



"You will lie till death comes, and nothing will remain of you, either a longing or a lamentation future." (Sappho). The everyday encounter with those who finished being soldiers at night and leave at dawn in their phantom carriage to the last station means to ponder over the direction of beating hearts. Back or on again! To clench one's fists. There is always hope which looks back, which calls her sister faith. To part and to turn one's face from the fence, which divides the Mathausen inmates into dead and less dead.