

The following is an interview with Cecilie--

Cecilie Klein.

Let me just--

It's OK.

Cecilie, capital C-E-C-E-L-I-E, Klein capital K-L-E-I-N, at the American Gathering of Holocaust survivors.

Could you please give me-- are you married?

Yes.

Your maiden name?

My maiden name is Cecilie Goldenzeil. I was born in Czechoslovakia, Yasinya.

Your mother's maiden name?

And my mother's maiden name Rosa Einhorn.

[INAUDIBLE]

Persecution started for me.

Would you like me to hold it? Is that easier?

Persecution started for me when I was 14 years old. I was thrown out from school for the simple reason because I was Jewish. And my family, although my father was only two years old when he came to Czechoslovakia, but he was born in Poland. So when the Hungarian came in 1939 or '40, because I can't really remember the exact date, so our citizenship paper was confiscated, and my mother was taken away with my sister to a jail in Budapest.

At that time, it was not-- at that time wasn't a mass deportation. At that time, was not mass deportation. They only took people away who did not have citizenship papers.

What year was that?

In 1940.

And if you could give your sister's name, if you can give names as you go along.

All right. I came from a family of six. And most of my family was killed. My brother was burned alive, when he was called in for to a labor camp. And before they started to evacuate all the people because the Russian front was very near, so he got sick and he was in a hospital. So they burned down the whole hospital. And my brother was killed that way.

My sister was killed with her three children and her husband in Auschwitz. My mother was perhaps the only one in that procession when we arrived to Auschwitz that she knew where she was taking her little grandson. Because when we arrived to Auschwitz and prisoners in striped uniforms came on the train and they said that we should leave whatever we brought along, and they started to chase us out. And we didn't even know where we were.

So my brother-in-law asked this prisoner, where are we? And he was not allowed to tell. But my brother-in-law still had a watch so he gave him the watch. And he told him that if he has a wife and children, then she should give away her

child to other people with children because they are going to be killed the same day. But my mother was standing nearby. And as soon as she heard that she ran over to my sister. My sister was already out from the train. She ran over to my sister, Mina.

She removed the baby from her arms. And she told her that she just found out that mothers with children will have it very easy because all they will have to do will be taking care of the children. But young people will be sent to hard labor. And she said also she doesn't feel well, and she's not well anymore. She will not be able to survive hard labor. And before my sister had even a chance to resist or not give her the baby, she removed the child from her arms. And she just called out to me, take care of your sister, although I was the younger one.

Because she knew that if she would tell my sister the truth, she will go with the baby. So this is the only-- this is the sister that she really saved her life. At the time she didn't know that.

How old was the baby then?

18 months old.

So she actually knew where she was taking her own grandson. Now should I go back or--

However, for me it's everything very important.

Well to me, it's also important to tell how much we went through until we got to the Auschwitz. So when my mother was arrested with my sister so many years before, because to concentration camps we only arrived in 1944, in April. But so my mother was arrested. And my father died when I was only eight years old. So actually, I was all alone except for my sister was married. And she had a family.

So when I came back, because I was at my friend's, so I found the house empty. Nobody was there, only our tenants. And they told me where my mother is. She was still at the police station. So I ran to the police station. I was that time 14 years old. I ran to the police station. And I only wanted to go also. And my mother started to crying and asking me that I shouldn't come along. I'm lucky that I wasn't home. Because if I will be outside, I will be able to help them, perhaps, to get to a lawyer, to get an extension.

My brother who studied law in Prague had a very good friend in Yasinya where I lived. And I right away after that went to him. And he tried very hard to get my sister and my mother out. But it took a while. So after about six months, he got for them an extension for six months extension. And my mother came home. But we had to leave before six months were over. So my brother, the one that later burned alive, he had a certificate to leave for Palestine.

And he was in Prague. So he came.

What year was this now?

It was still in 19--

Right, you were still 14.

Yeah.

In 1940. So he came to Yasinya to say goodbye to us. And then he didn't really want to leave us, because he didn't know what will happen to us. So he remained. He was a dentist. So he opened an office, an office. He put a chair in the kitchen and he started to work as a dentist.

But we had to leave before the six months were out. So he went away to another town, where he opened there an office. And it was a small town. And he felt that there nobody knows us, and so he rented a home. And we were staying constantly indoors. But after a few months, they called him in for forced labor. And he had to leave. But he made

arrangements with a laborer where he used to send his work out, that I should be there an apprentice, and he rented for us a room in that city. And we were just living without papers there.

However, after a while, we ran out of money. And besides running out of money, my sister who had the three children, she had a store. So somebody reported her that she overcharged. This was only a gimmick because they were not yet allowed to take away the properties. It wasn't yet mass transportation, because the mass transportation in that area started much later. So they took her away to Budapest, and the children remained alone.

So I was already-- by then, it was already two years later. So I went to Budapest to try to see what I can do for my sister.

You were 16 then.

By then I was 16. What I can do for my sister? So I went through just hell there, because I was constantly hungry and I didn't have-- I didn't have money. And I worked at all kinds of odd jobs at 16. And once, a neighbor got mad at the landlady. So she reported that she is harboring Polish girls. So the police came, and they took me and two of my friends with whom I was living together. But I was lucky, because they had papers. So when they brought us into the station to start asking us questions, I was sure that I'll never get out from there. Because I had no papers.

But at that time, I was very courageous. And I knew that I have nothing to lose so. I started, of course, to lie. So when they asked me for my papers, I said, well I didn't know I need papers. My mother has the papers. But if you let me go home, then I will cable to my mother and I'll come back to you with the papers. But being that my other friends had their papers in order, so they really believed me, and they let me go.

So I had to move right away, away from that area to a different area again. And I lived in a different area. Not only did I get out, but when my friends wanted to go home, so I was afraid that somebody else will ask me for the papers. So I said we are going without somebody getting us home, because that's already by then 12 o'clock. So I knocked on the door. And I told the police that we are afraid to walk home alone, and we got even a police escort to get us safely back.

And being that the landlady had allowed, she wanted to tell them that it wasn't her fault that she's harboring Polish girls, that we were lying to her. So she started to scream. Why didn't you tell me you don't have papers? So when I came back, I played that I was very insulted. And I told her I'm moving out the next day. Because she didn't back us up that she actually believed that we are Polish girls.

So but then the Nazis came into Budapest. I knew that there was no way I can possibly-- because it didn't matter anymore. Everybody was going to be taken to ghettos. We knew what's going on. We didn't know about Auschwitz that everybody is being killed. We just knew that they're not going to leave us home.

So I had to get to my mother who was at the time with my sister, whose baby later she saved. And we had to wear already the yellow star. So I put on my yellow star, a coat. And I bought an anti-Semitic newspaper. And where I had worked, she was Gentile. And she wanted to help me. She wanted to adopt me, to get me papers. But I told her I don't want anything. I just want her to go and get me a first class ticket, so that I could travel home.

And I knew that people, Jewish people, are not allowed to travel, not even in third class. So they will certainly not think that somebody has enough to travel first class. And meantime, I got engaged with my-- who is now my husband. So he did the same thing. We had first class tickets. And before the train pulled into the station, we jumped off from the running train, and through fields we got each to our family.

Now when I arrived to Auschwitz, and my mother was taken away with her little grandson, and my sister with her three children and her husband were killed also the same day. So I survived with my sister. And my sister, even though she survived, she only wanted to kill herself. She only wanted to run to the electric wires. So I used to tell her, not today. I'll go with you because I knew if I will tell her she shouldn't kill herself. She was going to do it when I--

What is the exact age difference of you and your--

Three years.

Three years, she was three years older?

She was three years older.

And you had to stop her.

And I was stopping her, because of her little child, she became completely-- she was in shock. So half of the time, she really didn't even know what was going on. So even with the food that we were already given, she didn't want to eat. So I would force her mouth open. And I would put it a little margarine, it should melt in her mouth. And I kept constantly talking to her. And across from our camp was a Czech camp that they were still with the children, women and children.

So I would show her, look, here are children. I'm sure mother is with your child. And because we were right away told when we sat, we saw the flames. We said, what's going on here? They said this is your mother, your father, your children. They're all up in flames. And these weren't even the SS that said it, but the ones that were in charge, which were Blockaltestes. I don't know how much you were aware of also that they had to collaborate, not that they wanted to.

I mean I understand it now. But they were already so hardened. They had lost by then everything. And they even resented us why we were out for so many years and they had to be tortured for three, four years. So they were resentful of us.

As though you were responsible.

Yes, and they had nobody anymore. And they didn't care. They only fought for their own lives. So they would do anything that the SS expected them to do. And if they wouldn't have been as mean, they would have been killed too, which I later realized.

Now, we used to go to-- we had no way of washing ourselves. So once in a few weeks, we were taken to-- it place called to fertilizing our clothes. And we were given showers. These showers were equipped exactly like the gas chambers, only the people that went to the gas chambers, gas came out from there from their heads. And from our heads, came out water. But then we would get a shower. They would first open the scalding water. So that we would be scalded.

So they would beat us with the whips to go back under the water. It was such chaos. Then they would open the ice cold water which had the same effect. So after this, after this shower, we were given-- we had only one dress. Because this is all that we had received after they took everything from us. Our hair, they shaved our hair. They shaved all over us. And we looked just-- we didn't even recognize each other.

So before they gave us back the clothes, we would stand around naked sometimes for hours. And one time when we went through this kind of a shower, the Blockalteste wanted to show that she has talented children in her group. And there was one girl which I could never forget. That's why I always talk about her whenever I have a chance. She was only 14 years old, and she was a ballet dancer. So she told this girl she should dance while we were all standing around naked.

This poor girl with the SS and with the dogs, you can imagine the spectacle, watching this girl dance. She came from very famous in the show business, her parents were. But when this was over, the SS took her away with them. And we never expected to see this girl again. But they brought her back a couple of days later. And she was bruised. And you couldn't even recognize what they did to this poor kid. And she didn't even know what was going on with her.

But we had to stand zahlappell to be counted every morning for hours. And if somebody wouldn't show up, then she would be beaten to death, just in the bunk. So I knew that, so I would go and take her with me. She should still stand between me and my sister. But a few days later, there was a selection. And among the selected ones, they selected this little girl also to the gas chambers.

And I don't know whether she didn't know that there was no chance to run away, to run out from something from a selection, or because she saw me there standing. But she tried to run over to my side. You know, we had to undress naked when we were selected. And we were already very run down, which was called Muselmann, would be selected for the gas chamber. Because this was conducted very often, every few weeks.

So as she ran, she tried to run out. So the SS with the butts of the rifles, beat her to death in front of my eyes. And her screams I couldn't forget for years and years to come, because it's one thing when you don't see, when they are being killed or when you see in front of you somebody beaten to death. And it takes such a long time for somebody to die when beaten to death. So in her memory, I wrote this poem. And I would like to recite it. I called it, Ballerina. Little, ballerina I did not know your name. I only knew one thing that from far away you came. It was said about you that you were once a star, and you were so privileged as to sing before the king. Look at what they are doing to this beautiful ballerina. They forced her to dance naked like in some arena. You blacked out the present and turned back a page, and you made believe you were on stage. When the SS taunted, tears welled in your eyes, you swallowed them bravely and held back your cries.

They led you away and brought you back bruised. I knew what they did and how you had been used. I took your hands in mine, and held them very tight. You opened up your eyes and said you'll be all right. Three days later, I watched you die. You were only 14 and I could not even cry. I didn't know your name, you dear with a stranger yet we were sisters in the same danger. I cursed them with a passion for this awful sin. I don't even know whether you had any kin. Little ballerina, I'm naming you Lori. In your name I'm writing this true story. Beautiful young Lori, you surely are in heaven. For this crime against you, they will never be forgiven.

It isn't the only child that I have seen beaten to death. I would like to be able to bring back the cries of the tortured, and the screams of the mothers when they were torn from their children. It is our agony that we have to live all our lives. I thought that then I was liberated that this was the best thing that could have been.

But I have lived with so much pain and even though I have a beautiful family, but each stage in my life, I always remember what it meant for my sister to take her children to die with them. Because if I mourn my sister as a sister, I mourn her now as a sister and a mother. Because now that I am a mother, I know what she suffered when she had to watch her children suffocate, when she could not help them in their death struggle.

Now that I'm a grandmother, I know what it meant for my mother to take her little grandson to die with her. Because if my little grandson only falls and hurts himself, I feel pain. And when I hug him, I sometimes see my mother with her grandson as she walked with him to the gas chambers. In fact, only about two years ago, I found my mother on a picture in the Time magazine. There was Wallenberg on the page. And it was a write-up about him, because he was really one of the greatest heroes that should go down in history.

But as I was leafing through the Times, there were pictures from the Holocaust. And there my mother stands there right in front on that picture with her little grandson. A few days later, I went on vacation. But even though I went on vacation, because I could not go and just not go on vacation when my husband had expected us to go. And when I went to see all those beautiful places, there was always in front of me the picture of my mother.

So even though I do everything as you do, I go on vacations as you do, I learn to do everything what you do. But I can never enjoy whatever I do the same way as you do. And here, just like you should have an idea, how a survivor feels.

Because I wrote this very soon after I went on that vacation. I tell you how a survivor feels. A survivor is an actor experienced in her art. She puts on nice clothes, matched up with a smile, and tries to recapture the pleasures of life, and becomes keenly aware of her inability to enjoy. A survivor will go on vacation, and while watching a show there will appear in her mind the picture of her mother with her grandson in her arms gasping for breath.

A survivor will read in the paper about a fire and desperately hope that her brother died from the fumes before the flames reached him. A survivor will think of her sister with her three dead children and inhale the gas to feel the agonies of their deaths. A survivor will go to a party and feel lonesome in the crowd. A survivor will be very quiet and scream

inside. I survivor will cry and pretend to children it's a mere headache. A survivor will make a large wedding, invite a great many people. But the ones she wants most will never arrive.

A survivor will go to a funeral, but not cry for the dead who died, but for the ones that were never buried. A survivor will reach out to you and not let you get close, for you remind her too much of the difference between her. And you remind her too much of what she could have been, but will never be.

A survivor is only at ease with other survivors, though they never talk about their past. A survivor is broken and beaten in spirit. She lies even to herself and pretends to be like you. A survivor is a wife, mother, friend, neighbor. But unknown to all, she is known only to herself.

A survivor is a restless, tortured person. The only thing she can really enjoy are her children. Yet a survivor's child is not easy to be, because she expects from her child the impossibility. The survivor wants her child to be constantly happy, to do all the things she could not do, to learn everything she was denied. In her eagerness, she places a burden on the child. The child must develop her own image, experience, and learn from her own mistakes. The child must be allowed to experience even pain so that she can recognize happiness when it comes her way.

A survivor will bake and sweat from her nightmares, unable to sleep again. In vain does she chase the ghost from her bedside, but they remain her guests for the remainder of the night. A survivor possesses one thing you do not, a fearlessness of death for she has faced death so many times, and also because she knows that this is when she will finally find peace. Because even though I survived, there were times when I wanted to commit suicide.

And I even have written in this book my letter that I was going to kill myself. And I had already then children. I was very sick when I came back. I was three years in a hospital with tuberculosis. And I had to separate myself from my little son. And I had nobody to take care of him. And he was in foster homes. And I just at one point just decided it isn't worth it.

Where were you then?

Oh, I was already in the United States. And he was two years old, my son. And I just decided that I don't want him to suffer and not have a mother. And if I kill myself, then he will have somebody. Because I was sick a year and a half. And then I came out, and I had a relapse and I had to go back. When I had a relapse, this is when I decided that I was going to commit myself--

So you almost relived the experience of--

I always lived, and I never could recover. Yet I have marvelous children. I have two wonderful grandchildren. I have a wonderful husband. But no matter what you have, you suffer always, and I get depressions. And when I got one such a depression, I just decided--

Do you want to read the letter? I would be interested in hearing it.

Yes. The letter? If I should die in my prime, I pray to heaven it would come my time. Dear God, take care of my little girl. This was actually my little son, but I want to kill myself already much later in time. She's so innocent and gay, sweetly absorbed in child's play. Protect her wherever she is. And me, my darling, you should not miss. I will look down upon you from heaven. Forgive me for leaving you at the age of seven.

I'm so sorry about it and sad. Remember darling, I did not leave you because you were bad. Someday you will grow up to be a fine young lady, and you will bring lots of pleasure to your daddy. I know my darling it is a big task. Forgive me for letting you down, I humbly ask. Your father is the most wonderful in the world. Fate has wrecked our family we have together built. You are too small to understand this now. Even if I tried I could not explain you how.

The thing I'm doing is not very brave. I'll be the only one of the family that at least will have a grave. There I'll fight for you to grow up happy and safe. And you will remain forever strong and brave. Now I'll try, darling, to say goodbye.

Don't judge me harshly, and over me don't cry. My dearest, comfort your daddy. Make him proud of you and very happy. My last prayer and I will say, God, do not let anybody for this, this unhappiness pay.

Nobody is responsible for this but me. I chose on my own accord to go back to the--

Most of my-- whatever I felt and I could not speak for many years even though I speak in schools, I always would write. I at least had this.

Is your book available?

Actually, just by me. But I will leave you this copy. I will leave it to you.

Can I buy a copy of it from you?

I can-- I do not-- the money that I get from this book, which is \$5, I always send to Yad Vashem, or to anything else.

Then let me do that.

All right. Then I will leave you this.

I would really--

I will leave you this--

Thank you.

--with you. And I would just one more poem say, how I felt. I am the shadow who walks the earth alone. I am remnants of a race whose destruction was ordered without leaving a trace. I defied death and stole myself among the living. I walked this earth but remain unforgiving. The revenge is not mine, for the culprits are free. I am the prisoner whose prison is locked within me.

I cry without tears and live without mirth. I call upon God, why weren't they cursed. God should have smitten them with plague as in pharaoh's time, only and only then, the revenge would have been mine.

Even though there is nothing that we can do for our loved ones, we feel that we have a responsibility to you, the second generation, to bear our pain, and tell all our horrible stories, so that you should never have to suffer what your parents and what your grandparents and what our generation had to suffer. I wrote this for the students, for all the students when I go to the schools. And I usually read this to them.

I expose myself to you and to remove the mask of the survivor, so you can become aware of the full impact of the Holocaust, to understand that when they killed the 6 million, you may still know what happened to the living. This you cannot study in your textbook. Our pain is not a record. It's important for you to know since you are at the threshold of your life, some of you may become future leaders.

[AUDIO OUT]

Tell me about it.

To insist on laws where everybody is free to worship, to lead productive lives, and to educate their children, . If you will remember the Holocaust, you will prevent history from repeating itself. You must never again stand by silently when such injustice breaks out against the people. For swastikas are still being worn in Skokie and other places. And though you may think these are only a few, madness starts with a few and many more follow.

As long as you will remember the Holocaust, you will never allow such evil and injustice to contaminate this world. I

actually am here alive only because somebody else died instead of me, and I will tell you about this incident.

When this little girl got killed, then this Blockälteste each time there was a selection, she would hide me under. And there was one barrack full of blankets, so she would hide me in my sister under those blankets so that I would not go through any selections, because she knew I was writing at that time poems in German and in Czech. And she liked talented children. She considered me that I was a talented girl.

But then it was already in November. And they started to empty Auschwitz. So they didn't select anymore. So they just came to the block and they took the whole-- everybody who was in this block. There were at the time only left about 500 girls. And she came over to me. She said, she doesn't know whether we are going to be taken for work or whether we are going to go to the gas chamber.

And they took us to the gas chambers instead. And we were already standing in front of the gas chambers. And I remember still holding my sister's hand, and thinking that she is getting her wish, but I wanted very much to live. Because I wanted to come back and I wanted to see what is really going to be done to those murderers, whether they will be ever punished for what they were doing, and whether the world knew what was happening to us.

Because since we didn't know, we thought the whole world was ignorant. And that I just have to come back and tell whatever happened out there. But the gas chambers were not empty. At that time, they were a little bit already disorganized. And they were still full of corpses and it would have taken many, many hours until they would have the corpses out, until they would clean the gas chambers. So one SS had a bright idea.

He came over and he said in German, because we spoke at the time fluently German. He said, you know what? We have an order to the other SS man. We have an order to take one group, a transport to Nuremberg for work to a factory. So why don't we do this? We take this transport, and we load them into the trains, and tomorrow that transport will take their places. And this is what happened.

So we were loaded into the trains. There was again a selection to see that everybody passes. And we were given still a coat besides that one dress that we had. And we were loaded into the trains. And we were taken to Nuremberg for work.

And so the next day somebody, other girls were taken instead of us. So I many times wondered who was that girl that died in my place. And this was not yet, of course, the end of it. Because even in the camp where we were in Nuremberg, there were constant bombings. So we would be working as soon as we worked in that factory. And as soon as we would go out from the factory, the factory would be bombed. And they would take us into the shelter with them.

And it would be sometimes three or four days that we would be completely without food and without water. And people would just die. So that we were almost sorry that we left. We thought that Auschwitz was bad. And we thought that this was already-- that was Nuremberg. So because they had no kitchen with what to feed us. So they would bring in the food only for the SS. And of course, the people that were the prisoners, they didn't-- were not worried if a few more died.

So after a while, they took us to another camp. Because everything was by then bombed. And they had to find another place for us. So they took us to Holleischen, which was a third camp. And there in Holleischen, it was already very near to end. But we didn't know this, since we were completely uninformed. We had no newspapers or no news whatsoever. We never came in contact with anybody from the outside world.

So one day, we were already locked in, in our barracks. And we couldn't understand why they are not taking us to work. But it was so near the liberation that they didn't want anybody should remain alive. So they would either take people on death marches, or they would just kill them in the barracks.

Our barrack was locked. And we had no idea what plans they had for us. But we saw that there was a commotion that they are coming and going. And we weren't given any food that day. We weren't taken out that day. But we were very lucky.



One of the SS, who was-- she was half Czech and half German. She passed the word to the partisans that there are three camps that are going to be exterminated, that they are going to be destroyed. One was the Jewish camp. One was a French camp. And one was a Polish camp. So the partisans came that day. And they broke open our lock, and they liberated us, and they showed us that our camp was completely surrounded.

And they surprised the SS. They took all the SS, because they came just lunchtime when the SS were already in the woods, they just came back to have their meal. And they were going to go back because the English were supposed to come and liberate us. But it was three days until they were coming. It was still three days away from their liberation.

So had we waited until the English would have liberated us, we would have all been killed. So actually, the partisans had saved us. So they broke open our barrack. And they showed us that it was surrounded with woods, drenched in gasoline, just to light a match. So they actually had saved three camps. Not only the Jews. They broke open all those locks and all of them were saved.

And they took the Nazis-- I don't know whether they took them with them, or whether they killed them. That I have no idea. But they broke open all the latches, and we could go and get our food out. And they gave rifles to the Frenchmen, because the French was a camp of men, that they should guard us until the English will arrive. Because they were afraid there may be some hidden Nazis. And we would be harmed.

So three days later, the English came and we survived. So we still have time?

Yes, we do.

Where were you after the liberation? Where did you go?

I went back not to my hometown. We had made up with my family that whoever is alive, that we should meet in Budapest. Because this was my hiding place. So my destination was to go to Budapest. But my original hometown from where we fled when I was 14 was Yasinya, a part of Czechoslovakia. But I never could make myself-- I never went back to Yasinya. I didn't even go back for my birth certificate.

I sent my husband. Because I could never look at my house again, or walk the streets where so much of my family has been killed. And my-- yeah, I was also lucky in another way which very few survivors had this experience. Because they had to search for whoever was alive for months and months. But I was traveling with my sister to Budapest, to Prague. The train stopped. And the Red Cross was giving out sandwiches. So I went down for a sandwich. And somebody recognized me in the line, because I was engaged already to my husband who is now my husband. And he told me that my fiancé is alive and he is in Prague.

So he was recuperating. Because he was--

This was your husband?

This is now my husband. This was my--

Who was your fiancé, OK.

And he brought me to my fiancé, to the place where he was.

When did you become engaged to your husband?

During in Budapest, during the time that I was in hiding that I could not live as my parents. I was on my own. I was trying to get my sister--

You were how old here?

16, from 16 to 18 I was.

And when you were liberated, you were by that time how old?

I was already 20, not quite 20.

How long was it that you hadn't seen him?

The year that I was--

That whole year.

Yes, because we were in Budapest--

And so you really had no idea what had become.

We had no idea, no. In fact, he didn't come to the train anymore to look for me, because he was told that I was killed because somebody must have known that this transport went to the gas chamber. So he didn't even look for me. And I was so stunned and so that I didn't even think, frankly, of my fiancé. I only thought because I never accepted my mother's death or my sister's, especially not my mother's. Because I was very attached to my mother. And I always had this hope that when I was alone without my mother in Budapest and I missed her so much. And I knew that my mother went through that she gave everything up in her life for me while we were hiding in Nyiregyhaza.

However, the last bite she would give to me. And she wouldn't eat. And she would go around hungry. And tell me that she ate already. And I always felt that someday I will be able to not to repay, but make her life a paradise. And everything what I will have a chance to do for her. And because she was killed, so I never-- I could never, never accept this. And this is why I'm so heartbroken, even while I live, and even while I live in a beautiful home, and I can afford everything.

And I live in Great Neck which is a very affluent area. But as I said, it's very difficult to live with our past and to feel happy or to enjoy what we have, even we have. It's very difficult to enjoy.

How many children do you have?

I have three children, and two grandchildren. And in fact, this is my daughter there. She's pregnant and she still came along. Because she wanted to be here with us. And I have here with my son also came along. I have still a young son. He's going to be 17, and he's very interested in anything that pertains the Holocaust. And he really, even though I could never talk to my children about it, but now in these years I started already only when they asked me I can answer them. I can talk much easier to schools, where I'm not emotionally involved, then with my own children, which I don't know whether maybe this was wrong.

Because they are-- they should know.

It's very interesting to me that even just in the people I've interviewed here today, how many--

Already, a son that has two children. He's a dentist and he's a very wonderful person. I mean he is not only that he's a-- he does a lot for other people. Let's say, if somebody can't afford, he will make the teeth for nothing. And I mean, because he has seen that at home that we believe very much, and help him. Since we went through so much, we always know what it means to help others.

But I expected my son, when it was the Eichmann trial on, that he should sit there and watch it. But yet I have never spoken to him about it. And he hardly knew anything about the Holocaust. And I was so hysterical and so furious at him. Why he didn't, why? I am here glued to this television and he's not watching. And then I was told he couldn't even talk to me. But he spoke to his aunt who was my sister. And he said that he felt so terrible, even though I never spoke

about it what we must have gone through. And he couldn't face seeing the man even that was responsible for doing this, but how much he suffered and how much that he didn't do it because he was indifferent.

And I know now. But now after that, when he knew that I was so upset, he became much more-- but until this day, he could not read my book. Because he would cry. He cries. He's much more emotional about it, while not watching so much as my other children, as my other children that would watch. But as I said, because for me it was very difficult to talk to them. If they would see me cry, I would always say, I have a headache.

If they would ask me where is my grandmother, why don't I have like this one and this one? I would always say, she's in heaven. Where? In Czechoslovakia, because I didn't want they should say where's the grave. Because I wanted them to grow up like real American children, without our pain. I wanted they should come to me with their burdens. I didn't want to come with my burdens to them. I didn't want this reverse role that I'm afraid to ask my mother or do this to my mother. Because--

But they have to know. It's important to them.

Yeah, I wanted them-- I didn't want them to--

It's only a burden to them if you don't speak to them about it. Do you know that?

But I wanted them to have the assurance that the children have here, and to feel free as your children.

You see now, again, I feel it is very important for us to come out and to speak about it, and to have it on record, and even to publicize it. Because there is some day the world is going to not even to believe that there was a Holocaust. Even now, it's already being denied, and some professor wrote a book, The Hoax. Now, if we are not here as witnesses, who is more reliable about contradicting those lies?

So if we are going to be on record and even from our graves, our voices will contradict their lies. And it will be proven that there was a Holocaust, and the world is responsible, and that they are lying. And not desecrate their memory by those lies.

Are you letting the people know?

Here is the book for you.

So in fact, even Elie Wiesel has one of my books. And I got a nice letter from him. And somebody saw it in his library that he put it in the library that had been there somebody that I know. Being that it's not something that I had really just pulled out my friend, and I had set it up in the way I wanted. So I never even went to a publisher. Because no publisher is going to publish it the way I wanted to dedicate it, and just to write excerpts.

No, I understand. But it's just--

And I did live with the girl that had made the picture when I signed the scroll. So I gave her a book that she should put it in the library, I mean the Holocaust Memorial. So how else do you think it could be?

Well, I just think that if you let the people who are in members of the commission on the Holocaust, I think they are interested in all kinds of material. And that it's just helpful to them to know.

So what should-- I should?

Send a copy to the head of that commission who his name is Micah Naftalin.

Michael Naftalin?

Micah. I'll write it out for you.

Because I am interested--