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experience...it is so hard to hide these pages. May a good power protect them and keep them in safety, so that one day I can give them to you, together with a heart of stone that was wrought for you secretly during days and nights for a long time. Perhaps these pages will survive me, and some stranger will bring them to you.

Boise State University
Department of Theatre Arts
presents

The most beautiful flowers on my tomb, the tomb of my remembrance, for who dies here has no material grave.

I have grown older. My temples are turning grey and age is changing my features. I sometimes notice it when I look at myself in the small mirror of the washroom. I am only 36 years old, but, as most of us, my hair is turning grey..."silver threads among the gold" as in the song.

A harrowing reminder of Nazi atrocity.

22 November 1942.

I must tell you something that shocked me so much today; I don't know myself why.

It is Sunday. We are standing on the roll call court and are waiting for the prisoners. Beside us a few hundred Russians, or rather Ukrainians, are led up. The two first lines are children of all ages. Their small bodies clad in garments far too large for them, their pale faces with childish, half joyous eyes, their voices sound like the lark's song in a church yard.

Last Sunday someone led past me a tiny, whispering infant. I had to turn my face away...help here is quite impossible.

The trial of twenty-one Germans who helped kill 4,000,000 people.

These children, these young mothers, were from Wurttemberg, near Ulm. Food there was so scarce that they starved. They escaped in groups...they wanted to return home. Instead of that they were sent here. Most of them are already dead. They are quite happy about here...they say that food here is better. They are quite happy about that, and that tells its own tale. Hearts must grow hard here, otherwise one would cry from morn till evening.

8 December 1942.

Today is already December the 8th. Nothing happens, only small, trivial things.

8:15 p.m.

Subal Theatre

At night, instead I drew the blankets over my head, but I heard what somebody was saying behind us. His friend is a litter bearer...the job doesn't move him any longer. Yesterday as he was piling up the corpses, his attention was accidentally drawn

Peter Weiss

The Investigation

Boise State University
Department of Theatre Arts
Presents

“The Investigation”

by Peter Weiss

In the presentation of this play, no attempt is made to reconstruct the courtroom before which the proceedings of the camp trial took place. Any such reconstruction would be as impossible as trying to present the camp itself on the stage.

Hundreds of witnesses appeared before the court. The confrontations of witnesses and the accused, as well as the addresses to the court by the prosecution and the replies by the counsel for the defense, were overcharged with emotion.

Only a condensation of the evidence can remain on the stage.

This condensation contains only facts. Personal experience and confrontations are steeped in anonymity. Inasmuch as the witnesses in the play lose their names, they become mere speaking tubes. The nine witnesses sum up what hundreds expressed.

Each of the accused represents a single and distinct figure. They bear names taken from the record of the actual trial. The fact that they bear their own names is significant, since they also did so during the time of the events under consideration, while the prisoners had lost their names.

Yet the bearers of these names should not be accused once again in this drama.

To the author, they have lent their names which, within the drama, exist as symbols of a system that implicated in its guilt many others who never appeared in court.

Characters

Judge

Bob Maughan

Prosecuting Attorney

Danny Lowber

Counsel for the Defense

Steve Corbett

Witnesses

Sandra Marsh

Robert Bradshaw

Liz Borders

John Horner

Ann Bittleston

Accused

Adjutant Mulka	Michael Hofferber
Boger	William H. Nagel
Dr. Capesius	G. Robert Fields
Dr. Frank	Michael Hofferber
Dr. Schatz	G. Robert Fields
Dr. Lucas	Sherri Wells
Kaduk	G. Robert Fields
Hofmann	William H. Nagel
Medical Orderly Klehr	William H. Nagel
Scherpe	Sherri Wells
Hantl	Joel L. Farmer
S. S. Corporal Stark	Joel L. Farmer
Baretzki	William H. Nagel
Schlage	William H. Nagel
Bischof	Joel L. Farmer
Broad	Michael Hofferber
Breitweiser	Michael Hofferber
Bednarek	Joel L. Farmer

Production Staff

Stage Director	Del Corbett
Set Designer	Frank Heise
Lighting Designer	Jon Irwin
Costume Designer	Delores Ringer
Publicity	Dr. Charles Lauterbach
	Janet Eskew
Box Office	Claudia Scott
Assistant to Director	Nan Harms

Production Crews

Stage Manager
G. Lee Bryant

House Manager
Kami Carpentier

Lighting
Cheryl Hurrle

Costumes
Nan Harms
Melanie Yellen
G. Lee Bryant

Scenery
Student employees:
Jon Irwin, Jess Paris,
Leslie Fowler. Members
of Theatre Arts 118:
Technical Theatre

Special acknowledgement to John Horner for cast sketches, Carol Richardson for research and Theatre in a Trunk for costumes.

Postscript

“If the miracle should happen, that you live to tell the tale, write it down and tell the world what they did to us.”

“That was the most sacred will of the comrades who died in our arms or were removed by the ‘invalids-transport’ to be gassed. That was the will of brothers and true friends, of the ‘number-men’ (Nummermenschen, the men who seemed to have no names, but only numbers). whose ashes escaped through the chimneys and covered the fields of a foreign country.”

Dr. Johann Neuhausler, Auxiliary Bishop
Prisoner in Sachsenhausen No. 37796
Prisoner in Dachau No. 26680 from:
“What was it like in the Concentration
Camp at Dachau?”