

KOVNO GHETTO EXHIBIT Interview & Readings TAMAR LAZERSON ROSTOWSKI pg 1  
Interviewed (7-18-97) by Sandra W. Bradley  
Wentworth Films, Inc. 9400 Kendale Rd, Potomac, MD 20854  
TIMECODE NOTES:  
WENTWORTH FILMS - KOVNO GHETTO - ISRAEL

Interview: Tamar Lazerson SR 53-57 (with assistance  
from daughter Moira)

(Camera roll 88, sound roll 53, take 28, mark)

Q: Tell why you kept a diary.

TL: The diary was my friend. And uh I can give him my  
uh I loved him. He's uh he is my uh friend from the  
ghetto, from the bad time and we was together all the  
time, escaped the time that I was (Russian) I lived in  
the underground. In the farm. And we have uh buried  
the diary in the, uh my brother. Burt. Him, in the  
earth. And after the war he found the diary. And give  
to me. And I keep all the time. I loved him.

Q: Did your father inspire you to write the diary.

TL: Exactly. My father told to my brother Victor he  
was older than I in two years older. And he said to  
him, to hold the diary uh because we lived in the  
history time. And I wanted to write the diary.

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TIMECODE NOTES:  
Q: How old were you then.

TL: I was 12 years old and uh the first part from the  
diary uh was uh ...Was lost, was lost. We don't find  
him. It, since I heard it

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Q: The paper, where did you get paper.

TL: Ah the paper. That is a good question. Um our friends want to run away from the ghetto and they receive a passport of the Kariems. But they was touched from the gestapo and when we had the tragic story we went to the flat and I found uh (Russian)

Q: A composition book

TL: Ah ha, I found a composition book and uh it became to live a new life

Q: OK, let's cut for a second.  
(Take 29, mark)

TL: At first I wrote about hunger. I was really hunger

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KOVNO GHETTO EXHIBIT Interview & Readings TAMAR LAZERSON ROSTOWSKI pg 3  
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TIMECODE NOTES:

and I don't, came to think about another things. And uh I think now it is too much, too much place, too much this I wrote about hunger, about uh eating. How to, to bring to the home more uh more potatoes, more vegetables. Other family was hunger and they, I decided at 12 yor, years old, I don't must to go to the work but it was, I decided to go in the brigade because I wanted to help my family. After I, I, after them I wrote about the weather. It was a big factory in our life because it was in the winter it was cold and we don't can't to, to warm our flat and the we have not uh clotheses, warm clotheses and it was uh hunger and uh a bad weather or it was our enemy that like uh a fascism and after that I, I go up and I became to interesting in operating things. And I wrote about politic and uh more about my feelings. About our love, to a Christian Christian and about, about our or, underground organization. About the ideology. About a chur, churnism. Uh.

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KOVNO GHETTO EXHIBIT Interview & Readings TAMAR LAZERSON ROSTOWSKI pg 4  
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TIMECODE NOTES:

INTERVIEW IN RUSSIAN

(sound roll 54, camera roll 88, take 30 mark)

Q: Tell me why you kept the diary.

TL: (Russian--diary was her friend, told about unhappy life in the ghetto, told about everything that happened and even wrote verse, and her personal thoughts)

Q: And tell me about hiding it, burying it.

TL: (Russian--when I left the ghetto brother Victor buried it, he was 2 years older he buried it in the earth. I'd left the ghetto. After the war when we met he ...found it)

Q: Where did you get the paper

TL: (Russian--Our friends Rushuski wanted to leave the ghetto, got passports. Gestapo got them and the morning after they were gone, found all their things... found composition book with empty pages. I took the notebook....)

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Q: What kind of things did you write about.

TL: (Russian--wrote about at first about hunger...  
products later about work in brigade wanted  
to help family also wrote about facts of life,  
coldness politics, love, questions)

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TIMECODE NOTES:

TAMAR READINGS

(This is take 31, roll 89 marker)

TL: (Russian???? Lithuanian??? --diary excerpt)

TL: December 10 - All of us are well and still alive.

December 11th - In the ghetto they started to orga,  
organize concerts in order to forget the situation a  
bit. And also tomorrow there will be a dinner for  
doctors. They are pre, preparing sandwiches, tea and a  
program from the works of the ghetto. Poems and songs.  
This way people forget themselves for one evening as if  
they were in an entirely different world. Although  
people from the lower classes get angry about this,  
they are not justified.

December 14 - Firewood is running, running out. Our  
stove still isn't ready and when it is, there won't be  
any wood. If there is food, there is not wood. That's  
the way life is.

May 20 - Th week went be like smoke. I still wear the  
yellow badge for, of honor. Now they are registering

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ch, children age 30, six, 13-16. I am obligated to register. And now finally I have a goal in life: to struggle, to learn, and to direct my energies for the betterment of my people and my land.

August 10 - Outside it is raining. it has gotten cold. The wind is blowing with rage, rush. Fall is getting nearer. I have distanced myself from nature. Is it possible that already before winter comes we will be freed from captivity. Is it possible that we will be able to fly out free to the heavens? Is it possible that the chains will fall from our arms?

No it is hard to believe. They mock us, our work and our hopes. It is all a lie. Yesterday, an excursion of Hitler Youths came to the workshops. They came as if to a zoo, to look at the Jews at work. For them it is a joke!

September 3 - Rain. The sky is gloomy. Terrible things are happening. I hear the Germans are talking children age 2 to 10 far away. Transports of children are coming to Lithuania, Lithuania and some are murdered and others sold for 2 or 3 marks. Your hair bristles on hearing these things. There was Western European culture come. It is going backward. Maybe what, what's next is that the Germans will eat children alive. We are fighting for the future of coming generations. And for every and

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KOVNO GHETTO EXHIBIT Interview & Readings TAMAR LAZERSON ROSTOWSKI pg 6  
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TIMECODE NOTES:

ever. Humanity decays and the world moves backward.

September 18 - A terrible mood. 100% there will be a concentration camp. Will they shoot us. Will we live? Death is better than this.

Q: Will they shoot us, will we live.

TL: Will we live. Death is better than this.

Q: Death

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TL: Death is better.

Q: Say it once more.

TL: Will they shoot us. Will we live. Death, death is better than this.

November 29 - I will go higher and higher - rung after rung to the mountains of my people, to the mountains of victory. I am a loyal daughter of my people. I will struggle until my last drop of blood to save my brothers. Enough torture. We the, we - the heralds of freedom, the light. Forward. Follow us. Nothing will stop us: not the Ghetto not the camps. Only death, death can stop us! And then younger people will take our place. Forward, always forward.

November 30

Q: We have to put another roll of film in. There are parts of this that will work and I'm going to have her read it afterwards as a safety.

(sound roll 55, this is voice over number 18)

TL: November 30 - The first train left for Estonia. I was at the station. The sight was terrible. Krikhsitzkyotzo Street was full of men, bundles, little children. The men had control of themselves, their faces were frozen. No tears. And the transports arrived, one after another. The men went up on the transports, lifted their belongings, gave one last glance at the ghetto and the transport moved. Then they began to wave their hats, their handkerchiefs, what, whatever they had. That's how the men were uprooted, uprooted from

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TIMECODE NOTES:  
life, as if they were entering the gates of death,  
still with hope in their hearts.

December 24 - A quiet Christmas Eve. The ground is decorated with a white cloak. The stars are smiling

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looking down at the decorated earth. But the green fir tree with it, its golden decorations which peeps out of every window, pains my heart the most. This is their holiday not ours. It is their Jesus who was born, and our Jesus yet to be born. They didn't established God's ten commande, ments. They don't love their brothers as theirselves. They murder them. You are happy with Jesus on account of the holiday, on account of your brandy, but you don't observe the commandments. You don't love your Jesus and he curses you. We also curse you. "Let you be damned, damned for ever."

January 1 a thousand nine hundred forty four - In the page of history the year 43 will be designed, designed as a period of the cruelest blood letting of the Jewish people. There is so much evil! There were aktions against Vilna Hey, tell me What did you do to the Geist family? And what about the people who were taken to Keiden? Answer me. And when they sold the Russian children. And when they cut apart families? And the black could and the terror of the concentration camp. And the day of October 26th. Three thousands of souls ripped away from their families and brothers and sent to the land of Estonia. And the orphans. There were burned at last, last in the large bonfire! And again 300 men to Mariampole! We have to thank you on the behalf of Goeke! You 43. What, you are silent? Yes silent! Because there are not words in your mouth. you are not used to justifying yourself. you are guilty, cursed year! I call you to judgement!: You the year 43. Steeped in blood!

After three years of deceit, there is not more hope, there is not faith. Everything is lie! One lie on top of another. One lie under another!

March 27 - Aktion. Thousand five hundred little children and older ones were taken to the Forts. 40, 40 policemen ended their lives in the 9th Fort. The others were held a few days longer and were freed in exchanged for the information which they delivered. The younger generation up to age 12 was killed. The older ones were killed with them and we were also killed. But the mothers, the mothers, the mothers!! Scratching cats bit their kittens and will not give them up. Children shield their chicks with their bodies and guard over them, but Jewish mothers are forced to deliver their children,

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TIMECODE NOTES:

and to see how they are thrown into a truck.

But there were heroic mothers, that strangled their children with their hands! The mothers ordered the Germans to kill them first and only from their corpses could the Germans take their children. Eternal honor to these mothers! And the sons? Sons. The youth handed over all that was dear to them with his own hands his elderly, crippled parents to the truck and the women waked in terror holding their babies i their arms. Awful! And what a sun shines on this same day! And she smiles down from the sky, until the laughter overcomes you. H, ha, ha...and also the sun laughs at mankind.

March 28 - A bloo, bloody tragedy. There are no words to describe it. Oh, the mothers, the the wretched mothers who returned from work and didn't find their children! God does not exist. He sent the sun to laugh. God, brotherhood and ideals - all of these are finished. All capitulate under the instinct of life and death.

April 4 (last entry before escape) - On the face of it, everything seems quiet. Those whom the calamity didn't not affect stay quiet, and those who had their heart wrenched out -- will the wound scab over from sorrow? Not, it will not scab over. The full do not understand the hungry. The ghetto doe snot promises anything good. Anyone who can already escapes. It is clear, first the older ones, after them the younger ones. ...There are no miracles in the world.

Q: Cut for a second.

(end cassette)

(19)

(discussion about what she will be reading)

TL: {portion of excerpt from October 12, 1944}

Explain to me nature, is it possible that a man is so weak, so powerless? Why then should your struggle work and suffer? Why be happy or sad! Is this not all the

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same? After all, in any case, tomorrow you will lie in a casket with your legs stretched out, and not even one tear will accompany you on your final voyage. Not even one tear! But why have tears? And is it better

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KOVNO GHETTO EXHIBIT Interview & Readings TAMAR LAZERSON ROSTOWSKI pg 9  
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TIMECODE NOTES:

to see the limitless sorrow of a mother before the body of her child? Is it made easier by seeing the suffering in the deaths of infants, in flesh and blood? No, a hundred times no! But for what purpose are the tears? The earth will receive you, the tired, in its bosom and the skies will water you with at least one tear-- and that is how your path on the face of this earth will end. Why despair in rot, why mourn? Why love or hate? There is no need! All this is just a dry section in the fields of life. But mankind, here is mankind!

September 13 - The weather is nasty. It rains and rains every day. Fall has come early. At home, there is nothing to eat. No flour nor potatoes.

September 27 - People are restless. Today 200 women were deported to Palemonas.

October 6 - There is a new decree which orders to turn in all raw materials, machines and money.

October 13 - Rumor has it that 300 ghetto inmates will be sent to Riga. The ghetto is restless.

October 19 - New searches every night. Families are mostly taken together with infants and old people. Oh, may that be already over! The control at the gate is getting worse. Nothing is permitted into the ghetto. Threats are spreading about Riga.

November 6 - There is big victory in Africa. We hear that the Allies have conquered Algiers and Morocco. Everybody is discussing the news in the ghetto. But we have no use for it. It doesn't help.

November 30 - Real winter began. The children took

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their sled outside. All aground are just sleds and sleds and the faces of the children - flushed and happy. A play so ordinary and so pleasant. I wish to forget everything, to grab a sled and to fly together with the children in freedom with the wind.(Voice over 20)

Video Tape No.\_\_\_\_ Camera Roll No. \_\_\_\_ Sound Roll No. \_\_\_\_

Moira reading excerpts FOR HER MOM, TAMAR LAZERSON  
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TIMECODE NOTES:

September 13, 1942  
The weather is nasty. It rains and rains every day.  
Fall has come early. At home, there is nothing to eat:  
no flour nor potatoes.

September 14  
Despite the regulation against bringing something into the Ghetto, people smuggle food through the gate or over the fence. Here, I say, this is a people! The Jewish people will never obey and they will live forever. The Jewish nation will never be destroyed.

September 24  
Fall weather. Rain is fighting sunshine, the wind is spreading yellow leaves, and people are digging potatoes. There was trouble in the ghetto today. Somebody tried to bring firewood from town and flour hidden under the wood was detected at the gate. This will not go away unnoticed. Five people have already been arrested. They may be executed.

September 27  
People are restless. Today 200 women were deported to Palemonas.

October 1  
A beautiful day, so warm that one could go swimming.

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When I came back from town, I carried 10kg in my hands. We have sold Daddy's coat so things have improved. That's why we've had great meals. But how long can it last, a week or so, and then hunger again.

October 6

There is a new decree which orders to turn in all raw materials, machines and money.

October 13

Rumor has it that 300 ghetto inmates will be sent to Riga. The ghetto is restless.

October 19

New searches every night. Families are mostly taken together with infants and old people. Oh, may that be already over! The control at the gate is getting worse. Nothing is permitted into the ghetto. Threats are spreading about Riga.

October 25

They say that the Germans were butchered at Stalingrad and are assembling a new Army now, that Italy was devastated by bombing, that a new offensive is on its way in Africa, that a new cabinet is being appointed in

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Moirra reading excerpts FOR HER MOM, TAMAR LAZERSON  
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TIMECODE NOTES:

Lithuania. All that, alas, doesn't help us a lot.

November 6

There is big victory in Africa. We hear that the Allies have conquered Algiers and Morocco. Everybody is discussing the news in the ghetto. But we have no use for it. It doesn't help.

November 15

The mood in the Ghetto is gloomy. People talk of actions in Poland and fear they will happen here. Today I worked a lot. Bread that you earned by the sweat of your brow tastes good.

November 19

Against my will, the hanging keeps returning before my eyes. And what is life compared with death? What's

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the purpose of living? To suffer, to struggle? And anyhow, death waits for you. You disappear from the world, as if you never existed.

November 24

It's been a long time since I read any books. Besides that, at home it is dark in the evenings because they shut off the electricity. I lie in the darkness, assaulted by memories of the past, and there is no way I can quiet them and shake myself from them.

November 30

Real winter began. The children took their sled outside. All around are just sleds and sleds and the faces of the children -- flushed and happy. A play so ordinary and so pleasant. I wish to forget everything, to grab a sled and to fly together with the children in freedom with the wind.

December 10

All of us are well and still alive.

December 11

In the Ghetto they started to organize concerts in order to forget the situation a bit. And also tomorrow there will be a dinner for doctors. They are preparing sandwiches, tea, and a program from the works of the Ghetto. Poems and songs. This way people forget themselves for one evening as if they are in an entirely different world. Although people from the lower classes get angry about this, they are not justified.

December 14

Firewood is running out. Our stove still isn't ready and when it is, there won't be any wood. If there is

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TIMECODE NOTES:

food, there is no wood. That's the way life is.

May 20

The week went by like smoke. I still wear the yellow badge of honor. Now they are registering children ages 13-16. I am obligated to register. And now finally I

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have a goal in life: to struggle, to learn, and to direct my energies for the betterment of my people and my land.

August 10

Outside it is raining. It has gotten cold. The wind is blowing with rage. Fall is getting nearer. I have distanced myself from nature. Is it possible that already before winter comes we will be freed from captivity? Is it possible that we will be able to fly out free to the heavens? Is it possible that the chains will fall from our arms?

No, it is hard to believe. They mock us, our work, and our hopes. It is all a lie. Yesterday, an excursion of Hitler Youth came to the workshops. They came as if to a zoo, to look at the Jews at work. For them it is a joke!

September 3

Rain. The sky is gloomy. Terrible things are happening. I hear the Germans are taking children ages 2-10 far away. Transports of children are coming to Lithuania and some are murdered and other sold for 2 or 3 marks. Your hair bristles on hearing these things. Where has Western European culture come? It is going backward. Maybe what's next is that the Germans will eat children alive. We are fighting for the future of coming generations. And for ever and ever. Humanity decays and the world moves backward.

September 18

A terrible mood. 100% there will be a concentration camp. Will they shoot us? Will we live? Death is better than this.

November 29

I will go higher and higher -- rung after rung -- to the mountains of my people, to the mountains of victory. I am a loyal daughter of my people. I will struggle until my last drop of blood to save my brothers! Enough torture! We -- the heralds of freedom, the light! Forward. Follow us! Nothing will stop us: not the Ghetto, not the camps. Only death can stop us! And then younger people will take our place. Forward, always forward.

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November 30

The first train left (for Estonia). I was at the station. The sight was terrible. Krikhsitzkyotzo Street was full of men, bundles, little children. The men had control of themselves, their faces were frozen. No tears! And the transports arrived, one after another. The men went up on the transports, lifted their belongings, gave one last glance at the ghetto, and the transport moved. Then they began to wave their hats, their handkerchiefs, whatever they had. That's how the men were uprooted from life, as if they were entering the gates of death, still with hope in their hearts.

December 24

A quiet Christmas Eve. The ground is decorated with a white cloak. The stars are smiling looking down at the decorated earth. But the green fir tree with its golden decorations, which peeps out of every window, pains my heart the most. This is their holiday not ours. It is their Jesus who was born, and our Jesus yet to be born. They didn't establish God's ten commandments; they don't love their brothers as themselves. They murder them! You are happy with Jesus on account of the holiday, on account of your brandy, but you don't observe the commandments. You do not love your Jesus and he curses you. We also curse you. "Let you be damned forever."

Linkova Street and the Old City quarters were cut off from the ghetto. All the people went to live in our neighborhood. And many people are leaving the ghetto. I am seriously thinking about trying to get away.

January 1, 1944

January 1, a new page in the life of the Jews. The morning burst forth of the new year.

In the pages of history, the year 1943 will be designated as a period of the cruelest blood-letting of the Jewish people. There is so much evil! There were Aktions against Vilna. Hey, tell me. What did you do to the Geist family? And what about the people who were taken to Keiden? Answer me. And when they sold the Russian children? And when they cut apart families? And the black cloud and the terror of the concentration camp? And the day of October 26th. Three thousand souls ripped away from their families and brothers and sent to the land of Estonia! And the orphans! There were burned at last in the large bon-

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fire! And again 300 men to Mariampole! We have to "thank" you on behalf of Goeke! You 1943. What, you are silent? Yes silent! Because there are no words in your mouth....you are not used to justifying yourself.

Video Tape No. \_\_\_\_\_ Camera Roll No. \_\_\_\_\_ Sound Roll No. \_\_\_\_\_

Moirra reading excerpts FOR HER MOM, TAMAR LAZERSON  
Interviewed (7-18-97) by Sandra W. Bradley  
Wentworth Films, Inc. 9400 Kendale Rd, Potomac, MD 20854  
TIMECODE NOTES:

You are guilty, cursed year! I call you to judgment!  
You, the year 1943. Steeped in blood!

After three years of deceit, there is no more hope,  
there is no faith. Everything is a lie! One lie on  
top of another. One lie under another!

January 11  
What a horrible period. What cruel hearts! What are  
they doing in the 20th century! It is cold. Ice  
pinches the hands and legs. Ten degrees below zero.

January 23  
And still every day you go to the brigade and count the  
hours. It is already noon, already lunch. A few more  
hours.... Already 5 o'clock -- 6 o'clock, and finally  
-- blessed is the hour -- we go home and the path!  
Splashed with mud, trampled with puddles, the curses,  
sighs of weakened creatures. At long last the gate,  
the Ghetto. Here is the house! Happiness? But no,  
because tomorrow the same trip. One day is as identical  
to the next as two drops of water. A day of black  
labor, a day of wretchedness. And the same outcry for  
bread, for light. All around is just hunger and darkness.  
There is no culture. No food for the soul.  
There is not even a drop of enlightenment. The human  
machine dies quickly. the factory destroys its health.  
The black, murderous factory. it sucks up a young,  
strong, healthy person, possessed of happy dreams,  
drunk with life, and spits out a crippled man, whose face  
is plowed with wrinkles and aged before its time, whose  
eyes are extinguished. Everyone will end up this  
way...

But I don't agree. I want to learn. I want a different  
path so badly! I want to be a scientist. I want  
to bring light to the world.

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February 3

Already we are one month closer to summer, to rescue,  
or to death. .... The front is getting nearer....

March 8

Another winter has passed. One less winter. And maybe  
it is the last one? Of the Ghetto? Or of life? And  
you, the sun, the big star, you are silent!

March 27, 1944

"Aktion." 1500 little children and older ones were  
taken to the Forts. 40 policemen ended their lives in  
the 9th Fort. The others were held a few days longer  
and were freed in exchange for the information which  
they delivered. The younger generation up to age 12

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was killed. The older ones were killed with them. And  
we were also killed! But the mothers, the mothers, the  
mothers!! Scratching cats, bite their kittens and will  
not give them up. Children shield their chicks with  
their bodies and guard over them, but Jewish mothers  
are forced to deliver their children, and to see how  
they are thrown into a truck.

But there were heroic mothers, that strangled their  
children with their own hands! The mothers ordered the  
Germans to kill them first and only from their corpses  
could the Germans take their children. Eternal honor  
to these mothers! And the sons? The youth handed over  
all that was dear to them with his own hands his elder-  
ly, crippled parents to the truck, and the women walked  
in terror holding their babies in their arms. Awful!  
And what a sun shines on the same day! And she smiles  
down from the sky, until the laughter overcomes you.  
Ha, ha, ha... and also the sun laughs at mankind.

March 28, 1944

A bloody tragedy. There are no words to describe it.  
Oh, the mothers, the wretched mothers who returned from  
work and didn't find their children! God does not  
exist. He sent the sun to laugh. God, brotherhood,  
and ideals -- all of these are finished. All capitulate  
under the instinct of life and death.

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April 4, 1944 (last entry before escape)  
On the face of it, everything seems quiet. Those whom the calamity did not affect stay quiet, and those who had their heart wrenched out -- will the wound scab over from sorrow? No, it will not scab over. The full do not understand the hungry. The Ghetto does not promise us anything good. Anyone who can already escapes. It is clear, first the older ones, after them the younger ones... there are no miracles in the world....

October 12, 1944 (first entry after liberation)  
Five months have passed. The sun fell on the earth. The life of the young springtime was extinguished. Yellow leaves are under the feet. The view changed. Men died. The Ghetto which was drowned in flames, left footprints that destroy wisdom. No house was left. In place of where they stood tall and proud, there are only darkened gloomy chimneys facing the heavens; witness that this place -- is a graveyard. They extend across the sky, as if they are pleading for the heavens to revenge the injustice that was done. We are now free. It is now five months since the handcuffs have been removed from my hands. The liberation came. But woe is me! Only a handful of Jews were able to

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survive from all the large camp!

I am a lonely orphan in the world, like a stone.  
Daddy, my misfortunate one! Mommy! There were not able to escape...

In the sorrow a familiar oak forest rustles on the side of the path. Only a few oak trees are left. They complain about their brothers who were cut down. And I go to become comforted with them... Do you hear me, oak trees? Am I lucky? No I don't consider myself lucky. One after the other images hover across my eyes: Images of the happy, recent past. Why do I say "happy past"? Yes, perhaps happy. Because my arms and legs were chained, but my heart was free. And now my heart is chained. Only inside a thick forest do I look

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for the path to my recent heart, the heart of the mother.

-- My child, what more do you want?

-- You mother, -- I quietly answer in my heart.

Explain to me nature, is it possible that a man is so weak, so powerless? Why then should you struggle, work and suffer? Why be happy or sad! Is this not all the same? After all, in any case, tomorrow you will lie in a casket with your legs stretched out, and not even one tear will accompany you on your final voyage. Not even one tear! But why have tears? And is it better to see the limitless sorrow of a mother before the body of her child? Is it made easier by seeing the suffering in the death of infants, in flesh and blood? No. A hundred times no! But for what purpose are the tears? The earth will receive you, the tired, in its bosom, and the skies will water you with at least one tear -- and that is how your path on the face of this earth will end. Why decay in rot, why mourn? Why love or hate? There is no need! All of this is just a dry section in the fields of life. But mankind, here is mankind!

December 25, 1946

I am not able, as the heart grows older, to feel youth, to feel joy; as it is without feeling. Though it has not yet filled up 18 years, life has already evaporated in me, it is without interest. Sad, when I think that in my spent years of childhood, the soul was wounded with a punishing wound that degraded all feeling. The evolution is hard -- mechanical, automated, and again passes to man.....

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