

--from 1931-- not exactly sure of the exact date-- and just briefly, where were you during the war.

Well, the first was the ghetto, which was in Kraków. And then I was shipped to Plaszow, which was not too far from Kraków. And then Julag, which was another camp nearby, near Plaszow.

Then I was sent to Mauthausen. From Mauthausen, I was sent to Auschwitz. From Auschwitz, which was Birkenau, I was sent to Landsberg. And that's where I was liberated by the American army.

This was in 1945, in May.

1945.

Now can you tell me a little bit about your family life before the war? How many people were in your immediate family and then maybe in the extended family, and what you remember as a child from Kraków.

Mm-hmm. Well, my immediate family was six people-- my two brothers-- Nathan, Sam, and my sister Miriam, and my mother and father. There were six of us.

My extended family, at the last count-- my brothers and I were recounting, recalling names, and we were just under 50 people in the family, including cousins, uncles, aunts, grandparents. So my brothers and I are the only survivors.

Were you a religious family?

I believe we were religious in we were-- I would not call us very observant. Yes, my father went to the synagogue. I went with him to the synagogue. But in terms of-- I think we were a religious family.

You kept a kosher home.

Kosher home, definitely, kosher home. Synagogue was just down the block. And I went to cheder for Yiddish lessons. We were a religious family. We are poor, too.

Did you go to school with Polish children and non-Jewish children as well as Jews?

Yes, I went to a Polish school. And basically that was for reading, writing, arithmetic. And it was only, as I recall, it was about two years of schooling before the war started. And that was about it as far as my Polish education.

Can you just tell me a little bit-- do you remember anything about your family as a family unit? Were you a close family? Did you spend a lot of time together? What kind of person was your mother and what kind of person was your father? Do you remember anything about them?

Sure. My father was a shoemaker by trade. He did not do that till the war started.

Prior to the war, he was a salesman, a traveling salesman. He was selling billiard tables and supplies, and basically he was a-- whatever he could carry with him in his travels to sell to-- there was different people. And that's-- he was like a peddler.

Every Friday, I remember, he used to come home, and we used to wait for him to begin the Sabbath. As a matter of fact, if he did not get back on Friday night in time, then we didn't have enough money to get all the foods for Sabbath.

Fortunately, for us, grandmother lived in the same apartment house. So we never had a lack. We never went hungry.

We were a very close-knit family. We were poor. There were six of us in one room.

And I clearly remember that-- feeling love, feeling love from my parents. I think that is one of the reasons that I was able to survive the camps, that I was able to put myself in the place of remembering my family, and the happy times, and being loved. That was one of the very important survival factors for me.

When the Germans came in to Kraków, do you remember where you were, or do you remember first seeing them?

Yes, I remember that. Before that happened, what I remember was that my father, we've been hearing all kinds of news, what they do to Jewish people. So my father tried to run away to Russia.

So he left. He left, and within two or three days he returned. The borders, apparently, were closed, and he could not get to Russia. So we were reunited again.

I also remember my Uncle Ignatz. He was in the Polish army, and he was issued his boots, I remember. He got two left feet, literally two left shoes. Those are some of the beginnings I remember before the Germans marched into Kraków, into Podgórze.

On the day they started marching in, there was a curfew imposed. And I, as a nine-year-old, was very active and liked to do things. I snuck out from the apartment house, and I ran to the corner to look at the German troops marching. They were marching for a whole day just down the main street, [NON-ENGLISH]. So when I ran to the corner, a German soldier fired at me. Fortunately, he missed me.

So when I went back on the visit to Poland, which was this-- in June of '81, I was looking for that place in the wall that had a-- where the bullet struck. That wall does not exist any longer. But I remember that quite vividly.

Were you frightened-- not by the shooting at you, but by the presence of the Germans?

It was a mixture of fright and excitement. I, literally, I did not understand what was happening. It was excitement. It was fear, too. I did not understand what was happening.

Were there changes at home? Were they afraid at home?

There were no changes for the next few months that I remember. My brothers were still with us. There were shortages of food. Nobody was starving as yet.

There was hunger. Malnutrition was already happening. But that's about where I recall within those few months after they marched into Kraków.

When did it start to get serious? Starvation and disease, and the repressive regulations and laws? When did that begin, and how do you remember it, first of all?

Well, my recollection of it is not that good about those details. Like, my parents were taking care of me, and they were taking care of all those details. I was just a child that was there.

I remember being issued a bread ration, and other-- for their staples. And my mother, one particular time she went to a bakery to get some bread. And she was severely bitten by a dog, by German Shepherd dog.

It is interesting that-- it was just a few years ago, a couple of years ago, as a matter of fact, that my brother mentioned that. And I actually literally forgot that incident. But I recall that that's what happened. And yet I blocked it out for all these years. I thought it was something that my brother remembered, but I clearly was there.

Did the family stay intact for the whole time in the ghetto?

No. No. My brother Sam and Nathan were sent to this salt mine, which was called Wieliczka. And we did not hear from them for quite a while.

The ghetto became smaller as the transports-- people were being sent for resettlement is what was said, that it's being sent east. And it became smaller, the ghetto. So we had to move from our apartment to a different house. And-- I'm not quite sure if I answered your question.

Well, your brothers were sent first?

Yeah, they were sent first. Yes. And then my father and I were working in a shoe factory while we're still in the ghetto. And that's when my father started using his trade to, as a shoemaker. And we started-- I started learning to repair shoes. So that's another way that helped us in-- how to survive. We were able to get some extra money.

I was smuggling food into the ghetto a lot. It was on one of those trips, when I was out of the ghetto, that my mother and my sister, Miriam, disappeared on one of the transports. So I was gone one morning. By the time I came back, at night, they were gone. They disappeared.

How did you find out?

My father told me about that. We did not know what happened to them. Our information was that they were sent to the east for resettlement.

We personally did not receive any letters from our family, but there were neighbors that received letters, that essentially the letter said, we're OK. Things are very hard, but we're OK. And we're working hard. That was the essence of the letters.

What we found out later-- and that is towards when we were already in-- well, after liberation is when I found-- I found this out, that those letters were-- they were made to write those letters, and they were dead by the time people received the letters.

They came from Auschwitz?

I don't know where those letters were addressed from. I'm not clear where they were addressed from.

How did orders for the transports get passed on to Jews in the ghetto? Did your brothers receive orders one day from Germans, or was it from some other group? Were they just picked off the street? Do you know how that took place?

Well, there were both methods. They were picked off the street. I'm not sure whether Sam and Nat were just picked off the street. There were also orders from the Jewish police-- they were from the Judenrat-- to report to the Umschlagplatz for transportation someplace. And I'm not sure as far as how it happened for them. All I know is that they disappeared one day.

Do you remember anything about the Jewish police?

I remember about-- a friend of my brother's was a policeman in Kraków. And he did not last very long. I don't know what happened to him.

But quite a few of them were brutal, too. And they figured that that's the way for them to survive. And that's what they did.

The family then was dismantled. And you and your father were left still in Kraków.

Yeah.

And were you still in Podgórze?

Podgórze, yeah.

That's the district you lived in?

Yeah.

When did you and your father get sent?

When?

Do you know approximately the date?

Well, now I'm not certain of the date. I think I have some documentation that tells me the approximate dates. Dates are pretty fuzzy for me. I remember events more than I remember dates.

I believe it was '42, something like that. It was already '42. The ghetto became smaller, and they were closing down the ghetto and shipping everyone to Plaszow.

I was picked up and separated from my father. My father was sent to Plaszow. I went to Plaszow, too, but not together with my father. And then I was reunited with my father in Plaszow and worked in a shoe factory, which was just below the hill where there were mass executions.

And one day they rounded up a whole bunch of boys, young people, and they put us on a horse-drawn wagon. And from what I heard, they were taking us back to the ghetto. That's what I heard.

When I was in Poland just recently, what I found out was that the-- we were heading towards a Jewish cemetery where they were executing all the kids. We were not heading for the ghetto, in fact. This is my information now.

Anyways, on the way back to wherever that was we were going, I jumped into a ditch. And I was able to get in touch with an uncle of mine, Uncle Mayer. I knew he was working in a construction site. So I hid on a construction site and got in touch with him. He did not know what to do with me.

I knew of a Polish family that some friends of my brother's, my brother Sam. So I got in touch with them. And they-- I stayed with them just one night. And they could not keep me any longer.

They said that their life is in danger. Of course, they would have been shot if they would have-- if I would have been found there. So they hid me for one night, and they gave me some food, and I had to just leave.

I had no idea where to go. So I got in touch with my Uncle Mayer again at the same construction site, and he said to remain there and he'll see what to do.

So he decided that the thing for me to do was to go into this camp that he was in, which was called Julag, which was near Plaszow. It was like across the road from where Plaszow was. So that's what I did.

There was, while-- going into the camp was not hard. I walked in between the lines of the men and got in. However, I did not have a-- I could not be registered as yet for-- to draw rations for me. So I was hidden in the barracks, in the barracks' rafters. And someone was-- died, or I don't know what happened to them. And I was, like, put on the rolls as being registered.

It was also, in Julag, that I contracted typhoid fever. My uncle was taking care of me. I don't know how I got by. The whole thing seems like a miracle when I look at it right now.

Well, before I contracted typhoid, when I was hidden in the rafters, everyone left for work. The whole barracks was quiet. I had to remain curled up, real curled up, and totally silent.

There was a window below me. And there were-- I was going to say hundreds of executions under that window. But there were not hundreds. There were dozens and dozens of executions that I saw from the

window.

And they were the Ukrainians. They were wearing black uniforms. They were not Germans.

The executors.

The executioners. So that's where I was hidden for-- it was a couple of weeks. I did not want to remember that. That's what was happening for me for a long time. It's not till the past few years that I started looking at that within me and recalling that. It was too painful to look at. It still is. But I see that as the healing process is to look at and remember, and not to deny it-- not to myself certainly.

Had you ever seen anyone shot before?

Prior to that? Yes, I did. In the ghetto, in the round up in the ghettos. There were people-- each time there was a round up, there were corpses lying all over the streets. There were half a dozen, a dozen corpses just lying around for days-- at least a couple of days.

I saw one old man that was shot on the same street I was living in. There was a kind of a brush factory. I looked at the house when I went back to Poland. Just remember the whole scene. It was painful to look at it again. But I saw that as a healing process, to confront it and go back.

What happened to the victims of the executions? Do you remember seeing what the next step was, at Julag?

At the Julag--

At the camp.

They were buried right behind the barracks. They were buried there.

Were there any mass burnings of corpses or anything like that that you remember?

Not at Julag. I remember that clearly in Plaszow when I was working. Julag was being closed up, so all of us were transferred back to Plaszow. So once again, I was reunited with my father.

And it was then that I saw, on the top of the hill, the-- where they executed lots of people. It was a circular ditch. I believe it was a fortification from World War I. It was just huge, the size of a football field in circumference.

And it was a steep ditch running-- just a very steep ditch. Must have been about 20 feet across. It was down in the pits that they were executing people and then burning them. It was after they got through with their executions and burned them that I wandered over there, because it was open, like. I was still curious.

But when I saw the bodies burning, it was then that I really picked up a lot of fear and started like having blinders on me, not wanting to see, not believing what was happening. And I started not seeing what was happening around me. I started-- just be fearful.

How old were you then?

[SIGHS] I was about 13 then.

Now you were in-- reunited with your father in Plaszow. Did you talk to him about seeing the bodies in the ditches? Did you ever confront him or ask him if he had seen the same things?

I don't believe that we ever discussed that. It was just kind of a thing that we don't talk about. When you see it, there's no point in discussing it, no point in getting into it. It was just kind of a shutting out, shutting down our minds about that, just kind of being with each other.

I remember him being protective of me in terms of holding me. And we were sleeping together again. And just being with each other.

I also remember in the shoe factory, where we're building shoes for the German army. And many of the shoes had a defect in them. The defect was not visible. When you looked at the shoe, by the boot, it was perfectly good-looking boot.

But after some short time of usage, the heel came off. And there was a cut inside of-- from just below-- starting from here, under the heel, not going to the other side. Just partly. So after some usage, then the heel just came off. So that was part of the resistance that we saw that we could do.

Sabotaging the army.

Sabotage, right. It was about the only thing that could-- we could do. I didn't recall that till last year.

Do you remember approximately how long you were in Plaszow?

Well, it was approximately six to nine months. Again, other people recall the dates. I don't.

But where did you go from there, or how did you get to where you went?

From Plaszow we were shipped to Mauthausen. Mauthausen was in Austria. So we were put aboard cattle cars. And it was about four days. Took us about four days to get there. Many people died on the way.

How many do you think were in that car?

All I remember is that there was no room to move. We were lying on each other. There was no food given.

There was one stop that was-- in which I was allowed to go out and get bucket of water. It was summertime. I remember that. That was before going-- on the way to Mauthausen.

We were in Mauthausen about two weeks. We heard from people we met there that they saw my brothers, that they were in Mauthausen, too, and that they were sent some other place, the place called Gusen. It was a stone quarry. From Mauthausen, we were sent to Auschwitz.

In a cattle car again?

Yeah. It was a cattle car. Cattle cars were kind of open. And this was a wagon. It was pretty well sealed up. You couldn't see where you were going. There were maybe little peep holes someplace, they could see something.

But [SIGHS] again, we were-- I don't remember the exact-- how many days it took us to-- or where we were going, to get to Auschwitz to Birkenau. But when the cars were opened, we were confronted with some prisoners that were wearing the striped uniforms. And they chased us out from the cars. And we were made to line up.

This is at Auschwitz.

This is at Birkenau.

What kinds of sights, sounds, smells, memories do you have of that initial moment?

[SIGHS] Well, I remembered the wires, and the guard towers on both sides of the railroad tracks. And that we were forced to line up. And that the line was moving, like, towards the right.

Were you with your father?

I was still with my father. And I was-- [SIGHS] I was hanging on to my father. I didn't know what was happening. I think my father had a larger sense of what was happening. I was holding his hand. I know that some prisoners came and told me to lie about my age, to tell, to say what my age was-- not what my true age was, to hold myself up, and run, and--

So the line was getting narrower, and pretty soon I was in a line. I was behind my father. And I was in front of this German who was dressed up and polished up. And he was just waving his fingers, the one-- his thumb, one way or the other.

I don't know what happened in that moment, but I know that when I looked back, I saw my father. Already he went-- he was to the left, and I went to the right, and kind of-- we kind of looked at each other. Kind of not looking up, but just kind of seeing each other. That that was the end for us, and we wouldn't see each other again.

So it was kind of knowing that that was the end. I didn't know whether it was for me or for my father, but we just knew, just knew that.

Then I was marched off. And [SIGHS] I was put into some barracks with some other men. I was with men all the time. I could see some women across from the railroad tracks.

And the barracks I was in, I was picked by the Block-- Blockalteste, the Kapo of the block, to sleep with him. I didn't know that that's what I was picked for. So-- [SIGHS]

Was he German?

I believe he was. He had a green triangle. I believe it was a green triangle.

So I stayed with him for a couple of nights. I could not perform for him. So he just turned me out. And I was put the-- I was with the rest of the prisoners in the bunks, the three tiers of bunks.

I don't know what it was, but I remember that I was being helped by some of the other men that were there. I must have represented a son or someone else in the family. And I'm clear that they helped me because that was that kind of feeling that they must have had. Because I felt that I was protected in some way. I was given some extra piece of clothing or some food.

And the Kapo, too. He kind of treated me. There was a selection, I remember, in the barracks itself. And he told me what to do, to just run across, and to hold myself up tall, like.

This was after he had turned you out.

After he turned-- yes, yes.

So he helped also.

He helped. And I don't know why. So I was helped by some people. I guess there must have been some hope of me surviving, perhaps if they couldn't. Because I remember being given pieces of food or clothing. And that's the-- and that, in fact, is what contributed to my survival.

There was another thing that was very important that was-- and I got to realize that quite recently, is that I put myself in other places other than where I was in, emotionally, remembering my family, imagining that I was in some other place other than where I was. So I was, in fact, visualizing myself in other places other than I was at. I feel that that's a very, very strong contribution to my survival.

The rest of it, I don't know. Maybe it wasn't-- it was also my hate and anger. I'm sure that contributed to my survival. I was so angry that I could not believe that this was happening. Where was God in all of that? And that I wanted to survive to tell about this. So in effect, here I am.

You said before you tried to block out, put blinders on, is that related to this putting yourself in another place, that you didn't really look carefully at what was going on around you, that you set up another world that you walked through to block out Auschwitz?

I did, in fact, create another world. In a brochure that I have shown you, I imagined myself to be a bird. And I imagined myself that I was able to fly out of Auschwitz. And I wished I was a bird.

Could you see birds at Auschwitz?

Yes, occasionally a bird-- some birds landed here and there, that they were around. But not many. Not many. But I was clearly remembering wishing I was a bird.

And I was dreaming a lot. A lot of the dreams were about food, about-- that this was going to end soon. My father always was telling me, it can't get any worse, till the day he disappeared.

And I also-- it was like, that was, my internal message was that it can't get any worse. It's going to be over. We can hear the guns in the distance. The war is coming closer. It's going to end. Hold on one more day. One more day. It was this, that--

The factors are so varied, and what helped me to survive. But they still come, keep coming back to the visualizing myself with my family, feeling, being loved. I really experienced that. I was loved by my mother and father.

Did you know what had happened to your father?

I was told what they did to people who went to the left.

What were you told?

They said that they ended up in the gas chamber. And in fact, the prisoners that were there for a while, they said, you see those chimneys there? And that's where they ended up.

And still, I could not get it into my head that that in fact was happening, despite the people dying in the barracks overnight, and having to be dragged out in the morning to be counted. I still did not want to believe that that was happening, that people were being gassed and burned. My mind did not want to get that.

What was a routine day like there? Were you working?

While I was in Auschwitz, I was not. I was there a short time. It could not have been any more than about a month. And I was not working. We were in the barracks, and going outside someplace. I don't remember what part of Auschwitz I was in. That was Birkenau.

Was there regular Appells?

Oh, yes.

Do you remember anything about the Appell?

Well, [SIGHS] I remember the cold weather. I remember having to stand at attention for a long time. Like, my feet were just locked into place, so I was literally standing like stiff, like, like, balancing myself, and just holding on, that this is not going to last much longer, that it's-- just hold on. It's like my father's message was always coming through.

Were you ever punished?

No.



Did you see others being--

I saw others being punished. I saw hangings. I saw-- oh, twice I saw hangings. But I personally did not get punished.

I got hit. I got kicked. But I personally was not beaten and punished.

This was in the winter, then. Had you been shaved and--

Yeah. Deloused.

How did that come about?

Well, when we first came to Auschwitz, we were shaved. And they sprayed the powder on us.

This was after you had been separated from your father.

Yes, after. After.

And were you tattooed as well?

Yeah, that's when I was tattooed. I was given the number B7815. And that was a painful process for me. It's something that is with me. And I thought about having it removed or something like that. But I decided not to do that after all these years. [SIGHS]

You said you were there for a month. Did you march out of Auschwitz?

No, I was-- it was by trucks we were taken to Landsberg. I don't remember exactly how many trucks of people were taken to Landsberg, but I ended up in-- there were a number of camps around Landsberg. I was sent to one of those work camps.

We were working on a construction site. They were building some roads and some railroads. And I was in a-- working for a blacksmith.

Another prisoner, the blacksmith?

There were-- no, he was a German. He was a German. He was a German civilian. So I was given a fairly light job. I don't know why.

How did he treat you?

He treated me decently. He brought me some extra pieces of food, I think. It was those little extra pieces that helped me to survive.

I was given light work. It was, being in this work camp, which we marched to every morning and back at night, it was just a few kilometers away from the work site. And the job was not really hard. I was doing little things, assisting him in the blacksmith shop. His name was Mueller. That helped me to survive.

So there were many, many small incidences of something that was-- that I avoided, or someone helped me, like being given extra food, that helped me to survive. I can't really pin it down to any one thing.

Were you liberated at Landsberg?

Actually, it was not in Landsberg. Actually, it was a town called Wolfratshausen, near Munich. They started marching us to I don't know where, but there were hundreds and hundreds of us that were on this forced march from Landsberg. And we marched for about three days and nights. I don't know exactly where we

were.

But whoever couldn't keep up with the march was just shot right there. It was a desperation, like we were being marched deeper into Germany someplace. I don't know exactly where. But we could hear big guns going off in the distance.

One day, we were actually attacked by American planes on the road. We were marching. I presume that they thought we were the German army marching or something. But we were strafed. A number of people were killed.

But after the first pass, I think they saw what we were. So they stopped. We were apparently close by to some military installations. They were bombing the woods nearby.

So it was at that point in time that a number of prisoners escaped. I did not escape. I think it was that night that we were put into some barracks, and when we woke up in the morning, the guards were all gone. And I was curious what was happening. So I looked around. And I went back into the barracks.

And I was one of the kids, being able to move around a little bit more than most of the other people. So they suggested that I start walking back towards from the way in which we had come. I remember there was a little town there.

So I started walking. There was a blown-out bridge over-- so I had to go downstream, like, and find a place to get across the river. And [SIGHS] when I walked into this little town, I hid in this bombed-out house. And I was watching some tanks and some other-- some soldiers. I did not know what to expect, I had no idea what the Americans looked like.

And so not till I was sure that they were not Germans-- I did not know whether they were Russians or what, or British-- when I knew that they were not Germans, I started walking out of the house and started shouting and waving. And I talked in Polish and Yiddish. And I could not make myself understood to the soldiers.

But someone figured out that I was speaking in Polish, so they got a GI that could speak in Polish. So I was able to tell him what-- who I was and where I had come from, and that there were other people in the barracks that needed their help.

So they sent two GIs to go back with me. So we retraced our steps. They took some satchels of food with them. It was about two or three days before they were able to send in trucks and medical attention to all of us.

I stayed in the barracks there for about a month. I became a mascot for a tank unit. And it was-- I experienced a lot of love and attention to me from the soldiers, from the GIs.

It was then that I started thinking about the rest of my family, and if any of them survived, and started to think beyond my own survival.

Since then, you said that you thought that one of the reasons to survive was to talk about it, to tell the world that-- and then you said that you had, only in the last few years, remembered things. Had you had difficulty up to then discussing this, telling others about it, telling strangers or family about it? Was it hard to talk about?

It was very hard to talk about it. It was just like I mentioned it, or brought up some little item to talk about the camps. But it was not discussing it in depth about any of the experiences that I have had.

And it wasn't till two years ago that I started to realize that the healing process for me is to be able to remember and talk about it, to not to be afraid for me to look at it within my own mind. To recall. It's all there.

I blocked it out for all these years. And it is absolutely essential, if I'm to heal myself, that I'll be able to talk about it. It's a numbing. It's a total denial of the whole experience, as if it didn't happen.

I feel that many of us survivors, we don't talk about it because we say it is too painful to talk about. It is painful to talk about, but it is more painful, and it produces ill health. Many of us have cancer and other sicknesses because we buried it within ourselves. I felt as if I'm going to explode if I don't talk about it.

It's a denial. I don't think people in the community, Jewish community and the Christian community, want to hear about that. They're made to feel guilty about that whole experience. It's a denial, as if it never happened. The denial of 3,000 people being gassed at one time-- 3,000 people deliberately gassed.

This is why we're able to talk about the nuclear stuff, of millions of people, of dropping nuclear bombs. Just a Holocaust. We're talking about a planetary Holocaust.

I think we, as survivors, have a duty to talk about that. I think what Wiesel said, that we have not been heard. Our testimony has not been heard. It's because we say it's too painful to talk about.

We cannot-- that's a luxury we can no longer afford, that it is too painful to talk about. We must talk about it. As a matter of fact, it ceases to be a pain, and we are able to talk about it. We are able to talk about it when we open up and accept the fact that, yes, it is uncomfortable, yes, it is painful to talk about, but it is that which has denied that the whole Holocaust happened.

We don't have too many years left for survivors, and if we don't open up and talk about it-- not in accusing terms, but in terms of our own experience of what happened to us individually, to connect with other people on a heart level, that yes, that's what was done to human beings-- [AUDIO DROP]

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We don't have too many years left for survivors, and if we don't open up and talk about it-- not in accusing terms, but in terms of our own experience of what happened to us individually, to connect with other people on a heart level, that yes, that's what was done to human beings, and that the treatment that we, as Jews, have been getting throughout the ages, and especially the Holocaust, is the treatment that is waiting in store for all human beings, and that is the nuclear issue.

We're building bombs that will blow away people, will leave property intact, in place, for the next occupant. Who are going to be the occupants? Not even the birds and bees are going to survive.

We are insane. We are absolutely insane that we can entertain that kind of a ideology, that kind of a position of building more nuclear weapons. I consider it a Zyklon B-- an updated version of Zyklon B, where we don't talk about 3,000 people. We have all been made Jews, in effect, in treatment.

Do you think then that survivors talking will help prevent another sort of Holocaust?

I think it will. I think it is the only thing that is hopeful, to me, that we need to talk about that in terms of sharing our own personal experience, and connect on a heart level with other human beings, where we don't deny what happened. This denial has gone on for almost 40 years.

OK, thank you very much. I hope it will help.