



Fig. 7. Mieczysław Kościelniak, *A Return from Work*, 24 x 32,5 cm, paper, crayon, Auschwitz, 1942, Collections of the Auschwitz Memorial





Fig. 9.  
Abraham Ryza,  
*A Sunday Pastime  
of the SS: Setting  
the Dogs on an  
Inmate,*  
pen and ink; 1945,  
Lebenau camp,  
21.3 x 30 cm

Sonntag Vergnügen für H.

AR 45





Fig. 2. Franz Reisz (1909–1984), [Men's orchestra at Birkenau], not dated, charcoal and acrylic (?) on paper, 7-13/16" x 11-3/8", exact geography unknown. US Holocaust Memorial Museum





Fig. 6. Herbert Sandberg, *The Inmate*, 1945, soot and whiting, 16.6 x 21.6 cm, Inv. No. V 985 L





Fig. 3. Josef Bau, *Concentration Camp Inmates Dividing a Loaf of Bread*, charcoal and colored chalk; 1945, Brännlitz camp, 93.5 x 60 cm



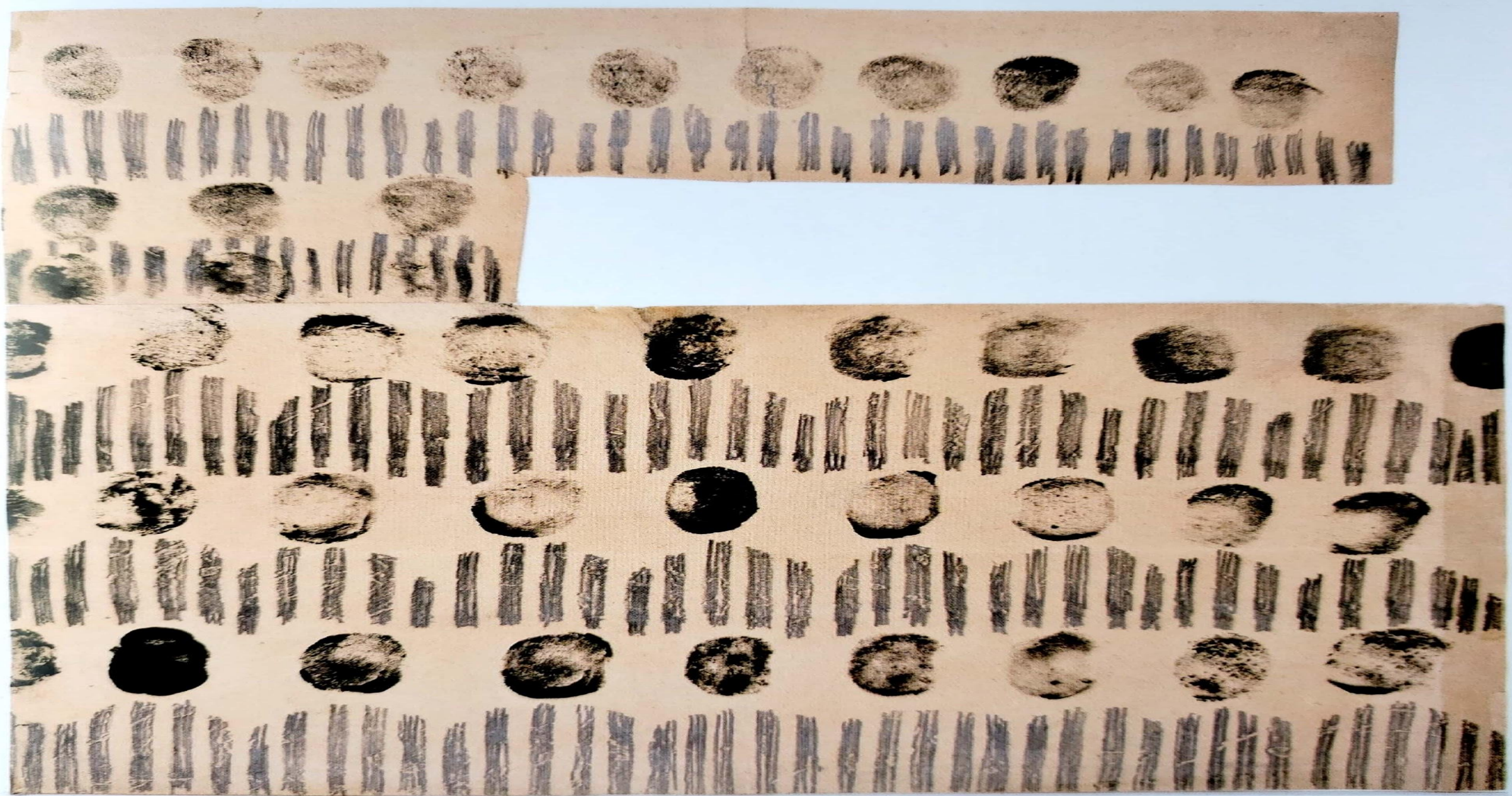


Fig. 3. Józef Szajna, *Our Biographies*, 34 x 29,8 cm, paper, pencil, ink, Buchenwald, 1944/1945.  
Collections of the Auschwitz Memorial





Fig. 6. Ella Liebermann Shiber, *Roll Call*, colored pencil; June 1945, Poland, 38 x 64 cm





Fig. 9. An unknown author, *The Separating of Families*, *The Sketchbook from Auschwitz*, paper, pencil, ink, 13,5 x 20,8 cm, Auschwitz, 1943, Collections of the Auschwitz Memorial





Fig. 7.  
Karol Konieczny, *Fellow  
Jędrzejewski Before His Death*,  
1945, watercolor, 29.7 x 22.2 cm,  
Inv. No. V 339 L



We got used to standing in line at seven o'clock in the morning, at twelve noon, and again at seven o'clock in the evening. We stood in a long queue with a plate in our hand, into which they ladled a little warmed-up water with a salty or a coffee flavor. Or else they gave us a few potatoes. We got used to sleeping without a bed, to saluting every uniform, not to walk on the sidewalks and then again to walk on the sidewalks. We got used to undeserved slaps, blows, and executions. We got accustomed to seeing people die in their own excrement, to seeing piled-up coffins full of corpses, to seeing the sick amid dirt and filth and to seeing the helpless doctors. We got used to it that from time to time, one thousand unhappy souls would come here and that, from time to time, another thousand unhappy souls would go away. . . .

*From the prose of fifteen-year-old Petr Fischl (born September 9, 1929),  
who perished in Auschwitz in 1944*







## I AM A JEW

I am a Jew and will be a Jew forever.  
Even if I should die from hunger,  
never will I submit.  
I will always fight for my people,  
on my honor.  
I will never be ashamed of them,  
I give my word.

I am proud of my people,  
how dignified they are.  
Even though I am suppressed,  
I will always come back to life.

*Franta Bass*

