

Act I

Evening. GENIEK sits on the armchair, his feet against the legs of the table. The top buttons of his trousers are undone. A cigarette dangles from his mouth as he riffles and studies the cards in his hands. After a moment:

GENIEK: Clubs, I said.

CZESIEK: P-p-pass. Like from here to M-M-man . . . churia.
(He chuckles.)

ERNEST: Pass.
(He stretches out his hand and waves smoke from Geniek's cigarette toward his nose trying to inhale the aroma.)

FRYDERYK: Two diamonds.

GENIEK: Three spades.

CZESIEK: Pass.

FRYDERYK: Pass.

ERNEST: Pass.

GENIEK: C'mon, dammit. Play.

CZESIEK: At least Fryderyk says something sometimes. Me, I
d-d . . .
(stutters; abandons the idea)
. . . and if I say something, th-then I l-lie without . . . Three.

GENIEK: Three's already been bid! Jesus Christ!
They play a round, throwing cards on the table and picking up discards.

FRYDERYK (*laying a card on the table*): *S'il vous plait.*

CZESIEK (*throws down a card, humming*): Tum ta-dum dee dum.
Ta ra ree, ta ra ra

ERNEST (*plays a card*): We're going to play diamonds . . .

GENIEK (*counts trick*): Three, four.

CZESIEK: Th-th-that's life.

GENIEK: It's the only play, stupid ass. I just said three clubs out of desperation.

The card game continues during the following dialogue.

CZESIEK (*feels the fabric of Geniek's trousers*): Nice. Say, did you organize these from me?

GENIEK: Uh, uh. Most definitely not.

CZESIEK: Oh. B-b-because I had a pair just like them in the storeroom. I remember the color clearly . . .

ERNEST: Pass.

GENIEK: Bullshit. Yesterday, these trousers hung off the ass of some Yid on Block 4, the latest *Zugang*. I dropped in while Heniek was having them processed and I saw this gimpy fucker pulling them off. I liked them as soon as I saw them and told Heniek I had to have them. Today the tailor pressed them and brought them to me.

FRYDERYK: Pass.

CZESIEK: So probably someone else took the ones from my place. Did they give the Jews *Zebraleidung* because of the latest escapes?

GENIEK: Pass. Of course not. The Hebes never escape. They're fucking cowards. The Russkies, now? They'll break out of here in a

heartbeat; but the Jews? They just get their clothes exchanged. And they get searched. All the fucking time. They have what's hard and soft, stuff of value. Hey, look. I saw an opportunity and I took it. Excellent worsted. French . . . military *blau* . . .

CZESIEK: Th-three spades.

Jędrzej slides down from the top bunk and studies Geniek's trousers. He frowns and shakes his head.

JĘDRZEJ: They're stained.

GENIEK: What?

JĘDRZEJ (*pointing to a spot on the trousers*): See for yourself. *Geniek bends over and rubs the stain vigorously. Jędrzej, with a casual ease, pulls a twist of tobacco from the box on the table next to Geniek and returns to the bunk. Despite his youth, Jędrzej is an experienced Lager thief.*

FRYDERYK: Two left the *Steinkommando* yesterday, starving; the day before that, one from Duman. Within two days five people have died on the Revier. And we play bridge.

GENIEK: And what would you rather do, limp-dick? Stroke your weenie? Go ahead. Who knows? It might do you some good.

CZESIEK: Old g-gray beard is a decent fellow.

ERNEST: Our only comfort.

Geniek gets up and goes to the Schreibstube. He examines a document and at the same time pulls Głowak's hair.

GENIEK: What hard hair he has! Like pig bristles.

JĘDRZEJ (*drawling*): Maybe a pig played a part in the black shepherd's conception.

GENIEK: Sure seems that way, doesn't it?
(*returning to the card game*)

That's ours. An eight . . .
Geniek puts down the tricks and counts them.

FRYDERYK (*quietly intoning*): The scent of lilacs through the night.

GENIEK: It seems we're short one.
He arranges the cards to count them. Fryderyk rolls a cigarette out of sage and lights it.

GENIEK (*wrinkling his nose*): Smells like old people.

CZESIEK: D-dirty diapers . . .

ERNEST: Palm Sunday.

GENIEK: No. Chopin's "Funeral March." Pum, pum, pa pum.

CZESIEK: . . . or "In a Dark Grave."

FRYDERYK: I'd rather smoke sage than steal tobacco from other people's parcels.

GENIEK: Not me.

CZESIEK: You're playing like a horse's ass with a s-s-secondary education.

ERNEST: Which he is.

FRYDERYK: I have the one and the other, bridge scum.

GENIEK: Instead of a brain.
Netter, the Schreiber on the Revier, enters with a death announcement and gives it to Głowak.

GENIEK: What's new, Mr. *Schreiber* "Judas Maccabeus" Netter?

NETTER: An announcement. About Ulrich's death.

GENIEK: Ulrich's gone?

NETTER: Yes. A moment ago.
He exits.

JĘDRZEJ: I told him straight away when he came six months ago that he wouldn't get out of here alive. Cocksucker didn't want to offer me any chocolate. Fuck him and the horse he rode in on.

GENIEK (*with irony*): Evidently the old man was cheap and didn't care to share any of his Red Cross packages.

JĘDRZEJ: He had a lousy last name.

GENIEK: He was a frugal man. Scraped crumbs from his clothes with a toothpick. Did you know he had false teeth?

JĘDRZEJ (*slowly getting off the bunk*): Really? Now, that has to be dealt with. Before his neighbors get interested.
He slips out of the room.

GENIEK: Any of you birdbrains know how much gold goes into a bridge?
No one responds.

CZESIEK: I guess the game's over. Shall we sing a song?

ERNEST: Don't start fucking around, Czesiek.
Jędrzej returns and sits by Geniek. He reaches behind him, finds a small mirror on the shelf and looks at himself in it, picking at his blackheads, examining his teeth, stretching and picking at his lips. Geniek, looking at his cards, suddenly smacks Jędrzej in the face and knocks the mirror out of his hand and onto the floor.

GENIEK: —And I told the kid not to mess around either.
Jędrzej doesn't react. He shakes his head and smiles.

JĘDRZEJ: I've said more than once that the prick in you would show up sooner or later. *Nicht war?*¹

¹ "Isn't that so?"

(Jędrzej grins broadly, revealing his gums.)

A moment of silence. A Jewish prisoner in terribly torn, stained prison stripes comes into the room and takes off his hat.

JEW: I wish to ask Mr. *Lageraeltester* for some clothing. Mine is completely ruined.

CZESIEK: And wh-where were you yesterday wh-when the new garments were being distributed?

JEW: Where was I? I don't know where I was. They distributed clothing yesterday?

GENIEK: Give the Abyssinian something.

Czesiek gets up and goes out; the Jew follows him. Jędrzej starts after them, then pauses at the door. He crosses back to the table and takes half the tobacco out of the box Czesiek has left behind, hiding it in his own cigarette case. He sits down nonchalantly on the stoop. He wags his head from side to side smiling.

ERNEST: So, it wasn't worth it to follow Czesiek, organizing?
Geniek takes tissue from his pocket; he and Jędrzej roll a cigarette out of the stolen tobacco.

GENIEK: Jędrzej has great respect for the old Polish adage that a bird in hand is better than looking at jackets at Czesiek's.
Jędrzej lolls his head and grins. He takes a piece of gold out of his pocket and examines it carefully.

JĘDRZEJ: The sonofabitch couldn't afford a bigger bridge, and the gold isn't the best.
He tests the hardness of the gold with his teeth, then stuffs the bridge in his pocket. He crawls onto the bunk, hangs his jacket on the rail, and lies down. He falls asleep instantly.

GENIEK: What's with that fucking *Bloedaeltester*!² Czesiek!

² A disparaging title

CZESIEK (O.S.): In a minute.

GENIEK: Kill the fucking Jew and come play.

CZESIEK (O.S.): S-stop shouting! Głowak'll hear you and a-after the war he'll curse us from the pulpit!

Fryderyk takes a table knife and sharpens the pencil used to keep score during the card game. Geniek snatches the knife away from him and weighs it in his hand. Then he aims at the door with the knife.

GENIEK: First man through that door gets a knife in his belly. What d'you think? Fryderyk. Go stand by the door. Don't be afraid. I'll aim to the side. I won't even graze your eye. You can recite a martyr's song.

Fryderyk shrugs and peers at the cards. Geniek looks around and sees the sleeping Jędrzej. He aims the knife at him.

GENIEK: What's the wager that I get him in the gut?

Geniek throws the knife at Jędrzej, hitting him in the chest and waking him.

JĘDRZEJ (*turning his head lazily*): It's rather amusing, the way you old farts carry on.

FRYDERYK: You could have wounded him, Geniek!

GENIEK: It's *Arbeitszeit* now, shitheads. Everyone is to work *restlos*. Did you hear that, *Lagerkapo*?

Jędrzej raises himself up and leans his head on his hand.

JĘDRZEJ: Do you have your head up your ass, you old eunuch? Or are you finally going out of your fucking mind?

GENIEK: How dare you speak to the *Lageraeltester* like that? Get off that bunk on the double!!

JĘDRZEJ (*not laughing*): Very funny.

Geniek gets up from the table.

GENIEK: What, *Missgeburt*?

JĘDRZEJ: It's all very interesting. Głowak, say the prayers for the dead.

Geniek crosses to the bunk.

GENIEK: Now, *du Arschloch, Bloedehund*?

JĘDRZEJ (*in the same position*): Have you prepared the valerian? The opium? I'll finish you off in two days.

GENIEK: Me?

He rolls up his shirtsleeves and reveals his muscular arms.

There's still grit here, asshole. Off the bunk on the double! I could pick up ten like you with one hand. Old Auschwitz, that's what I am.

JĘDRZEJ (*still unmoving*): Hey! Me too. Have you got the valerian? *Geniek grabs Jędrzej's arm. They wrestle. An unexpected resistance on the part of the tuberculoid Jędrzej. He fights and clutches stubbornly as Geniek drags him off the bunk. Finally, slipping, he falls to the ground and then sits up gasping and coughing.*

GENIEK (*pale and worn*): I told the little fuck not to get excited.

JĘDRZEJ (*smiling wickedly*): Have you got the valerian? Or the opium?

(as opposed to Geniek, he quickly recovers)

I'm only twenty years old. I'll finish you off.

Geniek seizes the knife and aims it at Jędrzej, who flinches.

GENIEK: That's what you think. I'll smoke you.

Jędrzej takes the box of Geniek's tobacco and begins to roll a cigarette, slowly and deliberately as usual.

GENIEK: Get to work, shithead!

He hefts the knife. Jędrzej smokes the cigarette, and calmly monitors Geniek's movement. Czesiek enters.

CZESIEK: I used to th-throw the knife like this—
(He demonstrates.)

GENIEK: Stand by the door, Jędrzej. We're going to throw at you.
Jędrzej, still smoking, leans against the door and deftly defends himself against the knives thrown at him.

JĘDRZEJ: What's the matter with you douche bags? Why don't you go buy some paper shields and toy arrows. This shit isn't funny.
(He frowns and nods seriously.)

GENIEK *(warming to the game)*: I'm telling you, Jędrzej, stay by the goddamned door!
Jędrzej clucks like a chicken and curses, covering up against the items thrown at him by both men. When they become more insistent, he ducks behind the door. Each time he tries to come back, he's met by a new onslaught. Occasionally a knife clatters against the closed door and falls to the ground.

GENIEK *(out of breath)*: Get to work, you prick! Is this how you show respect for the *Lageraeltester*?
He reaches into Jędrzej's jacket, finds the false teeth, studies them for a moment, and then puts them in his own pocket. Jędrzej comes back in. His head is covered with a wire net, topped by a fantastic hat with an enormous brim. In his hand he holds a pair of rusty tin snips. A blanket is thrown across his arms and chest. He stands nonchalantly at the door, waits a moment, then comes to the table. Holding the tin snips under his arm, he rolls a cigarette out of Geniek's tobacco.

GENIEK *(throwing the knife on the table)*: One might say that's quite a knightly outfit you're wearing, young man. You're probably looking to poke somebody's eyes out with those cutters. Best be careful you don't pluck out your own at the same time. Come, gentlemen, let's sit down and play bridge.

GŁOWAK *(from the Schreibstube)*: As usual, it's spring and violets.

GENIEK: Who's dealing?
Czesiek yanks his shirttails out of his trousers and closely examines the seams.

CZESIEK: Oh, shit! Is that a flea?!

GENIEK (*singing*): “I said flee, flee, flee, my love, and so she fled . . .”

ERNEST: When I was still in Birkenau, I worked in the *Gaertneri*. After the disinfection was carried out in the women’s camp, we were the first to be admitted. Who knows why? The Blocks were still locked, sealed, and gassed. We walked between the barracks, along the path. We were supposed to tidy things up. I’m telling you, the number of fleas I saw was more than you could ever imagine. Must’ve been billions of them. A carpet of fleas rising and falling before us as we passed. We tied the bottoms of our trouser legs with string, did the same to our shirtsleeves. Nothing helped. In the blink of an eye we were covered with black, moving dots, which you could pick up by the handful. We had bites all over our bodies. We didn’t know where to scratch first. And that was just in the *Frauenlager*!

JĘDRZEJ: Oh, fleas aren’t shit. The lice among the prisoners-of-war in Auschwitz were a show all by themselves. You could make cutlets out of them. They were huge. Once this starving, half-dead Russian—they got twenty grams of bread a day for their work—reached under his jacket, poked around in his armpit and pressed a heap of lice onto the back of an SS man who was passing by—Man, we hated those fuckers—shortly after that, the SS-man died of typhus.

He imitates the behavior of the Russian, takes the hat and net off his head, lights a cigarette, and climbs onto the bunk. He immediately falls asleep with the cigarette still burning in his hand.

Seeing that Jędrzej has fallen asleep, Geniek yells, hitting his mouth with his hand.

GENIEK: Eee . . . ee . . . eee . . . ee . . .

(throwing the stool to the floor)

Jędrzej!

JĘDRZEJ (*barely opening his eyes*): What?! You motherfucking sons-of-bitches! Let me sleep, for Christ’s sake! You should rot in hell, every fucking one of you!

GENIEK: Ulrich was just here asking about his teeth.
Jędrzej turns on the bunk, reaching his hand into his jacket pocket. He doesn't find the bridge, shakes his head.

JĘDRZEJ (*smiling*): So that's why you threw me out the room, cocksucking, well-heeled scumbags . . .

GENIEK: So stop organizing from corpses, dicknose.

JĘDRZEJ: "Dicknose" yourself. Better I should organize from a friend?
He turns and falls back to sleep.

FRYDERYK (*mindlessly flipping the cards*): Listen. We need to think about the holidays. Easter is in two weeks . . .

GENIEK: That's right. Yeast-er is a-comin' . . .

FRYDERYK: . . . we have some ersatz yeast in the cupboard. We'll need flour.

GENIEK: For what?

FRYDERYK: To bake a little white bread that we could substitute for cake.

GENIEK: Why? It won't be any good.

FRYDERYK: Why not? I saw on the package a drawing of a fat cook with a big *babka* on a tray. The ad said "*Kuchen*."

GENIEK: Who said anything about wanting to bake '*Kuchen*'?

FRYDERYK: What else would we bake?

CZESIEK: Can you believe this penis brain?! What? Are you half kicked in the ass or something?
Kostek knocks, enters with a card in his hand, and crosses to Głowak who is busy at the Schreibstube.

KOSTEK: Can you give me today's camp numbers? I need it to pick up food rations.

GENIEK: When are you measuring out the sugar?

KOSTEK: Today.

GENIEK: You know what I'm thinking?
Kostek studies Geniek for a moment, then makes a gesture as if catching Geniek's thoughts flying through the air.

KOSTEK: I can't organize more than five kilograms from the storeroom. They don't have much there.

GENIEK: I don't give a shit! You need to scrape me off ten, get it?
He rises from the table, takes Kostek by the arm, and leads him to a corner of the room. They talk in whispers. Only the odd word can be heard: 'mash,' 'moonshine,' 'three days.'

CZESIEK: Douche bag, Lager slut!! Sugar won't replace yeast. Jędrzej!

JĘDRZEJ (*waking*): Stop picking on me, you bald-headed piece of shit. Let me sleep.

CZESIEK: G-go to the third Block. A *Zugang* arrived yesterday. Organize two, three non-Lager shirts. We have to have yeast.

JĘDRZEJ: And what, dumb ass? You don't know how to shove Jews around? You need a fucking surrogate? You're the one with the hard on, so pipe down, asshole, and go do it yourself.
He goes back to sleep. Czesiek crosses to him, pulls his ear, and then leaves the room.

GENIEK (*to Kostek*): Come on. Let's have a look. We might be able to goose them up a little.
They exit.

ERNEST: So much for a game of bridge. I suppose I could go the *Arbeitsdienstfuehrer* and arrange for the people we'll need tomorrow. I wonder what *Arbeitseinsatz* they'll give.
He gathers the cards, rises from the table, and exits. Fryderyk sits alone at the table, bent over and holding his head in his hands, gloomily silent. JAN enters and gives Głowak the Kommando list.

JAN: Today's work detail.
(crossing to Fryderyk who remains lost in thought)
Fryderyk! What's the good word?

FRYDERYK *(through his teeth)*: All words are shit in this dung heap of human existence.

JAN: Eh? What's the matter?
Fryderyk raises his head, looks blankly at Jan. Suddenly he bangs his fist on the table.

FRYDERYK: I'm such a coward, that's what the matter is! I ought to smash their faces, these conniving lowlifes! It's unthinkable, unfathomable.

JAN: And whose faces are these that we're smashing?

FRYDERYK: Every one of the bastards. For what they do. How they behave. For their tireless degradation of the human spirit. With full awareness . . . and with complete perfidy. With that attitude they learned in the concentration camp—their great academy of depravity. Do you know what they are?

JAN: Fryderyk. Who are you talking about?

FRYDERYK: Them! The *Alte Garde*. I tell you, they're Germans. That's the price they've paid. Otherwise, they'd have gone up the chimney like the rest! But that I, that I acquiesce, that I permit it. Only a few years ago I had the guts to stand up to a guard who spoke rudely to me. I rejected the pacifying motion of the German court, no matter that it might mean death. But today . . . I sit

among them in disgrace, with such mortification amid my own people! How they behave . . .

JAN: Fryderyk, you've had the good fortune not to have experienced the force of the Lager until now. You don't know what the horror of that kind of schooling can do.

FRYDERYK: Yes. And I know you endured it. And that is why you have a different standard of judgment. One adapted to the situation. I know that. But that standard can never be mine. I want to look at these horrors as a civilized man should, through the eyes of a man of Western Europe. I don't want to 'understand' anything. Otherwise, after we leave this slaughterhouse, all of us will have to relearn the principles of civilized life. Just think what a big deal we used to make of the slightest insult, a thoughtless remark—whole issues of honor. But today?

JAN: I'm not so sure it was all that good back then. My conscience isn't clear about that. When I think about the stupidity, the lack of ethics, the short-sightedness and irresponsibility there was in prewar Poland . . . And my own preoccupation with building my little fortune maybe just a cut above envying the wealth of others. I mean, I never raised my voice in these matters. I didn't have the guts, apart from feeling an attachment to European culture, to condemn Berez or the political attitude toward Lithuania, to speak out against the partitioning of Czechoslovakia by a nation that was itself partitioned in the eighteenth century. I couldn't afford to raise a cry which would have drawn everyone's attention, a cry which already existed in Orzechówki: "We're dying." So who knows what compromises I will be capable of, and what I will pass over in silence, if I survive the Lager. And I saw all the evils, standing, as I did, far from political affairs. It wasn't so good, Fryderyk. We are not a nation marked by civic courage. Military bravery? Yes.

FRYDERYK: But we have to recognize that this is cowardice, that we can't gain anything by it. That the value, the whole point, of communal existence rests upon individual heroism. Only personal bravery, independence, can raise the norm.

JAN: Yes. That's true. Sometimes. But sometimes a different, more balanced approach seems more correct. Maybe we should call it 'self-defensive cowardice'? I don't know. Some other principle of judgment, a kind of patience, without taking part in the evil that surrounds us, yet without evangelizing or martyrdom, without heroism in the grand style. You know, I was in Majdanek near Lublin with an old German scholar, a Professor Jan Rawczyński, who had been an Austrian officer, a wonderfully wise man and a Pole by birth. He told me how during his interrogation by the local Gestapo he fought with them and did not allow himself to be tortured so long as he had the strength to defend himself. Even when three of them were sitting on him, he still managed to bite one of them on the hand. Others told me that he was brought to the cell at the Castle a lump of bloody flesh with broken ribs and damaged lungs. A mess. Yet, thanks to his iron resolve he remained alive. Recently, when I was in Buchenwald, I worked with him in the *Politische Abteilung*. Our whole Kommando returned to the Lager for lunch. He led, walking by the side of the division. And some SS man, walking opposite, without cause, just out of ill-humor, punched him in the face. Simple as that. Punched this old man. I was even more amazed, however, by Rawczyński's reaction. He, who in Lublin would not allow himself to be touched, walked quietly by the SS man, continuing to lead his Kommando. He did not react at all. He didn't throw up his fists, he didn't curse, didn't blush; his facial expression didn't change. It was as though nothing had happened. Quietly, he walked next to his Kommando, every now and again smiling and cracking a joke. And he felt that blow without question. The *Politische Abteilung* was the aristocracy of the Lager and it was the custom that these people were no longer beaten. But, you see, Rawczyński knew two ways of behaving, and he chose the second way this time, a different kind of heroism, some other sense of dignity and strength. And I saw how he walked that road, without preaching, without trying to change the world, without railing about human harm, which he undoubtedly saw and felt. I owe him a great deal. My life. He stole my papers, which had arrived from Poland, out of the *Politische Abteilung*, exposing himself, of course, to great danger.

FRYDERYK: But . . . it's revolting. It's a Lager-enslavement mentality.

JAN: You could be right. But, had I not found that umbrella, I would have died the first day I was in the Lager, standing up to defend a man who was being whipped to death in front of me; or when a muscular Kapo—a Jew, no less!—beat me on the head and back with a plank he tore from a fence; or earlier in Pawiak when the Ukrainians taunted us with whips as we made our daily march to the toilet. Maybe I'm wrong, but in the Lager it's already a big deal if you harm no one, and, as far as you are able, help with a word of encouragement or a piece of bread.

FRYDERYK: I can't reconcile myself to this way of thinking. I'm too old . . .

JAN: No. You're simply still rebelling. You have thin skin. And around here one has to wear armor that nothing can penetrate. The armor of quiet dignity. In a few months you'll learn to look and not see, to listen and not hear, to help but not react. But more important, you'll find the goodwill to understand those who went through the daily horror of death and hunger and humiliation, whose psyches were dismantled and broken. These are severely damaged, unhappy human beings . . . And, if they still have an occasional impulse, some true grasp of their own situation, even that turns against them because it drives them to drunkenness and debauchery and speeds up their decline.

(beat)

Look, I could be wrong. But in camp you're doing something important if you can avoid hurting somebody else.

FRYDERYK *(wringing his hands)*: But how can anyone maintain his self-respect among so much shit? All I see around me are jackals gnawing at the bones of the dead and the near dead. I can't coexist with them, can't find a tone which wouldn't sound false. Yet I've had a life rich with relationships and conflict. Do you know that in Munich I was one of the founders of the German "*Jugendstil*" movement? That I lived for a time with Kellermann, talked with Wedekind, met with Rilke? Do you remember Kellermann's "Ingeborg"? That little story in it about the stars? How on one particular night the stars fell to earth and people discovered that there was nothing beautiful or great about them? How they cursed

the priests and the prophets who had encouraged them to pray to something that was simply a piece of gilded cardboard? And how one of the scorned prophets, looking up to the sky, saw there one single, lonely golden star shining mysteriously? How he shouted to the people who were jeering him: "It doesn't matter that there are so many fallen stars, since that one in the sky is shining so full of splendor." Do you know that I was the author of that story? An unwitting author, like many of us during one of Lili Nevinna's soirées. And that I, who told people to believe even if only one star was shining in the sky, cannot myself, today, see that star? It's been hidden from me by this trash, by these vermin who exhale some kind of poisoned air that ravages beauty and art, who have the power to devastate a life that hopes for more than pouncing on a victim or tearing at carcasses and bones.

JAN: You never told me . . .

FRYDERYK: Whatever for? Tell you that I created the environment out of which emerged the wild murmuring of Morgenstern? Or that I posed for Stuck and was his young friend? So that today, any sonofabitch,
(pounds his fist on the table)
any good-for-nothing, can lord it over me for the price of this bunk in which I can't sleep,
(points to the Schreibstube on the bunk)
for the price of a slightly better bowl of soup . . . for the fact that, as a result, I have the right to live a few days longer without lice and without increasing filth?

JAN: Fryderyk, you need to calm down a little.

FRYDERYK: Calm down?! Do you realize that after the war I could be named a collaborator? That each one of these criminals will be able to identify me as a friend who sanctioned his deeds? Attest that I not only consented by my silence but in fact took part in all that they did here? My God! Every piece of meat and bread in this place stinks of theft! Did you know that Jędrzej organized a search on the Block and robbed every one of the newly-arrived Jews? Do you realize that he takes those stolen things out of camp