

Speaking of such tribulations must be hard in itself: how did you decide to open up and commit your story to a book?

I never imagined that I would end up being a character in novel. It is not that I was reluctant to talk about my life, but I thought that in this world, today, yesterday and probably always, it is hard to transfer individual cases to history. History consists of greater processes, but Ruperto Long convinced me it was worth it, because my life was going to be part of the story of an era.

How did you as a child perceive what was going on at the time?

In 1939 my parents gave shelter to a German teenager in our home in Liege. It was through her that we knew what to expect in the event of a Nazi occupation. The strangest thing is that she came to us carrying a suitcase with dresses more suited for going dancing. Imagine the incongruity between what went on in her head, her narrative of the actual situation for Jews in Germany and the contents of the suitcase!

What is your most vivid memory of running through Europe?

The sound of boots and fear as a constant presence.

How was the day you left Europe and landed in America?

We did not mean to leave Europe; my father organised a family trip to Uruguay to spend a short time with his parents and siblings who had left Europe in the early twenties to establish themselves in Montevideo. Things turned out to be a permanent situation because I met my husband the week of my arrival to the country and my parents decided not to separate our family.....I adapted quite swiftly to my country of adoption.

How did you manage confronting and living in fear and the deepest emotions a human being can feel?

It's hard to imagine the sensation of being suddenly deprived of belonging to your own country, the violent rupture with all the features that usually make up a "normal life", sentenced to a Civil Death and in permanent fear. Without schooling, witnesses, and friends of a former life frame.

You come from one of the original people...What is with you that you never loose?

The decisión to carry on, despite the hardships and dangers. A persistent feeling of being out of breath that I experienced during our whole trek across France for over three years never completely abandoned me. Exile is rife with silence and mutism.

You told “La Nación” “Hay niños refugiados que están muriéndose en todo el mundo sin haber recuperado nunca la posibilidad de una vida. Eso da para pensar salirse de lo que es uno, su propio dolor y su mochila. Las circunstancias actuales invitan a que uno no se olvide de que el otro existe”

With regard to the situation of the new brand of refugees, risking their lives on seas, mountains and roads inevitably triggers a spine-spinning sensation or *déjà vu*. Have we learned nothing?