Auschwitz: dreaming the nightmare of day – Dr Miklós Nyiszli (A-8450)

Greg Wilkinson

Sick at heart, and physically ill, I started my long journey homeward... I felt that I should rest, try to regain my strength. But, I kept asking myself, for what? On the one hand, illness racked my body; on the other, the bloody past froze my heart. My eyes had followed countless innocent souls to the gas chambers, witnessed the unbelievable spectacle of the funeral pyres. And I myself, carrying out the orders of a demented doctor, had dissected hundreds of bodies, so that the carefully prepared skeletons might safely reach the Third Reich’s museums to justify, for future generations, the destruction of an entire race.

Reference


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