



22 April 2015

Hello Herr Oskar Groening,

My name is Eva Kor. In May 1944, when we were taken to Auschwitz, my name was Eva Mozes. My family and I were part of the Hungarian transport. My family included my father Alexander Mozes, 44 years old; my mother Jaffa Mozes, 38 years old; my older sister Edit, 14 years old; my middle sister Aliz, 12 years old; and my twin sister, Miriam, 10 years old. Within thirty minutes after arriving on the selection platform, Miriam and I were ripped apart from our family forever. Only she and I survived, because we were used in experiments conducted by Dr. Josef Mengele.

Within half an hour we became part of a group of twin girls aged two to sixteen: thirteen sets of little girls and one mother. We were taken to a processing center where they cut our hair short and took our clothes away. That evening they returned them with a red cross at the backs. Then they lined us up for tattooing. When my turn came, I decided to cause them as much trouble as a ten-year-old could. Two Nazis and two women prisoners restrained me with all their force. They began by heating a needle. When the needle got hot, they dipped it into ink and burned into my left arm, dot by dot, the capital letter A-7063. Miriam became A-7064. Auschwitz was the only Nazi camp that tattooed its inmates. Then we were taken to our barracks. They were filthy and crude. Huddled in our filthy bunk beds, crawling with lice and rats, we were starved for food, starved for human kindness, and starved for the love of the mothers and fathers we once had. We had no rights but we had a fierce determination to live one more day, to survive one more experiment. And the experiments that I survived were two kinds.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday we would be placed naked in a room for up to eight hours. They were measuring most of my body parts. These experiments were not dangerous, but they were very demeaning. Even in Auschwitz I had trouble coping with that.

On alternate days – Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays – we were brought to a lab which I call the blood lab. They took a lot of blood from my left arm and gave me at least five injections into my right arm. Those were the deadly ones. On one day I developed a very high fever. My arms and legs were swollen and painful and I had big red spots all over my body. The next visit to the blood lab, they did not tie my arms, nor did they give any injections or measure me. They measured my fever and then took me to the hospital. This was a barrack filled with people who were more dead than alive. Next morning, Dr. Mengele and four other doctors came to see me. Mengele never examined me. He looked at the fever chart, and then said, laughing sarcastically, “Too bad. She’s so young. She has only two weeks to live.” I knew he was right, but I refused to die. So I made a silent pledge that

I would do anything and everything in my power to make sure that I would survive, prove Mengele wrong and be reunited with my sister Miriam.

For the next two weeks I only have one clear memory: I was crawling on the floor because I could no longer walk. I was crawling to reach a faucet with water because they did not even give us water anymore.

After two weeks, my fever broke and I was feeling better and better. Three weeks later my fever chart was lower and lower and I was reunited with my sister Miriam.

But Miriam looked very sick. When I asked what had happened to her she said, "I will not talk about it." And we didn't talk about it until 1985. When I asked her, "Do you remember when I was taken to hospital?" She said yes. I asked, "What happened to you when I was in the hospital?" She said, "For the first two weeks I was isolated by Nazi doctors who were studying me all the time and waiting for something to happen. I don't know what that was and I don't know if it did or didn't happen." It didn't happen because it was the same two weeks that Mengele said it would take for me to die. I survived the experiments.

In Auschwitz, Mengele used approximately 1,500 sets of twins. The number of survivors is between 180 and 250 individuals. The other twins all died in the experiments. Would I have died, Miriam would have been killed with an injection to the heart. Mengele would have conducted the comparative autopsies. In normal life we cannot do that – inject one twin with a deadly germ and then perform an autopsy on the twin to see the results.

After Auschwitz, Miriam was always sicker than I was. She expected a baby in 1960 and developed severe kidney infections that did not respond to antibiotics. During her second pregnancy in 1973, the kidney infection got worse. Then they studied her and found out that her kidneys never grew bigger than that of a 10 year-old-child's. I begged her not to become pregnant a third time, but she refused to listen to me. After the birth of her third child, her kidneys started to deteriorate and no medicine would work. So she needed to have a kidney transplant. I donated my kidney in 1987. We were a perfect match. But one year later, she developed cancer. The doctors were very surprised because they had at least 50 different patients who had kidney transplants and none of them were sick or developed cancer. The doctors asked me what was injected into our bodies in Auschwitz. We never found our Auschwitz files from Mengele's experiments, so we never found out what they were injecting in our bodies. Miriam died June 6, 1993.

Now I will return to my account of Auschwitz in 1944. The allies were advancing very fast and by November there were a lot of air raids and artillery. All the experiments stopped. We knew that that could not last much longer. In early January, the Nazis told us to leave the barracks because they wanted to bring us deep into Germany territory. I did not like the Nazis when they were winning the

war. They were mean then, and now when they were losing the war I figured they would be even meaner. So we did not go.

The next morning we opened our barrack doors in Birkenau and all the Nazis were gone. For the next two weeks the camp was reduced from 150,000 to 8,500 inmates. We were on our own. We went to “organize” bread, water, and blankets. “Organizing” meant stealing from the Nazis, but we did not consider it stealing. One day I heard a strange sound like a car driving up to us. It was a military vehicle and Nazis came out and shot in every direction. I remember the gun three feet from my head right before I faded away. I woke up and tried to feel my legs and arms. I could. There were dead bodies everywhere. I ran to my barracks where Miriam was waiting. We were afraid that the Nazis would come back and did not know that to do. In the middle of the night, the Nazis blew up the gas chambers. They wanted to destroy all the evidence of their crimes. Our barracks were on fire and the same Nazis ordered us to march. We arrived in Auschwitz I and they couldn’t take us any further because the Allies were advancing.

On January 27, 1945, it was eerily quiet. We thought this would be the day we would be free but did not know how that would happen. A woman ran to our barracks and shouted, “We are free! We are free!” at the top of her voice. What did it really mean? What did it mean to be free? We saw a lot of soldiers. They had smiles on their faces and were not Nazis. They gave us chocolate, cookies, and hugs. That was my first taste of freedom. Miriam and I were alive and free. This was the most wonderful experience.

After liberation, we were in Soviet displaced persons camps for nine months. We returned home in October 1945 to find out that no one came back. I only found three family pictures on the dusty floor. That was all that was left of my family. Miriam and I lived for five years with our aunt Irena in Communist Romania. In 1953, we immigrated to Israel. After two years of high school we were drafted into the Israeli army – Miriam in the medical corps and I into the engineering corps. I remained for eight years, reaching the rank of sergeant major. In 1960, I met and married an American tourist named Mickey Kor, also a Holocaust survivor who was liberated by a man from Terre Haute, Indiana, who helped him come to Indiana after the war. We raised two children and in 1984 I founded the CANDLES organization. Two years after Miriam died, I opened CANDLES Holocaust Museum and Education Center (www.candleholocaustmuseum.org). I have been lecturing for 37 years. I have reached a lot of young people who could so easily give up when they have a problem. I teach them three life lessons I learned from my life so that they would know why I tell my story. These are my life lessons:

1. Never give up on yourself or your dreams. I did not know how to survive Auschwitz, but I was determined to do it. Here I am 70 years later because I never gave up.
2. Treat people with respect and fairness to eliminate prejudice from your life.
3. Forgive your worst enemy and forgive anybody who was ever hurt you. I forgave the Nazis and I forgave everybody who hurt me.

I am aware that there are survivors here in this court who might gasp at my statement. This is what happened: After Miriam died, I had the opportunity to meet with a Nazi doctor named Hans Münch. He was acquitted of war crimes in 1947. His telephone number was given to me in memory of Miriam. I met with him in 1993. Mr. Groening, did you know Dr. Münch? He was very helpful and answered all my questions, including how the Auschwitz gas chambers operated. I asked him to accompany me to Auschwitz on January 27, 1995, for the 50th anniversary of the liberation and to sign a statement at the ruins of the gas chambers to testify to their existence. When he agreed, I wanted to thank him, but I didn't know how to thank an Auschwitz Nazi doctor. I thought about it for ten months, and one day the idea of a letter of forgiveness from me to Dr. Münch came to my mind. I knew he would like it, and for me it was a life-changing experience. I realized I had power over my life. I had the power to heal the pain imposed on me in Auschwitz by forgiving the people who imposed that pain.

It is true, but sad, that we cannot change what happened in Auschwitz. I am hoping that you and I, as former adversaries, can meet as people who respect one another as human beings and can relate to one another to understand, to heal, and to express thoughts that would not be possible any other way. Any time adversaries meet to repair a relationship, they learn a great deal about themselves and how people function. It cannot be done on television, by telephone, or by Skype; it can only be done face to face.

Many people hold onto pain and anger. Unfortunately this does not help the survivors, and that is my only focus. My forgiveness has nothing to do with the perpetrators. It is an act of self-healing, self-liberation, and self-empowerment. It's free, everybody can afford it, it has no side effects and it works. I highly recommend that everyone try it.

I am one of the Auschwitz survivors who has chosen to participate as a co-plaintiff in your case, and I am probably the only survivor who has forgiven all the Nazis, including you, in my name alone. My forgiveness does not absolve the perpetrators from taking responsibility for their actions, nor does it diminish my need and right to ask questions about what happened at Auschwitz.

I hope you will provide me with responses to the following questions:

1. How do you feel about my forgiving you and all the Nazis for what was done to us?
2. Do you know why Auschwitz was the only Nazi camp that tattooed its prisoners? Why did other camps choose not to do this?
3. Did you know Dr. Josef Mengele?
4. Did you hear about his experiments?
5. Were there any rumors about what Mengele did or what happened to his files?

Anyone who has heard or knows anything about our files, I still need to know what was injected into our bodies. Please help and contact me at evakor@abcs.com.

Mr. Groening, I want to ask you to make a statement:

“I want to appeal to the young neo-Nazis of today and tell them that Auschwitz did exist and that the Nazi ideology created no winners. There were only losers. Why create so much pain without any winners? It is sick to want to create another situation like Auschwitz.

You might not be happy, but growing up is hard. Instead of hating or killing, try to go to school and learn a profession and occupation.

I have been through all that. The Nazi regime did not work for anybody. So you young neo-Nazis, listen to me, the old Nazi from Auschwitz, who knows that all that has happened is true and that it has caused a lot of tragedies. "

Mr. Groening, when you make this statement, you might help with the problem of neo-Nazism and for that I want to thank you.

I want to thank the German court at Lüneburg for permitting me to ask questions and bear witness to what happened to me in Auschwitz almost 71 years ago. I would like to conclude my statement with words from my declaration which I signed twenty years ago in Auschwitz. It is a statement of hope for the future:

“No more wars, no more experiments without informed consent, no more gas chambers, no more bombs, no more hatred, no more killing, no more Auschwitzes.”

Respectfully,



Eva Mozes Kor A-7063

Survivor of Auschwitz

Founder of CANDLES Holocaust Museum and Education Center in Terre Haute, Indiana, USA

(CANDLES is an acronym for Children of Auschwitz Nazi Deadly Lab Experiments Survivors, founded in memory of my twin sister Miriam Mozes Zeiger.)

