

## BORN GUILTY

by Ari Roth

Based on the book by Peter Sichrovsky

Sibylle, the daughter of a Nazi, 40s

Setting: Germany, the present

Dramatic

*Writer Peter Sichrovsky is in the process of researching a book on the children of Nazis. Here he interviews Sibylle, who describes the brutal fascism with which she was raised.*

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**SIBYLLE:** My father once told me that he was never given anything he wanted as a child. For example, he wanted to have a raspberry soda with his meals. As a matter of principle, he never got it. That was the family way. Not that my brothers and I didn't receive . . . *Beatings* were routine, again, in the time-honored practice. If I tore my dress, a beating. Poor marks, a beating. If I talked back to my parents . . .

I remember growing up, Sunday School, hearing the story of Abraham and Isaac. I didn't react the way the other kids did. It never struck me as strange that a father would tie his child to a rock because someone had told him to. You see, I thought parents had a *right* to kill their children.

When I was sixteen, I went to Sachsenhausen. I came home and told my mother what I'd seen. Her comment: "The things you do to yourself . . ." That same year, I gave them a book. In it, the author mentions a doctor. Well, it seems my parents *knew* this doctor and, according to them, the day the book places him in the camp, he wasn't there at all. But at our house, delivering one of my brothers. Which was all the proof they needed to know that "this six million" wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

The crowning touch was their cynicism in naming me Sibylle, so that my initials would always be "S.S." One of my father's little jokes.

My brothers say they never had a problem with him and, the fact is, it is difficult to charge Father with anything specific.

By sheer accident, it seems he was never present when anything horrendous was happening. He sailed through his de-Nazification. Still, he remained a fascist to his dying day. You can't imagine . . . Once my older brother was supposed to memorize a poem. Every time he stumbled Father . . . I can still hear the screams. Mother took me by the hand. "Father's going to kill Erich. We better leave." She actually said those words.