



It happened centuries ago that in the eyes of terrified men appeared the flaming letters MENE TEKEL FARES. They threatened. But only once. At the end of every journey, in fact all journeys end nowadays already, albeit through the irony of life, at the very gate, on every wall, on every stone, rail or trunk, dragging along more by despair than by force, on every coal truck in the mines, on which the eyes of hungry imagination rest, words come up like goose flesh, translated into the supermen's slang "ARBEIT MACHT FREI". But only the will liberates them, because the work helps to bury the bones of their confessions into the land of the Gudrun or the unhappy miraculous Mother of Czenstochowa.