

Baron von Reitzenstein
Captain, ret.
On the Resumption of Hau's Trial

The "Gray-bearded Man" behind the Molitor Women on November 6, 1906,
my Challenge to the District Attorney Dr. Bleicher to a Duel with Pistols

and

my Imprisonment in Ehrenbreitstein in Koblenz

For Truth and Justice

- 3/1 Shortly after 6 pm on November 6, 1906, in Baden-Baden near the so-called Linden grove on Kaiser Wilhelm Street, Frau Josefine Molitor was killed by a shot in the back fired at close range. Her son-in-law Dr. Carl Hau, a lawyer, was arrested as the presumed murderer and sentenced to death on July 23, 1907, by a jury court on grounds of circumstantial evidence provided by the grand ducal district attorney Dr. Bleicher. Hau, who had not confessed, was then given life-long sentence which he is currently serving.
- 3/2 It appeared that this horrible deed and Hau's case had come to their end. But it should be otherwise. After the surprise caused by the jury's verdict, doubt began to grow as to the conclusiveness of the circumstantial evidence which the district attorney had secured at the cost of my wife. The district attorney made the first part of this testimony his own, that is, my wife's encounter with the tall, pale, disguised-in-black Hau in Kaiser Wilhelm Street by (4) the Villa Nagell around 8 minutes before 6 pm on the way to the mailbox in the vicinity of the Villa Helena (about 3 minutes down the street from our Villa Edina). The correctness of this testimony was also confirmed in detail by the accused Hau. The second and certainly just as truthful part of my wife's testimony— that she was met by the Molitor women on her way back from the mailbox shortly before 6 in front of our villa and then had seen in the immediate vicinity an average-sized, gray-bearded man dressed in brown who was following the Molitor women at a distance of about 20 paces— this second part was put into the realm of fantasy by Dr. Bleicher in the Molitor-Herzog trial. In the jury trial of Hau, he was of the opinion that this gray-bearded man (who, according to the testimony of my wife, appeared harmless and seemed familiar to her) was likewise Hau whom she had seen about 6 minutes earlier going up the street and whom she had feared. Hau also strongly disputed being the gray-bearded man, all the more because this one was supposed to be the murderer according to the circumstantial evidence of the district attorney. And this gray-bearded man is, if not the murderer, then an eyewitness. In order to bring clarity and truth into the mysterious darkness, the investigation must concern itself therefore unceasingly and tirelessly with him.
- 4/1 After these introductory remarks, I now come to the matter at hand and will try to prove what was not allowed me in the court room on July 23, 1908, that is, that Carl Hau can not have been the gray-bearded man and (5) therefore not Frau Molitor's murderer as in the circumstantial evidence of the district attorney Dr. Bleicher.

I.

The "Gray-bearded Man" behind the Molitor Women
on November, 6, 1906

- 5/1 Today, November 6, 1908, my thoughts fly from the ramparts of the proud Rhine fortress Ehrenbreitstein where I have to serve a one month sentence for the unfortunately unsuccessful challenge to a duel with pistols I made to the district attorney Dr. Bleicher, the man who insulted my wife, back to the Villa Edina in beautiful Baden-Baden. There is where I sat 2 years ago at 6 pm, upstairs in my room facing Kaiser Wilhelm Street and was engaged in the solving of a tactical problem. Outside it was quiet and rather dark. My quiet was disturbed around 6:30 by an agitated conversation which was carried on by wife and by a letter carrier who had just then come in. I paid no further attention because I believed that it concerned a postal matter.
- 5/2 After a short while the letter carrier left and immediately afterwards my wife came into the room, looking distraught, and said to me, "Frau Molitor has just been shot on our street at the Villa Nagell." Astounded I sprang up and asked for further details. For years I had known (not personally but at sight) Frau Molitor who had so abruptly withdrawn from life. (6) In the past few days I had been struck by the worry-filled face of the old woman and a certain anxiety with which she appeared to look at her villa further down the street from ours. In spite of that I couldn't believe there had been a murder on our well-lighted and, in the early evening hours, well-used street. I thought instead about an accident.
- 6/1-2 My wife, who had received painful news of a death toward midday, now calmly related the following:
"About 10 minutes to 6 I went to the mailbox (3 minutes down the street) in order to mail a sympathy card. On the way there I met a tall, strange man (Hau) who was going up the street along the garden wall of the Villa Nagell, taking long strides. He wore a long, black coat with the collar turned up, had a black beard and a pale looking face. I was afraid of this man and returned slowly and hesitantly from the mailbox. Shortly before the intersection of Kronprinz Street, a woman came toward me (Mrs. Terzi) who almost ran into me, but didn't stop. That, too, I found strange. I met Frau Molitor and Miss Olga Molitor walking on the path by the garden wall of our villa. About 20 paces behind them followed a man (the "gray-bearded man") who passed by close to me near our garden gate. He was of average size, wore a rather long, brown man's coat with the collar turned down and had normal face coloring and a mottled, gray beard. This man, who appeared harmless and seemed familiar to me, had a measured (7) step and upright stance. I stopped for a moment at the garden gate in order to observe an automobile coming up the street and which turned off onto Kronprinz Street and saw that the man had stopped there, too. Then I went through the garden into the house. Just as I came in it struck 6."
"I never heard a shot."
- 7/1 I, too, had heard no shot and also didn't know that my wife had gone to the mailbox. We believed that the man disguised in black had murdered Frau Molitor. On the other hand we thought the gray-bearded man in brown to be a harmless pedestrian. From my wife's description I thought of a man (assistant customs official Schlieve of Baden) whom I had often seen on our street as well as in the vicinity of the Molitor villa and in the reading room of the spa. I knew him only by sight. I tried to seek out this man on the next day, but he was and continued to be gone temporarily, and no one could or

would help me find him. Finally a woman told me that she thought the man was previously an officer of Austria (von Lindenau?!) but who did not live in Baden-Baden. From then on we referred to the man as the "Austrian," who was also later traced by me.

- 7/3 It is known that suspicion was immediately cast on Frau Molitor's son-in-law to have shot her. He was arrested in England, brought her and presented to my wife on our street who immediately recognized him as the man in black who met her on the evening of November, 6, 1906, on the way to the (8) mailbox. Many other people had also seen this striking man (who one witness described as looking like the "Flying Dutchman") in various places in Baden-Baden, mostly by daylight. But all had seen him only before Frau Molitor was shot. My wife and I now knew that Hau had been the tall, young man we had repeatedly seen in October walking past our villa, alone and with Miss Molitor.
- 8/1 Hau, accused of the murder of Frau Molitor, was brought before the jury court in the middle of July, 1907. This trial was supposed to open our eyes, not out spiritual ones, but our physical ones which we opened wide in surprise and indignation when we heard the strange circumstantial evidence of the district attorney, Dr. Bleicher. According to it, Hau, whose large, black, Hamlet-like figure my wife had feared and the smaller, gray-bearded man in brown seen by my wife 6 minutes later and who was following the Molitor women, were supposed to have been one and the same person and the murderer. Simply unbelievable! It is of course natural that my wife had looked especially close at this man whom she additionally seem to recognize. All the more after we had noticed how disturbed the unfortunate Frau Molitor was the day before. Hau certainly wouldn't have dared to follow the Molitor's so closely and then pass so near to my wife whom he had just met and whom he had known on sight since his October visit.
- 9/1-2 The assumption that Hau had united the existence of a gray-bearded man with that of his proven black existence, and therefore a double ego, cannot be upheld. Hau rejected even more firmly this union with the doppelgänger so unlike him because the gray-bearded man was supposed to be the murderer according to the evidence of Dr. Bleicher. But the murder appears to have happened in the blink of an eye, because otherwise Frau Molitor would not have been shot walking.
- 9/3 According to Olga Molitor's testimony, the measured footsteps of the troublesome follower had stopped just before the murder because the gray-bearded man had after all, like my wife had seen, too, stopped at Kronprinz Street. Now he could have turned onto this street or further followed the Molitor women, because suddenly there were again quick footsteps behind them, the shot was fired, and Miss Olga saw a "tall figure" with flapping coat run through the Linden grove. That all must have happened in a twinkling because otherwise it is not to be explained that Frau Molitor was shot while still in motion and had not turned around when she heard the fast footsteps or even running behind her. My wife and I, we certainly would have turned to see who was following us so fast. Besides in spite of her fears, Frau Molitor could hardly expect that a murderer was behind her; rather she must have believed that the one hurrying up to her was a rude person or maybe someone sent from her villa. Turning around would have been expected, and since this did not occur, it seems to me that the murder happened in a twinkling.
- 10/1 Furthermore, that the murderer didn't need to be behind the Molitor women, but could have been in front of them until just shortly before the shot, is proved by the testimony of Mrs. Terzi. Shortly before 6, she saw a large man in black on Kaiser Wilhelm Street coming from Kronprinz Street who was

standing at the garden fence of the villa Adele (not Addy!) and looking into the garden. This man gave Mrs. Terzi such a scare that she went down the street faster and nearly ran into my wife returning from the mailbox. She had not seen this man anywhere else. Immediately afterwards my wife met the Molitor women and the gray-bearded man following them. It is especially noticeable now that the important testimony of Mrs. Terzi was given practically no attention in the jury trial, and all the more so when this witness, still standing below at the Linden grove, probably heard the shot but did not hear any sound in the grove and did not see the tall fleeing figure. In answer to the judge's question whether the witness hears well, Mrs. Terzi explained that she hears very well. Only later-- after the search of the writer Paul Lindau's house-- was the testimony of this witness dealt with, but the man in black standing at the fence could now only play a roll in this drama as an uncomfortable extra.

- 10/2 At the time when Mrs. Terzi saw the man standing at the fence, Hau, according to his statement, was already on his way from the Engelhorn Villa to Lichtentaler Avenue where he got into a coach and went to the train depot. The sworn testimony of the very unfairly attacked (11) shopkeeper Miss E. Eisele later confirmed Hau's statement because she had seen a tall, pale man dressed in black get into the coach; only when it had left in the direction of the train depot did she hear the shot fired up on Kaiser Wilhelm Street. Otherwise Hau, who, according to the circumstantial evidence of the district attorney Dr. Bleicher, was supposed to have hurried to the train depot as if "spurred on by the Furies," would not have been seen by anyone else. But that appears completely impossible; Baden-Baden, which is usually lively even in late autumn at 6 pm around the depot area, must have turned into a ghost town. Accordingly Hau cannot have been the man at the fence and even less the gray-bearded man who appeared later.
- 11/1 By the way, even today Hau has still not been confronted by Miss Eisele, even though this witness declared she would very likely recognize the man seen by her in a similar confrontation.
- 11/2 A short while later, at the beginning of August, 1907, I found myself in Hameln on business. How glad I was when suddenly in the papers there appeared the news that the gray-bearded man had been traced to the 65-year-old "Baron" von Lindenau living in Karlsruhe. Hau was therefore not the gray-bearded man and since Lindenau claimed to have been an Austrian officer, it appeared that the "Austrian" was found. But it was soon to be revealed that Lindenau was not the "Austrian" I sought but a completely different person. But right away I was struck by the fact that (12) Lindenau had not reported himself earlier; only in other circumstances that don't belong here did he come to light.
- 12/1 Lindenau wasn't actually a baron but probably rather a member of an old aristocratic family which however did not include the title 'baron.' This bearer of an old family name was at that time a marriage broker who if need be, in spite of his 65 years and even though he was married, came forward as marriage candidate. He was also no Austrian but the son of a Prussian captain and was only a short time in the Austrian army as a cadet.
- 12/2 I immediately got a letter from my wife who reported to me that Lindenau was not the Austrian (Schlieve) I was looking for, whom she also knew on sight, but a completely different person, although there was a certain similarity to the one I sought. Before the start of the confrontation on our street between Lindenau and my wife, the district attorney Dr. Bleicher had repeatedly said to her that this one hadn't even been in Baden-Baden on the day of the murder. Despite the inadmissible influencing of my wife as witness by the district

- attorney, she could not maintain with certainty at the confrontation that Lindenau had not been the gray-bearded man seen by her behind the Molitor women. She furthermore explained that in daylight and without the characteristic brown coat she could not recognize with certainty the gray-bearded man in Lindenau when he presented before her. But since he himself maintained that he was this person, it was no doubt possible.
- 12/3 Somewhat later I succeeded in finding the so-called "Austrian" whom I sought in Baden-Baden in the person (13) of a retired customs official, Mr. Schlieve. My wife, however, declared in the presence of 2 lawyers and me that Mr. Schlieve, as he himself gave assurance, was not the gray-bearded man of November 6, 1906, even though this assertion appeared to be completely justified by his brown coat, a gray beard, measured step, and upright bearing. Mr. Schlieve had a certain similarity and was the same age as v. Lindenau. He attributed his somewhat lengthy and for me so suspicious disappearance to a severe illness of his since deceased wife. The matter would have ended if, to our great regret, Mr. Schlieve had not unnecessarily made a report to the district attorney's office about the matter. Now he was incriminated and had to swear twice that he was not the gray-bearded man.
- 13/1 I, too, was now pulled into Hau's case by Mr. Schlieve's report and by order of the district attorney's office from Criminal Commissioner Behringer in Baden-Baden, my statement was taken about the "Austrian." Afterwards I had to view v. Lindenau who was in the investigation prison. When we entered the cell, I immediately again recognized in him a man who met me as I went up Kaiser Wilhelm Street by the high wall of the Schliep villa toward 1 o'clock in the afternoon at the time of the murder. This meeting also could have been on the 6th of November, 1906! By his appearance, I had at that time taken him to be a member of the Gypsy band from the Hotel Stephanie and was astounded to see such a person in Baden-Baden so late in the year. After the murder I had probably remembered this man with (14) a moderately long, brown coat and asked myself whether he might have been the gray-bearded man. But I had no clue to determine the identity of this person who apparently did not belong to the permanent inhabitants of our resort town. I was also convinced that the "Austrian" whom I sought had to be the gray-bearded man and so the suspicious unknown man receded into the background.
- 14/1 It is known that in the court proceedings against him, von Lindenau took back full of regret his slanderous insult that he had seen how Miss Olga Molitor had shot her mother; however, he maintained his assertion that he was the gray-bearded man. And this assertion was conditionally confirmed by my wife when she saw him. First of all von Lindenau had to spend 3 years in prison, a hard but well-earned punishment since the accursed lies of this man have caused great misfortune.
- 14/2 The well-known writer Dr. Paul Lindau was challenged to a duel by Lieutenant Molitor, Olga's brother, because of the slander to her in newspaper articles. Other men of letters, like the highly esteemed chief editor of the Baden newspaper, Mr. Herzog, had to take their place on the witness stand.
- 14/3 The sentenced von Lindenau was brought out of prison in the Molitor-Herzog trial in order to strengthen his assertion under oath that he was the gray-bearded man. He refused to testify and was fined 50 marks. Like many a witness he would have willingly paid this price if he (15) thereby could have taken care of his troublesome duty. But there are witnesses and then there are witnesses. My wife would not probably gotten off so easily if she had not wanted to testify.

- 15/1 Prison director Kopp did make it known in the Molitor-Herzog trial that von Lindenau did seem believable to him in prison, that he wasn't even in Baden on the day of the murder. Von Lindenau, who had been summoned by the district attorney's office, did however explain his refusal to testify in a conversation with the defense lawyer Max Oppenheimer; he only made the confession so he wouldn't have to be brought before the Karlsruhe court again. In the interest of truth and justice, it is therefore to be demanded with all emphasis that von Lindenau swears as witness that he was the gray-bearded man behind the Molitor women on November 6, 1906, even at the risk that this testimony would be cast into the realm of fantasy by the district attorney Dr. Bleicher. It must finally be demanded that Hau stands before the witness Eisele.
- 15/2 I now conclude my remarks about the gray-bearded man. My wife and I are completely convinced that this man and Hau are two completely different persons. We tend to assume that von Lindenau might have been the gray-bearded man. Therein is the possibility of clearing up the doubt which still exists about the identity of the gray-bearded man and confrontation of Miss Eisele on November 6, 1906. To all whom it may concern I therefore make the plea to take action so that finally the truth comes to light quickly and (16) unveiled and especially since such serious sacrifices were made.

II.

My Challenge of The District Attorney
Dr. Bleicher to a Duel with Pistols

16/1-2 Von Lindenau's refusal to strengthen his assertion that he was the gray-bearded man in testimony soon showed its damaging effect. District Attorney Dr. Bleicher uttered the following on May 20, 1908, in the Molitor-Herzog case:

"If the defense wants to know who the gray-bearded man is, I will tell them: he exists only in the fantasy of Mrs. Reitzenstein."

- 16/3 There was only one answer to this certainly insulting attack on my wife's testimony under oath, and it was given to the insulter as soon as I received word of it. I had published in volume 242 of the Badische Presse newspaper a "public explanation" which illuminated the subject and sharply rebuked the statement of the district attorney as an untrue assertion. At the same time I called on Dr. Bleicher (whom I considered by his education and position to be capable of giving satisfaction) personally to give account for this. When he did not give me satisfaction in a timely manner, I challenged him to a duel with pistols in a letter delivered by my brother-in-law, lord of the manor Baron von Wengersen, in Hameln. (17) Thereupon I reported this to my senior officer who had the right to wear a military uniform and to whom I, as a discharged officer, was subordinated.
- 17/1 I could not accept as sufficient the district attorney's first responses to my challenge, a written statement, which said it had been far from his mind to insult my wife. The man who delivered my challenge also now got a letter from Dr. Bleicher which, without giving any reason, declined the challenge.
- 17/2 After Dr. Bleicher had brought to my attention that § 201 of the Reich law code forbade duels with deadly weapons when under punishment by imprisonment, the personal side of the matter was taken care of for me. I also had this taken down in no uncertain terms at the pre-trial proceedings in Hameln and also reported it to my senior officer.
- 17/3 The proceedings against me took place on July 23, 1908, in Karlsruhe. Judge Maaß presided while the first district attorney Mühlhing represented the prosecution. I appeared alone and defended myself. The court had released my challenge carrier from the proceedings. First, I gratefully acknowledge the most chivalrous manner in which the judge started the proceedings in that he had me, a 57-year old war veteran who suffered greatly from his wounds of 1870-71, take my place not in the dock, but at the defense table.
- 18/1 In the course of the trial many different views about honor and the law came out. I had to let myself be told by the judge that in our German Reich, where every honorable and sound citizen carries arms, that I was not allowed to judge my judges according to the customs of an officer. They had to conduct themselves according to the law. Of course; but here I stood before the court because I had to observe the unheard of attack of my wife's sworn testimony by the district attorney Dr. Bleicher as a hard, public insult. To this, after the refusal of appropriate satisfaction, there could be only one answer according not only to officer's customs but also to general customs of gentlemen: challenge to a duel. In this case my honor took precedence over the law. I could not take up the course of a court complaint against an insulter whom I considered to be capable of satisfaction.
- 18/2 On my specific demand, Dr. Bleicher, whom I'd not even seen yet, was called as witness and questioned under oath. Whereas I was forbidden by the judge to express any remarks about the gray-bearded man in the main trial and therefore statements of the motives which caused me, an old man, to challenge a much younger Dr. Bleicher to a duel, the district attorney as a witness was allowed to express himself

without hindrance about his circumstantial evidence and the sworn testimony of my wife. Was I to blame that I gave vent to my indignation at not being allowed to defend myself, a German citizen, sufficiently before a German court? Some of the inaccuracies which Dr. Bleicher stated (19) I refuted immediately in the court room. Specifically it was the portrayal that my wife was afraid not only of Hau but also of the gray-bearded man who to the contrary seemed harmless to her. Furthermore it is not correct that my wife thought several people to be the gray-bearded man. It was I, not she, who thought that according to her description, the man behind the Molitor women was Herr Schliewe, and von Lindenau described himself as the gray-bearded man. My wife spoke only of similarities in order to give the criminal police some sort of clue in the search. The district attorney really didn't need to rehash these inquiries which were already taken care of in the earlier trial.

- 19/1 When I wanted to express myself about my meeting with von Lindenau on Kaiser Wilhelm Street in Baden-Baden at the time of the murder, or even on the day of the murder, I was interrupted by the judge again with the remark that this did not belong to the matter at hand and the court did not want to go into the Hau matter. I was able only with great effort to say a few more words about von Lindenau and the improper events at his meeting with my wife; then the admission of evidence as closed.
- 19/2 District attorney Mühling then justified the accusation in which he said that he completely approved of Dr. Bleicher's the viewpoint and that there could be no talk of slander. After I had given a short closing word about honor and asked that my challenge carrier, the brother of my slandered wife, be cleared, the court recessed for consultation. (20) I was then given a one month jail sentence for challenging to a duel with deadly weapons. My challenge carrier, who the district attorney wanted sentenced to two weeks in jail, was given one week. In justifying the sentences, the judge said that on first examination, the statements of Dr. Bleicher could be taken as slanderous but that on closer examination, they were not to be so seen!
- 20/1-2 Thus I, an old soldier, had to endure a difficult battle with two district attorneys and five judges. It is embarrassing for an honorable, retired officer who is one with his fellow comrades in honor to have to answer in matters of honor to judges who are professed civilians and do not want to be dealt with according officers' standards. In matters of honor, I don't know any special officers' customs but only a gentleman's custom which for me stands higher than the letter of the law.
- 20/3 My sentence was carried out according to the law. I leave to the public the judging of the two district attorneys and am glad that the judges supported Mühling's reasons for accusation only with qualifications. I, however, maintain now as before that Dr. Bleicher publicly slandered my wife in that he in a very definite way described a part of her testimony given under oath as existing only in the realm of fantasy.
- 20/4 His late, vague written communication that it was far from his intent (21) to slander my wife cannot change anything. How would it have gone for the defense in the Hau trial if they had similarly attacked the sworn testimony of Miss Olga Molitor like Dr. Bleicher had done to the sworn testimony of Frau von Reitzenstein???

III.

My Jail Term in Ehrenbreitstein at Koblenz

- 21/1 I began my one-month jail term in Ehrenbreitstein at Koblenz on October 16, 1908. I had been at this fortress once before in 1872 as a young officer, but only as part of my training. After the experience of war, we had to catch up on the theory of war, too, in a shortened war college course in Kassel. From there we and our instructors made an excursion of several days to Koblenz to view this Rhine fortress. I was

- quartered with several comrades in the Hotel zum Riesen on the left bank and didn't suspect that I, 36 years later, would make an unwilling stay on the other side of the river in Ehrenbreitstein, 118 meters above.
- 21/3 Koblenz lies in a wonderful but also strategically important area where the Mosel flows into the Rhine. Surrounded by detached forts, the area is still considered strong today although in (22) Metz and Strasbourg there are mighty border fortifications for the Reich. A pontoon bridge connects Koblenz with the picturesque city of Ehrenbreitstein situated at the foot of the rock massif. A long, steep, winding roadway leads from the train station up to the fortress which was built between 1816 and 1828 utilizing war reparations from France.
- 22/1 As I reached the courtyard of the stone fortress at 4 in the afternoon, I turned to the left and went through a small garden into the bomb-proof vault of the rampart where the "fortress room prisoners" were quartered. Here I was greeted in a friendly manner by the guard, Sergeant Strauß, from the Eilenburg area. After a few formalities I was led through hallways and corridors up a dark spiral staircase and further until I stood before Room No. 6. The heavy door, outfitted with lock and bolt, but which was never secured, was opened, and walking in, I stood in a vault about 50 square meters large and lit by 2 high windows. The room would have seemed rather friendly if the light green painted walls had not been so dirty. The small garden with sycamore trees was under the barred windows. It was a small part of the courtyard which spread out toward the Rhine. There were two military units in rooms across from mine: the 9th Schleswig-Holstein foot artillery about 70-80 meters distant and a little further away the 28th Rhineland infantry. At my arrival there was a great deal of loud military activity with drills, targetting, fencing and formations.
- 23/1 In the middle of my room each of the side walls had a niche for a bed and closet. The room was furnished with a table, two chairs, dresser, mirror, washstand and an iron stove. I added to it a rubber bathtub. The wooden floor was oiled. There were star-shaped stains in the bed niche caused by rotten apples. Perhaps one of my predecessors had thrown them at some ghostly appearing coward, like Luther had thrown his ink well at the specter of the devil at Wartburg.
- 23/2 The sergeant's messenger now appeared, the Rhinelander Knieps, who attended to us. At my request he brought some cold water because bathing and washing are for me half of life. Then I went about unpacking my suitcase. My wife had provisioned me as if there was to be a state of siege at Ehrenbreitstein. At 8 o'clock Knieps served the evening meal which was prepared by the gentle hand of Mrs. Sergeant, tasty and good. The food was in general faultless, but since I was a vegetarian, I could only judge the goodness of the meat dishes by their hearty aroma. That the wine tastes good on the Rhine is known in Germany; but also first-rate beer and the for me indispensable mineral water were also available.
- 23/3 So, materially I was well provided for. But emotionally there was a great burden on me, the thought that for the first time in my life I was one who was robbed of freedom, a prisoner. I clenched my fist and cursed because the refusal of my challenge to a duel had brought me here. But after unloading a hearty "Donnerwetter!" the "hot-blooded (24) baron from Baden-Baden" gradually found his north German cold-bloodedness again.
- 24/1 Clear trumpet tones sounded. Taps was blown for the foot artillery troops. It also seemed to be the signal for me to go to bed at a seemly hour on this memorable day. I had in mind a long sleep and trustingly went to my narrow, hard bed which consisted of a paper-filled sack, a prickly horse-hair mattress, pillow and cover. I did not use the available blinds; light and air should come without hindrance into the room. It had grown dark and still over by the cannoneers and the people from Hannover who served them and whose plattdeutsch I later so liked to hear. The loud life of a soldier had grown still with the sound of the trumpet. But my heart beat furiously so that I

- could find no rest, no quiet. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but immediately there began a restless dreaming.
- 24/2 Gaunt figures of women with sharp facial features and long, pointy goose feathers behind their ears appeared at my bed, chattering loudly. These figures forced themselves on me with the many-voiced cry that I, as a defender of a privileged murder, did not deserve to live in so splendid a room, to sleep in such a wonderful bed, to eat such good things, and to drink beer. I belonged in prison, on a straw sack with bread and water. A certain aura was not to be bestowed on me by an easy punishment, which actually was no punishment at all. An aura? Just what I was lacking. I was frightened and grew pale and more pale-- a miserable fellow, lost I appeared. Then sweet (25) women floated to me, gentle melancholy and angelic goodness in their beautiful expressions, and scared away the wicked poltergeists.
- 25/1 I restlessly tossed on my bed. A dog barked outside, a harsh light from the court yard suddenly came into my room-- night rounds.
- 25/2 My eyes fell shut from weariness, but I could not sleep. My thoughts were now busy with the Federation of German Women's Clubs which shortly before had met in Breslau and had accepted "in principle without debate" recommendations of its "legal commission" about the dueling paragraphs 201- 209 of the Reich's penal code. They pointed to England where for some time dueling had been suppressed by stiff penalties, apparently without disadvantage, and was replaced by a legal slander accusation. No, you German women, those who you quote for the abolition of an ancient German tradition, the English, who are not a people of arms like we are and have completely different social customs, cannot be an example for us in this case. Besides, not the result-- the duel-- but the cause must be fought against and sharply punished when need be. People who do not have the personal courage to give satisfaction should also not slander cowards or even physically attack weaker ones violently. Only limited reason can come to mind for those who want to do away with age-old, regulated dueling and replace it with slander laws like those in all their dreadfulness that are so common in England.
- 25/3 Besides, dueling is not the custom only in certain circles. The simple worker, too, who calls out his slanderer to do battle with a knife or the (26) callused hand and thereby observes certain rules is a duelist.
- 26/1 With such thoughts I felt my limbs on the hard mattress and within me grew active the wish that two of the members of the women's group would be imprisoned in the not-yet-used women's cells, and long enough to know that imprisonment really is a punishment and no easy one.
- 26/2 Once again I sank into Morpheus' arms when trumpet sounds roared forth and dancing light surrounded me. Was I in some ballroom? No, across the way revelry was blown and the lighted lanterns carried by those getting up also lit up my room No. 6. Like thunder from afar sounded in my ears the noise of cleaning, and sleeping now seemed to be a thing of the past. But no, the spectacle of the sons of Mars preparing themselves for the day seemed to have a sleeping effect on me. I didn't awake from dreamless sleep until around 8 when Knieps came into the room, wished me a good morning, lit the stove, fetched water and, spilling only a little, prepared a cold bath. When he was finally done, I got out of bed, hobbled to the tub and dunked myself in the cold flood. Refreshed and lively, I slurped my coffee and went outside.
- 26/3 We could go walking for 5 hours everyday, in October from 9- 12 in the morning and from 4- 6 in the afternoons in the prison yard and adjoining areas (27) and get some fresh air. It was also permitted during these times to receive visitors. The sun still battled the fog, and my first day in the prison, a Friday, lay veiled before me. The troops were drilling in the courtyard; rough commands were sounded. I thought about my first time as a soldier and made for the Rhine with wet eyes. Near monuments I met fellow sufferers, kind, young, learned gentlemen, some of whom had already languished here months because of breaking dueling laws. One of these

- men was already here for the second time because of a duel. Besides these duelists who belonged to the "Private Cavalier Club of Ehrenbreitstein," there were other prisoners who were serving time for breaking other civil and military laws. A third category was a group of Ehrenbreitsteiners whose prison sentences were commuted to fortress imprisonment. A separation of the various categories of those with sentences of fortress imprisonment or those whose sentences were commuted to fortress imprisonment could be highly recommended for various reasons.
- 27/1 Now the sun succeeded in tearing the veil of fog and a splendid panorama offered itself to the delighted eye. Far below us rolled the majestic Father Rhine, his pretty daughter Mosel going along. There was lively activity on the river. Steamers with long strings of barges or proud ones alone glided smoking through the blue-gray waters and the surprisingly fast opening and closing locks aided by useful machinery. Gigantic lumber rafts, artfully steered, were maneuvered downstream by small tugs through (28) the narrowest of openings in the locks. At the foot of our fortress trains of the right side of the Rhine rolled by almost without interruption, puffing and hissing. In the distance spread out the steeple-shadowed streets and squares of the river-surrounded and woods- and hills-encircled royal seat of Koblenz, ancient yet pretty as a young woman blossoming out. The Kartause rising immediately behind her reminded me of the Friesenberg in Baden-Baden. There was a splendid effect from the Rhine River, with the royal residence, the stylish romantic St. Kastor's, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Monument. The 3 delicate iron bridges and the old stone Mosel Bridge with 14 archways still contributed much to the city picture resplendent in autumn-leaves over which golden sunshine poured itself from a blue sky.
- 28/1 We then walked down a stone stairway to the officers' garden on the south point, built in a terrace form in the rocks, but unfortunately not well tended. This garden in which we were allowed to go became my favorite haunt because of its secluded location. Here one could even more clearly observe the life and goings on in the Rhine valley and be astonished at the fire-red sunset in the evenings. Festive peals of bells announced the approach of the midday hour, and it was time to return to the cells.
- 28/2 At one o'clock Knieps brought me the midday meal that was the most vegetarian and which I seasoned with a swallow of Mosel wine and finished up with a cup of coffee. Then I read and wrote until the afternoon walk. (29) Mail could not of course always be prompt at our location, but I did regularly receive the Cologne newspaper I had subscribed to here. Evenings I again sat withdrawn from the world in my still cell and looked forward to my slowly approaching freedom.
- 29/1 Toward the middle of my sentence, which passed without incident, my brother-in-law arrived and his happy mood drove away my brooding melancholy. He moved in immediately next to me in No. 5 and spent his weeks marvelously and joyfully. He seemed to have lived quite interesting days. Since he did not exactly see this as a punishment nor as "jolly imprisonment" hopefully the nasty women's union affair didn't upset him.
- 29/2 A gloomy, painful time started for me after the departure of my brother-in-law, but my fear of having to go to the infirmary did not materialize. My meatless fare contributed decisively to this outcome. My challenge carrier was also enthused by one of the vegetarian dishes, the sergeant's wife's (who was of Westphalian background) crispy Hannover potato fritters served with cranberry sauce. Otherwise he only silently showed his disdain for my meatless way of life.
- 29/3 Now the pleasant days at Ehrenbreitstein passed more quickly, and I already began to eye my suitcase with longing. The sunny fall weather enticed many visitors up to our location, among them many pretty women whom we bade farewell with waving kerchiefs on their way down. Because of the dry weather, the Rhine was much lower, and the much lightened barges glided with shallow draft (30) almost on the water's

surface. With the now approaching cold weather, the green Mosel already had white-gleaming chunks of floating ice, and the ships began to take refuge in the harbors. Soon I, too, propose to drop anchor in my still port. Six more days.

30/1

I had the honor of personally getting to know the local commander of Fort Koblenz, Capt. Brandenburg. He kindly inquired about my state of health as well as possible requests, and I could assure him that I lacked nothing. Here I would also like to express my most obedient thanks to the commandant, His Excellency, Lieutenant General von Woedke, for the generous granting of my petition to provide me with a chair in light of my severe injury.

30/2

The knowledge that I found complete understanding for my position and complete acceptance of my course of action among the comrades of the great German army was for me very uplifting and carried me more easily through many sad hours.

30/3

In the still evening hours and with ardent participation I read the just published "Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner." What man of feeling wouldn't gladly approve of the peaceful endeavors of the noble author of the broadsheet "Lay Down Your Arms!" But unfortunately from birth onwards our life is a battle which is not done away with until the earth finds its end in battle with nature. War also has its honor; it is needed in order to steel the powers of the peoples in the battle for existence. There is no light without shadow, no love without hate; peace without war is unthinkable. Baroness von Suttner also fights against dueling, of course, (31) not dogmatically or spitefully, but nobly and worthily.

31/1

But now it is time to bid the fortress Ehrenbreitstein adieu, without the usual "Auf Wiedersehen!" One day I'll wake up and, hey! it's time to go, and I'll be off for home and wife and child, back to Hameln upon the Rosenhöhe.