment of Eichmann's plans, the Berlin Gestapo continued to arrest intermarried Jews, and falling back on Goebbels's plan from late 1942, they also deported twenty-five intermarried Jews without children from Rosenstrasse.[57] One of the men, Kurt Blaustein, recalled noticing or discussing at the time the fact that none of them had children.[58] Another Jew taken that day was Ferdinand Wolff, a Jewish musician. He had been forced out of his profession in 1935, when Goebbels threw all Jews out of the Reich Music Chamber, and since 1941 he had been doing forced heavy labor in construction.[59] On Wolff's seventh day in Rosenstrasse, the Gestapo made a roll call. He and twenty-four others had been singled out for a work detail, Jewish Desk director Walter Stock explained. All twenty-five were taken in the back of a canvas-covered truck to the Putlitzstrasse freight train station, which was cordoned off by officers in uniform.

"We knew by the way we were handled that little or no care was or would be taken for us and that nothing good was planned for us," Blaustein, one of those deported on March 6, remembered.[60] Asked where they were being taken and whether they could tell their wives, Stock told them, "You are going where you will never see your wives again!" By this time many of the relatives of these surviving intermarried Jews had been deported, never to be heard from again. In 1938 Wolff's brother had been arrested during Kristallnacht and taken to the camp at Sachsenhausen, where he died. Another of these twenty-five men, a former businessman, had lost his parents and his sister and nephew in a deportation to Riga in January 1942. "Don't expect to see them anymore," he had been told by a former customer, a soldier who was on vacation after serving in Riga.[61]

At the station, three SS men directed the 25 onto the train, which was already full, and then stepped in as the traveling command unit. They were headed to Auschwitz, along with 665 other Jews. Some managed to throw scribbled notes addressed to their wives out of the train, hoping some kindly person would put them in the mail. Ferdinand Wolff's wife, prevailing against Criminal Commissioner Walter Stock to find out what had happened to her husband, was shown documents that indicated her husband had been taken into protective custody.[62]

Since the beginning of the Final Roundup 7,031 Jews had been deported to Auschwitz.

Günter Grodka was at home that day when the Gestapo arrested him and trucked him off to Grosse Hamburger Strasse. With the Rosenstrasse collection center overflowing, and the one in Grosse Hamburger mostly emptied following deportations there, newly arrested Jews in intermarriages and the *Geltungsjuden* were interned at Grosse Hamburger. The Gestapo was apparently planning a new wave of arrests: They required Günter Grodka to give the names and addresss of five other intermarried Jews living in Berlin. To the Gestapo's frustration, however, German relatives of the Jews at Grosse Hamburger Strasse began streaming into that street there, demanding the release of their loved ones. Wider arrests caused wider protests.[63]

New food ration cards were issued that day, and the Gestapo even arrested all Jews who appeared to renew their ration cards. Rita Kuhn was a witness. Her mother usually picked up the family's ration cards at the ration center in the local schoolhouse. On this day Mrs. Kuhn was told that her husband and *Mischling* daughter would have to pick up their own cards. When they all returned together, the Gestapo unceremoniously locked Rita and Mr. Kuhn in one of the schoolrooms. Throughout the day the Gestapo kept pushing more and more Jews into the room with them. "You can't have my husband and little girl!" Rita heard her mother screaming outside. Mrs. Kuhn was still there in the evening, when the Jews were led out to the Gestapo truck, en route to Rosenstrasse.[64]

At another ration card distribution center on Knesebeckstrasse Wally Grodka noticed that two Gestapo officers posted themselves by each exit. "Anyone with an identity card marked with a *J* receives no food ration cards and is taken into custody by the officers at the door," she wrote in her diary. "It is horrible to have to see all of this without being able to help in the least, to hear the despairing sobbing and screaming of mothers whose children wait at home. There is no turning back—no one is allowed out. The food ration cards are, so to speak, a license to freedom. Apprehension was in the air. The clerks avert their gaze."[65]

At home further trauma awaited Wally. "Two officers are there to pick up my husband. I make an effort to be chipper. I send a spoon, blanket, and something to eat along." Within hours she discovered that her husband was being held at Grosse Hamburger and went straight there. "There are already many, many there—hundreds, men and women," she wrote. "They wait on the street in front of the entrance. I join in with the many other women passing to and fro; we are

scattered: the guard approaches us and says, 'Go away or we will shoot'; then we ran, pushed ourselves into the entrances of the various houses there along the street. And yes, indeed, within a few minutes we gather ourselves together again in front of the entryway. Carefully my searching gaze travels along the row of windows, and all at once I see him behind the bars—because he is a Jew. Our glance meets only for a second because they will shoot if someone appears at the window."

It had been six days since Charlotte had seen her husband and taken off her coat. On this day, Charlotte remembered, it was so cold that the tears froze on her face. Once again she stood with her fifteen-year-old brother, Günther, in front of the house where her husband was imprisoned.

On this day, she said, the street was "dark with a sea of heads, a thousand people. I went there every day, and each day there were more and more."[66] The protest had grown to include people who did not have imprisoned relatives, and as Charlotte remembered it, it also took on a more clearly political and anti-Nazi tone that day, as protesters screamed out, "You murderers," and not just, "Give us our husbands." "The situation in front of the collecting center came to a head. Without warning the guards began setting up machine guns. Then they directed them at the crowd and shouted: 'If you don't go now, we'll shoot.' Automatically the movement surged backward in that instant. But then for the first time we really hollered. Now we couldn't care less. We bellowed, 'You murderers,' and everything else that one can holler. Now they're going to shoot in any case, so now we'll yell too, we thought. We yelled 'Murderer, murderer, murderer, murderer.' We didn't scream just once but again and again, until we lost our breath. Then I saw a man in the foreground open his mouth wide—as if to give a command. It was drowned out. I couldn't hear it. But then they cleared everything away. There was silence. Only an occasional swallow could be heard."

RETURN

On March 6 Goebbels gave orders for the release of intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge*. "I will commission the security police not to continue the Jewish evacuations in a systematic manner during such a critical time," he wrote (referring primarily to the defeat at Stalingrad). "We want to rather spare that for ourselves until after a few weeks; then we can carry it out that much more thoroughly." Goebbels complained that the RSHA was a loyal bureaucracy, good at following

orders but incapable of adapting to changing circumstances with quick tactical maneuvers. "One has to intervene all over the place, to ward off damages," he wrote about the RSHA's notions of deporting the Jews despite the protest. "The efforts of certain offices are so lacking in political savvy that one cannot let them operate on their own for ten minutes."[67] On April 1, 1943, the American Legation in Bern sent this dispatch to Washington: "Action against Jewish wives and husbands on the part of the Gestapo . . . had to be discontinued some time ago because of the protest which such action aroused."[68]

Goebbels justified releasing the Jews with an excuse about timing. But he released the Jews married to non-Jews because it was the best way to dissolve the protest, said Leopold Gutterer, who in 1943 as Goebbels's chief deputy and representative at the Propaganda Ministry virtually lived at the ministry. "Goebbels released the Jews in order to eliminate the protest from the world," Gutterer said. "That was the simplest solution: to eradicate completely the reason for the protest. Then it wouldn't make sense to protest anymore. So that others didn't take a lesson from [the protest], so that others didn't begin to do the same, the reason [for protest] had to be eliminated. There was unrest, and it could have spread from neighborhood to neighborhood. . . . Why should Goebbels have had them [the protesters] all arrested?" Then he would have only had even more unrest, from the relatives of these newly arrested persons."[69] Nevertheless, according to Gutterer, "every" option of police state force had been a possibility. "They had to reckon at least with being arrested. It would have been no problem to find out who was there; the police could have gone through and demanded identification. They could have been sent to jail, at least, or to a concentration camp. All means could have been used against them."

Gutterer, who claimed National Socialism had wanted to do good until the war drove Hitler mad, recalled that "these women were as persons there. Anyone could recognize who they were. They demonstrated openly and risked their existence [*Dasein*]. They were very courageous, yes? No doubt about that. . . . But if one or the other [of the protesters] had had a pistol along, then the police would have had to shoot. Of course there was an investigation to find out whether someone was instigating this. But nothing was found. If so, one could have hindered it. [The protest] wasn't organized but spread by word of mouth. It was a spontaneous reaction. A protest against the system never existed. These women didn't want a revolution. They simply couldn't understand. What's going on? What's this supposed to mean? Why? For what reason?"[70]

For Elsa, the quality of the protest arose from the fact that each person acted from the heart rather than on calculations or outside instructions. Gutterer also described the open, public quality of the protest, in contrast with a conspiratorial action, as part of its strength. But the real strength of the protest was that many persons were so deeply motivated to protest that they risked their lives even though there was no central organization or creed. Elsa Holzer said that putting her life at stake was possible only because the protest came from her heart, yet it was the crowd that held her there and kept her coming back. Mass protest erupted, without organization, because the regime attacked an important tradition. Germans could sympathize with persons trying to preserve their families. Spouses were expected to look out for each other, and women traditionally had special jurisdiction in this area. Goebbels realized he could not murder all the people he wanted to murder—the Jewish relatives, spouses, sympathizers. At some point the Germans would have begun to identify with one another rather than with a government that kept demanding ever more human victims.

Goebbels feared that Germans, angered by forced deportations of their partners and children, would begin to question and complain. Unrest about the fate of the Jews could severely hinder the domestic social unity necessary for fighting the war. A parallel development was the increasing need for secrecy around the Final Solution, the revelation of which would have damaged the public morale that the regime strove to nurture, especially during war. A public discussion about the fate of the deported Jews threatened to disclose the Final Solution and thus endanger that entire effort.[71] Goebbels could control the press, but public protests openly communicated that the seamless popular unity he claimed existed only in propaganda. The protesters were communicating dissent about the core of Nazi ideology and might soon be raising questions about the fate of the Jews, a taboo subject.

After the protest the foreign press carried reports that German morale was low and that Germans were deserting the Nazi party. There were related reports and rumors about Germans protesting. Following his pattern of turning the truth inside out for propaganda purposes, Goebbels instructed his deputies to respond to these reports and rumors with the assertion that the "ten thousands" on the street at the time of the protest had been bombed out by the British Air Force! He claimed the people had turned out by the thousands to contribute to a Nazi

party street collection on March 3, a collection that had registered a 70 percent increase over the previous year's collection despite the homeless state of the thousands milling about on the street.[72]

The crowd of women who cried out in a chorus for their husbands could not be readily identified as enemies of the state, and to Hitler they were a spectacle summoning up his fear of the protesting domestic crowds whom he accused of having stabbed Germany in the back during World War I. Especially when the German mood was so volatile, the National Socialist theory that popular support was the primary basis of political power established limits on the use of force against a crowd of unarmed Germans. When Goebbels visited the Führer in his *Wolfschanze* (wolf's lair) on March 9, the Führer agreed that Goebbels had responded correctly to the "psychological" pressures of the protest.[73] He told Goebbels he had done the right thing, but that he would still have to make sure the Jews of Berlin "disappeared," Gutterer explained. By March 9 the overwhelming majority of Berlin's remaining Jewish population lived in intermarriage. What Hitler said remained important. He also generally trusted the party gauleiters to govern in their regions, especially Goebbels. "I have never regretted giving him the powers he asked for," he wrote of Goebbels. "In the literal sense of the word, he conquered Berlin."[74] Goebbels rationalized in his diary that he would carry out the deportations within several weeks more thoroughly.

In Berlin, however, where half the intermarried Jews lived, it was not easy to solve the intermarriage problem. Relative to other parts of Germany, support for Nazism in Berlin was not deep, and the party leadership felt somewhat insecure there. In Munich, for example, support for Nazism ran deeper and stronger, and the party leader for Munich, Paul Giesler, would not have worried about tactfulness and popular opinion the way Goebbels did. Gutterer emphasized that the Rosenstrasse Protest could have happened only in Berlin. "That [protest] was only possible in a large city, where many people lived together, whether Jewish or not," Gutterer said. "In Berlin were also representatives of the international press, who immediately grabbed hold of something like this, to loudly proclaim it. Thus news of the protest would travel from one person to the next."

Although there are reports that individuals contacted Goering (or his wife and personal adviser Erich Gritzbach), the release of intermarried Jews cannot be ascribed to this personal, special influence. Goering, Goebbels, and Hitler each personally protected Jews from deportations. In Berlin alone there were one to two hundred of these so-called *Schutzjuden* (protected Jews). The complaints of the few soldiers or influential people affected by the Final Roundup could have been quietly assuaged by the quick addition of their few relatives to this *Schutzjuden* list. There were scattered complaints by church officials, as well as by entrepreneurs, who tried to save Jews for work. Yet these complaints were greatly encouraged, if not completely generated, by the courageous example of open protest on the street. Unlike church officials and entrepreneurs, the intermarried Germans had already had a long record showing they would do everything to protect their family members, including standing in the way with their lives. A letter from a church official here or there or a request from an entrepreneur had virtually no force at all compared with a unified and, above all, public action by Germans who had already shown how much they cared, and thus how much unrest they might cause, should their relatives be deported. Hitler and Goebbels feared protests from the church and Germans related to Jews, but at Rosenstrasse it was not church but popular protests that stayed deportations.

In fact during the Final Roundup factory owners and the military also protested the precipitous disappearance of their Jewish employees, who, working for their lives, had often had excellent records of production. According to the Jewish orderly Max Reschke, charged with overseeing the Jewish staff of workers at Grosse Hamburger Strasse, entrepreneurs and factory foremen appeared at the collection center to show that they had the authorization to employ individual Jews. The Gestapo received "work letters showing military authorizations. . . . From military industrial factories, private firms, and also from the military itself came protests, all with the aim of getting their Jewish workers released again," Reschke reported. "Dobberke [the Gestapo man in charge of the main predeportation detention center in Berlin] took all the work books and the protests into account. They didn't do a bit of good."[75] Like industry, the German military had also made a vain effort to save some of its Jews. In early 1942 the military had prevailed upon the RSHA to deport Jews who had been decorated for their service in World War I to the ghetto at Theresienstadt instead of to one of the death camps. The regime, however, deported these Jews with a military service record from Theresienstadt to Auschwitz.[76] The objections neither of the military nor of the industrialists rescued Jews. But a public protest did rescue them.

Goering's opinion on Rosenstrasse, given his low estimation in Hitler's eyes at the time, would not have mattered so much, but Himmler could have understood. Although he urgently wanted to complete the Final Solution, Himmler, the onetime Nazi party propagandist, would bend ideals for position, and he was somewhat sympathetic to

Hitler's careful attention to social unrest (although he intensely disliked Goebbels).[77] Himmler "felt the pulse of the German people," and to prevent unrest against the Euthanasia murders, he had proposed they be postponed until the public had been educated to accept them.[78] On December 18, 1943, he was to order the deportation of a group of intermarried Jews whose German partners had died or divorced, with the notable exception of formerly intermarried Jews with a child or children who might stir up unrest as a result.[79]

Rosenstrasse was not the first time Himmler and Hitler were willing to compromise principles to maintain power. In late 1942 Himmler had proposed releasing some ten thousand Jews with relatives in the United States in exchange for ransom payments, and Hitler had approved, on condition that it brought in large amounts of foreign exchange. Himmler and Hitler's willingness to exchange Jews for payment indicates that they would compromise the genocide and their ideology, at least if this seemed to help in a critical wartime situation and if the numbers of Jews to be exempted were relatively small.[80] On the other hand, it is conceivable that Hitler might have agreed to exchange twenty thousand Jews for two times as much if it were to ensure military victory or that under pressure the regime might have made concessions larger than the seventeen hundred persons released following the Rosenstrasse Protest in early 1943.

After he ordered the Jews released, Goebbels had to decide what lies to tell in order to hide the fact that a protest had happened and to put him and the leadership in the best light. At the Interior Ministry, where there had been some opposition to the deportation of *Mischlinge*, officials claimed credit for saving Jews,[81] and even lowly Karl Krell, the unemployed baker turned Gestapo agent for Berlin's Jewish Desk, claimed at his denazification trial after the war that he had ordered the release of two thousand intermarried Jews.[82]

But following the release, the official explanation was that the Berlin Gestapo had abused its power by arresting and deporting persons from German-Jewish families.[83] The leadership and even the RSHA denied responsibility. Given that there was an abuse, there had to be an offender, and the blame was shifted all the way down to Berlin Gestapo Director Schiffer, who oversaw the Jewish Desk. Schiffer was transferred as a reprisal for abusing his power.[84] But if there had been no protest, Schiffer or his superiors would have been roundly rewarded for clearing Berlin of Jews who had caused the leadership so much trouble. Individual Germans inquiring about their deported family

members probably still would have been told that the deportation was the work of this or that unruly underling but that (unfortunately) it was now a fact that couldn't be changed. This was the excuse the RSHA had given Jewish authorities when they protested the deportations from Stettin in February 1940.[85]

After all, Goebbels (who had written that Germans married to Jews should also be deported)[86] did not complain about the deportations but only about their timing, rationalizing that he would do a more thorough job of cleaning up in a few weeks.[87] On the same day Goebbels excoriated the SD (the term to designate those in the Reich Security Main Office who made decisions about the deportations) for inflexibly proceeding to follow their orders for deporting Jews despite the protest. "The fundamental malady of our leadership and above all of our administration consists in operating according to Schema F [bureaucratically]," he wrote. "One has the impression that these people, who carry out this or that measure, don't reflect a wit, but rather hang to the written word, whose main value to them is that they thus have their actions covered by orders from above." Confirming Goebbels's hint that the RSHA had received orders from above, Gutterer remembered that "the SD did indeed have an order from Himmler and wanted to carry it out. . . . Goebbels wasn't against it, but he thought that doing it at the moment was foolish."[88] In his postwar trial the director of the Berlin Jewish Desk, Walter Stock, testified that he had deported intermarried Jews on orders of the RSHA.[89] Everyone was shifting the blame around, but Stock's testimony (in self-justification) corresponds with evidence.

At Rosenstrasse the Gestapo immediately began to release Jews, threatening that they would be back very soon. Still, some of the Jews believed they had a new lease on life. Gerhard Braun remembered that one day the Gestapo commanded them to go to the courtyard for a roll call. Uniformed Gestapo men began to torment them with threats. Then they told the Jews to get their things, and the Jews were officially released. "I had to pick up my papers at my old place of work," said Gerhard, "because I was given new work orders for another job. On the way there an old, old woman recognized me as a Jew. There on the open street this woman hugged me, saying something like 'How nice it is that you're here again, young man.' There were such signs of sympathy in Berlin."

Like Gerhard, none of the Jews released returned to their former jobs. "When I left that house, equipped with my official release note and instructions to appear again at the work office for a new job, my wife and both daughters were there, expecting me." Ernst Bukofzer

smiled. "They had already been there for hours, patiently sticking it out, and led me home, glowing with happiness. I was exhausted, as if a heavy burden had fallen from my shoulders. There had indeed been hours when I had not expected to return once again to the circle of family.

"Having reached home at last, I had above all the need for a warm bath because I looked like a pig—as one says in good German. It was, however, not so simple to get a good bath because warm water, because of the dearth of coal, was turned off. Every bit of water had to be heated on the stove. But indeed, the friends in our apartment house had already got news of my return and had carried affectionately and

A page from Charlotte Israel's photo album. The Israels' misery at the end of the war is pictured along with the terribly inadequate Jewish ration cards.

cleverly in advance huge vessels of boiling water to us, so that we succeeded in filling the bathtub. Of course I was extremely moved by this show of concern from my Aryan fellow citizens. This bath filled me with a particular sense of comforting feelings."

"Jewish pig, we'll have you in here again soon," one Gestapo man told Charlotte's husband, Julius, as he was released. At home Charlotte had received a note the day before from a Jewish orderly that said her husband would be released the following day. "My brother, Günther, lived in the neighboring street with my mother and came over with a cake," said Charlotte. "And then he wanted to stay there too until my husband came. Well, I didn't want that. I said, 'Go home, Günther.'

" 'No,' he said. 'I was always there in Rosenstrasse, and I want to greet him too.' Then he waited, and my husband didn't come, he didn't come, he didn't come, and then my little brother asked: 'Can I play music?' And I said, 'What will he think if we're playing music here?' 'Okay,' he said, 'then I will play something sad.' And then he put on a record, that I will never forget, from Zarah Leander: 'I know that one day a miracle will happen, and then a thousand fairy tales will come true.' And that was for me a miracle that he returned.

"He was totally sick. He was sick to his soul and smelled horrible. He cried constantly. Cried constantly. 'In that camp one is less than a louse,' he said. 'They take away every ounce of strength.' At the Charlottenburg train station he tarried long enough to shave. He hadn't shaved at Rosenstrasse. Now he was spattered with shaving cream. He absolutely wanted to shave because he was so dark-haired. And hairy. Whenever he wasn't shaved, he said something like 'I absolutely have to get to the barber. I look just like a Jew!'

"Oh, I was so happy that he was there, because for me it was like a present. And I asked him, 'What would you like first?' He said, 'First a bath.' Then I said, 'What would you like to eat? I have everything good here—cake, coffee, meat.' Then he said, 'I want to get a bath, then go directly into bed, and from there I'll have coffee and cake!' When the men came out of Rosenstrasse, I told my husband, 'Now we'll celebrate! We'll make special request concerts and invite friends.' My husband was always agreeable on such matters! And then we thought, Why only one time? One can always celebrate. We were young. And we got together with others Julius had gotten to know in Rosenstrasse.

"At these festive afternoons, there were usually about four pairs. That always happened over malt coffee and oat flake cookies. Without sugar and fat. It was all wonderful because everyone was hungry. Also a nice pudding, so the bread would have some taste. These 'request

concerts' were nice; they are for many certainly still a memory. But from this moment on I was on guard. I never again left my husband alone—never. And it wasn't even yet over, the Nazi period. It went on and on, and we still had to survive."

Rudi returned home on March 8. "He looked like a robber, filthy and with a beard so dark it was blue," Elsa recalled. "Of course he told me about finding the note in his sandwich. He did receive that sandwich," she says happily, almost triumphantly. "He always kept that note in his wallet. This little note, the one all fat with cheese and butter, became his talisman."

Upon arriving in Auschwitz, the twenty-five Jews from Rosenstrasse had been immediately sorted out from the others. They were not subjected to the "selection" process determining which Jews were

Rudi Holzer's release certificate from Rosenstrasse, signed March 8, 1943. Each of the released Jews received a similar certificate. Considering the severe bombing in Berlin at the time, these certificates testify to German orderliness (note that "the Jewess" has been crossed out in order to identify Rudi as "a Jew" and that his profession is listed below a line noting that he was not given food rations at the time of his release).


Der Jude H o l z e r, Rudolf Israel

Buchdrucker/Schwalmerdogen.

put to work and which to death. The telex report of March 8 from the concentration camp commanders of Auschwitz to the Central Office for Economic Administration referred to these twenty-five as protective custody cases.[90] Apparently they were slated for "destruction through work." They were sent to I. G. Farben's Buna rubber plant at the adjoining work camp, Monowitz. There they were divided among different barracks, were tattooed on their left forearms, and no longer used their names, only their numbers.

"In Buna we worked twelve hours a day," one intermarried Jew remembered. The guards often shot at inmates, he said, because they were rewarded for stopping escapees with three days of vacation, five marks, and a pack of cigarettes. "Guards loved to grab a prisoner's hat, throw it, and when he had to go bring it back, he was 'shot trying to escape.' "[91] Kapos regularly mistreated inmates, and numerous prisoners committed suicide by electrocuting themselves on the wires surrounding the camp.[92]

On the morning of their twelfth day, just as they were about to leave for work, an SS Führer ordered them to shower and then to report to "medical supervision." There they learned that they were to be sent back to Berlin, on order of "high authorities."[93] They returned on a normal passenger express train. "They couldn't get rid of us fast enough," remembered one. "Someone in Berlin must have hit 'em upside the head."[94] Nevertheless, before leaving, they were commanded under threat of being returned never to mention what they had seen in Auschwitz.

One of the twenty-five from Rosenstrasse had to remain behind because he was too sick to make the trip.[95] The others were joined by eleven Jewish men in intermarriages who survived the deportation from Grosse Hamburger Strasse on March 4. The release of the prisoners was so unexpected by Auschwitz authorities that the prisoners received clothes that were not their own.[96] Rumors of a release spread like wildfire among the Auschwitz prisoners. Johnny Hüttner, a Communist Jew who had been in various concentration camps since 1936, recalled that "we turned it over in our minds whether it was a true 'release.' It could have been a special 'Human Experiment,' we thought."[97]

Hannah Herzberg remembered the day her husband, Erich, returned from Auschwitz. "They gave him clothing from other inmates," she said. "The men arrived half dressed. Horrifying. My husband later told me that the officers in Auschwitz had been in a big hurry, all of a sudden, to get rid of them. They were thrown together, taken to the station, and sent to Berlin on a two-person compartment train. With

only one guard! Each of them thought that they were now to be released. 'Don't do anything stupid, you're on your way home!' the guard said. My husband also recounted how each of them was very worried because none of them had any money to catch the bus home from the train station. But in Berlin they were greeted by the SS."

The thirty-five intermarried men released from Auschwitz arrived back in Berlin at the Friedrichstrasse station, accompanied by the guard. The train stopped so "that we stepped directly into a cordon of SS and Gestapo people," remembered one.[98] The Gestapo took them to Gestapo offices on Burgstrasse and locked them into the basement prison cellblocks, where they spent the night. Stock, Schneider, Krell, and two secretaries, present to take the minutes, interrogated five to eight of them about their experiences in Auschwitz. A "very high-ranking army official" was also on hand to "hear how decent it was in Auschwitz." Stock, who claimed in his defense in a postwar trial that he had done this only out of curiosity about Auschwitz, directed the interrogation. The interrogations lasted about fifteen minutes and, most important for Stock and his henchmen, extracted signed confessions to crimes, including spying, treason, and spreading bad reports. "The Gestapo man started to question me," Erich Herzberg remembered, "and I said, 'I signed a statement declaring I would be completely silent about everything I experienced.' 'Well,' he said, 'then I'll ask you, How was the food?' 'Good,' I replied. "Were you beaten'? 'No, sir!' 'Did you see anyone else being beaten'? 'No, sir.' Na, well, I'm not stupid," he explained. "I was in their power, right? I didn't have anything to say that was against what they wanted to hear."[99] The Berlin Gestapo, however, did not dare to allow those who had seen Auschwitz to mingle with the public again. Arbitrarily charged with crimes punishable by death, they were sent as prisoners in protective custody to the nearby labor camp in Grossbeeren.

"The Gestapo officially informed us that our husbands were back," Erich's wife, Hannah, said. She remembered well the Gestapo's instructions to her and the other wives not to arrive at the Gestapo offices in a large group, reminiscent of protest. "We were ordered to Burgstrasse [Gestapo offices]," she said, in small groups. "According to the Gestapo, our husbands were guilty of espionage and were sent to the camp at Grossbeeren, three hours from Berlin."

In Grossbeeren the Auschwitz survivors were greeted with angry cries from Commissioner Schulz, who shouted, "Now, boys, have you too been allowed to see the sun shine again!" But from this point on their wives could visit them—if they could manage to survive and their wives did not divorce.

For the intermarried Jews released from Rosenstrasse, there was continuing uncertainty. Yet the repercussions of the diminutive Rosenstrasse Protest reached beyond March 1943 and beyond Berlin. Despite Goebbels's promise on March 6 to deport intermarried Jews a couple of weeks later, a decision not to deport them had been reached by March 18. On that day Himmler recorded in his telephone diary the business of a conversation with Gestapo chief Heinrich Müller: "No deportation of privileged Jews."[100] It was about the same day that the Jews from intermarriages who had been deported to Auschwitz work camps during the Berlin Final Roundup were released.[101] On March 20 Goebbels reported to Hitler that "Jews have for the most part been evacuated from Berlin."[102] Many of the Jews, some on advice of their employers in Berlin, began to remove the Star of David from their clothing.[103] "I don't want to see Jews with the Star of David running about in the capital," Goebbels wrote on April 18, 1943. "Either the Star must be taken from them and they be classed as privileged, or they must be evacuated altogether from the capital of the Reich."[104]

On May 19, 1943, Goebbels had declared Berlin *Judenfrei*, and if Berlin was "free of Jews" there should also be no signs of them.[105] There had been no more deportations of Jews in intermarriages or their *Mischlinge* children since the Rosenstrasse Protest. But he was under pressure to have this part of his job as gauleiter for Greater Berlin completed and apparently considered prevarication preferable to the risk of another protest.

On May 21 Adolf Eichmann's deputy Rolf Günther answered a question from the German police in Paris, who had been waiting to hear from headquarters about what to do with French Jews in intermarriages. The treatment of intermarriages and *Mischlinge* cannot be resolved for foreign areas, he wrote, before it is "clarified" in the Reich. The resolution for the Reich had to be made in Berlin, because about half the intermarried Jews lived in Berlin and because it was true to the Nazi sense of propriety that precedents for the Reich be set in the Reich capital.[106] Goebbels thus exercised sway over the fate of all German intermarried Jews not only as propaganda minister but also as party gauleiter of Greater Berlin.

Also on May 21, Himmler's deputy in charge of the Reich Security Main Office, Ernst Kaltenbrunner, issued a memorandum ordering the immediate release from concentration camps of all Jews from intermarriages except for those interned on criminal charges. Then he turned to Himmler's order that every Jew be removed from the Reich by June 30 and listed four categories of Jews who had often been spared up

until this point, including those considered "irreplaceable" by weapons industries. The first three categories were now to be deported. But the fourth—Jews in intermarriages—was not: "I order expressly that Jewish intermarriage partners are in no case to be sent. There may also be protective custody arrests and deportations only when they have committed real offenses. Insofar as Jewish intermarriage partners have been deported on general grounds [that is, strictly because of their Jewish identity], they are to be successively released."[107]

In October 1943, following endless ministerial discussions, the bureaucrats submitted the question of intermarried Jews to Hitler for his decision. But the Führer refused to reconsider his position of 1941 that had resulted in the "temporary" exemption of intermarried Jews from deportations.[108] Despite this decision, the RSHA and Organization Todt mounted a few more life-threatening attempts on intermarried Jews. Just as Hitler had refused to determine the definitions for the Nuremberg Laws in September and November 1935, so he refused to take a public stand on intermarried Jews or to arbitrate the dispute between rival power centers. Meanwhile, gauleiters who drew intermarried Jews into the Final Solution (Schwede-Coburg and Sprenger) were to flourish, while the Führer insisted on the completion of the Final Solution and agreed in June 1943 that this would have to done regardless of its political impact.[109]

At Rosenstrasse, police force was not sufficient for separating and deporting intermarried Jews in the face of protest because the regime still hoped to rally the people and save the Reich. In late 1944, when none of the Nazi leaders could have hoped for victory any longer, a plan to use armed force against intermarried Jews failed again. In September 1944 Gustav Nosske, the brazen deputy of Otto Ohlendorf's Einsatzgruppe D who had killed thousands of Jews in cold blood, received orders to round up all the intermarried Jews in the Düsseldorf area and shoot them.[110] Nosske refused. He protested the order, and it was revoked or at least not enforced. Nosske himself was not executed and not even demoted. The noncompliance and protest of intermarried Germans had stayed the death of their Jewish partners until the regime's decision to defer "temporarily" intermarried Jews from the Holocaust had been rendered permanent.

So the Jews released from Rosenstrasse survived the war. For Ruth Gross, the ten-year-old *Mischling* who hung out on Rosenstrasse to catch an occasional glimpse of her father as he was imprisoned on the other side of the line between those allowed to live and those destined for death, her father's release in early March 1943 was a symbol of life transcending death. For her, like all those the Gestapo had tried to

separate, it was a matter of utmost importance to get word to her imprisoned loved one facing death that she knew and cared. In that moment those inside and those outside were together, despite the Gestapo. Ruth Gross had sent her father a note of affection concealed in a small package of food, and it was the moment that he waved her note that symbolized for her their togetherness.

"This thing with Rosenstrasse, that was always a bond between us, my father and me," she concluded. "This scene, as he stood right there, and waved at me through the window, that I have always had in my consciousness. It came up again too, as he lay in the hospital during his last two years. I of course visited him every day there, and his room was at the end of a sort of hallway. And each time as I went away, he could still stand up, and he waved at me! Then I thought about that window from before, in Rosenstrasse, where he had always waved just like that. Then, in the hallway, as I was leaving him, I also turned around a few times and also waved at him. We never talked about it. But I have always been convinced, that he too was always thinking about this scene there on Rosenstrasse. About how he stood there and waved."[111]

certainly doing similar work to identify and locate all Berlin Jews who had converted to Protestantism at this time.

78. Seven days before the Final Roundup (carried out in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany, notably Breslau), the RSHA wrote new deportation directives "temporarily" exempting intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge* from the deportations, as had become customary. The deportation directives, written by the civil servants under Eichmann, were "secret" not-for-circulation documents but had been used, at least to some extent, to deceive (directives in 1942, for example, listed in detail what work instruments, including sewing machines, the Gestapo should allow deported Jews to take with them to their new "work camps"). On occasion the RSHA amended its own regulations to fit particular situations, such as on November 8, 1941, when the RSHA sent a telegram to the Gestapo in Nuremberg-Furth supplementing the deportation directives, and on April 17, 1942, when Eichmann sent out a telegram to all Gestapo offices amending the deportation directives. Even lower-ranked officials acted in a way tantamount to amending the directives. In mid-1942 the RSHA, because of pressure from the military, released a new deportation directive ordering that Jews decorated highly for their service in World War I must be deported to Theresienstadt instead of to Auschwitz, but the Düsseldorf Gestapo disregarded this directive on the basis that they received it after they had already made plans for a specific deportation that they did not want to "undo." The branch office at Düsseldorf was excused by the RSHA. The "mistakenly" deported Jews were not retrieved. We cannot be sure that they were released to the Berlin Gestapo in time for their arrests on February 27. In any case, Hitler's SS division, which arrested Jews in the Final Roundup, would hardly have taken instructions from the deportation directives, but these directives could then be used to calm institutions like the Interior Ministry amid the rumors that intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge* were about to be deported. A surprise arrest would have even more of the advantage of ambush if official policy had announced in advance that it was not to happen. The real advantage (which those responsible ultimately fell back on) was that it preserved a way for the leadership to deny that it had ordered these persons deported. At a trial eight years later Berlin Gestapo Chief Walter Stock claimed he had deported intermarried Jews from Rosenstrasse in 1943 on orders of the RSHA, which in turn had blamed the Berlin Gestapo and transferred its director, August Schiffer, as punishment. Stock Trial, PkLs 3/52, statement of Stock, August 13, 1951.
79. Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for March 9, 1943, 278ff.
80. Goebbels, diary entry for February 2, 1943, BA NL118/95, and Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for March 9, 1943, 288.
81. Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge,' 4. On March 2, 1943, Goebbels wrote: "Our plans were tipped off prematurely, so that a lot of Jews slipped through our hands." Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, 261. A report that a representative of Himmler attended a meeting the day before the Final Roundup to discuss the replacement of Jewish workers with forced laborers also implies planning at the level of the Reich minister if this representative was from his personal staff rather than the RSHA. Statement to the court of Alexander Rothholz, May 2, 1951, Stock Trial.
82. German press, February 25–26, and statement of Richard Hartmann, June 24, 1968, Bosshammer Trial.
83. Baeck survived Theresienstadt. Eppstein did not. He was executed. Perhaps seeking an indication that he would be treated with consideration, he had asked for and was granted permission to have his piano sent with him from Berlin to the ghetto. According to a secretary working for Eichmann, Eichmann's deputy Rolf Günther ordered Eppstein's execution. Statement of Margarethe Reichert, October 18, 1967, Bovensiepen Trial. Reichert called Günther "raw and without feelings." He explained to her that the Germans did not hate the Jews but were merely doing a job that had to be done.
84. Brunner was forced to leave Berlin on January 28. Brunner, a loner, had trouble getting along in Berlin. Eppstein, who had met with him and Eichmann in Brunner's office,

said that Brunner suffered under an inferiority complex, as an Austrian in Berlin, and overcompensated. As an Austrian he had a "*Schnürschuh Komplex*" and tried with all his might to prove himself with harshness and vigor. Landgericht Frankfurt am Main, 50 Js 36019/84, Alois Brunner Trial, statement of Martin Friedländer, June 3, 1986. One of Brunner's assistants testified in 1956 that "Brunner und [his assistant] Gerbing disappeared one day, returned fighting with Berlin people [Gestapo], and we got orders to get ready for a return trip to Vienna." Statement of Brunner assistant Gerö, November 7, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial.
85. Henschel, "Aus der Arbeit," 9.
86. Goebbels, diary entry for February 2, 1943, BA NL 118/95.

XIV: COURAGEOUS WOMEN OF ROSENSTRASSE

1. In the very early hours Erwin Sartorius, a member of the team of drivers, was awakened by the police station and ordered to report immediately to the garage on Magazinestrasse. Statement of Sartorius, December 13, 1965, Bovensiepen Trial. U.S. intelligence services reported that a "responsible" source said "all closed lorries in Berlin were requisitioned" for a deportation action that was to make Berlin free of Jews by mid-March. NA, RG 226, March 13, 1943.
2. Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge,' " 4.
3. Interview with Erika Lewine, March 19, 1985. At job sites throughout the Reich Jews had been isolated together in Jewish crews, an arrangement simplifying the SS roundup.
4. Interviews with Dr. Ernst Bukofzer, May 29 and June 24, 1985, Berlin, along with one of his stepdaughters, who now lives near Tampa, Florida, and owns a tropical fish farm. In the 1980s Bukofzer lived in Berlin-Zehlendorf a half mile from Charlotte, and although their fates crossed and were determined at Rosenstrasse 2–4, they never met. At ninety-five he was the oldest witness I interviewed.
5. Driver's licenses had been taken from Jews on November 11, 1938. Benz, *Juden in Deutschland*, 747.
6. Interview with Ursula Braun, June 6, 1989.
7. Interview with Vera Breitwieser, February 6, 1985.
8. Interview with Elsa Holzer, December 10, 1989.
9. Ingeborg Schneider to author, April 14, 1985. Schneider wrote that her boss offered, in case of need, to hide her and her endangered relatives in a basement of his office.
10. Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entries for March 2 and 11, 1943, 261, 294.
11. Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge,' " 2.
12. High-level Jewish officials like Mr. Kleemann were well situated to know Gestapo plans because of the Gestapo's reliance on the Jewish Community for all kinds of technical assistance during deportation actions. Kleemann was an intermarried Jew who had worked for the Jewish Community since 1933 and had been present during the predeportation processes in the Levetzowstrasse synagogue, as well as at the train stations when Jews were deported. Interview with Kleeman, April 26, 1985.
13. "*Man hat wohl vermutet, dass Proteste gegen . . . die Trennung der Ehen laut werden würden,*" Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge.' "
14. Laqueur, *Missing Years*, 125, 126.
15. Statement of Alexander Rotholz, October 29, 1965, Bovensiepen Trial. Rotholz was arrested twice during the Final Roundup but released because of this paper. See also statement of Rotholz, May 2, 1951, Stock Trial.
16. Statement of Stella Borchers, July 14, 1966, Bovensiepen Trial.
17. Goebbels's state secretary, Leopold Gutterer, said that the Gestapo did search for leaders of the protest. Interviews with Gutterer, August 17 and 19, 1986.
18. Zivier, "Aufstand der Frauen."

19. When the Jewish Community was finally able to deliver a kettle of cabbage soup to the synagogue, the Gestapo man, whose hat slumped under a sweat-soaked brim, whipped whoever came to it, so that despite their gnawing hunger, the Jews stayed back. Then he bellowed: "Everyone to the kettle for food!" When most stayed away, he and two others beat them for disobeying. Statement of Dr. Kurt Radlauer, November 10, 1966, Bovensiepen Trial.
20. Dr. Martha Mosse, July 24, 1958, Bovensiepen Trial.
21. Interview with Mieke Monjau, December 3, 1984 (telephone).
22. Interview with Erika Lewine, March 19, 1985.
23. Interview with Ursula Braun, November 1, 1989.
24. Helga Weigert was eight and does not remember seeing anyone on the street but vaguely recalls that there was talk going around about "some people outside fighting or calling for freedom." Interview with Helga Weigert, June 21, 1985.
25. Gad Beck, *Und Gad ging zu David: Die Erinergungen des Gad Beck, 1923–1945* (Berlin: 1995).
26. Statement of former street policeman Anton von Kryshak, Bovensiepen Trial, 1968.
27. Statement of Karl Hefter, October 28, 1955, in the trial of Josef ("Sepp") Dietrich, I P Js 3767.65 St.A. Berlin.
28. Unpublished diary of Wally Grodka, and interview with Grodka and her husband, Günter, August 25, 1985.
29. Peter Wyden has written a book on Stella Kübler. Peter Wyden, *Stella* (New York: 1992).
30. Interview with Professor Gerhard Braun, May 23, 1985.
31. Interview with Kurt Blaustein, August 3, 1985.
32. Telephone interview with Jerry Monasch, September 29, 1985, Berlin to Lubbock, Texas.
33. Although their siblings were also each half Jewish, they had been deported as Jews. Because Gerhard's brother had been raised as a Jew he was classified as a *Geltungsjude*. Thus Ursula's sister, according to Nazi regulations, had become a Jew when she married him.
34. Woods to Harrison, 22 March 1943, NA, RG 84, Zurich Confidential File, Box 5.
35. Paepcke, *Ich wurde vergessen*, 23.
36. Statement of Kurt Blaustein, November 4, 1965, Bovensiepen Trial, and interview with Werner Goldberg, December 6, 1985. See also the story and release certificate of Siegfried Wexberg in Heinrich Fink, ed., *Stärker aus die Angst* (Berlin: 1968).
37. Laqueur, *Missing Years*, 122.
38. Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for March 2, 1943.
39. Interviews with Gutterer, August 17 and 19, 1989.
40. Statement of Wolff, November 15, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial.
41. Hazel Rosenstrauch, ed., *Aus Nachbarn wurden Juden: Ausgrenzung und Selbstbehauptung, 1933–1942* (Berlin: 1988), 130, and interviews with Ruth Gross and her mother, April 1986, Berlin.
42. Statement of Dr. Kurt Radlauer, November 10, 1966, Bovensiepen Trial. Dr. Radlauer was a baptized Jew born in Posen in 1884, who worked from 1919 to 1932 as an adviser (*Oberregierungsrat*) in the Foreign Office, until the Nazis forced him to retire. He was arrested during the Kristallnacht Pogrom and imprisoned at Sachsenhausen from November 10 to December 16, 1938. Afterward, as a forced laborer, he worked with Dr. Kaufman in a group making false passports and ration cards for Jews. He met Annie Radlauer, his wife, in 1913, and died at age ninety-seven.
43. Interview with Ursula Braun, June 6, 1985.
44. Leon Brandt, *Menschen ohne Schatten: Juden zwischen Untergang und Untergrund, 1938 bis 1945* (Berlin: 1984), 126.
45. Interview with Hans-Oskar Löwenstein de Witt, November 8, 1984.
46. Interview with Gad Beck, January 28, 1985.

47. Interview with Günther Ruschin, March 10, 1985.
48. Indictment, Bovensiepen Trial, 9, 208. Among the 1,736 were 160 Jews from Norway, whose transportation had been carefully arranged with the Kriegsmarine and the Reichsbahn. Israel Police Document 1621 and 1622.
49. BA, NS 19/3492.
50. Leo Baeck Institute, New York: Wiener Library microfilms (AR 7187/Reel 600).
51. Statement of Gertrude Trede, May 5, 1951, Stock Trial.
52. Ibid. Trede said that someone recognized her husband, the well-known Mr. Silbergleit, on March 4 at Güterbahnhof Quitzowstrasse, about to be deported.
53. Interview with Heinz Klum, November 22, 1985, Berlin. Klum's mother was deported from Rosenstrasse and never returned.
54. "If the transports from Berlin continue to have so many women and children as well as old Jews," Schwarz wrote in a stern tone on March 5, "there would be no guarantee of increased production." Auschwitz Calendar, March 4, 1943. See also Hilberg's account in *Destruction of the European Jews*, 918. After this message about 80 percent of the men from the successive arrivals of Jews from the Final Roundup action were sent to work in Auschwitz.
55. Quoted by Koonz, *Mothers in the Fatherland*, 335.
56. Interview with Hildegaard Kremczuk, one of those arrested and made to peel potatoes, July 14, 1990.
57. Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge,' " 1.
58. Statement of Blaustein, November 4, 1965, Bovensiepen Trial.
59. Statement of Ferdinand Wolff, November 14, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial.
60. Statement of Blaustein, November 4, 1985, Bovensiepen Trial.
61. Statement of Brinitzer, August 18, 1970, Bovensiepen Trial.
62. Interview with Kurt Blaustein, November 4, 1985, and statement of Wolff, November 14, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial; statement of Alexander Rotholz, May 2, 1951, Stock Trial.
63. Interview with Günther Stegner, May 1, 1985, East Berlin, who was there to search for his arrested father.
64. Interview with Rita Kuhn, April 26, 1989. See also Kuhn's story in Alison Owings, *Frauen: German Women Recall the Third Reich* (New Brunswick, N.J.: 1993).
65. Interview with Wally Grodka, January 22, 1986, Berlin.
66. Gisela Weigert too said that there could have been a thousand there on the street. Interview with Weigert, June 21, 1985.
67. BA, NL 118/96, diaries of Joseph Goebbels, entry for March 6, 1943. Goebbels, on March 15, 1943, at a press conference in Paris, responded to a question with a qualification that might have been an attempt to explain the Rosenstrasse Protest to anyone who might have heard of it. In response to a French reporter (who addressed Goebbels as well known for being one of the main proponents of the Jewish Question), Goebbels said: "The vast majority of the German people wants a solution to the Jewish Question of total proportions. You can't allow yourselves to be confused due to the opinion of a few doctors or lawyers on the Kurfürstendamm; they are not the German people. The German people thinks differently, the broad masses of our people have another conviction in these things." German press, March 16, 1943.
68. NA, RG 226, April 1, 1943.
69. Interviews with Leopold Gutterer, August 17 and 19, 1986.
70. Interview with Gutterer, July 16, 1987.
71. Raul Hilberg concludes: "The Jews in mixed marriage were finally made exempt because in the last analysis, it was felt that their deportation might jeopardize the whole destruction process. It simply did not pay to sacrifice the secrecy of the whole operation for the sake of deporting 28,000 Jews, some of whom were so old that they would probably die naturally before the operation was over." Hilberg, *Destruction of the*

European Jews, 430. Ursula Büttner writes that the Nazis exempted Jews in intermarriages from the deportations because this would cause social unrest. Büttner, *Not der Juden teilen*, 14.

72. BA Potsdam, 50.01, 1g2, from March 24, 1943, 12.
73. Hitler agreed with Goebbels's "proceedings on the Jewish Question." Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for March 9, 1943, 278ff. Hitler had nevertheless again commissioned Goebbels with clearing Berlin of Jews, and Goebbels wrote on March 9: "When Berlin is free of Jews, I shall have completed one of my greatest political achievements."
74. Goebbels, *Final Entries*, xix. Goering's influence on Hitler was at a nadir after his promises to save Stalingrad for Germany with his air force proved to be a dream. Goering was withdrawn and depressed. Hitler talked of dismissing him on March 9, 1943, and fumed that his portly deputy was no more interested in air warfare against Britain than in an excellent lunch or dinner. See Goebbels's report on Hitler's opinion of Goering, Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for March 9, 1943, 279.
75. Statement of Max Reschke (assistant to Dobberke), Supporting Document 30 (Dr. Wolfgang Scheffler Collection), May 4, 1959, Bovensiepen Trial. Else Hannach, interviewed a little more than a year after the Final Roundup (in July 1944 by Dr. Meisel and in September 1944 by Dr. Ball), confirmed Reschke's memory. "The heavy industry moved heaven and earth in order to retrieve those [employees] taken from the factories. But it was no use," she said. Supporting Document 30, Bovensiepen Trial.
76. Jews with German family members constituted the only category of Jews who, if deported to Theresienstadt, were not taken from there to Auschwitz.
77. Breitman, *Architect of Genocide*, 54.
78. Reitlinger, *Final Solution*, 140.
79. "Bovensiepen Trial, Supporting Document 29, order of Heinrich Himmler (by Müller) to inspectors of the security police and the SD, and all Gestapo branch offices other than those in the Protectorate, December 18, 1943.
80. Breitman, *Architect of Genocide*, 241.
81. Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge,' " 4.
82. BA, Statement of Karl Krell, 4 SpLs 16/47 Bielefeld, Koblenz.
83. Statement of Johanna Heym, summarized in Anklageschrift, 214, Bovensiepen Trial. Lehfeld, "Die Lage der 'Mischlinge,' " corroborates this.
84. Anklageschrift, 214, Bovensiepen Trial.
85. BA Potsdam, R 8150, minutes of the Central Organization's Directorate, by Eppstein, April 4, 1940; Hildesheimer, *Jüdische Selbstverwaltung unter dem NS-Regime*, 180ff.
86. Reuth, *Joseph Goebbels, Tagebücher*, entry for March 7, 1942, 1763.
87. Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for March 6, 1943, 276.
88. Interview with Gutterer, December 10, 1989.
89. Statement of Stock, August 13, 1951, Stock Trial, PkLs 3/52. Dr. Lehfeld also reported in March 1943 that the RSHA had ordered the Berlin Gestapo to deport the intermarried Jews and *Mischlinge*.
90. The telex is reprinted under the title "Menschenfracht für Buna" in *Die Jüdische Allgemeine*, No. IX/49, March 11, 1955, 3.
91. Yad Vashem, 01/258, statement of Ksinski, deported from Breslau to Auschwitz on about March 7, 1943. Ksinski reported that the deportation of Jews and Gypsies from Breslau on February 27, 1943, was ordered by Goebbels.
92. Statement of Ferdinand Wolff, November 14, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial.
93. Ibid.
94. Interview with Erich Herzberg, August 22, 1985, Berlin.
95. Statement of Ferdinand Wolff, November 14, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial.
96. Interviews with two of these twenty-five men, Kurt Blaustein and Erich Herzberg, together with their wives, August 3, 1985, Berlin.
97. Interview with Johnny Hüttner, December 27, 1985, East Berlin.

98. Statement of Ferdinand Wolff, November 14, 1968, Bovensiepen Trial.
99. Interview with Erich Herzberg, August 22, 1985, Berlin.
100. BA, NS 19/1440, Telefongespräche des Reichsführer-SS am 18. März 1943.
101. Interviews with two of these men, Kurt Blaustein and Erich Herzberg, together with their wives, August 3, 1985. The story of these men deported from Rosenstrasse to Auschwitz, and their return, is also summarized from testimonies in the indictment, Bovensiepen Trial.
102. This report greeted the Führer on his first day of a three-month stay at his "eagle's nest," prescribed by his doctor. Picker, *Hitler's Tischgespräche*, 174.
103. Interview with Gad Beck, January 28, 1985. Charlotte Israel also reported that she "Aryanized" her husband by removing the star from his clothing. This removal of the star was perhaps reluctantly accepted by Goebbels, who after declaring Berlin *Judenfrei* wanted no signs of Jews to contradict that proclamation.
104. Goebbels, *Goebbels Diaries*, ed. Lochner, entry for April 18, 1943, 335.
105. At the end of May 1943 the whole of Greater Germany was officially *Judenfrei*. Reitlinger, *Final Solution*, 173, 180.
106. Paris, CDJC, xxv, 101, Rolf Günther to the SD in France, May 21, 1943. In July Sturmbannführer Günther quashed another attempt to set precedents on intermarried Jews outside the Reich itself, this time from the occupied Netherlands. The security police in the Netherlands had proposed to deport all childless intermarried Dutch Jews, while the Reich commissioner for the Netherlands, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, had a plan to exempt from anti-Jewish measures any intermarried Jews who could prove they were sterile. Sterile intermarried Jews were even to be allowed to remove the Star of David from their clothing. But Günther saw these plans for Dutch Jews as a problem of bureaucratic subordinates getting out of line. Until the RSHA had worked out the compulsory divorce and deportation of German intermarried Jews, Günther explained, intermarried Jews in the Netherlands were in no case to be deported. In such matters the Reich had to be exemplary (*vorbildlich*). Hilberg, *Destruction of the European Jews*, 589, 590.
107. Bovensiepen Trial, Supporting Document 29 or Internationale Suchtdienst (Arolson, Germany), HO 308/242, Ernst Kaltenbrunner order, May 21, 1943.
108. Summary of conversation between Lammers and Bormann, October 6, 1943, ND NO-1068. See also Hilberg, *Destruction of the European Jews*, 430.
109. Memorandum by Himmler of his meeting with Hitler on June 6, 1943, NA, T-175/R 94/2615097.
110. Trial against the Major War Criminals, Case 9 (*U.S.* v. *Ohlendorf*), in *Trials of War Criminals before the Nuremberg Military Tribunals* (Washington: 1949–1954), vol. 558–59.
111. Interview with Ruth Gross, April 4, 1986.

XV: PROTEST, RESCUE, AND RESISTANCE

1. Summary of March 6, 1942, conference, ND NG-2586-H.
2. Reports on public view of the Second Division, which William Shirer called "a striking demonstration against war," and its impact on Hitler are in Shirer, *Berlin Diary*, 109, 110, entry for September 27, 1938, and Schmidt, *Hitler's Interpreter*, 105. Hitler's notion that the confidence the Germans had in him was a favorable condition for war is cited in Watt, *How War Came*, 35, ND 248-PS. See also Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, 460.
3. Deputy of the Interior Ministry Wilhelm Stuckart to Klopfer et al., ND NG-2586-1.
4. See Büttner, *Not der Juden teilen*, 12, for evidence of Nazi intentions to treat *Mischlinge* like full Jews, as well as Lösener, "Als Rassereferent," 268. Nazi racial purification required that anyone with any Jewish blood could not be part of Germany.
5. U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum Archives, Washington, D.C. Orders of the *Reichs-*