

image 15

own name.
Tired, we stopped before a large haystack, climbed on top, burrowed into it, and slept like rats in a nest. It began to rain.

In the morning, after crossing a road and field, we entered the Orłowski Forest. Again, we hid in the undergrowth until nightfall. Then it was decided that I was to go into the village and find Mrs. Bazylkowa with the proposition that she should hide us for a generous fee. She was a close friend of the family; besides, she had a lot of our possessions, for knowing that sooner or later we would be deported, we gave her our most precious belongings for safekeeping.

There was no false sentimentality among us three. Remembering Dreschner's defection, my two companions quickly stripped me of all the valuables I had. Just before the break from Sobibor, we had helped ourselves to a considerable amount of money, jewelry, and the best clothing. All I had now as a good knife, and the hope that in the grey dusk, in the year 1943 — long after the last "round-up", Izbica being now "Judenrein" [free of Jews] — no one in the streets would recognize a Jew in the well-dressed youth. I merely tried to hide my face to some extent, by raising the collar of the coat I borrowed from Kostman.

Thursday, December 29, 1977

But no film from a Leica 35 mm camera.

Hard to believe that his companions would strip him of his valuables.

image 16

ourke-White/ Buchenwald inmates, Germany, 1945

I approached the first building in Izbica, then continued to the town well. A crane stood nearby.... Suddenly, I stopped, amazed.

I, a native who knew every corner of the town, could hardly recognize it! Only open spaces remained where Jewish homes had been, so thoroughly had they been dismantled and plundered.... Finally, I reached Mrs. Bazylkow's house.

"Who's there?"

"Blatt."

"My God. Go away. I'm afraid."

I begged her to open the door for just a moment. The key grated and the door opened a small crack. Her frightened face peered out.

"What d'you want?"

image 17

The low-character of the Poles is a frequent theme of these escape stories. This portrayal is necessary for the Zionist cause because after all, if the Poles were against the Germans, and the Germans were defeated, why shouldn't the Jews just stay in Poland and not move to Israel? Enter the vilification of the Poles through ironic stories like this "I needed a huge meal and all I got from our best non-Jewish friend was a crust of bread!"

Knowing her deep respect for my father, I said he was offering her a large sum of money. She refused to talk about money, saying she was afraid. I then asked her for food. She told me to wait, and after a while returned, holding in her hand a small crust of buttered bread. When I tried to put it in my pocket, she commanded me to eat it on the spot or return it to her. She was afraid someone might find me with the bread and I'd betray where I got it. She knew only too well the Nazi law: any Polish Gentile caught harboring or helping Jews in any manner was subject to the death penalty.

I ate the bread, and feeling discouraged, started back for my comrades. It was now very dark. From close by came the sound of a shot. I began to run. As I approached the place where my buddies were waiting, I whistled softly according to our agreement. There was no response. I began to back-track, still whistling, frightened that I had lost them.

image 18

Finally, I heard "Towi", my nickname, called softly. There they were, in the shadows at the edge of the road. I explained the situation. They became depressed. To search out a friendly partisan group in this particular area, knowing no one and without pre-arranged contact, was too risky. Our fate would be death at the hands of a hostile group. Again, we hid by day, and moved on cautiously by night.

Early in the evening of the second day, we left the woods and approached a peasant holding not far from the edge of the forest. A dog sensed us and began barking ferociously. We entered. The hut was lit by an oil

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A weak excuse for why he didn't join a partisan unit, and instead let others fight for his people. We're supposed to believe that even the groups against the Nazis also wanted to kill Jews. It's a paranoid notion that promotes Zionism (moving to Israel since everyone is against us.) and promotes his own survival since it's an excuse for him not to join. It's an excuse that loses credence considering that Alexander "Sasha" Pechersky claims to have joined a Soviet partisan group 3 days after escaping Sobibor.

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image 19

No Time for Tears

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lamp. We could see no one, yet there was an unfinished bowl of soup on the table. We went out, stopped at the barn, then the stable. Finally we called out.

In reply, silence.

2. WE FIND SHELTER

Quite similar to the Goldilocks and the Three Bears story, but that's o.k.

We went back to the house and went at the soup, standing. Kostman then insisted that we leave since no one was around. The dog barked and jumped about furiously in the yard. From afar, we got a glimpse of a flashlight. I cried out, "Farmer," and from behind some bushes emerged a tall, broad-shouldered peasant. Immediately recognizing us as Jews, he called his wife and children who were hiding in the field.

It seems that on hearing his dog bark and seeing us emerge from the woods, they all ran away, fearing we were a hoodlum gang. Then came a surprise: the peasant's name was Bojarski, and his daughter used to be a classmate of mine in school. We recognized each other and things warmed up considerably. Farmer Bojarski asked us to supper.

I think Blatt's story is made-up which begs the question: why did he choose this family? It might have something to do with the daughter, his classmate. Or it might have something to do with the dad's role in the town. Or maybe the family never existed.



Leica II (1932)

If they had first access to the luggage, and surely the luggage contained cameras, why not snap a few shots, take out the film, and throw the camera to the side? Surely that's possible considering all the loot they took. The motto among the inmates was supposedly "Let the world know what has happened here." Also consider that cameras (Leica) then were excellent and relatively small.

We sat in the clean, homey peasant house and ate till we were full. I asked him to give us shelter and offered good pay. He said we should return to the forest and wait there while he considered the deal.

We slept in the woods and in the morning returned to the house. After breakfast, he hid us in a big pile of straw, telling us to wait until evening. At noon he brought us dinner and when night came, he asked us inside for a supper and to wash up. After some talk, we displayed on the table some of our jewelry — diamonds, gold and platinum jewelry, as well as German and American paper money and Russian, French and Dutch coins. This, and what we still withheld, amounted to more than a million dollars total.

Bojarski's eyes began to shine. The

Maybe having a million dollars in loot, is more the reason why he didn't want to join a partisan unit, rather than the anti-semitism. And why didn't he offer Mrs. Bazytkow any of the loot, instead he promised her money from his father.

The luggage of the Jews arriving at the camp (Jews were transported East) would have contained the occasional handgun. Yet we're supposed to believe that for half a year before the escape they passively watched men, women, children led to the gas chambers, while guns in luggage were accessible to them. Compare with the measures a U.S. prison takes to keep weapons from being smuggled in.

daughter tried on some rings, and the wife a pair of diamond earrings which we offered her, but the farmer was still afraid and couldn't make up his mind. Once more he postponed the decision until the next day.

This time he didn't ask us to return to the woods, but made a place for us underneath the pile of straw in which we had spent the day. At midnight he came up to us and said, "I've decided to give you shelter. I know that the Russians will be here soon. Tomorrow I'm going to prepare a better hiding place for you."

We bade each other goodnight and went back to sleep beneath the straw.

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