

Laszlo Nussbaum In Buchenwald



I got this picture completely by chance, after many decades. It was taken in 1945, in Buchenwald. We gathered in the camp at the time of the liberation and an American soldier was taking pictures. He took a picture of us, among others. And after many decades somebody on a visit to the United States, saw this picture. They recognized somebody, but not me, and asked to have the photo copied. The one who was recognized knew the others and that's how I got it, too. I'm the outermost on the right. They told me afterwards: ?It's typical that you wore a tie, even with your striped uniform.? There was no question of leaving the camp and walking around on the front line before the capitulation, which meant that after the liberation we remained in the 'Lager,' of course under different circumstances. They gave us food at the kitchen, and I have to say that the Americans made a quite a big blunder; though I don't believe it was intentional. They gave us fatty soup, I tasted it, and I felt that I mustn't eat it. Then I saw with my own eyes that many people died within a couple of days at the toilet, with cramps. The Americans kept us in the camp because we could not disperse. There were three categories: those who wanted to go home; a part of the other category were the skeptics, who said they'd go anywhere but back there; another part wanted to go nowhere except to Israel, then Palestine. Those who wanted to go west could go earlier. Young people were actually received into any country. A 16-year-old liberated from the camp could go everywhere from Sweden to America.