

By the way, is this OK for--

Change film. Camera [? alt 10 ?] is up, [INAUDIBLE] take 11 is up.

When you gave your interview to the Museum, you said by the time of liberation you couldn't be trusted because you weren't human anymore. What did you mean by that?

For instance, we were so used to take things in order-- I mean, to eat, what had to do with food. And being that we had absolutely nothing-- so I will demonstrate to you. And when we were liberated, and the English people-- the English set up a kitchen for us. And we were given very good food. And I mean the food that was agreeable to us, because we couldn't be fed right away everything and having food because of the way our-- when you starve, then you cannot start eating at one time a lot.

So after we would be finished with the food, and we had one bowl, we would take the bowl with us, and we would want to walk out. And they would beg us, please, you're coming back. It's only today, you're coming back for lunch. You come back. You're going to-- we need you should leave the utensils, the dishes, because if not, we won't have left to give you.

They could not persuade us, because our security was such that we thought if we walk out of there and we don't have in what to take food, then we wouldn't be able to eat. And I also thought, if we have this bowl, we can go and beg for food. So they had to stand by the door every time we are finished with a meal, and they understood us, and they would nicely-- they would take it away from us.

And another thing that we couldn't be trusted because when-- and I was-- because we had absolutely no sense of right or wrong. For us, everything was right as long as we can take it. It was not, this is yours. And being that I came from a family that there was no such a thing as ever to take anything without asking, that was a very-- that this is what shocked me, that I could have changed that much.

Because when I was in recuperating place, and I was there in Prague-- because at the train station the Red Cross was handing out sandwiches in Prague. I was on my way to Budapest because this was our meeting place. And somebody recognized me, a friend of my husband's, of my late husband's, recognized me, that I'm the fiancée of this Joe Klein. He recognized me, so he came over. And he said, you know, Joe is alive, and he is here in a recuperating place. Come, I'll take you to him.

So I ran into the train, I told my sister, and we got out. And we came to this [PLACE NAME]. [PLACE NAME] was the name of this recuperating place. And as this man who was in charge is writing in-- I had my maiden name, [? Goldensile ?] He's writing [? Goldensile, ?] he tells me-- you know, he said, I had a friend-- I've been to law school with a [? Goldensile. ?]

I asked-- there was very few [? Goldensile, ?] I said, who? And he tells my brother's name. I said, this is my brother. He said, oh. He said, you-- this is your brother. Where is he? And I told him, he's in-- at that time, it was Palestine. He said, oh. He said, everybody can stay here only two weeks. But you can stay as long as you want, because he-- and he didn't know what to do with us. He bought us the best food and made us toast and bought us cake. And he was so nice to us, and he was absolutely marvelous.

And then four weeks later, my sister said, look, I want to-- maybe I can find my husband, because she was looking for her husband. The child, we knew already that it couldn't have survived. So she said, we want-- let's go to Budapest. So I said, OK. Then I see this wonderful blanket on the bed. I said, you know what? When you go outside, you will stay in the front of the building, and my husband also, and I'll throw down the two blankets. And we'll take it with us on the train.

I didn't go to say goodbye to this man, because I was afraid if he wants to come with us to the station he's going to see me walking out with these two blankets. So I didn't say goodbye. I didn't say thank you. I stole those two-- to us, this

wasn't-- we called it organizing. We took those two blankets with us to the-- we got on a train. These blankets lasted exactly until we didn't fall asleep. By the time we woke up, those blankets were gone because there were other survivors that meantime took them, took them away from us.

So this is a kind-- it took a while just to become normal, to realize, to know that what's yours is yours, what's mine is mine, that there is-- it's now a normal world, that you have to have manners again. But you didn't have this. We completely changed. I didn't-- if I'm telling you couldn't trust me, you couldn't trust-- you couldn't trust for no survivor for quite a while, until we became-- we were not human. We were completely dehumanized.

And what is--

You can change a person to whatever you want.

Tell me about being a survivor.

You see, I want that when everybody will come to the Museum and will look at those pictures of our murdered families, I want you to know also how the survivor felt all these years.

First, I want you to think back just for one minute how you feel when you lose one loved one. You mourn him, and you suffer if you lose one loved one. But you have at least the satisfaction of telling yourself you did everything you could for your loved ones. You were there to console him. You were there to give him aid, to bring a doctor, to hold his hand. You were there to hug him and to give him comfort.

Now think how do we feel when we lost so many at one time. When we lost so many family, sisters, brothers, children, mothers, how can we feel? The rest of our lives, no matter what we do, no matter what we have in our lives, the void can never be filled. Our pain can never be healed.

Because when I made all my happy occasion and I invited so many people, the ones I wanted most never arrived. And when we even go to parties, I always felt alone, no matter how many people were there, because I could really not relate completely to anybody except to other survivors. No matter even if I reach out to you, I couldn't get that close because you reminded me too much of what I could have been, and that I will never be.

And when I go on vacation, I take along my whole family. I even feel guilty for enjoying, because I always say, how can I do this? How can I still do that? How can I have joy and they suffered such a terrible death? We even envied you, your grace, because you at least have where to go and bow your head. But what do we have?

If my children ever ask me, when they was small, where are my grandfather, my grandparents, my mother, my uncles, my aunts, I always told them that I have in Czechoslovakia. I couldn't tell them, there, they were buried. I couldn't even talk to them, what happened to them, because I wanted my children to grow up--

How would you like those you lost to be remembered?

Not only the ones I lost I want to be-- they should be remembered. I want the six million to be remembered as brave, courageous people who died only for one reason, because they were born of a different race. They were heroes in every way, because while they lived, they did some wonderful things that made this world a wonderful place to live in. Their loss is a loss for all humanity.

And if anybody comes to the Museum and they'll see the mementos that we left behind, whether it's a little shoe, whether it's a letter, whether it's a [? Torah, ?] prayer book, remember these are our precious, precious valuables. Remember that from these books, these children studied. From these prayer books, our families chanted their prayers.

And remember them when we are gone. And remember the agony of the survivors that had to live with these memories, and could never touch them, could never have them back. And we hope that future generations will never know of our pain. And that everybody will stand up to any form of persecution.

I taught my children love and not hate, but I could never forget. I could never forgive.

Why don't you tell me what kind of a person your mother was? Why don't you get your letter so that you can read it when you want to.

First of all, this-- I am very grateful that you're giving me a chance to tell about my mother. My mother-- [INAUDIBLE]. My mother was one of the kindest people. She was loved not only by the children, but by the whole town.

We were not rich. For American standards, we would be considered poor, for European standards, middle-class. We had a house. And we had three tenants, which we needed, really, to sustain ourselves with that rent. But my mother rented them to hopelessly poor people. And she never collected rent.

She used to cook twice as much what we needed in order to bring down to those children of the tenants. And we as children wanted always to have the nice things that our friends had, and my mother couldn't afford them. We would always ask her, why doesn't [? Rosenthal, ?] who was very rich, does all those good deeds, and you should rent it to people who can pay rent? My mother always said, let her learn from me. I do not want learn from her. They need our help, and I'm going to give it to them. This is the type of person my mother was.

My mother would have died, not only for my sister's child. I think she would have died for any child if she could help save a life. This was my mother.

My brother that was killed, he was burned in a hospital with other patients. The whole hospital was burned down, not by chance, but willfully. He was a dentist. And he treated people who could not pay, free.

And he would save up the money that he had and would take the poor children and take them to camp. But also, it wasn't a camp as sophisticated as here. He would just put up a tent, and that was a camp. And he would play the guitar for them, and he would teach them the Horah, and would tell them about our promised land, which he never reached. And this was his greatest desire.

Because he gave his life for us. He had a certificate to go to Palestine. But he forfeit his certificate in order to help us. He didn't know that he cannot help us. And so he died and was killed.

I really breakdown, but it's OK.

I do it because we are the last of the survivors. And unless we put this record straight, there will be denials, how this never happened. So you better know that not only did it happen, but there aren't any words which we can describe the real agonies, the real tortures, and the wasted lives. And the ruined lives of the families that came back.

I hope my children will never feel this pain. I try to protect them. I tried not to talk about it, but now that they are adults, they have to assume the responsibility and pass on this sad legacy from generation to generation.

And it isn't only our children. It should be everyone's children, for you must remember them forever. They must not die in vain. And this must never be repeated again. And if you will let those cowards that write those books, because they don't want to assume the responsibility of what they did to us, then we have lost.

They're marching again in Austria with the swastikas. How does it make a survivor feel when we see this? We may not be here anymore, much longer, but it is you that must prevent. And you can only prevent if you're not going to be afraid to read the books that we leave behind, to watch our movies that we leave behind. If you are not going to be afraid of a little sadness, then we have accomplished something.

But if I hear sometimes that somebody comes over to me and I would speak in a school, and they'll tell me proudly, I cannot read this book. I cannot go to a movie to see-- [AUDIO OUT]

"Dear mother, This letter I'm writing to you will be placed in a museum. I was under the impression that only fine art finds its way to museums. However, this is a special kind of museum. You and six million like you created this museum.

Mother, I always remember your wise words when you said, when you cry, you cry alone. And if you smile, the world smiles with you. Another of your wise sayings, time is the best healer.

Mother, I smiled and smiled until my jaw hurt. I smiled when you were absent on my wedding day. I smiled when I gave birth to my children and you never held them in your arms. I smiled when I was for years hospitalized, and you could not comfort me. Later, when I missed all my happy occasions, and you missed all my happy occasions-- our children's bar mitzvah, graduations, weddings, I kept smiling.

Mother dear, the world did not smile with me. I felt alone, [INAUDIBLE], because inside me, nothing ever smiled. But you were right about the tears. The world did not cry with me. I did cry alone. My tears were reserved for you, for my sister, [PERSONAL NAME], for her husband Abraham, their three children, [PERSONAL NAME], [? Dewy, ?] [? Ethel, ?] for my brother [PERSONAL NAME], his wife [? Shoshana, ?] for your grandson Danny, whom you removed from my sister's arm so that she may live, and for the six million.

As for time, mother dear, time did not work the magic of healing. And each phase of my life, my pain was emphasized, as was the realization of motherhood. For if I mourned you as a mother, I mourned you later as a mother and a grandmother.

And if I mourn my sister as a sister, I mourned her later as a mother, for I knew what it meant for you to take your children to die with you. And I knew, my mother dear, what it meant for you to take your grandson to die with you. For only when you are a grandmother yourself do you know what it means.

You were right, there was no balm. There was no balm for my wounds. And you were right, my mother, I will always cry alone.

Please mother, implore God that our children's laughter should come from their hearts. And let our suffering and yours absolve all the generations to come. And may they know the inner peace which was never mine."

Let's cut just for a minute.

[AUDIO OUT]

Yeah, sure. I was in Budapest for the last three years, living without papers. And the SS-- the Nazis came into Budapest. And I wanted to by all means to be with my family, because there was no where that I could hide anymore.

And I was determined under any circumstances to reach my mother, my sister. And whatever will happen to them, I wanted to be with them. And we knew already that there will be a ghetto, and that I cannot save myself anyway. And I didn't want to save myself to begin with. I wanted to be with my family.

So there was one family that-- she was a Gentile, and she loved me very much. And she even wanted to adopt me. But I told-- and she told me she would get me papers so that I should be able to hide out. But I refused. And I told her instead that she could do me a favor, and she should buy me a first-class ticket, because nobody-- no Jew could travel on trains at all, not third-class, not second-class, and certainly not first-class.

And anybody that came to the railroad station, there was such chaos that they were arresting not only Jews, even Gentiles. Because first my-- this-- Mrs. Schwartz was her name, because she was a very kind lady. And she was married to a Jewish man, but he had converted. But still her name was her husband's name. So-- [INAUDIBLE]. No, Gold-- [? Goldwald. ?] It doesn't matter. I mixed up the name.

So she went to the station and she told me that I would come-- I would definitely be arrested, and that I shouldn't go. And she tried to persuade me, but I was determined. And so when she saw that I would not give in, so she bought me and also for my fiancée a first-class ticket.

And I decided that I'm going to-- we had to wear a star already, so I put on a rain-and-shine coat. I sewed on the star on my other coat, and I put over it a rain-and-shine coat without the star. And I bought-- and I asked her to buy me a anti-Semitic paper. And I was-- and I laid out this plan that as long as we can reach first-class, then nobody will think that any Jew has a nerve to sit at first-class, especially with having to wear a star. And I hope this way I will reach undetected my family's town.

So I put on a rain-and-shine coat, and she came with us. And I just nonchalantly-- there was lot of cars at the railroad station. And I was getting into it. And my fiancée, we both carried anti-Semitic newspapers with those big headlines, and we walked with a very confidently. And we walk straight-- with the tickets we had already, we walk in straight to the first-class. We were not sitting together, because in case one is caught, then maybe the other one will reach the destination.

But my fiancée also had taught me-- had told me-- had coached me at home how I should jump off from the running train before we push in altogether to the station, because once it stops at the station, they were always asking for the identification cards. And being that I didn't have any, then I would be apprehended. It just so happens that my husband had-- my fiancée had identification card, because he was there legally in Budapest.

But anyway, I had this everything-- we had just everything worked out ahead of time. And then when the conductor came, I was just praying silently that he shouldn't think-- he shouldn't recognize me that I'm Jewish. But all he was looking is at this paper and gave me a very satisfied wink. And then I knew that I have made it. And he also did not bother my husband, just ask for the tickets. And he saw us reading these papers. And this is how we reached Huszt.

Before it started slowing down, slowing down, we both jumped. First I jumped, then he jumped. And I fell, but it was-- grass was there, so it was we made it. And we came back. And my family, of course, was so ecstatic. But unfortunately, not for too long.

Thank you.

We need to do-- we need to just be quiet for 30 seconds. We need to record just the sound of--