

Jakub Bromberg Disguised As A Woman On Holiday In Szklarska Poreba



This is me, photographed while on holiday in Szklarska Poreba. I'm disguised as a woman. My friends dressed me up like that to have some fun. The photo was taken in 1950.

My life was my schooling. I toughened in the army and in the mines. I wear the star of David on the lapel, on purpose. Everybody knows me. I like to joke, I'm not backwards. Some Jews are like that: that when someone tells a joke, a Jewish joke, they feel offended. I see that the joke is a joke. I'm tolerant.

When a person is open, then I explain everything, I'm friendly, but when I see that nothing will help, then there is this saying: 'You can't make a fox hat for a pig's tail.' You can't. This is translated from Yiddish. When someone's a boor, you can explain all you want, but you can't convince him, he won't change his mind. When I see someone is a fanatic, a Jew-eater, that nothing I say, no explanations can reach him, I stop speaking to him. I walk on the other side of the street and I pretend I'm looking at the building, some façade. I pretend that I don't see him, so I don't even have to say 'Good morning' to him and so that he doesn't greet me. Today it's the same with Jews. When I don't get on well with someone, I prefer to be alone. If I can only have false friends, I prefer not to have friends at all. I have known many of these. I can tell a friend from an enemy. I talk to Germans. They visit me, they call, send me books. Why am I supposed to take revenge on these young Germans who hadn't even been born or were children, because the grandfather or father was a bandit? If he's showing remorse and suffering for this, then I can't take revenge on him. Perhaps I should be able to, after all, I lost everyone: no one's left from Mother's or from Father's side. But I can't.