

MASTER RACE

YOU CAN *NEVER FORGET*, CAN YOU, CARL REISSMAN? EVEN *HERE...* IN *AMERICA...* TEN YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM YOUR NATIVE GERMANY... YOU CAN NEVER FORGET THOSE *BLOODY WAR YEARS*. THOSE MEMORIES WILL HAUNT YOU FOREVER... AS EVEN NOW THEY HAUNT YOU WHILE YOU DESCEND THE SUBWAY STAIRS INTO THE QUIET SEMI-DARKNESS...



THE TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE BLACK CAVERN, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF THE ALMOST DESERTED STATION...



YOUR ACCENT IS STILL THICK ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE MASTERED THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR NEW COUNTRY THAT TOOK YOU IN WITH OPEN ARMS WHEN YOU FINALLY ESCAPED FROM BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP. YOU SLIDE THE BILL UNDER THE BARRED CHANGE-BOOTH WINDOW...



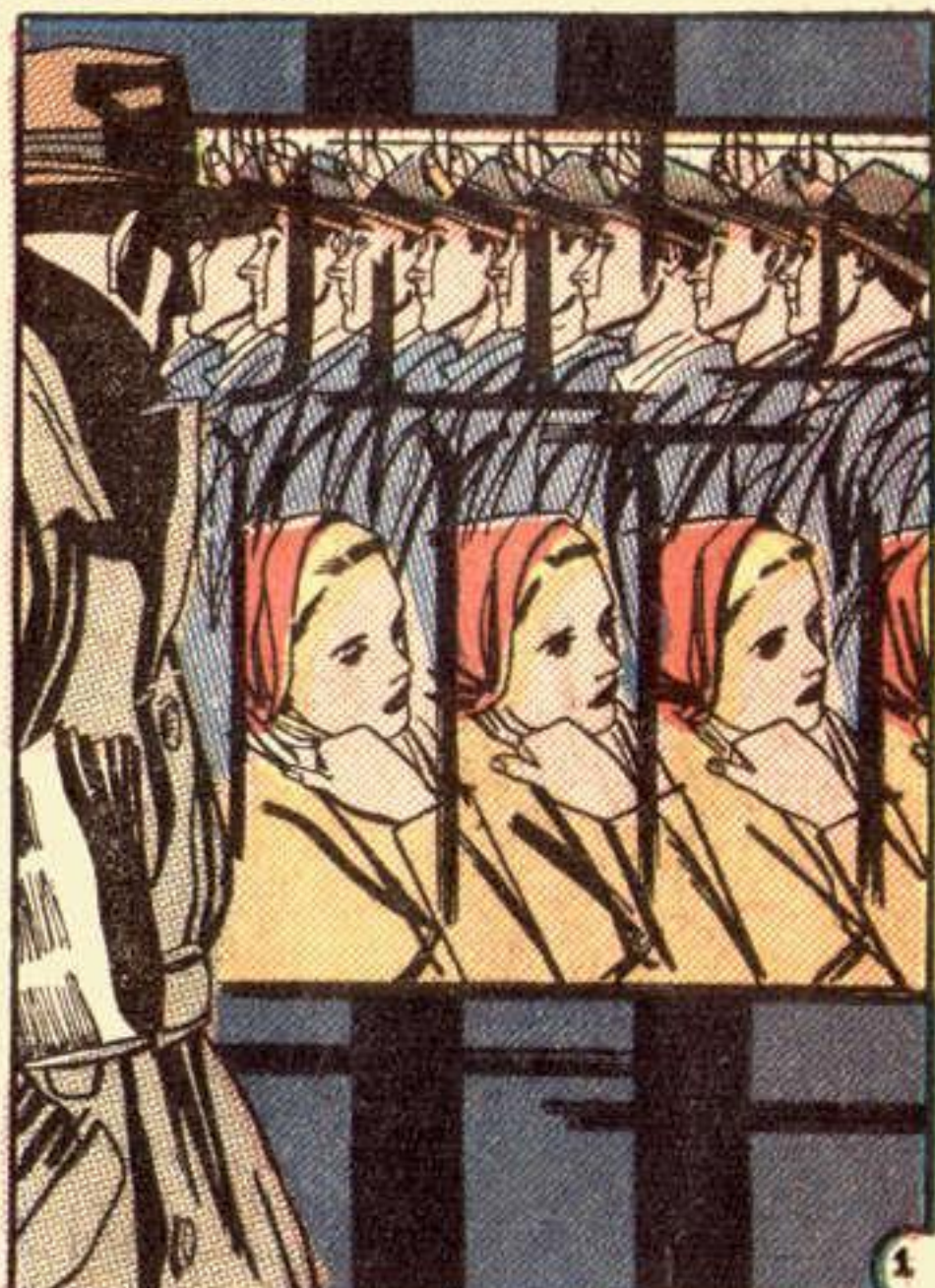
YOU STARE AT THE ONRUSHING STEEL MONSTER...



YOU MOVE TO THE BUSY CLICKING TURNSTILES... SLIP THE SHINY TOKEN INTO THE THIN SLOT... AND PUSH THROUGH...



YOU BLINK AS THE FIRST CAR RUSHES BY AND ILLUMINATED WINDOWS FLASH IN AN EVER-SLOWING RHYTHM...



AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HISSING STOP...



YOU MOVE TO THE DOOR AS IT SLIDES OPEN. A PASSENGER EMERGES AND YOU FEEL HIS EYES UPON YOU AND YOU SHUDDER. WHY ARE YOU FRIGHTENED, CARL? THAT WAS A **LONG TIME AGO!** THIS IS **AMERICA**. YOU'RE **SAFE NOW!** YOU'RE **FREE...**



BUT YOU **ARE** AFRAID, **AREN'T** YOU, CARL? YOU'LL **ALWAYS** BE AFRAID. YOU'LL **KEEP REMEMBERING...** REMEMBERING THE **HORROR...** THE **HATE...** THE **SUFFERING...** AND YOU'LL **STAY** AFRAID. YOU STEP INTO THE ALMOST-EMPTY CAR AND YOU SIGH INTO A SEAT...



THE DOORS SLAM SHUT. THE TRAIN LURCHES AND ROLLS AHEAD, THUNDERING OUT OF THE STATION AND BACK INTO THE BLACK CHASMS TUNNELING BENEATH THE CITY. YOU UNFOLD YOUR PAPER...



YOU TRY TO READ, BUT THE WORDS ARE MEANINGLESS. NOTHING HAS MEANING ANY MORE... NOTHING BUT THE SICKENING SENSATION THAT HAS PLAGUED YOU FOR OVER TEN LONG YEARS. THE CONCENTRATION CAMP HAS LEFT ITS MARK UPON YOU, HASN'T IT, CARL REISSMAN?

YOU LOOK AROUND AT YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS SITTING ALONE IN THEIR OWN LITTLE WORLDS OF FEAR. YOU STUDY THEIR FACES... THEIR FEATURES... THEIR EYES... LOOKING... ALWAYS LOOKING. WHAT ARE YOU **LOOKING** FOR CARL? WHO **IS** IT YOU'RE **AFRAID** OF?



THE TRAIN GROANS INTO ANOTHER STATION AND JERKS TO A STOP. THE DOORS HUM WIDE. YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR PAPER, ONLY **SENSING** PEOPLE GETTING OFF...



...SOMEONE GETTING ON...



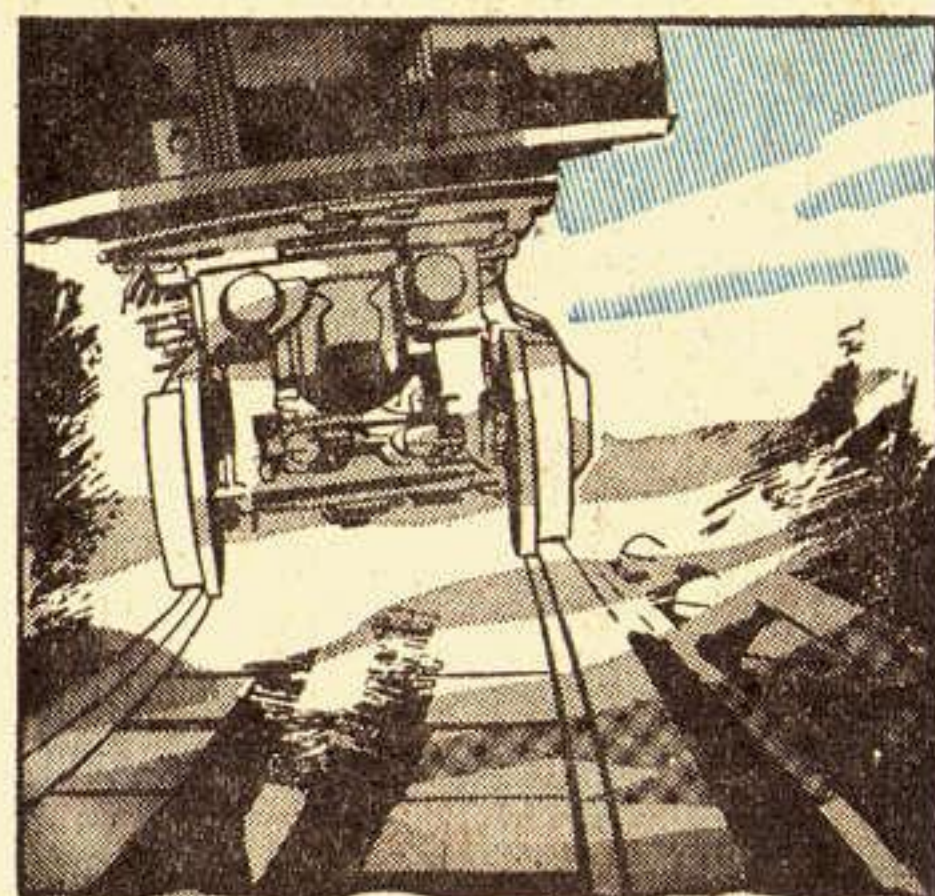
AND THEN...DOWN DEEP INSIDE YOU... YOU FEEL THE CHILL. THE COLD CHILL...THE CHILL OF DEATH. YOU STARE AT THE PAPER ON YOUR LAP, UNABLE TO RAISE YOUR EYES...AFRAID TO SEE WHAT YOU KNOW IS THERE. BUT, AFTER A FEW TERRORIZED MOMENTS, YOU CAN'T STAND IT! YOU **DO** LOOK UP! AND YOU **SEE** HIM...



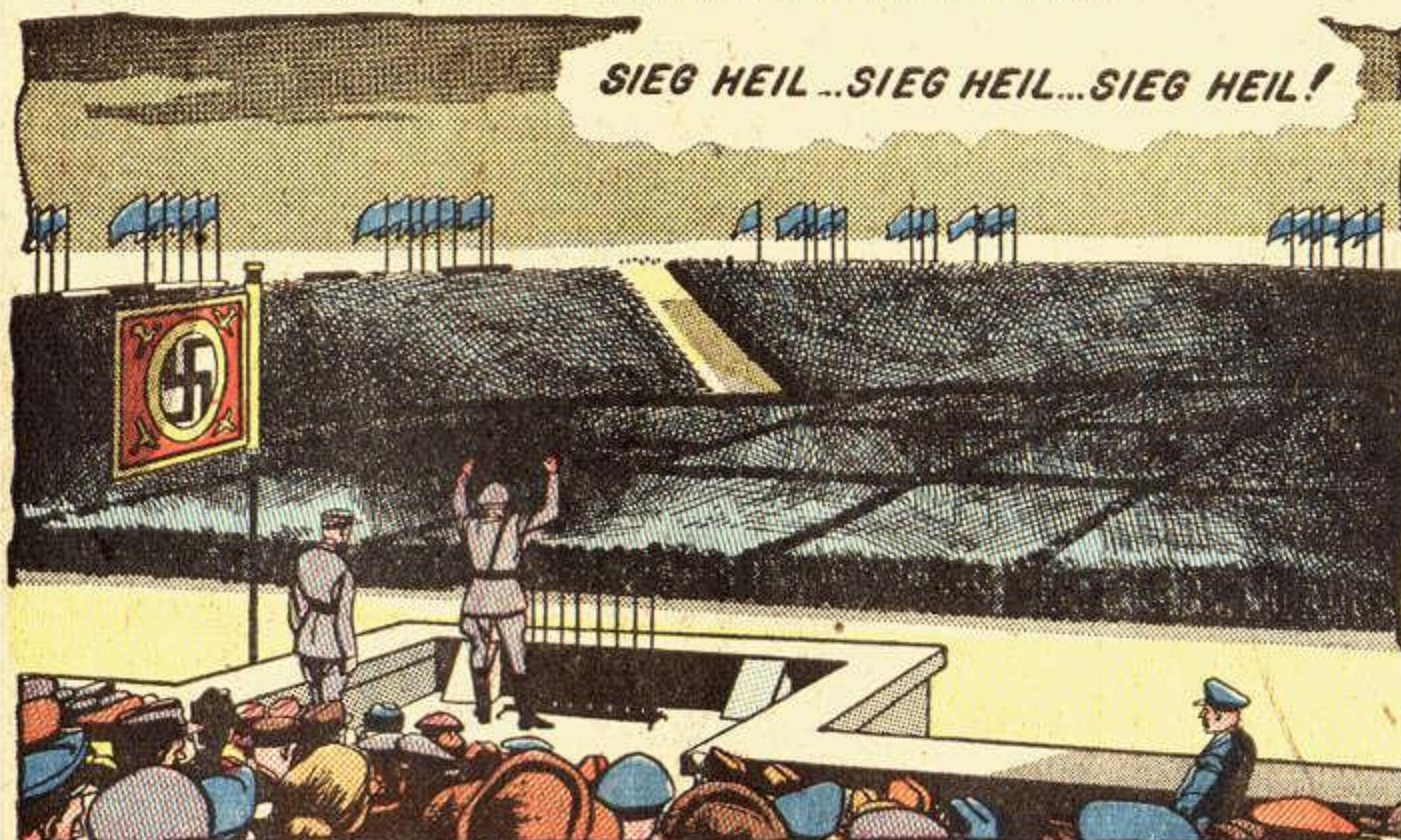
HE SITS STIFFLY, READING HIS PAPER, NOT LOOKING AT YOU, NOT NOTICING YOU. BUT **YOU'VE SEEN HIM, CARL!** YOU'VE SEEN HIS **FACE...** THE ONE YOU **KNEW** SOMEDAY YOU'D SEE AGAIN... THE FACE YOU'VE BEEN **AFRAID** TO SEE FOR **TEN LONG YEARS**. YOUR MOUTH TWITCHES. YOUR HANDS OPEN AND CLOSE, WET WITH PERSPIRATION...



THE TRAIN SCREAMS AROUND A CURVE IN ITS SUBTERRANIAN ROUTE ...AND THE SCREAM IS SHRILL AND SHARP... SETTING YOUR TEETH ON EDGE... REACHING BACK INTO THE PAST...



...TO ANOTHER SHRILL SCREAM... THE SCREAM OF A LITTLE MAN WITH WILD EYES AND BLACK HAIR AND A SMALL BLACK MOUSTACHE...



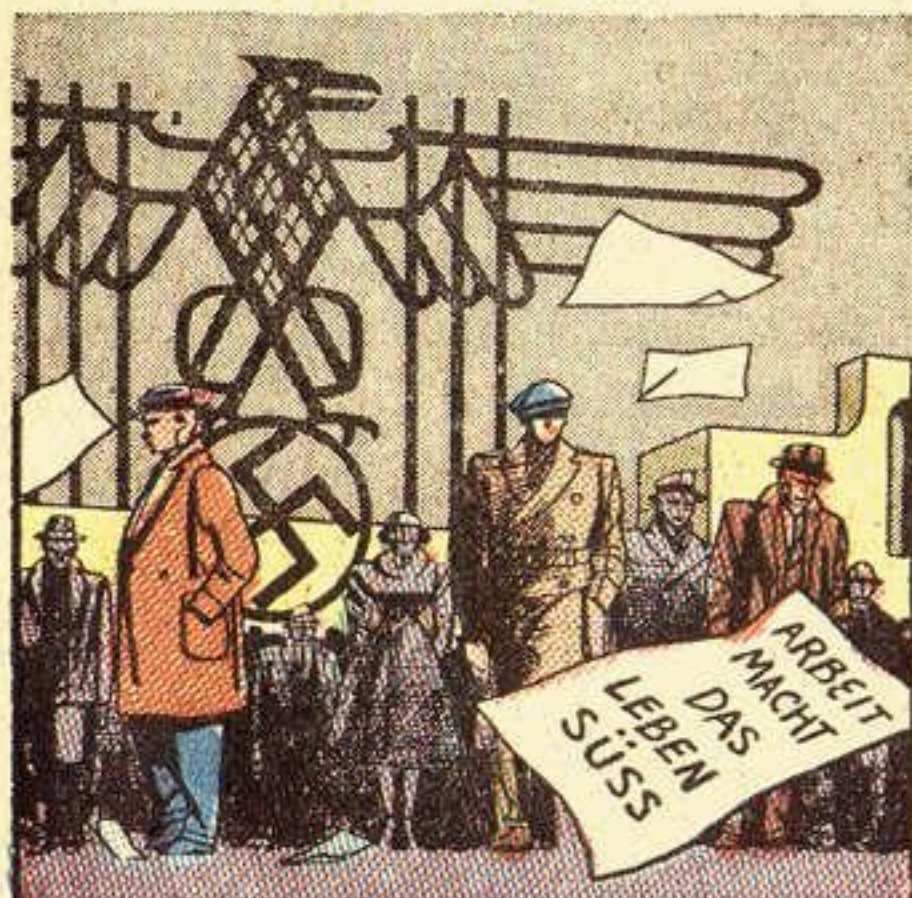
REMEMBER, CARL? REMEMBER THE LITTLE MAN IN THE UNIFORM WHO STOOD FIRST BEFORE SMALL GROUPS... THEN BEFORE CROWDS... AND FINALLY BEFORE MULTITUDES... AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED THEM INTO AN HYSTERICAL MISSION OF WORLD CONQUEST. **YOU WERE THERE...** IN ONE OF THOSE CROWDS. REMEMBER?



AND WHEN THE LITTLE MAN HAD STOPPED SCREAMING AND THE CROWD HAD DISPERSED, REMEMBER THE SICKENING FEELING YOU HAD... THE REVULSION AND NAUSEA YOU FELT AS YOU TRUDGED HOME?...

THERE WERE **OTHERS** LIKE YOU, CARL...

...OTHERS WHO WERE **SICK** AND **REVOLTED** AND **NAUSEATED** AT THE SCREAMING PROPOSALS OF THIS LITTLE MAN. BUT **THEY** COULDN'T STOP THE TIDE, **COULD** THEY, CARL? **THEY** COULDN'T STEM THE FLOW OF HATE THAT POURED THROUGH THE STREETS WITH CLUBS AND GUNS AND THE ECHOES OF THE LITTLE MAN'S SCREAMS URGING IT ON...



NO ONE COULD STOP THE BOOKS FROM BEING BURNED...



...OR THE SHOP WINDOWS FROM BEING SMASHED AND THEIR CONTENTS RANSACKED...



...OR THE SANCTITY OF HOMES FROM BEING VIOLATED...



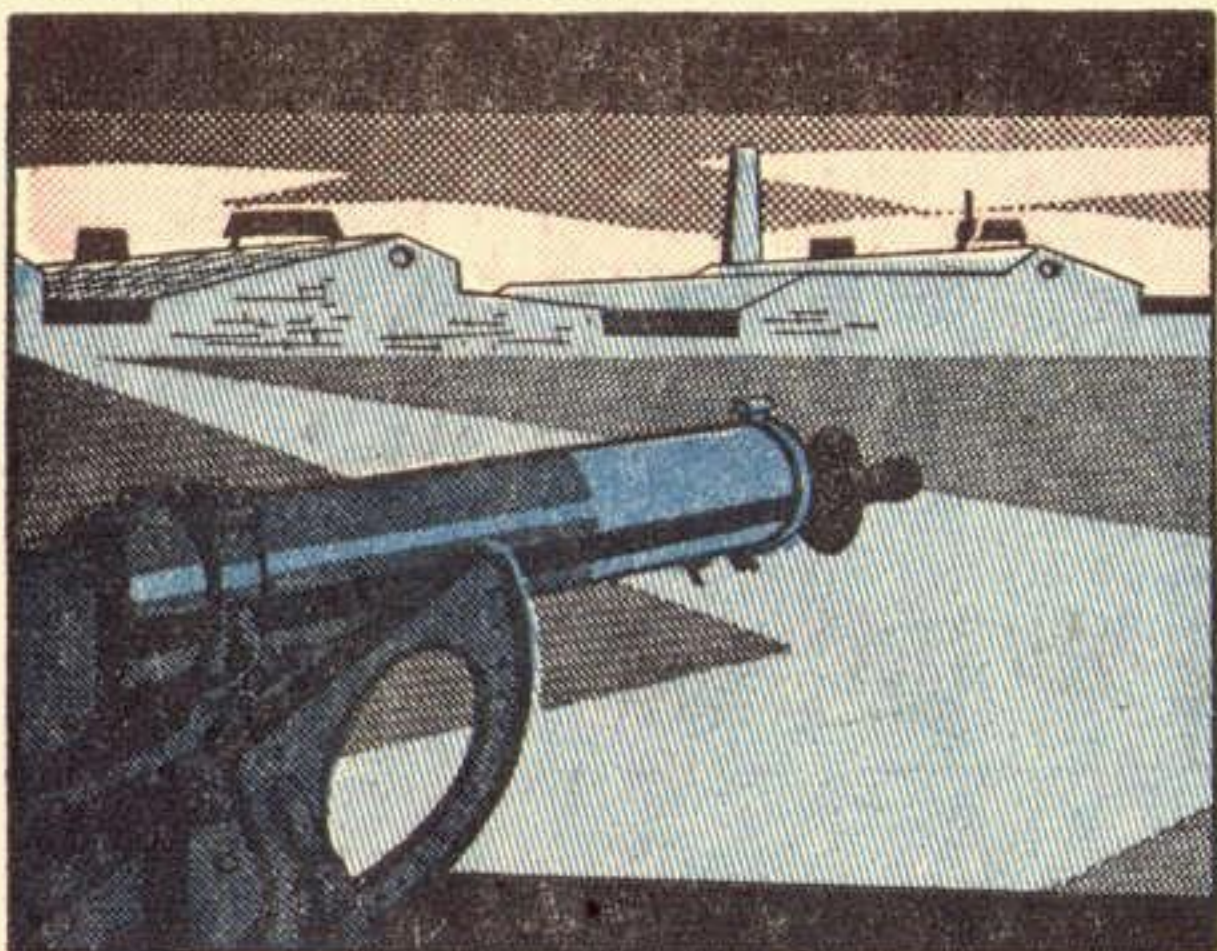
IT WAS A MADNESS... A WAVE THAT SWEEPED THROUGH YOUR HOMELAND LIKE A PLAGUE... A TIDAL WAVE OF FRENZIED HATE-FEARS AND BLOOD-LETTING AND EXPLODING VIOLENCE... A WILD UNCONTROLLED WAVE THAT SWEEPED YOU AND YOUR KIND ALONG WITH IT...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, CARL? WHEN WERE YOU CAUGHT UP IN THIS TIDE? WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEE BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP AND THE HUMAN MISERY THAT SOBBED WITHIN ITS BARBED-WIRE WALLS?...



DO YOU REMEMBER, CARL? DO YOU REMEMBER THE AWFUL SMELL OF THE GAS CHAMBERS THAT HOURLY ANNIHILATED HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN?...

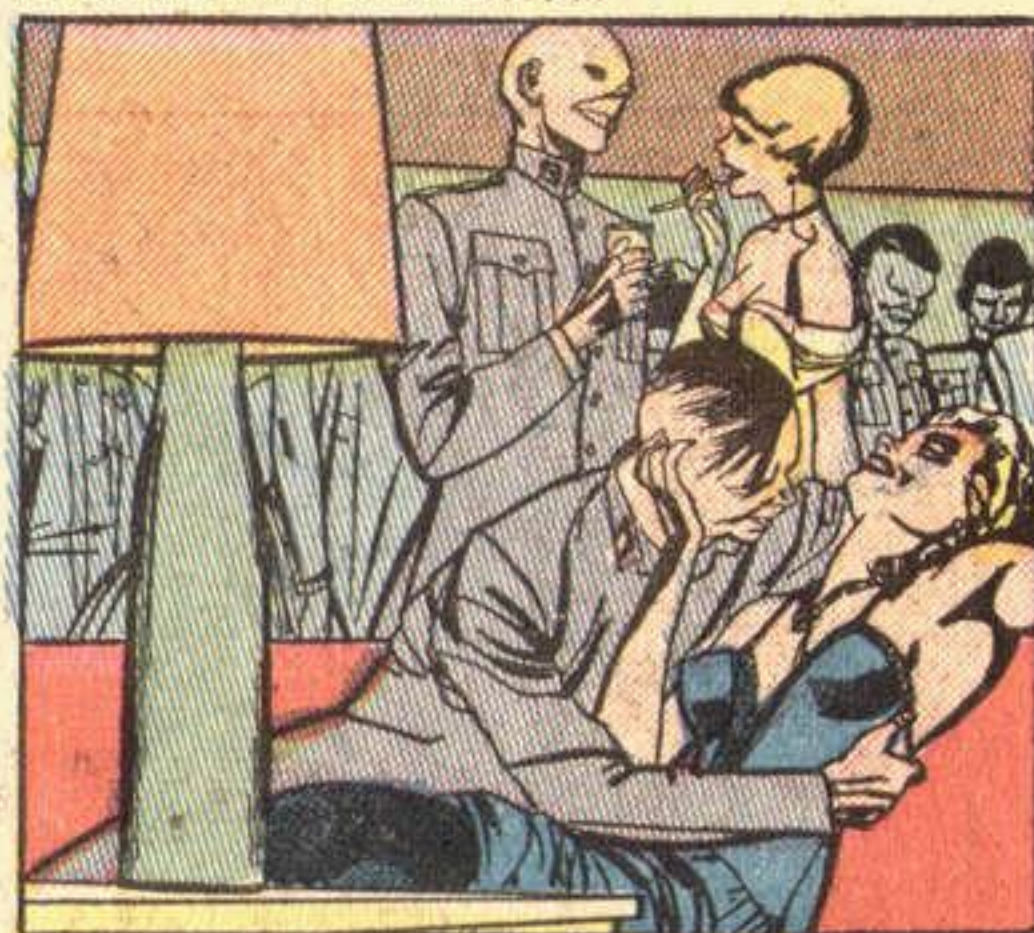
DO YOU REMEMBER THE STINKING ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH BURNING IN THE OVENS... MEN'S...WOMEN'S...CHILDREN'S...PEOPLE YOU ONCE KNEW AND TALKED TO AND DRANK BEER WITH?...



DO YOU REMEMBER THE UNMERCIFUL TORTURES...THE SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...THE PITIFUL WAILING OF THE DOOMED? DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAD EXPERIMENTS WITH HUMAN GUINEA PIGS...THE WANTON WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE?...



...THE BULBS THAT BURNED IN LAMPS ON DESKS IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OFFICES...GLOWING THROUGH THEIR HUMAN-SKIN-SHADES?...



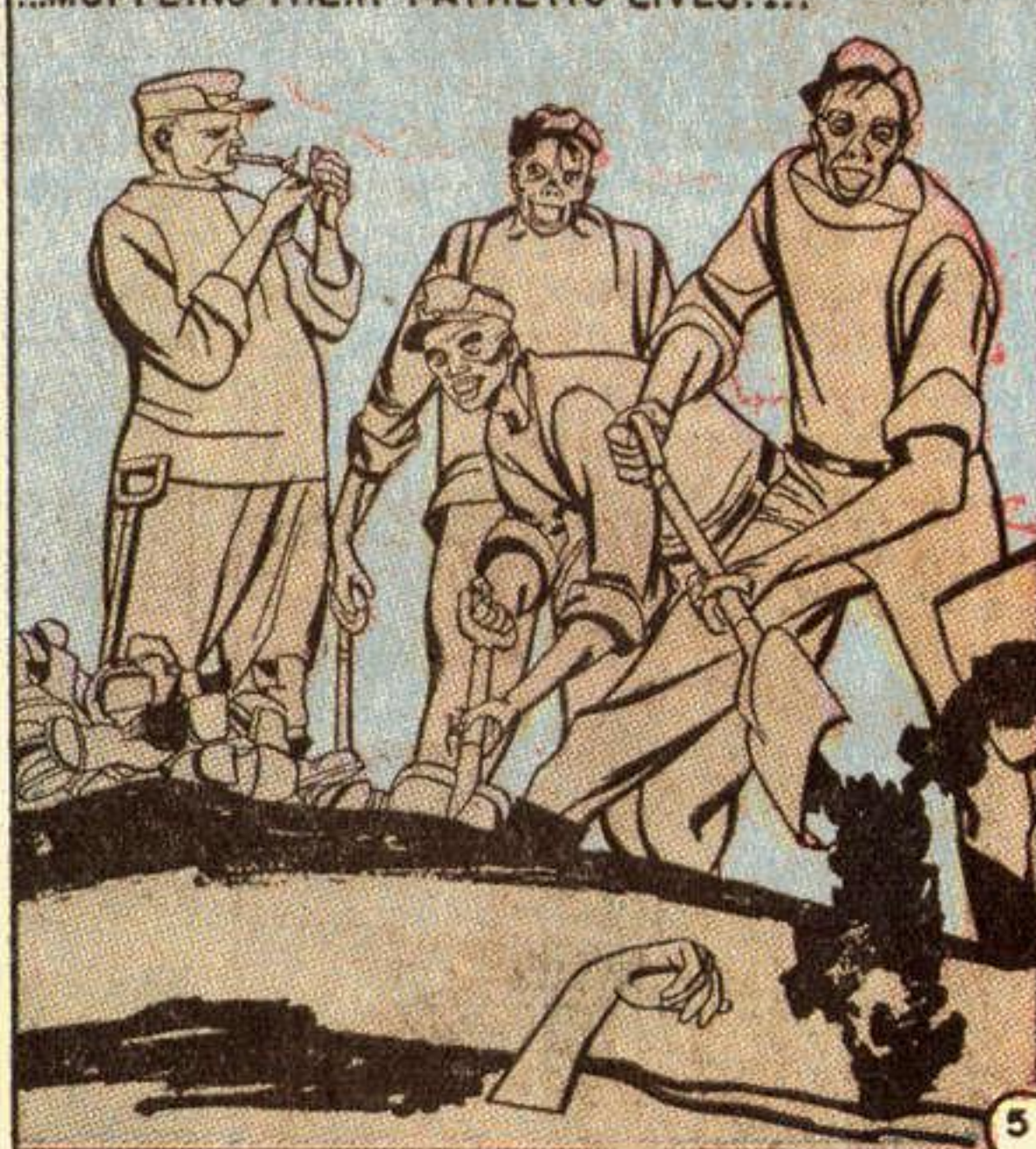
LOOK, CARL! LOOK AT THE FACE OF THIS MAN SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU IN THIS NOW DESERTED SUBWAY CAR! LOOK...AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT GLEEFULLY CARRIED OUT THE SADISTIC ORDERS OF THE MASTER RACE...WHIPPING...KICKING... BEATING!... THE GUARDS THAT EAGERLY DRAGGED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO THE WAITING, SMOKING OVENS!...



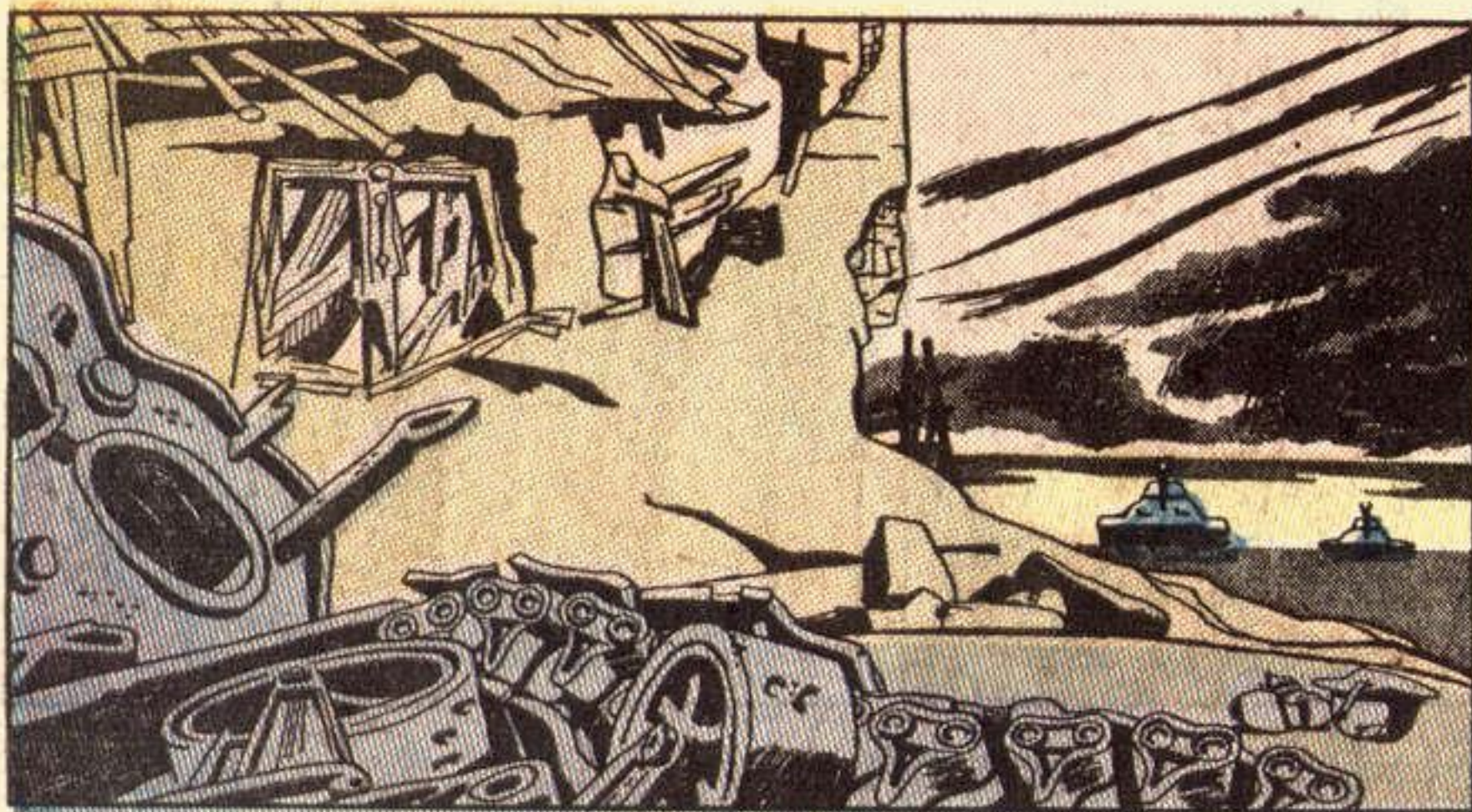
REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT PUSHED AND SHOVED...HEAPING THE HELPLESS CAMP INMATES INTO THE FRESH DUG MASS GRAVES...



...LAUGHING WILDLY AS THEY BURIED THEIR VICTIMS ALIVE...SHOVELING THE DIRT DOWN UPON THEM, MUFFLING THEIR PATHETIC SCREAMS...MUFFLING THEIR PATHETIC LIVES!...



LOOK AT THIS MAN AND REMEMBER, CARL! REMEMBER HIS FACE... THE LOOK THAT CAME INTO HIS EYES WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT THE RUSSIANS WERE ONLY A FEW KILOMETERS AWAY! IT WAS OVER FOR YOU, THEN, CARL! THE KILLING AND MAIMING AND TORTURING WAS SUDDENLY OVER FOR YOU!



AND YET IT *WASN'T* OVER, BECAUSE HE LOOKED AT YOU AND *SWORE*...

SOMEDAY, I'LL GET YOU, REISSMAN! I'LL GET YOU... IF IT'S THE *LAST* THING I DO!



AND THEN YOU WERE *FREE*... RUNNING *PELL-MELL* ACROSS EUROPE, HIDING YOUR *CLOTHES*, LOSING YOURSELF IN AMONG THE STREAMS OF REFUGEES THAT CHOKED THE ROADS AND HIGHWAYS BEFORE THE ADVANCING ALLIED ARMIES...



AND YET YOU *WEREN'T* FREE, CARL! EVEN THOUGH YOU SOMEHOW *GOT* TO AMERICA, YOU *NEVER FORGOT*! YOU NEVER FORGOT HIS *PROMISE*! SO YOU CARRIED THE FEAR WITH YOU FOR TEN YEARS AND *NOW* IT'S *CAUGHT UP* WITH YOU! HE'S *THERE*... SITTING *OPPOSITE* YOU... FEELING YOUR FRIGHTENED STARING EYES UPON HIM...



AND NOW HE'S *LOOKING* AT YOU. HE'S LOOKING AT YOUR *HAIR*... AT YOUR *LIPS*... YOUR *NOSE*... DEEP INTO YOUR *FRIGHTENED EYES*. AND A SPARK OF *FAR-AWAY, LONG-AGO* RECOGNITION IGNITES HIS FACE...



YOU!

CHOKE...

HE RISES SLOWLY, HIS MOUTH SET IN A GRIM TAUT LINE. HIS EYES CLOUD WITH HATE, HIS FISTS CLENCH...



REISSMAN!



...IT'S YOU!

NO! NO! GOTT IN HIMMEL!



THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN. HE'S COMING TOWARD YOU, CARL! RUN! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! RUN!...



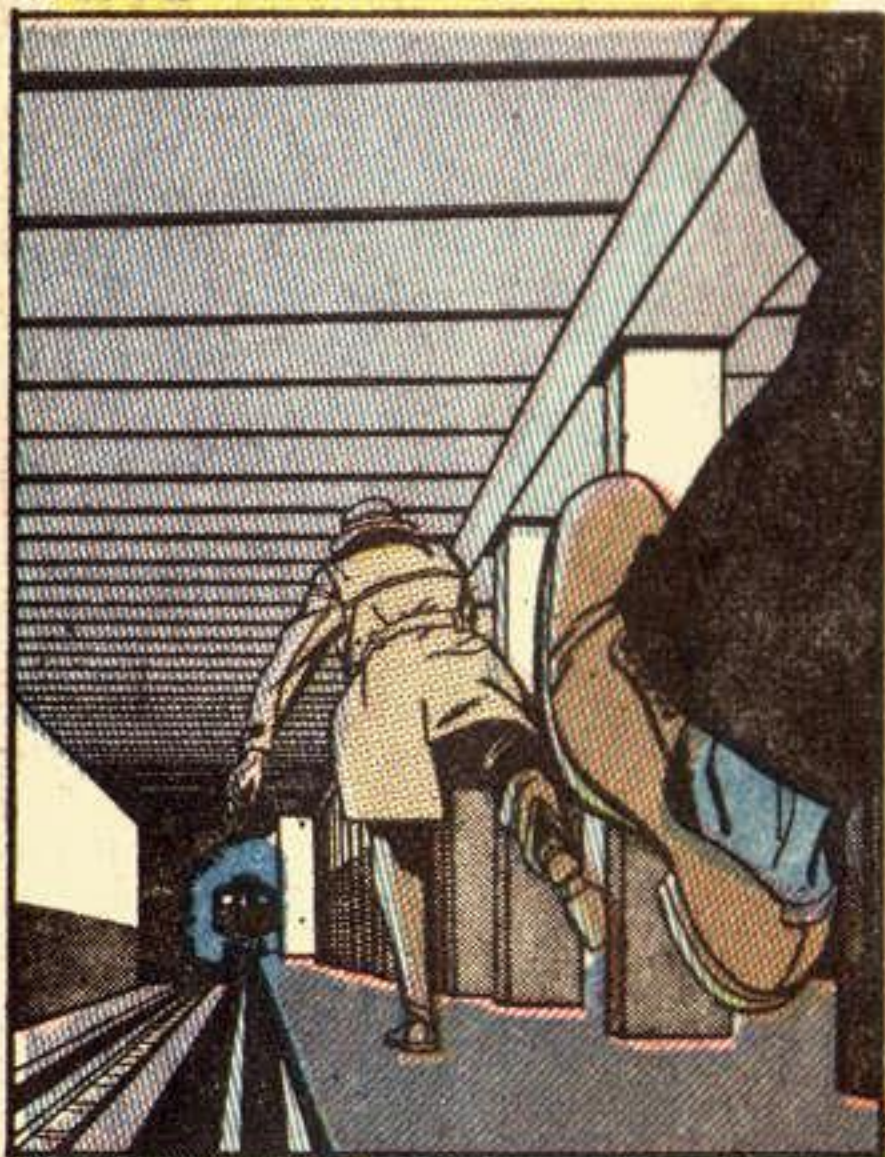
RUN... AS YOU RAN FROM BELSEN, CARL! RUN... AS YOU RAN ACROSS EUROPE, FLEEING THE LIBERATING ALLIED ARMIES! RUN, NOW, CARL... AS YOU REFUSED TO RUN WHEN THAT MAD WAVE SWEEPED OVER GERMANY... SWEEPING YOU ALONG IN ITS BLOODY WAKE!...



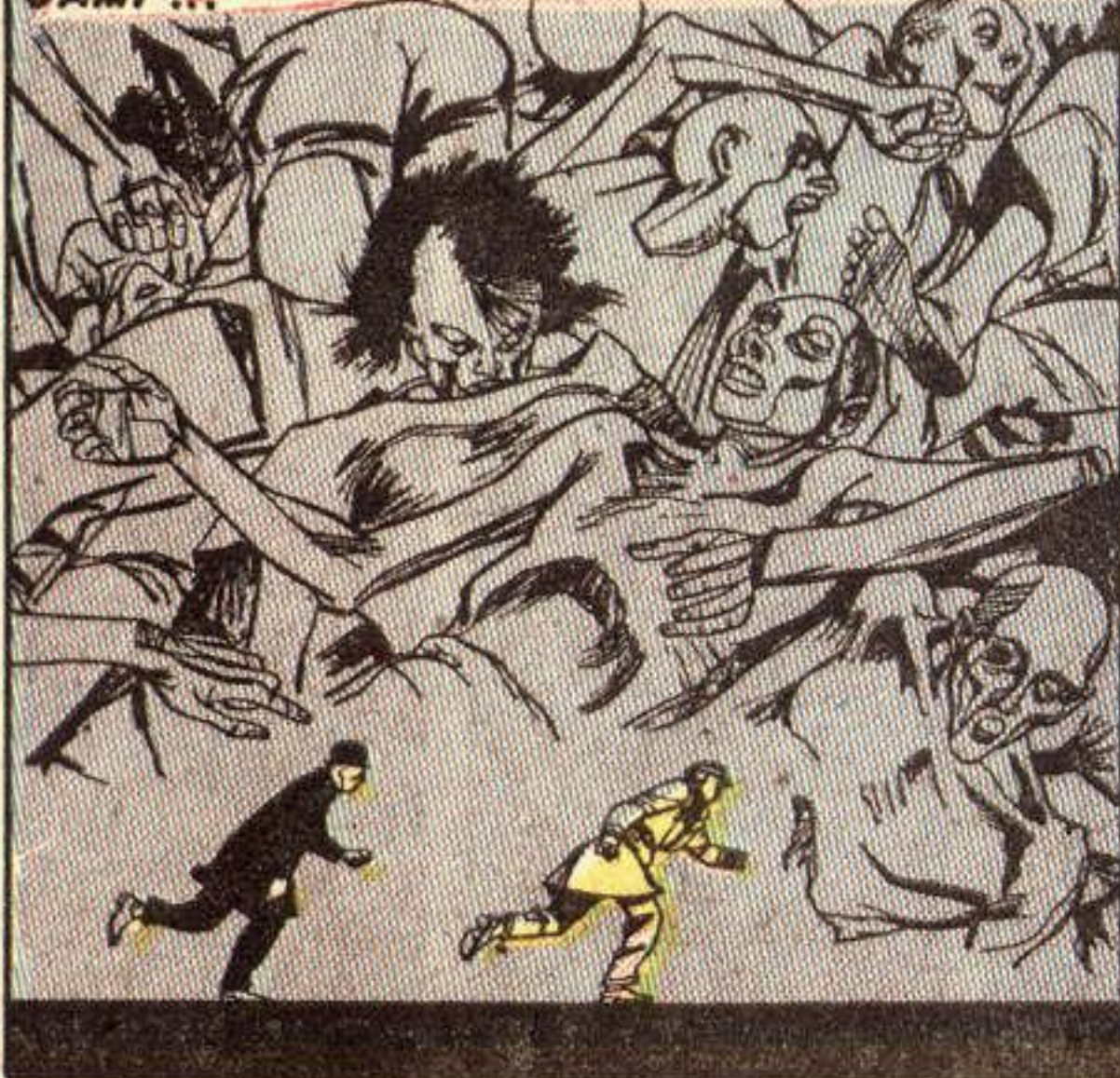
RUN DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY, DESERTED STATION PLATFORM, CARL! RUN FROM THIS PERSONIFICATION OF THE MILLIONS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN WHO COULDN'T RIDE THE TIDE YOU CHOSE TO RIDE... WHO WERE CAUGHT IN ITS UNDERTOW...

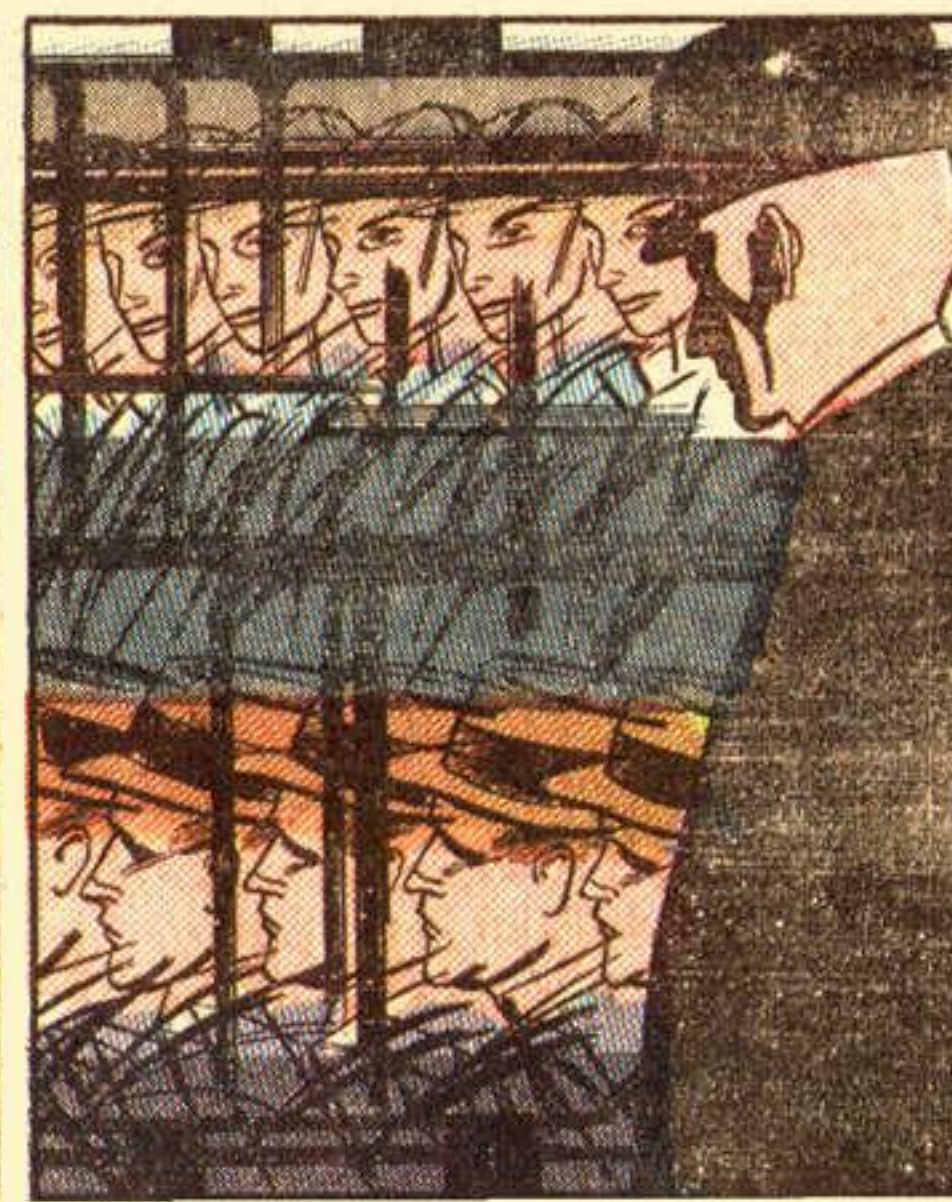
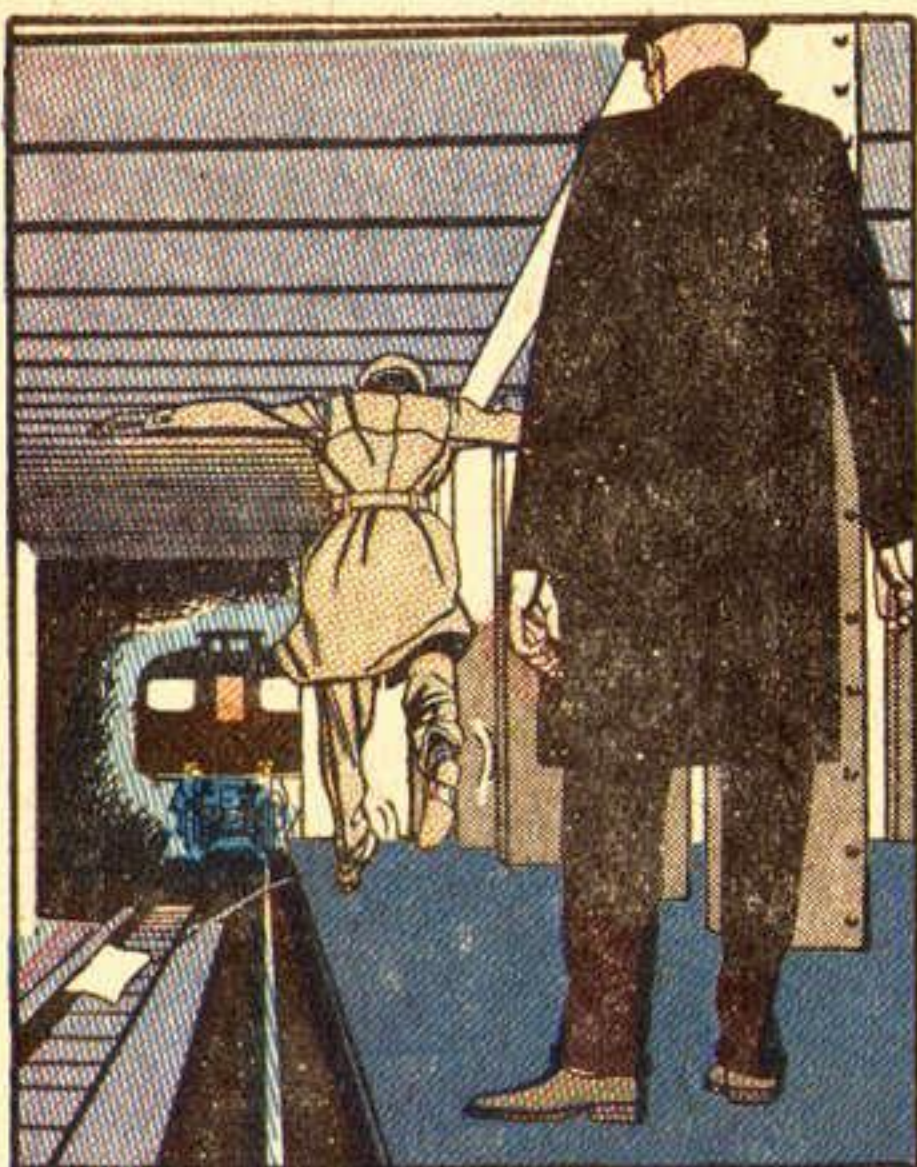


...WHO WERE PERSECUTED AND JAILED AND BURNED IN OVENS AND GASED AND BURIED ALIVE IN MASS GRAVES...



RUN FROM THIS SURVIVOR OF A HUMAN HELL ON EARTH... THIS SURVIVOR OF A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP... BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP...





WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW! HE GOT OUT AHEAD OF ME AND BEGAN TO RUN!



HE RAN UP THE PLATFORM AND THEN JUMPED UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE TRAIN COMING IN THE OTHER WAY...



EVER SEE HIM BEFORE?

NO! HE...



HE WAS A PERFECT STRANGER...

THE END