

"Lebenslänglich"
by Moriz Müller

Translation by Mark Baker

Preface, beginning page 7:

7/1: Carl Hau, 25 years old, sentenced to death for murder, then changed to life in prison at Men's Penal Complex at Bruchsal. Physically he was weak, pampered, had suffered from a severe illness when young; a young intellectual. He is protected from war and revolution happening outside his prison walls. A life sentence usually means death in prison, unless a miracle happens, which Hau doesn't believe in.

7/2: Released 17 years later, as if by a miracle. He is not a destroyed person although, which one would expect to be the effects of imprisonment on a scholarly person. Instead he appears as a mature, educated man, full of experience and positive expectation, as if returning from a long trip to foreign lands to begin a new life.

8/1: I then met Carl Hau, in his mother's house in Bernkastel, his first asylum in an almost unrecognizable world. He carefully approaches new people and things. He always felt the need at this time to give an account of his experiences and thoughts, which he collected during his long imprisonment. He didn't speak much, but listened very attentively, learning from the "school of freedom" as the 17 years imprisonment had been a "school of life".

8/2: One would praise German prisons, if one didn't know that the sources of such a healing process in prison lay deep within the human spirit. Carl Hau was in solitary confinement for 12 years. One learns that only few people do not suffer severe trauma from this experience. One is pulled into deep philosophical thought, and the structure of Spinoza's work greatly appealed to him. He also did not succumb to pessimistic thought or deep mystical power. His solitude led to an awareness of his own humanity, making him a clear thinking man.

(continued Π , page 9) He developed a positive perspective towards life and the world. He studied foreign languages and translated Ihering's book Spirit of Roman Law into English. He built up a life based on his own spirit, a "Selfmademan" without example.

9/1: 12 years of solitude as a "school of life", then he entered the world of people. He got to know the prison and its inhabitants, and the secrets of the science of imprisonment, of which he was an object and victim. Many have made their longer or shorter visits of prisons - as officers, counselors or literati - into stories in books or journals. They were full of empathy and reform. But none could break through the wall of mistrust which surrounds the true essence of the prison. Intellectual snobs who only see an enemy fighting for his life, with no understanding.

Only to a fellow prisoner could a person open himself and show his true self.

9/2: There are few virtues to be spoken of in prison.

(continued ¶, page 10) In spite of this, it is important to learn the truth about these people. They are outsiders to society and its moral conventions, and thus are dangers to the state. They are however still people, and deserve compassion and understanding and to be treated as people. The only way to learn about them and their remaining bits of humanity is to get to know the prison without any masks or veils. This is only possible if one shares this fate with these people, living as equal among equals, to be seen as a true class comrade.

10/1: The "lifelong" Carl Hau, or the "Doctor" as he was called by the inmates, who still had a dark respect (like all primitives) for their intellectual superiors, had the trust of his comrades in fate. But they must naturally have known that he truly wanted to understand them.

10/2: Hau pursued his study of his fellow inmates with the same force as his study of philosophy. This "streetcleaner" of the prison, cleaning the ways and courtyards of the prison, kept his eyes open to find the human in himself. The Traveller, the Lawyer and the Prisoner all unified themselves in Hau and grew to an understanding of what imprisonment means.

(continued ¶, page 11) To improve these prisons became his one true mission. The great purpose of imprisonment should be to not destroy belief in humanity, and to preserve and improve the moral values of each prisoner, a purpose that threatens to become lost in mechanical bureaucracy.

11/1: Hau doesn't wish to increase the number of scholarly books on imprisonment, since he views it as problem not only for lawyers and lawmakers, but for everyone. As one measures the degree of culture of a people by its criminality, one should also take into account its conditions of imprisonment. Hau presents life as it is in prisons, and the people as they are, no theorising, but with all vices, and to point out the humanity within the criminal soul. Many tragic fates, countless criminal types, drawn with the pen of truth. At work is an objective observer, removed and true to the purpose of his depictions. A colorful mosaic of prison life, from solitary, to the workrooms, to the kitchen, to the courtyard, all is simply reported, including the other inhabitants: the officers, wardens, ministers, and teachers. The traumas of imprisonment uncover themselves, the manifold corruption, the camaraderie between wardens and prisoners, the false treatment methods of the officers, etc.

12/1: Carl's Hau's book comes from his personal experience. It begins with his transport to the prison and ends at the moment

when he steps into freedom. He doesn't speak about the fate which brought him to the "death house", which will serve the special purposes of the administration of justice. But he does announce that the "Hau Case" will be raised from its file folder grave. He has never ceased in his plea of innocence, and says he will renew his battle to clear his name.

12/2: One returns then to the remarkable case of June 1907, judged in Karlsruhe. Carl Hau, lawyer of the Supreme Court in Washington and teacher of Roman law at George Washington University, stood accused of shooting the widowed wife of Medical Advisor Molitor on the resort promenade in Baden-Baden on November 6, 1906. Hau, son of a bank director in Bernkastel, met Mrs Molitor and her two daughters Lina and Olga as a 19 year old student at Ajaccio on Corsica, where he was recovering from a lung infection. A passionate relationship developed between him and the oldest daughter, Lina, and the two fled to Switzerland after the parents wouldn't allow the marriage. After an unsuccessful attempt at a double suicide, the parents gave up their resistance, and Hau and Lina married. They emigrated to Washington and Hau ended his legal studies.

(continued 11, page 13) Hau was admitted as a lawyer to the federal court. He also became a teacher of Roman Law, and secretary to the Turkish General Consul. He travelled repeatedly to Turkey to develop trade for American business, but was unsuccessful after investing a great deal of his savings.

13/1: In October 1906 he travelled from Constantinople to Baden-Baden to meet his wife and daughter. They joined Olga Molitor for a trip to Paris. Mrs Molitor received a telegram from Paris, signed by "Lina", to come immediately to Paris, because Olga was seriously ill. This telegram was faked; Mrs Molitor found Olga well in Paris and Lina knew nothing of a telegram. Mrs Molitor returned to Baden-Baden with Olga, and Hau went with wife and child to London, in order to return to America.

13/2: In the late afternoon of Nov. 6, Mrs Molitor was telephoned by a man who identified himself as a postal inspector, and asked to come to the post office immediately to identify the original of the forged Paris telegram. She picked up Olga from a neighboring Villa. On the rather dark promenade, Mrs Molitor was shot from behind in the heart, and died immediately. Olga could only say that a man in a long coat, who had followed the women for a distance, ran off in the direction of the train station.

14/1: Accusation was soon made against Carl Hau. No postal inspector was found to have phoned Mrs Molitor. Only someone who knew the relationships within the Molitor household could have tempted her from the house. A servant girl said she recognised Dr Hau's voice on the phone. It was reported that Hau was seen the previous days in Baden-Baden and Frankfurt/Main. In the latter city he had a barber make a false beard for him, in which he was seen in Baden-Baden. It was reported in London that Hau was on

the continent; he had told his wife he had urgent business in Berlin, though he later told her before his return that he was actually in Frankfurt. By this evidence he was arrested in London and delivered over to the German courts.

14/2: During the investigation, while Hau constantly stated his innocence, his wife committed suicide by drowning herself in Pfaffikon lake. She said she couldn't survive the trial. Before the jury, Hau at first refused any explanation of his stay in Baden-Baden and Frankfurt/Main or his family relationships. Later he admitted to calling Mrs Molitor from the post office and to having sent the Paris telegram, in order to get rid of Olga in the interest of domestic peace, because his wife had become jealous.

(continued 7, page 15) He came to Baden-Baden to talk with Olga. When he noticed that he was recognised everywhere, and couldn't speak with Olga, he gave up and returned to London. He hadn't heard any shot; he doesn't know who the murderer would be.

15/1: In the testimony of witnesses who were near the scene of the crime, there were many contradictions. One woman, Mrs von Reitzenstein, stated that the man who followed the women was much shorter than Hau. It was impossible to ascertain from witnesses the time of the shooting, which was important in deciding whether the murderer would have had time to reach the train after the shots.

15/2: Public opinion in Germany became unusually passionate in this case. There were large demonstrations which called for the intercession of the military, both during the trial and after the judgement was pronounced. The jury found Hau guilty due to the circumstantial evidence and sentenced him to death. He was later pardoned to life imprisonment, and an attempt at a retrial has remained futile.

Berlin, August 1925.

Moriz Müller.

Chapter 3 Brixton

- 26/1 Hundreds of prisoners stood in a long, drafty hallway, one after the other and waited. Guards walked up and down the line; all talking was forbidden. Shivering, they turned up their coat collars; their legs wanted to give out.
- 26/2 Hours went by, and slowly we came nearer to the window where an inspector sat who kept the books. Sometimes there were delays, as for example with the man in front of me. Again and again he was asked for his name but responded only with a shrug of the shoulders and in a language which no one understood. The official paged through his arrest orders and finally found one which seemed to be right-- one Ivan Ivanovitch Schulz from Riga: 4 counts of murder, bomb attack. I looked at this dynamite hero with amazement; he didn't look any where near that dangerous. I speak to him, and lo and behold, he speaks German. I was made interpreter. The fellow hated to talk and apparently made false statements. But that was no concern of mine, and finally everything was filled out. Now it was my turn.
- 26/3 Name? I gave it, but he could not find it among his papers. Oh, yes-- my arrest order (27) was made out under "Mr. Stan." I explained the error to the official; he scratched behind his ear, considered for a while, and decided that I would continue to be Mr. Stan. And so I was from my arrest until my departure. One is very conservative in England.
- 27/1 Next stop: the bath. An old Irishman up ahead is struggling with hands and feet against this apparently new procedure. They have to forcefully undress him and put him in the shower. Once the warm water streams over him, his cursing gives way to contented grunting. Roaring laughter from the other prisoners and guards. That once again enraged the man from the Emerald Isle, and he showered a hail storm of invectives on the entire English nation. Once more roaring laughter which this time brings an inspector in who roughly demands quiet. But as the old man was taken out of the shower and stood there dripping wet and naked as a jaybird, prancing around and calling on St. Patrick as his avenger of his unjust treatment, the inspector couldn't keep from laughing either.
- 27/2 After the bath came the medical examination. Once again endless waiting, but this time talking was allowed, probably so that we wouldn't fall asleep on our feet. Tea was also offered, as much as we wanted, and white bread, too. One of the inspectors came to me to ask if I wanted to order a soup. Half a crown from a restaurant next door-- highly recommended. He was so insistent that I wondered if he got a cut from the deal. To get rid of him I said (28) yes. The food was brought, but it was so unappetizing, I asked that it be given to a fellow prisoner. The inspector called out in a loud voice, "Who's hungry?" The Irishman was among those who said they were, and I asked that it be given to him because he had done so much to lighten the mood.
- 28/1 The doctor, an older man of good being, took the examination seriously, thumping and listening for a long time. When he heard that I'd suffered a lung ailment a few years ago, he listened some more with his stethoscope. He hoped that my stay in prison wouldn't cause me any physical harm. "Are you

- an American?"
- 28/2-6 "German-American." "Lawyer?" "Yes." "I see here you've been arrested for murder. Do you think you are guilty?" "No, I'm not guilty." I explained my situation to him in a few words.
- 28/7 He listened attentively and said, "You can understand that in general, protests of innocence are viewed skeptically by us. Of course there are exceptions. If you really are innocent, they won't hand you over."
- 28/8 "The evidence is so overwhelming that it is impossible to avoid being handed over. I will offer no resistance because I must answer to the applicable court in any case."
- 29/9 He thoughtfully shook his head and said, "The German courts are known for preferring to convict than to set free. Your case interests me. If it is all right with you, (29) we can talk some more about it tomorrow. Assuming that you don't take my interest for vulgar curiosity." I replied that his visit would be pleasant.
- 29/1 Midnight was long past when finally, dead tired, I was shown to a cell.
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- 29/2 My, God! What an awakening on the next morning. A bell went off, and I sat up and looked around in the half dark room. A prison cell. How did I get there?
- 29/3 Like a flash the events of the last few days came back to me-- horrible, horrible. A terrible sense of despair came over me, and my fate seemed a thousand times worse than it really was. I couldn't have felt any more beaten if I had already been convicted. The difference between the day before yesterday and today was too great. Accused of murder-- I was innocent to be sure, but could I prove it?
- 29/4 I got up and dressed. The door was opened and a prisoner came in to straighten up the cell. When the guard had moved on for a moment, the prisoners begged for some money. I reached in my pocket to give him something, but there was nothing there. They had taken all my money yesterday when I was brought in. It was a strange feeling not to have any money.
- 29/5 An inspector asked me about food. It made no difference to me. I touched nothing of my breakfast.
- 29/6 I went up to the window which reached almost to the floor and looked out into the prison yard. It was a sandy place with a high wall. Fog. Deathly silence.
- 30/1 My feeling of hopelessness grew more and more pressing. Who could help me fight against this most powerful machine of the coldest monster on the world? It's a mistake to think that knowing you're innocent is a great comfort in such a situation. The better you know the machine (and I knew it well), the weaker is the comfort.
- 30/2 The guard came to ask if I wanted to be shaved. I followed him to a wooden barracks where a primitive barber shop was set up. A large man with a beer belly was the barber and had 2 assistants, all Germans. As soon as he discovered that I was a fellow countryman, he no longer struggled with English. I was very curious why the guard had no objection to us talking in German, and my suspicion grew when it was whispered to me that he was ready to smuggle out letters for a certain price. I declined, convinced I had a spy on my hands.
- 30/3 Although there must have been thousands of inmates in the

- numerous large and small buildings of the compound, the little prison yards were empty. Only seldom could outlines of figures could be seen, making their way through the fog.
- 30/4 The governor made his rounds with some assistants. Did I have any complaints? No. Wishes? Yes-- I would like to have books and newspapers. There was no objection to this, nor in regard to food or drink. This detention, within the boundaries of its purposes, was to be as easy as possible. It was not a punishment. "Punishment? It's hell!" A shrug of the shoulders and a haughty look.
- 30/5 Around noon the doctor came and stayed about an hour. (31) He gave me all kinds of well-intentioned advice on how best to cope with prison, but it was nothing but words, words, words to me. No one had any idea of how I felt on the inside. For the first time in my life I was aware of the loneliness that accompanies us from cradle to grave. It takes a long time until one is used to it, but once you are, there grows out of it a reliance which takes you through the changes of life. But I was a long way from that.
- 31/1 With tension I awaited the visit of my lawyer. We spoke alone in a small room with a glass door. A guard walked back and forth in front of it.
- 31/2 There was a thorough report in the Frankfurt newspaper. My mother-in-law was shot on her way with her daughter Olga to the post office where she had been told over the phone to go. Time: shortly after 6 pm. Place: Kaiser Wilhelm Street. It was like a blow to the head for me. Things couldn't have been worse for me.
- 31/3 "The chain is closed. Evidence that couldn't have been thought out any more complete."
- 31/4 Mr. Scott had nothing to say to that. There had also already been a report of my arrest in the newspaper. My stay in Frankfurt was known as well as my trip with the false beard to Baden-Baden. There was no possible doubt: I must be the perpetrator. The lawyer restated the evidence, each piece graver than the preceding one. At the end he looked at me as if to say: What else do you want? There's nothing missing but your confession. He was outraged when I gave him one more piece of evidence he'd forgotten. (32) "Do you also know who called my mother-in-law from the post office? It was me."
- 32/1-4 "Not possible. You lured them out of their house and then on their way..." "Shot them-- that's what you want to say. No, I didn't shoot them, as unbelievable as that may sound." "What did you say to her on the phone then?" "I told her in a disguised voice that I was a postal official who wanted to talk to her to give her information about the sender of the so-called Paris telegram."
- 32/5-6 "What kind of telegram? There was nothing about it in the newspapers." "Before we came to London, I was in Paris with my wife and her sister Olga for 8 days. A telegram was sent from there to my mother-in-law in Baden-Baden saying something like: Olga sick. Come at once. Lina. When she arrived in Paris the next day, my wife claimed to have sent the telegram. It wasn't believed and an investigation was begun to find the sender."
- 32/7-10 "And who was the sender?" "I was." "And why did you send this telegram?" "I cannot tell you that. Just like I cannot

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- 32/11 tell you why I went from London to Baden-Baden."
 "But you must make this clear to the court without fail. Otherwise your conviction is unavoidable. Your life is at stake. And besides I make no bones about telling you that I'm not at all convinced of your innocence. As you said, the evidence is complete-- too complete as far as I'm concerned. Your main concern (33) now has to be to find the best lawyer Germany has to offer. Do you know who that is?"
- 33/1-4 "Probably Sello in Berlin. Or Bernstein in Munich." "Which one should I get in touch with? A refusal is not likely."
 "With neither of them." He looked puzzled. "I will defend myself."
- 33/5 That was too much even for the Englishman. With a gesture of hopelessness he stood up and said, "Quem deus perdere vult, prius dementat." Mr. Scott was a man with classical background.
- 33/6 During the following days I got many letters and telegrams from friends sending their sympathy and assuring me of their belief in my innocence. The visit of an acquaintance from Washington whom I'd seen in the hotel lobby on the night of my arrest made a great impression on me. We really weren't so close that I expected to see him. But he came, shook my hand, knew what to say, and offered to stay in London to take care of things for me. I was very touched and thanked him with all my heart. He could do more for me there than on the continent. He took it upon himself to finish up various things for me and proved himself to be a legendary friend.
- 33/7 I began to recover somewhat from these first terrible blows when the next one hit me, one I wouldn't get over so quickly. Mr. Scott brought me a telegram from my wife in Karlsruhe which read: "I consider my husband to be guilty." When I read that I collapsed.
- 34/1 The mental state brought on by this telegram lasted 3 or 4 weeks. I know what went on during this time only from what the doctors and medical people said. I was visited by my father and several relatives and friends, cried a lot, and generally behaved like a healthy person with the exception that every few days I wrote a letter to the Turkish ambassador to complain about the injustice done to me.
- 34/2 The doctor in charge and an assistant doctor visited me daily to determine whether I was really mentally sick or just pretending.
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- 34/3 The first picture I can recall after I came to again is of sitting in an old easy chair at the foot of a bed. A gas light is burning and behind the pane of window glass is either fog, twilight or darkness. I'm wearing chocolate-colored pajamas and am apathetic and satisfied, with no concerns about where I am or how I got there. Only slowly does interest reawake in me about what is going on around me.
- 34/4 There is a strange feeling in me, no more impatience, tension, or worry. I have the feeling that the worst is over and that whatever comes next is of little meaning.
- 34/5 It had never occurred to me that my wife would think me guilty. That was much, much worse than a conviction by judge and jury, but it happened, (35) as unlikely as it appeared. Well, good; now I'd have to get used to it; now I was

completely alone. "...So learn in your uttermost need to rely upon none."

- 35/1 A few days before Christmas I got a letter from my wife in which she asked forgiveness for the telegram: she sent it, confused by constant talk from relatives, the constant threat from the officials of being arrested as an accessory if she wouldn't take a positive stand against me-- but now after she was away from the family and living with a friend, she was able to rethink everything in peace and concluded that I was not capable of such a deed and would stand by me, come what may. The letter made absolutely no impression on me. Too late. She had failed me in the critical moment when it really mattered. What she now did or thought was not important. No matter what I had done to her, she had evened the score. I very briefly wrote to her that she should be divorced from me without delay.
- 35/2 I regretted this later when she died. I should have accepted her offer of help. But it was kismet.
- 35/3 My father had retained a lawyer from Karlsruhe for my defense after he saw in his visits that I was no longer able to look after my own interests. He came to London to talk with me. His card read: Dr. E. Dietz, Lawyer, District Court ret.
- 35/4 We sat across from each in the room with the glass door, he requiring various pieces of information. I couldn't put any trust in him, and the talk was not satisfactory for either of us. Finally he told me, "If you see the matter so, there's nothing left for me to do than to defend you in a way as if (36) I thought you were guilty." "You can think as you want to." He took that as consent on my part.
- 36/1 After he left I had the feeling as if I had crossed the Rubicon. From now on I was determined to counter the accusation with nothing more than silence.
- 36/2 I had an allegorical dream the following night which requires a little explanation concerning medieval English law. According to the naive thinking of the time, if an accused person refused to answer with a 'yes' or 'no' to the judge's direct question 'Are you guilty?' the procedure came to a stop and nothing further could be done to the prisoner until an answer was given. The only thing the judge could do as to employ the "peine forte et dure." Taken from Norman law, this involved laying the naked prisoner on the stone floor of the prison with a heavy iron door on top. On the first day, the prisoner was given a piece of moldy bread; on the second, a sip of water from the nearest puddle. On the third day another piece of moldy bread; on the fourth, another sip of puddle water. This continued until the prisoner answered, "until he answers" as it says in the old law books.
- 36/3 Years ago when I was reading this chapter in an old law book I came across a footnote about such a case. In the 14th century a wealthy knight from Northumberland had ridden from his castle to fight (37) against France when word reached him that his wife had been unfaithful. Filled with anger and rage, he returned home, and despite her pleas of innocence, he threw her and the two oldest of his children to their deaths from the top of the castle wall. The third child, the youngest, still an infant, was being cared for on a farm. He rode out to the farm, but before he got there, he was drenched by a

thunderstorm which cooled his anger enough for him to reconsider. He began to have doubts even about the guilt of his wife. He delivered himself up to the court, and when he was asked "Guilty or not guilty?" he refused to answer. He was then subjected to the "peine forte et dure," and died after 40 days.

- 37/1 I lived through the fate of this man in my dream. When I awoke, I was drenched in sweat and weak in all my limbs.
- 37/2 The first Christmas in prison. There is very little recollection left for me of this day which was different from the others only in that there was a gigantic plumb pudding at noon that brought forth feelings of being completely stuffed.
- 37/3 During the day I sat in my chair and read. I preferred things like old novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and Captain Marryat. "A strange taste in books," said the doctor when he saw what I was reading. "Who reads this sort of thing nowadays? It's been 40 years since I've had one in my hands."
- 37/4 "I don't know why I like to read them," I answered. "Maybe because they are so quieting and tend to put you to sleep. The world portrayed in these books is so different from ours. I get a longing for the peace of those times when I read them."
- 38/1 After the paperwork had come in from Germany, my extradition was arranged at the beginning of January. The evidence from the judge of the court of inquiry was already complete, and nothing of importance was added. And a motive was already found. Since I had invested the largest part of my wife's dowry in the Turkish businesses and they hadn't done well, the state's attorney assumed that I had murdered my mother-in-law in order to get my wife's inheritance due from her. A very strange kind of murder-robbery.
- 38/2 As I was waiting to be taken away after the court hearing over my extradition (which went off without incident), I got word that Sir Albert wanted to see me again. Puzzled by this unusual turn of events, I was taken to a large, old-fashioned room where the judge was sitting behind a desk covered with paperwork. He told me to sit down and said that in 30 years in Bow-Street he'd never seen a case like mine in which such complete evidence did so little to suggest guilt. He was anxious to follow my case further. He himself had only to prove that there was enough evidence to make a case. There was no doubt of that; whether it was enough for a conviction was another story. I had nothing to reply to that, and I didn't really know (39) what the old man wanted from me. I still don't know today. Maybe he wanted nothing more than to let me know that he didn't consider me guilty, despite the extradition arranged by him.
- 39/1 In the end, because of the mood in the wake of the first Morocco crisis that was felt on this side of the channel, it wasn't so surprising that an English judge only unwillingly delivered an American lawyer to a German court based on evidence that was sure to stand up in a German court, but probably would not have sufficed for an English or American jury.

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Chapter 4 The Trip to Karlsruhe

- 4 0 / 1 Inspector Smith and one of his assistants, Mr. Robinson, picked me up in Brixton late one afternoon. He hoped that the trip would have a good outcome, and said he would do everything in his power to spare me any unpleasantness. He would keep the visible signs of guarding to a minimum. We traveled from the Liverpool Street station to Harwich and from there by ship to Hamburg.
- 4 0 / 2 On the way we stopped at Scotland Yard, and the inspector got out and went inside. He came back a short time later with an elegant gentleman who would stay with me while they went inside to take care of some business. I perceived at once that it had been pre-arranged and was very reserved with this gentleman. He made every effort to approach me, but showed no annoyance when he didn't succeed. He finally said, "You know that your case has caused considerable excitement here. It is hotly debated whether you will be cleared or not and many bets have been made, mostly 2:3. I freely admit that I arranged with Mr. Smith, who doesn't bet, to have the chance for a few words with you. As an old hand here I consider myself to have a (41) fine feel for things and prefer to go with my feelings rather than only the files. I'll bet they clear you."
- 4 1 / 1 - 2 "Please don't do that-- you'll lose your money." "Well, if you say so... But why do you judge your situation so unfavorably?"
- 4 1 / 3 I told him a few things, and he listened attentively. When the others came back, he took his leave and hoped that my pessimistic view would be proved wrong.
- 4 1 / 4 The inspector asked me in the train station if another meeting would be alright, this time with a representative of the Associated Press. Before I got over my surprise, the American was already there, greeted me like an old friend, and took me by the arm and walked me back and forth in the lobby. He handed me a bundle of newspapers and periodicals-- "readings material for the trip"-- and said that I'd find among them everything he'd already sent in about my case. Public opinion in America was decidedly on my side. A whole list of prominent people in Washington and New York had said in interviews that they thought I was innocent. He'd collected them all and thought I would find it interesting reading. He was sorry to hear that my health had worsened lately, but was glad to see that I was feeling better again. And now he came to the crux of the matter: "Don't you want to send a message with me for you American friends before you leave England?"
- 4 1 / 5 Numbed by such a inrush of words (42), I asked what sort of message it should be. That I was innocent? Thankful for the sympathy? Or something else?
- 4 2 / 1 "Never mind," he exclaimed. "I'll think of something. It'll be a swell article. Are you satisfied with the treatment you've had here in England?"
- 4 2 / 2 With a smile I looked over to my two guards who were busy with a good supper-- oh, yes, I was satisfied with the treatment I've had here in England. I could only wish that I'd get such good treatment in Germany, but that was probably not to be expected.
- 4 2 / 3 - 4 No, that was not at all to be expected, the man from the press said in support. England is England, and Germany is Germany. A somewhat backward country. In some respects medieval so to say. He had never been there, but now he would probably go since he would certainly be given the assignment to cover my trial. He was looking forward to it because it would be a first-rate sensational trial. Couldn't I give him some information on

- the current status of the proceedings? I declined; the time was too short for that.
- 4 2 / 5 He assured me that that wouldn't be a problem. He could travel with me to Harwich and further. We'd have the nicest time on the way. Naturally he would treat everything I said very discreetly and say not a word about the trip.
- 4 2 / 6 - 9 "And what will Mr. Smith say to that?" "I'll convince him. Say yes, and the deal is done." I shook my head. "No. I don't like it." He saw I was serious and said it was too bad; he'd have found it fun.
- 4 3 / 1 Around 11 o'clock we boarded the ship in Harwich. The steamer had only a few passengers, and after we had settled into our quarters, we went up to the upper promenade deck and walked back and forth, talking for a time until the harbor lights disappeared from the horizon. We encountered a heavy storm on the open sea.
- 4 3 / 2 All three of us slept late into the forenoon, and we spent most of the day on the deck chairs. Prophet to the right, prophet to the left, and child of the world in the middle. They actually allowed me a lot of free time, and I could go anywhere on the ship. There was no sign of the other passengers; the bad weather kept them in their cabins. We were the only guests at the captain's table at noon. The captain, an old sea bear, conducted the conversation as though he had no idea of the situation between me and my escorts. But I did notice that when I looked the other way, he looked me over with curiosity.
- 4 3 / 3 I stood alone at the stern for a long time in the afternoon. Both the sky and sea were black, and below foamed the water driven up by the ship's propellers. Bent over the railing, I looked down at the churning water and fought with the temptation to end all the suffering with a jump. That was the first time that I had thoughts about suicide. Not thoughts actually, but a vague longing in my heart for peace. But the will to live showed itself to be stronger. Come what may-- and I was ready for the worst-- it would be bearable. Nonetheless, it was a comfort to know that this last way out was always there. If the ability to suffer was exhausted, one could still go that way.
- 4 3 / 4 Suddenly there was a hand on my shoulder, and Mr. Smith looked at me and repeated the old saying, "Never say die."
- 4 4 / 1 I quietly looked him in the eyes. "Don't worry, my dear inspector. It hasn't come to that yet. Remember I'm only 25 years old. At that age one isn't so willing to throw away life. I won't cause any trouble."
- 4 4 / 2 "Don't misunderstand me," he replied. "It isn't worry that you may cause trouble that brought me here. If people decide to commit suicide, no one can stop them. That is a private matter where the police or law have no say..."
- 4 4 / 3 - 7 "Ah," I interrupted him. "Don't you know that English law punishes suicide as a felony?" "How can you punish a suicide?" "Common Law has 2 punishments: first, confiscation of property, and second, the suicide is to be buried in a shallow grave along the road and a stake driven through the body." "It may have been that way in the Middle Ages, but that is certainly not the case today." "I think so. As far as I know, it has never been changed by an act of Parliament."
- 4 4 / 8 "Let's leave it at that for now. In any case, if you jumped in the water, there would be problems with the stake business. And before the ship could be stopped and a boat let down, you'd be miles away. No, what I wanted to say is this: you have a difficult battle ahead of you; you say you're innocent; they will consider you guilty if you pull back from the fight for your rights like this. There's also something a little cowardly in it. Assuming, of

- course, that you really are innocent."
- 4 4 / 9 I was quiet for a moment and then looked him sharply in the eye: "It would interest me to hear what you yourself think about this point, Mr. Inspector."
- 4 4 / 1 0 "What does it matter much how I think? (45) Admittedly, I don't really know what I should think. As a veteran crime officer I'm inclined to think you're the perpetrator. But if I were in the jury, I would have a difficult time voting 'guilty.' You will believe me when I say that I see no common criminal, no common murderer in you. But everybody can find themselves in a situation where they can be compelled to do something that no one would have expected them capable of. *Cherchez la femme* is the advice I'd give to whomever leads the investigation against you."
- 4 5 / 1 - 3 "They'll look," I replied after a pause "in vain no doubt." "Not at all. I'm convinced that they will find the solution to the puzzle." "But you've read the extradition papers. All the evidence is there. No gaps. There is nothing else at all to look for. The case is clear."
- 4 5 / 4 Mr. Smith had a thoughtful expression. "You must allow me to think otherwise. It seems to me that everything that's been offered as evidence so far is only the barest outline. The main point is still lacking. The credible motive. And I suspect that the investigation judge will find it if he follows my advice."
- 4 5 / 5 "The investigation judge will use another maxim, just as old and valuable as yours: *Cui bono* ? And there he's already found his motive."
- 4 5 / 6 "I don't think that he's found it. The case is not that simple. We'll see. By the way, you'll be amazed to hear that Sir Albert is rather convinced of your innocence."
- 4 5 / 7 - 8 "You've spoken with him about the case?" "Long and often. I give his opinion more weight than any other. He has a wonderful instinct. I only wish (46) that you get someone like him in Germany."
- 4 6 / 1 Yes, I thought, I wish that, too. But such judges are rare.
- 4 6 / 2 As we stood at the railing, the outlines of an ocean liner appeared. Because it was coming towards us, it approached quickly. It was the *Crown Prince Wilhelm* of the North German Lloyd on which I had made passage 3 years ago to New York. "A good omen," said the inspector when I told him. "Let's hope that you'll be able to take passage on that steamer again soon."
- 4 6 / 3 We sat for a long time after dinner with a glass of hot punch. The inspector could tell many stories from his experiences, while Mr. Robinson, a genuine Scott, limited himself to listening, drinking, and smoking, which he did in no small amount. It was not easy to convince the two of them to turn in.
- 4 6 / 4 The next morning were reached the Elbe. As soon as the ship docked in Hamburg, an official came on board; he accompanied us to police headquarters. There my travel companions turned me over to a commissioner and warmly took their leave of me. This was observed with a shaking of the head by the commissioner. When they were gone, he allowed as how such familiarity was very out of place. The accused were not treated like that in Germany. Well, I said, each country has its own customs, and each country considers its to be the best.
- 4 6 / 5 Then followed a short interrogation, a nasty procedure in any case, but twice as nasty here because the official was new and very nervous. He tried to hide his uncertainty behind a rough and sassy manner. We were frequently at odds with each other.
- 4 6 / 6 Then I was returned to the commissioner's office (47) where a young man

- with very obliging manners interrupted his newspaper reading and began to speak with me in a rather over friendly manner. He chatted about this and that and finally came to the point. Taking the revolver out of the holster, he said with an offensive smile, "The *corpus delicti*?"
- 47/1 - 4 "I'm sorry to have to disappoint you. That is not the *corpus delicti*."
- "Well, now, you say that as if one could almost believe you. But you did have it in Baden-Baden?" "Certainly." "Then it is it no doubt. You of course didn't take two such shooting irons along."
- 47/5 - 6 I allowed myself the remark that there are more people who own revolvers and shoot with them. "Bah," he said degradingly. "It's completely clear that you're the one who fired the shot. Who else? Besides, it's the most understandable thing in the world to shoot your mother-in-law. It's a wonder that they haven't shot them all."
- 47/7 I assured him that I had no reason whatever to shoot my mother-in-law and that I got along well with her. He wouldn't go for that. NO one got along well with his mother-in-law; it was a cease fire at best. He continued for a long time like this in a tasteless manner until he noticed the disgust on my face and realized that nothing was to be gained in this way. He tried other ways with the same lack of success and finally put on an official face and rang to have me taken away.
- 47/8 Probably a junior official who is out to win his red robes, I thought, when I was put in a small cell on the ground floor. Idiot.
- 48/1 They brought me something to eat-- it was inedible. Before something else could be had, I was put into a wagon and taken to another prison.
- 48/2 This was an old building, not very big and with older furnishings, but the cell was extremely comfortable: a real bed, table and chairs, and a huge blue tile stove putting out cozy warmth. I could talk with the guard, and he saw to providing a meal that would do Hamburg proud as well as a couple bottles of wine and cigars. He also saw to it that nothing was left over. His duty didn't appear to be too hard, but in the evening he sat and complained about the low wages and how difficult it was to raise a family on it-- except when he came by a little something extra. I understood, and since the police hadn't taken my money-- probably an oversight-- a little something extra came by.
- 48/3 I slept very well in the old bed and had an opulent breakfast and then went back to the police headquarters. I saw 3 men in the commissioner's office: a small, fashionably dressed man whose bearing immediately revealed a former officer and 2 sergeant types, one with a full black beard and one with a red one .
- 48/4 "This is Commissioner So-and-So from Baden-Baden who is to take you back to Karlsruhe." The Hamburg official appeared to want to say more, but his colleague didn't allow him any more time. He approached me and snarled, "We will leave immediately. How you are to behave yourself I don't need to say. But I will tell you explicitly that in the event (49) of an attempted escape, we will shoot without hesitation."
- 49/1 Ah, here's a new wind blowing. Sharply, too. In spite of all this, the little man made the impression that he was basically a good-natured soul. The stabbing look he tried to give didn't really succeed.
- 49/2 I bowed, and the 2 giants took me in the middle, and the lieutenant followed. Lieutenant, ret., actually, and he didn't mind if that's how his 2 underlings called him.
- 49/3 We had a second class compartment reserved, but since the train was full, a young man, apparently a young Hamburg businessman, came in at the last

- minute. The lieutenant started talking with him, and the conversation soon turned to the famous Hamburg cuisine. The lieutenant gave his high praise, and the young businessman accepted it as though it were directed to him personally. True, there was nothing like the Hamburg cuisine in the whole world. "Did you get a chance to eat at Pfordte's?" "No," answered the lieutenant, "I didn't." "For heaven's sakes! You missed the most important one of all. That's like going to Rome and not seeing the pope. How can you be in Hamburg and not eat at Pfordte's?" He looked in amazement from one to the other until his gaze rested on me, and I thought he would asked me the same question. I would have to answer, "No, I didn't; I ate in prison." But that was almost as good as at Pfordte's.
- 49/4 We were alone in our compartment from Hannover to Frankfurt. The lieutenant allowed me to talk only once. He asked, "Is it true that Dr. Dietz visited you in London (50) and spoke in private with you?" "Yes." "It's hard to believe that's possible." Thereupon he closed his eyes and leaned his carefully coifed head in the corner and sought relaxation in sleep.
- 50/1 The 2 guards thawed a little then and started to talk with me. In the course of talking, the black-bearded guard said he'd been a policeman for a time in New York. That caused him to show extra goodwill toward me.
- 50/2 We had to change trains in Frankfurt. An intelligent looking man accompanied us to the other train to a first-class compartment reserved for us. He introduced himself, Commissioner Dr. So-and-So, and lead the conversation in such an unaffected and polite manner that I was most pleasantly surprised. It seemed strange to me that he was always addressed as "Herr Dr." Herr Lieutenant, Herr Dr.-- why in the world not Herr Commissioner?
- 50/3 At the Karlsruhe train station there was such a large crowd of people seeking the sensational that the lieutenant was able to make a path through to the waiting wagon only by use of his commando voice. During the ride he heartily complained about the officials who once again hadn't kept quiet and threatened them with strict punishment if he ever found out who they were. That would never happen in Baden-Baden, but in Karlsruhe, they just couldn't keep their mouths shut.
- 50/4 It was already late when we reached the prison, and the director came out to meet us in his slippers. The transfer took place in his office. After my escorts left, we talked most pleasantly for half an hour, and then he told me to follow him. I was to be in the best cell in the prison, the so-called (51) 'infirmary cell,' larger and better furnished than the others. But in exchange I'd have to settle with sharing it with 2 other prisoners in for investigation. Prisoners there for investigation, not punishment, he emphasized. The thought was nevertheless most disagreeable to me. I said I'd much rather have the worst single cell. Yes, well, there's nothing to be done for that today, but tomorrow I could speak with the judge about it.
- 51/1 The cell was quite roomy with 3 beds in it. Two of them were occupied. I undressed and went to sleep.

Chapter 5 Interrogations

- 52/1 The older of my 2 cell mates was a bricklayer, an older man and of simple manner who didn't talk much and apparently had no talent as a stool pigeon. So much the more tried the younger one, who had a disagreeable nature, a distasteful fellow for me from the beginning. I don't know who selected these 2 for this mission, but it was a very naive idea to try to get information from me in this manner. When the judge later tried to find out what they had learned, the older one had nothing whatsoever to say, and the younger one spouted just a lot of hot air that didn't help at all.
- 52/2 The prison, which was on the edge of the city, was brand new and in the form of a rectangle with the cells facing the court yard on the inside. The director who'd designed it called it "Pretty Villa." There was also another investigation facility in the district court building, an ancient lockup where only fleas and bedbugs felt at home. I went from one to the other according to the whim of those in power over my case.
- 52/3 The investigation judge came to see me on the first morning. When I entered the room, a stocky man around (53) 40 years old with slightly graying hair sat at the table. To the side sat young court clerk who vigorously tried not to give away his excitement and curiosity. I was told to sit down, my personal data were taken care of, and then the dance began.
- 53/1 It was clear to me in a short time that the investigation judge considered my guilt as fact. He did not act like one trying to shed light onto an unknown matter but instead wanted a confession. When he saw that one was not to be had, he felt his task to be that of collecting evidence against me. Whenever my answers didn't suit him, his tone became irritable. Badly hidden animosity broke through his official demeanor; he let himself over to insults.
- 53/2 This of course put me on the defensive. I learned the reason for his behavior much later. My defense lawyer and the investigation judge were close friends since school days. Now when Dr. Dietz had come back from London, the judge had asked him over a beer-- strictly off the record [private person to private person]-- what kind of impression he'd had of the prisoner. Oh, he as much as confessed. That's good to hear; then he'll probably give me a confession, too. The investigation judge didn't mention one word of this informal conversation to me, but no doubt did to his colleagues, because it was soon heard in the Karlsruhe legal circles that the accused had confessed to his defense lawyer in London. There was even talk of calling the investigation judge as a witness in the main trial concerning this beer garden conversation, but later it was decided not to. I don't know if it was because Dr. Dietz loudly protested this abuse of confidence, or if it was realized that there was really nothing to be gained out of the London conversation. Dr. Dietz then explained of course that "the accused (54) had in no way told me that he was the perpetrator, but only that he'd refused to give me any information about the motive for his trip to Baden-Baden. When I mentioned to him that under these circumstances I'd have to handle the defense as though he were guilty, he said I could think how I liked. This is what I look at that time for an admission."
- 54/1 When I later learned of this beer garden conversation, I could no longer hold it against the investigation judge that he'd dealt with me as a guilty one right from the beginning. But at that time I had no idea about the reason for his bias. The criminal procedure clearly states that the investigation judge is to collect evidence both for and against the accused, equally. But this investigation judge completely ignored the possibility that the accused might not have been the perpetrator. For him there was only one thing: to extract by means of trickery what I would not freely admit.
- 54/2 However, if he had believed he'd accomplish something in this way, he deceived himself. I clearly explained to him that under such circumstances I refused once and for all to give any kind of statement. If his one and only goal was to add wood to my funeral pyre, it was not my intention to help him. I had nothing more to say to this underling of the district attorney.
- 54/3 Right in the middle of one of our nicest disagreements, in strode-- and I must say 'strode'-- the judge of the 'higher court' and the prison warden. He was a scrawny, little man with a very intelligent face, very self-confident, and somewhat sharp or sneering in expression. I think that there was enmity between us from the very first moment. (55) In me he saw a hardened criminal whom he certainly had to convince of his superior cleverness. He never was able to do this with me, but from the beginning he considered himself an extraordinary helper of the investigation judge and district attorney both of whom he, as he well knew, mentally over shadowed. If he had to hide his light under a bushel during the proceedings

- against me, he would be in the fore afterwards amidst the *causes célèbres* who would spring up like mushrooms after the proceedings. He was named an investigation judge in the Lindenau case and interrogated me as a witness. What he accomplished in this capacity-- I'll have more to say about that later-- was a fine piece of work. He was not successful, because he proceeded from a false premise, which nevertheless deserved appreciation. He was without question the most capable of the officials with whom I had contact; I even thought on occasion that he had it in him to get free of the general prejudice and to see the case from a different perspective. I was certainly mistaken there.
- 55/1 The way he came into the room had one thing to say: I am in charge here; it struck me how the investigation judge greeted him with such keenness. After ample courtesies had been exchanged, he asked me, "Do you have anything to say?"
- 55/2 I used the opportunity to express the desire to be transferred to a single cell. (56) He flatly refused and added, "You can make a complaint against my denial with the penal board and you can even appeal their decision to the higher court."
- 56/1 Then he continued, "As far as board goes, the prison officials are supposed to follow your wishes within limits-- the same for books and newspapers. But don't forget that you are a prisoner under severe accusations. Any luxury is out of the question. And you have to follow the prison rules-- and breaking of the rules will be disciplined."
- 56/2 I had nothing further to say. He shook hands with the investigation judge and nodded graciously to the clerk who stood; he also nodded to me, but not at all graciously, rather just the opposite, most ungraciously. With greatest effort one might discern some little flavor of greeting in it; then he strode out.
- 56/3 The investigation judge and court clerk followed this example: the interrogation would continue the next day.
- 56/4 I was alone in the room with thoughts that were not very friendly. I was never optimistic concerning the investigation, but now I discovered that I'd had hopes to succeed in convincing the investigation judge of my innocence or at least to raise doubts with him about my guilt. A foolish hope indeed.
- 56/5 The head guard, a friendly man, came into to announce that my defense lawyer was here to see me but was still at the gate. (57) talking with the investigation judge. "A capable man, he-- he will certainly know where he is to begin to free you. You can count on it. He used to be a judge himself and knows his way around. And what a strict judge he was!"
- 57/1 The man came, as he said, to find out about the first interrogation. Of course he new already; his friend had no doubt complained about my stubbornness. He asked if I intended to continue through the entire preliminary investigation with my refusal to say anything. It was, after all, up to me if I wanted to wrap myself in silence, but it was doubtful how that would help me. Apparently he had also expected a confession. So-- another one who was convinced of my guilt. And my defense lawyer, at that. I vacillated for a moment, deciding whether I should ask him to give up my defense. But my father had retained him and would not want me to do otherwise. And anyone else would be less sympathetic. So we'll leave it at that. It was a long time before our relationship improved; he described me in a letter as the nastiest client he'd ever had.
- 57/2 He immediately put in my request concerning my accommodations. It was turned down, but the next step was successful. The higher court ruled that I was entitled to solitary because there were no grounds to think I would try suicide.
- 57/3 Apparently the prison doctor was called upon to give an expert opinion about this. The same had examined me and sounded me out as best he could. (58) He was a relatively young assistant to the regional doctor and had a trust-inspiring red nose. He was friendly to me, a pleasant change. He was completely different from the doctor during the main trial who played an important role as expert concerning the state of my sanity. He visited me twice in preparing his opinion, the first time in my cell. There was a new volume of Wells on my table: *Anticipations*. He looked thoughtfully at the book and said, "Anticipations-- that's no doubt English. How would you translate that into German?" Surprised at his question I said that the word *antizipieren*, to anticipate, also a foreign word used in German, would have the same meaning as in English. "Well," he persisted, "we say *antizipieren*, but what does it mean?" That was too much for me. I declined to let him examine me in this way. He nodded understandingly and made a pencil entry in his smudgy notebook. God only knows what he wrote. I was about to ask him when he examined my eyes, tapped on my knees, and so forth, and constantly made notes in his book. This comedy was interrupted by a

- guard who called the doctor to the phone-- and he didn't come back. A short time later the rest of the examination took place, this time in the head guard's room, probably so that the gentleman wouldn't have to tire himself on the stairs. He sat at the table, armed with his notebook which was somehow dirtier and his pencil which was still shorter and filled the room (59) with a horrible cloud of smoke from a thick, black cigar whose mere appearance caused nausea. This time he only asked questions and wrote the answers in his notebook. Did I smoke? Cigars, cigarettes? How many per day? Did I drink? Wine, beer, schnapps? How many per day? Women? How many per day-- or rather, in a week? A cynic, this doctor. The contents of this opinion were amazing. More about it later.
- 59/1 The investigation judge no longer came out to me in the prison for the following
59/2 interrogations, but rather I was taken by wagon in the company of two criminal officials to the district court. The district court officer tried with great perseverance and in all ways to get me to talk. The second interrogation began in that he gave me a long presentation of the evidence against me. "You have to realize," he said, "that the proof is lacking in nothing. You travel from London to Baden-Baden in a disguise that leaves no doubt that you are up to no good. You tell your wife you have business on the continent-- obviously a lie. Why this lie? Because you cannot tell her that this business consists of killing her mother. You impress on your wife that she is to keep this trip a secret from everyone. Why? So that no one in Baden-Baden gets suspicious..."
- 59/3 "Excuse me for interrupting, but so little was my intention to keep my trip secret from the women in Baden-Baden that I expressly instructed my wife to tell them about it-- which she did."
- 59/4 "So-- well, that's a minor point. The main (60) thing is you traveled in disguise from Frankfurt to Baden-Baden, spent the entire afternoon in the vicinity of Villa Molitor where several people notice you because of your suspicious appearance and behavior; in the evening you lured your mother-in-law out of the house under false pretenses; and on her way, the lady is murdered. You are a lawyer and too intelligent to maintain that just on that day, at that time, some unknown third person happens along and shoots your mother-in-law dead."
- 60/1 "I maintain nothing. Allow me an objection. You say I am a lawyer and compliment me by saying I'm intelligent. I return the compliment and ask you: Would you, if you had planned such a murder-- I say that only for the sake of argument-- would you carry out the plan in such an idiotic manner as you say I did? Would you have the hotel barber make you a wig and beard, where they know your name? If you saw how much people were noticing you, wouldn't you say to yourself that if a crime happened here, the blame were surely fall on me? In other words, isn't the evidence you cite for my guilt just the evidence for my innocence?"
- 60/2 He shook his head. "The cleverest criminals do the stupidest things. Lucky for us, too, or else we couldn't catch them. You must be aware of this."
- 60/3 "I am aware that the cleverest criminals do stupid things in (61) carrying out their crimes, things which are disastrous. But I have never heard that a clever criminal plans and then carries out something that is nothing but stupidity from the beginning to the end. The biggest dope wouldn't do that."
- 61/1 "But if you didn't go to Baden-Baden to kill your mother-in-law, why did you go there? And why the disguise? You say nothing. What else can your silence say except that you fell yourself guilty?"
- 61/2-4 "Oh, it seems to me it could mean something else." "I'd like to know what. And something else: you had already tried once earlier to get your mother-in-law out of the way." "Really? On what occasion?"
- 61/5 "In Paris. When you were in the Hotel Regina with your wife and sister-in-law in October, you telegraphed to your mother-in-law in Baden-Baden that she should come at once; her daughter Olga was ill. You wrote the telegram entirely in capital letters so your hand writing wouldn't be recognized and signed it with your wife's name. She knew nothing of the telegram. And your sister-in-law wasn't sick at all. But the old lady of course went immediately to Paris where you probably intended to murder her, maybe in some desolate place in the train station."
- 61/6 "That sounds very plausible. 'In a desolate place in la Gare de l'Est.' You've no doubt never been to Paris, Herr Investigation Judge?"
- 61/7 "Well, if not there, then someplace else. Detailed investigations are now being done at the hotel."
- 62/1-2 "Well, well. Who knows what might come to light. But evidence of an attempted murder

won't. You can count on that. And how do you explain that the murder didn't happen then after all?" "How can I know that? Maybe you changed your mind or didn't have the opportunity."

62/3 "It seems to me that an opportunity wouldn't be lacking. For a few thousand francs I could've hired an Apache to take care of the whole business. That wouldn't have been as stupid as the plan you assume-- but stupid enough to be sure. After all, the telegram would have cast guilt on me. No, this Paris murder scheme is just as unbelievable as the other one."

62/4 At the end of the session the clerk's transcription was to be drawn up and signed by me. I refused to sign; the investigation judge grew furious and called me names, making me only firmer in my resolve. Thereupon he dictated a number of sentences to the clerk, all more or less of the same structure, for example: To the question why he travelled from Frankfurt to Baden-Baden in disguise, the accused refused to answer-- or: Asked why he spent hours loitering around the Villa Molitor on the afternoon of November 6, the accused refused to answer. The investigation judge then signed this short transcription himself.

62/5 But on the next day he sent for me again and tried his luck once more. I did sign a few transcriptions about my earlier life and which had nothing to do with the case. The investigation judge had already asked many relatives, friends, and acquaintances about (63) my past and my character, letting the best things about me fall through the cracks and keeping those things which could be used against me. One could no doubt see from the reports that I'd been a crackpot all my life. It was interesting for me to see what my school chums and university friends had to say about me. Some stood by me bravely despite the dark cloud which now hung over me; others picked up on what the investigation judge liked to hear and made every effort to be of service to him. It is astounding how easy it is to cast doubt on the earlier life of one who now was under suspicion of a serious crime. Harmless events suddenly take on a new meaning.

63/1 What I myself told about my last 5 years in Washington was met with pronounced skepticism. Some went so far as to suggest that they were convinced that I had led a life of adventure there, having neither been admitted to the bar nor as a professor at the university. The inquiries that they would make there would without doubt reveal that all that was nothing more than American razzle-dazzle.

63/2 My affairs in the Orient appeared even more of an adventure to the investigation judge and the district attorney than my life in America had. That was downright fraudulent. Could I deny that at the core of all the Turkish stores had been bribery? That everything centered around bribes? The German ambassador to Turkey, Baron von Marschall, had been questioned as witness about this point. I was told that his excellency would spend his vacation in Baden and could be questioned as a witness at the main trial. Whereupon I answered (64) that would be fine with me because it would give me the opportunity to ask the ambassador if it wasn't customary to include bribes in doing business with the Turkish government. If, for example, Krupp and Die Deutsche Bank did otherwise. The ambassador's closing sentence was odd. There was nothing to my disadvantage learned in Constantinople and my behavior was that of a gentleman, which of course didn't exclude the possibility that I may have committed the crime charged to me at a later time. Herr von Marschall had been district attorney in Baden before he became a diplomat.

64/1 They found a number of hotel bills from my time in Constantinople among the thing they confiscated from me. Once they told me that it was an immoderate extravagance to spend hundreds of francs a day. I disagreed. They showed me bills which indeed contained such figures; it wasn't francs, but piaster. All the same, fifty to seventy marks a day is a terrible luxury. I disagreed with that. Whoever wants to introduce large stores in the Orient has to spend a lot of money because the people there attribute decisive meaning to such formalities. But they knew better. I was and remained an adventurer and a spendthrift.

Chapter 6 Journeys

- 65/1 Now, after the investigation judge's plan to get a confession had failed, he thought he still had a trump card left to play. He did so now.
- 65/2 One evening I was told that I would be taken to Baden-Baden the next day. Why? I got just a shrug of the shoulders in reply-- but I could guess.
- 65/3 We went part way by train and then changed to 2 carriages, one for the investigation judge and one for the accused along with two officials as per usual. A third guard was the older of the 2 who'd picked me up in London. He greeted me cordially and asked me many questions along the way. Some I answered, some I didn't. His obtrusiveness and acting as though he were important annoyed me. Whenever I could lead him down the wrong path, I did so with pleasure. It was grotesque that this coarse, clumsy man thought he could sound me out. There was nothing Sherlock Holmesian in him at all. I always considered it a bad piece of luck that he happened to be the first on the scene of the crime and did the first investigations.
- 65/4 As we neared Baden-Baden, the carriage drove to the right (66) into a side valley, then uphill through some woods until we reached the top. From there Kaiser-Wilhelm Street led down to Lichtentaler Avenue. We stopped at the famous linden grove, and the investigation judge ordered me to get out. Both sides of the street were cordoned off, and there were large crowds behind the barriers.
- 66/1 We stood across from each other, pale from inner agitation. He raised his hand and said, "Accused one, it is my duty to admonish you with all urgency, here at the place where the bloody deed was done, to give a repentant confession."
- 66/2 I said I had no confession to make since I did not consider myself to be guilty.
- 66/3 The district attorney also came up and goaded me with hasty words. I paid no attention to him whatsoever. Thereupon I was ordered to quickly go from where the shot was fired uphill and to turn into the linden grove. I did as told. The reason for this was that my sister-in-law turned and saw a man with a turned-up collar run into the linden grove after her mother fell dead next to her. They wanted to give her the opportunity to say whether I was identical with that man.
- 66/4 I was then loaded back into the carriage and taken to the train station. The staged scene had left me very much feeling under pressure, and I felt spent and miserable. But the old guard wouldn't leave me in peace.
- 66/5 "Just tell me now," he started in, "where did you toss the revolver when you ran through the gardens to the depot?"
- 66/6 I looked at him uncomprehendingly. I had absolutely not thrown away any revolver nor run through any gardens.
- 67/1 "Oh, go on-- you can tell me. You went through the linden grove and then to the side through the beeches. That is, you climbed over the fence and went through the Hotel Mesmer gardens and on to the train station. We checked it out ourselves, and by going this way, you had enough time before the train left."
- 67/2 I had to laugh. "A nice idea, but if I'd run through the gardens at night and in the fog, I'd have broken my neck."
- 67/3 With a crafty look he said, "Oh, you weren't so unfamiliar with those gardens. You were in the same hotel a few months earlier. You would have had the opportunity to check everything out."
- 67/4 "Well, I didn't think about that-- you're right. I took the opportunity to study the lay of the land and to note where to climb the fence. But how could I have known then that I would later have an opportunity to go just at that spot into the linden grove? Did I already know that I would commit murder just at that spot on Kaiser Wilhelm Street?"
- 67/5-6 "Well, of course you would have known that. Why not?" "Your acumen is just too uncanny."

- 67/7 "You won't tell me where you threw the revolver? I haven't left a stone unturned - I've looked there for days on end, but never found anything. I said, 'He took the revolver along.' But the lieutenant said, 'He threw it away. That's what they all do. The first thing they do when they can think again is to get rid of the *corpus delictus*. (68) Unless of course they are hardened criminals.' And you'd no doubt admit that you aren't one of them."
- 68/1 "Yes, I admit that. Gladly. But I won't admit that I threw away a revolver that night. Sorry-- I'd have liked to have done you the favor. All the more since you have such a high opinion of me."
- 68/2 "Because I said that you're a criminal? It's true. Who knows when someone will shoot their mother-in-law. Happens a lot. Another case like that not too long ago in Thuringia, if I'm not mistaken. He only got a couple years in prison. Extenuating circumstances, they said. Ha ha. Most of them were no doubt married, the men of the jury. But of course he confessed. As soon as one does that, the whole affair takes on another light. And the fact that you didn't get along with your mother-in-law is known here in Baden, too."
- 68/3 He kept on talking along these lines for quite a while, and no doubt thought himself quite clever. The other two were visibly impressed by his abilities and listened intently to try to profit from it, too. Finally I no longer answered; I leaned back and closed my eyes.
- * * *
- 68/4 That was the first trip to Baden-Baden. The second followed a while later.
- 68/5 This time they had me cover the distance from the post office to the lindens at a fast pace in order to determine that (69) it was possible to reach the scene of the crime on time after the telephone call.
- 69/1 Then there was a longer session in the district court. The investigation judge had me appear before those who had seen the questionable character with the false beard on the afternoon of November 6 in the vicinity of the Villa Molitor. I sat in a room with 'Barbarossa/Sherlock Holmes' and from time to time witnesses came in, looked at me with expressions showing the most different mixtures of emotions, and then they disappeared. One of the witnesses, an postal official who had placed my call, bravely came right up to me, sized me up without fear and asked, "You are the one who telephoned on that evening, aren't you?" "Of course I am."
- 69/2 When he'd left, the guard said, "There, see now-- it's much better to just say right out how it was. Keep that up and you'll put off prison altogether. There's no point in lying. We've got all kinds of witnesses, of all sorts."
- 69/3 The most important of the witnesses was the coachman, Braun. He had picked up a fare on the evening of November 6 and had taken him to the train station. There the man had given him 2 marks without even asking the price. When he came in, he said he could not with absolute certainty say that I was that man; but he did believe he recognized me. In the accusation papers special weight was given to the fact that I had used Braun's coach and to the 2 marks. Who else could it have been except the accused? (70) Who pays a coachman 2 marks for such a short ride without asking the price? Only such a notorious spendthrift. The coachman did say however that he'd picked up his fare at the Alleehaus, a few hundred meters from where the lindens meet the avenue, towards Lichtental, that is, in the opposite direction from the train station. That couldn't be right, of course, and so the district attorney assumed that Coachman Braun was mistaken and that actually I had gotten in the coach at the Empress Augusta Monument. After all, a coachman's memory can't be trusted too much.
- 70/1 Braun was, by the way, the only witness from Baden who'd seen me without the beard. From that the accusation declared that I had torn off the beard immediately after the deed.

- 70/2-3 Finally the investigation judge led in an older lady with hand raised and asked her after she looked at me through her monocle, "Excellence, do you recognize in the accused the person in question?" "Yes, it is he; no question but that that is the Flying Dutchman."
- 70/4 "You see," grinned the guard after the door closed behind the 2 of them. "There is even a commanding general's widow who saw you. All kinds of witnesses.
* * *
- 70/5 And now finally I had to be dragged to Frankfurt to confront the hotel barber and the hotel porter. Once again the "Herr Doktor" met me at the train station and didn't leave my side for almost the whole day; he would have liked to use the opportunity to cover himself with fame.
- 71/1 When we arrived at the investigation prison, he excused the 2 criminal officials from Karlsruhe until the evening-- they should look around Frankfurt some, he said, which they appeared willing to do. He took me to a cell that didn't look like a cell but a middle class living room. He invited me to sit next to him on the sofa, offered me a cigar, and said, "So, make yourself comfortable. If you have any requests for food or drink, there should be no lack. You know what it says in the Bible: let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we must die."
- 71/2 That made me rather uncomfortable. "Do you think that death is so close to me? Do you already see me on the scaffold?"
- 71/3 "Oh, no," he said laughing; "that was just a joke. They won't execute you. The old duke won't sign the death sentence. At least not now, and certainly not this year. But you needn't worry on that account."
- 71/4-5 "Who told you that I was worried about that? Besides, I haven't been condemned to death yet." "But you don't expect to be cleared, do you?"
- 71/6 I shrugged my shoulders and said nothing. He studied his cigar for a while, deep in thought and then said, "You know, for me the case isn't so simple. The officials assume murder. There can really be no doubt that you fired the shot. But still I can imagine that it is not concerned with a murder but a death blow. That seems more probable to me. The way you have described the affair, your behavior on that day and before, the costume-- all that doesn't point so much to a crime committed with cold precalculation as to one committed in effect. I already had that impression when in my investigation (72) in the hotel I immediately came across your name and determined that you had had the hotel barber come to your room in order to order the fake beard. No one who plans a cold-blooded murder behaves like that. And I hear that you also had the beard made in the hotel in London. I'll assume that you made the plan in London to travel to Baden-Baden unrecognized with the help of the fake beard to murder your mother-in-law. But then you wouldn't have gone to a barber who knew you. You wouldn't have gone to a barber in London at all because you'd have said to yourself: Since they know I've come from London, they'll investigate there. I think you went to Paris to get the beard, in which case a discovery would be as good as impossible to make. Instead of that, you come here to Frankfurt, sign in at the hotel under your own name, give the porter a telegram for your wife, have the fake beard put on by the hotel barber, and leave for Baden-Baden. In short, you acted as if you wanted to make it impossible for us not to follow your tracks. Either you weren't thinking straight or you weren't thinking at all about a crime."
- 72/1 "Assume for a moment that the latter is the case. I wasn't thinking at all about a crime. What's stopping you from going one step further and assuming that I really didn't commit a crime?"
- 72/2-5 "But it's a fact that you did shoot your mother-in-law." "No, I did not shoot my mother-in-law." "Phooey! Who else is supposed to have done it?" I said nothing.
- 73/1-2 "Somebody had to do it. So who?" I said nothing.

- 73/3 "If you didn't do it yourself, you must know who did. Because no one will ever believe that you had nothing to do with the deed."
- 73/4 We talked back and forth like this for hours without anything coming of it. The Herr Doktor finally had to concede that he could do nothing with me. I hope he didn't regret giving me the cigars and treating me with consideration.
- 73/5 The meeting with the witnesses took place in the course of the afternoon. The barber and porter recognized me.
- * * *
- 73/6 Where else could we go? To Constantinople? That was too far. But the district attorney felt it necessary to be present at the interrogation of the Paris witnesses. This could take place only through a French judge, of course, but he wanted to be there. So, off to Paris.
- 73/7 He didn't take me along. But he invited my defense lawyer to go along. He told him on the way he would do everything possible to secure a murder conviction. If the jury recommended the death sentence, I could always later be granted mitigating circumstances so that I would get off with a relatively shorter prison sentence-- which would without a doubt be a calamity.
- 73/8 After they got back from Paris, I asked Dr. Dietz what kind of results the witness interrogation had. Nothing important. The room service woman had said that on the day before the arrival of my mother there was a heated (74) exchange of words between my wife and me. My wife is said to have cried a lot.
- 74/1 The district attorney did not succeed in uncovering evidence of a murder. The original text of the telegram was recovered, and it was given to an expert for handwriting analysis.

Chapter 7 In the Clinic

- 75/1 The investigation was pretty much done by the middle of March. Only the question of my sanity remained. As usual, this was supposed to be determined by a 6-week stay in a psychiatric clinic. Professor Hoche's in Freiburg was chosen.
- 75/2 The professor paid me a short visit in Karlsruhe. This was certainly a different type of person than the local doctor. An important intellectual with worldly manners, very secure in his presence. While he conducted the conversation in a very unforced and considered manner, he observed me exactly; his blue eyes behind his gold glasses had a ruthless urgency. It was not a pleasant feeling to have to serve as the object of a scientific study like that.
- 75/3 This man was to determine whether I was in complete possession of my faculties on November 6 and therefore responsible for the deed, in case I had done it. How could he determine that? Examination, observation, studying the files-- was that enough to form an opinion?
- 75/4 I of course knew that my defense lawyer put his only hope in the expert opinion of the psychiatrist. He saw absolutely no other possibility of defence than to plead diminished mental faculties. And there was no doubt for him that I was not mentally normal. Until now all his briefs had been along these lines.
- 76/1 And so one early spring day I again went down the well-known streets of the city of Freiburg. Was it really only 6 years ago that I had lived here as a carefree student?
- 76/2 The clinic was outside, toward Herdern, and was a rambling building with many courtyards and gardens. An assistant doctor met me and after a short examination gave me over to the head attendant who led me through rooms and hallways to the outermost end of one of the side wings where he opened a door with glass windows and pleasantly invited me to enter the room assigned to me. It was a small, simply furnished but very high room with many windows with panes of glass in thick iron frames, reaching almost to the ceiling. They could be opened only from the outside by means of a special apparatus. This put up a barrier to escape attempts without giving the room the appearance of a prison because of window bars. The head attendant, who treated me with utmost courtesy, voiced his hope that I would be comfortable here. He'd been instructed to fill all my wishes as far as was possible and had found an attendant for me who I was certain to be satisfied with, the best that he had. But if I should have any complaints, he urged me to inform him and not go immediately to the privy counsellor right away. The way he said "privy counsellor" was very revealing.
- 76/3 He brought the attendant and introduced him to me. "So, that was Michel." Michel used the extreme politeness of his superior as his example and made every effort to exceed him. There was a continual "Jawohl, Herr Lawyer-- As you wish, Herr Lawyer." That may have been the correct way to deal with mentally unstable people, (77) but at first it bothered me a lot. Later I got used to it.
- 77/1 "If Herr Lawyer would like to go for a little walk now," Michel said after the head attendant left, "I am at your disposal."
- 77/2 I had seen many mentally ill patients in several courtyards I had passed, some of them screaming, some gesturing wildly. I didn't want to be among them at any price.
- 77/3 "Oh, no," Michel said in the tone of a mother calming a frightened child, "what does Herr Lawyer think. I would never bring Herr Lawyer together with the sick ones. Herr Lawyer has his own courtyard for himself where he is completely alone. Just behind the window, Herr Lawyer. You see? There's no one there."
- 77/4 Indeed there was a small courtyard beyond the window surrounded by a rather low wall beyond which were visible meadows and fields, in the background wooded mountains. We went out, and Michel did his best to talk with me.

- 77/5 At noon he served a good and ample meal and faithfully helped finish the bottle of wine. Then he furnished cigars, books, and newspapers and asked if Herr Lawyer had any other wishes, and then withdrew.
- 77/6 As I was sitting in comforting quiet at the table and reading, I suddenly heard a noise. I looked up and saw a face in the door's window, a face so terribly contorted that shivers ran up and down my back. As I neared the door, the lunatic began to talk in words that tumbled over themselves, almost not understandable, accompanied by grotesque movements of his arms and legs. He then tore off his night shirt and danced naked in the hallway. By then Michel came and quieted him, put (76) his shirt back on, and marched him away. He was back right away, came in to me and exhausted himself soothing me when he saw my horror. "Oh, no, Herr Lawyer, you mustn't upset yourself about that. There's nothing to it at all. The poor man is completely harmless, wouldn't hurt a fly, and he couldn't possibly have come in here to you since the door is locked."
- 78/1-2 "Where did you take him? Did you put him in a straight jacket?" "Oh, no, Herr Lawyer, not at all. There are no straight jackets here. Here everything is done with goodness. I put him in his bath; he's sitting in warm water and is completely satisfied. A completely harmless person."
- 78/3-4 "What kind of person is he?" "A doctor, Herr Lawyer. A very capable doctor with a large practice. He strained himself too much and is a bit daffy. But he's already doing better, soon he will be healthy again."
- 78/5 My excitement slowly died down, but the experience left behind a strong impression. It was uncanny for me in there. Evenings, when I lay in bed, I strained to hear every noise, and as soon as I heard the the cry of some patient off in the distance, my imagination conjured up bogeymen. I had to take refuge in sleeping pills; usually they gave me paralhyde. Unfortunately I soon got so accustomed to it that I couldn't get along without it anymore.
- 78/6 Every few days the privy counsellor came and put me under the microscope. I gave him truthful information as difficult as it was sometimes for me, because he probed into the most secret corner of my soul. He said nothing about the trial itself. I had the impression that he considered me guilty.
- 79/1 After a few weeks I was visited by me defense attorney. He was on his way to Italy where he wanted to rest for a while. He said he'd searched out the privy counsellor in order to find out from him what his expert opinion would probably be. But he had declined to say anything at the present time. In any case he had in mind to get a second opinion and had Professor Aschaffenburg in Cologne in mind for this. I protested: another 6 weeks in an insane asylum! I had enough of this one, to which he replied that another stay in a clinic wouldn't be required; the professor would visit me in the investigation prison. He would base his opinion on those visits and the case files.
- 79/2-5 "Where are you traveling to?" I asked him as he left. "To Santa Margherita!" "Santa Margherita!" I cried. "Santa Margherita Ligure?" "Yes, on the Ligurian coast near Rapallo. Do you know it?"
- 79/6 And how I knew it. What a strange coincidence. In this small town lay one of the roots of the tree of misfortune whose bitter fruit now had ripened. But there was nothing about that in the files. Dr. Dietz looked at me curiously.
- 79/7 I gave him an evasive answer and then asked, "Do you still have the intention to plead manslaughter?"
- 79/8 "I see no other possibility. Hopefully the privy counsellor's opinion will at least indicate reduced accountability. The law doesn't actually recognize that, but at least it's something to work with. If you were completely normal on November 6, the death penalty is as good as certain. But it does occur to me that this could be a case of *aberratio ictus*."
- 79/9 "*Aberratio ictus*? What is that?" I really never had heard that term before. But I of course understood immediately what he meant.

- 80/1-4 "Well, it is possible to say that the shot was not meant for your mother-in-law at all, but for another." "which other?" "Superfluous question. There is only one other-- your sister-in-law." "What a phantasy-filled idea. And let's say it was like that-- how would it help? The situation is still the same."
- 80/5 "Oh, no. The situation is not the same. If you had gone to Baden-Baden to shoot your mother-in-law, and robbery-murder was taken as the basis due to lack of "another," then a conviction of murder would result. But if you wanted to hit your sister-in-law then it would probably concern a crime done under emotion. So therefore manslaughter or even bodily injury resulting in death."
- 80/6 "But why should I have wanted to shoot my sister-in-law? It would be harder to find a motive for that than the other case. No, there is nothing to the *aberratio ictus*. Get that thought out of your head."
- 80/7 "That's ok with me. 'It's not my skin being carried to market.' As long as you won't give me any information, I've got to try to make the best of a desperate situation. I'm feeling around in the fog just like the investigation judge and the district attorney. It's just that those gentlemen have it so much easier than I do. But the jury is still out, so to say. The main trial will probably not take place before July-- anything can happen before then."
- 80/8 "What have you heard recently from my wife?"
- 80/9 "I wrote to her and told her she should come to Karlsruhe to give me a chance to talk to her. She is still in Oldenburg at her friend's house. I also made it clear to her that if Dr Hoche's expert opinion about your mental state was negative, I thought it very likely that you might be sentenced to death or life in prison. (81) She said she would come as soon as the opinion was in. I'm certain that a face-to-face talk would clear up a lot of things. Most of all I'd like to learn more from her about the events in Paris and the 2 weeks prior spent in Baden-Baden. How did it actually come about to take your sister-in-law along to Paris?"
- 81/1 "Well, my wife invited her along. But there's nothing surprising in that. Besides I don't understand what these family affairs have to do with my case. I would appreciate it, Herr Doctor, if you'd direct your activities to other areas."
- 81/2 He looked at me annoyed. A nasty client. How often has he tried to lay his mandate at my feet. According to his convictions at that time, the only right thing for me to have done was to hang myself. It was not without ulterior motives that he told me about a recent case in Hessen in which the accused removed himself from the proceedings by committing suicide. - - -
- 81/3 I was glad when the end of my stay at the clinic drew near. Even if I appeared to be doing alright on the outside, the contact with the mentally ill grew more and more unbearable. I believe in time that I myself would have become mentally ill.
- 81/4 Meanwhile spring had come. The fruit trees beyond the wall were white and pink. It broke my heart whenever I looked out my window and saw the festively dressed people walking by. Sometimes the thought occurred to me that this was the last spring I would experience.
- 81/5 Michel had taken a bicycle trip in the Black Forest at Easter time, and there was no end to his stories. We sat (82) on the bench in the courtyard with sunshine all around and the mountains in the background-- the good man relived all the pleasures of his Easter trip once more and didn't realize how painful it was for me to listen to it all. He was sure in his naive disposition that I would be cleared. Hundreds of times he assured me, "Herr Lawyer, you'll see-- in a few months you'll be free. They can't convict you. It's only circumstantial evidence." But beyond the popular belief that one couldn't be condemned to death on circumstantial evidence was another idea that he tended to speak quite openly, namely: "One crow doesn't pick out the eyes of another."
- 82/1 The privy counsellor asked me on his last visit if I thought I was mentally a completely healthy person on November 6. I thought for a while and said that I could answer neither yes nor no.

- 82/2-3 "You mean you don't know?" "I can answer neither yes nor no. Please be satisfied with this answer."
- 82/4 On a fine April day I went down Zähringer Street with my (this time) 3 escorts, past my old student rooms and to the train station. The train was overfilled, and in our compartment sat a young, thin girl whose mouth didn't stop for one minute. She kept my escorts constantly busy with her questions. Their hard police qualities were softened by her warm, beaming eyes. In spite of all their official reserve, they could not escape the magic of her happy being. Only I remained quiet. But I noticed how she often looked at me and seemed to ask, "What kind of fellow is that who (53) never opens his mouth and has an expression as if to say that none of the rest of us were even here?" -- Dear child, if they had told you who sat across from you, your laughing would have caught in your throat and your big brown eyes would have opened wide in fear.
- 83/1 There were "life-threatening" crowds at the train station in Karlsruhe. I worked my way through the throngs and suddenly noticed that my 3 escorts were not to be seen. For a short time I had regained my freedom. What if I had used the opportunity to get on the next train which was leaving even now and ride away? God, what an uproar that would have caused!
- 83/2 As I neared the exit, the 3 were standing there together with sheepish faces, gesturing wildly. They had probably lived through a few very unpleasant moments. When they saw me, the only thing they didn't do was hug me out of joy.