
IMAGE
MEMORY
YESTERDAY
TODAY

IMAGE
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TODAY

IMAGE AND MEMORY: YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A single photograph represents a world entire. Each photo and short film in this exhibit represent the world of the Holocaust and its aftermath. Each photo represents a story about survival, death, loss, and trauma that reach across generations and time. Can you see those worlds in their eyes, their faces, and the objects they carry?

At the beginning of the year, Dr. Ann Weiss visited our school and showed students a few of the family photos from her book, *The Last Album: Eyes from the Ashes of Auschwitz-Birkenau*. Along with explaining how she uncovered some 2,400 photos during a visit to Auschwitz-Birkenau, she shared stories about the people, towns, and villages in the photos. She taught our students to read, analyze, and most important, emotionally connect with this completely unique set of images.

The eighth grade was divided into teams of two, three, or four students. Each team was given the name and contact information of a Survivor or, if deceased, a Survivor's relative. Students learned the art of interviewing. They conducted Zoom sessions with the Survivors/relatives to learn their stories. In art class, after learning about the history of photography and biographies of important photographers, they asked the relative or Survivor to take a photo of themselves in a way to reflect their stories. Together with the Survivor/relative, students orchestrated the lighting, content, and expression of these photos. Then in the same way a poet might write a poem responding to another poem, students created a personal photo to reflect what they heard, saw, and felt after hearing the stories. Finally, in their technology classes, students learned to create QR codes so that when you, the viewer, hold your phone up to the code, you can watch iMovies created by students and hear summaries of the Survivors' stories, as well as the students' artist statements.

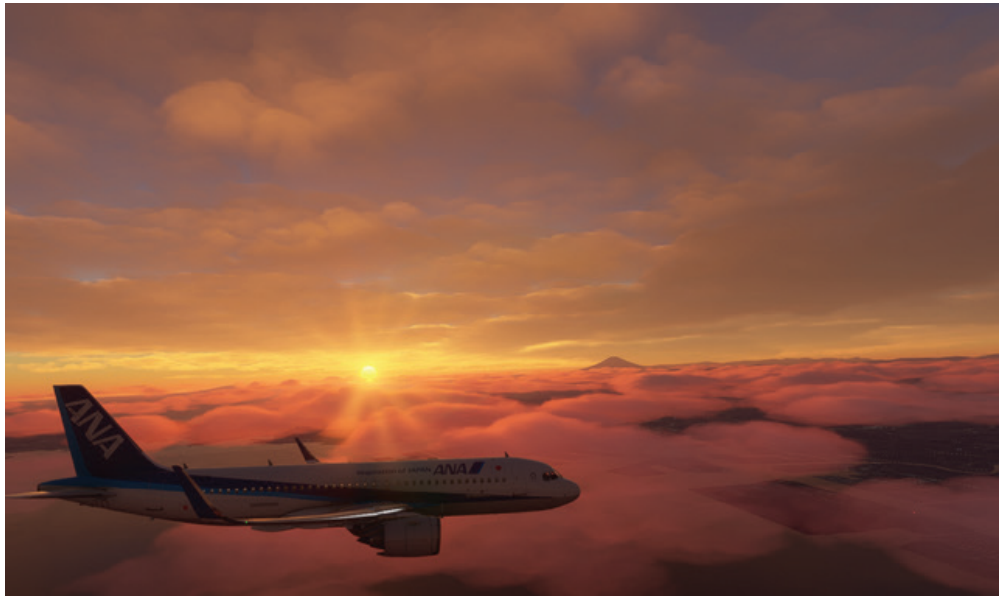
A special note of thanks goes to the teachers and administrators who gave their time and energy to help shape, plan, and produce this project: Ms. Beth Sanzenbacher, Ms. Brenda Lopez, and Ms. Stephanie Bloom. Ms. Gili Sherman, our art teacher, was my partner in all phases of this project. Thank you, Gili. A special thanks to the Lucas and Arkes families, whose generous contributions allowed for the successful planning and implementation of this project to honor the memory of Survivors Magda Brown and Lisa and Aaron Derman, who were close personal friends of their families.

But most important, I want to thank the BZ graduates of 2021. We started this project on the first days of the school year, and it is only fitting that the unveiling takes place on the last day of the school year. You, 2021 graduates, have accomplished something extraordinary. This project reflects the best of who you are as a people and, through your hard work, you have created a testimony to Survivors that will live in people's memories long after you graduate.

In seeing and hearing the stories of Survivors, the students became witnesses, and now you the visitor who sees and hears these stories become witnesses as well. You have an obligation to tell these stories to your children and children's children.

Zachor! Remember!
DR. JEFF ELLISON

"That is probably the best act of kindness."


ANA
ANA

AARON ELSTER was born in the small northeastern village of Sokołów-Podlaski in Poland. His family lived on Piękna Street. Having had three birth certificates, his actual birth date remains unknown. Before the war, his family owned a butcher shop. Their meat was not kosher, and, as a result, many of their customers were not Jewish. The contacts made in this shop helped him to survive the war.

The war began on September 1, 1939. Aaron remembered being in school and hearing the sounds of bombs falling. On October 11, 1939, when Aaron was likely around six years old, a series of antisemitic attacks began. Two Sokołów-Podlaski ghettos were created in 1941. A total of 5,080 Jews were confined to them. Among them, Aaron and his family. The ghetto was surrounded by brick walls and barbed wire.

One morning Aaron was woken up by shouts and gunshots. Soldiers had surrounded the ghetto and were closing in. The Sokołów-Podlaski ghetto was being liquidated. With screaming and gunshots around them, Aaron looked his family in their fearful eyes. A rifle was fired and hit a piece of wood and Aaron was bleeding from the mouth. A splinter was embedded into his upper lip. He remembered looking at his sister Sarah and seeing the sad look in her eyes as she could not comprehend what was happening around them. That sad look remained with him for the rest of his life. His father leaned in and whispered "run." (Aaron's father, Chaim Sruel Elster, probably died at the Treblinka death camp, just like Aaron's sister Sarah. His mother, Cywia Elster, survived the war by hiding at several places near Sokołów. Shortly before the end of the war, she was murdered by Poles.)

So that's exactly what Aaron did. Crawling on his hands and knees, he went to his uncle's house and then climbed into the sewer. He traversed much of the ghetto through the sewer, then climbed out. In the midst of so much shouting, gunshots, and fear, Aaron saw an old Polish woman with a traditional babushka on her head on the opposite side of the fence. "Come!" she hollered, her hands waving rapidly. Aaron bolted to her, she held up the sharp strands of the wire to allow him to crawl through. Aaron scraped his leg and began bleeding profusely, yet his fear numbed all.

Aaron made his way through surrounding farms and ended up at the Gorskis' home. His parents had made arrangements with the Gorskis to take care of one child, his sister. When he showed up, Ms. Gorski started screaming, however, he cried, and she took pity on him.

He wasn't safe when he ended up at the Gorskis' home. The war wasn't over. After arriving, he was immediately secluded in the small, cramped attic, which he referred to as his safe haven. He stayed in that small attic isolated for two entire years. In that tiny space, he was subject to extremes of heat and cold and dared not make a sound. Only when rain and hail clattered on the roof above him could he produce some noise. He often told friends that he would use the occasion to sing. He never bathed, never brushed his teeth or hair, and he was constantly thinking about dying. He was utterly alone. He spent close to two years in that attic.

He was fearful of the family because they constantly threatened to turn him in. One day the Gorskis left some apples in the attic and told him not to touch them. However, hunger got the best of him, and Aaron ate

some of the apples. The family threatened to kick him out, but the family decided against it. The family was afraid that if they kicked him out and he was caught, he might reveal their identity. The family was trapped in a dichotomy.

He was liberated by the Russian army in 1945. After the war, Aaron's Uncle Sam (who had fought for the Russian Partisans during the war) arrived in Sokołów-Podlaski to take care of Aaron and his sister. From 1945 to 1946, the three of them went through a series of Displaced Persons camps in Germany. In 1947, Aaron and his sister Irena left Germany for the United States, arriving in New York and eventually settling in Chicago. Aaron was one of only 29 people who survived out of the original 5,000 Jewish people who lived in his town. Only two children survived, Aaron's sister and himself. In 1954, he joined the US Army and fought in the Korean War. He married Jacquline in 1954 and they had two sons.

Since then he served as the chairman of the Speakers' Bureau and vice president at Illinois Holocaust Museum and Education Center. Speaking there has allowed him to pursue his goal to "convince people to stop hating each other." In an effort to share his story, he wrote a book called *I Still See Her Haunting Eyes*. Aaron Elster was responsible for helping to pass the Holocaust Mandate in the state of Illinois, the first state to do so. This law requires all schools in Illinois to teach a unit of study on the Holocaust. He is one of a handful of Holocaust Survivors whose hologram is featured in the Illinois Holocaust Museum. Thus, his message will live on forever. Aaron passed away at the age of 85 in 2018.

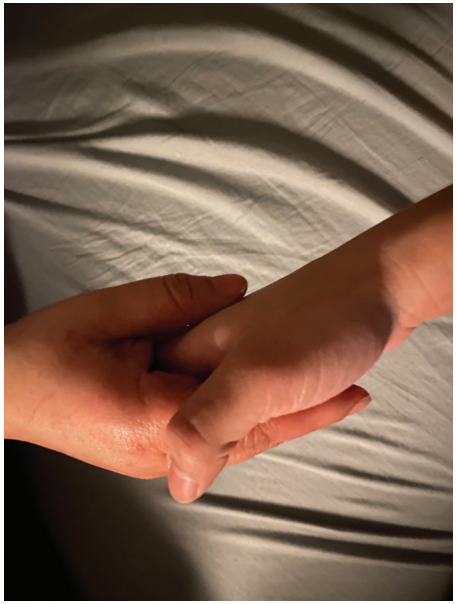
ARTIST STATEMENT. Three main ideas emerged from hearing Aaron Elster's story from his son Steven. Loss. Loneliness. Optimism. Aaron experienced more loss than anyone should. His family was murdered when he was nine. From then on, he was all alone. This feeling of loneliness was so evident in his two years of total isolation in the Gorskis' attic. The attic is where two pictures are set, it's a symbol of Aaron's story. The third picture of a partially eaten apple represents how something so small and insignificant, could mean the difference between life and death. In each photo, we did our best to convey the extreme sense of loneliness he went through. We showed darkness and empty space around him as a reminder of his two years of loneliness. Even with everything that he went through, Aaron remained a determined, purposeful person. He exemplified optimism, overcame his hate for Germany, and reasoned, "if you continue to hate, you're destroying your own life." Aaron did a wonderful job spreading that message and accomplished so much, including writing a book and serving as the chairman of the Speakers' Bureau and vice president at Illinois Holocaust Museum.

NOAH HOROWITZ. I chose to make this picture because I felt optimism throughout our interview and reading about Aaron's story. After discussing the photo with Dr. Ellison I decided to make a picture in my plane simulator of a plane flying up past a sunrise. I took the picture, edited it to look better, but then I decided I should add myself into the picture somehow. I put myself blended into the sun to show me climbing into optimism.

GABRIEL COOPER. In my eyes, the major theme evident in Aaron Elster's picture and story was loneliness. Aaron spent two years in total isolation in an attic. Two years of absolute loneliness. He had little surviving family and no one near to care for him, and he was just nine years old. We showed Aaron's loneliness in the photograph by focusing on a small cramped space. In my picture, I am showing loneliness differently. I'm showing a field on the side of the school where I often play with friends. But in my picture, the field is dark and solely occupied by me. I will be leaving for high school soon and leaving many friends behind. That is a lonely feeling. Loneliness may be the hardest feeling to experience: loss, emptiness, and abandonment all rolled into one.

“As a child I wanted
Germany bombed out of
existence, then I realized: if
you continue to hate, you’re
destroying your own life.”

"How did she feel?
I think she got to the point
where she stopped feeling."



GOLDA FEINGOLD was born on December 13, 1914, in Warsaw, Poland, and was the oldest of six. Her five siblings' names were Toba, Aaron, Shea, Shama, and Rifka. Her parents' names were Nuete Szczygiel and Malka Szczygiel. During her childhood, Golda enjoyed singing, dancing, and creating plays with her siblings. Jewish traditions were important to her family. One of her family traditions was building a *sukkah* and lighting candles on holidays. In 1938, at the age of 24, Golda married Yonkel Siedel, and in 1939 they had a daughter named Gitel.

When the war began, Golda left her hometown, and went into hiding with Gitel and her mother, brother, and sister in a city called Wueine. In winter-time, Golda's mother wanted her to go back to Warsaw. Golda paid a Pole to take her and Gitel back, and she successfully snuck back into the Warsaw ghetto. Golda stayed with her father and husband. Warsaw had been the center of Jewish religion and culture before the war. In 1942 and '43 during the mass deportations, Golda lost her daughter, husband, and father and was all alone. In 1943, when the Nazis were clearing the ghetto, she tried to escape with a boy, but she was captured and taken to the camp called Flieplotz, which had once been an airport.

Golda was taken to the forced labor camp at Skaržysko-Kamienna, where the inmates made bombs. In the camp, there were three groups, A, B, and C. Those letters determined job assignments. In all the groups, men and women both worked 12-hour shifts. Golda was placed in group C, which was the worst, and her job was to polish the bombs. One of her friends Heinoch Russe, who knew her from the Labor Bund, arrived at the camp as a prisoner and saw how skinny Golda was. He decided to help her by giving her smuggled money so she could buy food from the Polish workers in the camp. This helped Golda retrieve her strength.

Golda was sent to Majdanek concentration camp then to Leipzig, and she was sent on a death march out of Leipzig. The Russians were the ones who came upon the dying and starving people on the death march. She evaded being raped by Russian soldiers and somehow made it to the city of Pragge. There she lived in a shelter house where she met her husband, Lezer Feingold. Together Golda and Lezer went to the city of Lodz and stayed for a short while trying to re-establish a life for themselves. Unfortunately, antisemitism was still rampant, and the small store that they had tried to establish was vandalized and destroyed by the Poles.

They left Poland and ended up in the Displaced Persons camp in Fürt bei Nürnberg. (Furth by Nuremberg). They were married by the US Commander of the camp, and on August 22, 1946, Golda gave birth to a baby boy, Nathan Feingold. They remained in the camp for three years until Golda's aunt and uncle (Max and Gussie Licht) who lived in Detroit, Michigan, were able to sponsor Golda and Leon (Lezer) to come to the United States. Golda became pregnant with their second child, and she gave birth to Martin Henry Feingold on October 27, 1949, at Harper Women's Hospital in Detroit. A third child, Marilyn Rita Feingold, was born on October 5, 1955. Golda and Leon moved from the city of Detroit in 1959 to Livonia, Michigan, where they raised their three children. They led a busy and active life. They were members of the Workmen's Circle, a socialist group, and had many friends from the Holocaust Survivor community in Detroit.

Sadly, in 1971 Leon passed away from cancer after long exposure to asbestos as a sheet metal worker. A dedicated mother, Golda persevered, raising her children and seeing her oldest son marry and have three children of his own. She lived to see the birth of a great-granddaughter, Aeden Julie Nachom. A free Jewish woman and a US citizen, she died on October 30, 2007, at the age of 92.

ARTIST STATEMENT. The main takeaways in three words from the interview with the Survivor's daughter are family, generation, and kindness. Family provides love, support, and structure of values. Family is the most important influence in someone's life. Past generations are important because they help you know about the family members who you have never met or known. When we practice kindness either to other people or towards ourselves we experience a positive attitude and the continuance of being kind to people. We decided to use the pearl necklace as a connection to her mother because that necklace was her mother's. The necklace represents family, generation, and kindness.

SADIE LEVITT. One of my biggest takeaways from Golda's story was to always keep your family close. At the beginning of the war, Golda took her daughter everywhere and stayed with her husband and father in the Warsaw ghetto. She never left them until the mass deportations when she lost them and was left all alone. The picture I took was with my dad and mom showing our hands stacking on top of each other. This photo connects with Golda's story in the sense that our hands are connected in a powerful way that cannot be separated. I will never let my family go.

AEDEN NACHOM. In my photo, I am trying to express the ideas of sadness and loneliness. While listening to the story about Golda, all I could think about was her pain and isolation. I could never dream of that happening because I love my family so much. Going through this by herself seems so lonely and scary. This photo reveals my connections to the story not just mentally but emotionally because when I hear any Survivor story I cannot just listen to the words, I have to be emotionally connected to it.

RACHEL LIPSITZ. For my photograph, I tried to convey always holding on to your family members no matter what. In Golda's story, we learned about how she lost her first husband and members of her family. But this did not stop her. After the war, Golda created a new family with new bonds. I always want to stay close with my family and make them happy. In my picture, you can see my mother and I holding each other's hands, reflecting the deep bond that exists between me and my mom. After hearing Golda's story, I realized how important family is to me, and I hope that feeling will always remain.

LEONIE BERGMAN

"I spent three-and-a-half years in the convent. They never ever tried to convert me. One time, later as adult, a friend questioned my Jewishness. I was angry because the only thing I brought with me from my war-time experiences was my Jewishness."

LEONIE BERGMAN is a Holocaust Survivor. She was born on August 25, 1935, and currently lives in Skokie. Her parents were both born in Poland but moved to Germany. She was born in Berlin as Loni Taffel, which was changed to Leonie Taffel when she was still in Belgium and before she came to the United States in late 1946. Until the age of seven, Leonie grew up in a conservative Jewish household and is still a conservative Jew today. In Berlin, Leonie lived in an immigrant neighborhood near the Jewish community center. Leonie's father, a tailor, made ladies' coats, and her mother was a bookkeeper. A couple of months before Kristallnacht (November 9–10, 1938) Leonie and her family moved to Brussels, Belgium, as a means to escape the persecution against the Jewish people in Germany. Her sister, Claire, was born in 1940 in Belgium. Germany invaded Belgium in May 1940. Leonie moved a total of 11 times during her early life in Belgium. While she was there different women came for her and took her from house to house until she settled in the Franciscan Sisters convent in the winter of 1942. Each of the 11 moves was to escape the Nazis. Leonie suspects the women helping her worked for a resistance group. Leonie does not know who got her into the convent or who paid for her living expenses. There her name was changed to Louise.

The convent was located in Tervuren, Belgium. he was protected and was cared for by nuns. When Leonie was in first grade, while still living with her family, she was kicked out of public school for being Jewish and she had no formal schooling until after the war. In the convent, Leonie learned to read, peel potatoes carefully, wash the dishes, talk to the nuns, and knit socks for the Allies. She was never allowed to leave the premises. There was a "game" under adults' supervision where Leonie and the other children tried to catch a pig that was running within a circle that the nuns had made in the yard. The pig was cooked and eaten by all who lived there.

Only the Mother Superior (the head of the convent) and maybe a few nuns knew Leonie was secretly Jewish; the other children in this boarding school were not supposed to know. The nuns never attempted to convert Leonie; the nuns who knew of her identity respected her Jewish faith. She saw her sister, who was also hiding nearby, every couple of months, and her mother, with danger all around, made an effort to give her challah for Shabbat. They did not make contact at any other time. One day, the Christian children who attended the Catholic school in town came back with terrible news: Leonie and Claire's parents had been taken away by the Nazis. Later Leonie learned that her parents were taken and killed at Auschwitz, only two months before the liberation of Belgium.

In December 1946, people (presumably a resistance group) took Leonie, Claire, and other children to America. While in America Leonie and Claire lived with their uncle in New York. The sisters had not met the uncle before moving in with him and his second wife. Leonie's uncle eventually sent both girls to live with a younger couple. Sadly the wife was extremely unfit to take care of a child. She physically hurt Leonie, and eventually Leonie, in contact with social services, was able to move to Chicago.

Leonie attended Senn High School in Chicago and enjoyed high school. Leonie has been living in America since she came here in 1946, and she has never forgotten her story. Leonie married and had two children. Today she is blessed with four grandchildren. Leonie's husband passed away five years ago. She makes an effort to spread awareness and share her story. Leonie has done multiple interviews and is set on using her experiences and knowledge of the Holocaust to make a difference in the world and to help prevent this happening to any minority group ever again.

ARTIST STATEMENT. During the Holocaust, Leonie Bergman moved a total of 11 times in her childhood to evade the Nazis. During her stay at the convent, she developed a love for potatoes, which helped keep her alive. One might think that having to eat so many potatoes just to survive would create a dislike for them later in life. That is not the case with Leonie. To this day, she loves potatoes. In our picture, Leonie is holding one by her face, symbolizing hope and survival. The goal of all Jews during the Holocaust was survival.

BENNETT LEVINSON. While talking with Leonie Bergman I learned that while she was hiding in the convent she ate almost exclusively potatoes, and to this day she loves potatoes. Though it is impossible to compare my story with hers, my photo shows me holding a baseball glove. The game of baseball and its spirit of competition, together with the green grass, the sun, and the swing of the bat, bring me pure joy.

COLE SHASHOUA. My reaction photo to Leonie Bergman's story reveals a dark surface with a differently shaded piece of paper in the middle. The theme of survival was key to understanding her story when she was hiding from Nazi Germany. My photo symbolizes Leonie hiding and not fitting in completely. This photo represents not only her story but the story of all hidden children during the Holocaust.

NOAH WEINBERGER. For my photo I wanted to portray the message of strength and fearlessness, but I also wanted to show the dark side of things, the negative parts of the story. I chose to incorporate a potato in my picture because I wanted my picture to very closely follow the pictures taken of Ms. Bergman. My photo represents the many hardships that she went through and to further suggest that sometimes something as simple as a potato is all we need to overcome our own hardships.

AGNES SCHWARTZ

"At the Illinois Holocaust Museum, our motto is *never again*, but I'm not so sure about that, and I hope that that kind of antisemitism, if it ever sprung up again, that the world would not just sit by and watch like they did during World War II."


8

AGNES SCHWARTZ was born into a Jewish family in Budapest, Hungary, on July 24, 1933. In general, she had a happy childhood living in an upscale apartment playing with her friends outside. Agnes's mother, Margit Schwartz (changed her last name to Freidman), and Agnes's father, Eugene Gruner, as well as other family members took annual summer and winter vacations to her grandparents' farm. Before the war she attended an all-girls Catholic school, where she studied the Bible, which later helped her avoid detection from Nazis in the bunker. Money was never an issue for the small family, and life was good for Agnes, at least early on.

However, when the bombings began, the Germans forced the family from their apartment into an ugly yellow building with the Star of David on it with two other women. The building was located in a ghetto. When the Germans invaded Hungary in March of 1944, deportations began in the rural areas. Agnes's grandparents lived in a rural area, so they moved in with Agnes and two other ladies. Around the same time, Agnes and her family also had to wear the yellow star, and Eugene was stripped of his business. Because Eugene lost his business, he could no longer afford to send Agnes to a private Catholic school.

In November of 1944, a group of Nazi officers came to their building and ordered all men between the ages of 18 and 45 to line up outside. Later in the month, the Nazis repeated the act and seized all women within that same age group. After Eugene was taken by the Nazis, he served as a guide for the Nazis as they traveled through Budapest. He later found out that this job saved his life.

A man by the name of Raoul Wallenberg, a Swedish diplomat, saved tens of thousands of Jews during World War II. Wallenberg bought up many apartments and houses throughout Hungary. Agnes's father may or may not have used a fake pass to live in one of these houses to survive the war. After the war, Agnes went into a shop and heard the unfortunate news about her mother from a lady that was once in Bergen-Belsen with Margit. She said "that Margit died on January 13, 1945, in Bergen-Belsen from natural causes." However, it is unclear how Margit ended up in Bergen-Belsen. Agnes was left to live with her grandparents.

Shortly after Agnes's parents were taken, Agnes's grandfather became very sick and was never seen again after going to the hospital. According to Agnes, her grandmother, "walked around wringing her hands wondering what would happen to me." Her grandmother thought the best way to keep Agnes safe was to send her with Julia, Agnes's former maid. One day in 1944, Julia, a wonderful Catholic woman, picked up Agnes and she instantly became known as Julia's niece and a Catholic. Julia hid Agnes in her apartment's bomb shelter from 1944 to 1946, and Julia became a motherly figure for Agnes. Agnes's knowledge of the New Testament helped her fit in better with the Christians that surrounded her in the bunker. Life in the bunker was miserable. Agnes said, "if you had to go to the bathroom, there was a communal bucket." The worst part of the bunkers, according to Agnes, was "the bed bugs and the lack of food given to those who lived in the bunker."

After the war, in January of 1947, Agnes reunited with her father, and they decided to immigrate to Chicago,

Illinois. At the train station, Julia gave Agnes a ring to remember her, and it is very special to Agnes. From Budapest, Agnes, and her father took a train to Berlin, Germany. They stayed in a bombed-out hotel. She was not happy being in Berlin because she knew that the Germans caused her mother's death and caused her to suffer. The next day she got on a propeller PanAm plane and went to New York City. Agnes's father found out that he had tuberculosis when they met Agnes's aunt and uncle, and he had to go to a sanitarium for a period of time. Agnes was left with people she did not know and a new language and new way of life she did not understand. It was hard for her.

After just a short time in Chicago, Eugene traveled back to Europe. It is possible Eugene did not feel loved, could not adapt to the western lifestyle, or wanted his businesses back. After her father left for Europe, she felt angry and abandoned. Their relationship was never the same. Her father remarried, and his new wife had a girl just her age; she felt like she was replaced. This loneliness/abandonment feeling caused Agnes to have an urge to find someone to love. Consequently, she married the first person she met and had three children with him. Sadly, after a 15-year marriage they got divorced.

The first encounter Agnes had with her past life in Budapest was when her grandson asked her to talk about the Holocaust at his school. This event led to Agnes nominating Julia's family for the title of Righteous Among the Nations, an honor presented by Yad Vashem. Agnes soon joined the Illinois Holocaust Museum. She wrote a book about her experience in the Holocaust called *A Roll of the Dice* (2011). She chose this title because who lived or died was a roll of the dice, completely random.

Today Agnes is isolated from people, like a lot of other Americans, and wishes to see her children and grandchildren. In total Agnes has three children, four grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Her father died several years ago. Sometimes Agnes still feels that abandonment by her father from when they first moved to America. One of Agnes's missions is to tell people about the Holocaust and to make sure NO ONE FORGETS.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Margit gave Agnes two elk figurines before she was deported, and Agnes has cherished them ever since. These elks brought hope to Agnes throughout the entirety of the Holocaust. Agnes was forced to live with a Catholic Hungarian woman, Julia, for the last two years of the Holocaust. During this time, Agnes did not know what had happened to her mother, Margit, but Margit's fate was sealed the second she was taken by the Nazis. These elks respresent not only hope and perseverance but also Margit's spirit.

MYLES LEVINE. Luck and chance. Agnes wrote a story called *A Roll of the Dice*, and it explains how whether you survived the Holocaust or didn't was all luck. I chose to take a picture of an eight ball from a billards game. To me, this ball represents both good luck and bad, a factor of chance. I poured some water around the base of the eight ball. This gave a reflection effect of both the eight ball and the building behind it. This reflection

that appears to be below ground represents the people who died during the Holocaust and how they can never be forgotten. Whether the eight ball brings good luck or bad is similar to whether one would survive or die during the Holocaust.

OREN GUTTMAN. *A Roll of the Dice*, the book that Agnes wrote, describes the Holocaust as a roll of a dice of who lives and dies. When Agnes was telling us her story, I kept on picturing a Nazi officer spinning a die for who gets to live. My reaction photo, my vision when Agnes was describing her story, is a pile of dice, with one die spinning. The wood table in the background is simple to convey that the Nazis did not think hard about their desisions: They just rolled the dice over and over again. In Agnes's family, the Nazis rolled an odd number and Margit, her mother, was killed. The Nazis rolled a second die for her father, Eugene, and this time the die showed an even number allowing his life to go on. The dice show not only a resemblance to Agnes's family, but to all families of the Holocaust.


8

ANNELIESE ISAAC / JEFF ESSER

"My grandfather believed things would get better."


Supreme


PASSPORT
United States
of America


We the People
USA

This is the story of ANNELIESE ESSER (née Isaac) as told by her son Jeff Esser.

Both of Mr. Esser's parents were born in Germany. His father's family saw the handwriting on the wall and started early efforts to get out of Germany. They lived in a bigger city and saw the discrimination against Jews earlier. His grandfather was a livestock/cattle dealer. He was at the town square, and Nazis would attack him with a cane and beat him simply because he was Jewish. They had more Jewish contacts and were able to hear about what was happening around the country. They heard the alarm bells ringing. To immigrate one needed documents from Germany and a visa from a country that would allow you in, as well as a sponsor in the United States who would be financially responsible for the immigrant. Mr. Esser's father's family was able to get out in 1937 before Kristallnacht.

His mother's family was not as fortunate. Mr. Esser's mother, Anneliese, was born on January 27, 1930, and she grew up in a small town called Wallertheim near Frankfurt. The family was highly observant and the neighbors respected them. His great-grandfather was a well-respected man in the community. Upon his death, the Lutheran Church even rang bells during his funeral. Anneliese's father was a grain merchant, and with the rise of Hitler customers stopped coming until ultimately his business ceased to exist. Mr. Esser's grandfather was a faithful Jew who attended synagogue twice a day.

Anneliese's father believed that Hitler would not last, and his family, therefore, remained in Germany. After Hitler came to power, Anneliese remembers that when the Nazis sang the Horst Wessel song in school, she had to leave the room along with another Jewish girl to sit on the steps. So even before the age of eight, she felt ostracized. As a young child, she felt as if she had done something wrong. Eventually, the Jewish children were not allowed to attend public school. A tutor came to the town and taught Jewish education to a few children, but then the Nazis prohibited it. Her family celebrated a traditional Shabbat with candle lighting and traditional food. She loved the dessert. They had a car and would visit relatives on Sundays, which was a common thing to do at the time.

Kristallnacht occurred on November 9 and 10, and Anneliese's family was affected on the second day. The Nazis completely vandalized their home, and her father was arrested, but after a few days, he was released. (At this period most Jewish men were arrested and then released after being threatened and tortured and agreeing to leave Germany immediately). Mr. Esser's grandmother took his mother and his aunt to a small town called Wollstein, where her parents lived. His great-grandmother survived the war but not his great-grandfather and other members of the family. She had been deported to Terezin, however, she had skills in sewing, which saved her life. She helped sew German military uniforms. After his grandfather's return, efforts to leave Germany began in haste. Somehow the family became aware of a *kindertransport*. After a bus ride to Frankfurt, Anneliese left Germany on January 5, 1939. Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the famous sex therapist, happened to be on the same train that left Frankfurt to Heiden, Switzerland. Dr. Ruth, in an interview, said the children were so sad on the train that she decided to sing her favorite popular and liturgical German

songs, and she gave away her teddy bear to a child who needed it more. The Jewish community in Zurich had started a home to save Jewish children. Anneliese lived at the home from January 1939 until the summer of 1940. She felt lonely and frightened because she did not know what happened to her parents. Each week they had to write a letter home. They attended a school studying traditional subjects. Then, at age nine, she traveled with a few other children and a chaperone to France then to Spain and then to Portugal. She left on a ship and arrived in New York to stay with an uncle.

Anneliese's parents were fortunate as they had gotten on the last ship leaving Germany for England. They left with virtually nothing. They went from leading a good middle-class life to living in poverty in England. Mr. Esser's grandmother sewed other people's clothes just for something to eat. They left England and arrived in the United States. They went to Stevens Point, Wisconsin, because Mr. Esser's grandfather's sister was living there. People in the synagogue agreed to help fund them when they arrived. After a short stay in New York, Anneliese was sent to live with her parents in Wisconsin where they continued to maintain Jewish traditions and keep kosher. Her father developed leukemia and lived only for a year and a half after she arrived. They moved to Milwaukee where he could get better care. They lived in a Jewish neighborhood in Milwaukee. Anneliese's mother worked at a candy factory where for many hours each day she wrapped candy for a meager salary. As was the case with many Survivors, they did not want to be perceived as immigrants. It was important to them to learn English and not have a German accent, to become Americans. Anneliese had to help support the family, so during high school she worked at a Jewish bakery. A Jewish customer kept coming in, but he was too shy to ask her out. His uncle said, "if you don't ask her out I will." He did and they married.

Mr. Esser's words were an admonition to us to speak out wherever one sees the rise of demagogues, discrimination, or injustice because those are the real lessons of the Holocaust. It can all happen again, if not here, somewhere else.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Anneliese was perseverant and brave. She had to leave her family and go on a train alone and live in a children's home for over a year. She did not know if she would ever see her family again. She had to go on a ship and travel to another continent. She was very frightened but still did it. That really shows true perseverance. Anneliese never gave up through her journey. When she settled in Wisconsin, she built her own family and was able to not only learn about others but share her story. Many who go through traumatic events have trouble retelling their story, but Anneliese, strong hearted, was able to share her story and unsilence one more Holocaust Survivor's narrative. With this photo we wanted to show Anneliese's past and future and the objects that stayed dear to her during this time.

ASHER SCHENK. For my reaction photo I have things to show remnants of the past as well as items that will carry me into the future. The passport represents the constant moving around like Anneliese did, and the

backpack represents the satchel that stuck with her through that process. I will never know her experiences, so what I can do is unsilence one more Holocaust story for future generations.

LEV GOLDMAN. At our meeting with Jeff Esser to talk about his mother, Anneliese, we talked about how she always had hope that everything would be okay and always remembered her family through her journey. Later on, Jeff sent two really powerful pictures of Anneliese's satchel and passport. The satchel was always around her neck and with her at all times. When I heard that I got my inspiration for my photograph. I chose to take a picture of my passport on top of my bag to symbolise that the Jews are still here and to show I would not have any of this without my family by my side.

MIA AHITOW. Anneliese's story taught me that family is important, but your safety is the most important. Anneliese's parents sent her on the kindertransport by herself. Her family was doing that only because they wanted her to be safe. I know my parents would do the same for me, because they always put their kids before themselves. Anneliese kept her passport with her throughout her journey. In my photo, my passport is trying to convey that if you push through things, at the end of the journey it will get better. In the end, she fortunately got to see her family. Anneliese's story reminded me that I will never have to go through something as hard as many Jews had to go through at the time, but if there is something hard in my life, having hope during those times is very important.

"I ask each of you to think about yourselves and how you would feel separated from all your family. And you didn't know whether you would see them again."

"A wrong move
here or there
would have resulted
in their deaths,
and that ultimately
would've meant
that I wouldn't have
been here today
either, so I tend
to think about all
of the things that
went right."

LISA AND ARON DERMAN. In 1939 the Soviet Union occupied the eastern half of Poland. Lisa Nussbaum was one of three children, part of a wealthy and well-known family in the community. Her father was a merchant in Poland who imported goods from Germany. Her family went to shul and kept kosher, but they were not very religious. Lisa Nussbaum's town, Raczka, was under Soviet influence until the Germans and Russians went to war. The war began when the Germans invaded the Soviet territory during Operation Barbarossa. In 1941, the Soviets quickly evacuated Lisa's town and tried to convince the Jews to come with them. Lisa's parents were one of the few astute enough to join the Russians and move their family, which ended up in Slonim, next door to Aron Derman, where the two met.

Aron Derman had three sisters and loving parents who were not well known in the community. Throughout Aron's childhood his father had a dry goods and clothing store. The Derman family was not orthodox Jewish. They went to shul and kept kosher, but were not religious. In 1941, when Aron was 19 and Lisa 15, the Germans invaded Slonim. The Nazis created ghettos in Slonim, where they forced all of the Jews to live. In the Slonim ghetto, Lisa and Aron were in crowded homes with many people and had scarce food, but they survived.

After a short time in the ghetto, the Nazis began the selection process. Aron's father was recruited by the Nazis and taken away to become a "worker." That was the last time Aron saw his father. Lisa's brother and father hid outside of the ghetto and avoided selection. As time progressed, the ghetto shrank, and there were more massacres by the Einsatzgruppen. Lisa's mother sent her two daughters to stay with a Christian neighbor to keep them safe until the massacres ended. The Christian lady was too frightened to keep the girls, and she forced them to leave. The girls walked through the woods and saw groups of Jews buried in the ground. A Nazi guard saw the girls and tried to capture them, but they escaped just in time. After a few days, the girls ended up back in Slonim, where they stayed with their father and brother. While Lisa and her sister were gone, her mother and aunt were deported to a concentration camp. During this time, Aron had survived a mass murder and had begun working at a munitions camp. Aron also learned about the group of Jews that were plotting against the Germans.

At this point, Aron and Lisa became very close and tried to spend as much time together as possible until another *aktion* took place. Aron was one of the few Jews that survived deportation by hiding inside the floorboards. He ran to see if Lisa survived and found her hiding in a shack with her father and brother. Aron made an impulsive decision to dress Lisa up as a man, and he hid her in the warehouse throughout the day while he was working. By now only five percent of the Jews that were sent to the ghetto of Slonim were still alive, including Lisa and Aron. After the final aktion, Lisa and Aron escaped Slonim and traveled to the Grodno ghetto. Aron left his family behind, and that was the last time he saw them.

By 1942, Aron and Lisa had hidden through many aktions, but they had just gotten news from Tadek that the ghetto was going to be liquidated. Tadek was a righteous gentile friend whom they met along the way and had helped them survive. Instead of escaping the

ghetto with Tadek, Aron went back to the ghetto to find Lisa but was arrested and taken to a synagogue. The people at the synagogue were taken into a boxcar that was leaving the ghetto. Aron was able to jump out of the boxcar before it got far from the ghetto. A guard soon found him unconscious on the ground. The guard took Aron back to the ghetto of Grodno, where he reunited with Lisa. Aron was a resourceful man, and he was thought to be very valuable to the Nazis. That is most likely why he was taken back to the ghetto and not killed on the spot.

Aron and Lisa planned to leave the ghetto with Tadek. In the meantime, Lisa hid with her brother and father until the plan was executed. Days later, Aron and Lisa left with Tadek to escape to Vilna. Aron and Tadek climbed onto the boxcar as it started moving but then realized that Lisa had not made it up with them. Tadek found Lisa holding onto the side of the boxcar. Tadek saved her life. Aron and Tadek pulled her up with them, and they were on the way to the ghetto of Vilna.

They rode for many miles, and they finally arrived in Vilna where they became part of a resistance called הִתְנַקְּמוּת, which meant *revenge* in Hebrew. A helper from the resistance group came into the ghetto and took Aron and Lisa on a three-day trip to a secret place in the woods. In the resistance, Lisa was in charge of 200 women, feeding and preparing food for them. Aron and his other Jewish comrades were assigned the most dangerous missions. Even in the forest, which was controlled by the Russians, there was antisemitism. The Jews were always targeted to take the most dangerous missions, like blowing up railroads and getting food from local farmers. A couple of weeks after their escape, Lisa found her father, and they all reunited. In the summer of 1944, Lisa, Aron, and her father were liberated. The war was over. They went back to Slonim but did not stay for long because they realized there was no one left.

It was too difficult for them to be in Slonim, so they headed to Bialystok, Poland. Bialystock was a center for refugees, but they left soon because it was not safe for Jews to be in Poland. Even after the war was over, many people still carried a strong hatred for Jews, so the two wanted to go and live in Palestine instead. They went from Hungary to Austria to Florence. They then moved to Rome, where they got married in a synagogue. After that, they got a request to visit relatives in America before leaving for Palestine. In 1958 they went on a long journey to America. They ended up settling in a Jewish community in Chicago because Palestine's borders were still closed. In Chicago, they started a great new life where they had three sons and a store. The Dermans lived happily in Chicago and loved their new life. The Dermans' three boys all became doctors and continued to share their parents' stories with the world.

Lisa and Aron Derman were one of the founding members of the Skokie Holocaust Museum. At first, it was a small storefront that scores of school groups would visit to learn about the Holocaust. Over many years, Lisa and Aron helped find money and resources to build the new Illinois Holocaust Museum in Skokie. This museum, which hosts thousands of students each year, has become a lasting and permanent tribute to the memory of Aron and Lisa Derman. Both Lisa and Aron always felt it was important to tell their story and teach it to others.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Lisa and Aron Derman always wanted to remember their past but also where they were going. They had love and trust for each other throughout the Holocaust, which helped them survive. We are trying to show their past and the struggles they overcame to get to their new lives. Throughout the Holocaust, they stuck together even in the toughest situations. For example, when Aron ran away, he went back to find Lisa because he couldn't imagine going on without her.

Holocaust Survivors are growing old and won't be with us forever, so it is valuable to honor and remember their stories. They went through an unimaginable experience, and we want to make sure that younger generations hear about them. It is also important to make sure that we don't repeat history. We can make sure this won't happen by telling the stories of people who survived this horrible event.

When Tadek, the righteous gentile rescuer, visited the Dermans in America, he brought a walking stick that he had carved for their family. Our photograph shows Daniel holding that walking stick. This artifact represents the story's link to the past, present, and future.

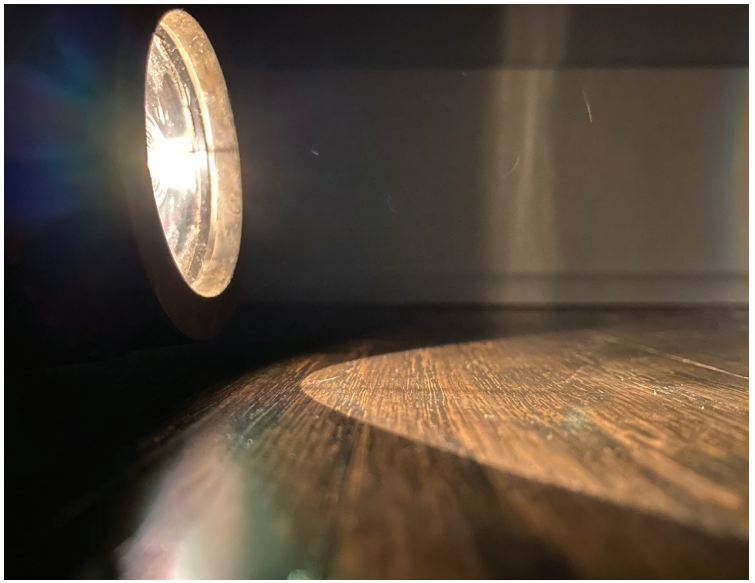
BRAEDYN THACKER. After the Dermans' experience in the Holocaust, they continued their lives and came out stronger. They moved to Chicago, opened a store, and started a family. Years later, they met with students to educate them on their story. The Dermans were able to move forward while still remembering their past.

In my photo, I am walking forward. But you will notice that my front foot is the only thing in color. The color in my photo shows excitement as I continue with my life. It is important to honor and recall your past no matter how difficult it was, but it is also important to focus on where you're going and things you can accomplish.

Aron and Lisa experienced something indescribable, but they continued with their lives while telling their story. I hope to always look back on my childhood as I continue to grow up. It is essential to remember where you've been but also look at where you're going.

ORLI JOSEFSON. Lisa and Aron spent their entire lives after the Holocaust sharing their story to make sure people wouldn't forget what happened to them and millions of other people. I think that was one of the most important things to learn from their story, so for my photo I wanted to show the ideas of remembering the past but also moving forward. I did this by taking a photo of myself with an old picture of my grandmother. The photo is in black and white, to symbolize the past, but my hand is in color to show that I am the future, but I am still remembering my family's past. I chose to do a photo of my grandmother because a big part of her life is also working to make sure that people will not forget the Holocaust. She volunteers at the Holocaust Museum in Skokie as a tour guide. This is also the same museum that Lisa and Aron helped start. Strangely enough, I discovered that the Dermans' story connects directly to me and my family.

"She always had hope;
that I can say for certain.
She always had hope."



MAGDA BROWN was born on June 11, 1927, in Miskolc, Hungary, to her parents, Regina and Jozseph Perlstein, and she joined her older brother, Miklos. Growing up, she went to a Jewish school. She grew up in a very giving environment: She would come home for dinner, and there would always be somebody she didn't know at the dinner table whom her family wanted to help. She loved to play with her friends. In 1944, the Nazis came to Hungary, and suddenly her friends stopped playing with her, which hurt because she lost some of her closest friends. Within ten days of the Nazis occupying Hungary, they forced the Jews to wear yellow stars. Without them, the Jews couldn't go on the street. On March 19, 1944, Magda and the rest of the Jews in Hungary were forced into ghettos as part of the "Final Solution." Magda's house was turned into a ghetto. Fourty other people were forced to move into Magda's house with her family. The house was meant for six. People in the house were wearing her clothes and playing with her toys, which forced Magda to learn how to share. Next, Magda and her family, along with 14,000 other Jews, were placed in a transition camp called Brickyard, which had nothing but bricks. The location was convenient for the Nazis because it was close to the railroad that would later be used to send them to Auschwitz.

On June 11, 1944, Magda's seventeeth birthday, Magda and her family were crammed into a boxcar with around 75 other people; the boxcar could maybe fit 30 people. The boxcar was meant for cattle, dehumanizing the Jews even more. For three whole days, Magda had to share one bucket of water with everybody in the boxcar, and if they had to go to the bathroom, they had one bucket to use. Looking out of the window, Magda saw a man standing outside, a boy herding sheep, and thought, "Why is he free out there, and I am stuck in here? I didn't do anything wrong. I was a good girl." For the whole journey, Magda and her family had no idea where they were headed; they were told by the Nazis that they were going out of the country to work for the war effort, and that they would stay with their families. This, of course, was one of many lies. When the boxcar arrived at its final destination, Auschwitz, the Nazis pulled Magda, along with the other Jews, out of the boxcar and told them to leave their bags behind.

Once at Auschwitz-Birkenau, the Nazis separated the men and women. Magda was separated from her family, and her family immediately went to the gas chambers. Magda and the other Jews were told to undress. The Nazis told them that they would shower and then come back to get their clothes. This was only another one of their endless lies. Instead, the Nazis brought them to a room with around 50 shower heads, and only a little drizzle came out. They had no soap or towels. The Nazis then took Magda and her fellow Jews into another room. In this room the Nazis shaved her head and body hair; after that, they put disinfectants all over her so it would sting. After this room, the Nazis threw clothes at them from a giant pile; Magda received a slip with no undergarments. She then received wooden clogs with a leather strap on top. After two months of endless work and virtually no food in Auschwitz, Magda was chosen to go work in Allendorf, part of the Buchenwald concentration camp, in a selection.

Along with 1,000 other women, two of whom were her friends, Kitty and Eva, Magda went on a train to Allendorf. Magda had heard that if you were chosen

to go on a train from Auschwitz, you would most likely live; she only hoped that this would be true. She was in Allendorf from August 1944 to March 1945. In Allendorf, Magda, along with the other women, worked in a munitions factory filling bombs and rockets with liquid chemicals. These chemicals were very dangerous: Magda got a scar on her foot that was created from the chemicals getting under the strap on her shoe. The poison had other side effects: Her lips were purple, her face was yellow, and her hair was orange. Luckily, Magda recovered from these side effects after the war. The Jews in Allendorf got put in army barracks, which were a big improvement because they had bunk beds and blankets, luxuries that Magnda did not have at Auschwitz. Allendorf was built underground with trees on its roof—this is how Germany hid it from the world, hiding all the terrors that were going on there. After 12-hour days, prisoners stood outside in the cold for hours with little clothing. They would wrap paper sacks they stole around their feet just to keep them warm. Stealing things was very risky: One of Magda's friends got caught stealing a potato, and she was locked up in a cellar with rats.

After Magda had been in Allendorf, her commander was told that the Jews in his group would be transported to the main part of the Buchenwald concentration camp, which was around 150 miles away. Magda and her group were forced on a death march. They had barely any food and water, and when they slept, they had to sleep in ditches. Magda and a couple of her friends realized that the guards were becoming less harsh and less thorough. That is when they decided they would try to escape. They felt that they weren't worth anything anymore so they weren't as scared of the risks as they may have been before. In the near distance, they saw a barn. Magda and around 11 of her friends got on their knees and crawled to the barn and hid in haystacks for 18 hours until they knew they were clear of the Nazis. Magda was so scared to be found, she was shaking. A couple of days later, around March 30, two American soldiers found the 12 of them and freed Magda and the others. The two American soldiers brought the group to a small village in Germany where military and Jewish agencies took care of them with food, packages from America, and clothing. The villagers were forced to have each person stay in one of their houses. Even though Magda was technically free, she wasn't emotionally free—every time she would walk down the street she would feel the presence of a Nazi behind her, and it took a long time for that feeling to stop.

For six months after the war, Magda lived with an old German couple who were strangers to her. Magda had not heard from her brother, Miklos, since he went to war in the Hungarian military, and she wanted to find him. Eventually, in Germany, Magda ran into one of her brother's childhood friends. She asked him if he had heard anything about Miklos, and he said that he saw Miklos in 1944 in Budapest. Later, with the help of the US military, Magda returned to Hungary to find her family. Out of the 70 people in her extended family, she had only six living cousins. In September of 1946, Magda immigrated to America, sponsored by her aunt and uncles. Magda arrived in Chicago, Illinois, on September 17, 1946. Once in Chicago, she met her husband Robert Brown, and they had two kids together: Rochelle and

Bruce Brown. Eventually, she got a letter saying that Miklos was in her hometown in Hungary. From this, Magda got into contact with Miklos, and after many tries, she was finally successful in helping him immigrate to America. Nineteen years later, Magda worked up the courage to go back to Hungary, and she went many times after that. Each time she went to Hungary, she would meet at a cafe with a group of women whom she had been with in Allendorf. In Illinois, she worked as a medical assistant for the same doctor for 40 years. While raising two children, she also shared her story with more than 100,000 people in person and millions of people virtually. She made sure other Holocaust Survivors were able to share theirs too. She shared her story until she died on July 7, 2020, at 93-years old.

ARTIST STATEMENT. To us, Magda represented hope, remarkable perseverance, and activism. Magda showed us that even in the darkest times of life you can still have hope. In our photograph everything is dark except for Rochelle, Magda's daughter. There is light at the end of the tunnel; Magda was that light. Magda always fought for the future she deserved. She spent her whole life inspiring people. After the war, Magda made it her duty to speak out about her experience and to teach younger generations about the atrocities she had to face, because that is the only way that another Holocaust will never happen again. It is for this reason that Rochelle is talking in the photo, showing that she will keep Magda's story alive for generations. By sharing her story, Magda taught the world lessons that will forever be relevant. The question is: Are we listening?

ELANA GOLDWIN. Happiness. Whenever I thought about the Holocaust and the horrors people went through during this time, the feeling of happiness never crossed my mind, well, not until I met Magda. Being stuffed in a boxcar with 80 other people, and having to work in concentration camps until you literally could not stand anymore never seemed like a happy experience to anyone. When I heard Magda's story, I was expecting to feel so saddened for her, but I walked out of it feeling proud that I ever got to hear this amazing and inspiring story. Magda truly was the light at the end of the tunnel. After being split up from her family at such a young age and being forced to make bombs that poisoned her body, she still never lost her faith and hope. In my picture I chose to portray the idea that she really was the light in such a dark time. I chose to have a pitch-black background, and then have me holding a candle to symbolize this idea. I learned from Magda that no matter how bad life is getting, there is still a chance to have hope.

ELLA LEWIS. To me, Magda represented hope and the importance of family. The part of the interview with her daughter, Rochelle, that hit me the hardest is she said that Magda grew up as a normal teenager, she had friends, spent lots of time with her family, and went to school. Suddenly, her life changed and all her opportunities were closed off. She was in Auschwitz in a line without knowing how or why and awaiting to be separated from her family, the only people left in her life. I could never imagine that happening to me, and I can't even try to imagine this. We were constantly aware of how Magda was taken away from her family at the

age of 17 and never saw them again. This was a reminder to me that family is so important, and the bond between a family is so strong. This is why my photo takes place in front of the sunset with me and my mom making a heart. The still image of the sunset and the heart between mom and daughter represents that a love of a family never goes away.

SOFIA STRIKER. Hope. We hear about hope everywhere: It's on jewelry, it's painted on walls, people say things like "have hope!" but do those things really resonate with you? It wasn't until I heard Magda Brown's story that hope ever really meant something to me. Throughout her brutal years in Nazi death and concentration camps, Magda never lost hope. Whether she was standing outside at Auschwitz, waiting for the Nazis to count all 500 of the women in her barrack, or shivering in the freezing cold in the dead of winter at Allendorf, she was always hopeful that one day, she would get back to her normal life. If Magda was hopeful in that, then I am positive that I can stay hopeful in what minor inconveniences I have. I wanted to portray this idea of hope in my photograph by showing a pitch-black background with nothing in it but a strip of light, symbolizing a dark situation with a light of hope, the hope that Magda, herself, provided. If you can't see any light, then be your own light.

ZOE JOSEFSON. Magda Brown lost everything because of the Holocoust. Most of her family died, she had a hard time finding the ones that survived. She lost her home and years of her life to the Nazis. After the war, she moved to Chicago and had to start up from almost nothing. This reminds me of a puzzle, putting the pieces together, building a picture. That is why, in my photo, I chose to show a puzzle, and how Magda built her picture back up.

ELI HUBERMAN

"I was stuffed with food because they suffered from malnutrition, starvation, they tried to stuff everything available into my mouth."

ELI HUBERMAN was seven months old in Lokov, Poland, when World War II began. His father was involved in local politics and was the leader of Shimura Shamir, a Jewish Zionist movement. Their family was not wealthy and lived in an apartment. Eli's mother's uncle was the town's rabbi. Since he was a rabbi, Eli's mother's side of the family was very religious. Eli does not remember the start of the war due to his age, but over time his parents explained what happened. For most Holocaust Survivors it is too painful to talk about what happened during the war, Eli's parents included.

Lokov had a population of 20,000 – 30,000 people, half of whom were Jewish. Most of that Jewish population was religious. Lokov had intense antisemitism. Some Jewish people revolted against the Nazis by killing a few German soldiers. As punishment, the Nazis burned Jewish homes and locked women and children in the synagogues.

At the start of the war, the Soviet Union and Germany made an agreement not to attack each other. There were only a few people who knew what would happen to the Jews and warned them to leave, but the majority of the Jews did not listen. Eli fled with his parents, aunt, and his father's step-siblings to the Soviet Union. They were put on trains for a few thousand miles to northern Russia, which was freezing. There, Eli and his family arrived at an isolated labor camp with simple beds and were forced to work. The people working in the camp consisted of Jews, Poles, and Rumanians. It was a "choiceless choice" to go to the camp. Eli's mother's job was to jump on one log after another and put the wood together. Eli's father became a baker and learned to make bread. Eli's mother got an extra small piece of cake and walked two miles to feed Eli. They were always starving: In this camp each family would get only one loaf of bread a week. The only thing Eli really remembers is seeing a fireplace that had black surrounding it in the camp. During the war, there was no antisemitism in the concentration camp which was under Russian occupation. There was no antisemitism due to all of its inhabitants were minorities. All minorities were in trouble so they were not going after one another. Only 150 people survived the Soviet Union labor camp. Eli was six when the war ended.

Eli was seven years old when he went to Kherson, Ukraine. Eli and his family went in a car to a town. From the town, they went on a train to Kherson, and they traveled behind the Russian army. When they arrived in Kherson, his parents stuffed him with grapes when they were allowed out of the camp. His parents always said, "You must eat" or "Do you have something to eat?" Eli's brother was born in 1945, on the way back to Poland, in Kherson. The doctors told Eli's mother she needed two weeks to recover. Three hundred family members from Eli's mom's side stayed inside Poland, and only two survived. After the war, Eli was able to reconnect with a few family members that survived. Eli was given an apartment after the war.

Only Polish citizens were allowed to return to Poland after the war. When they came back to Poland there was antisemitism. It was very painful for Eli's parents to talk about the Holocaust, and his parents were overprotective of him. In January 1950, Eli's family was the last Jewish group permitted by the Polish government to leave Poland.

From Poland, the Hubermans took a train to Vienna, Austria, then to Italy, then to a harbor called Brindisi where they went by ship and arrived in the newly formed state of Israel. They arrived a year and a half after Israel was formed. Eli received a master's degree of science in clinical microbiology from Tel-Aviv University in 1964 and a PhD in genetics from the Weizmann Institute of Science in 1969. He moved to Israel in 1950 where he met his wife, Lily Ginzburg. They married in 1967 and had two sons.

From 1969 to 1971, Eli was a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Wisconsin and was taught by the late professor Charles Heidelberger. In 1968 and 1971 Eli was a visiting scientist in the US National Cancer Institute. In 1976 he immigrated to the United States with his family to take a job as a cancer researcher at Oak Ridge. Then, from 1976 to 1981, Eli was a senior scientist in the biology division at the US Oak Ridge National Laboratory where he eventually became a tenured associate professor in the Department of Genetics.

Five years later, Eli took a senior research position in the US Department of Energy's Argonne National Laboratory in Lemont, Illinois. There, from 1981 to 1999, Eli was the division director for biological research, and from 1999 to 2006 he served as a distinguished Argonne fellow. He was also a professor at the University of Chicago from 1982 to 1997 in the Departments of Microbiology, Molecular Genetics and Cell Biology, and Radiation and Cellular Oncology. Now, Eli is settled in Chicago and has two children and five grandchildren.

ARTIST STATEMENT. When we listened to Eli's story of surviving the Holocaust, we learned how close Eli was to death throughout the Holocaust. We learned of Eli's battle with starvation and how when given the chance, his parents would stuff him with apples and grapes. In our reaction photograph we showed how thankful we are for all the food that we have, and we want people to think about those who have so little or none.

SADIE HUBERMAN-SHLAES. The interview was with my grandpa, and therefore the reaction was profound and personal. My main takeaway was to never forget the hundreds of family members who were murdered, not by animals but by educated people; people with fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, my grandfather's neighbors. My photo shows a bruised apple with a star of David necklace around it. This photograph symbolizes how my Jewish identity is bruised. In addition, it also represents the forbidden fruit from the Garden of Eden. The apple in the book of Genesis represents knowledge. If God is all-knowing then he must have known the horrors of the Holocaust. Last, the apple shows my anger with God. How could my so-called God sit back and watch as my people were tortured and murdered? Even one-and-half million children were murdered. Why do we hold God to a lower standard than we do humans? The star represents my strong Jewish identity, and yet I struggle in my belief in God.

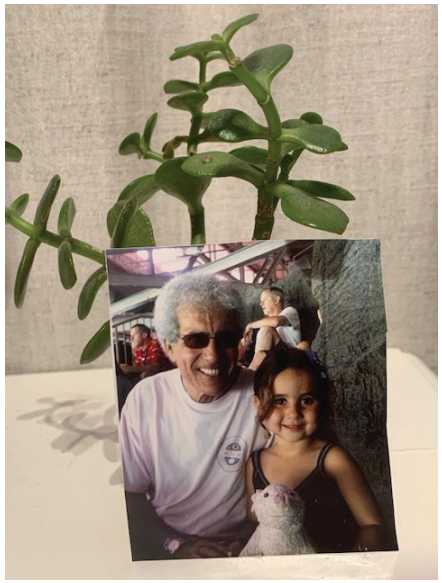
ASHLEY STRAUSS. Grapes didn't mean much to me before I heard Eli Huberman's story about the Holocaust. In Eli's story he said various times that he and his family were always starving. Eli would only get one loaf of bread each week and he and his family sometimes would get fruit. My reaction to Eli's photo and story is a picture of a grapevine. I chose to take a picture of a grapevine because these tiny grapes kept Eli alive. Eli taught me that when I say, "I am starving," I really mean that I am hungry, and there is a big difference between those two words. I hope that many people stop saying that they're starving, and I hope that they will never be in the position of feeling that way.

EMMET LIPPITZ. When I listened to Eli Huberman's story, I truly learned the importance of food. Eli mentioned several times how he and his family were starving, surviving off a loaf of bread per week and an occasional piece of fruit. My reaction photo to Eli's story is a picture of my food-packed fridge. The reason I chose to take my photo of my fridge was because when I heard about how Eli and his family were always suffering and starving, this made me think about what I have. I thought about how lucky and thankful I am to have such an amount of food. When I would get hungry, I would often complain about my want for food, sometimes saying, "I'm starving!" but after learning about the Holocaust, especially Eli's story, I understand that using that term should never be in my vocabulary.


Diced Chicken Breast
4
LOW CARB

STEVEN FENVES

"I consider myself a witness. I consider myself a spokesperson for the six million who cannot speak."



STEVEN FENVES grew up in Subotica, Yugoslavia. His father managed a publishing house, and his mother was an artist. He was very close to his nuclear family, his grandmother, and his uncle. He and his sister went to a Serbian school but spoke German and Hungarian at home. His town fell under Hungarian occupation on April 11, 1941. Around March of 1944, Germany occupied Hungary, and his family was forced to let go of their cook and everyone else who had helped them. When Steven and the rest of his family were forced out of their home, the cook took some of Steven's mother's artwork and a cookbook to save them from looters.

In May 1944, Steven, his sister, Estera, their mother, Klári, and their maternal grandmother were all forced into a ghetto in Subotica, and after ten days there, they were deported to Auschwitz. Klári, Steven, and Estera were selected to do work, but Steven's grandmother was sent to the gas chambers. His mother, Klári, who passed away a few weeks later, was burned in a crematorium. Steven became part of the Birkenau resistance who worked on roof repair detail. He went from compound to compound smuggling lists of prisoners and trading black-market goods. The trade was through gold watches: The more watches you had, the better items you could get. He traded enough gold watches to get his sister a sweater and scarf while she was working in the factory.

In October 1944, Steven was smuggled out on a transport to Niederorschel, where he spent around six months working on the assembly line in an aircraft factory. On April 1 and 2, 1945, the inmates were led on a death march during which Steven broke his arm because a German guard threw a rifle at him. The German guard was going to shoot him but threw the rifle instead. Because Steven broke his arm, some prisoners helped him by making a sling out of some fabric that they ripped off of their clothes.

On April 10, the inmates entered Buchenwald. On April 11, the camp was liberated by American soldiers from the 6th Armored Division. Steven then returned home to Yugoslavia where he was reunited with his father, Lajos, and his sister, Estera. They lived in a small apartment because their house had been confiscated. His father died shortly after because of the effects of the war.

Steven and Estera escaped from Yugoslavia and made their way to Paris, where they were classified as "Displaced Persons." He went to high school, and he and his sister decided that the best place for them was in the United States. Steven and Estera had an uncle in America, and this allowed them to get a visa. They got to Chicago, where the uncle lived. He saw them once, and then they had no further contact with him. Steven and Estera ended up in an apartment that was in very poor condition. A Hungarian-American Jewish youth organization found them a new home in which the conditions were much better. Steven was drafted into the US Army. When he came back from his deployment in Germany, he went to the University of Illinois, studied engineering, and eventually earned his doctorate through the GI bill.

On July 3, 1955, he married Norma. He met her through his sister, who was friends with a woman named Herta. She had a step-sister named Norma, and that is whom he ended up marrying. He has four children and seven grandchildren, alongside a great-granddaughter and a great-grandson.

Steven is now a volunteer at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum. He is a Holocaust educator and uses his voice to spread awareness.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Steven utilized all his abilities to survive the war and help his family even under the most trying circumstances. In the photo, we are trying to show that family is never-ending, and even after all these years, he still is surrounded by his mother's artwork that once was in her house and has been passed to his family. People may be gone, but the memories they created remain with us forever.

CLAIRE DAVIS. Steven's story represents struggle and perseverance. My photo includes a picture of my family with lavender stalks surrounding it, as well as a few pretty flowers. I chose the lavender stalks because my mom bought a few bunches of lavender at the same place where the picture was taken in Colorado. I really rely on my family for support, whether it's with school or with more personal matters. It's been a while since we went to Colorado, but we still have a lot of lavender left. This lavender is persistent just like Steven.

ZOLI GOTTLIEB-FENVES. In my photo, I wanted to express both my relationship with my family and my past. The "hat" in the middle is from my *hanbok* I got when I was one. When you turn one year old there is a Korean tradition that is a celebration that blesses you with a healthy life. Around the hanbok are shells that I collected on the beach with my close family. It is a tradition to collect seashells and fossils when going on a vacation. Like Steven's photo, my photo shows the importance of family and connection to my past.

ELLA SCHNEIDER. Steven took a photo next to his mother's paintings, which are so important to him. His family helped him persevere throughout his life, even during the darkest time in history. In my photo, I put stones and seashells around a picture of my mom, dad, and dog, because they help me persevere through good times and bad. I am who I am because of them. I put the stones and seashells around the photo because all of us are part of nature's family.

JORDAN KAPP. My photo is a picture of me and my grandpa at a Cubs game. Behind that photo is a jade plant. My other grandpa's favorite plants are jades. They are something to him that hold value and meaning, as his entire garden is filled with them. Steven's photo is with his mother's artwork, which is his connection with her, and my photo is my connection with both my grandfathers.

MARGUERITE MISHKIN

"In those days, one of the things they would say about children (who survived the Holocaust) is that 'you didn't suffer; you were so young, so you don't remember,' which is not true. You might not remember everything, but your body remembers."

MARGUERITE LEDERMAN MISHKIN was born on May 8, 1941, in Brussels, Belgium. Marguerite was born to Mordka (Mordechai) and Rayzla Lederman. Her parents had moved from Poland to Belgium because of the Nazi persecution. On October 31, 1942, Mordechai Lederman was deported from Mechelen transit camp on Transport 16 and was killed at Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp on November 28, 1942. With her children in danger, Rayzla Lederman decided to send her children, Marguerite and Annette, to a family that would keep them safe. Rayzla was taken on Transport 28 from the Mechelen transit camp, on July 31, 1944, and was murdered in December of 1944 in Auschwitz, a month before the camp was liberated.

In 1943, Rayzla had approached Andre, a Belgian resistance worker, to help her hide Marguerite and Annette. Through a local priest, they were placed with a Catholic farm family where they were loved. The Buggenhauts were very kind to her. Being a three-year old, Marguerite did not understand what the Nazis wanted to do to Jews. She was very polite to them, and because she did not "look Jewish," they treated her kindly.

She knows that it is wrong to judge an entire people. An example of the futility of judging a whole group of people occurred in the café that the Buggenhauts owned. One of the Nazi soldiers that came there regularly took a great liking to Marguerite. He would bring her little toys and chocolate whenever he came. He would sit her on his lap and let her play with the insignia on his uniform. But at the same time he was so nice and kind to her, he would say the most negative and derogatory things against Jews. He explicitly stated how much he hated them. They were lower than vermin. They did not deserve to live. To further indicate his hatred towards Jews, he would state that he could smell a Jew ten miles away.

While speaking to us, Marguerite said that it was traumatic to lose two sets of parental figures in the first five years of her life. However, the people who took care of her were very loving, and that was a miracle at that time. She could not have survived without their help.

When the Catholic family could not keep them any longer, in 1946, Marguerite and her sister were sent to a Jewish orphanage in Belgium. Marguerite and her sister were adopted by a Jewish rabbi and his wife, who lived in Chicago. Marguerite received a teaching degree from Roosevelt University, and she speaks about the Holocaust to groups of people now, specifically in Illinois, where she still lives today. She tells them her story, even though she feels guilty surviving, and she asks them to be upstanders and to speak out when any group is being persecuted. She also tells them that if they don't like a certain group, they don't have to discriminate against them.

In an interview she gave with a reporter from the *Rock Island Dispatch Argus* in 2018 for a Holocaust remembrance program she said: "The world still needs healing. It still needs righteous and heroic men, women, and children who will choose life, who will choose justice and mercy daily in their own lives. I am here because people made those choices under some unimaginable hard conditions."

ARTIST STATEMENT. Love, loss, liberation: the three main words that symbolize Marguerite Mishkin's life. Love: the love that Marguerite gave to her sister, friends, and the four separate places she called home. Loss: her parents and countless friends passing away as she moved on in life. Liberation: the liberation of Marguerite through gaining Chico as a family member. In the first ten years of her life, Marguerite lived in four homes. She lost much trust, and there is definitely one moment that epitomizes this distrust. When the foster family Marguerite was living with was forced to give her to the orphanage, they told the orphanage to leave the hair of Marguerite and her sister alone. The orphanage workers verbally obliged, but as soon as the Buggenhauts left, their hair was cut. In the photo, we are trying to show that although there has been so much loss and distrust in Marguerite's life, there are always opportunities to regain that trust. Marguerite's dog, Chico, is a symbol of that trust. Chico is a chihuahua—rat terrier that Marguerite loves very much and is a very big part of her life, because he is a symbol of regaining trust, love, and togetherness.

JACOB GONSKY. Family is something Marguerite did not get a lot of. It is something I take for granted. She knew her birth parents only by stories, she stayed with a family during the Holocaust, but when it ended, the family sent her to an orphanage. She was not with a stable family until well into her childhood. I, on the other hand, have never had to think about losing anyone until a couple years ago when my grandfather died. I have had a stable family since the day I was born that smothers me with love and gifts. My picture shows my appreciation for my family and how proud of them I am every day. In this picture you see my closest family members: my sister, Makayla, my mom, Elizabeth, my dad, David, my grandma Celeste, my bubbe Sharon, my uncle John, and my uncle Jared.

DANNY GOODMAN. In my response to Ms. Mishkin's picture, I am looking down at a miniature carved wooden baseball bat. Like her photo, in which she holds her dog, I am holding something beloved close to me. During the interview, Ms. Mishkin talked about how traumatic it was to lose two sets of parental figures within a five-year period. It must have been even harder in the first five years of her life. In hearing this, I realized how lucky I am to have my supportive family. They are always there when I need them, and I know that they care about me. One of these people was my mom's best friend's dad. He created wooden bats, and right after I was born, he created that bat for me with the St. Louis Cardinals logo, the date of my birth, and my name. Unfortunately, he passed away soon after, but the bat is how I have come to appreciate him. To me, the bat symbolizes the love that the people closest to me give, and having such an accessible reminder of this feeling gives me an easy way to feel even closer to those who love me.

JACOB CONDRELL. The main idea I was trying to portray in my picture was the love and connection between me and my family. Marguerite lost two sets of families during her early life, and that really resonated

with me. I cannot comprehend how much that must have hurt, and I would never wish that on anyone. In my picture, my family is around me, and in each photo in the picture I am with them. I want to show that I would not be able to live without my family, and that I love them greatly. Even when my family moves on and close ones pass away, they will be remembered forever in the minds of their loved ones.

MARGRETE BAER WOOD

"We must have programs like your class that unite the past, present, and future of Judaism so no one forgets the sacrifices made and the lives taken away."

The following is an account of the Wood family life as shared by MARGRETE WOOD:

Margrete Wood's father, Dr. Walter Baer, was born in 1898, Essen, Germany. His family had lived there since the 1700s. He was adventurous and even had his own plane. His family was religiously observant. When he was in the army during World War I, he served in the cavalry and worked as a doctor. He was very proud to be German, saying, "German first, Jewish second." He was always loyal to the Germans and was fortunate to not experience any antisemitism during his service. He received the Iron Cross in his late teenage years for his heroism.

When Hitler rose to power in 1933, everything changed. In 1938, Dr. Baer was arrested for dating a non-Jew as a result of the Nuremberg Laws and given 24 hours to flee Germany. Around this time, rumors had been spreading about Shanghai, China, the only place that did not require Jews to hold a visa. He had 24 hours, there was no time to apply for a visa and get the required documents. He needed to make a decision, and fast. He was given a "choiceless choice." Stay and be sent to a concentration camp or flee and leave behind his entire world. He said goodbye to his family, and he took only a blanket and a coffee grinder. He fled to Shanghai by boat and he lived there for 11 years without speaking Chinese.

Margrete Wood's mother, Ilsa Schick, was born in 1920, in Oloumi, Czechoslovakia. Her family had lived there for hundreds of years. Her family owned a brewery, but they had to leave it behind when they fled to China as a result of the Nazi takeover. The mayor of the town told them he would put the money in an account for them to get later. They never received the money. Ilsa was given false papers from a Catholic priest when she was 20 years old, claiming that she was Catholic. She left Czechoslovakia by herself. She took a train to Siberia, then a boat to Shanghai. She tried so hard to get her family into China safely, but it never happened. Her family was left behind.

Her mother, who arrived in 1940, and father, who arrived in 1938, felt welcome in Shanghai. Ilsa and Walter met through connections with Jewish friends and through Ilsa's sister before the war started. They most likely met at a Jewish community party. They purchased their own apartment together after they got married in 1942. Dr. Baer had gotten a job at the Shanghai Hospital. After the Japanese invaded, Dr. Baer received a letter stating that he could no longer work at the Shanghai Hospital. They were not terminating his work because he did something wrong, it was because he was Jewish.

In 1943, the Japanese forced all the Jews into the HongKew ghetto. This was where the Chinese beggars lived. Schools, hospitals, and synagogues were constructed within the ghetto, financed by two wealthy Jewish families. The Japanese were very cruel. In the ghetto, they were able to eat every day, but drinking water was an issue. You could not drink tap water, or else you'd get sick. You had to boil it first, but some houses did not have kitchens, nor bathrooms. The Baers' apartment was one of the only homes that had a bathroom and a kitchen. Others had to use a pot as a toilet, which they dumped outside in the street. The smell in the streets was unbearable. There was no crematorium, and floors were made out of Jewish

gravestones. Dr. Baer was still able to work as a doctor in the ghetto. One example of payment was a painting one of his patients gave him that was of the painter's wife. They did not know if their family or friends were living. There was no newspaper. There was no way of knowing if they were going to be okay. They were kept in the dark.

Margrete was born in the ghetto in 1944. She was paralyzed from ages one to three due to polio and tuberculosis, which were both common diseases within the ghetto. Polio was a disease that caused muscles to stop functioning. Margrete was born in a hospital, but she never received a birth certificate. Margrete's parents gave her a name that could fit her anywhere that they had to go, whether it was Greece, Britain, or America. She spent five years of her life in a ghetto where she and her family lived with two Chinese families inside one apartment. Margrete remembers the sound of soldiers' boots marching on the streets. Dr. Baer had taught her that "your life and your families can be taken away just because you were born Jewish, anywhere in the world and at any time. The only thing they cannot take away is your education." Ilsa Schick had stopped going to the temple after she was put into the ghetto. The only time she went to a temple after the war was for Walter's funeral. She felt that for what they had to endure, God should have saved them. She couldn't believe that God would allow innocent children to be murdered.

After they were released from the ghetto in 1945, the family wanted to immigrate to America but could not get in. So they first immigrated to England. Margrete was six years old when she first entered America. The family did not feel welcome in America, as there was a lot of antisemitism. They settled in Minnesota, where Dr. Baer opened up his clinic, Medical Arts Building. They were not necessarily welcomed by other Jews. In an elevator, somebody had said to him: "Well, if you don't know Yiddish, you're not a Jew." Dr. Baer was devastated. They expected that they would be free from antisemitism when they came to America, but that was not the case. Her mother did not look kindly on American Jews because nobody helped her when she was in Czechoslovakia or China. She felt neglected. Ilsa lost all hope and religion. Margrete carries hope and religion to this day.

ARTIST STATEMENT. We want to show the messages of hope, rejection, and memory.

Hope. Margrete's parents, Ilsa and Dr. Baer, had to have hope when Margrete was born. They hoped that one day, they'd get out of the ghetto. Dr. Baer's inspiration to keep working was Margrete. Her existence showed him he had something to go home to. As a child, a doll was her favorite toy, it was her sense of hope.

Rejection. During the war, Margrete and her family did not feel accepted. They were forced into a ghetto. When the ghetto was liberated, they could not move to America instantly. They were rejected because of restrictions America imposed on how many Jews would be accepted. Throughout Margrete's childhood, she was never fully accepted in America. She said, "There will always be somebody who is antisemitic."

Memory. After the war, Margrete kept some of her belongings—a doll, blanket, coffee grinder, and her

mother's jacket. Keeping these artifacts can remind people of the Holocaust. She kept the doll her entire life, which shows us that the doll is important to her. It was a Chinese doll, showing her parents' love for the Shanghai community before the ghetto. "As long as I had my doll and my parents, I was happy," Margrete Wood told us in an interview.

RACHEL ROSENTHAL. With my reaction photo, I wanted to convey what it would feel like to be trapped inside a ghetto. Margrete talked about people not understanding what it was like to live in a ghetto. A man leading a seminar that Margrete attended once said, "the Japanese were not cruel," which is very wrong. My main takeaway from Margrete was her hope. The hope that she and her family would get out of the ghetto and live together safely in America. The elements in my photo are my dog, Lucky, and his crate. I used towels to block some light. To ensure the photo looked like it was taken in the 1940s, I chose the colors black and white because I wanted to give my photo more expression. The last thing I want is for somebody to look at my photo and say that it's happy. This photo is not happy.

MORGAN ROTHSTEIN. Two of the themes I took away from Margaret's story are rejection and hope. When the ghetto was liberated, the Baers could not move to America instantly; they were rejected because of restrictions America imposed on how many Jews they wanted to accept into the country. Through all of this hardship and deprivation she and her family still held a glimmer of hope. In my student reaction photo, I wanted the closed door to represent rejection and the light behind the door as the hope of good things on the other side. Eventually, Margrete and her family made it to America and she lives a "happy" life today.

ILAN LANSKI. My reaction photo represents the darkness and light of the story. The light in the picture of Shanghai means that there was a glimmer of hope. In the beginning, Margrete's family was welcomed into Shanghai and her father was allowed to practice medicine, opportunities he would certainly not have had in Germany. Since the picture of Shanghai is inside a jar, it means the Jews were trapped in the ghetto and in Shanghai. The dark background of the photo reflects all the hard challenges her family had to face inside the ghetto.

LILLIAN ZOLOTO

"It's hard to appreciate when you haven't had to do without."

LILLIAN ZOLOTO (née Schreiber) was born in Brussels, Belgium, on February 17, 1938. Lillian was four years old when her parents told her she would go stay with family friends. She loved to parade around the house wearing her mother's hats, and her mother would tell her how pretty she looked. In 1942, with the Final Solution in full swing, Lillian's parents saw the increasing restrictions on Jews in Brussels. They witnessed people being dragged out of their apartments in the middle of the night through their windows, and they knew that life was becoming increasingly dangerous.

A German couple, Lisa and Karl, had moved to Brussels and they were part of the resistance. Lisa had worked for Lillian's parents taking care of the girl when she was younger, and Lillian's mother now asked if she could find someone who could take care of Lillian, an only child. Lillian remembers that her mother told her that "there is a bad man named Hitler and he doesn't like people like us. That is why you have to go away." Lisa and Karl helped transfer Lillian to the Opdebeeck family. One day a man named Otto came to the door and took Lillian to another family and asked them to place this little Jewish girl, but the family said they would keep her. Even her parents, at this point, did not know where she was being taken. When Lillian's mother asked about Lillian, Lisa told her that Lillian was fine and not to worry. The Opdebeecks told her to call them Oncle Jean and Tante Josine. They planned to tell the neighbors that they were taking care of the daughter of a sick relative. Lillian needed a fake identity so that no one would suspect that she was Jewish. Because Lillian had blond hair and blue eyes she fit in perfectly. She was told that she could never speak of her parents because the Opdebeecks did not know who they could trust. Lillian refused to talk to anyone other than her family out of fear. Lillian's parents both moved around constantly during the war and stayed under bridges some nights. Her mother's two sisters and their families were both transported to Auschwitz and killed; one cousin lived after being in Auschwitz for three years. He was the only Survivor of his entire transport.

Lillian's life became more normal as time went on. She gained two constant playmates and soon forgot about her parents. Josine and Jean Opdebeeck owned a furniture store where Jean was a master wood maker and Josine handled customer service. They had four children of their own—Jean, Josine, Christiane, and Jaques. The family, including Lillian, attended church each morning and soon enough, Lillian was baptized. She was then required to go to confessionals, but she was conflicted because she did not know if she should lie about being Jewish. She was given a cross and rosary beads. One lesson that Lillian carried throughout her life was to respect everyone's religion. Especially in the beginning, even as a young child, she knew the situation to be dangerous and talked very little to people outside of the family.

Allied bombs began to fall, and one day when Lillian and Christiane were walking to school after lunch on the day of a bombing they saw bloody injured people being taken away from the scene. Still today, thinking about the dark hiding places and bomb shelters makes Lillian's heart quicken.

In May 1945, there was an announcement that the war had ended. With help from Lisa, Lillian's parents

contacted the Opdebeecks. But Lillian did not really have any desire to leave; she loved living with Jean, Josine, Christiane, and Jaques, and the family loved having her. It was a difficult adjustment. At first both families would vacation together on the North Sea because Lillian's parents understood how much she cared for her adopted family, and the adopted family did not want to let her go. It was an emotional tug of war between the two families. When one summer came to an end, Lillian's mother suggested that they take Lillian for the weekend and then bring her back before school started. Lillian's mother had other plans. She decided to keep Lillian and enroll her in a Yiddish school. Without fully realizing it, her cross and rosary beads disappeared.

Lillian's parents decided to immigrate to America. She was 14 years old and really did not want to leave Belgium. Her friends, her adoptive parents, and her life were there, not to mention having to learn a new language in America. Only when Lillian had children of her own did she truly begin to understand all of the problems faced by her parents. They had to give her up in order to save her, they themselves faced enormous trauma and terror during the war just to survive, and then they had to reunite a family after four long years of their child being raised by a kind and generous Christian family who did not want to give her up.

Yad Vashem recognized the Opdebeecks for their kindness and awarded them the title of Righteous Among the Nations. Lillian Zoloto is now 82-years old and has three children and eight grandchildren. In 2013, she told her story in the book *Out of Chaos*. This book features many stories about Holocaust Survivors. She now lives in Illinois and often volunteers at the Illinois Holocaust Museum in Skokie.

ARTIST STATMENT. Our takeaway from the interview was how a bad experience can create good bonds with people you would have never met otherwise. Even though Lillian Zoloto was taken away from her parents, her rescuers became a second family. The main message that we are trying to convey is that in every experience, bad or good, there can be good outcomes. We are doing this because we don't want generations that come after us to forget what happened, and by doing these interviews, we are giving people a way to learn these stories. We also realize that we are the last generation to hear these stories before all the Survivors pass, and it's important that we document them so these stories can be heard.

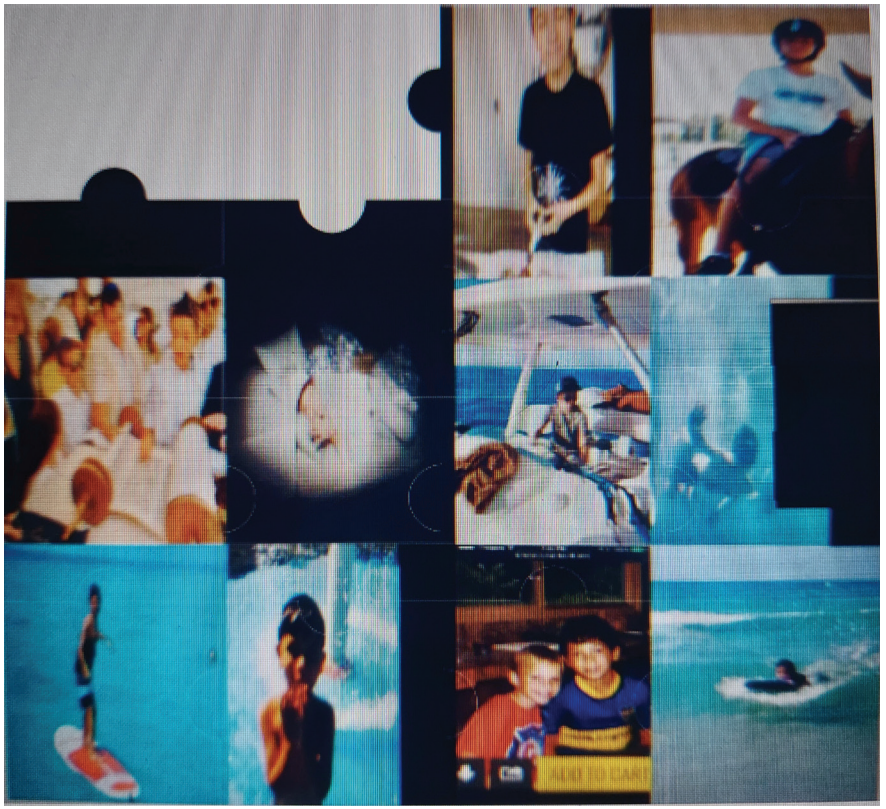
ZOE HESSELL. In my photo I placed different seashells in the shape of a heart. When Lillian had to separate from her family she was upset and confused. It was hard for her to adjust at first, but she ended up loving her rescuers like they were her family. Lillian's story tells us that there can be multiple families and so much love even when a situation seems bad. In my photo I wanted to show the love that Lillian shows for both families—her rescuers and her family.

JORDYN KOHN. In the photo I chose to create, I am holding up a heart in black and white, and the inside of the heart is in color. I am expressing how there is always a sense of hope and good in the darkness. Lillian went through a horrible experience; however, she gained another family. I learned that every bad experience can have some sort of good outcome: There is always a light in the dark.

SAMARA LOOKATCH. After listening to Lillian Zoloto's story I had a hard time thinking of a reaction photograph, perhaps because our lives are different. I chose to take a photo of myself holding a necklace with my Jewish name. I received this necklace as a Bat Mitzvah gift from a family friend. Though I continue to struggle with my Jewish identity, hearing Lillian's story in some way made me feel grateful for being a Jew and not having to hide my Jewish identity. How my Jewish identity will continue to evolve is still an unresolved question for me.

"I was scared throughout the war. . .I was always aware of some kind of danger. . .when bombs fell I was always crying."

"All my father wanted to see was a grandchild, but he didn't live long enough. That was hard."



This is the Meyers' family story as told by Sylvia Meyer.

SYLVIA MEYER was born in a Displaced Persons camp in Feldafing, Germany. Photos, documents, and discussions with relatives helped her paste together fragments of what happened to her family. Sylvia's father was the oldest brother in a Hasidic family. Her mother's family were Bundist Jews, more secular and socialist. They met and then got married in 1936. Sylvia had an older sister, but she was killed in the Lodz ghetto when there was a roundup or *aktion*. Before this roundup, the head of the Judenrat in Lodz, Chaim Rumkowski, gave a very famous speech called "Give Me Your Children." He was a very controversial figure, and in his speech he said that the ghetto "must give up its' limb," meaning the children, "in order to save the body," the body being the ghetto as a whole. Thus, all children in the Lodz ghetto under the age of eleven were taken, including Sylvia's sister. Sadly no actual picture of her exists today. Sylvia never knew her sister or the rest of her extended family.

Sylvia has a composite photo of the grandparents on both sides. No one in her father's family survived. Her mother survived the Lodz ghetto, Bergen-Belsen, and the Salzwedel labor camp with her sister. Her mother and aunt were liberated from a labor camp in 1945. The commandant of the camp was supposed to murder all the women before liberation, but he decided against it. Upon liberation, the women gathered around the commandant and told the liberators that the commandant had saved their lives.

After liberation, Sylvia's parents found their way to the DP camp in Germany, Feldafing. After all the Survivors had been through during the war, some of them decided to reconstruct families and have children as quickly as possible. In fact, the DP camps had the largest birth rate in the world. Sylvia was born in this DP camp.

Sylvia's father wanted to immigrate to what is now Israel, but it was too difficult to get papers. They ended up getting sponsored by HIAS (Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society) to come to the United States. Unlike many immigrants her family did not come through Ellis Island but instead the port of Boston. They decided to come to Chicago because of the family who lived there. When they arrived they had no money, and a woman named Mrs. Barish took them in for more than a year. For Sylvia, Mrs. Barish became like the grandmother she never knew. Sylvia had a brother and sister born in the United States.

The Holocaust was a forbidden topic in their household. Her father was still religious, but her mom was starting to lose faith. Sylvia attended a Workmen's Circle school, a socialist school, growing up. Sylvia's mother became a housewife and her father was trained to become a cabinet maker. They moved to the west side of Chicago, however, as the area transformed because of redlining, her parents became frightened and moved to Albany Park, sharing a room with another surviving family. They built a house in Skokie as their socio-economic condition improved. They later moved to a modest house in Highland Park. Sylvia's relationship with her mom was very close. Her mother was very protective of her because of what they had been through. She and her mother learned English together with a Polish/English dictionary, which is filled with her little doodles. Her father wanted to live long enough to see grandchildren.

Unfortunately, that did not happen. After her father passed away, Sylvia and her brother composed a poem in memory of the sister they never knew:

REMEMBERING ESTHER

We cannot see her face
nor the coat that she wore in the winter
nor the dress in the summer.

She is a mystery, an apparition.

We do not know the month and day she was born.
She has no birth certificate,
only a ghetto registration form.

In August 1942 Chaim Rumkowski, the Elder of the
Jewish Council asked for the old and the young,
the wise and the future.
rather than the sturdy and the fit.
And so Esther was taken by a Jewish policeman
Requisitioned to fill a quota.
She left us
for Treblinka or Chelmno.

Seventy-five years ago
An eternity in numbers
but a lasting memory for all.
She inspires us—to love and to care and to do better.

Esther Gitla Drelich
She was four
Remember her.

Even though Sylvia wasn't raised to speak about the Holocaust, she decided to make sure that another Holocaust would not happen again. Today, Sylvia continues to educate others to spread her and her family's stories. She even became an educator herself; she worked at Bernard Zell as the director of student services.

ARTIST STATEMENT. This is a picture of Sylvia Meyer. The photo behind her is her parents holding her as a baby. This photo is significant because it is one of her favorite photos. We chose to incorporate Sylvia Meyer's parents in the image because she would always circle back to her parents during the interview. We staged her in front of her parents because no matter her background and no matter how hard it was for them, she would still move forward and share their story. We also decided that she should have her hands on her hips because this is a symbol of power, and her story holds an abundance of power. We believe her story holds power because we have to educate others on what happened during the Holocaust. Her story gives us power because the more knowledge we have, the more powerful we are. Our hope is to provide this power to other people by sharing her story.

DANIEL SHAY. After the interview we had with Sylvia Meyer I focused on the unknown part of her story which is when her sister was taken away. Sylvia never met her. In the photo I am trying to convey that the future is unknown for us until we make the bits and pieces of our lives show themselves. It is like a puzzle.

CECE GOLD. After hearing Sylvia's story my main takeaway was how family helps you get through anything, and no matter how blurry your past is, your future can still be clear. When Sylvia's parents were in the internment camp they only had themselves. Then when her parents went to the displacement camp after the war, she was born. All of the struggles she and her family endured, they had each other. Sylvia's sister died in the ghetto and it was very hard for the parents. Even though it was a very big obstacle they were able to make it through and have a clear and bright future. In my photo, I am trying to convey that no matter how blurry your past is, your family helps you persevere and push to a clear future. The blurry background represents a difficult past, and the clear hand with the photo of my family is showing that they help you have a clearer future just like Sylvia's family. This photo reveals that my family is always there during hard and good times.

GLADINA NOVITSKY

"Bread for me is a sacred food. You can survive on bread and water, you can survive indefinitely. I have a big respect for bread. In our house you cannot put bread upside down. . . I would never throw a piece of bread in the garbage. There were so many days and months I was without bread even after the war."

GLADINA NOVITSKY was born in Kiev, Ukraine, on June 13, 1938. Gladina's mother was named Mariam, and her father's name was Sebel. She remembered having big plastic dolls that she had to leave behind. She had a friend named Gloria who was the most remarkable girl in Gladina's eyes who was born with no left hand. Gladina was an only child and was named after her grandfather who died in World War I. She would have loved to have another sibling. She remembers having a happy childhood living in a 118-square-foot room. Nine days before the war she remembers getting a toy crocodile and a chocolate rabbit. Gladina never had chocolate before then, as it was expensive, and her cousin got jealous, and Gladina gave her two pieces to make her feel better. Gladina did not realize as a child that she was a beggar as she went around with a bowl asking for food or water.

In the Soviet Union, the war started on June 22, 1941. The Nazis entered Kiev on September 16, 1941, and she was not expecting it. The government did not want any rumors about Hitler killing all the Jews in Europe.

Gladina remembers having a hard-boiled egg to eat and said it was a delicacy, like a truffle, at the time. She also said if you had bread and water you could survive indefinitely, and now she always has bread in her house and never wastes it. All shops and businesses were destroyed. Schools were controlled by the Russian government. She never thought the war was going to end, and she was seven years old when it did. Her mother was her biggest motivation because she took care of her and was always there for her. The war was easier on Gladina because of her age. She had one friend during the war who lived in a village in Kazan. If she had one word to describe the war it would be *awful*.

She had a difficult time after the war because of oppression. Her father, mother, and grandparents were very helpful after the war. Some of her friends thought that she was a traitor and some had hope for her. Her dad died in 1974. She was facing horrible antisemitism in the Soviet Union, so that is why she moved to the US. One of her major challenges after the war was immigrating to the United States in 1979. A new land, a new language, a new world.

ARTIST STATEMENT. When our group interviewed Gladina she talked about her mother and father, Mariam and Sebel. During the war, she was close to her parents because she did not have any siblings (indeed she had hoped to have a little brother or sister someday), and her parents helped her to survive. For example, her mother would do whatever she could to get food for Gladina. One time Gladina was in the hospital, and her mother would wait for weeks to make sure she was not alone and had food to eat. When we asked Gladina for some photos, this picture immediately came to her mind because she would not be here without her mother's care and support.

ZACH SCHWARTZ. From my interview with Gladina, I learned how much suffering she and other Survivors experienced during the Holocaust. I squeezed my fist tightly to represent the strength she had to go through in the hospital, looking for food, and just trying to

survive. It also represents how close she was with her mother, and if she had not been with her mother she would not be where she is right now.

CHARLOTTE INBINDER. My picture is of me holding a photo of my parents. The background has many other small photos of our family. I thought this photo would be meaningful because it shows how I relate to Gladina because, like her, I think family is very important, especially my mom and dad.

ASHER FRIEDMAN. Listening to Gladina's story, I was shocked to hear how she witnessed so much death, and how close she was to death. She talked about how she had no hope. I could not relate to that level of despair because I have never felt that. For my photo, I attempted to show sadness and gloominess, as it reminds me of Gladina's story.

"My mother had a cousin who was in the same camp with her and there was an awful prison guard. Her cousin had beautiful hair that was past her waist. And the prison guard decided . . . she was going to cut her hair off. But she didn't just cut her hair off, she cut her hair till her scalp bled. . .Things like that happened on a regular basis. . .My mother's sister in one of first camps they went to. . .was hit over the head with club. . .and it made her deaf in one ear just because guard decided to do it to her."

The following is the story of SARAH FEDERMAN NEIMAN and her family before, during, and after the Holocaust.

Sarah's mother, Bronia Abramowicz, and her father, Rywven Federman, were born and raised in Lodz, Poland. Bronia changed her name to Betty when she went through Ellis Island. The exact date of her birth is not known because birthdays before the war were determined by the number of days after or before the Jewish holidays. However, she celebrated her birthday on June 26, 1922.

Sarah's grandfather Joseph was a shoemaker, and her grandmother Ita sold shoes in an open-air market. All five of their children worked and gave their parents what they earned. Sarah's mother said that although her grandmother was a socialist, they never discussed politics at home.

Up until 1939, Bronia attended a Polish public school. She also attended the B. Michalewicz School established by the Arbeitering (Workmen's Circle), where she learned to read and write in Yiddish. The Workmen's Circle was a socialist organization and mutual aid organization. From 1932 to 1939, Bronia attended an ORT school and learned to become a tailor, which helped her survive the war.

Bronia loved to dance and attended dance clubs on Saturday and Sunday nights. At that time, people danced ballroom dances such as the tango and waltz. It was at one of these dances where Bronia saw Rubien for the first time. However, the two developed a serious relationship only after meeting again at the end of the war in Feldafing, Germany at the Displaced Persons (DP) camp. Dances at this time were one of the only places where people of different socio-economic groups would mix together, and Bronia came from one of the poorest families in Lodz, while Rubien came from one of the wealthiest.

Bronia and her family were forced into the Lodz ghetto, which was the first ghetto to be established and the last to be liquidated. Bronia was 17 when the war broke out. One of the main industries in the Lodz ghetto was textiles, where they made and repaired uniforms for the Nazi soldiers. What helped Bronia and her sister Mania, the oldest, to survive was their previous training as tailors. Bronia began working in a factory that cleaned bullets. Because her father taught her to mend shoes, she went to work mending shoes for the soldiers. Then she went to work as a tailor mending Nazi uniforms. Few survived in the Lodz ghetto from its beginning to its liquidation in 1944. She was one of the lucky Survivors.

Bronia's father, Joseph, died of a heart attack in his daughter Mania's room, where he was carried after fainting on one of the ghetto streets. Bronia's brother Joseph and sister Sarah had died from typhus earlier. Bronia's mother, Ita, was discovered by the Nazis in a closet at the hospital where she was hiding when they were rounding up Jews. She died in one of the concentration camps. Bronia's brother Jacob, the youngest, survived the ghetto but was so little and thin that he died in Auschwitz after his arrival. Bronia's sister Mania survived and found her husband after the war. Subsequently, Bronia was imprisoned in three concentration camps: Auschwitz-Birkenau, Bergen-Belsen, and then Salzwedel, where she was liberated.

She was liberated by the 84th Division, which happened to be a division of African American soldiers. The women had never seen Blacks before and were terrified, but the soldiers were wonderful to the women. One of the soldiers used some kind of material to remove the tattoo on Bronia's arm. Her number was 8846.

Sarah's father, Rubien, was born on March 13, 1922. He was also 17 when the war broke out. His father's name was Raphael Federman, and his mother's name was Vishka Devora Farbiarz. Rubien's family had a summer home outside of Lodz, which is the place where they first fled. Rubien's mother had sewn money and jewels into her coat lining, and they were able to use some of the valuables they brought from Lodz to survive and escape from the ghetto. Later, Rubien and his family escaped to Warsaw. They lived at Mila 55, which was in close proximity to Mila 18, home base of the Jewish resisters who led the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising.

Although the four brothers were together most of the war, the oldest brother, Hershel, and the youngest brother, Elias, were separated from Rubien and their brother Saul at some point and sent to different concentration camps. One day Elias was sent out to dig graves. He knew that this meant death. After he dug the graves, he ran into the forest and hid. He was wounded by a soldier. Hershel bribed a Jewish guard to help him find Elias. They went out to the forest, found him, and brought him back into the concentration camp since there was no place for Elias to hide outside the camp.

After the war, Bronia and Rubien reconnected at the DP camp in Feldafing, the second largest camp in Germany. Bronia and Rubien married on April 26, 1946. Two years after the war on March 18, 1947, Sarah was born at the Hospital Elizabeth at the Feldafing DP camp. Before the war, this DP camp had been a beautiful resort and golf area where kings and queens played for over 150 years.

Either at the end of February or the beginning of March 1949, Sarah and her parents sailed on a ship named the *Marine Falcon* and arrived at Ellis Island. After only one day in New York, her family was moved by the JDC (American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee) to the south side of Chicago. Other family members later joined them in Chicago. Her parents spoke only Yiddish and Polish, so they attended a night class to learn English. Sarah became a translator for them and even at eight-years old she was typing letters for them to Germany in order to receive money for Bronia's medicine. Sarah, fluent in Yiddish, and still learning English, felt uncomfortable speaking English and stuttered for three years until a third-grade teacher helped get her a tutor.

American Jews were not particularly welcoming to emigrant Jews and called them "greenhorns." Survivor families would rent a hall and a band, bring their children and the European food they were accustomed to eating, and hold dances. In a way, it was like reconstituting the families they lost as they danced, ate together, and their children ran around playing. Sarah's parents were very positive, joyous, and life-affirming, so she was lucky in that they did not make their wartime experiences the focus of Sarah's life. Her parents did, however, share their life stories, unlike many Survivors who never spoke about the war years. For the rest of her life, Sarah's mother wanted to help others. She raised money for

the Leukemia Society, the Chicago Holocaust Museum, the Washington Holocaust Museum, and Holocaust remembrance organizations, among others. (Sarah also worked in the non-profit community for most of her working career.) After Sarah's father's death, Betty moved to Skokie and worked at a kosher bakery because she loved being around people.

Sarah received her bachelor's degree from the University of Illinois Chicago Circle campus, with honors. She was in the second graduating class in 1968 and majored in American literature and political science. She went on to receive a master's in British literature from the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, in 1970. She completed all her course work for a PhD in 20th-century literature and became an ABD. She passed the advanced-language examination in German. Then she moved to California. Her husband is also a child of Survivors. Her husband retired from the University of California, Riverside, as a full professor in political science. Then he took a position with a think tank in San Francisco. They have two sons and four grandchildren. They all live in California. Her sons are first-generation Americans. Her grandchildren are second-generation Americans on their father's side, and third or fourth generation of Americans on their mother's side.

Sarah's father passed away in 1979 at the age of 57. Her mother passed away in 2004 at the age of 82.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Our main takeaway from Sarah's parents' story was the importance of family and love, even during the most difficult of times. Sarah's parents managed to find love in the Displaced Persons camp even after having lost so many members of their families. Then, upon coming to the United States, they were still able to build lives, careers, and raise their children. And beyond that, they never lost their love of people and their desire to aid those who were in need. In the middle of our photo, Sarah is linked, connected, and draws her strength from those who came before.

BENJAMIN GRAINES. A major theme in Sarah's story is that of loss. Sarah and her parents lost siblings, family members, friends, and so much more. The amount of loss is almost beyond human comprehension. For my photo, I chose to include my blanket from when I was a child. As I grow older, I have become increasingly aware of the passing of my childhood and thereby lost innocence. One's childhood can never be replaced, just like how Sarah's family can never be replaced physically, emotionally, or spiritually.

SAM APPLE. What I have learned from listening to Sarah Neiman's story is that we are all in this together. When she told us the story about how her parents met in the Displaced Persons camp, it showed me that even in the worst times, you can find love anywhere. The way I expressed this feeling was to put my hand on the window to show that every person counts although we live in many different places. What this photo reveals about me is that although I am just one person, I can make a big difference.

GAVIN VRADENBURG. One theme in Sarah Neiman's parents' stories was love. Her parents found love after a very dark time. For my picture, I connected their love and my love. Of course, there is nothing that compares to the love between people, but something I love is baseball. Baseball is the highlight of my life—a beautiful summer day, the green of the grass, and the crack of the bat. I expressed that feeling in my picture by using my hands as a heart symbolizing love and putting a baseball at the top. I added a spotlight effect on the picture to really show what it means to me.

SHIRLEY DRELICH

"Education was very important in my house."


HOPE

We talked to SHIRLEY DRELICH about her parents, Sara and Morris Bard.

Sara Bard (née Abramowicz) had a great childhood before the war. Sara was born in Lodz, Poland, in 1920. Before the war, there were around 233,000 Jews in Lodz. Sara's father was a cobbler, and her mother worked outside the home. Sara was the oldest of four siblings. She had two sisters and a brother. Growing up, Sara's house was lively and fun, filled with music and laughter. Education was greatly valued. Her family was very close, and Sara was particularly close with her sister Paula. She also had a sister named Leah and a brother named Henry. When her brother, the youngest child, was born, he was treated like a king because he was the first son. He went on to finish school before the war and became a veterinarian. Henry immigrated to the United States before Sara and the rest of her family.

Her parents were very involved in Yiddish theater. Lodz was home to many Yiddish performers. Sara's whole family loved to sing. Her family was quite fortunate. They did not need to worry about where their next meal would come from. They had a nanny named Esther, and they called her the word for aunt in Yiddish (*tante*). Sara's family was extremely religious. She was very good in school. She loved school, especially poetry and math, but she could not go to high school because Jewish children were not allowed to attend public school when the war started. Her parents were involved in the PTA. It was a very happy childhood.

A ghetto was established in Lodz, and it became the second largest ghetto in Nazi-occupied Poland. The Lodz ghetto manufactured a large amount of supplies for the Nazis to use in the war. The ghetto was able to manage until April 1944. On April 4, 1940, the day the gates of the ghetto closed, there were 163,777 occupants. Lodz was the first major ghetto established and the last to be liquidated. Sara and her family escaped the Lodz ghetto and went to Russia, where they ended up in a Siberian work camp. Sara's job at the camp was to paint lines down the middle of the road. During her time in the work camp, a soldier took a liking to Sara and helped her. She met her husband-to-be in the camp also. She was lucky to know him because he had an important job. He made sure she remained fed. Sara's mother disappeared during the war. However, the family would receive packages of chocolate, a commodity at the time, which let them know that she was alive. One day the packages stopped coming, leading them to believe that she died in a camp.

Shirley's father, Morris Bard (born Schwartzburd), was born in Bialystok, Poland, in 1921. Bialystok is the largest city in northeastern Poland. In 1937, two years before the war, the Jewish population of Bialystok comprised as much as 60 percent of the population. Few Jews live there today. Morris was intelligent. Morris came from a family of seven boys and one girl. One of his brothers fell in a barrel of water as a child and became deaf after this accident. Two of Morris's siblings that he knows of survived the war.

Morris did not talk much about the war, and many of the memories Shirley knows come from stories told by her mother. During the war, Morris was beaten by a Nazi in Poland. He lost a kidney but luckily survived. Morris was taken to a Russian work camp in Siberia, where he was the head of the commissary. He got this job because he

had worked in the food industry before the war. He met his wife, Sara, in the camp. They were married by a rabbi in the camp, and there was no big wedding, which helps to explain why Sara was very involved in throwing a big wedding when their daughter Shirley got married.

Morris had a brother Sam, who was also taken to the same work camp. Morris and Sam married sisters, Sara and Paula. As couples, they remained a close family while in the work camp and after they were liberated. Later in life, Shirley's memory of Morris and Sam is that they would be together and speak to each other in Yiddish. They didn't say much and often sat in silence. They had a close relationship. Morris and Sam's father moved to Israel with their sister after the camps were liberated. Morris did not see his sister again for 26 years, until 1973 at their father's funeral. Morris's sister stayed connected to the family. Morris brought her to the United States for a visit for Shirley's wedding. It was an emotional reconnection.

After the war, Morris and Sara, along with Paula and Sam, went to Germany. Sara had a daughter who was born in Russia before they left. Paula had a daughter who was born in Russia too. They had little money. In 1953, both couples immigrated to the United States. They went to Brooklyn, New York, where an organization called the Workmen's Circle, a socialist organization, helped them get settled. Sara and Paula's sister, Leah, was in Israel, and their brother, Henry, was already in the United States. When both couples went to America, they changed their last name from Schwartzburd to Bard because a cousin who was already in the United States had changed it. When Sara became pregnant with their second daughter they were scared and unhappy because they did not have any money, and because Sara was worried about the language barrier that may exist between herself and her new child. Sara and Morris went to night school and learned English as they had planned they would do before moving to America. At this time, their first daughter, Anne, was ten. They had the baby and named her Shirley after Morris's mother, Sima.

Things started to get better for the Bards. Morris, who had been working as a delivery man, opened a grocery store with two friends and made enough money to support his family. He worked very hard and long hours. Sara also helped him in the supermarket. Sara became much less religious than she was before the war because she felt God had forsaken the Jewish people. Morris did not talk about his experiences in the war often and in much detail because it was too painful to recall. He was a good father to his children. Some of the rituals that Sara and Morris continued for their children were lighting Shabbat candles, the importance of not questioning God, celebrating holidays, and the value of education. Although Morris worked very hard, he used his few days off (every other Sunday) to do special things with his family, such as taking Shirley to Radio City Music Hall. Sara remained close with Paula and Henry, and they would reminisce about their childhood and sing together when they saw each other. They were not quite as close with Leah, their other sister. Sara had a close relationship with her children. Sara and Morris Bard overcame so much and raised a great family. They had fulfilling lives filled with love, family, and perseverance.

ARTIST STATEMENT. The three words we took away from the interview with Shirley Drelich were family, hope, and memory. When speaking to Shirley about her parents, Sara and Morris Bard, the importance of family stood out the most. Morris and Sara met each other during the war when they were at a Russian work camp. Morris supported Sara by keeping her fed. Because Morris and Sara both had siblings in the camp, they were surrounded by family and kept that close bond for the rest of their lives. Both Morris and Sara came from large, loving families. Family always was a big part of their lives. When we asked Shirley what her parents passed on to she and her sister growing up, one thing she included was the importance of family. To represent this value in our Survivor photo, we included photos of Shirley's relatives who were all present in Morris and Sara's story. Having these family photos included felt like a meaningful way to show the people who were there along the way for Morris and Sara Bard: their family.

SARAH SCHREIBMAN. The main points I took away from our interview with Shirley Drelich were family and love. In my picture there is a heart around a marriage certificate that is in the shape of the *Magen David* or the Jewish star. I chose this because Sara and Morris Bard got married in the Siberian work camp. They still found each other and fell in love even in such tough times. I thought that the marriage certificate was important because it is in the shape of a Magen David, and they were in the camps in the first place because they were Jewish.

EMILY GOODMAN. To me, remembering the Holocaust is one the most important things in Judaism. After learning so much about it, the strongest feeling that comes to me, other than a deep sadness, is gratitude. I am grateful that I have an amazing family, and that I am able to celebrate and practice Judaism freely. I understand that young Jewish people like me have a responsibility to never forget what happened during the Holocaust. This project has been a great way for me to learn a new story and to carry on this story to others so that more and more people are educated about the Holocaust. My photo, in which I hold old family photos of generations before me, represents my gratitude for family, a very important element in my Survivor's stories. I was glad to incorporate that in my own photo.

ZOE COHEN. My photoreaction to Shirley Drelich's story symbolizes the hope that her family still had, even through all of their hardship. I decided to go out on a snowy but sunny day and take a picture of a piece of a plastic shopping bag in the snow. On the bag is the word hope. Shirley's parents were sent to a cold, harsh, Russian work camp, but when they were liberated and moved to the US, they were able to live a fulfilling life when they opened their grocery store, which is what the bag symbolizes. Light comes through the bag onto the snow, which symbolizes the bright spots in dark times.

...ymine Susan I—evely as we share
...e's everyday experiences we promise to strive
...r an intimacy that will enable us to
express our innermost thoughts and
feelings; to be sensitive at all times to each
other's needs; to share life's joys and to

[illegible]

comfort each other
through life's sorrows;
to challenge each
other to achieve intelle...

and physical fulfill...
...lment as well as spiritu...
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we also promise to est...
a home committed
to our Jewish heritage...
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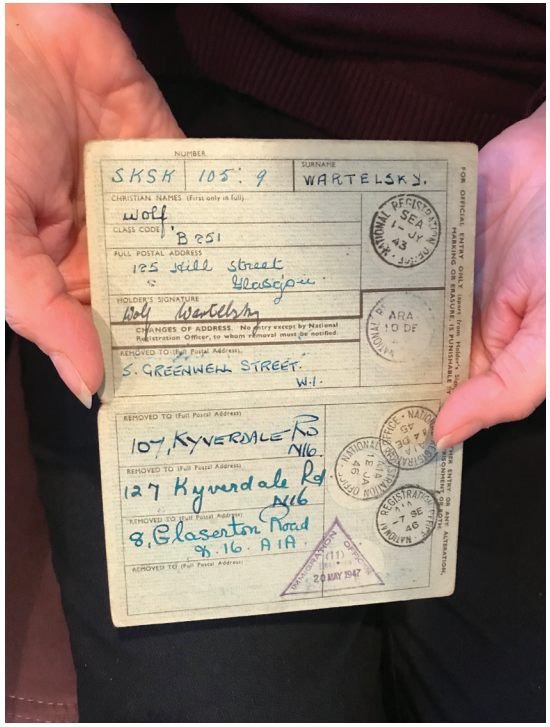
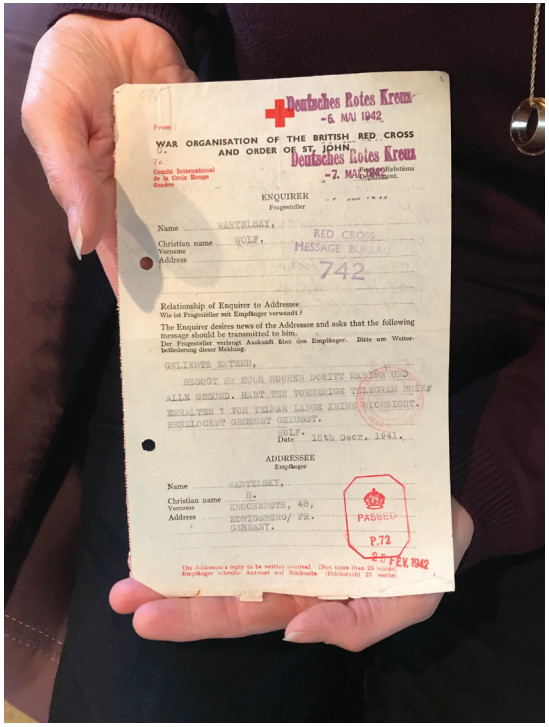
people; a home filled
with love, learning,
compassion and
integrity. All
this is valid and
binding.





"What I realize now, as an adult, is that he never let adversity get in the way of being successful."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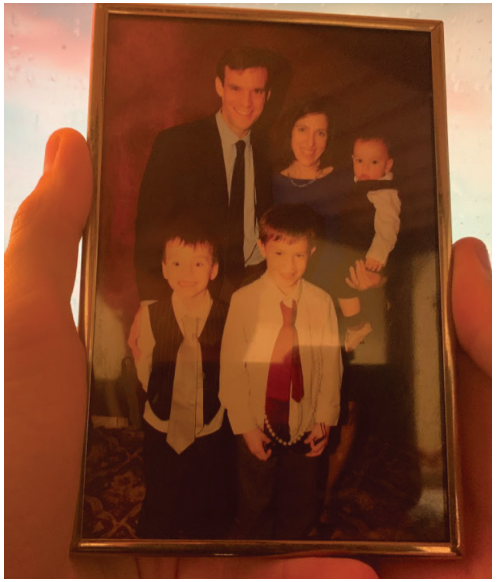


This is the story of MICHAEL WARTON as told by his daughter Ms. Bonnie Gamze.

Michael Warton was born on January 13, 1924, in Konigsburg, Germany. He had loving parents and a nice childhood. His father was a well-to-do merchant. He bought and sold horses, and made a good living. His mother came from a well-educated and highly respectable family. His father was a voice student at one time, and both his father and mother were orthodox Jews. The family was oriented towards the temple. Michael sang in the choir at the Alt Synagogue. His aunts attended the Neu Synagogue. Jews felt pride in building this new temple, and it later became the Jewish Day School. For grade school, Michael attended public school and then attended the gymnasium (college preparatory school) for one year. In 1937 antisemitism became so bad that he could no longer attend the gymnasium. He then attended the Jewish Day School in the synagogue.

Konigsburg had been home to early royalty in monarchs. It was a highly cultured city with a university. The population was around 350,000, and 16,000 were Jews. As a child, Michael played with animals at his father's business, which was located nearby. He loved being with horses and goats. That is where he vanished rather than doing homework. He spent so much time there that he learned the business almost as well as his father. Along with school, he attended Hebrew school three days a week, and his father attended synagogue two times a day. Early on, he became aware of the seriousness of the situation. As he walked through the streets, he saw glass-covered billboards that showed newspapers that disparaged Jews. There was no choice but to live with it. Even walking the streets was dangerous. It was not uncommon for hooligans to throw stones at the Jews, and one time, they threw a snowball at his father. His father was very embarrassed to have this happen in front of his son.

His mother was a Zionist, and Michael had relatives in Palestine. His grandfather and aunt had left for Palestine. His mother's older brother had gone to Israel in 1929. His father was more orthodox and less Zionist. For him, Zionism was to be found in the prayer books. His father served as president of the temple at one time. One of the cantors left in 1933 and went to Scotland. He later helped Michael, his sister, and some cousins get out of the country by finding a wealthy sponsor in Scotland.

Koningsurg had two or three temples, and the majority of Jewish people lived in tenement buildings. Few people had cars, so people used horses and buggies. Michael walked everywhere no matter the elements. Some of his friends were Jews while others were non-Jews. Beginning in 1933, things became restrictive. He was closed off from fraternizing with German young people. Hitler's perversion of the youth made it hard for his friends to be seen with Jews. Michael then stuck with his Jewish friends. They had games, performed plays, and engaged in school activities, and then there was Hebrew school. His non-Jewish friends drifted away.

His family always celebrated the Jewish holidays and went to the temple. One aunt had a very large house where even travelers could take meals. They went to her house for the large family gatherings. After 1933, his family felt antisemitism in insidious ways. His father's barber now refused to cut his hair. Food became scarce, there were only small allocations of food. Jews could no longer have

kosher slaughtering, so kosher food was not available. His father traveled to the country to get food because he knew some farmers from his business. A *schochet* would come and slaughter animals, and Michael's father would share food with relatives and strangers. In 1937 Michael was forced to attend the Jewish Day School held in the temple. That was until Kristallnacht.

Kristallnacht was a culmination of Nazi opression, and transformed Jewish life in Germany. Jews had already been leaving and the community was shrinking. In fact, they gave up one temple. On November 8, Michael was in the Neu Synagogue in preparation for the unification, and he left school late. It was dark, and when he arrived home, the phone rang, and his father was requested to come to the temple to help put out a fire. His father did not go, and he did not let anyone in the family leave the house. He knew. The Nazis had burned all the temples and also broken into Jewish businesses and looted them and attacked owners. More phone calls told them to lay low.

On the morning of November 9, three men forced their way into the house and asked his father questions about what he knew of Herschel Grynszpan, the man who had assassinated Ernst Vom Rath, a low-level Nazi diplomat in Paris. Michael's father said he knew nothing about it. The Nazis wanted to know where his books were. The family possessed a large library, and the Nazis took the books with them. They also took Michael's father. His mother and sister became more upset and worried as they heard the news about the degree of looting and burning that had taken place in Germany and Austria. His uncle and other family members were also arrested. But fortunately at 3:00 in the morning, his father came home. His father did not talk much because he was ordered not to discuss what he had seen.

On November 10, Michael snuck out of the house because there was tumult. There was a fence around his father's business and he could see Jewish men discussing what they should do. One uncle and cousin decided to jump on a train that went to West Germany and then to Holland. Later in the war, they were caught and murdered. Around this time *kindertransports* were being formed to send Jewish children to England. His father got in touch with the former cantor. It took a while to get all the papers in order, however, in February 1939, he and his sister and two cousins were chosen for transport. It was determined that children had to be over ten years old under seventeen years old. His cousins were fifteen and seventeen.

He and his sister knew exactly why they were leaving. There were many tears and embraces. The children were more ready to leave than parents were ready to let them go. His parents were destitute and antisemitism was everywhere. From his town, around 15 children were sent to Berlin, the collection point, roughly a four-hour train ride. They arrived at night and were taken to an empty apartment where they slept on the floor.

The children were already hardened: They knew things were not going to be easy. There were Jewish leaders of the group who served as guardians. The next day, they boarded another train, this time with hundreds of children, and they traveled from Berlin to Holland. Once across the border, people passed sandwiches through windows into the train cars. In Holland, the children boarded a ferry where they slept on bunks for their trip to England. Upon arriving in England, they were loaded

on trains and taken to London. There was a receiving area for the children, and it was chaos. They were there for about two days, with a few adults running it, but the children were not easy to handle.

At the receiving area, a man from Glasgow, Scotland, who was to be their sponsor came to shepherd them. Michael, his sister, and cousins went by a deluxe and comfortable train to Glasgow, a trip that lasted nine hours. When they arrived they were split up. The cantor had made all arrangements. They were fortunate, as most children of the transport had no sponsor. They were taken in groups and put up in hostels or castles spread throughout England. Michael's sponsor was a wealthy and religious man who tried to do good things. Michael's sister went to live with the cantor. One cousin went with the cantor's older daughter, while the other cousin went to live elsewhere. All were able to talk over the phone and had frequent contact.

Michael's family made him very comfortable. They had four children. Then he had to learn English. Michael was enrolled in a local grammar school, and within six months became proficient in English. It was not an easy transition. As a refugee, he was given identity cards that said "Aliens of Nazis Oppression." He was stateless and cast into an abyss of orphanhood. He was put into a lower grade in school because of his language barrier and that bothered him. All children in the family were friendly and welcoming, and he received letters from his parents until war broke out. For a while, he received Red Cross telegrams, which could be no more than 25 words. Parents told little in telegrams about their plight, such as, "Everything is fine." The last telegram came in June 1942. One relative said Michael's parents had joined his aunt. What happened is unclear even to this day. He continued to be in touch with the Red Cross Tracing Service to determine what had happened to his parents. They just vanished. He assumed the worst: They were sent to a death camp.

He stayed with the Scotsman for one year. He went to high school, but was still behind in a year of school which continued to bother him. He wanted to leave school, and he planned to take care of his parents once they arrived. He went to Glasgow, 15 years old, and with the help of the cantor, he got a job at a furniture factory where he served as an apprentice for five years. Though highly valued by the company, he felt exploited because he was paid little money. He lived in a hostel with 22 other boys. They had no news about the fate of the Jews in Europe and they were all apprehensive. When the war ended, he saw pictures of GI's finding the death camps. This led him to conclude that his parents were no more.

In 1945 Michael finished his apprenticeship and wanted to go back to school. He took correspondence high school courses, meaning he worked nine hours a day at his job and then was in school. He took and passed the entrance exam to the University of London. He applied to the Glasgow School of Architecture and received a four-year scholarship, but he needed money to live on. He asked that an uncle who lived in Israel send him ten dollars a week to live, but instead the uncle decided to bring him to Chicago, and in 1947 Michael and his sister came to America. They had to wait in line for the quota to allow both of them to travel. Passage on the ship was not easy. He jumped onto a freighter in Antwerp, Belgium, and got a one-way ticket. It was a ten-day trip, and Michael was

seasick. From Baltimore, he took a train to New York, where he had relatives. Later he found out that these same relatives had not agreed to sponsor parents, which might have saved his entire family. He got on a bus to Chicago and lived with his uncle. Michael married in 1949 after being fixed up on a date. They adopted a daughter, thinking there was a problem with pregnancy, but a year later, his wife became pregnant and they had a son. In 1956 they found a piece of land and built their own home. He built a business in Highland Park in 1958.

Michael was reluctant to discuss his past until 1993, when he agreed to give an interview to the Shoah Foundation, established by Stephen Spielberg, using the profits from *Schindler's List*. This interview helped him to speak about his experiences. Michael went through a lot in his life, which had a great impact on other people's lives, including his daughter, Mrs. Gamze. Michael Warton passed away on June 13, 2001.

ARTIST STATEMENT. The main takeaway for us is to value our families. By going on the kindertransport, Michael had to leave most of his family behind, who later perished in the death camps. In his *Survivors of the Shoah* interview, Michael says that he wonders what his father would have looked like at his age. Also, in Mrs. Gamze's interview, she spoke about how losing her father affected the way she brought up her children and the importance of remembrance. Hope has also been conveyed as an important theme because Michael and his relatives were saved by the kindertransport, and this brought hope to future generations. The value of family is the main message we are trying to convey in the photo.

KAYLEE KREINER. The main elements in my personal photograph are the bare, leafless branches of this tree. This was in order to convey the emotions of loss and isolation. In Micheal's story, he is saved by the kindertransport, however, much of his family perished at the death camps. He and his cousins were separated when they went to different foster families and did not see each other until 20 years later. This tree is just one out of trillions. There are so many others who have lost so much, but it is important to hear these stories and become a witness to what happened.

JONAH BERMAN. The main takeaway for us is to value our families. By going on the kindertransport, Michael had to leave most of his family behind, who later perished at the death camps. In the Steven Spielburg interview Michael says that he wonders how his father would have looked at this age in the mirror. Also, in Mrs. Gamze's interview, she spoke about how losing her father impacted the way she brought up her children and the importance of remembrance. Hope has also been conveyed as an important theme because Micheal and his relatives were saved by the kindertransport, and this brought hope to future generations. The value of family is the main message we are trying to convey in the photo.

TOBIN BUSCH. The main thing I learned from Michael's story is to value family. The elements in my photo are the background, my hands, and a picture of my family. My photo connects with the Survivor because it shows I am grateful to have my family.

"Objects tell my family's story."

The following is the story of Gershon Hoffman as told by his daughter YONIT HOFFMAN.

Gershon (originally Gerhardt before moving to Palestine) Hoffman was born on February 9, 1923, in Hamburg, Germany. He was born into a middle-class family. His mother owned and operated a linen store, while his father was a merchant. After the war, Gershon returned to Hamburg and recovered four family photo albums and a *Hanukkiah* that had been entrusted to a non-Jewish neighbor who kept them safe. Keeping these Jewish items safe during the war would have been very risky for this family. These photo albums reveal a childhood not too dissimilar from children's lives today. For example Gershon owned a scooter, his families went on vacations, they had picnics. Prior to the Holocaust in Hamburg, Gershon attended a Jewish day school called Talmud Torah.

The school was closed in 1939 in the aftermath of Kristallnacht, and in recent years there was a debate as to whether to reopen the school and to rebuild the Great Synagogue of Hamburg, which also had been destroyed during Kristallnacht. A decision was made to reopen the school and have it function as a private Jewish day school again in 2007. This school is one of the best elementary and middle schools in Hamburg to this day. There are 18 stumbling blocks outside the building to remind people of the students and teachers at this school who were murdered by the Nazis. There has been a revival of Jewish life in Hamburg in recent years as many Jews from the former Soviet Union made their way to Germany.

Before the war, Hamburg contained the largest Jewish population in all of Germany. Like all other places with a Jewish population, they were deported to ghettos and many were sent to their deaths at concentration camps. On November 8, 1941, the people of Hamburg received an evacuation command from the criminal police department. The command said that within the next two days they had to condense all their belongings into less than 100 pounds per person, and all of their bank accounts and assets were immediately confiscated to be used for the war effort.

Gershon's family was deported on November 11, 1941, and arrived on November 15 at the Minsk ghetto in Belorussia. Based on letters that Gershon wrote after the war, space was made for these arrivals in Minsk when the Nazis executed 28,000 Russian Jews who had previously inhabited the ghetto. The Jews from Hamburg were placed in an area of the ghetto called the *Sonderghetto* (or special ghetto). They had to help construct and clean the ghetto themselves. They had to clean the barracks of bodies, filth, torn clothing, dishes, and human defecation of those who had preceded them. The debris was almost a meter high. They had to place barbed wire around the ghetto. Gershon was fortunate in that he was assigned the job of designing signs for mess halls in the east because he had received some training in graphic arts in Hamburg. Gershon's father was a painter in the army. It was left to Gershon to help support and find additional food for the family.

In the ghetto on July 22, 1942, Gershon went to work as usual. But when he returned that night, the camp was completely surrounded by SS officers, and the workers were sent back to their workplace. They were kept in their workplace for the next three days with no information about what was happening back in the

ghetto. Finally, on the fourth day, they were allowed back. Gershon saw everyone in his family except his father. He did not think anything of this at first. He thought his father was stuck at his workplace as well.

Shortly after, a ghetto leader came to him and expressed his sympathy. Gershon was confused at first, but then realized that his father had been taken away and that he would never see him again. The camp leader told him that the officers in charge of bringing his group of workmen to their workplace were late, and by the time the officer got to the ghetto it was already locked up and there was no way for his father to get to work. At 10:00 a.m. that day there was a command that all men who did not have work had to appear. This included Gershon's father. They were sent to clean up remains of another mass execution of thousands of Russian Jews who were all shot to the head. They saw too much and were murdered.

Gershon remained in the Minsk ghetto and thought about trying to escape to become a member of the partisans fighting in the forests against the Nazis. However, Gershon decided against it because he was responsible for taking care of his mother and brother. On September 10, 1943, Gershon was moved to another section of the ghetto where his mother and brother were able to join him. However, he was transported from this camp with the promise that his mother and brother would join him. Sadly he never would see them again. Gershon believes that his mother and brother were sent to Auschwitz or Majdanek. He then was transferred from one camp to another, including Lublin, Work Lager Budzyn, KZ Budzyn, Work Lager Milec, KZ Wjeletschka, KZ Flossenburg, and KZ Ninety. Nearly all of his friends did not survive. In one of the camps before Flossenberg, Gershon received a tattoo, which was unusual because Survivors of Auschwitz were the only ones believed to be given tattoos.

At the last camp of Flossenburg in 1944, Gershon was tasked with cleaning out the rail cars because Jews were still being transported from the east in cattle cars. It was here that he encountered Anton Sailer, a ten-year-old boy who helped him survive. Anton's house was located at the end of the railroad crossing. The boy's mother had worked for a Jewish family in a neighboring town. It seems she was quite connected to this family, which may explain her family's attitudes towards Jews. The boy would watch the trains come in and Jewish prisoners unload the cattle cars. He saw Gershon who looked young and thought it was a boy like him, though at this point Gershon was probably 18. One day the boy asked his mother if he could give this "friend" bread. The mother agreed to this. (Yonit only found out about this story in 2011 when Anton's family told her). Anton started leaving him leftover bread in a hollowed-out fence post by the train tracks. Towards the end of the war, Gershon worked in the office of a Messerschmidt factory that was producing airplane parts, and right before a death march, Gershon created a card for Anton's family.

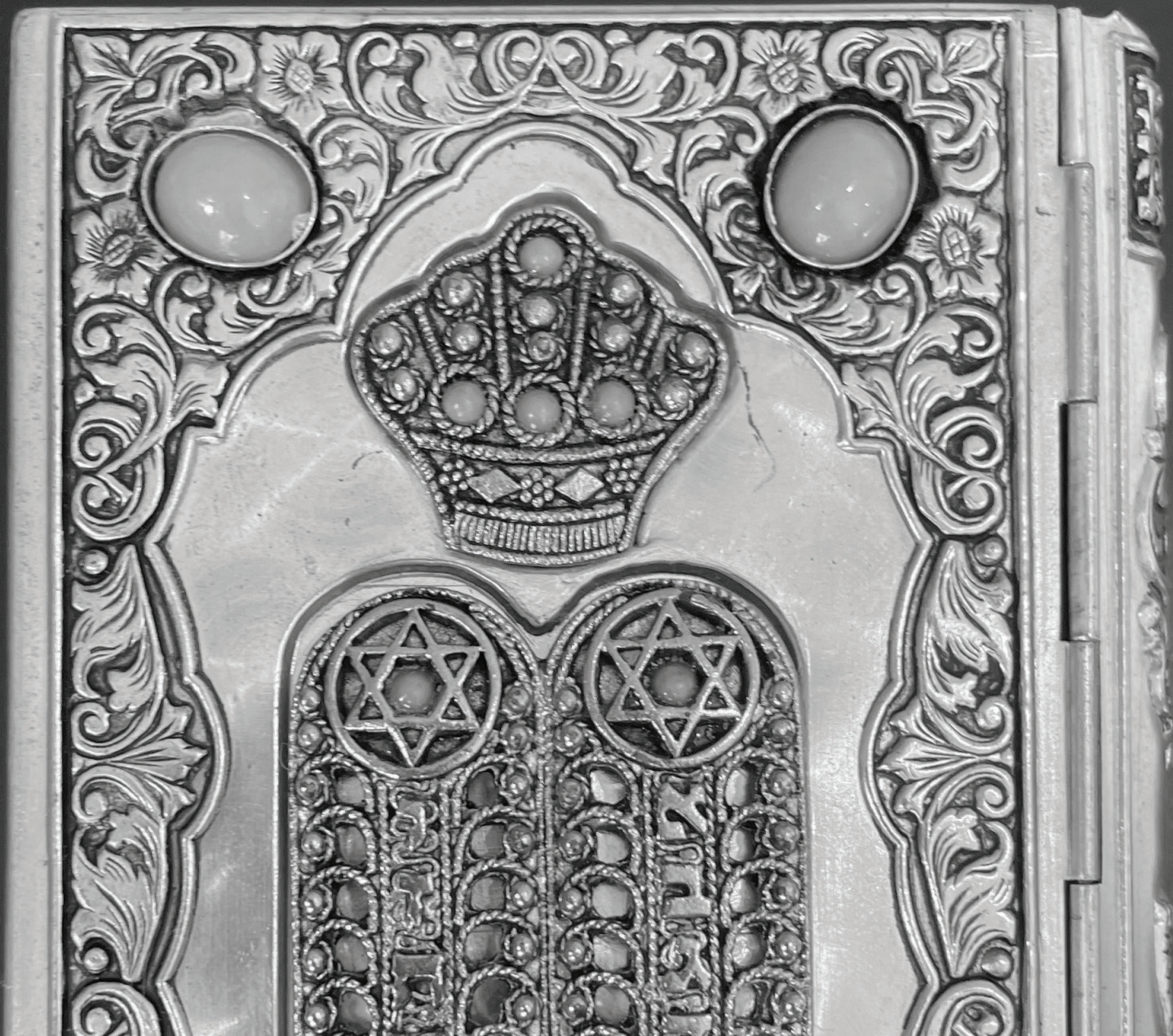
Following liberation from the KZ Flossenburg concentration camp, Gershon immigrated to Palestine in 1946, known as Israel today. In Palestine, he created new beginnings for the Jewish people and other Survivors. He did this by becoming a founding member of Kibbutz Shoval. This Kibbutz gave Holocaust Survivors a new beginning and a new start to create something of their

own. Gershon created his new life, marrying his wife and having one daughter, Yonit. After surviving such daunting experiences Gershon contracted heart issues and diabetes. Even though he had these issues he wanted to protect the country of the Jewish people. He was a soldier in the War of Independence in 1948 and began to experience worsening heart conditions. These conditions led to a heart attack and he died at the age of 41 on Kibbutz Shoval when Yonit was about three or four years old.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Yonit Hoffman is the daughter of Gershon Hoffman, a Holocaust survior. In the photo, Ms. Hoffman is surrounded with some remaining family heirlooms. These items were preserved during the war in their German next-door neighbors' cellar. After Gershon was liberated from the KZ Flossenburg concentration camp he went back to Hamburg, Germany. In Hamburg he retrieved his family's only remaining belongings, and wrote a letter telling about the horror he experienced during the war. Once he had his daughter, he gave her these items to always remember him and their family's past, to never forget.

MYLES ANKIN. The main lesson I learned from Yonit's photograph and story was that family heirlooms and valuables are very important. In my family they are too. In my photograph I put a picture of a chain I wear around my neck to symbolize my connection to God. I also wear this because my dad and great-grandfathers each had one, so I wanted one as well. In my photograph there is also a picture of my initials, MMA, on a ring. This ring symbolizes a tradition my great-grandfather started that every Ankin/Ankofsky male would get a ring. These family valuables are very important to me because I feel a strong connection to my forefathers and future family members. Yonit showed us that even though people aren't always with us, they are with us in spirit and within objects.

ANDREW ZUCKERMAN. In Yonit Hoffman's family story she always mentioned items that have been passed down in her family for generations, so I thought it was really important to show items that have been passed down to me. The prayer book shown was passed down to me from my dad's parents, and it used to be my great-grandparents. Passing down items like this is really important because there is a story behind everything that you own, and in order for that story to stay alive you need objects that show them.



"Go tell your parents
you love them."

Our Holocaust Survivor is MICHAEL TENNENBAUM. The story he tells is mainly about his parents who lived through the whole war.

Michael Tennenbaum's family was born in Galicia, a region that was part of Poland and is now part of Ukraine. They grew up in a town known as Zbarash. Michael was born there after World War II. Before the war, the area of Zbarash was home to several thousand Jews, more than 90 percent of whom were killed during the war. Both of Michael's parents were orphans. Their fathers died shortly after World War II, and they were raised mostly by their mothers. Michael's father was born in 1913 and his mother was born in 1916. As was the case for most Jews in Zbarash, his parents were poor growing up, and the Polish government kept Jews from becoming educated or from entering many professions and business opportunities.

Like so many Holocaust Survivors, Michael's parents rarely talked about their experiences with others, especially not with their children. They did, however, talk to other Survivors in Yiddish. Since that was his first language, Michael was able to overhear their conversations and understand what was being said. That was how he learned what he knows about their lives.

During the war, his parents were deported to labor camps, where members of the self-described "master race" were too "stupid" to run the labor camp well, and there were many escapes. His mother escaped and returned to her town, where she went into hiding in the woods with her sister and two brothers. Later, his father escaped, was recaptured and escaped again, and then joined a group of partisans in the woods to fight the local Nazis. They attacked small German patrols and stole their weapons. On one occasion they attacked a patrol that was led by the German officer who had killed the old women in their town, including Michael's grandmothers. The Jewish partisans killed the Nazis, and Michael's father slit the throat of the leader. It was something Michael's father had nightmares about for most of the rest of his life. One story Michael told us about his mother was one day, Nazi soldiers were looking for her and some others, so they hid. One of the people had a baby. The baby was being too loud and a man was trying to quiet it, but instead suffocated it. This is one of the many horrific and tragic stories that happened to Michael's parents.

After more than a year, Germany started to lose the war to the Russian and American armies, and his father returned to Zbarash and married Michael's mom. In 1944, most of Galicia was free of Nazis and under the control of Russia, with some parts controlled by the American army. Michael's family did not want to live under Russian rule. So, in 1945, when he was a few months old, Michael and his family snuck across the border into the American zone. Michael's mother was lucky that most of her family had survived the war, but sadly his father's family had died in the camps.

They lived in a Displaced Persons (DP) camp run by the American army in a place called Pocking, Germany, near the border with Austria. They applied for permission to immigrate to the US or Israel, and US approval came first in 1949. Michael's mom's brother, sister, and families went to Israel, and her older brother and family came to the US. His dad, the youngest of five in his family, lost everybody. Michael and his family were

sent to Seattle, where they grew up until moving to Los Angeles in the early 1960s.

One thing that Michael has thought about recently is the psychology of the Holocaust Survivors. They saw and suffered so much evil, and many people, like his parents, were emotionally scarred for the rest of their lives. This explains why his parents were not the most loving. They were cold and had trouble expressing emotion. Michael told us, in the second interview, to go tell our parents we love them. He explained that he always ends calls with his family with, "I love you." He does this because he was negatively taught about the importance of family and love.

Michael finds it important to share his story. He has gone on March of the Living with his grandson, and finds it important that his family shares his story. There were Survivors, but nobody completely survived. Surviving the Holocaust isn't about just living through it, but it's about how you survive the aftermath.

Never forgive, never forget, never again.

ARTIST STATEMENT. Identity, family, and strength. Michael Tennenbaum and his parents were able to survive through the war because they had the strength to persevere and never gave up. Michael's father was a Jewish partisan and risked his life everyday fighting for others. Michael's mother was hiding in her hometown and in the woods. She survived many attacks. Michael grew up with his parents not being very loving towards him. He finds it important to always tell people in your life that you love them. Michael has stayed connected through his whole life to Judaism and the Holocaust, and a big example of this is his experience on March of the Living. The pictures of his family show that although he may be scarred for the rest of his life, he continued to persevere with his family in the back of his mind. He put his arms up showing strength and power to represent all the Jewish people in the Holocaust. As many of the stories in the Holocaust went unheard, it is important for us to hear their stories so that we become more aware and can become a witness to all that has happened. When there are no more Survivors, we need to be the people to share their stories. It is through memory that this will never happen again.

NOAH TENNENBAUM. My main takeaway from our interviews with Michael Tennenbaum, my grandfather, was strength, love, and identity. As he is my grandfather, I want to show him my love by following in his footsteps. So, I made a match of his photo. I showed strength by putting up my arm, and I showed my Jewish identity by wearing *tefillin*. Most important, I want to walk in his footsteps by going on the March of the Living.

MATTHEW AZULAY. When my group interviewed Michael Tennenbaum I took away two main lessons: Always be proud of your Judaism, and love your family. I saw these things in the interviews multiple times. Michael told us to go and tell a family member in our house that we love them because he wants us to know that loving your family is very important. One example of being proud of his Judaism was when he talked about

going on March of the Living. This really struck me when he talked about the time he and a few others started singing a Jewish prayer and a Polish guard told them to stop. He did not, and the officer ended up leaving. To me this shows how being proud of your Judaism is very important. I incorporated both lessons by holding up a picture of me and my family in a synagogue right before my Bar Mitzvah, where I am wearing a *kippah*. The photo of my family expresses both themes because I am showing how I love my family and my pride in Judaism. I think the photo reveals that I, Matthew Azulay, am strong and also a proud Jew.

NATHANIEL DUBNER. Throughout the interviews with Michael Tennenbaum and the entire project, I contemplated the idea that Michael never lost hope in surviving and always stayed connected to Judaism on his journey. One sees this in the interview when he talks about how his father escaped the camps, got caught and sent back, and then escaped again and managed to not get caught the second time. They were risk-takers and never gave up. My reaction photo is of a *shofar*. The curviness of the shofar and the darkness of the room show the hard-fought journey that was never-ending. This photo also reveals that I am a proud Jew myself.

POSTSCRIPT: A SPECIAL NOTE OF THANKS

Interdisciplinary projects, such as this, are costly. This exhibition was only made possible because of the financial generosity of the Lucas and Arkes families in memory of their dear friends and Holocaust Survivors, Magda Brown, and Lisa & Aron Derman. The eighth-grade students and teachers truly are indebted to them for their unwavering support of Holocaust education. If you happen to encounter Andy or Jennifer Lucas, their children, Nicole and Elizabeth, or Michael, Helen, and Daniel Arkes, please take a moment to thank them personally for everything you have seen and heard here today. And, if you are interested in financially supporting these types of interdisciplinary Holocaust projects in the future, please contact the Advancement Team for further information.

Magda Brown

Lisa and Aron Derman when they first came to America

EIGHTH GRADE CLASS OF 2021: IMAGE AND MEMORY

BERNARD ZELL

ANSHE EMET DAY SCHOOL