

The seventeenth of november nineteenhundred-fortyone Chawa carries their small cases to the synagoge in Moabit. The yellow star is shining as brightly as the buttons on her blue school-jacket. Her hair has grown out and swings straight as an arrow in the rythm of her steps. An open smile is playing on her lips. She is the star Ester and sure of victory. She has decided to overcome the captivity in Riga.

Josefin is halting after her and make faces of pain when she leans to heavily on her bad foot. When nobody is looking she leans against Chawas shoulderl. She wears her weell-sewn and warm camelhair-coat. On her head she wears a suiting hat but she couldn't find a suitable scarf. Her neck is already cold and she shrugs her sholders every time the cold wind comes between the house-quarters. She couldn't take the polish flower-scarf now when Poland is occupied and the slavic people are seen as enemies to the national-socialists. The scarf with beautiful oriental silver-embroderies wasn't sutable either because it seemed to jewish. The white one with a blue Davids-star that Erna sent her from Palestine wasn't even to think of. The last scarf in her drawer was also impossible to wear because of the coulors. It is black, red and white and the national-socialists would find it compromitting if she, a jewess, wore their coulors. That`s why her neck is naked and she already feels that the cold wind will give her shot through the neck.

The synagoge of Moabits is full of people. The beautiful temple has not room for everyone to sit. Josefin can't stand on her aching foot so she spreads out her coat on the marble-floor. She encourage an elderly couple also to sit down on the floor.

She can't imagine how all these lonley mothers who are walking around with infants in their arms, will be able to work for the german army. Some greyhaired pensioners sits in front of the torah-rolls and they certainly not look like any suitable workers.

The people gatheed in the temple are counted; ninehundered and fortythree grown ups and the children under twelve are nearly as many. The natinal-socialists have emptied a whole home for orphans.

Hitlers men take the women one by one behind the curtain to the inner sanctum. There they search in their vaginas for gold and jewels. Nothing of value is alowed to be taken out of the country; only one bag each and ten mark per person.

The hours go and more and more people spred out their star-covered coats over the floor and lay down to rest. The murmuring gets more and more quiet and the orphans fall a sleep after the women have offered them some food. In the wolk-hour they are awakened brutally by Hitlers men.

- Upstiegen! Schnell! Schnell! Quickly they put on their coats and carry away their little bags and sleeping children.

The inhabitants of Berlin are also sleeping behind heavy curtains when over thousand people walk to the railway-station. They don't meet a living soul on the street. If anybody should be awakend by hearing children crying and look through the curtains, they will keep quiet about what they have seen. Everybody are frighntened of Hitlers men and nobody really knows where the jews are going. The important thing is that they go away, they think. The jews are not anymore part of their Heil so they are correctly treated when eliminated from german lebensraum, life-space.forty goods waggons are standing at the platform.

Josefin feel some hope when they pass a wagon full with sewing-machines and matrasses. Perhaps the life in Riga will be bearable if she can stand the journey. She has heard that exepct the army there are also many entrepreneurs that need workers. Hitlers men sublet jewish slave-workers to the latvians.

Josefin, Chawa and sixtyseven other people are pushed into one of the goods-wagons. It is completely black when the door is shut.

The children are crying for water but not many have thought of bringing something to drink. In the passenger-wagons you can always get fresh drinking water from a tank. No one had imagined that they would be transported like goods.

Josefinremembers how she laughed that time Martin read aloud out of his friend Zweigs book, about the russian deserter who locked into a goods-wagon escaped from the war. Now is Hitler sending Berlins jews to the war and that is not funny at all.

The infants fall asleep from hearing the rythmical bouncing when the train is moving. The bigger childeren ask questions that no one dare to answer. Somebody starts to laugh nasty of fear.

Then Chawas clear voice is heard. She tells the story about the frog Optimist and the frog Pessimist who were out jumping on the road. Suddenly they saw a little house. They jumped in through the door which was open and further up on a table where a big bowl of fresh cream was standing. The frogs jumoeed into the jar and the frog named Pessimist said "help I can't swim, I am sinking to the bottom, I can't breath, I will die" and he drowned. But the frog named Optimist kicked and kicked an thought "I will make it" and he continued to kick and kick to rech the surface. He kicked for such a long time and so hard that he finaly sat on a piece of butter.

The nasty laughing stops and changes into sighing and moaning.

They shakely go eastward over the border to occupied Polen and pass Posnan and Warzaw after twentyfour hours. For just as long the train is standing completely still at the border to White-russia. The panic is spreading out. They think that they have been driven out into nowhere and then left to starve to death, locked into the wagons. Finally, even the children have no strength to cry for water. The coldness make everyone apatic. The silence and darkness, the total movelessness sinks over them.

In the dawn Josefin can se that Chawas eyes are clear and fresh. She seems to feel better the more terrible life i s getting. Real life is becoming alike her inner fears. Outer and inner life are corresponding to eachother and Chawa gets her first menstruation, in captivity.

Josefin folds handkerchiefs to her. An infant who has been caughing badly stops caughing and dies. An old man starts to sing and pray to god.

Chawa is crying. Her bad feelings earlier are showing to be the truth and she is one of all these jewesses who throw thousands of yers have been captured and and made into slaves. She was right and she will fight for her freedom. She massages Josefins foot hour after hour. It is becoming less svullen. Then she helps Josefin to get to the corner where they do their needs.

The smell of food reaches them. The Red Cross-sisters are making food outside the train. Teh SS-men come and eat and accomplish their good food.

Josefin bites her lips of anger. She, a german lady, is kept locked in a goods-wagon whith her young sensitive daughter. Why!? She is splitting apart.

Chawas firm eyas and massaging hands keep Josefin together. Her daughters calm face makes Josefin bear the humilating situation and understand why she couldn` t be national-socialistic Red Cross-sister. She could never have made food only for Hitlers men while thousands of others, mostly women and children were locked in and hungry.

The wagon is lifted up towards the stars in the dark sky. When they come down on the track the wheels have been changed into a narrower size that fits the russian rail. A russian tzar once upon a time wanted that narrow railway and in their waiting for ages, slowly and tedious wagon after wagon has been lifted up and placed on new wheels.

The deportation-train continiue on that narrow track through White-russia and in to the ocupied Lituania. In Kaunas, the capital the train stops. A severe coldness strike them when the doors are opened.

German and lituanian SS-men with barking dogs are lit up by spotlights that are placed on the outside of the wagons. They are armed to the teeth and chase them out of the wagons while hitting and beating the deportees.

Many infants, old and ill people are laying dead in the wagons. Others are full of blood and have obvilusly succeded in taking their lives.

The lituanians shout at the deportees on a language that is said to be related with sanscrit. They push away the german speaking people to Kaunas jewish ghetto.

Josefins foot has been healed of Chawas massage and after thre days and three nights of sitting still. She holds hard onto Chawa not to fall from the pushes.

The Red Cross-volonteers stays at to platform to help Hitlers men with throwing out the dead bodys form the wagons.

The ghetto Villiampole is laying between two rivers in the oldest part of Kaunas. It is narrow, miserable and primitive. There is no electricity, no draining and no rinning water.

They are giving a camp-bed each which are packed into the samll wooden houses. Everybody are hungry and deeply humiliated. Teh children have got big eays in small tiny faces and they move slowly with very little energy from some old bread.

Chawa goes with some women down to the river. they make a hole into the ice and Chawa washes her bloody clothes.

The days come an d go.

German and lituanian jews quarrel. 'Workers and intelectuals quarrel. Hitlers men shout at and beat everyone. The inhabitants of Kaunas rob them and beat them during nightly raids. Meanwhile there is quiet and peaceful but suddenly riots and fighting starts again.

Josefin is in despair. She feels like being in hell. Roumors are spread that lituanian jews and other east-jews have been massacred and that it is soon time for the german jews. She doesn` t believe these roumors. It is enough that Hitler has succeded with his political program and forced all the german jews back to medeval times when they lived in these hated eastern ghettos, she thinks. Hitlers men have taken

everything from the jews and she can't understand how they will survive the war. But when she see Chawa she thinks that she musn't give up.

Chawa has changed into a consious young woman who cares about the children, old and ill people. She gets up at night and feeds those who are caughing badly with warm water. She has become active when her souls captivity showed to be a captivity in reality.

Josefin collects her last strength. She dresses as good as the circumstances allow and goes with Chawa to the camp-commandant.

- I have sent my sewing-nachine to Riga to do my duty there.

She shows her train-tickets to the german commandant.

- I and my daughter would like to take the next train to Riga, she continues. My husband was a Red Cross-volunteer during the last war aganst the russians and my brother got the iron-cross and fell for the *Vaterland*. I belive in Germany and I prefere to work for my country than to be a burden for the jewish community in Kaunas. It is already crowded here and the food won't last because every day there comes new trains with jewish deportees. My daugher will be sixteen next year and she is already interested in nursing just like my husband was. She is already taking care of the children and the poor sick people in our house.

The commandant looks at Chawa for a long time.

Chawas eyes meet his without fear. She is pale but her chins are blossing.

Then he looks at Josefin; the handsome fine lady in a hat who speaks a perfect and educated german. Of course, he sees their yellow stars but compared with the gabbish that the lituanians and white-russians are speaking, he feels that the ladies in front of him are real germans. He also know what destiny are waiting for the fine lady and her beautiful daughter. They are going to be shot at Kaunas Fort number nine. They will all be shot just like the lituanian jews and the Berliner-jews who were deported to Minsk.

The commandant writes something on a paper and puts a stamp on it. He knows that in Riga the german army and Hitlers men have different opinions of what to do with the jewsuppsyningsmän. The army and even the entrpreneurs want the jews as labours and they are complaining over that Hitlers men kill to many skilled workers who they need. During two pogrom-nights they shot nearly forty-thousand Riga-jews. Many of them were skilled in different handicrafts, like mecanics, tool-makers, watchmenders and graveurs, and needed for the german war-industry.

Ghetto, working-camps and concentration-camps are now installed in Riga and coming deportation-trains from Germany, Austria Tjeckoslovakia will go the whole way to Riga.

- There is really a need for seamstresses and nurses in Riga, says the commandant. Get your luggage and everything will be arranged so that you come to the right place were you belong.

- Thank you humblemotly. 'Better callus in your hands than a ring on your finger'. Josefin feels so lighted that she quote the sayings from the hall in their house in Cottbus.

- Get out of here! the commandant screams and points at the door. Jew-sows!

Their cases have been roobed but they have no time to look after what is gone. They rush away to the camp-office. Their new housing is also a lot of camp-beds but they have got extra luxury like a jar of water and a bowl where they can wash themselves. The other women in the house are lituanian jewess who work for the social service. Some of them speaks german and part their black bread and watery soop with Josefin and Chawa.

One night they are awakened in the wolf-hour by childrens crying and women and mean screaming in despair. Dogs and SS-men ae barking. Hits from batongs, gun-shots, doors that are broken, windows that are crushed, terrible death-screams and thuds from heavy bodys that fall in the street are heard outside their house.

- Jew-pig, jew-sow, is the only german words they can understand.

Chawa run up.

- We have got a cross on our door, says one of the german-speaking. They won't come here.

On of the women cover her ears when the screaming of a small child is heard just outside the window. She runs crying to the trash-ban and throws up.

Chawa hides in the cellar. She doesnt't trust anybody. In captivity, it is the djungles law and if she wants to stay alive she has to be smart. It is only in the fairy-tales that those with crosses on their doors will be

saved from the murders. In reality nobody cares if she is alive or not. She will be executed like a simple criminal if she is not smart.

Josefin sits chrunkened on her bed starring impressionless in front of her. She can't imagine that the national-socialists really kill all these innocent children. She thinks of that little polish boy that she played with in her silesian home-village. She met him on one of the lucky days when Matilde let her go with one of Hotel Steiners guests to the gypsie-bath at the lake. The boy showed her where the river of Wisla flowed into the lake. They played among the reeds and Josefin learnt water-polish. The little boy carressed her long black pigtails. Josefin took blades from the reeds and made long pigtalis in the rye-blond hair of the boy. His name was Peter. She wonders what Peter is doing right now in the ockupied Poland. She also wonders if he also helps with the killing of jewish children or if he makes boats of the reeds and send them away on the river.

Josefin looks in her handbag after a photo of Hotel Steiner. She feels that she is losing her ground. After some days the nightly slaughter is repeated. Men, women and children are taken in thousands to Fort number nine and shot. But no murders come and open their door.

On the other hand their door is opened the next day and the women from the social service are taken to Fort number nine.

It is snowing.

Josefin and Chawa are walking in the slippery and deserted streets. They see chrushed furniture, ripped of clothes and dead bodys on their way.

A long goods-train from Auschwitz is standing in Kaunas station. From the closed wagons they hear voices speaking french, tjeckish, hollandish and german.

It is the first time Chawa see the snow stay unmelted on frozen ground. Slowly a white blanket is laying over the platform. Only when she steps on the beautiful snow-stars they melt of the warmth of her shoes. She is freezing in her thin walking-shoes with a wet leather-sule.

Josefin loses her last hope when she sees the goods-wagon with sewing-machines and mattresses standing discontcted on a side-track. Still she hands over her last packet of cigarills to a Red Cross-sister who in her turn gives it to a SS-man. He opens one of the goods-wagons.

Josefin and Chawa sits down on the icy floor among extremely thin people.

The train goes slowly with many stopr. Many freeze to death and the infants dry out of lack of water. The Red Cross-volonteurs are busy helping Hitlers men with throwing out the dead bodies.

The snow lays more and more thicker over the pine-woods and fields.

The litauanian railway-staff have put of the light and warmth in all wagons. Every time the train stops they can hear boot-stomping and a furious ss-man who is trying to get some personal to change so that his wagon comes next to the engine so that he at least can get light and warmt in his wagon. Some times thay can hear pistol-shots when a prisoner i shot in the woods.

Chawa sits crouching in drowse and caughts.

Josefin feels completely helpless. There is nothing she can't do to stop her girl from being just as thin and miserable like the little lousy women-skeleton who is sitting beside her. The dying people must have been out of food for months.

Pale sun-beams comes through the chinks in the sun-set. A tiny mager hand is touching Josefins coat.

- I'm sorry. I have nothing to eat, Josefin says.

- Oh, you speak german, says the little bold women-skeleton. What a warm and well-sewn coat you have got.

The thin hand continues to fumble. Josefin lets the hand fumble. It feels familiar, in away.

- I have sewn it myself with just a little help from a textile-student, says Josefin proudly. I have applied for work in a seamstress.workshop in Riga but I saw that my sewing-machine was left behind in Kaunas. God knows what fate is waiting for us.

- Hehehehee, an elderly woman laughs. Don't you know that the ovens of Auschwitz are crowded. Hitlers men are suffocating of the smoke from all jews that are burnt. Hehehehehe. We will just be stored in Riga until they have built more ovens. Those who don't die from this journey will be sent back to Auschwitz. Hehehehehe.

Josefins throat ties and she finds it difficult to breathe. The thumping of the wheels are hitting louder and louder in her ears. She has ridden through the village of Auschwitz in a kalesch on her friend Ernas birthday. They passed the castle and they dreamt of finding a prince each in the B'nai B'rith-loge who could take them to the holy land. How terrible to burn up jews in Ernas home-village. The national-socialists hate must have been bigger than she has thought. They know very well that according to jewish law the dead shall be burried and return in to soil and never be burnt.

Josefin sees Ernas varning finger in front of her; "What did I say!". Martins eyes are gleaming when he in a fireing speach says that even their goldfishes have started to sing Wagner. His sabre presses against her and hits her heart.

Josefin never loses her conciousness. She is exhausted and falls into sleep without having an attack. Everything gets silent for a while.

- Josefin! Josefinschen!

Josefin opens her eyes with great effort when she hears her name.

- Say that you are my little sister who nearly became a seamstress. She lived in Cottbus. During the november-massacre all jews were caught there but thank god, she moved to Berlin. Tell me it is you. Josefin! Josefinschen!

The thin woman with a skinny little child on her knee is unrecognizable but Josefin understands that it must be her fat sister Beatrice from Breslau. She doesn't have to ask if the food-parcels that she sent to the ghetto in Warzawe arrived. Beatrice and her grand-child are dying.

They hug eachother clumsily. Josefin can't see if the grandchild is a boy or a girl. The grand-child hits its skinny legs and throws it head back and forward. The lice who are spreading over the tossy hair are falling over them. when the sisters hold eachother, the grand-child roles with its eyes, show its teeth in a grin and laughs like a mad-man.

- Hehehehehee, the old woman also laughs. Do you know what Hitler says? 'The jews once laughed at me. Now you can wonder if the jews still are laughing or if they have lost the lust for laughing. Hehehehehe. But we are still laughing, the laughs of mad-men. Hehehehee.

Chawa is awake. Josefin is glad that she is not laughing. She is still looking resolute. Her daughter is not ill and she will be alright if she soon gets food and warmth and nothing unpredictable will happen.

For Chawa sake Josefin tries to straighten her frozen limbs. She has hardly no feeling in her hands and feet. The embroderies on her blouse have become soiled and grey of dirt. She thinks that the pattern she has embrodied looks like the Hitler-mens dead-skulls. She looks at the embroderies with disgust and try to tear them off. Why hasn't she been aware earlier of the fact that she had a lot of dead-sculls on her beautiful blouse?!

The train stops at the station Skirotawa in Riga.

They are blended by a strong sun-shine when the doors are opened. They see a virgin-like cover of snow lie thick and glimmering on the fields. The tree-tops of the pine-wood at the horizont are illuminated and at the opposite directen they can see the church-towers of Riga.

Lettish and german SS-men with batons meet them just as brutally as in Kaunas. In the reception committé there are also lettish national-gardists with red and white arm-piths and koncentration-camp-prisoners in to big zebra-striped clothes.

An austrian camp-commandant with black leater-boots, whip and barking schäfer-dog is leading the work. He commands the prisoners in zebra-striped to cut away the ice from the last wagon. The people in there have been fast-frozen into the floor.

All dead bodieas are thrown on trucks. The Red Cross-volonteurs help the prisoners with that work.

Old and sick people are helped into a special-built van with the Red Cross marked on it. Beatrice and her grand-child are waving from the inside of the Red Cross-van where they stand squeezed among hundred other skinny skeleton-people.

The healthy and well-dresses are standing with their suitcases in their hands not knowing what do do and they look terrified around after someone who can help them.

Josefin gets sight of a lettish national-gardist with a red and white arm patch and believes he is from the Red Cross. She takes Chawa under her arm and makes a way towards him. In these caotic crowd she has to see for them to come to the right place. The camp-commandant is in a bad mood and suddenly he shoots one of the zebra-striped prisoners who is to slow in hacking away the ice.

Full caos is followed.

Josefin falls to the ground in front of the lettish man with the arm-patch. She feels pain in her foot again. Her old blessure comes back and Chawa can't make her stand up again.

- Gold! Gold! the lettish national-gardist screams. Where is the gold? Open your mouth! Josefin doesn't understand what he says but she understands his mimic. She opens her mouth and thans god that she already has sold her goldteeth.

The national-gardist runs to another of the newly arrived. He dredge them totaly and steal their cases, watches and pens. All tthe time he screams abusive words in lettish and german. The pistpl-shot from the commendant must have given him taste of blood and made him go berserk. He grabs a pick-axe and cuts of the finger of the dead people who wear rings and he teras out the gold-teeth of the dead people lying on the platform. The german SS-men who hits everything and everybody in their way seam cultivated in comparision to the brutal and sadistic lettts.

Josefin lays in the snow with aching foot. Chawa tries to raise her up but she can`t. Josefin looks at her rough and red hands witch are laying in the white snow without any jeweleries on them and once again she thanks god that she sold her belongings in time.

The commendanten shots weverel shots in the air.

Hitlers men catch the lettish national-gardist and hitting and beating the deportees they try to move them away from the platform.

- Go! says Josefin. Chawa, my darling, go now. Be brave! Think of Clea!

Josefin lays on a platform of a lorry with hear head in the knee of a gentlemen with a high hat. The gentleman presents himself as a violinist from Vienna.

Josefin wants to hear more about his past but she can`t conversate with hiim because her teeath are trembeling of the coldness. She would need her warm cardigan and her extra stockings that she packed but someone of the local inhabitants grabed and stole her suitcase. She regrets deeply that she didn`t take any of her scarfs home in Berlin.

Josefin points at her blue-frozen lips and the violinist nodd understandingly.

She lays silent and looks at the high tree-chrones that pass by under the blue sky. She can`t understand why the germans send her to these barbaras.

A long colon of vehicles are driving on the deserted Bikerniekuway. First goes the lorrys with living and dead people. Then comes the big van with the Red Cross on it and at the end comes blue busses full of children from the Riga-ghetto.

The vehciles stop at a path that lead into the Bikernieku-woods.

The violinist takes Josefin under her arm and slowly they walk together with the captured crowd, into the woods.

The commendant commands them to stop in fron of a large ditch that the prisoners in zebra-striped earlier have been forced to dig. Down in the ditches there are already laying thousands of frozen corpses.

High above them are armed lettish and german SS-men standing on a row.

- Clothes of! shouts the commendant.

Josefin takes off her comfortable camel-hair-coat and lays it in front of her in the snow. She sees a well-known face up on the rampart.

- Emil! she shouts. It`s mee! Josefin! Help mee!

Josefin halts closer to the rampart where the young textil-student Emil from Cottbus is standing. She waves to him and approaches very slowly.

- It must be a misstake, Josefin shouts. I was going to Riga to sew but my sewing-machine was left behind in Lituania.

- Halt! shouts Emil.

He is swetting in spite of the coldness but he doesn`t lower his gun. He is not Emil anymore. He is an SS-man, one of Hitlers men and he has been tought that all jews, neither they are women, children or aquantance, are his enemies.

Josefin stops and look surprised at Emil. She can`t understand why he and the other men in their well-sewn uniforms shall shot the poor naked children who stands blue-frozen and shivering in the cold. Most of them have stopped crying. They try to warm themselves with their arms around their chests but their thin legs, deaply sunken into the wnow, are shivering. It is over Josefins sense that sweet children, well-educated men and womenand all these teenager full of life who are trying to hide their thin pubic hair, ill be murdered.

The zebra-striped prisoners opens the door to the Red Cross-van.

Beatrice and her grandchild and all the others lay dead in a big heap inside it. The prisoners from the concentration-camp throw the corpses down into the massgraves. The van is a special-built vehicle from Austria with a tire from the exhust-pipe that gaz the people in the van during the ride.

Josefin screams.

- What`s on?

The commendant asks Emil who shortly explains.

- I see, my lady is a seamstress, says the commendant. We really need a skilled seamstress. Do you have any certificate? Diploma?

- I have no education, mister commendant but I have sewn my coat overthere and my blouse with some help from mister Emil of course.

- Little help, yeas! shouts the commendant. Little help, *Gnädige Frau* jew-sow. You will get some help here also! Attention! Turn over! Down on your knees!

Josefin turns her back towards the platoon of shouting-men and she sinks down into the cold snow in the long row of freezing people.

The zebra-striped prisoners are standing on the opposite side of the ditch and waiting with spades in their hands.

Some other prisoners go behind them and collect their clothes and load them on the platforms of the lorries.

Josefin can see her camel-hair-coat disappear. In the pockets she has got the marriage-agent's photo and an old bonbon left.

- Mister Appelbaum, she shouts. How can this happen?

One of the prisoners on the other side of the ditch raises one of his eyebrows. He was Clea's history-teacher in Cottbus and he had the ability to make the history living. Clea was very upset, Josefin remembers, when mister Appelbaum was fired and replaced by a teacher with national-socialistic viewpoint.

Josefin stares at mister Appelbaum who is leaning his skinny body towards his spade. She can't understand why the national-socialists have captured this educated man and dressed him in these silly and too big, striped clothes. The shoes he is wearing are several numbers too big and that shoe which is leaning on the spade glides over his heel all the time. They have shaved his hair only in the back and on his skull the hair is growing long and twisted. Hitler's men have made him look like "Snuskpelle" (Dirty little pig) in the children's book that Josefin used to read for the girls when they were little. Mister Appelbaum looks completely mad but he gives Josefin a gaze full of compassion from a man who knows his history.

- Fire! shouts the commendant.

Josefin looks accusingly at the history-teacher and loses her consciousness and falls when she hears thousands of shots burning in the necks of the people in the row who falls down into the mass graves.

When she gets back her consciousness back everything is white. She lies with a heavy burden of snow and frozen lumpy soil on her that covers nearly hundredthousands of murdered Jews. From a distance she can hear somebody trying to dig him- or herself out. She hopes that it is one of the youngsters whose neck wasn't reached by the killing bullet, but how does a human being survive in this cold and grim hell?

Josefin will not flee into the woods. She flees towards the more and more warm paradise that surrounds her. Her foot is not aching anymore.

She takes some barefoot dancing-steps in the warm sand and Martin comes running towards her. The salt water comes in soft waves upon the beach and her beloved is her tango-cavalier.