



At the time, when European towns were still blacked out and were lazily awakening from their sleep, in those feverish hours the camp centers—their operation tables—called with horror “Appellplatz”—alighted by long rows of white alike skulls, glowing as a mass seemingly less alive than cold light. Their light was dying out in mud or smoke when they dispersed into wooden smelling huts. And they appeared again at noon and again in the evening, in the harsh register of winter winds. They gleamed over the snow. Under a rain of water and blows. They were dying out, but something stubborn continued gleaming even during the emptiest nights.