

Sami Varsano: the prohibition of mixed marriages; on October 16th Sami Varsano's interesting diary takes charge of a period rather long storm. Sami was born on 13 April 1910 in Thessaloniki, Greece. Through his writing he leaves - he wants to leave to his children and grandchildren, and he succeeds - a detailed picture of his family roots, together with the salient episodes that affected his family and the lives of those who left after the fire of Thessaloniki for the vault of Italy<sup>5</sup>. The testimony analyzes the events in a detailed way contemporary historians, as well as Italian events and political changes. Following the declaration of war on 10 June 1940, the 20th of the same month he was arrested and locked up in the Poggioreale prison, because he was a foreign Jew and stateless. Thanks to the intervention of grandfather Daniele, also because of his knowledge, he is released from prison. An attentive interlocutor who leaves nothing to chance, in his testimony Varsano reports in a diachronic way many personal facts and those of his friends, as well as his family, who were in France while he had decided to stop in Italy to complete his university studies in Chemistry. He manages to make up for the economic difficulties animated by one 5 Sami e la famiglia – insieme ad altre famiglie ebreo di Salonicco, come si evince nel diario – si imbarcarono il 3 ottobre 1917 sulla nave italiana Bosforo, diretti a Na□poli

strong will, taking music lessons and doing repetitions, too in order to get a position to start a family with Costanza. TO due to the promulgation of the racial laws which would have prohibited i mixed marriages - Sami is Jewish, Costanza is not - the two ancient engaged couples anticipate their union with respect to the promise made to their father to wait, fulfilling their dream and moving - as he reports - without "anyone formalities" on 28 August 1938 in a municipal section of Vomero, where "in a modest, messy and dusty office we pronounced the fateful "yes" and we exchanged rings in front of an officer of the civil status ... who read us the articles of the code". A few months after the wedding, the little family is forced to clash with what the racial laws had caused in the life of the country: "the Italians did not even know, until recently, what anti-Semitism meant; very many did not know who the Jews were. We had always lived among others, with others. We had the same flaws and the same qualities as others"; so it was natural - he continues - "that the majority felt the profound injustice of these persecutions, and who expressed, when possible, his sympathy for the persecuted. But the regime wanted tough Italians, so it condemned every form of sympathy as reprehensible pietism". So on November 6, 1938, Sami loses his job at the chemical laboratory of the Customs of Trieste, regaining it at the end of the conflict, after having suffered the ordeals of persecution in which he, Costanza and their children<sup>6</sup> they had to hide, waves avoid being rounded up and deported<sup>7</sup>

.  
Reads Andrea Bosman son of Francesca Varsano, nephew of Sami Varsano

Searching my memory I might find other details of that period, but I prefer to immediately talk about the most salient events and, in a sense, more dramatic that followed in 1938. The anti-Semitic campaign spread more and more in the newspapers, increasing the bitterness and anguish in my soul. I couldn't even imagine how far it could have gone. There had been an act

6 Grazia, born in 1939; Elio, born in 1942 and Isabella, born after the end of

hostility, in 1946. 7 Sami Varsano's unpublished diary is deposited at the Archive Foundation

National Diary, located in Pieve di Santo Stefano, in Arezzo, and at the Foundation

CDEC of Milan

extremely serious official: the Race Manifesto. Some paid university professors, without any dignity, had set up one pseudo-scientific statement, asserting, without proving it, the existence of an Italian race to which the Jews were foreign and concluding with the need to safeguard its purity.

Even before going to Venice, during my Sunday trip to Naples, we had decided with Costanza and her family

to speed things up. Now that there was imminent danger of a prohibition on mixed marriages, we needed to get married before the end of August. The wedding was set for August 28th.

I ran to Naples, we made the publications and I returned to Rome.

No formalities, no pomp. Sunday morning, August 28, 1938, we left the house around 10, Costanza with her parents, me and

witnesses. On foot we went to the municipal section of Vomero, where in a modest, messy and dusty office we pronounced the fateful "yes", we exchanged rings in front of an officer

of the civil status, distracted and vaporized, who read us the articles of the

code. We added our signatures followed by those of the witnesses and we left there husband and wife after five years of waiting. At home we found several "bouquets" of flowers (one delivered from Paris from dad, Jacques and Irene), but presents almost nothing. Many came telegrams and letters of greetings, still jealously guarded together to my letters as a boyfriend.

I see newspapers on newsstands, in extraordinary editions with headlines the provisions of the Grand Council in capital letters. At times I takes an accident: the first thing I learned was that all the Jews, who had obtained citizenship after 1919, lost it for law and were stateless. Therefore they automatically lost any state employment or public sector employment. Hiding my anguish, I went to get Costanza. On the way out I told her the news

of the "tile" falling on our heads. We already had the afternoon previously decided to go to the Almansi. We called and there they said to go immediately. They were all upset: they lost their jobs at the same time his father Dante, Renato and Miecio. ... I do not

I knew what to do. Dante Almansi suggested that I behave as if nothing had happened, and to reach Trieste anyway. The provisions of the Grand Council did not have executive value: they had to had yet to be translated into state laws and individual decrees had to be subsequently issued. So there was still time.

The anti-Semitic tide was rising; we blindfolded ourselves and we blocked our ears, in the absurd hope of not hearing and not to see, waiting for a miracle to happen that we knew was impossible or for fate to be fulfilled. And the fate was fulfilled. One morning, around on November 68

, upon entering the laboratory, the clerk told me that the Director wanted me immediately. I thought he wanted to scold me because I usually always arrived a little late. I replied that as soon as I took off my coat and put on my lab coat, I would go. They he insisted: "No, he must go immediately." The Director who didn't know how

to begin, then he showed me a telegram ordering him to do so to relieve me from duty immediately. When he said goodbye to me he had tears in his eyes eyes. "What will he do now?" - "I do not know". I took my personal stuff and I went back to retirement. I found Costanza combing her hair in front of the mirror. She asked in amazement "What is it? You forgot something?" - "I lost my job". ... For a few days I went around to see if there was a possibility of finding a job. However, these were public bodies or private companies who were afraid to speak to a Jew outcast. On the other hand, they had also started a campaign in the newspapers against "pietism". The Italians didn't know, until recently before, not even what anti-Semitism meant; very many did not know who the Jews were. We had always lived among others, with the others. ... It was therefore natural that the majority felt the profound injustice of these persecutions, and that they expressed when it was possible, his sympathy for the persecuted. But the regime wanted it tough Italians, therefore he condemned every form of sympathy as reprehensible pietism. Fear then did the rest.

Law Sofia Bosman daughter of Francesca Varsano, granddaughter of Sami Varsano

On the morning of October 16th I went to Testaccio and was already on my way I had noticed something unusual: groupings, whispers, glances oblique at every step.

At the butcher's I hear two women and the shopkeeper talking and telling what was happening and what had happened during the night to the poor "Jews". Everyone told about things they had seen: soldiers breaking down the doors of the houses and pushing everyone out with the butts of their rifles, men, women, old people, children, sick, without any distinction and then load them onto trucks and take them away. My blood runs cold. Not I buy nothing and quickly return to the Pyramid Station  
8 1938

Photo Caption: Sami Varsano on the ship "Butterfly" from Mogadishu to Naples, 13 December 1936 (courtesy of the Varsano family)

**Professor Samuele "Sami" Varsano is a chemist, mathematician, and nuclear physicist. Speaking at the University of Rome, 1959 Professor Sami Varsano and scientist Emilio Ascarelli discussed their theory of the "vortex" or "of rotating space." After 20 years of research, the theory was published in February of 1958 in Chimica magazine. Further experimental scrutiny would be needed to reinforce the theory.**

The songs were extracted from Sami Varsano's unpublished diary, written in 1977

THE KADDISH

Music by Sami Varsano

Kaddish was originally a formula for closing meetings study or prayer in which the greatness of God was exalted and yes it expressed the hope of a rapid advent of the Messiah. In later times the Kaddish was also recited by the people in mourning, who found in it expressions and reasons for consolation and comfort.

The orphan who recites the Kaddish must know that this prayer is valid as public recognition by the son of merits.

of his father, who knew how to educate him to observe the rules of the Torah and the principles of Judaism. And the public response "Let it be the His great blessed name (Yeè Shemè Rabbà Mevarach), will therefore take on a double meaning: it will not be addressed only to God, but also to the memory of the deceased loved one.

The Kaddish remains in the Jewish liturgy the prayer of sanctification of the Name of God. It is a prayer which, recited with love and veneration over the centuries, has always emphasized the will of the Jewish people to keep alive their characteristic and essential dialogue with God

Translated From Hebrew:

May His great name be magnified and sanctified, in the world that He created according to His will, His Kingdom come during your life, your existence and that of all the people of Israel, soon and in the shortest time.

May His great name be blessed for all eternity. Praised be he, glorified, raised, elevated, magnified, celebrated, commended, the name of the Holy Benedict.

May he be, above every blessing, song, celebration, and with solace that we pronounce in this world.

May abundant peace and a happy life descend upon us from heaven over all the people of Israel.

May He who makes peace reign in the highest heavens, in His infinite mercy grant it to us and to all the people of Israel. And so be it.