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Paris, France and Los Angeles, California

I was deported from Paris September 4, 1942. We lived in a beautiful section. We were the only jews in this house. We were told we had ten minutes to take our belongings. As we left the apartment building everyone starred at us.

We were sent to Germany and spent 3 days on the trains. Then I was 19 months in Auschwitz. We didn't wear regular clothes, but were given these stripped clothings.

We were bombed everyday by the american bombers because there was a factory making synthetic fuel.

Then a death march. 4,000 of us left the camp and arrived in (^{Grosshosen} Grozwaltzer) with 1400.

I was very lucky. I was 16 - but someone told me that I should say I was older. I didn't know the children were being gassed. When I was asked how old I was, and I said 16, I was separated from my family - and I survived. They didn't.

HOW DO YOU COPE WITH SUCH MEMORIES?

I cope by erassing it. Like a big wet sponge. I try not to talk about it.

Partly, I don't want to rehash my life. I just want to be happy about life.

But I've been very vocal the past four or five months because I don't like ^{how} the world is turning out. We are scape goats again. It's our fault that the world is going badly. Because I have a name in the United States I go on television, and talk about

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this stuff. I feel it's a duty.

I was making a t.v. program for ABC with Dr. Rader. In the middle of it - he's being hard on me. Now, in general, I'm very strong, but here I am - crying like a baby. He's asking me questions. I'm talking about the two frenchmen who nursed me back to life and became my mother and father. I'm weeping - I never cry. He asks me why I am crying. "Leave me alone," I say.

It's been like this.

I went to Yad Vashem, I couldn't stand it.

So being at the conference is a great joy to me, and also greatly sad.

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