

WE'RE ALIVE AND LIFE GOES ON

A THERESIENSTADT DIARY

ĚVA ROUBÍČKOVÁ

Translated by ZANA ALEXANDER

Foreword by VIRGINIA EUWER WOLFF

"And one last time we seized each other's image,
for life and for death . . . for eternity."

—from *Catherine Will Become a Soldier*
by Adrienne Thomas

Henry Holt and Company ■ New York

To Richard

I would like to express my gratitude to Michael Heim, who has been a guiding force throughout the translation. I also thank Eva Roubíčková and her daughter Vera Wiser for their generosity and patience in helping me to resurrect worlds and concepts that would otherwise have been untranslatable.

—Zaia Alexander

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD	IX
AUTHOR'S NOTE	XI
MAP OF THE LOCATION OF THERESIENSTADT, 1939-1945, AND THE DEATH CAMPS OF POLAND	XV
1941	3
1942	17
1943	63
1944	119
1945	159
AFTERWORD	173
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE	177
MAP OF THERESIENSTADT CAMP	181
NAMES THAT APPEAR FREQUENTLY IN EVA'S DIARY	183

FOREWORD

HOW TO TELL the monstrous story of Hitler to the world? Sometimes it begins with a potato. Or a pair of shoes. Small things take on enormous importance as we try to understand the horrifying scope and depth of the Nazi poison.

Eva Roubíčková, a privileged young girl in Bohemia, wore pretty dresses, loved tennis and skiing, went to school, fell in love. Her crime was that she was Jewish.

Suddenly in 1941, her life turned sideways. She was sent by train to Theresienstadt, a camp where Jews were held prisoner in a mystifying limbo, not knowing when or even whether they would be "sent to Poland." Nor did they have any real idea of what these one-way "transports to Poland" meant.

They had no way of knowing that they were part of what would later be called the Holocaust.

Theresienstadt prisoners didn't have their heads shaved; they had bathrooms and beds and work assignments. But they lived with rigid rules and imprisonment for breaking them, a strict curfew, chaotic sleeping conditions in crowded, bug-infested barracks, bad food and too little of it, and armed guards to enforce all of that.

Eva was assigned to jobs at the camp farm and garden. Her daily life was sometimes dull and exhausting, sometimes frantic with fear. She made friends and lost them to disease or to the mysterious "transports to Poland." She smuggled vegetables to her loved ones, learned to scrounge, scavenge, and

bribe. She heard news and rumors of the war with each trainload of new prisoners. She wondered whether her sweetheart was alive or dead.

And she kept a diary. It has turned out to be one of the important documents of that terrible time, a witness to some of the small events that went to make up the huge event we keep trying to understand.

x Eva Roubíčková didn't build her diary like a story, with a series of characters and plot developments leading to a climax. Instead, she tried to keep track of the days as they went threateningly by. In her diary she confesses love and resentment, curiosity and frustration. She tells of smuggling potatoes under her clothes, of rivalries and kindnesses among inmates. She tells about being interrogated and going to prison. She wonders, "Can you turn thoughts off?" And she stubbornly refuses to give up the last threads of hope.

We have many different kinds of history. One kind tells how people with political power caused sweeping changes in the world. Another kind tells how their victims lived from one day to the next, how they rose to the tormenting occasion or sank beneath its weight. How they found ways to keep their feet warm and get enough potatoes to eat.

Eva Roubíčková's diary is that kind of history.

VIRGINIA EUWER WOLFF

AUTHOR'S NOTE

I WAS BORN ON JULY 16, 1921, into a German-speaking Jewish family in northern Bohemia, then part of the Sudetenland, in what is now the Czech Republic. My father was a professor of Latin and Greek at the gymnasium, the classical secondary school, in the town of Žatec (or Saaz, as it was called in German); my mother was a housewife and volunteer organizer at the local synagogue. I attended the school where my father taught. We lived in a large house with my mother's mother and brother. My grandmother spent a lot of time with me and participated actively in my upbringing since my mother was only twenty-one when I was born. I was somewhat spoiled, being both an only child and an only grandchild, and I lived a charmed existence, playing tennis and swimming in summer and skiing in winter with my many Jewish and non-Jewish friends. But my carefree life gradually came to an end with Hitler's rise to power. As Nazi propaganda increased, I watched my non-Jewish friends grow ever more distant and estranged.

During the summer of 1938 I went to visit relatives in Plzeň (Pilsen), where I met many new people at a Jewish tennis club. Among them was Richard Roubíček, my future husband. I was seventeen, and since he was eleven years older and had finished his law degree, I thought of him only as a friend. Months later his sister told me that when he went back to Prague to visit his family, he announced he had met the girl he wished to marry. He had not told me.

Meanwhile, I had returned to Žatec, but with the beginning of the school year life became unbearable. Former friends—classmates and teachers alike—started treating all Jews as inferior. People stopped talking to us. We were forced to sit in the back of the classroom. Hitler made weekly speeches that were broadcast in the streets, and following each speech, men would march up and down, yelling anti-Semitic slogans and throwing rocks at the windows of Jewish houses and businesses. Setting foot outside became a life-threatening experience. I cried every morning at the thought of facing another day at school and every evening because of the awful things I had been through. My parents insisted that I continue my education, however, and my father continued teaching even though he was the only Jewish teacher at the school and was treated very badly by his colleagues and students.

In the middle of September my mother and grandmother went to Prague to rent a room in case things took a turn for the worse. The day after they returned, I came home from school in tears as usual, and they told me to pack a few things in my book bag: we were going to Prague for a few days. I was thrilled to have what I thought would be a brief vacation. I never returned. I left with my mother and grandmother; my father and uncle joined us a few days later. As a result of the Munich Agreement in September 1938, what was to be a brief break turned into a permanent situation.

Eva Glauber and her family will be mentioned frequently in the diary. I met Eva at the end of 1940 after we moved from our family home in Žatec to a one-room apartment in Prague. I didn't know anybody yet, and when I met Eva we immediately became close friends. Our friendship meant a great deal to me. Eva was intelligent, sensitive, and a very beautiful girl. She was also kind, tactful, and very talented artistically. She was the soul and center of a group of young people whom I fre-

quently write about in the diary. This group met on a regular basis and we shared the traumas of that terrible time. Our friendship was my source of strength in Prague and later in Theresienstadt. Even now, years later, I firmly believe that Eva and the majority of the members in our group were not average people. Besides Eva and me, the group included both Grünberger brothers, Danny and Benny, Peter, and Zwi.

Since we were not allowed to wash our clothes or cook in the room we had rented, we were forced to look for other quarters and eventually found a place with a kitchen and bath. Friends took up collections for us, scraping together such basics as dishes and winter clothes. While in Prague, I happened to meet my friend Richard in the street. It turned out he had been searching for me. We were happy to find each other again and tried to lead a normal existence: I began attending school; Richard worked for his father's law firm.

But by this time all Jews were trying to emigrate. Richard's marriage proposal was a reflection of our times. Instead of saying, "Will you marry me?" he said, "Will you emigrate with me?" Because of my age I responded, "I'll have to ask my parents," whereupon Richard made a formal visit to them. My parents of course agreed to the marriage. Richard also introduced me to his family. I soon became close to them, and they were most kind and helpful to both me and my parents.

For a long time our attempts to obtain visas to a safe country were in vain. Finally, however, a week after Czechoslovakia was occupied by Nazi troops (March 15, 1939), Richard managed to secure permission to go to England. His intention was to arrange for all of us to follow. Both families saw him off at the station. My grandmother was inconsolable: she was afraid she would never see him again. That night, worried that her age would make her a burden to us, she committed suicide.

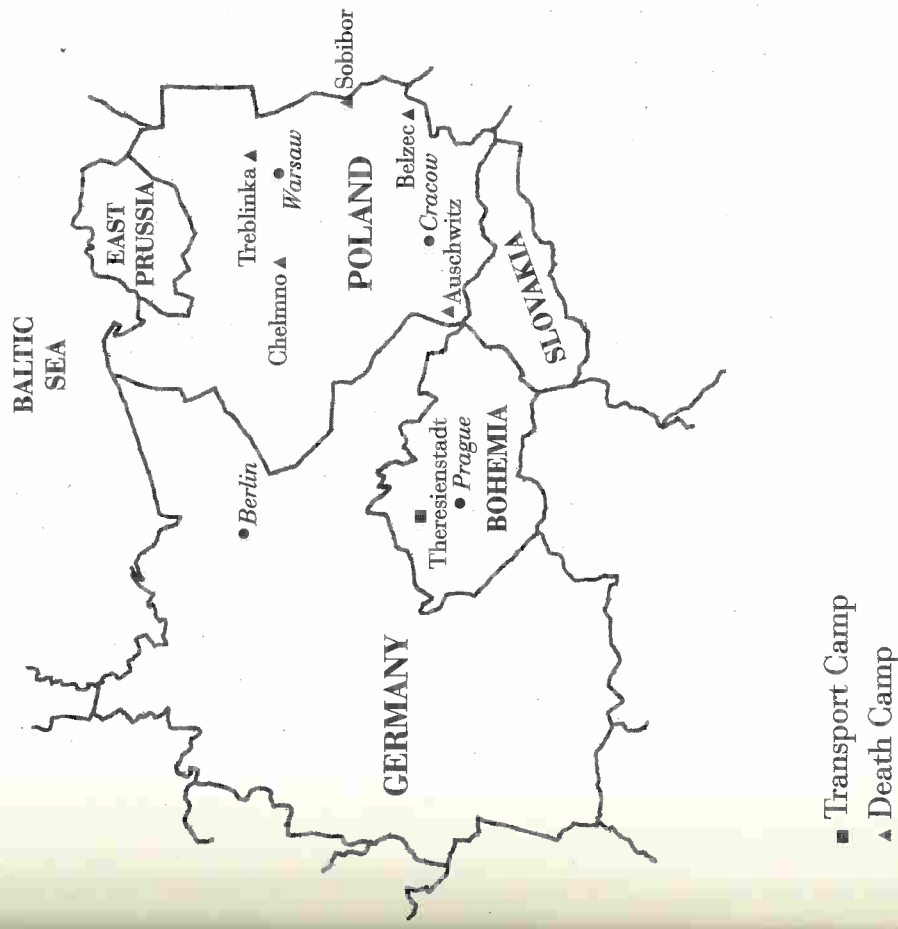
Richard succeeded in finding employment for me in England. I was to work as a nanny for an English family. Because I was not yet eighteen, however, the British refused to give me a work permit and I was unable to leave. Richard also arranged for his niece and nephew to live with an English family. They were due to leave on September 1, 1939, the day World War II broke out. They never left and perished with their mother in Auschwitz.

XIV

The years between the outbreak of the war and our departure for Theresienstadt saw increased restrictions for Jews. As of January 1939 I was forbidden to attend school and began learning to cook and make hats. All contact with foreign countries was outlawed, and with the exception of a few messages via Switzerland or America, I lost contact with Richard. Jews were no longer allowed to own businesses, earn money, or go to public places such as theaters or parks. They had to sew a yellow Star of David on their clothes and wear it at all times.

In October 1941 the first Jews left Prague in transports for Poland. All Jews had to register, and the atmosphere was one of fear and panic. The Jewish community organized the transports following German orders. Whenever somebody got the summons to go to the Messelplast for a transport, the Jewish community, friends, and family would go to that person's house and hide or distribute their valuables for them, and bring food, necessities, and sleeping bags. Rumors—both pessimistic and optimistic—ran rampant; nobody knew what to believe. Early in the fall of 1941 several thousand young men were sent to Theresienstadt, supposedly to build a Jewish ghetto. A few days later transports of a thousand people each began to depart for the new Theresienstadt ghetto. My mother and I left Prague in a transport on December 17.

MAP OF THE LOCATION OF THERESIENSTADT, 1939–1945, AND THE DEATH CAMPS OF POLAND



- Transport Camp
- ▲ Death Camp

DECEMBER 10, WEDNESDAY: I stayed home in the morning, went shopping in the afternoon, and came back. A half hour later Aunt Else phoned. We're in the next transport. I was quite calm about it and went immediately to the Jewish Community Center with Mommy to see if there is anything that can be done for us because of Daddy. Everyone at the community center was terribly worried; nobody knew anything, nobody had any advice. Mommy was upset. The Glasers and the Kohns came to see us; they're awfully upset too. At 11 P.M. a man from the community center came and laid out the situation in black and white for us. Just Mommy and I will be going. I couldn't sleep all night.

DECEMBER 11, THURSDAY: We started working again at four in the morning. We sewed sleeping bags. We visited Mama [Richard's mother] in the morning and then ran lots of errands. We worked at home in the afternoon. Lots of people came to visit us. Karl Reiner is trying to help us, but it's unclear whether he'll succeed.

DECEMBER 12, FRIDAY: I spent the entire morning at the community center. I got a number: 69. The mood wasn't quite as horrible and desperate as I'd expected. We're all in the same boat. Gi wants to sign up voluntarily, but first our appeal needs to be resolved. I was X-rayed at the clinic. If they found

something, that would be another possibility. But you never know if you should play with destiny. The next transports are probably going to Poland after the New Year, but Theresienstadt is certainly much better. I spent the entire afternoon running from one clinic to the next. There was an incredible uproar everywhere, long lines everywhere, and we have so much to do at home! We're known everywhere as a special case because of Daddy. We're the only ones in this transport, so it's completely up to the Gestapo if they'll let us stay here with Daddy. We're touched by all our friends' kindness: Mama, the Glasers, and Frau Kohn, who has so much to do herself. We've been working day and night. Lots of times we thought we'd finished but then saw that the real work was still ahead of us. We got rid of everything in the apartment, stored things with Aryans, and sorted the food. That was most of the work. And throughout it all, the awful uncertainty of whether we're going or not. But we had to expect the answer would be yes. Poor Gi was the most upset of us all.

DECEMBER 13, SATURDAY: We started working again at 4 A.M. Peter and Danny came at 7 A.M. with the scale. We weighed all our things. We've got more than 100 pounds. The community center notified us in the morning that our appeal had been denied and that we had to go. Gi immediately volunteered to go as well. All our luggage was picked up in the morning. We cleaned the pantry in the afternoon. That was the hardest part. We got rid of much more in the evening and traded all the carpets and furniture. I felt paralyzed the entire day. Thank God there was no time to think about anything. It's as if somebody gave me a shot and I know it should hurt, but I can't feel a thing. Mama's with us all the time. Received photos from Richard. They're from Uncle Richard in America.

DECEMBER 14, SUNDAY: Took another bath in the morning and washed my hair. We had an awful lot of visitors and there's still so much more work, and on top of that I'm worried about Mommy. She's terribly upset and cries all the time, mostly because of Daddy. I wrote him a long letter, but it won't go out until we've left for the Messepalast. It's terrible for him, like getting hit by lightning. For God's sake, he shouldn't volunteer to go with us. It would be a catastrophe. Otto Mändl came to see us. Frau Glauber has sent us food every day. Mama came today and cooked for us. Though we had plenty of everything, we couldn't eat and had to force every bite down. We drove to the Messepalast at noon. Gi went to the community center. He doesn't have a number yet and doesn't know if he'll be included. Mama, Eva, Danny, and lots of others went along to keep us company. Good-bye, Prague. Just don't think! We had to register by 1 P.M. We quickly said good-bye to everybody. The gates closed behind us, and from now on we're prisoners; we're no longer free human beings.

The Messepalast is a huge wooden hall that's been divided into many sections. The first impression is terrible. I couldn't show how I really felt because of Mommy and tried to seem cheerful. The entire floor is covered with mattresses, with only a few narrow paths between them. We're on the mattresses day and night. Some of the people seem in a good mood, but others are horribly upset, unhappy, devastated. We belong to the first group. We went exploring right away. I saw a lot of people I knew: Egon Forscher, whom I'd once met at Benny's; a good friend of Zwi's named Pacovsky, who I went to school with in Saaz; and a nephew of the Taussigs. At four o'clock they brought in a man who looked deathly ill, with a wife in tears and a screaming child. They put them right next to us. On

closer inspection we saw it was Paul Mändl. After a while we found out it was only an act they hoped would eventually get them sent home.

There's a girl (Fanny) my age on the other side of me. She seems very nice. I made friends with her immediately. She got married six weeks ago and voluntarily signed up to be with her husband. There are large pipes with faucets for washing at the side and to the front of the hall. On the other side is an open kitchen. There's a shed with a sink that the women use for washing clothes. The "nicest" part is the WC—a long wooden shed with buckets that need to be taken out daily. Everyone's disgusted and terribly unhappy about it. I don't really mind that much.

My new friend is with me all the time. I'm glad to have her. She's athletic and cheerful, and all of this is easier to take when you're with somebody. Egon visited us in the evening and stayed all night. I didn't sleep, and we stayed up talking all night.

DECEMBER 15, MONDAY: We had to turn in our house keys. Not us, of course, but Daddy, because he stayed home. Just keys to closets—to all those completely empty closets. We were ordered to turn in all our money, silver, etc. Fiedler, the man in charge of things here, came around several times to check on us. He's a twenty-three-year-old hoodlum who yells at everybody. His sidekick is Mandler, who's even worse. G. arrived in the evening. We were terribly happy.

I've been given a yellow armband. I've been given a kettle to heat water so people can wash themselves and wash dishes. It's a great job. I don't have to stand in line for food and some-

times even get two helpings. There's plenty of good food. In the morning there's black coffee and a stale roll, at noon soup and meat with a side dish, in the afternoon lime blossom tea, and in the evening soup or goulash. But it's best not to watch how they cook it.

DECEMBER 16, TUESDAY: I'm with Egon a lot and with a few other young people, but always with Fanny. I've written home twice now, once illegally to Eva, once legally to Mama. There was a terrible commotion this evening. Fiedler started slapping people around because somebody was smoking. All smoking items, money to the last cent, liquor, and other valuables had to be turned in. There was lots of screaming to get everybody scared and upset. But it was mostly Jews doing it. We were told they also spot-check people's luggage, and much slapping and beating goes along with that too. It was pouring rain just as we started to load the luggage. We kept very few things and even sent our sleeping bags ahead without sleeping in them on the last night.

DECEMBER 17, WEDNESDAY: We got up at six in the morning. Sleeping is awful. People walk around all night. Somebody's always coughing. Mommy slept horribly. I've fared better the last two nights. All the men had their heads shaved, but not the women. Everything was ready for departure by eight. At nine they led us to the station, heavily guarded by German soldiers carrying loaded guns. They put us into a sealed train, and at eleven we left for Theresienstadt. We're hideously squeezed together with all the luggage. It's all so strange; you simply can't understand it. Thank God, because if you could, you'd go crazy.

We arrived in Theresienstadt at two in the afternoon. We were welcomed by the emergency service. The boys looked

pretty bad—not enough food, unshaven faces, shaved heads—but their mood wasn't all that bad. We had to go on foot from Bohuovice to Theresienstadt. Even though we didn't have much luggage, it was a terribly difficult walk. We were taken to the barracks and welcomed by lots of Jews, Rudy Lekner among them. He's changed, decidedly for the better. Fanny's husband and some of his friends took us to our room. It's a small room with running water and a nice heater. There are wood shavings on the floor. It's the Hohenelber barracks. It's a hospital, and we'll probably only stay here temporarily. The men are staying in the same barracks but in different rooms. There are eight of us. They all seem like very nice people.

1941

10

DECEMBER 18, THURSDAY: We get black coffee in the morning, soup at noon, and soup in the evening. We're slowly settling in. The boys from the Sudeten barracks carried our luggage in. The poor fellows had so much to lug.

DECEMBER 19, FRIDAY: I talked to Benny in the morning. I was so happy. He carried suitcases too, but then sat with us all afternoon. Zwi came in the afternoon, and I spent the afternoon with both of them. Mommy had a bridge party.

DECEMBER 20, SATURDAY: A boy came early this morning with greetings from Zwi and a box of matches, which are an absolute necessity here, even though nobody's allowed to have them. Zwi has a permanent pass and can even go shopping. I was really glad. We did some morning gymnastics in the yard under German surveillance. Cigarettes are in great demand here. They're even more valuable than bread. Everybody's crazy about them, and there are people smoking everywhere, even though it's strictly forbidden. Zwi and Benny came to visit me in the afternoon. Our room looks really nice.

We can heat it, and we don't fight like the others. The boys and girls behave terribly here. We suddenly got an order at ten. The women have to move out of the Hohenelber barracks by tomorrow morning. A man was found together with his wife and was arrested immediately, so now all of us have to move. We packed at night and were up again by 5 A.M.

DECEMBER 21, SUNDAY: It's Fanny's birthday. We spent the morning sitting on our suitcases until they took us to our new barracks. We had to stand outside a long while. There was lots of commotion. Our room wanted to stay together. Do what you like, but don't make us room with old people! They let us inside, and we all ran to grab a room. There was no order whatsoever. Whoever knew somebody in the barracks got a nice room. In the end, we alone were without a room. We kept going into rooms with people already in them, and they'd throw us out. Finally we were given a huge freezing room. The situation was hopeless. Everybody was crying. Zwi managed to grab my two bags of food and get them back to me. We sat on our luggage, fought for space. We were freezing, hungry, and about to go crazy. We were completely shut off from the world, no help anywhere, no way out.

This was the worst day yet since the evacuation. They were looking for a room leader, and I was selected. At least I had something to do right away. I had to take down everybody's name, etc., and so the worst was over. The barracks were ancient. In the morning they told us they were the most modern barracks, with central heating, hot water, and everything else, but nobody's ever seen those things. We gradually thawed out as the room heated up. Then some food came from the Hohenelber barracks. Each of us got a mattress. It was not very comfortable to sleep on.

1941

11

DECEMBER 22, MONDAY: Constant running around with our luggage. We have a fairly decent bathroom with cold water. They're setting up an office.

DECEMBER 23, TUESDAY: I've got lots of running around to do as room elder, that is, as room youngest. I'm still with Fanny all the time. We do everything together. I'm so lucky to have her. Of course Mommy's always with us too. Every day we have to check in with the office. They tell us what we can and cannot do. All the room elders are there, and it's quite interesting. I spoke to Mio. It made me so happy. He was here with some suitcases. He looked fabulous, but I almost didn't recognize him. He's big and strong and seems to be doing well. Somebody brought me a letter from Gi. He does pedicures and is very busy. Fanny's husband is here every day. He comes with the cleaning crew. They're just about the only men we talk to. In a few days we'll be able to cook here. Fanny, Paula, and I are always together. We've volunteered to peel potatoes. It's not the most pleasant job, but it may be an opportunity to get into the kitchen, which of course would be ideal.

DECEMBER 24, WEDNESDAY: Besides coffee, soup, and a potato for lunch, and soup or coffee for dinner, Mommy and I get a slice of bread to share every other day. We've given away most of the bread we brought from Prague. The poor fellows were so hungry. I don't know how we'll manage with the rations. For now we still have some crackers and pumpernickel bread, but what will happen when they're gone? Well, we'll manage somehow. We're supposed to get up every day at six in the morning, but of course we don't. They've set up a home for boys and they'll make another one for girls, but at the moment there's a scarlet fever epidemic. They'll probably use our room for it, and we'll have to move again. Horrible. Today's order is

to turn in all canned goods, tea, medicines, and perfumes in addition to the things we've already turned in. And, of course, cigarettes, matches, money, jewels, etc. The worst thing is the request to give up canned goods. Of course we're not going to turn them in, and we won't eat them the way the others do. It's Christmas Eve.

DECEMBER 25, THURSDAY: The housing situation is making us desperate. All the rooms are overcrowded. They'll probably put each of us in different rooms. We can't unpack anything and never have a moment's peace. By January 1 everything is supposed to be turned in, and now we don't even have a place to hide stuff. We're constantly looking for a new room. Mommy finally found a room with two other ladies. It has a stone floor and no heat. We wouldn't have minded that, but they didn't let us keep it anyway. Fanny, Paula, and I peel potatoes every day, and it's not so bad. I have a lot of writing and paperwork to do as room elder during my free time. We always need something.

DECEMBER 26, FRIDAY: With the exception of the toilet cleaners, we don't get to talk to any men. Benny came with the crew today. I was overjoyed! A ghetto guard and a fireman also came. I coincidentally became friends with a fellow who has a permanent pass, and he immediately handed me a sack of clothes to wash for him. I offered to do laundry for all the boys. It's not such a hard job, and the poor boys really have no idea how to go about it.

DECEMBER 27, SATURDAY: We finally have a room, but it doesn't have heat yet. A couple of older ladies have moved, but we still sleep in the old room. I've lost my watch. There's very little food, but it's bearable. We still have some left from home.

1941

12

1941

13

I don't wear dresses at all, only slacks. Unfortunately I only brought a few pairs, and no decent ones. A man offered to send letters for us. I wrote to Mama. Although that means the death penalty, everybody writes anyway. Actually I imagined that being in a ghetto would be much worse, sort of like death, in that you can't really conceive what it's like. When we first saw the people who've been here for a while, they seemed to come from another world. But we live here too, and we're not in too terrible a mood. We even laugh quite often, which I wouldn't have considered possible in Prague. In short, life goes on. You just can't allow yourself to think about anything. We're busy all day, and then at night we lie on the mattresses and sleep. Just don't think. Anything but that! We even talk to boys.

organizing
= Gen. antypobudow Karabats normalis Cohen

DECEMBER 28, SUNDAY: We've finally settled into the room we fought so hard for. It's a passageway to where the old ladies are. We immediately made partitions with our blankets. There are six of us. We've barely enough space. We're happy, though, because at least we can get organized. Things are slowly working themselves out. I do laundry for a whole bunch of boys. You can even begin to see a certain organization in it all, even though we're lacking everything. The most important things just aren't available—brooms and dustpans, for example, and much more.

DECEMBER 29, MONDAY: The three of us busily peel potatoes and sort potatoes in the basement besides. It's a terrible job—cold, dark, and dirty. Mommy peels potatoes too, but not when we're there. We've made a table from our suitcases. We tolerate each other fairly well. Compared with the other rooms, it's ideal. Women are fighting terribly everywhere. We're somewhat calmer here than we were in Prague,

where we were only half alive from the terrible fear. That's all behind us now. What else can happen to us?

DECEMBER 30, TUESDAY: We're guarded by police, who for the most part are quite decent. Lots of men come from the Hohenelber barracks every day. Sometimes they're not allowed to talk to the women at all; then they're allowed to again. The women housed in the Dresden barracks are never allowed to talk to men. Everything's much stricter there. Any man caught talking to a woman is given twenty-five lashes with a whip. The food here is also slightly better than elsewhere. Children often get different and better food than we do.

action from state

DECEMBER 31, WEDNESDAY: I already know lots of people here. We're on a first-name basis, and it's quite friendly. Until now people were allowed to receive packages. Lots of people got them. We didn't. But starting today, all packages and letters are prohibited, because there was always some stupid person who wrote careless letters. One man was arrested for three months because of it. Fanny and I are known as the two hungriest souls of all the transports. New Year's Eve was celebrated in several rooms. We didn't celebrate—we weren't in the mood. Paula brought four men from the firefighters group to us at midnight even though we were already asleep. Supposedly to bring us luck. We could use it.

JANUARY 1, THURSDAY: We've piled up everything we're supposed to turn in but haven't yet agreed on where to hide it. There was a concert in the office this afternoon. Somebody played the accordion, and somebody else sang. It was just like the old days. It was a strange feeling. Lots of people cried. We sang Czech and German songs. Fredy Hirsch gave a speech. He dared to say a lot of things, like that we're at our lowest point now, that soon things will be better, and that there was never a ruler who lasted forever. About halfway through we had to stop, and all the men had to leave. The police broke it up.

JANUARY 2, FRIDAY: I already know lots of people. Fanny and I manage, more or less honestly, to get things to eat. There isn't enough food, but most people still have rations from home. I have made lots of friends doing laundry for the boys. I get along really well with the electricians, the custodial crew, and lots of others. Zwi came to visit me. We keep in touch by writing frequently.

JANUARY 3, SATURDAY: Frau Kraus is the only one in our room who fights all the time. She argues about the heat every day. Mommy has to bring her coffee every morning. Where does she get her nerve?

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

JANUARY 4, SUNDAY: Everybody's upset. A transport is leaving from here for Poland. Will we be in it? It's horrible. We thought we'd be secure here, but from now on it'll be exactly the way it was in Prague. They called out names in the afternoon, and the following day the people had to be ready. Frau Kauders voluntarily signed up to be with her husband. Nobody else from our barracks is going. We spent half the night getting her packed.

JANUARY 5, MONDAY: Fanny and I have kitchen duty. We take turns standing by the kitchen door and aren't allowed to let anybody in. We're happy since we get food and can even take some home. It's strictly forbidden, but of course we don't care. The morning transport was taken to the Hamburg barracks. The people all looked horrible—sick and old, with torn suitcases and no food.

JANUARY 6, TUESDAY: Kitchen duty's great. Even though we have to be there all the time, morning till night, fight with people who want to come in, and get in trouble with the kitchen crew if we do let someone in, it's worth it. The general mood is very bad. Many people go to the Hamburg barracks to peel potatoes to have someone to talk to.

JANUARY 7, WEDNESDAY: I have an admirer, an electrician. Zwi and Benny are here every day and they always get something to eat.

JANUARY 8, THURSDAY: Nine people who were jailed for smuggling letters have been hanged. Jews had to perform the execution. There's much desperation everywhere.



JANUARY 9, FRIDAY: All the room elders were called to a meeting in the Magdeburg barracks. They made a beautiful speech about how the executions were only supposed to serve as a deterrent.

JANUARY 10, SATURDAY: Another transport is going to Poland. Nobody knows for sure where in Poland they're going. Some people say Riga, others say Josefstadt. Only two old ladies from our transport were included. One of them started screaming hysterically. It's a disaster.

JANUARY 12, MONDAY: Lots of commotion first thing in the morning. More women were summoned for the transport. Almost half of them were from our barracks. By chance we weren't included. Whoever you spoke to was in the transport. There was chaos everywhere. They had three hours to get packed. Mommy, Fanny, and I are the only ones left in the room.

JANUARY 13, TUESDAY: This morning they summoned an additional fifty women to the transport, because lots of the Protectorate children were pulled out again. I got a letter from Zwi. He wants to protect us from Poland by registering me to work in the farms, possibly even as his fiancée. It's only a formality, of course, but it's awfully decent of him.

JANUARY 14, WEDNESDAY: Thank God, nobody else has been summoned. Benny, Zwi, and many others come to visit me. There's an advantage to working in the kitchen—at least we always have something for the boys to eat.

JANUARY 15, THURSDAY: Nepotism rules everywhere here. There's no other way. Everybody's out for himself. There's a lively black market in cigarettes and food.

JANUARY 16, FRIDAY: We're expecting three new transports from Pilsen, and probably more will leave here for Poland. Nobody knows where the last two went.

JANUARY 17, SATURDAY: I now have a steady job with the gardeners. I'm already looking forward to the spring when we can work outdoors. Mommy plays bridge in the afternoon sometimes.

JANUARY 18, SUNDAY: The first transport from Pilsen arrived. I went to peel potatoes in the Hamburg barracks. Nobody we knew came.

JANUARY 19, MONDAY: They're doing inspections in the Sudeten barracks. We're really scared. We put everything into a suitcase with a false number on it. I had to repack everything. Working in the kitchen takes a lot of time, and in my free time I do laundry for a lot of people and have lots of visitors.

JANUARY 20, TUESDAY: I think we're going to have to move into the Hamburg barracks.

JANUARY 21, WEDNESDAY: The second Pilsen transport arrived. People were in terrible shape. They've been whipped for no reason. Zwi brought me two spoons we'd lost. It's horribly cold.

JANUARY 22, THURSDAY: We'll be moving on Sunday. Everybody's getting ready and arranging who they want to room with. We're afraid we won't be able to work in the kitchen anymore.

JANUARY 23, FRIDAY: The third Pilsen transport is coming on Monday. We're packing for the Hamburg barracks.

JANUARY 24, SATURDAY: Last time in the kitchen. I ate a lot. Who knows what the food situation will be like in the Hamburg barracks.

JANUARY 25, SUNDAY: We moved our luggage into the Hamburg barracks in the morning. Mommy saved a space for us there. We went back and forth with the luggage three times. We're in a large room with twenty-two people. Marcel reserved spaces for us. The people seem quite nice.

JANUARY 26, MONDAY: The third transport from Pilsen arrived. There are almost only old and sick people. Aunt Gretl and Uncle Rudi, Nelly, and Herr Popper were in it. It's horribly cold. They all arrived in terrible shape. Benny and I went from room to room and told everybody not to turn anything in.

JANUARY 27, TUESDAY: Fanny and I are on meal duty. We go from room to room, calling people to lunch and dinner, and get larger portions. It's almost better than kitchen duty since we do a few hours' work and then are free. Mommy's peeling potatoes again and has taken charge of the old-age home.

JANUARY 28, WEDNESDAY: Life in the barracks is not as easy as it was before. Everything is so terribly spread out. Nepotism rules, and if you don't take care of everything yourself, you won't get anything at all. There are always meetings being called, everything is taken so seriously, and at the same time meal duty's a joke.

JANUARY 29, THURSDAY: Marcel comes here almost every day, and so do Benny and Zwi. One of the boys brought a harmonica and played it, but a ghetto guard came and told him, "You have to stop this instant. Somebody reported it."

1942

22

1942

23

JANUARY 30, FRIDAY: Another transport arrived from Prague today. I went from room to room again. The Sgalitzers came and brought a package from Mama.

JANUARY 31, SATURDAY: All the men from sanitation and meal duty have to leave the barracks. It's just like in the Dresden barracks now, where only some men are allowed into the barracks. A few small rooms even have stoves. Our room is horrible. Everybody from the office [Jewish Council of Elders] was fired. Fanny has really disappointed me. She's very calculating and only associates with people she can profit from. She's had lots of advantages being with us. Mommy shared everything with her and brought her coffee every morning. Fanny also got a lot from her husband and never shared even the slightest bit with us. She would hide everything and make it a secret so she wouldn't have to share.

FEBRUARY 1, SUNDAY: A transport arrived from Brünn—almost all young people who were in good shape. I spent a lot of time with Aunt Gretl. She brought lots of food with her and refuses to eat the food here. She can't even imagine what it's like to be hungry. I'm on meal duty with Emmi at lunch. She's very nice. Doing laundry here is a disaster. We're not allowed to hang it anywhere, and I still get lots of it from the boys I'd been doing it for in the Bodenbacher barracks. I'm going to have to stop now.

FEBRUARY 3, TUESDAY: Once a week we get eleven pounds of jam for dessert. Mommy's busy rationing, so we manage quite well with food. Besides that, Mommy's usually able to take a couple of potatoes. She also gets food for the old ladies morning, noon, and night, and they give her some.

FEBRUARY 4, WEDNESDAY: They're opening a laundry soon, and they'll be looking for people to work there. We're allowed to write home now but not to get packages. Of course we have to be really careful about what we write. Fanny's very selfish. Most of the girls here are loose, so they get what they want from the boys. I can't do that, and I'll never get anything. Zwi and Benny come to visit me often. They aren't getting along as well as they used to.

FEBRUARY 5, THURSDAY: Three-quarters of the women here don't have periods. The last time for me was on the way to Theresienstadt.

FEBRUARY 6, FRIDAY: The women in our room are very pleasant, especially Frau Koralek. She's such a decent person and has everything you could imagine.

FEBRUARY 7, SATURDAY: Marcel visits me every day. He's extremely kind, but so clumsy. Aunt Gretl's often with us. She's slowly beginning to understand the situation here and eats everything they give her now.

FEBRUARY 8, SUNDAY: Another transport arrived from Prague. We know some of the people, but they've brought us nothing. Why doesn't anyone send us anything? Don't they know we're going hungry here?

FEBRUARY 11, WEDNESDAY: I wonder whether the letters have arrived in Prague. God knows how long it takes them to get there. The great optimism of the first few weeks has noticeably cooled off. Nobody's counting anymore on getting home by spring. It'll be interesting to remember all of this one day. I go to Budíček and line up for coal at six every morning,

line up for meals, and it's a fight for every single inch of space. Each person's allotted only two feet. We fight for mattresses. It's very cold every night.

FEBRUARY 12, THURSDAY: The biggest farce is the custodial crew, which is a bunch of young, pretty girls who just want to stand around all day amusing themselves. Their leader is A., who dances around the barracks as if she were a circus director.

FEBRUARY 13, FRIDAY: The supply situation is also interesting. If you want to eat, you have to get the ghetto guard involved. The electric cookers are a big problem. They short-circuit all the time, and they'll probably be forbidden. That would be terrible, because there's nowhere for us to warm our food.

FEBRUARY 19, THURSDAY: A Prague transport arrived. Aunt Flora was in it. Mommy's still bedridden, though she's getting better. Aunt Flora's in a good mood and hasn't changed.

FEBRUARY 20, FRIDAY: Aunt Gretl's just like us now, hungry all the time, and so is Aunt Flora. We got some cheese and a bit of fat from her. I've received orders to start work tomorrow as a gardener. I'm very happy about it, but it'll certainly be harder to get food once I stop doing meal duty.

FEBRUARY 21, SATURDAY: It's not so easy to get out of meal duty. I'll have to write an appeal. This afternoon I went to the greenhouse in the Hohenelber barracks for the first time with the group. It felt strange to be walking on the street again. There are six of us, and we went unaccompanied. Steffi is the group leader. We picked lettuce and radishes in the greenhouse.

FEBRUARY 26, THURSDAY: Another ten people were executed, some for smuggling letters, others for fighting back when Seidl beat them. The mood is dreadful everywhere again.

FEBRUARY 27, FRIDAY: It's a huge drawback that I'm not doing meal duty anymore. I only get small portions now. We ration here and there, but not a lot. Sometimes Zwi brings me food.

FEBRUARY 28, SATURDAY: Bathed for the first time this afternoon. It was a glorious feeling to lie in a tub. Spent time with the gardeners afterward.

MARCH 5, THURSDAY: A crew is being assembled to go to Germany. The German director who inspects the garden twice a day is quite nice and very satisfied with us. *→ Kusa we*

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MARCH 6, FRIDAY: The officers' garden is outside of Theresienstadt. It has a large greenhouse and a garden that's been completely renovated. Zwi has changed a lot in the last few days. He hardly speaks to me.

MARCH 7, SATURDAY: The next Poland transport has been set up. It has mostly people from the Kladno transport.

MARCH 8, SUNDAY: A supplement to the Poland transport was added this morning. Uncle Viktor's in it, and Aunt Flora immediately volunteered. She had to get ready within an hour and by midmorning was on the train. Mommy and Aunt Gretl helped her.

MARCH 11, WEDNESDAY: Spent time with my Komotauer relatives. They're completely helpless. They've moved into a

small room. One of the daughters is sick. As of June they plan to open the ghetto. All Aryans will have to move out of Theresienstadt.

MARCH 12, THURSDAY: Two hundred men have been assigned to work the mines at Kladno for the second time. Everybody envies them. They'll certainly be better off, have a freer life and more to eat. Still, we haven't heard any news from there at all.

MARCH 15, MONDAY:¹ The food situation is dreadful. Mommy gets a ration and I get a ration. Sometimes Mommy makes something out of the potatoes. Egon lives right next to the garden, with twenty-eight pigs. He's doing very well.

MARCH 17, WEDNESDAY: Worked in the greenhouse at municipal headquarters. It's a very beautiful greenhouse with flowers and leafy plants. An Aryan works as a gardener there. I'm helping out again at meals and get larger rations. Things simply aren't possible any other way.

MARCH 23, TUESDAY: The Brünn transport arrived. Egon's love is here now. She's going to tend the pigs too. Poor Gi's really hungry, and it's tormenting him. We often send him things but have so little ourselves.

MARCH 27, SATURDAY: The Poland transport has been summoned. Gi's in it. Mommy's frantic. This afternoon we

¹ Eva did not have a calendar and had no way to make sure her days and dates were right. March 15 was a Sunday. From time to time there are other similar slips. Since Eva cannot recall now which is correct—day or date—the entries have been left as she wrote them.

tried to get inside the Magdeburg barracks. We didn't make it. Gi visited us. He's completely calm. He's reconciled to leaving even though he's written a petition.

MARCH 28, SUNDAY: I visited Mommy and the coal crew in the Magdeburg this afternoon. Spent the afternoon with Gi. There are a bunch of young boys in Fredy Hirsch's room who act like big men here. Gi's in a good mood. He's certain he'll be going. He went to the commission that puts the transports together to see whether his petition went through but couldn't get any information.

MARCH 29, MONDAY: A thousand women are going to Pür-glitz. Should I sign up with Mommy? Maybe it would be better there. The transport has been set up. Mommy's in it, but I'm not, because I'm a gardener. Gi visited us in the afternoon, and from here he'll go directly to the sluice [transport assembly area]. Maybe I'll never see him again. Mommy's frantic.

MARCH 30, TUESDAY: Spoke to Wilda in the garden about what I should do with Mommy. If she goes, I'll voluntarily sign up no matter what. We absolutely have to stay together. Everybody says it would be insane for me to leave the garden. Wilda wants to pull all three mothers out of the transport. If he succeeds, she'll be protected from all further transports. Mommy doesn't quite know what to do. She'd really like to go to Pür-glitz, yet wants me to stay in the garden. No news at all from Gi. Benny visits us every day. He's truly a good friend, and I can discuss everything with him.

MARCH 31, WEDNESDAY: Gi's out! He wrote us a letter right away, but we didn't receive it. We're overjoyed.

Foot 26-3

APRIL 1, THURSDAY: We still don't know if Mommy's out of the transport or not. We're busy preparing for Pürglitz. Fanny's unhappy because her husband is staying here. Our leader, Steffi, has also volunteered for Pürglitz.

APRIL 2, FRIDAY: Gi's with us. We're very happy. I'm working in a new garden that Porges has taken over.

APRIL 3, SATURDAY: Mommy's out of Pürglitz. I'm so glad. She has mixed feelings. She'd have liked to go because everybody says it's better there. The Brünn transport arrives this afternoon. It was difficult for me to get into the Cavalier barracks this afternoon.

APRIL 4, SUNDAY: Benny visited us this afternoon. We talked about normal times.

APRIL 5, MONDAY: Steffi doesn't go to the garden anymore. I'm leading the group now and using her pass until I get a new one. We planted lettuce the entire day. It's very strenuous work.

APRIL 6, TUESDAY: We received cards from Prague. I planted lettuce and am dead tired. The final Brünn transport has left. There are now officially no more Jews in Brünn (*judenrein*).

APRIL 7, WEDNESDAY: The Poland transport's been summoned. It has mostly people from the new Brünn transport. There aren't enough, so they'll have to take some from the old transports. The Pürglitz transport leaves on the tenth. An eight-year-old German rascal ran through everybody's rooms this evening, just as we were getting undressed. I don't know

how they do it, but most of the people here manage to get at least something. It's terribly sad that the only way to get anything is through lying, stealing, and cheating. Will it ever be possible for us to fit back into normal life? Will we ever be normal, decent people again? Won't we all be criminals by the time we get out of here?

APRIL 9, SUNDAY: Used the pass this afternoon for the first time to enter the Dresden barracks. I visited Frau Adler and Käthe. They were both overjoyed. The Dresden is much worse than the Hamburg, or at least it seemed so to me.

APRIL 10, MONDAY: 3 A.M. departure for Pürglitz. They drove off in high spirits, and it made you really feel like going with them. I work very hard in the garden but see that it's being acknowledged. Zwi's talking to me again. I don't know what I've done to deserve such an honor. Benny spends time with us almost every day. He eats lunch with us in the barracks, because our food is much better than in the Cavalier.

APRIL 11, TUESDAY: I'm really glad that Fanny's gone. We hadn't gotten along lately and only spoke to each other out of necessity. We did some gymnastics in the evening. It was a stupid thing to do, especially since we're so tired when we come home from work.

APRIL 12, THURSDAY: Fanny's husband has volunteered to go to Poland. Something unusual must have happened. He probably stole something.

APRIL 13, FRIDAY: Got a pass in my name plus five more for two weeks.

1942

30

1942

31

APRIL 14, SATURDAY: We have lots of evidence that Fanny and her husband have stolen things, including my watch, which I thought I'd lost. Fanny had stolen some things from us in the Messopalast. We should file a report immediately so they'll search his luggage before he leaves for Poland.

APRIL 15, SUNDAY: The Poland transport left. Friedl has escaped from us. I visited Käthe in the afternoon at the Dresden barracks. She's living with a young girl who runs the nursery and is doing quite well. Gi and Benny visited us in the evening. We went for a walk in Theresienstadt with Mommy, Frau Gross, and Lotte. All of us felt elated.

APRIL 17, TUESDAY: The Poland transport left. Lots of people from our room were in it. Many of them were friends.

APRIL 18, WEDNESDAY: I worked in the garden and meal duty. At least that way you can sort of get enough to eat. Mommy looks awfully bad.

APRIL 19, THURSDAY: There's such an awful lot of corruption here, and only bad people prosper. Only if you steal, if you're brutal, or if you're a flirt can you get somewhere. If you can't, you might just as well starve. I simply can't use people or be calculating, and I'll never learn how. I work hard and let myself be used.

APRIL 20, FRIDAY: Tilling the soil is hard work. I'm dead tired.

APRIL 22, SUNDAY: I stayed in bed. I had my period for the first time in five months. Benny visited me. The Poland transport has left.

APRIL 23, MONDAY: I'm still in bed. I feel terrible. Gi visited us.

APRIL 24, TUESDAY: I'm getting a reputation for being a hard worker. A transport was set up last night and gone by early morning. Again many from our room.

APRIL 25, WEDNESDAY: This month there will be three more transports. Gi's with us every day. He may have to go away too. We were given a solid promise from both the director and Seidl that we won't be sent away. A bunch of us were pulled out.

APRIL 26, THURSDAY: The mood is dreadful everywhere. Everybody's packing and getting ready, because each of us must expect to go. A transport arrived but passed us by. It brought an awful lot of baggage.

APRIL 27, FRIDAY: Lots of older transports were summoned in the night and were gone by early morning. Half our room was in them.

APRIL 28, SATURDAY: Transports were summoned all night again. I didn't sleep all night. I waited to find out what's happening with Gi. A hideous night. Everybody had to report by 6 A.M. At seven I got a card from Gi. He had to go. Mommy's nerves are completely shot. She cries all the time. At least at work I'm able to think about other things.

APRIL 30, MONDAY: Another transport left for Poland early in the morning. Most of the people are from the Prague transports that just arrived.

MAY 4, FRIDAY: There's a terrible water shortage. We stand in long lines for every drop. Bathing is prohibited.

MAY 5, SATURDAY: We're getting an eighth of a loaf of bread per week now. It's not a lot, but better than nothing.

MAY 7, MONDAY: A Poland transport left. It was a combination of both Prague transports. Mommy's taken charge of the potato peelers. It's very hard work, but we expect much good to come from it. It's easier for her to take potatoes, and she'll have a better connection to the kitchen. We hope so, at least. She still takes food to the old women at lunch and dinner. She has an awful lot of work. Will it be worth it?

MAY 8, TUESDAY: Eva Müller's supposed to be dismissed from the garden. But she's very lazy. There are three well-connected girls with the gardeners. They aren't there the whole day but are credited for working ten hours, get as many radishes as they want, and probably get other things as well. One of them often goes to the German administrator's to cook and clean.

MAY 9, WEDNESDAY: We went to Bohušovice. Tonda Bischitzki made a huge stink because we didn't have our tools with us. We were sent home and put under house arrest for the entire day. We took it all rather lightly.

MAY 10, THURSDAY: It's scandalous what goes on in the kitchen. Friends of cooks get triple or even quadruple portions, and whoever makes eyes at the cook does too. Mommy doesn't get anything from the kitchen anymore and is disappointed. Now we're completely dependent on leftovers from

the old ladies. That way Mommy has something to eat and I can have her portion.

MAY 11, FRIDAY: Twelve boys including Benny have moved to the citadel. It ought to be much better for them there. This evening Edelstein gave an interesting lecture. People are talking everywhere about plans for the ghetto when it's opened. Every day you can see cars loaded up with possessions of people moving away from here. I'm very curious. I hope it'll be better. It would be good if the whole garden group moved in together. Then maybe we could even get some more food.

MAY 12, SATURDAY: The food has improved a bit since the beginning. Sometimes we have dumplings. Once we even had dumplings and cakes. Mommy gets potatoes every day, but we have nowhere to cook them. We should always have something for supper; otherwise we eat too much bread.

MAY 16, WEDNESDAY: The food has improved a bit. I know two of the cooks, and when I take them chives, I sometimes get larger portions.

MAY 19, SATURDAY: The people living in our room are really disgusting. There's constant bickering.

MAY 22, TUESDAY: Only my group is allowed to work in the garden. Everybody else was fired for stealing lettuce. Now we're the permanent garden group. Huge commotion: the police have arrested several Jews. Transports with distinguished Jews are now arriving from Germany.

MAY 25, FRIDAY: I went to the bathing area to take a shower in the afternoon.

MAY 27, SUNDAY: I went with Edith this afternoon to visit the boys at the citadel. They have a good thing going for them. We were scared because girls aren't actually allowed in. At noon we were unexpectedly given notice to move our baggage within the hour because we're getting beds. This afternoon went to Porges's garden with Milena and two other girls. Erna Thieben's always nice company, and Karel Pollak played the harmonica. This evening we fought over beds. We're lying by the window in the middle level. There's no room for baggage. We fight over every centimeter. I took it with humor. What else can I do?

MAY 28, MONDAY: Magda, Kapp, and I are trying to get a room just for the gardeners and see Goldscheider every day about it. The beds are really abominable. Food's also a problem. Mommy can only get a little bit from the old ladies. I can get a larger portion if I know the cook.

MAY 29, TUESDAY: Goldscheider seems to have approved the room for us. We go there every day. We're harvesting lettuce in the garden. We get some every day. I usually trade it for bread, so now we have almost enough.

MAY 31, THURSDAY: I ate kohlrabi while harvesting it. Our *parta* [work crew] has made a resolution not to steal. We're quite a good *parta*, and we stick together. I'm the group leader. Even though all of us are often hungry, none of us steals anything, except for one girl who we're all angry with. We can finally move into the room tomorrow. The beds are terrible—you can't even move in them, let alone get to your things.

JUNE 1, FRIDAY: The people who are supposed to move out of the room are making trouble. They don't want to leave. Still, we were able to move in this afternoon.

JUNE 4, MONDAY: I went to pick cherries. I didn't even know there were any. It was a wonderful feeling to be perched on top of the tree. I took some for Mommy too.

JUNE 5, TUESDAY: Wilda is letting us pick cherries as a special reward. We're the only ones in all of Theresienstadt who have cherries. I picked eighty-eight pounds today.

JUNE 6, WEDNESDAY: Tonight Wilda told me and Eliska to come early and tend the geese.

JUNE 7, THURSDAY: There weren't any geese there yet, just goats and kids. They're supposedly from Lidice. The goats needed to be milked right away. A lot of people were there to milk them. I tried too, but it's not that easy.

JUNE 8, FRIDAY: Two hundred geese arrived. They were in terrible condition, like a Jewish transport. I'd like to stay here, but they won't let us because they need us in the garden.

JUNE 9, SATURDAY: A Poland transport was summoned. Everyone from Pürlitz is in it, but there are lots of gardeners too. It's a dreadful mess, and it's uncertain whether they'll get out.

JUNE 10, SUNDAY: Ely Bock was taken out of the transport and got married in the afternoon. They need more people for the transport. A hundred sheep arrived. Just the three of us,

Eliška, Milena, and I, did all the work, though Milena's mother and Frau Klingner helped.

JUNE 11, MONDAY: Vera Schulz and Trude Zolisch came to see us. Milking is working out quite well, and we don't need Tonda's help anymore. Eliška has let us down. She's acting like a streetwalker with Tonda and Wilda, and both Bischtziks, whom I've always looked up to, are falling for it. The result is she doesn't have to lift a finger anymore.

JUNE 13, WEDNESDAY: Kraus the engineer has taken over as our supervisor. We're very glad somebody's got the responsibility.

JUNE 14, THURSDAY: I can cook potatoes in the kettle we use to steam peels for the geese. We have enough potatoes. Mommy takes a lot from the cellar.

JUNE 30, SUNDAY: I've gotten quite friendly with Vera. Milena, on the other hand, is always in a terrible mood and isn't very well liked. Eliška complains of a different ailment every day and always has an excuse not to work. I have lots of work. Kraus is quite good to have for a boss. One hundred twenty more sheep have arrived.

JULY 15, WEDNESDAY: Mommy was caught taking potatoes while peeling them and isn't allowed back anymore. She's unhappy because she doesn't know what kind of work she's going to get. She looks very bad. Maybe a different job will be better for her. Thank God I can always take something home, so it isn't such a pressing issue. As of August 1, the ghetto will be opened. There are big changes in Theresienstadt. All houses have been released to the Jews. Every week there are

two Prague transports. They have almost only old people in them, then later members of the AK [*Aufbaukommando*], too. Grandma Gibian arrived, then a week later Grandmother Raubitschek. Grandma's in very bad shape. She didn't recognize me and spoke incoherently, and she didn't know where she was or what had happened to her. She was moved into a blockhouse. I wanted to get her luggage and came to the Hanover barracks just as it was being confiscated. I saved her little suitcase, an old aunt's suitcase, and both of Grandma Gibian's suitcases. I went to Jirka's room and gave them to a boy who works with us. The next day they said there would be an inspection, so we smuggled them past a very decent policeman and hid them in the goose shed outside of Theresienstadt. The constant fear! Frau Goldschmiedt came with a package from Mama. Grandma Gibian was moved to the infirmary. She's already recovered from the first shock. Grandmother Raubitschek died. Frau Erba arrived in good spirits, brave, and really happy to see me. She fed me all sorts of things and three days later was on her way to Poland. I didn't even have a chance to say good-bye. Everyone's allowed to leave the barracks now from 6 to 9 P.M. Men are allowed to visit their wives and vice versa. I spend a lot of time with Grandma Gibian. I got two puddings on the eve of my birthday and a bag with my name and transport number on it, and some pastries too.

JULY 16, THURSDAY: Every week two transports arrive from Prague. I'm expecting Mama and Daddy.

AUGUST 15, SATURDAY: I happened to be at the railway station by chance, but instead of Daddy, I found the Glaubers. I stayed with them and took their luggage. Benny saved their suitcase. He's incredibly ingenious. I haven't been very close

with Benny lately—he has a girlfriend here. But we're renewing our friendship. Kraus's parents arrived. They could move to the sheep shed right away. It's a good place with a room and entryway. Sometimes I tend the geese or sheep, and sometimes I work at home. The geese get potatoes, and of course we get some too. We go to the garden every day for the leafy vegetables and take some home. I'm working steadily at the sheep stall and am my own boss. The others envy me because Kraus has taken me in, but I don't care. Kraus isn't the boss he used to be. He uses us, and nobody but me gets anything from him anymore. He's very selfish. He's got eggs, milk, and a lot of different things and doesn't allow the girls to have any of it. I go milking every day and take some to Mommy. It's insanely risky. If Kraus were to find out, I'd be fired from the farm immediately. But I have to do it. Mommy needs it, and now that she's been getting milk, she's been looking better, and that's more important than anything else.

We're slowly getting used to ghetto life. Mommy was doing emergency work for the transports every other night, but she's now working steadily as a nurse in the recovery room at our barracks. She's quite satisfied. I'm with the Glaubers every day. I convinced Tonda to let Eva work in the garden. She was approved within two weeks. She works in the field and likes it very much.

Daddy arrived on the August 13 transport. I was expecting him, but not really. The gardener group notified me earlier of it. Benny recognized him immediately from his photo. Everybody's been acting wonderfully toward him and me. I went to the sluice with him, and we stayed together the entire afternoon. Benny saved his suitcase, and I saved his travel bag. A lot of people from the transport administration helped me. Otto Mändl and Peter came too and stayed until evening. Daddy came and we took him to the Sudeten barracks, where he's

very badly accommodated. The next day we went to the Genie barracks, and he'll eventually be moved to the tubercular ward. He's extremely satisfied in Theresienstadt. He feels well and is happy to be with us. He's not hungry and so is lacking nothing. We found his sleeping bag and his second bag.

SEPTEMBER 15, THURSDAY: Benny, Peter, and I visit Eva every evening. It's almost like Prague again. Once we came home at 11:30 P.M. and a ghetto guard stopped us near the citadel. There was a huge row. He wanted to report us and said something about Poland. We were out of our minds with fear. Benny tried everything, but he wouldn't budge. I went home. Mommy was waiting for me at the door. She was horribly upset. Just today there was a notice in the newspaper saying that nobody is allowed on the street after 9 P.M. After 12 A.M. they have orders to shoot. I calmed her down but was upset myself. Benny visited in the morning. Everything's settled—the report was revoked. The next few nights I went to the Hamburg.

Eva's parents and Vera have been sent to Poland. It was horrible. Nobody agreed with Eva's decision to stay here alone. Peter's parents came, and a week later they were put into a transport. Peter volunteered to go with them, and now the group consists of just Eva, Benny, and me.

The food situation has improved lately. I'm supplying the whole family. It's not always easy, but it works, and I'm happy about it. Mommy and I get at least triple, sometimes even quadruple portions at lunch for a few vegetables from meal duty. Every afternoon I go to the Viktoria Hotel to fetch food for the watchdog. Sometimes they give me milk or food left over from lunch. I gladly take both, and the three of us make dinner from it. We have a few vegetables here and there, so if we divide it well, there's enough food for dinner. We're getting a large ration of potatoes, flour, and margarine lately.

There's enough bread now too. It seems that nothing's changed at all politically. We're all preparing to spend the winter here.

Mama, Lotte, and the children arrived from Prague on the fifteenth. We walked with them from Bohušovice to the sluice. They didn't let us in Bohušovice but with some effort, we got in anyway. We spent all day with them. Thank God nothing happened to their luggage. It's the first transport where they could get everything right away. People were ordered to take as little as possible. They let some unimportant person search the suitcases. They were very well informed. They spent a few days on the floor in the blockhouse. They were accommodated very poorly and then moved into the Hamburg. In return for some tomatoes I was able to get them into the blockhouses.

Mommy is very ill. One day she had a fever of over 104°F and horrible diarrhea. Almost everybody has that here. It's a kind of dysentery and mainly weakens the heart. When she got better, I didn't save any of the rations anymore. I cooked a hearty lunch and dinner at Eva's. Later I made sure she always got some milk. Thank God it's better now. I'm getting food from the Magdeburg meals as well. Besides that, I take Mama and Eva some vegetables every day. I've had more confidence lately. I've been successfully smuggling the most unbelievable things. Some marvelous mattresses, for instance. There's a supply area nobody knows about. It's like sleeping on a feather bed for me and Mommy. I'm still trading the few vegetables I have for margarine, shoes, and other things. Meal duty's running smoothly. We have three to four lunches a day. Then I get half a bucket of normal food for the dog in the Magdeburg, and in the Viktoria either normal food, which is of course excellent, or milk.

1942

42

OCTOBER 8, WEDNESDAY: Shops have opened. All Theresienstadt is laughing. The displays are full of the most gorgeous things: groceries, clothes, shoes, paper, household utensils, perfumes, and finery. Everything they took from everybody else is on exhibit here. People are saying that Germans are coming to visit. A few days later we found out that the things on display really were for sale. In fact, they're for workers with points. Mommy got some very soon, and then later so did I. Of course the entire purchase turned out to be a horrible fraud. You've got to take whatever they give you. People who have connections get more and decent things. People who don't have connections get turnip juice, ginger powder, and other such nonsense. Even without connections you can get nice clothes. Contraband items like thermoses, canteens, and hot plates, which were always taken from stolen suitcases in the transports are now on display and can be purchased. What a farce!

I'm with Mama every day. She's terribly afraid of the Poland transport. She wasn't put in the first one and was assured that the danger of being in one might indeed be over. Work is the same as usual, except that I have to play maid for Kraus and have lots to do. But even that has advantages. Sometimes I even get white bread at the Viktoria Hotel. Imagine having pureed peas, marrow bones, and other things like that. Mommy's job is hideous. If only I could get her something else. But that's terribly difficult—you have to have connections, and we have none at all. Daddy wasn't allowed out of the barracks for a while. He had to stay put because of the Poland transport. Poland transports are leaving with Germans from the Reich, who were never considered for them before. But since the mortality rate was so high, an order came that Germans between the ages of sixty-five and ninety had to go if they made it alive to Bohušovice. It's dreadful to witness this.

1942

43

The situation has improved in terms of freedom and rations on the one hand, but on the other, you can't bear to look inside the blockhouses for all the dirt and illness. There are people with dysentery lying one on top of the other, corpses squeezed together with half corpses for days at a time, mattresses that are soaked through and can't be changed so you find worms underneath them. All this should be filmed and sent overseas! Nobody could possibly imagine it.

I visit Eva every evening. She's moved to her grandmother's, and Eva, Benny, and I sit on the veranda every evening. I'm so happy to have them.

OCTOBER 15, THURSDAY: I've been put in jail and am alone in a cell. It's a week today, and I still can't grasp it. It's so unbelievable and implausible that were it not for the terrible fact that Benny is in jail because of me, I'd think it was all a bad dream. Here's how it happened: I wasn't at Kraus's anymore. I had to go to the pasture with the sheep. I was unhappy because first, I had to give up my various sources of income, and second, I don't like to lie around on the grass. I prefer a normal job. I've told that to everybody, including Wilda. I suspect Wilda's the one that got me into this mess, but his intentions were good. He didn't want me to be Kraus's maid. In short, within a week, I was given my old job again.

Meanwhile, though, the pasture had its advantages. Even more than I had while working for Kraus. So I was happy nonetheless. An Aryan and his wife and two of their children worked in the pasture we went to. They were very nice to me from the start. By the second day the man brought me bread and sausage and discussed politics with me. It was very interesting. The next day he brought me an even bigger piece of sausage, which I took home,

and a small jar of real honey. I was in heaven. The next day I got a couple of pounds of hulled oats, twenty cigarettes, and a cigar and matches from him. He wanted absolutely nothing for it. Supposedly he earned enough from others and was happy to do it for Daddy and Mommy.

I brought him some of our linen. The next day I didn't go to the pasture. Another day I came back again during the noon break. He was there, but he was with a stranger and probably didn't dare to do anything in front of her. Mimi came in the afternoon with a message from the Aryan. I had to go to the pasture because he had some things for me and didn't want to take them back home a second time. I told Kraus I was going to fetch the sheep and got a couple of pounds of sausage and fat, twelve onions, two heads of garlic, one cigar, ten cigarettes, and candy.

On the way home I got scared and didn't know where to put them. Nothing came to mind, and anyway, we've never been inspected when we were with the animals. I hid the cigarettes in my bra and the fat in the back of my coat where it's held by a belt.

The first policeman was nice. Silly goose that I am. How could I have been afraid? Then the garden. A policeman yelled, "Stop! Come here, young lady. What have you got in your bread bag?" "I've got to get to the sheep!" I answered. And he said, "It doesn't matter. Let them run!"

I didn't care about anything. Him: "Ah, sausage, where did you get it? And a cigar and an onion?" The smith was standing close by. I gave him an imploring look, but he couldn't do anything. The policeman: "Open up your coat!" He looked at the package. Me: "There's only some bread and butter in there."

Him: "Where's the money?" Me: "I don't have any money." Him: "Well, we'll get it out of you. And where did you get the other things?" Me: "The sausage is from the last transport, I found the cigar, and the onions are from the garden." Him again: "Well, we'll get it out of you."

He also searched the other two girls, Doris Schimmerling and Hanka Seltzer, but didn't find anything on them: "You two can go. You come with me!" Good God, the cigarettes in my bra! I walked down an endless path and kept repeating to myself: "It's nothing bad; I brought some food to last the day in the pasture. We didn't want to slice up the sausage, the onion came from a friend in the garden, and I found the cigar on the street."

1942

46

Everybody was looking at me the whole way. I calmly waved to friends. Nothing's going to happen. But the cigarettes! Finally I was able to stick my hand under my shirt and push them out. Don't turn around. They're out. Thank God, nothing more can happen to me now. I was taken to the officers' headquarters.

All the policemen obviously felt sorry for me. I was taken to be interrogated. They screamed at me terribly. I was completely calm. I had to unpack everything and also had about ten slices of bread with me from the Viktoria Hotel. That was good! They didn't even look at the fat, just the sausage, the onion, and the cigar. They didn't believe me. "Who did you get the sausage from?" "From the last transport." "From whom?" All of a sudden the name Klein came to mind. I don't know why. I wonder if they even exist. I don't care. The Kleins are in Poland by now. "The onions?" "From the boys in the garden." "For heaven's sake, from whom?" They played with a revolver and threatened to shoot me. "Benny Grünberger." That was the biggest mistake I could possibly have made. They immediately wrote

down where he lives. The same for Doris and Hanka. Benny gave me some onions a week ago. He'll say they're from Kurzawe and somehow manage to talk his way out of it. I'm not worried about him. "Where did you get the cigar?" "I found it on the street two days ago. I didn't know what to do with it and thought it might make somebody happy. But I haven't found anybody yet."

Him: "Take her to the Dresden barracks!" I walked with a guard through Theresienstadt and met acquaintances along the way again. They were all bewildered, but somehow it's got to be cleared up. "I'm not allowed to go home?" I asked. "No!" There were no more cigarettes on the spot where I lost them. I saw Benny's face at the window of the guards' room in the Dresden. He moved his lips in the same way over and over. "Transport!" "Transport!" What does he mean by that? I looked at him, bewildered, unable to say a word. Finally it occurred to me. "The sausage came from the transport." Good! They inspected my pockets and found a note with the Aryan's signature and an exact description of everything he gave me. For God's sake, did they notice anything? The policeman seemed decent. He scolded me for being so clumsy. "May I keep the note for toilet paper?" "No. You'll be given some." Where did the note go? I was taken to a cell.

A tall blond woman took me to a cell. I expected her to do a complete body search, but nothing happened. I was to spend three days in darkness with nothing to eat. How can I speak to Benny? After five minutes I hammered on the door. The blond woman came. "May I go to the toilet? I have diarrhea." "Yes, as an exception, but you're only allowed to go three times a day. Otherwise you use the bucket." A policeman walked with her. I didn't see any sign of Benny.



LEFT: Happier days: Eva and friends skiing in the Czech mountains. Eva is at far right, her friend Káthe on the left. The man in the middle is unidentified.

BELOW: Ballroom dancing lessons in Saaz around 1936. Eva, second girl from the right, is fifteen.



On the way back a ghetto guard whispered, "The gentleman said to tell you that the sausage is from the transport and the onions are from Bischitzki." Benny's outrageous. How did he know everything already? Great. He's going to Wilda. He'll say he got the onions from Wilda. The worst part so far are the Kleins. Nobody's heard of them. Will they interrogate my parents too?

1942

48

I was in a small dark cell, utterly alone with my thoughts. It was supposed to last for three days. It could drive a person crazy. After a while I pounded on the door again. The policeman was very decent, and I had to talk to somebody. "Can I have my coat, please? I have three pieces of candy in it." "But miss, the coat must be in there with you. It isn't out here." "Oh, yes, it's so dark in here. I'm so sorry. Thank you." And then I was alone again.

I opened the window a little. It had thick iron bars, and behind them there was a hall with all sorts of things, then more bars, and then the Dresden barracks yard. I walked back and forth. Can you turn thoughts off? In this situation it's impossible. Tomorrow I'm going to be interrogated again. I'm horribly tired. I was given my things: a blanket, sweatpants, toilet articles. Who brought them? A boy came with them. Benny's fabulous. They must know about everything at home. They'll be very upset. Poor Mommy!

I fell asleep and was awakened suddenly. Everybody went out to the toilet and washroom. There were a few girls outside, Doris and Hanka among them. "It's good that you're here. I've got something to tell you both." Her: "Pst, pst." A policeman came to take us across the yard and to the toilet. "Tell Mommy she shouldn't worry." "But we're in jail too," she said. "Heavens,

in jail because of me! Impossible! What about your family? They'll be furious with me." "Benny's in jail too, in the Sudeten barracks."

I felt as if I was going to faint. It was like a bomb. For God's sake, what was I doing giving his name like that? It can't be. He's completely innocent.

The girls didn't make a big deal out of it and haven't blamed me at all. I had to give their names. After all, we had our identity cards with us. But I didn't have to give Benny's name.

I slept very little that night. I was taken to the washroom in the morning. God, if only they'd let Benny and the girls out.

A policeman escorted us to the officers' headquarters to be interrogated in the morning. We discussed everything quickly beforehand. In any case, they don't know anything. I alone was interrogated for a long time, but they only wrote up a short report. They screamed a lot at me again. I repeated what I'd said the night before. Do any Kleins even exist? Or maybe they're still here and could get into trouble. If only I knew what's happening with Benny.

Then the three of us were led back to the Dresden again. I had three days of darkness and no food. Hanka and Doris were released. Certainly Benny was released too. Why don't my parents come? I gave Hanka a message for them to find out if the Kleins do or do not exist but haven't heard anything. I'm sure they're very upset. My parents were finally there when we were taken out at noon again. They were very pale and upset. Benny's still in jail. There are twelve Kleins.

1942

49

What can I do the whole day? It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't so terribly dark. I got some sleeping powder. I take it day and night and sleep almost continuously. Otherwise you could go crazy.

A policeman took us all to the toilet and washroom at nine in the morning. My parents come to the window every day. They were at Edelstein's. Wilda went to Clausen. Everything possible is being attempted from every angle. But they shouldn't do it for me. They should devote their energy to Benny, who's completely innocent. Eva's trying to help Benny. But Wilda should do something for him.

We get coffee in the morning, lunch at noon, and then dinner. We're let out at two o'clock and at eight o'clock. Doris visits me every day. She's very good and brings me food from the Hannover barracks. It comes from Mimi. Supposedly Benny's being well taken care of too.

Everybody thinks we'll both be sent to Poland. My parents absolutely want to go with me. I'm trying to talk them into letting us go there alone. Eva wants to go too. I wrote Benny a letter, but I don't know if he received it. The day is endless. I read, mend socks. There's no clock and time slowly creeps by. Almost all the policemen are very decent.

Most of the people locked up here are young. Mostly for having contact with Aryans. A half-Jewish woman from Bohušovice is in here for having contact with Jews. She has four children. Ten thousand people have to go to Poland. Nothing can protect us anymore, neither the AK nor anything else, only the ghetto guards. Six thousand old people and four thousand young people have to go.

1942

1942

Our supervisor's terrible. She's there only for the guards, not for us. She won't give us anything but wants to take everything we have. And yet she's got everything she needs and then some. Grandma Gibian went with the very first transport. She came to the window to say good-bye. Everybody's terribly on edge.

Two people have been released: a young girl and a woman. The next day they were sent to Poland. Nobody's released without going to Poland. I'm completely prepared for it and convinced I'll be going too. My poor parents! They went to Edelstein once more and came back relieved. They saw it in black and white. I'm going to be released, without Poland, and Benny supposedly as well. Our supervisor also told me I was going home either today or tomorrow. But it was neither today nor tomorrow. I didn't make a big deal out of it. My parents are unhappy. They and Mama come to visit me almost every day.

OCTOBER 18, SUNDAY: Another two women from here are in the transport. Mommy came. Benny's in the transport too. She stood at the window the whole day and begged me not to do anything stupid. And I begged her again to let me go with him. I've never cried so much in my entire life. It's simply dreadful. I can't take it. It's impossible that they'll just send him away. Why don't they send me away? Can't I go in his place? I absolutely have to do something so that he gets out, and if I can't, I want to go with him, no matter what. My parents are very unhappy. They cried the whole day. They're completely at a loss and in despair. What should I do? Should I listen to my parents? It's awful to think of going on living here. But to bring disaster upon my parents? They won't let me go alone and will volunteer to go. That would be horrible for them both. The transport is leaving tomorrow. When will they

let him go? Eva's grandmother and Benny's grandmother went. Eva spent the entire day at the citadel packing and wasn't able to say good-bye to either of them. Benny's leaving on the twenty-second.

OCTOBER 21, WEDNESDAY: Benny was released on Tuesday. He visited me that afternoon in my cell. He was completely calm, made nothing of it. He even consoled me. But can you console anybody in a situation like this? He said that what I did, giving his name, was completely natural. That when a person's in trouble, they think of their best friend. He doesn't want me to go with him or Eva to volunteer. O.K. [a friend of Benny's] behaved fabulously. He gave him all his rations and others are giving him whatever they can.

OCTOBER 22, THURSDAY: I stood at the window the entire afternoon. I feel I've aged years. Benny finally came. I wanted to say so much to him, and then once he was there, I couldn't even open my mouth. I just gave him a note. He keeps consoling me. I don't want to live anymore. This is no life. He said he can't leave in peace with me like this. I had to promise not to do anything stupid. I couldn't think at all. All I could do was cry. I was completely empty. Good-bye until Prague and much, much luck.

OCTOBER 23, FRIDAY-NOVEMBER 7, SATURDAY: I'm taking sleeping powder and can only sleep and cry and cry again and sleep again. It has all been so unbelievable and so terrible. It hurt to think. It was like a wound that kept splitting open. Then I became completely apathetic. Lots of people came, but I was incapable of doing anything. I couldn't speak, and then I wasn't even able to cry anymore. I didn't want to live. That was the only thing I could think of. The policemen

and everybody were very decent. I think I must have changed a lot. I've become either hysterical or terribly selfish or a bit of both. I couldn't eat and couldn't work. Eva visited me every day. The poor thing is all alone now. Two thousand old people are in the transport, but they didn't have enough, so at the last moment they called up a thousand young people. Lots of AK and people who previously had been one hundred percent protected were in it. Löwenstein made that happen. Around twenty people were put into jail. It has to do with money. A report was filed from Vienna. Seven people, including Oli and Lotte, were put into a small cell. Around sixty people who weren't put into the transport or into the sluice went home. The men went to the local headquarters, and the women came here. Some of them were brought here on stretchers.

I cry a lot, but mostly only when it gets dark. Otherwise I'm calm, just somewhat more serious and sadder than the others. And yet the others have at least as much to worry about. Oli, who's the soul of the jail, has four children. Her Aryan husband died, and she's locked up in here. She doesn't belong in the ghetto at all. Her children are in Bohušovice. One of them is even said to have died. She doesn't know, but she's always in a good mood. Lotte has an Aryan husband in Prague whom she's divorced from and is here with her small child. She's doing time because her brother's wife was captured in Bohušovice. Her mother had to go to Poland. The child is sick and utterly alone. She'll probably go to Poland with the next transport.

If I'm released without having to go to Poland, which everyone is working on, what kind of life will I have? Can I walk around Theresienstadt in a normal way without everybody looking at me askance? Can I ever face Benny's parents and Danny

again? Especially when he was so looking forward to seeing them. He arranged with Edelstein that they'd be secure here.

The people in the last transport were only allowed to take one suitcase weighing thirty pounds and no sleeping bags. The fifth transport was postponed, because they had no people left for it. Over seventy women stayed here for five days. Each cell was led out individually, then children from the Protectorate. On the fifth day they suddenly released anyone left behind. There are four of us in a cell. Hanka has gorgeous blond hair and lice. A whole headful. She had to wash her head with petroleum. Lotte looks for more to give her every day. There are more than enough bugs and fleas here. I don't have any for the time being, but if I did, I wouldn't care. Nothing can upset me anymore. If it weren't the worst thing for my parents to go to Poland, I'd volunteer immediately for the next transport. We're not allowed to turn the lights on after 6 p.m. because of the 150 people here, and the barracks have a 6 p.m. curfew. Nobody was allowed on the streets on Sunday and Monday except with a pass. The punishment lasted from Thursday to Monday. My parents visit me every day. Mama, Jarka Pollak, Doris, and Mimi, who's very good, often visit too. It feels good to see there are still people who don't judge me and who understand my point of view.

The Aryan who gave me the things is horrible. He tells everybody how much he'd like to help me, that he'd give everything he has, money and all he owns, to get me out. But he's talking so much and to so many people that he'll create a disaster for himself and cause me even more harm. Supposedly I'm getting out on November 8. Now all of a sudden he's afraid I'll denounce him. Our supervisor doesn't take care of us at all. She's heartless and selfish through and through and doesn't even try to hide it.

1942

54

She's especially rough on the old women, so much so that it's scandalous. She only cares about her clothes and her comfort. We have water all day and cook tea for ourselves sometimes.

NOVEMBER 8, SATURDAY: Today's the eighth, and I'm sitting and waiting. Will they release me? I don't know whether I should be glad or not. It'll be terrible out there. What will all my friends say? Will I be fired from the farm? It'll be difficult to get to Wilda. But my parents are so happy. I don't want to take their joy away. It isn't so awful here. Maybe I'll never be let out. I don't care.

NOVEMBER 18, WEDNESDAY: I've been home now for over a week. The week just flew by. It felt like a single day in jail. Everything worked out better than I'd imagined. Everybody, without exception, was very kind to me. I was released at noon. Daddy picked me up, and on the way we met Mommy. My parents are very happy. Everybody in the room I had so feared to enter has shown such kindness. I visited Edelstein, Klaber, and Schliesser with Daddy in the afternoon. I spoke with Edelstein. Later I went to the Družstvo [Cooperative]. Wilda wasn't there. Eva's in the hospital. She was terribly glad to see me. She isn't doing too well. Mama was terribly sweet too. I spoke to Tonda and Wilda on Monday at the Družstvo. Tonda scolded me. Of course he's completely right. Wilda didn't scold me at all. "You've certainly repented enough already. Just go back to work tending the sheep." That's wonderful. I was afraid I'd have to look for a new job. People stopped me everywhere on the street. All my friends greeted and congratulated me. I'd like to know what for. My stupidity? The street makes my head spin. There are so many people everywhere. It's so terribly crowded everywhere. Am I at all normal anymore? I feel that everybody on the street can tell

1942

55

I've just come out of jail. Don't they notice anything? It's as if I'd returned from a long journey. Everything's so unfamiliar. It feels as though I'd been gone not a month but at least a year. It's been an endlessly long time. I feel insecure and have lost my self-confidence. I'm shy and afraid of people. I'm afraid of everything. I think about Benny day and night. The consequences one word had. I was welcomed very kindly by the Krauses. The girls behaved fabulously. I'm working again, and everything is the same as usual. Nothing's changed. I'm talking again and slowly getting used to things. But at night I can't sleep. Everything's much worse than during the day.

The Aryan wrote me two long letters and sent a Jew to give me an apple and some margarine. I wrote him he should stop. It's not worth getting another person thrown into jail for it. I'm working for Kraus again. I deliver milk in the morning. They're especially nice at the Viktoria. I spoke to them even in front of the SS. O.K. had been working there before I got there. I would like to have spoken with him once. Zeki has his position now, and he's very good to work with. I fetch food for the dog every day at noon. The dog barely gets a quarter of it, but it's more than enough. So we're all well provided for again. The geese get a kettle of cooked potatoes every day, and naturally we take some of that too. It's a lot of work, but it's worth it.

I visit the girls in the Dresden barracks every day. It's where I feel best. It's quiet, and there isn't such a bustle. I go into the cell almost every time. After all, I know all the policemen. I come home at five. Daddy's with us all the time, and we eat together. Jarka picks me up at 6:45, and we visit Eva. She's been doing very badly for two days now. She's got a fever of over 100°F and is bleeding day and night. It's terrible. The poor thing has nobody besides me, and she's very, very sick.

Basically I've taken Benny away from her. She needed him more than anybody and yet she's modest, needs nothing, and is just happy when somebody comes to visit her.

DECEMBER 2, WEDNESDAY: Life goes on. Everything goes on. If somebody had told me that a month ago, I wouldn't have thought it possible. A transport came from Prague. I was very upset two days before it. If the Grünbergers were to come, it would be terrible. How would I tell them? What would my parents say if they came here with the absolute certainty I was here, and somebody told them I had to go to Poland because of a terrible mistake? I couldn't see the transport even though I tried. I can't get out of Theresienstadt, and it's impossible to find anybody here. Finally I got to see the lists. The Grünbergers didn't come, but the Justitzes, Eva's relatives, did. I found out from them that the Grünbergers were in the transport but escaped to Slovakia the night before. Nobody knows whether they were successful.

It's really a terrible thing to do to Benny, just abandoning him like that, especially when he could fall into the hands of the Germans at any moment. Maybe it's lucky he knows nothing; otherwise he'd have been very upset. A friend from Slovakia will give them some more help. I don't quite understand it all, whether it's worth it, especially since they were informed that it isn't so bad here and that they would most likely be safe from Poland.

Eva's still in the hospital. She isn't doing well. The last few days she was in great pain again. It's a kidney infection. I visit her every evening with Jarka. He's well behaved and kindhearted. Every Friday there's a get-together in the Magdeburg barracks. Three boys have a beautiful room. One of them is in our group.

There's singing and guitar playing. There are always about fifteen people around. Egon's very nice, and the other two have their girls there too. I got a pass for after eight from them.

At work they say one moment that the animals are going to be sold, and then that they won't. I'd be happy if everything stayed as is. Sure, it's hard work, peeling potatoes the whole day, carrying them around in baskets, washing, and removing manure from animals' pens . . . but still, I get four to six pounds of cooked potatoes, which we eat at lunch and in the evening, and sometimes even in the morning and afternoon. The three of us live off that. And then there's vegetables sometimes. Daddy's stomach has been bothering him lately. I still often go to the Dresden barracks and usually take something for them. Transports to Poland have been suspended for the time being. Theresienstadt is going through a cultural upswing. Every night there's a cabaret. Sometimes I go, and the best part is a performance of *The Bartered Bride* [Bedřich Smetana's opera], which is supposed to be very good. There's a piano and a harmonium, and we have excellent artists here.

DECEMBER 9, WEDNESDAY: As of today I'll have been home for an entire month. It's gone by incredibly fast. I haven't changed outwardly to people who don't know me well, but I know that I'm different. I've become phlegmatic. I don't care about anything at all. No matter what happened, it would leave me cold. Every evening I go to see Eva with Jarka. I go with him even though he never says or does anything about it. Aside from that, I often go to the Magdeburg barracks, and Egon and I talk. But it's all so superficial. I wander around the pasture, without any Aryan contact, of course. I haven't heard anything more from my Aryan since then. We're back to living on just potatoes. Daddy's on a special diet and is always hun-

gry. I take something to Eva every day as well, so now we're a family of four. I'm glad it works. Eva still has a fever all the time. Everybody has lots of work here, everybody's overworked, so there's no time to think about anything. Two transports from Pardubitz have arrived. Theresienstadt is overcrowded, and there are two great dangers: vermin, which increase visibly by the day, and typhoid. There's a good deal of typhoid going around lately, and lots of people, even young people, are dying from it. Nothing's changed politically. As usual, "everything's fine, we'll be going home soon." It's always the same, and it's too little. We hear bits and pieces of information: either they're wonderful, and then we find out they're not true, or they're from the newspaper and meaningless, and have no influence. Nothing is happening, nothing at all. At least we don't know of anything.

DECEMBER 10, THURSDAY: A year ago today we were in the transport. It's been a long year. Nobody could have imagined we'd still be here, and maybe we'll still be here a year from now. We're alive, and life goes on, eating and sleeping, talking with one another, even laughing occasionally, and sometimes it even resembles normal life here. We don't even notice anymore; that's how used to it we've become. This week the goats, the kids, and a hundred sheep were sold. It's certain that many of us will be let go of. I'll probably stay.

The Aryan sent me someone again. He wants me to drop him a line and tell him how I'm doing. I just want to be very, very careful. Sometimes I walk through the pasture, near the crematoriums.¹ Once I was inside. It's like a huge factory for

¹ Theresienstadt was not an extermination camp. The crematorium was used to cremate people who had died of illness or had been executed.