

*"Imprisonment in the camp was essentially something entirely different from imprisonment in the confined space of a prison cell. I had measured it countless times, pacing five steps from the window to the door, over and over again. I had examined every damaged spot in the plaster walls and read the inscriptions left by the unfortunate ones who had been in the infamous 'Pisker' before me. I was restless, waiting in fear for the door without a handle to open; but I knew that it would open eventually. It had to open at some point—and after five months, it finally did. In the narrow little cell, a specific kind of psychosis reigned: a psychosis of hope, fear, mental impressions, and a struggle against inhuman torture and beatings. There was also a terrible psychosis of distrust toward fellow sufferers, for I saw only spies before me and feared that even the bare walls of the cell could hear and capture every thought."*

*(Božidar Godec, Memoirs of a Hunter in the Death Camp {Spomini lovca na taborišče smrti}, unpublished manuscript, Celje, 1955)*