

Greetings!

I *hope* this is the final draft of the English translation of Another Monster. Please be advised that I am not a translator and that I don't actually know Japanese. But I do read Spanish, and my translation from the Japanese correlates well enough with the Spanish edition that I think it's a passable job. (if you want to know more about how this came about, just drop by the adult swim forum (url below) and read the thread. ;) )

I have decided to take the liberty of including Stephen's translations of the first 19 chapters so that you can see the photos and illustrations in context. Should he object to this, I'll readily comply with his cease and desist, but I was unable to contact him to receive permission to do this ahead of time, so I hope he won't mind (and you can still get his untouched version at mangascreener.com). I tried to get all the formatting right (and fix a couple of typos. ;) ) but I suspect I might've made some errors there (if it's anything as bad as dropping a sentence during the copy/paste/insert or something, *please* tell me!).

Translator's notes are in [ ]. Sometimes Weber makes his own comments, but those are in ( ). At the end, just for fun, I've tossed in a picture of Werner Weber from the dust jacket, a photo I found of one particular place mentioned in the story, and the God of Peace as online translators would tell it.

I've done the best I can with names and tried to make them consistent. Note that I've changed my mind and the spelling of the name "Chapek" to "Čapek," and "Carek" and "Charek" to "Čarek." I think Stephen was for some reason unable to render the diacritical marks in Courier (compare Düsseldorf in the chapter list with Dusseldorf in the chapters), so it ended up as Carek instead of Čarek. Also, I recently noticed that in the published book *The Nameless Monster (Obluda)*, Hermann Fuer's name is written in a German credit as "Führ," so I've used that spelling herein as well.

I've also changed the spelling of Sebe to Šébe. I thought long and hard about how to handle this, but the supplementary commentary at the end made me have to make a choice, and the phonetics with the diacriticals match the way it's been pronounced in the anime in both languages, despite the fact that the cover of *The Nameless Monster* clearly shows it as Sebe, which is pronounced differently than Šébe. You'll see why this has vexed me so when you get to the final commentary. :)

And in that commentary interview, I'm told the man being questioned is speaking in "the 'tough guys' informal (and a little vulgar) Kanto colloquial." I don't know how to spot the nuances of that, but I took some liberties in his speech patterns to try to show it. Still, his word choices are sometimes very sophisticated for a gangster type - I think it's supposed to reflect his knowledge of the art and literary world (i.e., he must have some education), while his informal constructions imply his underworld connections. Anyway, I'm sure there's much to criticize in my translation of that! :D

If you notice any typos or have any other complaints or corrections, please do bring them to my attention.

When you have finished this, you can also read "The Awakening Monster," complete with pictures, at

<http://beeluke.livejournal.com/327457.html>

And speaking of beeluke, I'd like to thank her for her patient help with some of the most troublesome passages. Couldn't have finished this without her! Also, this would have continued to be riddled with

errors large and small without Marc van der Steen's wonderful gift of the text of the Spanish edition. This truly was a godsend. And since it was so helpful, I'd like to thank Pau Pitarch, the translator for the Spanish edition, as well as the brilliant folks over at JapanForum for putting up with me. Speaking of godsend, my thanks to Erin, first of all for pointing out that the text at the end of *Obluda* was actually important, and for transcribing it for me (more important than I can express!) along with a rough translation that saved me heaps of time. Finally, I think Stephen Paul deserves everyone's thanks for getting this all started in the first place. I would never have dared to attempt this without those first 19 chapters spurring me on. :D

Please do not distribute this without my authorization. There will come a time when I won't care, but for the moment I'd prefer to distribute it personally (and it's not a violation of anybody's copyright until I post ("publish") it somewhere, at least not until SOPA/PIPA/ACTA changes all the rules).

And when you've finished reading it, *please* come join our discussion on the adult swim message boards (<http://boards.adultswim.com/t5/Other-Anime/Another-Monster/td-p/56598798>). Looking for other people's insights and views was 3/4 of the reason I did this. :)

Enjoy!

-- Gina  
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Jan 2012

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*For the sake of comprehension, it is recommended that you do not read the short story "The Awakening Monster" until after you have finished the book.*

-Naoki Urasawa

## **Preface**

This text is a report detailing the connection between the crimes of the "Monster" Johan Liebert, from 1986 over a period of ten years, and the case of the "Axe-Murderer" Gustav Kottmann in Salzburg, Austria, November of 2000. This connection, while absurd at first glance, slowly hardened into conviction as I pressed on with my research.

With regards to the Johan case, I did my utmost to present the real names of all the people I interviewed, but for a variety of reasons (sometimes to protect the subject's life) some of them are introduced using aliases. There are no photographs, as nearly all of the interviewees objected to having their pictures taken. Instead, I have sketches of their faces put together from memory after each interview was concluded. When asked if they minded that would I draw portraits of them afterward, most of them reluctantly agreed, although I declined to mention that I once worked as a caricature artist on the streets of Vienna.

Though there are numerous false names, rough portraits and other unfortunate but unavoidable comprises in order to protect the identities of those introduced in the text, I can assure you that everything presented in this book is true.

As I will state at the end of the book, whether or not the Johan incident is over, and what the meaning of this new storybook is, are both left up to the reader to decide.



## Introduction

The suburb of Nonnburg in Salzburg, Austria was a quiet neighborhood south of Hohensalzburg Fortress, with little connection to the more famous tourist attractions of the area, such as the birthplace of Mozart and the setting of The Sound of Music. After Tuesday November 14th, 2000, it became the spotlight of all of Austria.

That night, the St. Ursula Emergency Clinic, located on the north side of Market Square in the center of town, was receiving no emergency calls or incoming patients, and so on-duty doctor Ernst Lerner, intern Paul Hosch and nurse Rosemarie Berg were relaxing in the staff break room, drinking coffee and enjoying a discussion about their favorite soccer players.

They heard receptionist Hanna Ruplechter's scream at 1:05 AM. Rushing to the lobby of the clinic, Hosch saw a large man wearing glasses and an expressionless face, covered in blood. Hosch's initial reaction was that an injured man had come directly to the hospital for help, but when he saw Ruplechter's blood-splattered body lying on the floor, he instantly realized what had happened. The man was holding a bloody axe in his right hand.

Hosch moved to run back to the break room and call for help, but before he could fully react, the man had knocked him over and continued to walk down the hallway and into the break room. Hosch struggled to stand up and called out the names of his co-workers. The next thing he saw was Nurse Berg burst out of the room and collapse, bleeding profusely from the head.

At this point, Hosch's memories become unclear. It is thought that he then ran out of the hospital and to a nearby public phone across the street, to alert the police.

After the Salzburg Police received the call, Senior Patrol Officer Benjamin Graber and Officer Hermann Maier arrived at the hospital at 1:54 AM. The officers walked into the hospital alongside Hosch, who had been hiding in the darkness. Later, both officers would describe what they saw the bodies of two women, the floor slick with blood — as an unbelievably horrific sight.

Graber and Maier left Hosch in the lobby and advanced to the break room. They heard voices. In the room they witnessed the body of Dr. Lerner, his head not quite severed from his body, and a towering, bloody man, standing still with an axe in his hand.

For some reason, he smiled at the officers. After muttering a strange message, he pushed the axe against his neck, severing the carotid artery, and died.

"One, two, three... My mission is complete," the man said, according to Officer Graber.

The mystery killer's identity was soon discovered: Gustav Kottmann, age 29. He was already wanted as a serial killer for murdering seven men and women over Vienna, chiefly couples inside their cars, over the last five years.

Kottmann had apparently hitchhiked his way to the western border of Austria. He had not made any murders and thus successfully evaded the police for an entire year, a surprising length of time for the average serial killer. This enabled him to make his way to the little town on the German border.

The Salzburg police hold the position that this was a recurrence of his (particular brand of) serial killing. Despite his other murders being exclusively sexual crimes targeting couples, there was no hint of sexual nature to this incident. The police attributed this to

rising, uncontrollable urges. He happened to see the lights on in this particular hospital, so he grabbed an axe and entered.

With Kottmann's suicide, the St. Ursula Clinic murders marked the grisly end to a string of axe murders.

But is this really true?

At the time, I was working freelance — on my first assignment for the newspaper *Idee* — and was given this case. I reported on the rough details of the incident in the way that it was just presented to you, as did the rest of the media. But during my work I began to feel doubts in my mind that lead me to entertain a theory. As I dove back into the case with this new theory in mind, I began to see new truths emerge that differed from what was reported in the media. I even began to have doubts about the killer — Kottmann and his undeniable actions themselves.

"One, two, three... My mission is complete," Kottmann's last words on this earth. What was this mission, and who did he receive it from? And why didn't he commit any murders for the year up to this point? Where was he hiding while the police labeled him a "wanted" suspect? I delved into Gustav Kottmann's life, seeking the answers to these three questions.

Kottmann was born the eldest of four children in Kaiserin, a North Austrian town close to the Czech border. His father Hans owned a farm, which went out of business when Gustav was five years old. After that, he repaired bicycles and such for friends and nearby farmers, but constantly had trouble seeing eye-to-eye with his hirers and spent most of his time unemployed and soaked in alcohol. Gustav's mother Marlen was considered to have even worse alcoholism than her husband, with an unchecked temper that frequently raged out of control.



*A newspaper article summarizing the shocking events at St. Ursula Clinic. It made first page news not just in Austria, but all over Germany as well.*

Kottmann was brought into a hospital in a comatose state at age twelve. His parents told the medics that a load of firewood had fallen onto the boy's head, but the doctor's analysis stated he had probably been struck with a blunt object. We can't very well ask Kottmann now whether or not his parents abused him. But because his brothers and sisters were eventually put in a foster home due to negligent care at home makes the possibility extremely high. The fact that Kottmann sustained this damage to the head is another important clue to understanding him. Though not yet explained by modern science, many mass murderers have the shared experience of having taken damage to the head, fallen unconscious and reawakened despite heavy odds, at some point in their childhood years.

Kottmann was a large boy with very hard-to-read facial expressions. He had a tendency to skip school, and thus his marks were far from stellar. He began working at a supermarket at age sixteen, but only lasted a total of three months after his supervisor told him he didn't stand a chance. For a while after this, he took up a job that his father had left after quarrelling with the employer — chores at a nearby farm — and supported the entire family on his own. It was at this time that he became skilled with the axe.

But Kottmann's period of good behavior would only last a few more months. He was soon arrested by the police for his first crimes — voyeurism and theft. He escaped a prison sentence, but had attracted the notice of the local police, and had no choice but to move away from his family and live in Klosterneuburg.

He was hired to work at a bookstore in his new neighborhood, and momentarily behaved himself during the period of his employment. Surprisingly, Kottmann had a love for books. He was especially enthralled with Krone Books' infamous but popular occult series, "Dorn in the Darkness." He often told his 19-year old coworker that he would someday "receive a mission and be given powers of darkness, just like Dorn."

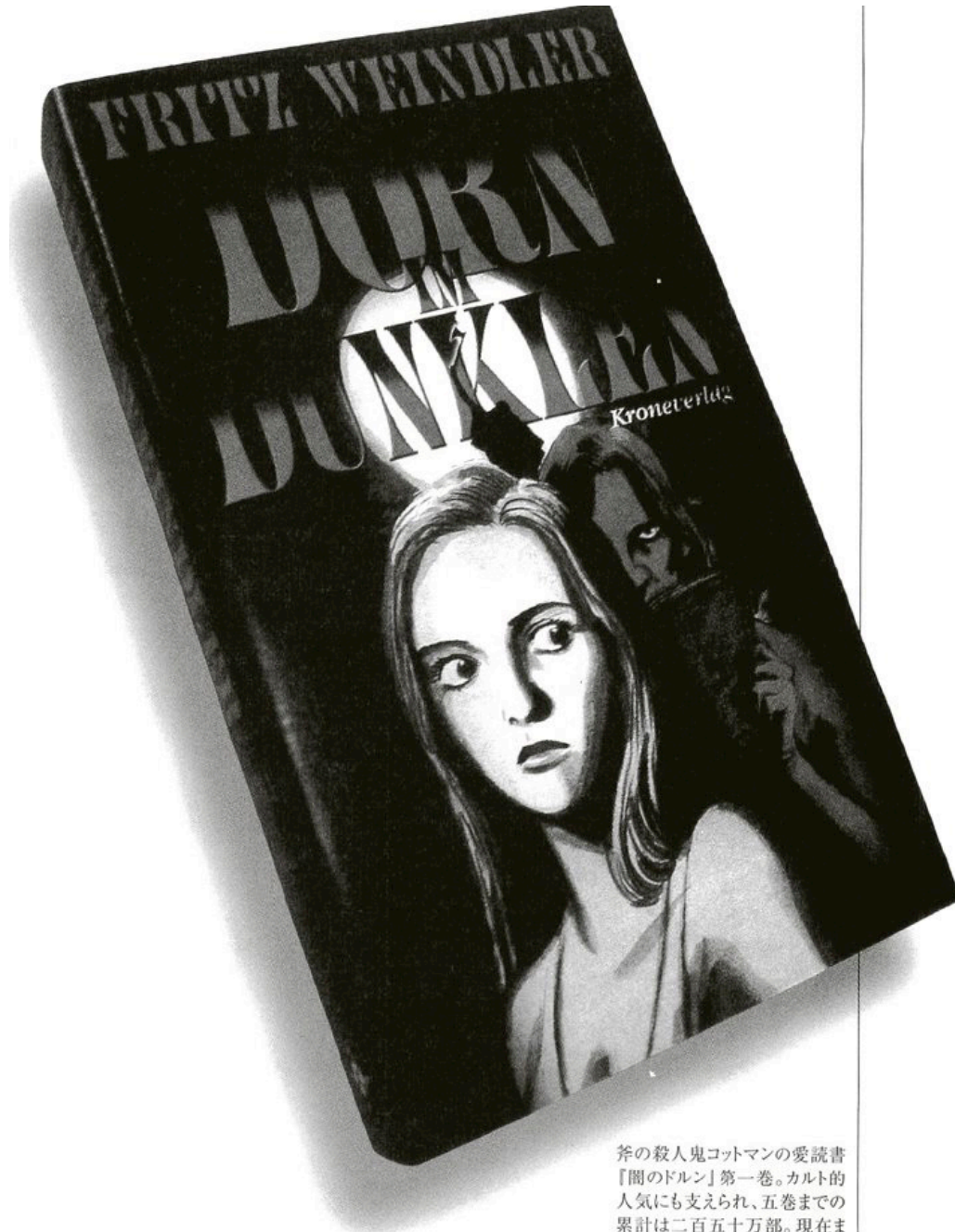
When comparing the events of Dorn in the Darkness to the crimes Kottmann would eventually commit, there are several similarities. The main character, Dorn, sells his soul to an evil sorcerer and gains dark powers in return. He uses these powers to exterminate evil in society, using a variety of merciless brutal methods (in some of the books, an axe is used). But as he kills each wicked evildoer, that evil begins to bury itself in his soul, sending him on the path of crime. In the first story, he is assaulted by the urge to shoplift and watch women changing... but Dorn does not fall prey to his desires. It is when he is nearly overcome by the urges that he sees a storybook.

Storybooks are a very vital part of the series. When Dorn reads a storybook that has been written for the sole sake of its child readers, his conscience wins over. When he comes into contact with a storybook written by a wicked author, his intents move in that direction. As the series progresses, Dorn turns to violence, sexual crime and theft, even attempting suicide out of regret for his crimes, until finally, a storybook completely cleanses his heart and transforms him into a hero. In addition to being a story about good and evil, the Dorn series is chock-full of sex and violence. While Dorn typically defeats his evil enemies with magic, it is the B-movie "young couple having sex in the car at night" that always ends up dead. The death scenes typically involve brutal dismemberments, as well.

The creator of this complex protagonist and simple story, Fritz Weindler, clearly displays both a longing for and disgust with the concept of free sex. This philosophy has also clearly affected Kottmann's axe murders. As one reads Dorn in the Darkness, it

becomes apparent that despite not reaching the level of popular literature, it has a powerful and mysterious persuasiveness to it that justifies murder within the story.

Weindler, the author of *Dorn in the Darkness*, died a sudden death in 1992 (some say it was suicide). The series ended prematurely, at five volumes. In the fifth book, Dorn was nearly at the gates of evil, his body poisoned by cocaine. His magic was dwindling, growing weaker the more powerful his enemies were. If a new, enigmatic magician hadn't stepped into the story, Dorn's heart would have fallen entirely to evil. This progression promised readers that the magician would become a regular companion of Dorn's in following volumes.



斧の殺人鬼コットマンの愛読書  
『闇のドルン』第一巻。カルト的  
人気にも支えられ、五巻までの  
累計は二百五十万部。現在ま  
でオーストリア、ドイツ、オランダ  
で出版されている。

*The first volume of the axe murderer Kottmann's favorite series, Dorn in the Darkness. Enjoys a cult status, with 2.5 million total copies of the five volumes sold. Still in print in Austria, Germany and the Netherlands.*



It was about this time that Kottmann quit his job without a word, and a few months later committed his first assault. It was as if he were trying to become Dorn, to revive the story and bring it to a conclusion...He caught a man and woman having sexual intercourse in a park and admonished them. After getting into an argument, he pummelled the man unconscious and then beat the woman (but did not rape her) almost to the point of brain damage.

After only a two year sentence in prison (due to lack of evidence for the state to hand him a harsher sentence), Kottmann left Klosterneuberg and moved to Vienna. He worked part-time at a supermarket during the day, and enjoyed his thrilling life hunting amorous pairs in the evening. His first axe murder — Rudolf Gross, inside an automobile in a parking garage, along with his girlfriend Ana Dohrman, whom he raped and beat to death. However, after several months the police were still without any leads on the case, and they never investigated Kottmann in connection to the murders (The Vienna police narrowed the search down to axe killers guilty of sexual crimes, but as Kottmann's first incident in Klosterneuberg was classified as a simple "beating," he was never put on the list of suspects.)

This incident was Kottmann's first taste of homicide, and sent him on his five-year reign of terror across Austria. While he wasn't what anyone would call a brilliant man, Kottmann managed to consistently evade the search nets of the police by both disobeying the general standard among serial killers of committing their murders on a regular, measurable basis, and by not taking any kind of memento from his victims. This is, of course, not to say that the police were sloppy or careless in their investigation.

In October 1999, Kottmann made a critical mistake. When attacking a couple at a remote drive-in theater, he failed to notice the presence of the Doberman in their vehicle. Bit deeply on the thigh, Kottmann ran back to his car and escaped, but ran into some on-duty police officers. He tried to throw them off by driving toward Mayerling, but it was only a matter of time until he would be caught and arrested. But all the police eventually found was his van, abandoned after Kottmann hitched a ride on the Schneebergbahn. Kottmann stayed off the radar for more than a year, before reappearing at the slaughter in the Salzburg hospital...

The police are quick to point out Kottmann's incredible good fortune. It is indeed difficult to explain how he managed to evade the authorities. It would be impossible for a man over two meters tall and a hundred kilograms to use forms of transit such as buses, trains or hitchhiking and escape the notice of anyone in the vicinity. Even more mysterious is that despite police all over Austria and even Germany responding to over thirty thousand similar eyewitness reports, not one corresponded to the man they were looking for.

Where did Kottmann hide? How did he travel? And was he really smart enough to pull these off on his own?

I can't help but get the feeling that Kottmann was most likely working with an accomplice. But the police dismissed this theory out of hand. They claimed that his crimes were clearly the work of a single man. Kottmann killed his victims by himself — this is undeniable fact. Then what about co-operatives?

The detective in charge of the case laughed and asked me, "So he was bitten by a

dog and finally chased down that night, until someone just magically came to his aid?"

Indeed, the premise I suggested was just like the ending to the fifth volume of Dorn in the Darkness... A broken and defeated Dorn is rescued with the appearance of a mysterious magician...

Now I would like to touch upon two events that happened in the same area about a week before the killings at St. Ursula Hospital.

One happened late on the night of November 7th. This also happened at St. Ursula Emergency Clinic — seven days before the murders. Around 2:00 AM, a man came into the emergency care ward. When he removed his overcoat, he was wearing not a jacket but only a white shirt, stained with blood on the arm. He was a salesman on his way to Innsbruck, and the gun he carried for self-protection accidentally went off in his car and hit him on the arm. The bullet had passed clean through the flesh, and he wanted them to stop the bleeding.

The receptionist that day was Hanna Ruplechter; the on-duty doctor, Ernst Lerner. The nurse, filling in for the usual worker (at that time, on vacation), was Rosemarie Berg — with the exception of intern Paul Hosch, all the same people present for the tragedy that would occur in seven days. Lerner and Berg ran X-rays on the man's arm, found no traces of a bullet, and after confirming there was no damage to any arteries, treated the wound. This took about thirty minutes. Dr. Lerner whispered to Ruplechter that it might be a good idea to inform the police, just in case.

But by the time an officer arrived, the man had disappeared from the waiting room. The officer put out a notice in all directions, but there were no reports of any incidents involving guns, and the man's vehicle was never found at any train stations leading to Innsbruck.

The second incident I would like to bring up happened two days later on the 9th, in the quietest of all Nonnberg's neighborhoods, Gilmgasse. 3rd Street resident Eugen Molke, a solitary man in his 70s, was found dead, shot through the temple. The body was discovered by his local welfare attorney, paying Molke a routine visit. After an autopsy, medical examiners concluded that Molke shot himself at roughly 10:00 PM, November 6th, with the pistol he owned. This opinion, plus the will that was discovered in the corner of his bookshelf and the fact that he was dealing with serious heart disease, led the police to declare his death a suicide.

At the time that these two events occurred, nobody could have guessed that they were related in any way...

Later, when the Salzburg police looked into Molke's family, they uncovered a surprising past — rather, that he had no past at all. Eugen Molke moved to Gilmgasse, Nonnburg ten years ago. According to a neighbor, "When his wife died, he left the apartment near the Lokalbahn he had lived in for years and moved here. He used to be a math teacher." But in the area where he supposedly used to live, no one had any recollection of a man named Molke, and his name appeared in no records. Also, the remaining balance of his bank account was far too high for that of a mere retired math teacher. Furthermore, after investigating his social insurance and passport, police found that Eugen Molke died seventy years ago at the age of six months, and had lain at rest in a graveyard in Landeck ever since.

When the autopsy revealed scars that suggested plastic surgery to Molke's nose and cheeks, the police began to look into his background in earnest. After they took fingerprint samples and could not find a match in their records for the entire country, they employed the help of Interpol in asking assistance from other nations.

At length they found a match, in Jaroslav Čarek — formerly one of the highest advisors in the Czechoslovakian government's foreign trade corporation, Omnipol.

I hardly think it necessary to introduce you to Omnipol. Just let it be said that Omnipol was on the top of the list of organizations pressured for information by America and England after the fall of communism in Eastern Europe.

The bombing of a Pan American airplane over Lockerbie, Scotland on December 21st, 1986 [Translator Note: The actual year was 1988; it's unclear whether this was a mistake by the author or intentional] that killed over 250 people was carried out by Palestinian guerillas using Semtex plastic explosives obtained from Libya. But these explosives were originally manufactured by the ton and then exported to Libya by none other than Omnipol in Czechoslovakia. America and England suspected Omnipol of being a hotbed of Eastern terrorism — providing terrorist groups with weapons as well as setting up terrorist training camps and dispatching personnel for use in the field.

Twelve years ago in 1989, Czechoslovakia was turned into a democratic nation after the Velvet Revolution. It was a victory for the underground activism that had continued for thirty years since the Prague Spring, but it would be hard to fully describe the overwhelming oppression from the communist regime during those decades. As with the Soviet and East German governments, the Czechoslovakian state was constantly plotting how to rid both the nation and the outside world of liberalism. One of the key figures taking part in these plans was Čarek, who fled the country after the fall of the regime.

According to Czech police files, before Čarek was hired to be a top advisor at Omnipol, he was a captain in the secret police, and was responsible for many of the secret terrorist training camps set up in Czechoslovakia. In 1990, after the first free general elections, the dominant Civic Forum party issued a warrant for his arrest, but Čarek had simply vanished. America and England continued to push for Čarek's capture after the separation of the Czech and Slovak Republics, but his whereabouts were never found.

The Salzburg police, shocked at the infamous figure this mysterious old man turned out to be, renewed their investigations with vigor. After a thorough re-examination of the body, traces of tape adhesive were detected around his mouth and the backs of his hands. The living room in which Čarek died had been diligently cleaned, and the wall showed signs of a carefully concealed bullet mark, although the bullet had been taken away.

The police acknowledged their mistake, and re-classified the case a murder. Then they brought up this possible scenario.

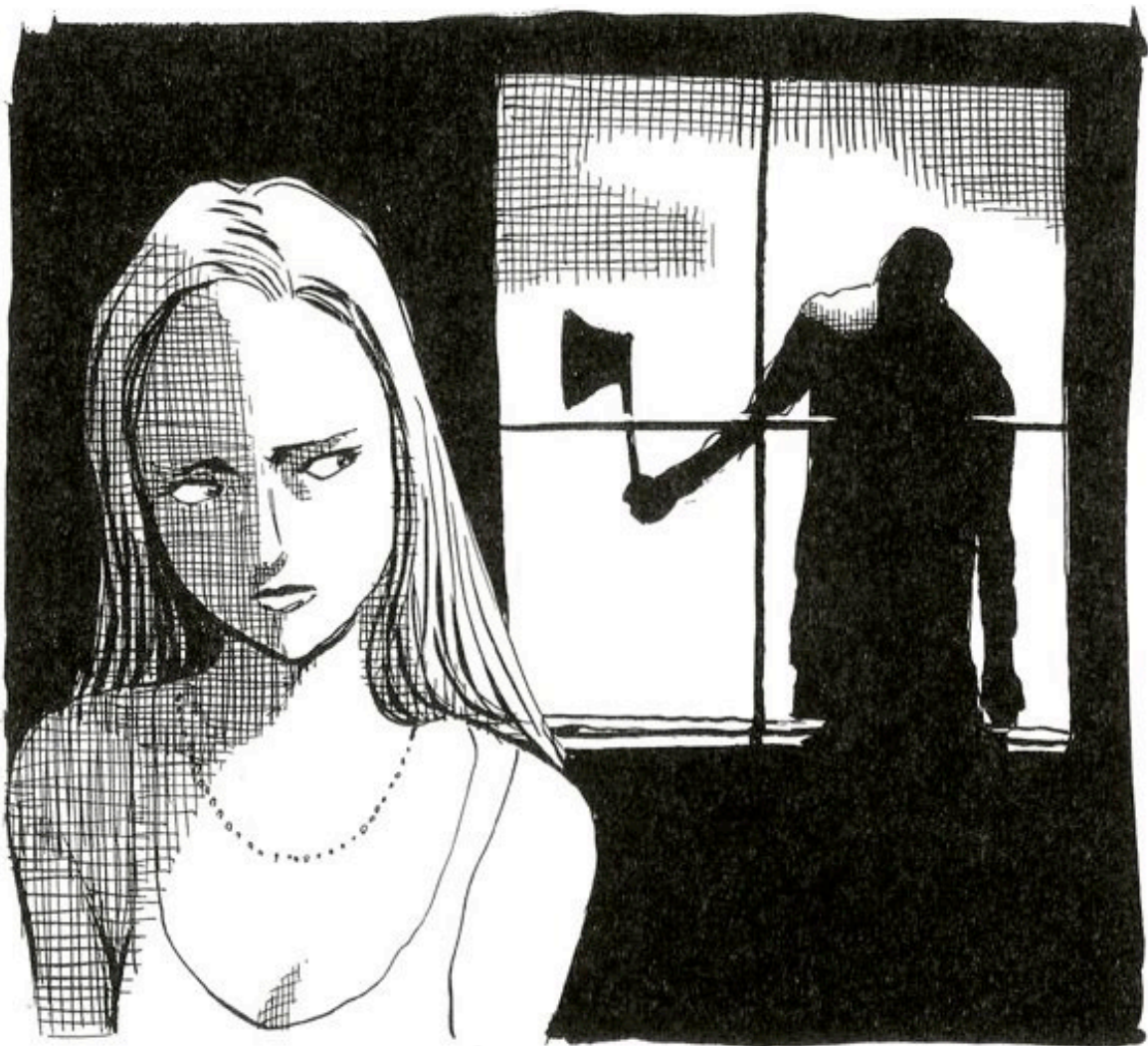
At 8:00 PM on November 6th 2000, someone entered the Molke (Čarek) household. He threatened Čarek with a gun, and forced him to write down a memo that would serve as a will. Sensing he was in danger of being killed, Čarek fired his concealed Beretta M21A at the attacker. The trespasser was most likely injured, but only slightly. However, now he had Čarek trapped. The attacker used duct tape to affix Čarek's hand, holding the gun, to his head. Now all he had to do was pull the trigger, and after confirming Čarek's death, remove the tape and any signs of a third party from the room. We don't know who the attacker

was, but he was certainly a professional.

The Salzburg police finally set their sights on the man who appeared at St. Ursula Clinic at 2:00 AM the day after the murder. It had now been two weeks since Čarek's murder — but the only three people who could possibly identify this man had been killed with an axe...

The police believe there is a connection between the Čarek murder and the man with the bullet wound who appeared at the hospital, but they do not recognize a link between this man and Kottmann. The fact that all three witnesses were murdered was an unfortunate coincidence. Their line of reasoning is this: the man who killed Čarek was a trained terrorist, and those types of people never have ties to serial killers. Kottmann was the type who acted on his desires and impulses, and not the kind of person who would commit murder at the request of another and commit suicide afterward, to seal the case — which makes sense.

But they have no answer for Kottmann's last words: "One, two, three... My mission is complete."



*An illustration from Dorn in the Darkness. With its wavering message that shifts between good and evil, the Dorn series has a fanatical teen readership, but due to its extreme violence and sexual material, is derisively called "the most enticing kind of pulp literature" by critics.*



My own personal theory goes like this.

The man who checked in to the hospital with the injured arm was the man who killed Čarek. He hoped that the hospital staff would not report his presence to the police, but he had a plan in case they did. If his cover-up of Čarek's death went well and the police labeled it a suicide, he would not need to use it. But because the measures Čarek took to protect his identity were not solid enough, the police saw through the man's handiwork. Now he would have to turn to his other plan. That plan involved Kottmann, the axe murderer. Somehow, he knew Kottmann, and played the part of the mysterious magician. He saved Kottmann on the run, bitten by the Doberman, and kept him hidden for an entire year. Kottmann imagined himself in Dorn's role, and stayed out of sight. When the man finally gave him his orders, his "mission," he delightedly took on the job...the murder of the three witnesses. That explains why the intern, Hosch, was not killed.

The portrait I am drawing is of a murderer who finds another killer, wins his trust, and then controls him. He then uses this other killer to commit more murders, before finally forcing the man to remove himself from the earth.

The combination of a professional assassin and a serial killer... as the police say, it is a most unlikely match. I myself might have ignored the possibility, in the beginning.

So, is there a historical precedent for this situation?

There is.

The case that shocked all of Germany in 1998...

As my bright and intelligent readers are no doubt aware, this book is my attempt to re-examine those events in Germany, and to shine light on some facets that are still unclear. And at the same time, expose the existence of another Monster hiding somewhere in Austria, Germany, or perhaps anywhere in Europe — someone who most likely received the same education the German Monster did.

I will admit it right now. The case in Germany is still not entirely out in the open, in the same way that the case in Austria remains unknown.

...maybe they are still ongoing to this day.

## Part One (1986-1997)

### Chapter 1 The Beginning (April 2001; Vienna)

To begin, let us touch upon the actions of the German Monster.

At the present time, the BKA has not revealed whether the perpetrator "J" is alive or not, or who he really is. Based on the information we have, we can deduce that J is the victim of the darker side of the era of East-West German division that was never meant to be public.

German TV, newspapers, magazines, and all other forms of media report that J might have killed over two hundred people. But the BKA has commented that the only crime they can prove J's involvement in was the 1995 murder of the lockpick Adolf Junkers. Why? Because for any of the other murders, J's testimony is required, but he was shot in the head and remains in a coma that will likely last for the rest of his life.

The BKA has only labeled this suspect with the initial "J." It could be an issue of privacy, but according to them, nobody knows what his real name is. Several newspapers and internet sites have said that J stands for "Johan." One of my good friends, a German journalist, also calls him "Johan." Therefore I replaced "J" with "Johan" and continued my research.

The Johan case begins in 1986, before the reunification of Germany, and claimed the lives of many before finally coming to an end over ten years later. First, I will run through the chief events in chronological order.

The first tragedy happened in Düsseldorf. In March of 1986, German Democratic Republic (East Germany) Trade Advisor Michael Liebert sought political asylum in West Germany. He brought along his wife and children — twins. After a series of interrogations and hearings, he was approved for asylum, and expressed a wish to live in Düsseldorf. The family thought they had finally obtained a peaceful life, but on one rainy night that same month, the couple were attacked and killed in their temporary mansion. Their children survived, but the boy was on the verge of death with a bullet in his head, and the girl was in a state of severe shock. They were taken to Eisler Memorial Hospital, where the boy's life was saved by the expert hand of Japanese brain surgeon Kenzo Tenma.

The police investigated the attack on the Liebert family under the assumption that it was the act of an Eastern terrorist, but they never found the killer.

On the last day of the same month, Eisler Hospital director Heinemann and two of his employees were killed with candies laced with a poison made with nitric acid, at the same time that the Liebert twins in the care of the hospital escaped and went missing. Despite a desperate search by the police, no likely suspects ever arose. There was no connection to be found between the poisoning and the disappearance of the children. The truth of the incidents was lost in the haze.



*The former Eisler Memorial Hospital lot, located in central Düsseldorf. The hospital's business decreased dramatically after the director's murder, and in 1998 moved from Flingern-Nord to the other side of the Rhine in Niedersachsen. The buildings are now state-run housing.*

Only Agent Heinrich Lunge, a detective dispatched from the BKA, felt suspicion about one man: Dr. Kenzo Tenma. He had saved the life of the twin boy, but because of that surgery, he had to cancel another. The patient he failed to operate on was the mayor of Düsseldorf — who died in the hospital. Tenma was rebuked, lost his position for the next term, and let his engagement to the director's daughter slip from his grasp. The people who stole Tenma's future away from him were his boss and fiancé's father, Eisler Memorial Hospital director Heinemann and two of his chief doctors — the three men who were poisoned.

The next time such macabre events would occur at the Düsseldorf hospital was nine years later, in 1995 — after Germany had been reunited, people flowed from east to west, and the economy was thrown into chaos.

At this time, Inspector Lunge was in charge of a string of cases involving wealthy couples with no children being killed, called the Middle-aged Couple Serial Murders. At first glance, each of the crimes seemed to be robberies, but the inspector caught the scent of different motives. Lunge knew professional lockpicker Adolf Junkers had been witnessed near the scene of each crime. When he received word that Junkers had been in a traffic accident and taken to Neue Rhine General Hospital, the inspector rushed over. Junker's doctor was none other than Kenzo Tenma. When he heard that Tenma had been promoted to Chief Surgeon at Eisler Memorial Hospital after the poisonings, seeds of doubt were once again planted in Lunge's mind. It seemed that Tenma had gained the most out of the three murders.

Inspector Lunge visited the hospital for a few days and questioned Junkers. Junkers persisted in staying silent, until one night he was discovered shot to death in an abandoned building near the hospital. The police officer who had been guarding his room was poisoned dead with a piece of candy, the same way the doctors were, nine years before.

It was Dr. Tenma, already under suspicion, who came forth and claimed to have seen Junker's killer. Of course, Tenma was already Lunge's #1 suspect.

Dr. Tenma wearily turned to Inspector Lunge and gave a startling announcement.

The person who poisoned the three doctors nine years ago was one of the missing twins — the boy who had been shot in the head and saved by Tenma's surgery. Now an adult, he was responsible for the new string of murders across Germany, and he had killed Junkers to silence him. His name was Johan... the elder brother had turned into a monster.

After hearing this, Lunge felt utter confidence in the following theory.

The murders of the hospital director and his employees, Junkers and the security guard, and even possibly the childless couples across Germany were all the work of Kenzo Tenma. But he created a fictional person named Johan, and blamed all of the killings on that young man... could he have dual personalities inside his head?

Dr. Tenma was the number one suspect on the police's list, but he continued to do his job at the hospital as always, and used his off-duty time to look for clues about Johan. The place he ended up with was Heidelberg.

In 1999, the time that these events became public knowledge, the newspapers and

magazines used this explanation for what Tenma had learned during this period, and why he was going to Heidelberg.

Tenma, trying to find a link between the childless couple murders and Johan, visited the sites of the murders and found a common link between each of them, when talking to the residents of the neighborhood.

Köln, Hamburg, Hanover... the couples in all of these areas had, at one time in the past, taken in a boy. Nobody knew if they were sons-in-law or foster children, but in each case, the boy suddenly disappeared one day.

At Munich, the last place Tenma visited, he found the same thing. However, now his investigation had come to a dead end. He would not have known what to do next, had he not heard the surprising words of an old blind man who lived across the street from the house of the murdered couple.

The old man was the boy's only friend. The boy's name was Franz, and he lived across the street with the Haynaus for about one year. The boy was a rabid studier and fiercely intelligent. Occasionally he would tell the old man about Tenma, and describe his gratitude to the doctor. He said that Tenma was "even more than a father." But the one who the little boy loved more than all was his sister, who had been left somewhere else. He said that when she turned twenty, he would go to see her.

The old man told Tenma that the boy's sister was supposedly living in Heidelberg.

In May of 1995, a shocking incident occurred in Heidelberg. Christianne and Erich Fortner, along with a visiting newswriter from the Heidelberg Post, Jacob Mauler, were shot to death in their home. The Fortners had a daughter attending Heidelberg University named Nina, who went missing after the murders. On the same day, the strangled corpse of gardener Ivan Kurten was discovered at Heidelberg Castle.

Hessen state investigators, without referencing any link between the two cases, requested that Düsseldorf police detain Eisler Memorial Hospital's chief brain surgeon Kenzo Tenma on suspicion of the murder of Ivan Kurten and as a critical reference in the murders of the Fortners and Jacob Mauler. The BKA was also pressuring the same local police for Tenma to be brought in as a reference to the middle-aged couple serial murders.

Now let's take another look at this string of events, referencing the coverage of several newspapers, especially the Heidelberg Post, that worked to expose the truth in 1999 after the entire affair had ended.

Arriving in Heidelberg, Tenma visited the little Heidelberg Post offices and began to look through their old articles. He was hoping to find some clues; articles about adopted twins, or a missing boy. Mauler, struck by Tenma's zeal, asked him his reasons, and decided to help. After a long night of searching, an October 1986 newspaper turned up a small article about an 11-year old boy gone missing. They rushed to the house the boy disappeared from — according to the company's materials, the twins' birthday was that very day.

Later, the BKA would admit that the Mannheim Station officers Messner and Mueller were responsible for the murder of the Fortners, but they still avoid drawing a connection to

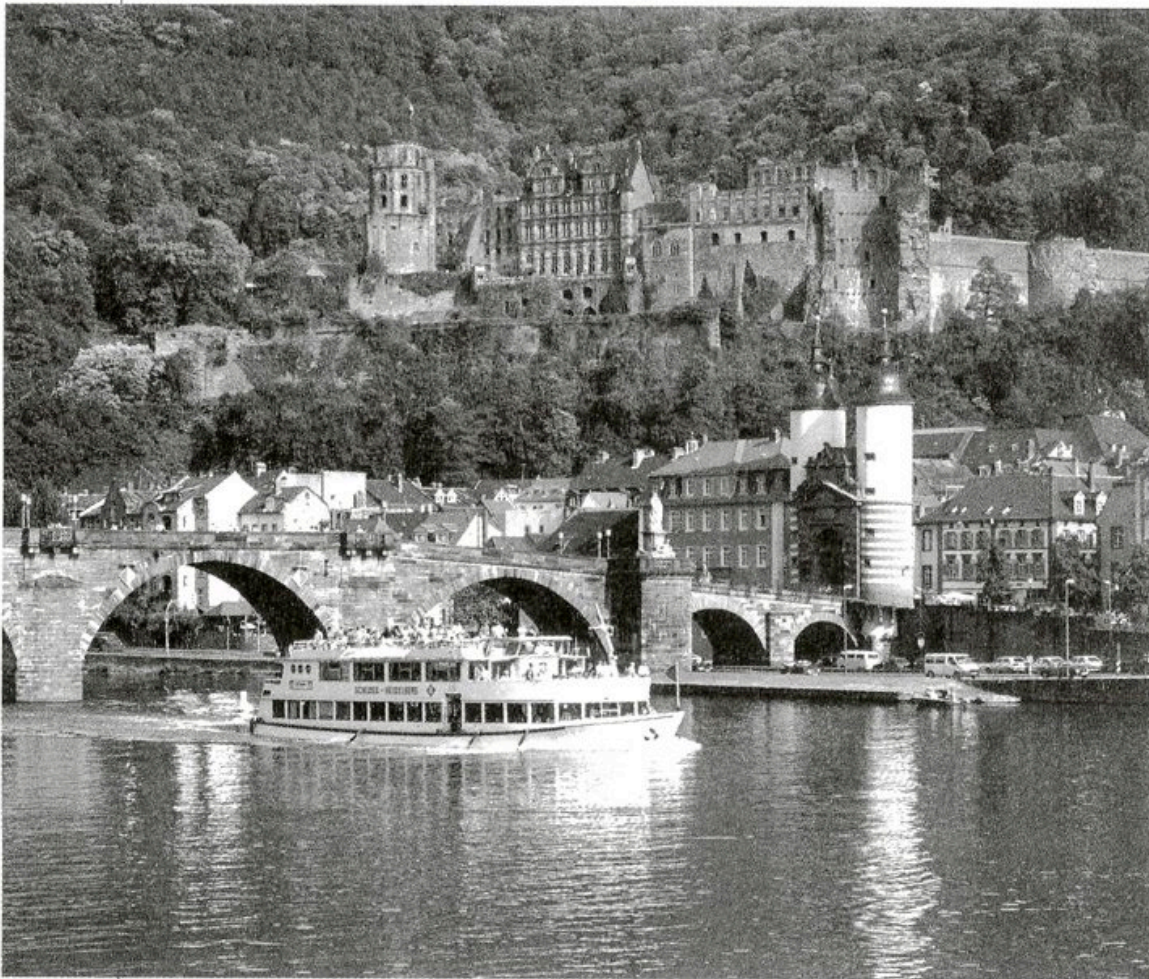


Johan. However, with the death of Mauler in the Fortner house, there is little room to insert any doubt of that.

Now, Nina Fortner is the other half of the twins; Johan's younger sister. After three years, she and Tenma both returned to society. Reporters and writers from all over Germany rushed to Heidelberg in hopes of scoring an exclusive interview, but she firmly refused to make any comments. The university she returned to formed a vigilante squad that kept the media off the school campus. It was not until the state governor delivered a scathing indictment of the media's relentless practices and violations of civil liberties that the information war was silenced.

At that point in time, I was particularly interested in what kind of conversations must have passed between Tenma and Nina about the twin brother... and how to deal with the monster that Johan had become.

As to why Nina wasn't present during Messner and Mueller's deeds, and why Tenma left Mauler behind at the Fortner house and went somewhere — the supposition these mysteries leads me to is that Tenma succeeded in finding Nina before she could be reunited with Johan.



*Heidelberg is recognized for the oldest college in Germany and its castle, built in the Middle Ages. Heidelberg Castle, the site of a recent murder, served as the home for the count palatine (German: pfalz) throughout history and is famous for its long stone-paved hill road.*

It is at this point in the Johan case (which would eventually turn out to include the highest number of murders in modern German history) that a large change occurs, with the disappearance of Nina, and Kenzo Tenma's choice to go on the run.

If I wanted to solve all the mysteries, I would clearly need to speak with Kenzo Tenma. But no other media companies had been given permission for interviews, and my own request was politely turned down with a letter sent through the MSF, whom he now works for. His beautiful handwriting and perfect German (hard to imagine from a non-native speaker) seemed to tell me much about his personality.

I decided to put together a history of Kenzo Tenma's medical career and a portrait of his personality, by interviewing as many of his friends in Japan and acquaintances in Germany as I could.

## Chapter 2

### Kenzo Tenma

(May 2001; Yokohama, Tokyo, London)

Kenzo Tenma was born on January 2nd 1958, in Yokohama, Kanagawa Prefecture. His father was the director and manager of a prominent city-owned general hospital (although Tenma himself apparently told his colleagues that he was a small-time medical practitioner), and his mother was formerly an editor for a medical publisher. They both had previous divorces, his father already with seven- and two-year old sons.

One year after their marriage, Kenzo was born, a very bright boy who needed little outside assistance. He attended nearby municipal elementary and middle schools, scored some of the highest marks in the city, enjoyed music and art, and was a member of the track and field team.

In the search to find any more information than that, I visited Japan in early May of 2001, with the help of a Japanese journalist I had met just once before. I hired an interpreter, attempted to use my journalism connections to secure an interview with Tenma's family's hospital, and failed. I tried looking for Tenma's school friends, but soon learned that he maintained connections with few, if any of them. Those who I was able to find that were willing to assist me all cancelled when they found out that I was a foreigner.

Inspector Lunge took a look at the Japanese psyche in order to delve deeper into Tenma's mind, and found that Tenma was far less mysterious than the Japanese themselves. He did not fit in with Japanese society, and could never be a German, either — a stranger to either culture. I can agree with this opinion myself, based on the two weeks I spent there.

Still, at length I was able to secure an interview with someone who had been friends with Tenma in elementary and middle school.

He was a straightforward, friendly fellow who still lives close to the Tenma household to this day.

"I was honestly quite shocked when Ken made it into the news that way. There were times before when you'd see his name in a little article about 'Prominent Doctors Practicing Abroad' in some magazine or another, and think, yeah, I should go to him if I ever get really sick. But Ken couldn't have been a murderer."

He had a tanned, intrepid look from his profession as a carpenter.

I asked him to tell me about any memories he could recall of Tenma.

"Ken was always a diligent studier. And unlike my home life, his family was quite rich. You'd think, normally the rich boys don't go out and play, right? But for some reason, he always liked to play with the rough kids out in the dirt. I guess his family never expressly forbid him to hang out with us. As for what we did...Well, we pretty much ran through all the usuals: tag, swordfights, baseball, soccer. But it seemed like what Ken enjoyed the most was coming over to my house and plopping down in front of the TV with me and my brother. He couldn't fight. And he was decent enough at baseball and soccer, but he didn't seem to be too interested in team sports. Oh, and he had excellent reflexes. I bet nobody else remembers that he set a short-distance running record in middle school while on the track team. He was very good at solo sports."





*Yokohama, where Tenma spent his childhood. His first date was here in Yamashita Park. His family's home is a mansion not far from the park, on a hill with a nice view of the harbor.*

He seemed like a very honest man, but I couldn't think that he and Tenma were best of friends. When I brought this up, he stared hard at the ceiling in thought, and then spoke as if remembering something.

"You know, I'd forgotten. I completely forgot. But now I just remembered. I used to bully him. He had wanted to play with us, but I remember talking with my older brother about how to bully him and chase him away. So we'd pretend to be his friend, but we had a plan. At first, there was this empty house that had a really big yard. One of those big empty houses right around here, years ago. We'd play hide-and-seek in the yard, and my brother was it. After Ken hid, we all signaled each other and left. That yard was so big, it was kind of creepy to be in by yourself, and I think he was scared. So we waited for maybe thirty minutes before sneaking around to his hiding spot and scaring him. And he peed himself. I think he needed to go to the bathroom, but he wanted to play hide-and-seek so bad that he held it in. I immediately thought that it had been a mean thing to do, but my brother and friends started calling him 'Tenma the weenie,' and, 'You peed your pants.' But still, he didn't cry."

I asked him, what did Tenma do after that? Wouldn't most people not play with you again?

"After that?" He thought, and smacked his fist into his palm.

"After that, after that. Ken came back and wanted to play again. I wanted him to stop, but my brother talked about using the same trick. You'd think Ken would see it coming a second time, right? But he still went with us to that yard and hid."

He chuckled, and went on.



*A friend who was recently contracted to do some remodeling work on the Tenma house. He says that Tenma's parents and brothers are all fine and well.*

"So again, we left him alone for thirty minutes and came back. When we went over to Ken's hiding place to scare him, he wasn't there. So we thought, 'Darn, he outsmarted us!' And started sayin' stuff like, you know, 'You can't hide forever! You're gonna pee your pants again, Tenma the weenie!' But we couldn't find him. Eventually we figured he'd just gone home. Then one of our friends' moms came and yelled at us to go home, so we all left. Then about seven o'clock, Ken's mom called us asking, 'Is Kenzo over at your house?' Boy, were we worried. Me and my brother just ran back to the empty house. It was all creepy at night. And there he was. It looked like he'd been crying, but he acted fine in front of us. He said, 'No fair, I was hiding the whole time.' I guess it was then that we stopped picking on him and started being friends."

He said that Tenma had probably seen through their plan and acted on it. He did it because, of course, he wanted to be their friend, but also because he had felt shame at his incontinence, and decided to subject himself to the same experience again, to conquer his own weakness. He wrapped up the story by saying, "I think he was always hardest on himself."

He finished up by telling me another interesting anecdote.

"Now, this was in seventh grade. Ken and I were in the same class in school. Our homeroom teacher was a real jerk, and this was back in the days before PTAs and media reports prevented teachers from issuing corporal punishment. I remember once, Ken played with the coal heater... when we were kids, we had those big coal heaters, right in the classroom. Well, he was heating up the metal pokers until they started to bend and twist. In our morning homeroom, the teacher found out and started yelling about whoever did it. Ken spoke up right away. The teacher scolded him for doing such a dangerous thing, and hit him. And that was that, so Ken didn't say anything more. But then, some other idiot did the same thing, bending the metal pokers, and the teacher got angry again. The guy who did it wasn't a good student, he'd already had that teacher before and he was used to being treated harshly. So after he hit the kid, the teacher took out the red hot poker and made as if to put it against the kid's neck, and then he made up some stupid punishment like, say 'sorry' to the heater, for everyone to see. Then Ken jumped up and said, you can't do this, it's too cruel, and if you think this is education, I'll tell the principal and the Board of Education. The teacher got scared at that. It's usually the good students who get on the soapbox."

Maybe Kenzo Tenma is some kind of stoic. The kind that bears everything over and over until the very end, when they snap and their personal sense of justice bursts forth. I believe that this could be a clue to understanding the mystery of why he decided to go off on his own to seek out and kill Johan.

The other person who agreed to talk with me became friends with Tenma in middle school. He is currently a commercial film director. We set aside an hour to talk and when he approved of my intentions, he allowed me to interview him.

"Tenma was in my class for eighth and ninth grade. He was very smart. I was a B-student, typically 'good enough' to avoid being called a bookworm or nerd, but Tenma was a straight-A student, top of the class. But oddly enough, he wasn't singled out; he got along with everyone. He was such a good studier, but he didn't attract too much attention because of it... I think he was just a very smart person in all respects."

When I asked him what he thought when Tenma was being called a mass serial killer in the news, and what he thinks now, he gave me this answer.

"See, I wasn't sure whether or not to agree to this interview, because I thought you might ask me that very question. To be honest, I often thought that it just couldn't be true. But you never know, people change, and if the German media was making such a big fuss about it, it could have been true, for all I knew. The reason why I can't just call him up now and say, 'Gosh, I'm glad you're all right' is because I had thoughts like that from time to time. I couldn't have faith in his innocence... If I tried to comfort him now, he'd notice in no time that I hadn't been a true friend. Therefore my current state of mind regarding these matters is a disappointment in my own personality and my insensitivity to others."

I asked him if there was anything Tenma was particularly enthusiastic about in middle school.

"Tenma loved music. He was a good guitar player. Actually, he was pretty versatile with just about any kind of fine art subject. If he practiced hard enough, he could have been better than me at guitar, but Tenma wasn't that type of person."

I asked him what he meant by that.

"Oddly enough, he really appreciated people who were good at things. Even though he was talented himself, when he met someone who was better than he was, he would be very impressed. He never denied people's abilities. And it wasn't flattery, he just always approved of things you were good at, or that you liked... maybe a bit too much."

He then drew this conclusion.

"I suppose he's simply the type of person who constantly belittles his own value, or he just doesn't realize that he has more innate talent for anything than other people. And when you are complimented by someone with such extraordinary abilities as Tenma, it makes you feel like you're just as good as he is. That's why I liked to hang around with him, because his compliments made me feel so good about myself."

Next I asked him about music. What kind of music did Tenma like, and was he involved in any activities?

"He didn't play in a band or anything. It seemed like he really hated doing group activities... or maybe he just hated being in a group altogether. On the track team after school he would always strain so hard to pull ahead so that he was running alone. As for what music he liked..." He closed his eyes, put a hand on his forehead and thought for a while. "That was the '70s, so it was the Post-Beatles era. Stuff like Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple and David Bowie was really big then, but Tenma was into... gosh, I just can't remember. He was into this one really laid-back song."

He said that Tenma had seen something called the Tokyo Music Festival on TV and was drawn to a song by a foreign artist that was performing. He repeatedly stopped to think about it, but ultimately could not recall the title of the song.

We had long passed the scheduled interview time, so I wrapped things up by asking him if there was anything else he could recall in particular about Tenma, anything at all.

"I got the feeling, and I hope Tenma doesn't find out that I said this, that he was trying to distance himself from his family. Specifically his father and his brothers..."

That these suspicions he voiced were a primary reason for Tenma's choice to become a doctor in Germany was something I would discover during my next interview.





*A commercial director and old friend who was offered a job to create a commercial featuring Dr. Tenma, after the conclusion of the incidents. He wryly noted that this was a facet of the Japanese media he did not care for.*

After graduating middle school, Tenma entered one of the most prestigious high schools in Kanagawa Prefecture. It was affiliated with an extremely famous university, and he was the only student from his middle school to gain entrance. The last person I interviewed was one of Tenma's high school friends. He is now a section chief for a large Japanese trading company, and has spent the past year working in their London office. He was an amiable fellow with a constant smile on his face, but his nice suit, glasses and general businessman air made him seem much older than Dr. Tenma.

I started off by asking him what he thought when there was so much controversy flying about Tenma.

He grinned as he answered.

"Yes, I think you could say that through high school I was 'friends' with Tenma, but when we went off to college, I rather lost touch with him. His first year he was busy studying for his medical classes, and then he moved to Germany. Also, I was in law school and I spent most of my first year enjoying college life. Still, I was probably his most

constant contact before he left for Europe. I guess I was a good person for him to go to when he wanted to vent some complaints."

He scratched his head and laughed.

"During the height of Tenma's period on the run, I wondered if it was really happening. Still, I'll admit, I have bad taste, and I used to make a lot of inappropriate jokes to my friends and colleagues, even though I was worried about Tenma on the inside. I regret it now, but if you go back and read the newspapers, they stopped just short of saying he was flat-out guilty of those murders, so I guess it's no surprise... I think people put more faith into headlines and the media than their own experiences and judgment."

I thought he was a man who spoke his mind much more openly than the average person. This was probably what helped Tenma place faith in him. Next, I asked him about Tenma's high school activities. I was particularly interested in hearing about his love life.

"Tenma was pretty introverted. Even when we were in high school, I'd set up parties with girls from Tokyo women's colleges, but he would usually turn down invitations. When he did come, the girls would like him... but he always seemed pretty dense... actually, I have a good story about that. There was a high school girl at one of the parties whose boyfriend was a friend of mine and Tenma's. But this guy was somewhat of a playboy, so when he got tired of her, he started cheating on her. So this girl went to Tenma for advice. In the beginning, Tenma was obviously helping her because he was just a nice guy in general, but over time it was obvious that she had the hots for him. But he never noticed whatsoever. He would just listen to what she said and think over how to help her deal with her problems..."

When I said that she must not have been his type, the man exaggeratedly waved his hand.

"Oh no, she was right up his alley. But she was having love problems about a different guy. And the guy was his own friend. He's the kind of person who takes that very seriously. I mean we told him, Tenma, this girl really likes you a lot, you should just ask her out. Finally, it seemed like he was coming around to the idea. But it wasn't meant to be. The girl her ex-boyfriend dumped her for went cold on him, and so he came back to her and apologized, asked if they could get back together. Oh Tenma, you should have just taken her away. But he still had a chance... Or maybe I should say, a chance was all he had. We found out that she had already told her friends that she wanted to go out with Tenma."

When I guessed that they still never got together, he stifled a chuckle as if he had just remembered something.

"That's right, that's right. It was at the Cozy Corner, in Shibuya. She was just about ready to tell him what was on her mind. But he acted steadfast like a man... before she could say anything, he told her he was glad that her boyfriend changed his mind and that he really was a good guy after all. That was the end of it."

He described Tenma as a man of good judgment whose efforts always backfired.

I was still quite curious about the last words that Tenma's middle school friend, the commercial director, had said, so I asked this man as well — was there any source of friction between Tenma and his family, specifically his father and brothers? If he really was a confidant for Tenma's inner frustrations, surely he would be the best person to ask about such personal matters...

「日本人は独立志向がなく、一匹狼を認めないんです。だからテンマは浮いていた」と語る商社勤務の友人。



*A businessman and old friend who told me, "Japanese aren't suited to be independent, so we don't like to acknowledge lone wolves in our midst. That's why Tenma never really fit in."*

He nodded, saying that he had heard about the family issues. After he explained it all, the story made sense. How a decisive man whose decisions always backfire would come to study and be a doctor in Germany, even though he could have been a leading doctor in Japan and lived his life in peace and comfort...

As in elementary and middle school, Tenma was an excellent student in high school. His grades were top of the class, and he passed the extremely difficult medical school exams with flying colors. His father, an alumni of the same college, was openly delighted. Tenma's eight-year-elder brother also had good marks, but his mind was more suited towards the liberal arts, and he graduated from the economic department, to eventually find a good job with a prestigious bank. Therefore, his father felt uneasy about handing the family business to him. Another problem was the second son, three years older than Tenma, who wanted to get into the medical department but failed for three straight years. As his father's clear favorite, Tenma was worried about whether or not he would be forced to inherit the family business.

That year, his elder brother finally made it into the medical department of a different college, and Tenma thought that the pressure on himself would finally be eased off. But his father was clear in telling others that Tenma would be the successor. His elder brother's college was a far cry from the one Tenma entered, in terms of prestige and history. During

all this, their mother urged the father to give the hospital to the second son. Being Mr. Tenma's second wife, she was oddly enough extremely considerate and doting upon the two older, unrelated sons, and in contrast, incredibly harsh with her own flesh and blood, Kenzo.

It was a German thesis printed in a medical journal that freed Tenma from all of this family drama. The article was an excellent paper on the care of Alzheimer's disease victims, written by a Düsseldorf University medical professor, Udo Heinemann.

Tenma made his decision — he would leave the hospital up to his brother, and go to study under Dr. Heinemann, the medical scientist he revered so much. This sudden change in future plans was naturally met with supreme wrath by his father. But Tenma was convinced. He used his scholarship money to go to Germany without the support of anyone else. After a year of fierce studying at a language school in Düsseldorf, Tenma managed to clear the requirements to get into the medical school the following September. It was about this time that he managed to come to terms with his father in Japan, although later he would learn that his father only submitted after his second son convinced him to relent.

Tenma continued to post class-leading marks at Düsseldorf University. He was well received by Professor Heinemann, and after gaining his medical credentials, found employment at Heinemann's Eisler Memorial Hospital. But during his fourth year, he would learn that Heinemann's extraordinary paper was not actually written by Heinemann at all, but by one of his best teaching assistants. Tenma began to worry that in the future, he might become another ghostwriter for Heinemann's medical theses.

Back in Japan, the second son who was supposed to take over the hospital instead of Tenma quickly refused his father's request and started a fresh and rewarding life in a town that had no advanced medical care. Even now he continues to send Tenma heartfelt letters saying that their father was no longer angry, and would he please come back to Japan to take over the family business. By now, he is a well-known doctor, continuing to provide several small towns with health care. Many people are aware that even when Tenma was making many enemies around Germany, his brother continued to trust in his innocence, and set up funds in Japan to hire detectives and lawyers to come to Tenma's aid.

Even here, we can see that Tenma's decision had clearly backfired on him.

A surgeon must possess the abilities of careful judgment and instant decision-making, but the number of people who possess both are very few. This is because those two qualities are antagonistic — the words of a famous doctor. But the man named Kenzo Tenma was one of those precious few who held both of these opposing skills at the same time.

But is it possible that even at the same time as this rare combination, he held a nearly-insurpassable clumsiness when making life choices?

The next chapter contains an interview with the one person in Germany who knows Tenma better than anyone else.

Her words shed light on why he became so intensely involved in this case, and why he felt it was his mission to kill Johan — they are probably the single greatest clues to these mysteries of everything in this report.

Her name is Eva Heinemann. Once engaged to Kenzo Tenma, and the daughter of one of the very first victims, the director of Eisler Memorial Hospital, Dr. Udo Heinemann.



## Chapter 3

Eva Heinemann

(May 2001; Düsseldorf)

Eva Heinemann showed up to the stylish cafe she suggested along the banks of the Rhine in Düsseldorf's old town neighborhood at 6:40 PM. Despite her beauty and extremely refined manner, she had a constant glare she affixed to the target of her attention, as if she was constantly being put into a bad mood by your presence. She was apparently on her way home after her job as a kitchen design consultant, decked out in signs of affluence — a black Valentino jacket, a Bulgari watch, Chaumet rings.

Actually, she had only agreed to my interview by adhering it to such strict terms as, "5:30 on the dot. And I'll be busy, so I can only be there for fifteen minutes. If you show up late, I'm just going to cancel." I had taken a seat at 5:20, and ended up waiting over an hour past the time she stated. But Eva Heinemann's excuse for being late (although it seemed more like a complaint to me) was that someone at her office had quit without warning, and she had to make an unscheduled meeting with a designer. She sat down, ordered a cappuccino, crossed her legs and then lit a Marlboro Light without missing a beat.

— You and Dr. Tenma were engaged. But right before your father passed away, the engagement was cancelled. Was there some kind of political design for your marriage?

"Hospitals and medicine, they're still a world of politics and power. At that time, my father was preparing to run for the German Medical Association chairman, and he would not tolerate any mistakes, whether in operations or anything else, from his own hospital. He needed a right-hand man who he could put his full trust in."

— And that was Tenma?

"He was a perfect doctor. And the type of career worker who held no ambitions... A safe partner for my father to choose. He wouldn't need to worry about being bitten."

— And yet, he was?

"I don't know why he did it... The day before, he was supposed to do an operation on some Turkish man, but my father cancelled it and ordered him to work on a famous opera singer. But the Turkish man died, so he became very upset about the whole thing. And when he worries, he worries enough for two people... And I told him that people's lives aren't equal, but he didn't get it."

— Forgive me for being so direct, but did you love Dr. Tenma?

"My father was a very politically-minded man, but he wasn't so despotic that he would force me to marry someone if I said 'nicht.' I chose a man who would make me happy. And that was Kenzo... Did I love him? Yes, I did."

— Then why such a one-sided nullification of your engagement?

"I told you. My father needed a right-hand man he could trust, and I wanted to be happy. Kenzo's actions failed both of these conditions. There was nothing else to be done."

— Do you think Tenma loved you?

"He would do anything I told him to do. Even after he refused to work on the mayor and I called it off, he still wanted to get married. He was so indecisive about anything other

than his work as a doctor. He needed a woman like me who could make all the decisions."

— Do you think he was disgusted with you when you cancelled the marriage?

"Sure, he was. After my father died and I was feeling very timid, I pleaded for him to come back to me, but he wasn't that considerate. He was cold to me. Although I realize now that I was at fault."

— And then you were disgusted with him, after that?

"Yes, I was furious."

— And you married three times since then.

"Yes, and the divorce settlements have left me with enough money to live in comfort for the rest of my life."

— What were you thinking when your father passed away so suddenly?

"I was completely panicked. My father had been fine just the day before... and when I looked into the study, he was sitting there, dead."

— Did you suspect Tenma? He had been furious with you two.

"Not for a second. It would be literally impossible for him to kill someone. He may have been furious, and he may have wished we were dead, but that man wouldn't kill a fly. At the time, of course."

— After that, Dr. Tenma became the head surgeon. What did you think of that?

"Nothing at all. When those in power die, the winds shift direction immediately. Next, the leader of those in opposition to my father became the top brass, and criticized my father's business decisions... Kenzo was lucky that Father had abandoned him. He was an excellent doctor already, so it made sense that they would appoint him."

— Nine years after your father passed away, a lockpicker named Junkers was shot to death by Johan in an abandoned building near the hospital. The BKA says that you and Dr. Tenma were witnesses.

"I've already told the police all about that. Why don't you ask them for the full details?"

— Was it by coincidence that you happened to be near that abandoned building?

"...yes, that was coincidental."

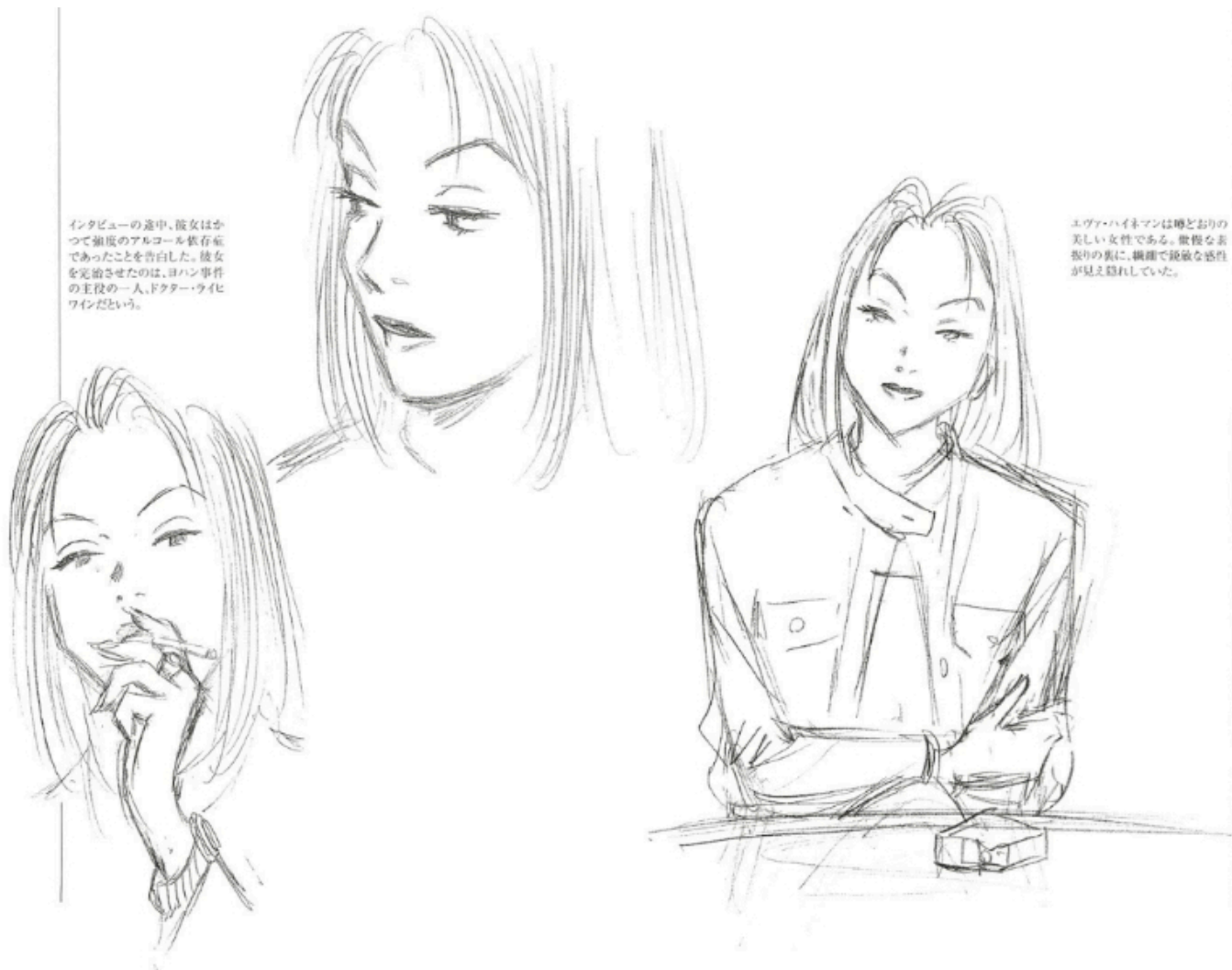
— And that's where you saw Johan. What was your impression of him?

"I don't want to say. I don't even want to think about that monster or the people who flocked to his side."

— You did not testify for Tenma's innocence until the very end. Do you feel that you are responsible for making things more complicated than they could have been?

"Of course; why else would I agree to such a pathetic interview? This is how I atone. Not just to him, but to all the people who were drawn into this. All the people who died..."

I realized for the first time that she was a very vulnerable woman. Her haughty attitude was used to hide this fact. When I offered to buy her a drink, she refused, ordering another coffee instead, and lit a cigarette.



インタビューの途中、彼女はかつて過度のアルコール依存症であったことを告白した。彼女を完治させたのは、ヨハン事件の主役の一人、ドクター・ライヒヴァインだという。

エヴァ・ハインマンは噂通りの美しい女性である。傲慢な表情の裏に、繊細で鋭敏な感性が見え隠れしていた。

*Eva Heinemann was as beautiful as I had heard. Behind her haughty exterior, I could see she hid a very shrewd and calculating mind. During the interview, she admitted that she had dealt with a terrible streak of alcoholism. She overcame her drinking problems with the help of one of the men involved in the Johan case, Dr. Reichwein.*

— Let's go back to Tenma. One of his middle school friends in Japan had trouble remembering Tenma's favorite song. Would you happen to know what it was?

(instantly) "Let's Stay Together.' Al Green's 'Let's Stay Together.' It was a good song. I don't listen to it now, because of the memories it recalls... but it's a good song. Kenzo liked the theme of the song. Kenzo got lonesome easily, and he was always alone. He had a longing for a regular life, a regular father and mother, regular girlfriend, regular family."

— What about friends? Did he seek friends, here in Germany?

"Surprisingly, no. When you're a surgeon working in stressful and uneven conditions, it's hard to make friends with anyone other than your colleagues. The only person like that for Tenma was Dr. Becker... in my opinion, a worthless, tardy slob of a doctor, but for some reason, Kenzo opened up to him. I suppose they complained about my father and the hospital to each other. Kenzo doesn't really pay much attention to the status or work habits of others. He likes people who can be frank about things, no matter how sly they

act. He seems oddly drawn to those who are outspoken and invasive."

— What did Dr. Becker think of Tenma?

"I don't know, why don't you ask him? Becker was probably jealous of Kenzo's life. Before all the stuff happened to him, of course. When Kenzo got into all that trouble, you'd think Becker would revel in his downfall, but he wasn't as nasty as that, after all. Everyone knew Becker was a worthless doctor. Only Kenzo treated him as an equal, and for that reason, he trusted him... I'm sure that whenever he was around Kenzo, Becker thought that maybe he wasn't so bad after all."

— So, what was it you liked about Tenma?

"Like I said earlier, Kenzo would let me do whatever I wanted. If I acted ill-tempered, he'd just smile... And he would apologize. Even if it was my fault. So I thought that he was a truly dependant person; that he couldn't live without me. But it was really the opposite. When I was with him, I could do anything. When Kenzo was by my side, I felt like I had the right to live. Kenzo relied on me... He accepted people and never turned them away, and for that reason, he was praised and respected. So when he was there, I felt like my life was worth something."

Eva Heinemann looked at her watch, and said she needed to go. She apparently lives alone in an apartment in the high-class part of town across the Rhine. I've got to go back to work, she said. I've hardly cooked a meal in my life, but I'm a kitchen coordinator for the rich and famous... And I don't have any talent for utilizing others, so I'll probably quit soon, she laughed. She said that if I had any more questions, I should send her an e-mail (Surprisingly enough, several days after sending my additional questions, I received an honest, thorough reply).

Before she left, I asked her, back then you told Tenma that human life was not equal. Do you still believe that, even now?

"Yes, I still do," she answered, as she stood up.

## Chapter 4

### Heinrich Lunge

(May 2001; Brussels)

In all honesty, former inspector Heinrich Lunge was a difficult man to interview. He still outright refuses to talk with most people and organizations about Johan. It clearly does not stem from any kind of honor or duty to his former employers at the German federal police. No man has had his services and hard work for the BKA betrayed to the extent that Lunge has. In 1995, Inspector Lunge was investigating German Parliament member Joseph Boltzmann in connection to the murder of a call girl named Erika Lemser. He was a trueborn investigator, the best in the agency. But after a valuable reference committed suicide, Boltzmann himself, as well as Lunge's superiors, demanded that he be dismissed from the investigation, and so Lunge found himself without a case to follow. It is at this point that Lunge announced a long-term vacation from work, and put his full attention into the Johan case.

When he solved the Johan case after three whole years, Inspector Lunge's honor was returned, and he once again stood at the top of the BKA. His first action after returning was to reopen the case of Lemser's murder. His perseverance paid off and he backed Boltzmann into a corner, but the politician lucked out and avoided an indictment. However, Boltzmann had lost the trust of his constituents, and lost his seat in the following election. At the present he is being investigated not for murder, but tax evasion. Lunge had clearly succeeded in getting the better of Boltzmann.

Soon afterward, he left the BKA and took up work as a professor at the Nordrhein-Westfalen state police academy. About this time, publishers and magazines began knocking down Lunge's door in the hope of receiving his life story — specifically his involvement in the Johan case — but he refused all offers on the grounds that not all the information had been made public.

But I believe that the real reason he refuses to speak about Johan is because there is either some kind of secret that prevents him from ever discussing it, or because there is a type of loyalty keeping him silent.

I used an underhanded move designed to learn how to best approach him, and made an appointment to meet him. Lunge now holds the titles of Nordrhein-Westfalen State Police Academy Professor, and European Police Office (Europol) Behavioral Science Special Advisor — the supervisor of a department that has not been established yet. I sent him a letter saying that I was compiling an article on the state of European profiling, and he granted me an interview. Whether or not he would tell me about the mind of Europe's greatest serial killer depended on how well I could convince him to speak.

I met Mr. Lunge in Brussels, Belgium, the base of Europol, in early summer of 2001. When he appeared at the Radisson SAS Hotel room I chose to use for our interview, he had the veteran officer look in his eyes that told me he did not trust my journalist kind, and that I would never truly understand him or his colleagues. He looked noticeably older than the pictures I had seen in the paper after the incidents, white creeping into his hair.

— I'd like to start by asking about your current work. They say you are to create a profiling team for Europol.

"The FBI's Behaviorology Division wants Europol to follow their lead; they've given us a good deal of cooperation, but we European officers believe that we need a profiling manual based on our own way of things. That is why they came to me. The offer was very generous, and I believe it is a worthwhile job."

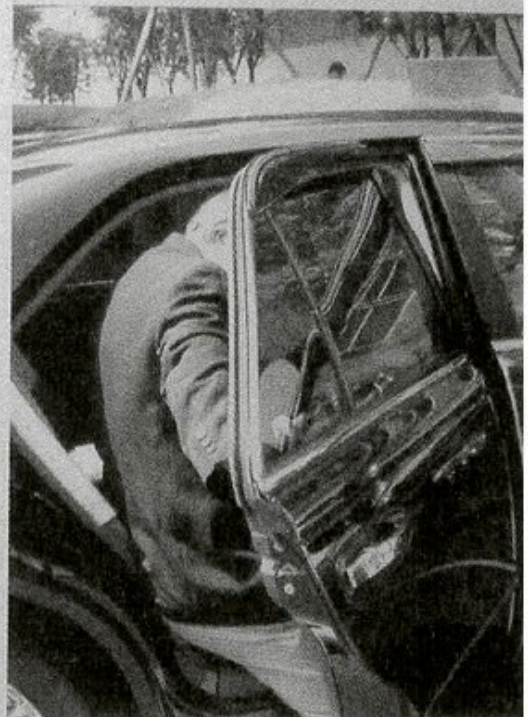
## Ex-Abgeordneter Bolzmann wegen Steuerhinterziehung verhört.

Lange Liste von Affären,  
Verhaftung in Kürze erwartet.  
Mehrere Verdachtsfälle  
werden überprüft.

Wie die Bundesstaatsanwaltschaft mitteilte, wurde der Ex-Abgeordnete und Unternehmer Josef Bolzmann wegen des Verdachts auf Steuerhinterziehung vernommen. Über eine Pressemitteilung durch sein Büro erklärte Bolzmann die Vorwürfe für nichtig. Jedoch sollen die Beweise gegen ihn erdrückend sein. Bolzmann plante bei der nächsten Bundestagswahl zu kandidieren, jedoch gilt seine Chance für einen Sitz im Bundestag durch die Vernehmung als

aussichtslos.

1996 war er in die Affäre um die Prostituierte Erika Lemsar verwickelt, die kurz darauf ermordet wurde. Sein damaliger Sekretär Mintag, der ein wichtiger Zeuge in diesem Fall gewesen sein soll, beging wenig später Selbstmord. Ebenfalls wird Bolzmann im Zusammenhang mit der Bestechungsaffäre um den Straßenbau erwähnt. Sein "Affärenregister" ist weithin bekannt.



*After being pressured by a reinvigorated Inspector Lunge and losing in the elections, Boltzmann was questioned by the police under suspicion of embezzling his autobiography royalties and speaking fees for political funds. The newspapers all but state that he will be prosecuted in court.*

— Why does Europe need "European profiling"?

"Americans believe their culture and European culture are the same, but we disagree... that is all."

— Can you give me a concrete description of profiling?

"Put simply, profiling is a method of investigation in which one enters the mind of the criminal, to predict what he or she will do next, and when. In other words, you draw up a profile of the criminal... Using the characteristics of what is left at the scene of the crime, you identify habits, personal lifestyle, hidden perspectives, and ultimately the criminal's very



personality... You find that there are surprising consistencies in all of the same criminal's crimes."

— It's a method that appears in movies and books quite often.

"But those movies and books don't actually show the protocol necessary to create a true profile. Actual police have to put these methods into practice, meet with penal offenders of the same type, sometimes ask their thoughts on things, examine the data, and even turn to science for help, at times."

— And if you do so, you find the criminal motives and methods of people in America and Europe differ in subtle ways?

"Yes, and thus we need our own method of profiling. We have no deserts such as those in Arizona, and we have no Grand Canyons. Most of our homes are built of bricks or stone, not wood. We have numerous cities with histories of over a thousand years old, and few skyscrapers. We don't assume that everyone speaks English, and we don't eat that many hamburgers. We prefer soccer over baseball, and most importantly, we don't believe we are the center of the world... And the serial killers of Europe have been raised in this culture, rather than America."

— But technically, the FBI is far more advanced in the field.

"Unfortunately. They are the forerunners. Even before the FBI created their behaviorology department, it was the American army that first successfully utilized the profiling method. They saw how well psychiatrists were able to predict the personalities of criminals, so they turned their attention toward predicting future crimes. But the American army... specifically, the Office of Strategic Services, hired psychiatrist William Langer to create the world's first profile, on a European... Adolf Hitler."

— Let's get a bit more specific, now. Why do some murderers kill for pleasure? I can understand that people would kill out of hate or vengeance, kill in order to steal valuables, and even in some cases kill in order to obtain food to eat. But to kill a complete stranger for the pleasure of it... this I cannot comprehend.

"It is understandable. You are just not trying hard enough... Indiscriminate killers and lust killers, typically have unfortunate experiences in their childhood years. Usually abuse at the hands of parents or parental figures. Often, they will grow up to commit the same deeds their parents did... these are things that most people can understand. You said that you can understand those who kill out of hate. Those who murder for pleasure commit those murders out of hate for their parents, or those who abused them. Except in these cases, the target for their anger becomes more than any specific person; it will expand to all women, or all children, or all homosexuals."

— That's what I don't understand. They weren't abused by women, or children, or homosexuals. Why do they turn their anger on these people, rather than those who really abused them?

"Anger is an altered form of the desire to control others. They surrender themselves to their anger, to control someone. They don't want revenge against those who abused them. They want to force others to know the same pain that they did, they want to hold the fate of others in their hand, they want to know joy and pleasure. Sexual excitement entwines itself within all of these... and most of these crimes become sexual murders."

— But, wait. Are you saying that it is a combination of hate, desire for control, and

sexual agitation that create indiscriminate sexual killers?

"Yes. It is also true that many times the abuse these pleasure killers receive is sexual in nature... At a young age, these people have been controlled and used by their abusers like objects or tools. Even after they grow into adults, they are unable to see others as people capable of similar emotions... pain, agony, humiliation, sadness, fear. They only see animals, like guinea pigs in a science experiment. And the quickest and most effective method to subjugate these animals is sex."

— Why is that?

"The orgasm in sex creates an instantaneous illusion that you are looking down upon yourself from a much higher vantage point, that you are in complete control of your life... It makes you feel almost as if you are a god. Those who have risen to this point can believe that they have total control over their victims."

— How does this advance into murder? Once the goal of sex has been achieved, surely there is no need to kill.

"To control another person is to force your own delusions upon them. Everyone has fantasies about sex that cannot be spoken out loud. The delusions and fantasies of pleasure killers are incredibly cruel and twisted."

— And so an act of reproduction becomes the opposite, an act of murder...

"Humans assign actions that produce pleasure a type of taboo. And I believe that actions people label taboo are in a way, a form of ritual... that give people the illusion of superhuman powers... of complete control over oneself and others... to come closer to God. One is sex. The next is drugs... What do you think the last is?"

— (silence)

"The greatest taboo a human can commit... is murder."

— I understand that those who undergo physical and sexual abuse have the potential to become pleasure killers. But there are plenty of people who have such experiences and grow up to become respectable adults, and there are some pleasure killers who have had very little of such abuse. What are your thoughts on this?

"For that, you must understand the two lateral sides of human beings. First, the method of abuse. It does not have to be violent or sexual in nature. A father and mother ignoring their child, denying their child's dreams, scolding their child for being stupid, or using adult logic to talk down to their child can constitute abuse. Refusing one's child without offering any kind of support or praise is an easy way to convince that child that his life is of no value. Even a child that receives one bit of praise has the ability to excel in a single talent, and those who receive regular encouragement can feel confidence, achieve success, and become leading members of society. Because they don't believe they are worthless, they don't need to raise a fist and have vengeance against fate or the world at large... I believe you understand now that pleasure killers and indiscriminate murderers turn to anger and kill others because they believe they are unloved by God, fate, or society. In order to strike back against an unseen enemy, they must involve others. It's the same thing as warning fate 'not to mess with me.'"

— And what is the other side?

"What I just described are the influences that outside factors have upon a person. The other side of the equation are the aspirations and dreams that exist naturally within



every human being. At the risk of sounding controversial, I think that the most hideous, blood-curdling murderers are those who failed to become great human beings. Those who have left their names in history by their great deeds or terrible crimes are like twins living at opposite sides of the world. They have commonalities... Those who commit unthinkable murders and those who achieve great things both hold enormous fantasies, dreams and ambitions in their hearts. Because both of them hold such gigantic things inside themselves, they are never satisfied, and they will never give up until they see their dreams realized. The greater the hopes and wishes inside of a person, the more they are capable of achieving greatness or of becoming terrible criminals. Holding dreams is an ability granted at birth, but whether or not one is capable of bringing those aspirations to bloom depends on one's environment. It depends on whether someone tells you that you have the right to live or not."

— Do you believe that Adolf Hitler falls within this type of murderer?

"Adolf Hitler was not a pleasure killer, but I believe that he shared many of the same qualities. He probably spent his childhood without any kind of beneficial reinforcement. Had he been able to achieve his hopes in adulthood, get into art school and succeed as an artist, he probably would not have desired to be Fuhrer. But at this point in his life, he was still not accepted by anyone. He grew enraged at the Fate that refused to make him special. He swore revenge against God."

— But even if that is true, he doesn't seem to resemble a sexual murderer...

"The women Hitler had relationships with mostly either committed suicide or met untimely deaths... But it is true that he did not seem to have a strong sex drive."

— So what type of murderer is he, then?

"He is not a murderer so much as a brainwasher. He would use others to do the murdering for him... Hitler had a natural talent for infiltrating the minds of others and controlling them as he saw fit. With this ability, the three taboos that I mentioned earlier — sex, drugs and homicide — become unnecessary. One already has something much greater at that point."

— What do you mean?

"Isn't total manipulation of another person the ultimate form of control? That in itself is the power of God."

— You seem to have a keen knowledge of such murderers — I mean, brainwashers.

At this point, I remembering noticing that the fingers of Lunge's hand began tapping the table as if he was hitting the keys of a piano or typewriter. He grinned at me as if looking at a particularly clumsy student, and spoke.

"I suppose we've finally hit the main issue, Herr Weber."

Right until this moment, I thought that I had been craftily and naturally guiding the conversation toward the subject of Johan. I believed that I was just about to reach the real objective of this interview.

As I searched for a response, he said, "On November 14th of last year, in Salzburg, Austria. The attending doctor, nurse and receptionist of the emergency ward of St. Ursula's Hospital were murdered, late at night. The man who killed them committed suicide at the scene of the crime... Gustav Kottmann. He was wanted for charges of murdering seven

couples in the Vienna area with an axe. Eight days before this incident, an elderly man in the residential sector of town was killed in a way that suggested suicide. The man's name was Molke... but later it was found that this was an alias and his true name was Jaroslav Čarek -- a big-time bureaucrat of the former Czechoslovakian government, now wanted by American, British and Czech police, among others. On the night that he was assumed to be killed, a man visited the St. Ursula hospital late at night, to be treated for a bullet wound on his arm that he received when the gun he carried for self-protection misfired. The doctor who administered to his injury informed the police, but the man had disappeared. When the police later searched for a connection between this man and the Čarek murder by asking if there were any other witnesses in the hospital at that time, they were astonished to find that all of the witnesses were the same people killed by the axe murderer."

He paused in his speech and gave me a calm, triumphant look.

"The Austrian police thought that all of their witnesses being killed was an unfortunate coincidence, but you disagree. But what kind of connection could there be between a man who seemingly makes a living from his killing, and a man who kills for pleasure? Why did Kottmann the axe murderer kill just those three witnesses, and then kill himself...?"

"You're absolutely right," I admitted.

Mr. Lunge began tapping his fingers faster and continued talking.

"You began to wonder if anything similar had happened in the past. You found your answer right away. Yes, the 1998 Johan case, in Germany."

"Despite being at the center of the Johan investigation, you have so far avoided making any kind of comment. Perhaps you have maintained this silence out of consideration for those whose lives were affected by the case, or perhaps there is a truth underneath that is too shocking to reveal... Therefore, this was the only method I had available to approach you," I explained with a sigh, to which he made a face as if he had just been insulted, but the words that followed surprised me.

"The reason I have not said anything about the Johan case is not out of consideration or secrecy. It is because I was entirely and utterly defeated by the case. Contrary to what the rest of the world says, if I had not been at the center of the investigation, I would not have solved the case. I was just as perplexed and deceived as everyone else at the portrait the man named Johan was painting."

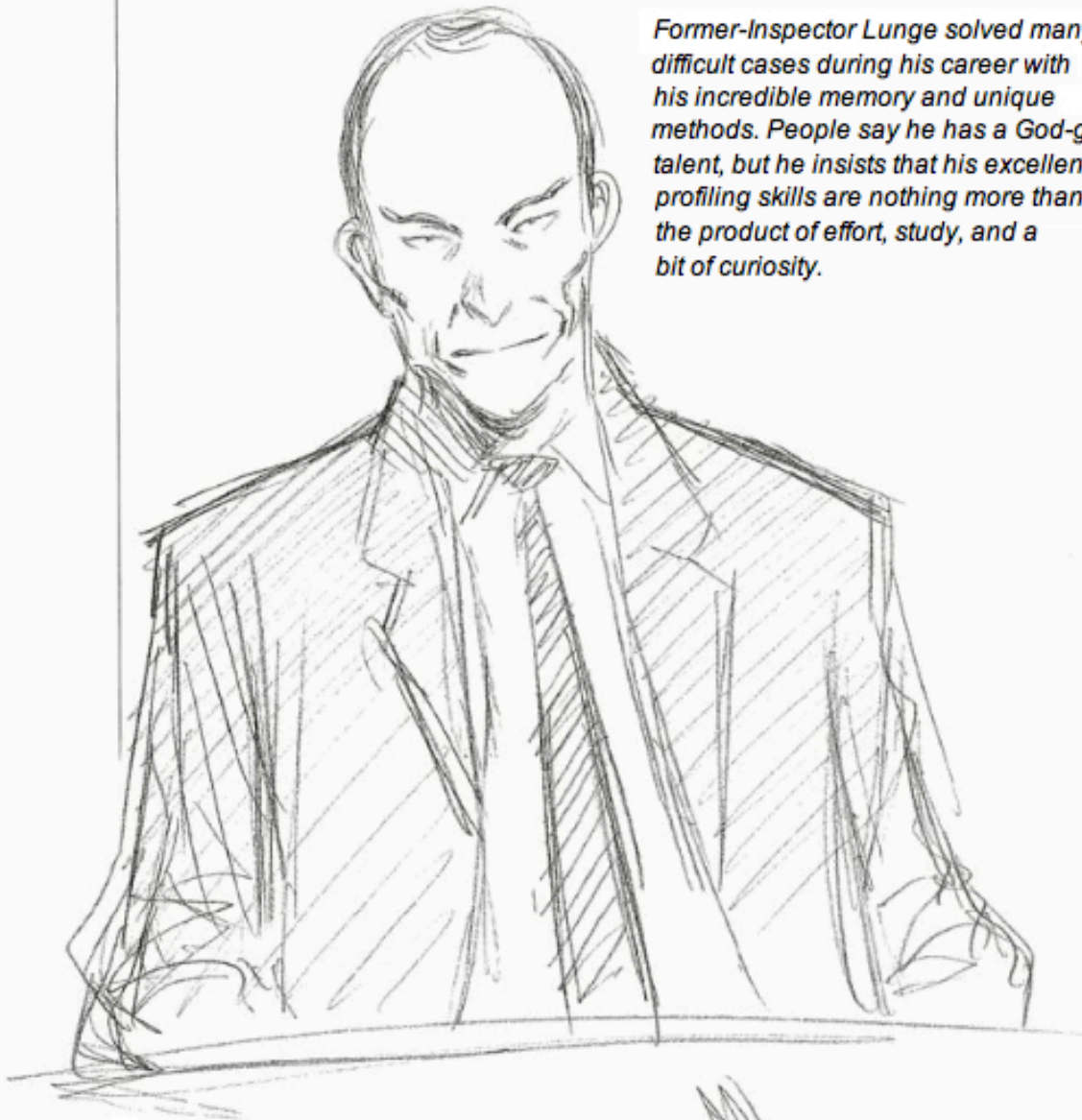
The words he said next surprised me even further.

"Very well. I will answer your questions about the Johan case. In exchange for information about the case in Austria."

I told him in detail everything I knew about Kottmann's murder of the three hospital employees, Kottmann's life, the body of the mysterious old man from the Czech Republic and the artifice used to disguise it, and the injured man who visited the hospital shortly after the old man's death — including details not reported in the media. Mr. Lunge sat silently and listened to my story. All the while, his fingers were endlessly tapping on their imaginary keyboard.

When I had finished talking, he resumed the interview as he had promised, to speak about the Johan case...

*Former-Inspector Lunge solved many difficult cases during his career with his incredible memory and unique methods. People say he has a God-given talent, but he insists that his excellent profiling skills are nothing more than the product of effort, study, and a bit of curiosity.*



*As he taps on an imaginary keyboard, he recalls endless details of the Johan case. I believe that he possesses "Ultimate Memory."*



— First, tell me of how you became involved in the Johan case.

"As you know, the BKA is the German equivalent of the FBI... an organization that handles criminal cases that happen across all the states of the nation, but with only a fraction of the power of the American agency. I was merely invited to be an advisor to the local police during the investigation into the 1986 poisoning of three staff members of Eisler Memorial Hospital in Düsseldorf."

— And what did you think of this initial case?

"The method of homicide was skillful, but I couldn't see any motive other than enmity."

— What was your first impression of Dr. Tenma?

"A brilliant brain surgeon whose position at the hospital and engagement to the director's daughter had both been taken away a few days before the murders. I had never attempted to profile a Japanese before, but I found it quite easy to enter one part of his personality. He held a grudge against the hospital director."

— Why didn't you detain Dr. Tenma? The police should have had enough room to interrogate him.

"There was a remarkable lack of physical evidence. And it reeked of an intellectual crime... a crime that arises from interests between the perpetrator and the victim. I thought that given time, the person who had gained the most from the murders would be apparent."

— And you had heard about the hospital's twin children patients going missing.

"Yes. At the time, we treated the disappearance of the children, like the shooting of the Lieberts, as East Germany's problem. This was, of course, before the collapse of the Berlin Wall."

— What did you think and do about this case during the nine years between the murders and the new case that occurred at Neue Rhine General Hospital?

"It is true that I participated in other cases in that time, but I never forgot about Tenma. I felt that there was more to come out of that case. And I told myself that when the time came, I would not let him escape me."

— And as you suspected, more developments occurred. I'm told that you were coincidentally working on the case of the middle-aged couple murders, one of the suspects in which was Dr. Tenma.

"That is right. The murders of middle-aged couples across Germany were disguised to look like robberies, but I did not believe that. It was apparent that they were the work of multiple people, and one of them was already wanted. A man named Adolf Junkers, who acted as the group's lockpicker. We received a report that he was run over by a car in Düsseldorf, and taken to Neue Rhine General Hospital, so I went there. And that was where I met with Dr. Tenma again."

— And you began visiting the hospital to interrogate Junkers, before he escaped from the hospital one night, and was shot. The police officer who was standing watch was poisoned, and Tenma came forth to say that he witnessed the shooting.

"When I heard that the poison used to kill the guard was a muscle relaxant, I noticed the resemblance to the poison that was used to kill the three doctors, nine years earlier. And the only person to suspect was Tenma."

— What did you think of Tenma's story... That the murders were all the work of

Johan, the elder brother of the missing twin children?

"From the particular nature of this case, I reassessed my opinion of Tenma's character. His original murders were done out of hate and vengeance, but now he had turned into a pleasure killer. He possessed an inner personality named Johan, and it was Johan who committed the murders through him. On closer examination, it was Johan who had been the cause for his downfall nine years ago, so in his fervor to blame everything on Johan, Tenma created a dual personality... He developed a dissociative identity disorder."

— Did you think the middle-aged couple murders were his doing, as well?

"At the time, I thought it was preposterous. But when the Fortners and the Heidelberg Castle gardener were killed, I began to consider the possibility. The tool used to strangle the gardener's neck was Tenma's necktie."

— But is it possible for a man who has been living a normal, law-abiding life to suddenly transform into a serial killer?

"Serial killers usually exhibit symptoms from a young age, but it is not uncommon for cases to appear as late as in one's 30s."

— That's when you called for Dr. Tenma's arrest, and he ran. What did you think of Nina, the daughter of the Fortners? She also went missing.

"I believed it was most likely that Tenma had killed her."

— Following that, Tenma was sighted in Verden and Berlin, but police were unable to apprehend him.

"To be honest, I thought that I could have caught him easily. But when I questioned a former mercenary who taught Tenma how to use a gun, I changed my opinion. I realized that Tenma had the ability to earn the respect and assistance of those he associated with."

— There are reports that you began to pursue Tenma more closely after your actions in the Boltzmann case left you temporarily out of any other work to follow...

"That is true, in a way. Because of that case, I was removed from supervision of several other cases I had been in charge of at the time. Because I had worked without rest until that point in my career, my family situation was in shambles. My boss at the time told me quite firmly, 'You have nothing left.' No doubt my colleagues thought of me as an elite investigator who had fallen into disgrace. However, I was quite happy with this, and I don't mean that as a show of courage. This meant that I could put all of my concentration into the fascinating character of Dr. Tenma."

— After that, you determined that another middle-aged couple killing in Hamburg was the work of a copycat. At this time, you ran into Dr. Tenma, but he escaped you.

"He was not the weak man he had been before. Oddly enough, his growth was astounding."

— You then visited Tenma's college classmate, Dr. Rudi Gillen. You took advantage of his belief in Tenma's innocence to learn that Tenma was in Munich. Did you still suspect Tenma?

"Yes."

— Even after reading Gillen's report on Tenma?

"Yes. When I saw the message that Johan supposedly left behind... the message saying, 'Look at me, look at me, the monster inside me has grown this large,' I believed it only proved Tenma's multiple personalities. Until I went to Munich to meet with some



Japanese businessmen, and I happened to run across a peculiar Czech storybook called "The Nameless Monster." There was a passage in the book that contained the same text, and something within me began to change."

— However, when Tenma attempted to kill Johan in the Munich University library, you thought that he was attempting to kill Schuwald, the greatest financier in southern Germany.

"I did. But when the library burned down and we received reports from those who were present, I was forced to admit that my internal logic held too many flaws."

— When was it that you began to physically sense Johan's existence?

"Johan's existence... I wouldn't have believed in such an imaginary thing. There is no human being who doesn't leave traces behind, and if there was, he would be the Devil. But there is no such thing. Therefore, there is no human we cannot catch. But it was then, when I visited the apartment Johan supposedly once stayed in, that I felt it. I felt that there was a man in this world who did not exist."



*The Japanese edition of Emil Šebe's "The Nameless Monster" (Shogakukan). This book, which could be called the origin of the Johan case, is also famous for being Naoki Urasawa's first translation from Czech.*



— So you took a long-term vacation, and headed to Prague.

"Yes. One reason was to find out more about Emil Šébe, the author of "The Nameless Monster." The other reason was the nitric acid poisoning of three Czech police officers.

— There hasn't been much media coverage of the storybook.

"Because they don't know anything about it. Emil Šébe... Jakub Faroubek... Klaus Poppe... all different pennames for the same author. There was something peculiar in each of his works that left a bad feeling in one's mouth. But what kind of effect would it have on the reader, what was the message, if any, and what was the author's intention... it was clearly a piece of work with an unforgettable aftertaste, but there was nothing more one could say for certain. It wasn't even clear exactly who Šébe was."

But Mr. Lunge was finally able to grasp the contour, the background of Johan, in Prague. Johan's existence had been proven, but where was the monster born, and where was he going...? I began to form some loose conjectures. It was at this point that I became determined to make these things clear when I visited the Czech Republic. And, as I will explain later, this storybook and its author, Emil Šébe, were at the very center of this case...

As former-Inspector Lunge promised, he recalled the things he knew and thought with his startingly precise memory. Lunge said that Johan had made a mockery of his abilities, but I was overwhelmed by the insight he displayed, and I believed that without him, this case would never have been solved.

At the end of the interview, I asked him about brainwashing — how does one manipulate and control another person this way?

"It's simple," Mr. Lunge stated. He asked me where I was currently living. When I answered Vienna, he said, "Then, can you draw me an accurate map of the city, depicting every single road?" I wracked my brain to conjure up a mental map of Vienna, and began drawing a simple map on my notepad, as he intently watched my facial expressions. When I admitted defeat, saying that I could not possibly draw an accurate map, he took what I had written.

"What area of Vienna is this?" He asked.

I sheepishly said that it was the neighborhood I lived in, and he responded, "Then to you, this is the center of the city; no, the center of the world," as he looked at me. "When you imagine the place called Vienna, you use your living space as a starting point, and think of roads and places as they relate to your location... And even when given an actual map of Vienna, you most likely see your neighborhood as the center."

When I nodded to show that I understood, he went on. "In the very center of your mind, just like this map, there lies the foundation of your ego — your identity."

I nodded again.

"But suddenly, your coordinate axis is removed. There is no meaning to this center... there is a much more appropriate center for your heart. This is the reality of what we call brainwashing." He smiled. "And when a human being's mental axis is removed and they are lost, you gently and carefully entrap them with words, not giving them the opportunity to think, offering them a new place to live... You will find that human beings follow the instructions of whoever furnishes them with this new home... They become surprisingly docile."

— I realize this is a difficult question to ask, but what are your current feelings about Dr. Kenzo Tenma?

(His finger movements stop)

"I told him I was sorry. What else could I say? I suppose a writer like yourself could find better words? If you can, please tell me what they are."

I expressed my thanks to Mr. Lunge. He had cordially responded to all of my questions. As we left, he spoke to me.

"You think that there might be another monster who received the same education as Johan did, in Czechoslovakia or East Germany."

I said that I did.

"And this monster manipulated Kottmann into killing the witnesses..."

I nodded again.

"If such a monster truly exists, your life is in danger," Lunge told me.

I understand that. But I want to know the truth, I answered.

"But if that monster is real, he is not like Johan... he was special," Inspector Lunge said.

I asked him how they were different.

The former detective answered, "Johan possessed superhuman brainwashing abilities, but he also cast aside his desires one after the other... A rare type of criminal. Like... like a Buddha drawn to destruction."

I did not miss the first and only sign of fear that flashed across his face.

## Chapter 5

### Kinderheim 511 (May 2001; Berlin)

I spent the rest of May attempting to investigate everything that I knew about the route Tenma took in his escapes from the law. This was of course capable with the help of some very valuable information from Inspector Lunge.

The goal of Tenma's flight was to kill the monster whom he had revived with his own scalpel: Johan. In order to do this, he spent some time in the town of Kiesen, undergoing combat training from one Hugo Bernhardt, a former French Army foreign division soldier. There is reasonable room to doubt that he grew experienced to any kind of professional level; however, it is true that he managed to fully evade the German police with the application of his newfound skills. Next, I became interested in the money Tenma used to fund his escape. He withdrew a significant sum from his bank accounts shortly before he disappeared, but it is hard to imagine that he could have survived in the underworld for three years without some sort of gainful employment. Apparently, Tenma fell in with a house burgler named Otto Heckel, and worked as an underground doctor as they traveled from place to place.

Immediately following his disappearance, Tenma was only witnessed in the towns featured in the Middle Aged Couple Murders. From Verden, the home of the Springers, to Siecke, where the Hess family was murdered. But after this, he changed plans. He must have noticed that visiting the homes of these victims was not going to turn up Johan. He headed to (former) East Berlin to look into Johan's first(?) parents, the Lieberts.

Tenma visited the Lieberts' home, and learned from a neighbor that Johan and Anna (Nina) were taken from an orphanage.

The name of Johan's orphanage was Kinderheim 511 — an experiment created by the East German government and run by the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Could this be the root of evil from which Johan stemmed...?

I found the one person who would spill the beans on this sinister story. Her name was Erna Tietze — an employee at another orphanage separate from Kinderheim 511, who was responsible for Anna, Johan's twin sister.

When Erna showed up at our meeting place in Einstein East Cafe, she looked exactly as one might imagine a cold and harsh East German jailer to look; tall, thin and forbidding. But the sharp gaze from behind her spectacles turned to a twinkle when she spoke of Anna, and her thin lips curved into a smile. "Anna was such a dear girl. I can only hope that she's still able to live happily after all that's happened to her."

I realized that my initial impression of this woman was quite incorrect. Her stern glare and furrowed brow formed the expression of a harrowed professional used to working with children. But Erna Tietze was a woman undoubtedly filled with compassion. I understood this when the conversation turned to the treatment of orphans under East German communism.

"It might not be proper to speak this way, since I was involved with all that back then, but it really was dreadful. There were some orphanages that were decent places, but it was the children of anti-government and underground activists, illegal emigrants and criminal

offenders... in other words, the children of "dangerous elements," that were sent to special facilities for re-education, even if they were innocent of any wrongdoing. These places were like prisons. The children had no privileges or rights, and they underwent abuse from the administrators day in and day out..."

I started right away by asking the question I most wanted to ask.

— And Kinderheim 511 must have been the worst out of all those places you just described.

"Oh, no. Not at all. Kinderheim 511 was... it was a government experiment. Normal orphanages were all under the jurisdiction of the Welfare Ministry. But this one was run by the Internal Department. You know what that means, don't you?"

— The one that was called responsible for the worst atrocities in the communist bloc, either the Internal Department or the National Security Department, correct? The secret police were run by National Security... they set up wiretaps around the country, spied on the citizens, silenced those who threatened them or spoke out for democracy, and used brainwashing to create proper, obedient communists.

"Not only that, they wanted to create soldiers who would act unflinchingly in the name of national interests and ideals, just like cyborgs. That was where Kinderheim 511 came in. Everyone thought they must have been doing something dreadful there, because the fatality rate was so terribly high."

— What could they have been doing?

"I don't know. They created an investigation team... and technically, I'm a member, but there are no official records of it, most of the people who went through it are missing, and even those who have spoken up have no memory of what happened to them there. We've tried subjecting them to hypnotism, but all we get are abstract, mental images of frightening experiences... like, 'a dark basement door,' or, 'monsters.' Of course, physical exercises and combat training were part of the program, and monitored very scientifically. There weren't any new or remarkably extreme methods of torture or abuse. But we do know that they had some odd kind of classwork. One of the people we put under hypnosis remembered it... Some kind of debate..."

— Debate?

"It was... it was like the kind of curriculum that you might expect someone who wanted to be a politician or religious leader would undergo, and it was apparently very important. Those that had been subjected to hypnotism all felt a deep fear of it."

— Fear?

"Yes, that they would cease to be... that they would be broken. They said that even their code numbers would disappear."

— Code?

"We're guessing that the children incarcerated in this place were forbidden to use their real names, and were called by some kind of code numbers."

— How long had Kinderheim 511 been in existence?

"I don't know. It was around for at least 20 years before I started my job. I didn't know the name of the place, but there were plenty of terrible rumors floating about. I think it was early 1980 when I learned what the name was. That was when it became a joint project between the Welfare and Internal Departments. The system was actually that it

would receive its full funding from the Welfare Dept., and that Internal Affairs would continue to run it, as it had been doing. But there were a few instructors who were placed there by the Welfare Ministry... That's when we found out that it was called Kinderheim 511. And from then on, we occasionally received children who had been kicked out of that place."

— Kicked out?

"Yes, they were apparently not 'suited' for whatever the purpose was... But they were all emotionless and shut off from anyone else. Their faces were continually frightened... the only human reactions we could see was when someone would begin reading a book aloud. Then they would scream and cover their ears."



一見強面のティーツェ女史だが、その内面には、あふれ出るやさしさと意志の強さを感じさせる。

*Ms. Tietze appeared to be fierce at first, but a closer look would reveal a personality brimming with compassion and unwavering ideals.*

— And what happened to them?

"Most of them died within a year."

— Back to the subject: Who would have created Kinderheim 511?

"I don't know, someone inflicted with the Internal Department's delusions. However, I have heard that the overall principle and curriculum of the place were created by one of Czechoslovakia's most brilliant psychiatrists."

— About these "debates." Could you give me more details?

"They were *like* debates, but... To put it simply, you know how people are psychologically affected when you bring them up and then drop them down, or put them down before raising them again; you start off by saying "You're no good, you're a terrible person," and they'll panic and lose their identity, making them easily manipulated. You just don't want to face yourself head-on. Depending on circumstances, one might lose all self-confidence, and end up committing suicide. Modern cults use these techniques to ensnare new members. But the activities at Kinderheim 511 were even more dangerous. They were taught that the greatest weapon one can wield against another person is not guns or strength, but words. They were trained to be specialists in manipulation... no, trained to be leaders. I think that what happened there was a game of survival, where words could kill... and those who lost were internally destroyed..."

— I'd like to talk a bit about Johan. Why was it that he was sent to Kinderheim 511, and yet his twin sister Anna was given over to your orphanage?

"I don't know, it was someone else's decision... I suppose a large part of it might have been that it just wasn't the kind of place for girls. Also, I think some East German secret police or army officer was observing the twins. I suppose he saw Johan's potential. He just didn't think Johan was so terrifying that he would destroy the place."

— What was Anna like?

"She was very smart, and she never once gave us any kind of trouble. But she was quite introverted, and never really opened herself to us. Her German was perfect, but occasionally she would speak to herself in Czech. They said the twins had been found wandering the border between Czechoslovakia and East Germany, so I assumed that she was Czechoslovakian. She was always worried about her brother... she seemed to think that he was put in that awful place in her stead."

— Did she ever do anything out of the ordinary?

"Well, like I just said, she would speak to herself. It was like she was relating the day's events to the wall. Probably to Johan. Or..."

— Were you just about to say something?

"Yes, but... well, it's just too outlandish to be... Anna would often tell me, 'Johan learned about this today,' or 'Johan met this person,' but I thought she was just imagining that. But there was one night, she said, 'Tomorrow, Johan's going to leave his orphanage'... And the next day, Kinderheim 511 burned down, and only Johan and another boy made it out alive... I think it was just a coincidence, though."

— What did the government tell you about Kinderheim 511 burning up?

"Nothing. Total gag order. I only found out what really happened recently. It started off with the director's death... and after that, the various instructors started infighting over who would take the director's position. The internal management broke down, and they



lost their control over the children. And then the instructors and children wiped each other out."

— And how did Johan factor into this?

"Well, this is all according to the testimony of that child psychiatrist who worked for the Internal Department, Hartmann, who was just arrested for child abuse... he was involved with Kinderheim 511. According to Hartmann, it was Johan who planned it out to have all the people massacre each other. It would be totally unbelievable, if the Johan Case hadn't gone public, wouldn't it?"

— So it was at Kinderheim 511 that Johan became a murderer. Or was it earlier?

"Hartmann said that Johan had already understood the point of the teachings and curriculum far better than the teachers and ministry members who set them up. It was a mistake just attempting to educate him. He was a ruler right from the very start." (She took out a notebook, flipped a few pages and began to read aloud) "Hartmann's exact words were... 'The instructors and children died that day, all fifty of them. And Johan simply gazed upon it. I asked him. What did you do? He took an oily rag and tossed it into the fire. He said, hate is born when people come together. I just added a little fuel to the flames. A ten-year-old boy. Kinderheim 511 was an experiment to raise children into perfect soldiers. Looking at it now, it was a meager experiment. Johan was born a leader. He was made to stand at the top. We couldn't have made a work of art like him. He was more than human, a true monster from the beginning. In the end, all humans hate and kill each other. All he wanted to do... was be the last person alive at the end of the world...'"



*The remains of Kinderheim 511, as viewed from behind.*



*The ruins of Kinderheim 511 on the east side of Berlin. The lot was bought to be turned into a supermarket, but was abandoned when the company went bankrupt.*

— So Johan was perfected before he ever came to Kinderheim 511.

"But I think, if at that time, someone had truly extended him a loving hand and put him in a caring home, that he would have changed, and wouldn't have gone on to commit all those crimes."

— Anyways, how do you suppose he destroyed the place? How exactly did he toss that rag into the flames?

"I wasn't sure if I was going to say this, but I'll tell you one thing. Right before Johan destroyed Kinderheim 511, we were sent one of their pupils. As usual, he showed no signs of emotion... He managed to survive, and after a lot of time and rehabilitation, regained his emotions and began to reform some memories."

— Did he remember what happened there?

"Yes, just vaguely. First of all, during their debate classes, the boys secretly managed to brainwash the instructors into hating the director..."

— Does that mean that the leadership of the debates was transferred to the boys?

"Yes, without the instructors realizing. It was only a matter of time until the director died. The boys manipulated the teachers into hating each other... using the mind control tricks they had been taught..."

— If the boys had banded together like this, why did they kill each other?

"They didn't actually band together. They just wanted to get out of that place and escape the unbearable fear... even if it meant destroying it."

— Unbearable fear?

"Kinderheim 511 was a world completely shut off from the outside. So the kids inside had no idea what was happening outside, what was going on in politics. Who knows, there could have been a nuclear war. If you'd told them they were the last people alive on Earth, they'd probably believe you. And so they created this odd fairy tale that spread among the children."

— Fairy tale?

"In Kinderheim 511, there was a boy who was always kept under sleeping pills. Because he held the words that could destroy any person, the teachers thought he was a monster and kept him locked underground. Such was the terror that they felt towards him that they swore they could see ten horns and seven heads. But one day, the boy developed resistance to the drugs and awakened. He manipulated his jailors and slipped back among the pupils. But the boys didn't know who he was... because none of them knew each other's names or pasts. The boy hated everything about the facility, so he began secretly plotting to have everyone kill each other. First, he would steal all of their memories, so that they couldn't even remember their own names, and then offer them the path to death, through their torment... But the boys never even realized that they were being controlled. Could it be that someone is trying to manipulate us? And so this incredible fever raced through the orphanage."

— That was all it took to destroy the experiment?

"I don't know. There must have been something extremely terrifying about that fairy tale, to the boys in Kinderheim 511."

— In the end, they couldn't trust each other, and the children and adults both turned upon one another.

"The boy who remembered this fairy tale said, everyone grew paranoid, frantic to find out who the monster was. But when he thought back on it..."

— What?

"Originally, it was just one boy who told the fairy tale... a handsome boy with blond hair. He was the one who started the whole thing. Why hadn't anyone noticed?"

We stood, and shook hands. She said she wasn't sure if she'd been much help, but she wanted the people on the West Side to know as much of the truth as possible. She didn't want anyone to be subjected to the things the East German children had to endure. She herself had been raised in an orphanage, because both of her parents left her behind 45 years ago, when they snuck across the border to West Germany. I asked her if she had found her parents since the reunification, and she said she got in touch but didn't meet with them. After a while, her father died of illness and her mother began living alone... She said that she would personally go to the Administration Bureau, and look for any records she could find about the secret experiments carried out on children under the former communist regime. She promised to call me if anything happened.

"What the secret police did was like Kinderheim 511 for the entire country. It pit family, couples and friends against one another and plunged the nation into a nightmare of paranoia," were her final words to me.



## Chapter 6

### Multiple Personalities (June 2001; Frankfurt)

The next place Kenzo Tenma appeared is said to be Frankfurt. He was following Officer Messner, one of the policemen who shot and killed Nina's foster parents, the Fortners, and Mauler the newswriter. Four months after the murders, Messner was dismissed from the Mannheim Police force for possession of drugs (making the news in the process), and for some reason had been hired by an ultra-right-wing organization. The leader of this organization was nicknamed the "Baby," a high-ranking member of the infamous Neo-Nazi "Pure German People's Party" and "Reform and Progress Party." Following the reunification of Germany, he was involved in "building communities of pure German peoples" in Dresden, but had returned to Frankfurt when the authorities chased him off.

Communism and Nazism — judging from World War Two, a pair of ideologies that were not meant to mix. Hitler preached anti-communism and tortured those communists he could catch. After the war, the communist countries actively purged Nazi sympathizers, and nowhere was this more fervently pursued than in East Germany. It is ironic that after the collapse of the Soviet Union, it was East Germany where Neo-Nazism most prominently surfaced. It seems to be true that chasing Nazi war criminals from office did little to alter the ideals or attitudes of the populace, especially when the Soviet puppet government maintained the same kind of militaristic system the Nazis already had in place.

According to Inspector Lunge, Tenma successfully made contact with Messner and gained new information about Johan, or rather, learned that there was a Neo-Nazi group attempting to manipulate Johan. We must assume here that Tenma also succeeded in meeting Johan's younger sister Anna (Nina) as she tracked down her brother. Most likely, the ultra-rightists hired Messner to help them catch Nina, in order to use her as bait to lure Johan in (also, one month later after meeting Tenma, Messner was stabbed to death in an incident involving drugs, and his partner in the Heidelberg Murders, Officer Mueller, was shot and killed in Southern France two months afterward.)

There were two curious events that occurred in Frankfurt during Tenma's stay — In the first, a number of dead bodies were uncovered, one of which belonged to Gunther Geidlitz, a professor at Dresden University. He was a guest of the Baby's, and a verified Neo-Nazi supporter. The other was a failed attempt to burn down the Turkish quarter of town.

In order to explain why the Neo-Nazis were so intent on chasing out the Turks, one must start with the actions of the West German government from 1961 onward in attracting Turkish immigrants for manual labor. When the economy soured and unemployment rose, the far right were quick to single out the Turks, who made up the largest percentage of Gastarbeiter (foreign workers). With the adverse economic effects of the German reunification, this anger only intensified.

The attempt to burn down Frankfurt's Turkish neighborhood centered around Calvin Street ended in failure, but it was clearly the work of the Baby's organization. He managed to evade prosecution on a technicality, but the local police officers firmly believe he was the

one responsible. It is not clear how these two events are tied together with the Neo- Nazis attempt to lure Johan to them, but the planning of the Baby and Professor Geidlitz was clearly a failure, and Tenma once again found Johan slipping out of his grasp.

However, Tenma did manage to find clues to the mystery of Johan. One of them was an encounter with General Wolf, the man who found Johan at the border between East Germany and Czechoslovakia and gave him his name (though at this time, Tenma was not aware that Johan had any connection to Czechoslovakia).

I inquired about General Wolf at the government registry office in Berlin, but the clerks could not find any files on him. The general himself probably had his records from the East German "Stasi" secret police erased, but it is simply unthinkable that there could be absolutely no trace of him whatsoever. I must assume that this is another case of Johan's powers at work.

On the other hand, the BKA suspects that General Wolf was not a member of the secret police, but a former border patrol or special unit soldier — likely one that took part in or advised the army in clandestine operations.

The other clue Tenma found was a hand-written message from Johan at an abandoned warehouse in Romberg. "Help! The monster inside me is about to explode!"

From this eerie message, Tenma began to suspect that Johan had dissociative identity disorder: multiple personalities.

In order to unravel this mystery, he decided to visit his college classmate, Dr. Rudi Gillen, a psychiatrist and expert in the realm of criminal psychology.

## Chapter 7

### Rudi Gillen (June 2001; Paris)

Dr. Gillen is the only person involved in the case who has written a book about Johan, so far. His story, "Road to a Monster," was a best-seller throughout most of Europe, and his name was recently ranked in the list of Germany's 50 Highest Taxpayers. Professor Gillen, currently busy on a worldwide speaking tour, has told a British television station that after the excitement dies down, he plans to return to his life's work in the study of criminal psychology.

I met Dr. Gillen in a cafe on Rue Bonaparte, near the banks of the Seine. Dr. Gillen, returning from a lecture at the Sorbonne, appeared precisely at our scheduled meeting time of 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He gave me a quick greeting, and as he sat down, he removed a handheld tape recorder from his large attache case, and smiled, "No doubt you'll find it odd to be recorded as you conduct the interview, but I will have trouble speaking without it." He had a pleasant face, but a sharp gaze. He was dressed in an Armani suit, and I could detect a whiff of cologne.

He glanced at me with upturned eyes and said, "Please, begin."

— I'll get right to it. What were your thoughts when Kenzo Tenma suddenly appeared at your office in Hattingen?

"It was quite a surprise. We were classmates in college, but not particular friends of any type. And I knew that he was the primary suspect in that case, and was on the run... I had no idea what he wanted with me."

— What about when Tenma described this man named Johan, and asked you to do a psychological analysis on him?

"Tenma brought two messages from Johan. 'Look at me, look at me, the monster inside me has already grown this large, Dr. Tenma,' and 'Help, the monster inside me is about to explode!' He believed that Johan had dissociative identity disorder."

— And what did you think?

"That Johan did not exist, and that Tenma was either lying outright, or suffering from multiple personalities himself."

— The same conclusion that Inspector Lunge of the BKA came to.

"Actually, I ultimately decided to trust Tenma in the end and asked for assistance from Herr Lunge, but he wouldn't take me seriously. Not too surprising, looking back on the situation."

— I suppose that being a psychiatrist, you had a different perspective on the issue than a detective.

"To put it simply, he tries to predict the actions of a criminal in order to arrest him, and I look into the hearts of those criminals he captures in order to unravel the mysteries of the human mind. Where Mr. Lunge is special is that he enjoys finding intelligent criminals and engaging in a battle of the minds, like a game of chess. What he does is competition... a contest."

— That's a rather severe assessment. So once you believed that Johan did in fact



exist, did you think that he suffered from multiple personalities, as Tenma suggested?

"I did, once I studied the messages he brought me."

— So, dissociative identity disorder is when there exist multiple personalities within one human mind.

"That's right. Childhood abuse is often the chief cause as far as we know, but I like to use what I call the 'flashlight in a darkened room' metaphor. The dark room represents the human heart. There are built-up emotions there, common to all of humanity. But the personality changes depending on where you shine the flashlight. If I move the point of light just a bit, I could become you. In the case of multiple personalities, the person doesn't like where their light is shining, and wants to change himself, but doesn't have the courage to move his beam of light. So he just goes out and buys more flashlights, and turns each of them on... this is where the multiple personalities come from."

— But in "Road to a Monster," you rejected the idea that Johan had multiple personalities.

"That's right. The more I became involved in the case, the better I understood the storybooks, Johan's past, and thus his personality. His messages were meant to confuse us... I believe that he was enjoying himself by confusing us. But without meeting Johan directly, I cannot say for sure."

— What do you believe Johan was?

"A man who could delve into the hearts of lust murderers. Or perhaps he could simply delve into the hearts of *any* human being. A brainwasher who could control the minds of other people. But what he sought was not pleasure from the murders of others. He wanted to wipe out the entire world... that was where he derived his pleasure."

— How would he actually go about infiltrating the heart of another person?

"By acknowledging their worth. By never frowning upon their actions, and by teaching them that they are not alone in the world. They are elated, believing they have found their one true friend, the only person in the entire universe who understands them. Or, on the contrary, he might belittle them, lambasting their every move and driving them to the darkest pit of mental solitude and ruin. After doing that, he would simply make a little request. Just kill one measly person, that's all..."

— Johan killed all the people who remembered him, one by one. Why do you suppose he left Tenma and Wolf alive?

"I think Johan needed someone, too. I can't speak for this Wolf fellow, because I never met him, but I think I understand the reasoning in Tenma's case. First of all, Tenma saved Johan's life... he does not disapprove of people. He finds their laudable aspects, and praises them. He accepts them for what they are worth, yet he never, ever digs too deeply. However, once he makes up his mind to do so, he will stick with someone. He will not let them go. To Johan, whether Tenma hated or loved him didn't make a difference. It was the fact that Tenma would always remember... remember and follow him, that was so important to him."

— It is said that Johan received special education in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. What about the other children who received the same treatment? Do you think there could be other monsters out there, a 2nd or 3rd Johan?



今や欧州一高名な精神科医となった  
ドクター・ギレン。来月は出版社の招  
きで日本講演も控えていると語る。



彼の傍らには、いつも  
カセットレコーダーが  
欠かせない。

[above] *Dr. Gillen, now the most famous of all European psychiatrists.  
He is scheduled to give an address in Japan next month, on behalf of his publishers.*  
[below] *He is never seen without this cassette recorder at his side.*

"I don't believe so. There may be people like Mr. Grimmer, who have gone on personal journeys to recover their memories... And perhaps it is true that some of them became professionals in the darker side of politics and intrigue. But the nations in question are now gone, and there is no one to give them orders. I think that even if you had the same education as Johan, it doesn't mean you would think and do these terrible things on your own. If there were any danger, it would be if they ran into Johan somehow. But that would now be impossible."

— Is Johan truly still in a comatose state...?

"That's what I've been told."

— If he were to awake, would you want to perform a mental analysis on him?

"As a scholar, of course, I have an interest. But, I don't think it would be a good idea. From his perspective, I would probably be the easiest type of person to brainwash."

— Easiest to brainwash?

"Do you know why it is that I have such a reputation for my psychological analyses of serial killers? It is because I am very similar to them, and thus I understand them well. The reason I have such an interest in them is because I want to know more about myself. I believe that Inspector Lunge could say the same. Everyone involved in that case, with the exception of Tenma, was fascinated by Johan. They were all similar to him in some way, all very easy for him to control."

When Tenma came to him asking for help, Dr. Gillen was busy analyzing the mind of Peter Jurgens, a serial killer who murdered eleven young girls. What he found interesting was the twelfth murder, of one Theresia Kemp [Translator Note: In the manga it was Hanna Kemp], a 52-year old woman who clearly did not fit into Jurgens' pattern of killings. Jurgens claimed he killed this woman at the request of a friend, but Gillen did not believe him. After he informed the police of Tenma's visit, Gillen visited Kemp's home, which had been left undisturbed. What he found there was proof of the man Tenma had told him about — the existence of Johan. The murder of Theresia Kemp was part of the Middle-Aged Couple Murders.

Dr. Gillen, ashamed that he had sprung such a trap on Tenma, rushed back and helped him escape the grasp of the police.

Afterwards, when he learned that his respected professor and mentor Dr. Reichwein had also stumbled across the Johan case, Gillen began to work in earnest towards the restoration of Tenma's good name.

Next I ought to go to Munich, Dr. Gillen told me, and he wrote down contact information for Dr. Reichwein. When he said that he had to go to London tomorrow for a meeting with the BBC, I asked him how long he would continue his relationship with the media.

Dr. Gillen spoke slowly, choosing his words very carefully. "I do have quite enough money to live off of for now, so I hope to return to my research soon." A pained grin stretch across his face.

"But I didn't realize the public enjoyed hearing about serial killers so much."

## Chapter 8

### Underground Banks (June 2001; Fussen)

The story takes a new turn in Munich. Johan appeared before a wide audience. He became a student at Munich University, and approached the greatest financial giant in the state of Bayern, Hans Georg Schuwald. It was a clear sign that something in Johan had begun to change...

Before this point, he had literally been hiding in the darkness.

Johan and his sister Anna had wandered along the national border between Czechoslovakia and East Germany. At the time that he was found by General Wolf and placed in the care of Kinderheim 511, we can assume he was about 6 or 7 years old. At about age 10, he destroyed the orphanage and was taken into the custody of the high-ranking East German official, Liebert, and moved to West Germany. After the murder of the Lieberts, Johan was taken to a hospital with critical injuries, where he first met Tenma. With his life being saved, he then disappeared from the hospital, and spent the rest of his youth living in the homes of childless couples. Just before turning 20, he would meet Tenma again, kill one of his own employees, and disappear once more. During this time, he would kill the couples who had taken care of him, thus erasing his own past.

Before Johan executed him, Junkers the lockpicker screamed, "We've been hired by a monster."

In the underground, he was already known as a monster...

What could Johan have been doing in the underground world before he appeared at Munich University? I succeeded in getting an interview with the one person who could tell me that.

He agreed to meet with me under the condition that I not release his name or any sketches. The place would be Füssen. He had a large nose, thin lips and a sharp chin — features that at one time must have seemed forbidding, but now formed into an expression of gentleness. However, the sharp looks I noticed him throw me from time to time were enough to convince me that this was a man used to living in the world of crime.

— First of all, may I ask for a bit of background?

"As you can guess, I wasn't involved in any business to be proud of. Though I am retired from it now. I was born in Hanover. Just a common street thug. So, I did anything that would get me some money. It started with robbery... I even robbed banks. I was the driver. From then on I learned how to use a weapon, so I became one of the actual assaulters, and eventually I became the leader and planner. The police caught me once, so I spent four years in prison. When I got out, I joined a large syndicate. The boss there liked me, until I two-timed him, and started working for a different boss, and then I was the Number Two man in the organization... My dreams were realized almost instantly. I became rich. But the more money I got, the more I lost sight of what it was I wanted to do. When I turned back and looked, I had abandoned my parents, made enemies out of my brothers, and lost my wife and children. When the head of the organization started making attempts on my life, I realized... it was time to call it quits."

He says his life is still in danger. He has three hired bodyguards, and rarely leaves his house, outfitted with the latest appliances and surveillance systems. Every time he goes out, he changes his routes constantly, and takes a different way home. When he returns home, he has one of his bodyguards check the house. He buys his cooking ingredients only from sources he trusts, and prepares his food himself... I was told these rumors by the man who acted as the go-between to help us meet.

— How was it that you came to know Dr. Tenma?

"I was shot in the leg by a 9mm Parabellum, and also scraped up my head... I was betrayed by the Number One man. I would have died, had Dr. Tenma not saved my life."

— So it was true that Tenma acted as a black market doctor while he was on the run from the law. And this is supposedly the point at which you gave him information about Johan...

"At the time, I didn't even know that the person in the rumors was Johan. But my home was attacked, and when I realized that it was he whom Tenma was fighting, it all clicked into place."

— Can you tell me in more concrete terms?

"I didn't understand why the head of my organization was trying to kill me. Some people said it was because he feared me, so I figured that was the only reason. True, we had some differences of opinion in regards to money laundering, but they weren't enough to require killing another guy. In fact, I was in a position to be thanked, for protecting the syndicate's money. Our money was held in a very old private bank in Switzerland, and then cleaned... we sent it to banks in English colonies in South America, trading companies in Hong Kong, Arabian banks and conglomerates, and after circling around the world, it would come back to a perfectly respectable company we used as our front, as perfectly clean, legal money. But about 5 years before this attempt on my life, a huge underground bank appeared in Germany. They kept their clients' secrets entirely safe, and they not only handled money laundering, but investments and loans, meaning that as they cleaned the money, they pulled in remarkable amounts of money in interest. As the moneyman at the time, I sat down with the Number One man, and we decided to switch banks to this new place. And for about 5 years, business went exceptionally well."

— Where in Germany was this underground bank?

"It was said the man in charge lived in Düsseldorf. But then rumor started spreading that the owner was actually just a 20-year-old kid. Which would mean that he started this underground bank at only 15 years old. I felt something was fishy about all this, and I was considering drawing out of the bank. But with the money we were making... of course the boss was against the idea. But I stuck to my guns. We withdrew all of our funds... and just like that, the bank vanished."

— Vanished?

"Yes, vanished. The president of the underground bank... the 20-year-old boy had disappeared. The rest of the people there fought over the money, and most ended up dying. I guess he wanted to see all those grown men flocking to the money, and laugh. I think he might have started the bank just to see this happen. I was relieved that I had saved

all of the syndicate's money... but the boss had different ideas. Now I think he might have embezzled the money. If we had left the money in that bank, we would have never gotten it back. And then the rest of the high-ranking officers would have been out for his blood. So he blamed me for embezzling the money."

— Is that all that you told Tenma?

"No... I also told him that a few men took off after the boy who disappeared. To get back their money, that is. I believe the plan was that they would most likely take his life as well, depending on the circumstances. From a few scant clues, they managed to figure out that he was in Munich. He had become a student there."

— What happened to his pursuers?

"I don't know. I assume they never came back."

I listened to his story in a Füssen hotel, in a room with all the window blinds pulled down. He never touched the coffee or cookies that were offered. He also said he did not want any drinks or tea. When I asked him, "Because of the chance they might be poisoned," he did not respond. "I mean, you did say that you only eat food that you have prepared by yourself." He threw me a sharp glare, but then laughed.

He told me, "There was one more thing I told Tenma about. When people get more money than they can ever spend in their lifetime, they lose interest in everything but two things. However, those two things are not compatible. One is to be seen... the desire to gain fame and glory. The man Tenma was following had seen enough of people who flock to money. The next thing you will want to see is the people who flock to fame." He put his lips to his coffee for the first time. "My interests went into a different direction. Or should I say, they returned there... I simply wanted to sit at a table, and enjoy good food. That's why I cook my own meals."

He smiled at me.



## Chapter 9

### Karl Schuwald (June 2001; Munich)

Karl Schuwald is a business management student at the Friedrich Emmanuel School of Munich University. When he first joined the school, he went by the name of Neuman, but three years ago changed it to Schuwald. His scheduled inheritance from the mastermind of Bayern's largest Konzern, Hans Schuwald, has been a hot topic among the financial world of the E.U., and the media has spent much effort looking into just who he is, and whether he is a foster child or illegitimate son of Schuwald's. But ultimately, only those who are very close to him know the truth, and none of them are talking, so the real story has yet to be reported. Knowing this fact, I was very skeptical of my chances at getting an interview with Karl, so unlike what I did with Inspector Lunge, I came right out and told him that I wanted to know more about Johan. Surprisingly, his answer was "Ja."

He invited me to the Schuwald Estate, close in proximity to Nymphenburg Palace, in the northwest region of Munich. The ancient building, seemingly straight out of Victorian-era England, had undergone diligent maintenance, and cast off a chic, rather than elegant air.

Karl Schuwald was a young man with stiffly wavy black hair, not handsome, but with an honest and intelligent face. For being the son of a fabulously wealthy man, he looked not unlike your average starving student, with a plain blue denim shirt and jeans. As we shook hands, he stared into my eyes, as if attempting to ascertain that I was as honest and upfront about my statements as he was. Unsurprisingly, his father was nowhere to be seen, and I felt a bit of disappointment, along with no small amount of relief.

— Just for the record, you have met with Johan, correct?

"Yes. He was a friend of mine. I trusted him like no other person. If only I could ask him... why he did those things to me and my father."

— You have been... no, still are, a much-discussed person among society. Why did you decide to accept my interview?

"Most of the interview requests have been about the connection between me and my father. You are only the second or third to ask about Johan. A recent as a year ago, I would have turned you down, but now I feel that I can talk about it."

— After the discovery of the Johan case, the media rushed out to cover the story and find the truth. But most people who were involved with it have not spoken. The world at large spread rumors that there must be something very big and secret behind the case. Why have you decided to speak up about it, now?

"The reason they haven't said anything is because they are afraid."

— Afraid? But Johan is said to be in a deep coma, still only a few steps away from death...

"Yes, the fear is not of him now, but of the things we experienced in the past. Even a year ago, just thinking back on it would have paralyzed me. But after three years, I've finally been able to face it. Or perhaps I should say that I feel I *must* face it."

— After-effects of your experiences, then. Well, tell me of how it was you came to know Johan.

"Johan and I were hired by my father... Hans Schuwald, to read Latin aloud to him, as he could not see. I came in on Tuesdays, and Johan worked on Fridays. We both went to the same university, but he attended the law school there, and I was in the business school, so we had never met. It wasn't until a mutual friend introduced us to each other that we became acquainted."

— What kind of person was he?

"First of all, his reading was perfect. He was a very well-educated student. And so he was my father's favorite... He was always kind and polite to me, and he even cried when I told him my background story."

— Was it through this reading job that Herr Schuwald became taken with you, and decided to accept you as his heir? Feel free not to answer, if you'd rather not.

"Ah yes, that's what the media is all excited about now. Well, the truth is... I really am Hans Georg Schuwald's biological son. My mother and father were very much in love, but she did not want to marry, and so she left. She gave me to someone she knew, and disappeared from my life. And so I spent the rest of my childhood moving from orphanage to foster parents, and back. When I got into college, news of my mother's death was in the paper. She had been murdered. After her death, I wanted to meet with my father, somehow. I had told myself that he was a terrible man who abandoned my mother to her fate, but there was a part of me that secretly hoped he would love me."

— And so you introduced yourself to him.

"No, I didn't have the courage. My confidence was tattered enough by my horrific reading, which threatened to get me fired nearly every week... No, it was Johan who truly united me and my father. He showed him the lucky rabbit's foot my father had once given to my mother, and which passed on to me. That was how my identity was proven."

— So what was Johan's goal?

"My father's search for his biological son was actually widely known in Munich. Several times before, men had come to him, claiming to be his heir, and each time he hired a private detective to examine their backgrounds. This was another reason why I had trouble speaking up for my identity. When I was spending my days reading to Father and fidgeting over whether or not to tell him who I was (for whatever reasons), another young man came to him and claimed to be his true son. He was another student, named Edmund Fahren, who read to Father on Thursdays. His story was good enough that only I could have known he was false. So when I went to visit his dorm, intending to blow the cover off of his disguise... he was hanging by his neck, dead. I believe it was the day after that, that I first met Johan Liebert... It wasn't until after he led an attempt on my father's life and burned down the college library that I understood what his true intentions were. It was Johan who manipulated Edmund Fahren, to gain my father's trust. But just before he could put his true plan into motion, I appeared, the real son. So he changed his mind and decided to control *me* instead, to get the power of Schuwald's empire in his own hands. This was a much better plan for him... so he killed Edmund Fahren, and came to me the very next day."

— And after this, Johan was able to gain the trust of both you and Mr. Schuwald.

"My father said that he was 'perfect.' He even considered naming him his heir, and teaching him all that he knew about economic leadership."



将来のヨーロッパ経済を背負って立つといわれるハンス・シューバルトの跡継ぎ、カール。趣味は読書と釣り、サイクリング。質素で地味、落ち着いた感じの好青年である。

*The heir of Hans Schuwald's estate, destined to lead the future European economy, Karl. His hobbies are reading, fishing and cycling. A plain, relaxed young man.*

— Wait just a moment. To him, and not you?

"That's right. No one could compete with Johan, in anything. I fully understood and accepted the decision. My father was blind, and yet Johan achieved perfect harmony with him... At times, he received so much praise that you would wonder if he could really be of this world. If he ever intended to rule the Bayern, no, the entire German economic world, he

must have nearly seen his efforts to success."

— However, Johan plotted your father's assassination at the Friedrich Emmanuel Library, during the ceremony for his book collection donation...

"Actually, that's not quite right. It would make sense if Johan planned to kill him and then inherit all of his power, but in actuality, Johan stared right into my father's eyes, among the flames, and declared his involvement in the event."

— So Johan must have changed his plans.

"My father afterwards said that he had become bored. As the 'Vampire of Bayern' himself, he should be able to recognize it... He said that Johan was playing with our world as a child wreaks havoc on a line of ants... But that he grew tired of his little game."

— To change the subject a bit, how is your father now? Before the incident he had become unusually social and visited with various figures, but now he has gone back to his reclusive ways. He is, of course, quite elderly now. Some say he could be seriously ill.

"True, I was also worried for him during his recovery period. But no, Father is just fine. He doesn't meet as many people as he had previously, but I think that he's become a kinder, gentler person. Lately he likes to say that all opposing concepts, life and death, good and evil, beauty and ugliness, Heaven and Hell; all are opposed to the other in such a way that they are like twins. But I think he has chosen the side of light."

— Have you ever met Dr. Tenma?

"Yes, but only for a very short time. At the Dresden Station Square. I gave him a message from my father, who was on his sickbed. At the time... I did not know that he was Dr. Tenma."

— What was your impression of him?

"He struck me as the martyr type. So stoic as to be ascetic..."

— And Mr. Schuwald's message?

"I didn't understand what it meant. Čedok Bridge... Three frogs... If the monster you seek is of a pair of twins, their mother is in Prague..."

— Why would your father have this sort of information about Johan?

"Because it was not all a coincidence. After my mother disappeared, Father went frantic searching for her. She was actually an exile from Czechoslovakia; she'd been living here illegally. She had once told him the features of the house her friend in Prague lived at... a place near the Čedok Bridge, with a signboard of three frogs. Apparently her friend was also being pursued by the government. Father supposed that when she left, she might have gone to visit her friend, and so he found the place in 1980. The woman who answered the door had twin children. My father and this woman spoke about their memories of Mother, and then he left. The twins just sat and listened to their conversation."

— But how did he come to the conclusion that Johan was one of those twins?

"Well... he learned of my mother's death in the newspaper. He hired a detective to take a look into her life after she disappeared in 1977. When she... well, retired from her work in 1992, she lived in Offenbach, Hessen. For a time, she had a flatmate. A young man, about 18 years old... Three months before she died, she sent a letter to a friend. In it were passages about me after we had separated, and her old friend that she attempted to escape Czechoslovakia with. Her friend did not make it over the border, and eventually was married and had twins. She wrote about the boy she was staying with. How he reminded her so

much of her old friend."

— I see. That explains a lot. And that's where things move to Prague. By the way, this job you mentioned, where you would read books to your father... what kind of books did you read?

"Ah, yes... my father had a passion for Latin and Greek literature. For me, it was simply a matter of finding the Nth book from the left on the Nth shelf as he requested, and I imagine it was the same for any of the other students who did the job. But I believe that Johan was the only one whom he asked, which books do *you* read."

— Now that is interesting. And did Mr. Schuwald tell you what Johan answered?

"This was before we knew who Johan was, so my memory is unclear... I do remember that Father chuckled when he said it. I believe he was surprised that Johan would read such a 'common' book, but he did read it, and I've forgotten the title, but he said that it was a good book."

— Do you suppose you could ask your father what the title was? Between all the storybooks and reading seminars involved in the Johan case, it could be important. Is it possible that this book could have been a picture storybook?

"As far as I can recall, it was not."

— It is said that part of the reason Johan chose not to appear on the "scene" as it were, was a chance look at a storybook called "The Nameless Monster." Were you present at the time that this happened?

"No, I wasn't. Well, actually I *was* there, but I was not at his side when he fainted. One of the school librarians was present, and she witnessed his reaction. My friend Lotte Frank could tell you more about it than I can."

In the summer of 1997, as Schuwald's acting secretary, Johan visited Munich University's Friedrich Emmanuel Library. There were several meetings scheduled to plan out the ceremony for the grand book donation. While walking through a restricted section for students only, Johan happened across a storybook that had fallen off its shelf. Upon opening the book, he suddenly began wailing, and fainted. The book was called "The Nameless Monster." A Czech storybook by Emil Šébe, published by Moravia of Prague. It is from this point that his plan changed drastically.

— Lastly, I have a question about the fire in the library. You were supposed to attend the ceremony alongside your father, but shortly before the event, you returned home. Did something happen?

"Father asked me to go back and get some papers for him. I thought it was a strange request, but I obeyed. It was only afterward that I learned that he had already understood, already knew that Johan would make an attempt on his life. And that he did this to save me."

— And yet he decided to face his own death?

"Yes. The evening before the ceremony, a psychiatrist named Dr. Reichwein visited us. He told us of his suspicions regarding Johan, and talked about the deaths of former drivers, maids and birdwatching friends my father had been fond of, and how their deaths came at Johan's hand. My father believed him. He had felt misgivings about Johan's utter



perfection for some time. And yet he still wanted to go forward with the ceremony... which led me to believe that he felt he had to test his fate. My father could feel his age seeping in. He had just found his son, found happiness, his business was booming, and he felt it was right that he could step down at any time. That's why he did not want to run from a monster such as Johan. He wanted to put his fate on the line and risk it all. If he survived, he could always do something else. That's what sort of man he is..."



*Munich, near the university, where Johan's plans took a sudden shift.  
Could he have gazed upon these same sights...?*



— Surely you must despise Johan for all of this, now.

"To be honest... now, I don't like to say this because it makes me sound like a fool, but I don't think I still have a good grasp on exactly what happened. From time to time, I find myself curled up in bed, shivering in fear. But I don't know if I can say that I hate him... It was on the roof of the school that I first opened my heart to Johan... At sunset. For some reason, I found myself telling him about some of my fonder yearnings. I spent much of my life hopping from one orphanage to another, so the concept of the early evening, when the lights come on and families gather at home with the smells of dinner mingling in the air... it was a special image that I kept very close to my heart. As I spoke, he walked, balancing along the wall at the edge of the roof. When he turned towards me... he was crying. I still don't believe those tears were false. They were utterly true and heartfelt. I suppose that experience has prevented me from ever truly hating him."

I knew some of the gossip that had gone around about Karl's mother. But I had decided that if he did not bring her up, I wouldn't bother to ask. So long as he respected his father and loved his mother, the data would be pointless. I asked him if he felt pressure at inheriting the Schuwald empire. His answer was surprisingly indifferent. "I did before, but not at all, now. If I was not capable of it, my father would not entrust it to me, and I am not so foolish as to desire inheriting something that I could not handle."

I gave him my thanks, and decided to retire for the day. As he showed me to the door, he said, "I will ask Father about the title of the book Johan liked. But it will have to be when he is in a good mood."

I thanked him for his trouble, and left the Schuwald estate.

**Chapter 10**  
**Lotte Frank**  
**(June 2001; Munich)**

Upon graduating from Munich University, Lotte Frank surprisingly joined the large Southern German detective agency Wanz & Wanz, but was fired after a year for numerous clashes with management over employee salary and welfare. She now keeps a low profile working for a Munich research company, and plans to become a writer. Her first novel is said to be an escape suspense set in the Middle Ages, about a slave who flees his owners and attempts to become a free man.

She met me at a cafe in Schwabing near her alma mater, dressed in what would be considered, for her work, a rather rough outfit: navy jacket, cut and sewn shirt, knee-length skirt. Most striking of her features were her large, round glasses, and her bobbed hair with a pigtail on the side. She had a charming, jaunty air. The files she carried under her arm were apparently the results of a survey on which type of white sausage teens prefer: boiled or fried.

— Let's get to the questions. Tell me how it was you came to be involved with these events.

"When I heard from the student office that Mr. Schuwald was hiring female college students for part time jobs, I figured it was my big chance. It ended up being cleaning and laundry and stuff like that."

— Your big chance?

"Yes, I was interested in the Vampire of Bayern. When I told Herr Schuwald that I wanted to write a thesis on 'Mental Profiles of Bayern's Rich and Powerful in the Middle Ages and Today,' he thought it was very funny. He wanted to know if he was my subject. And when I worked there, I noticed the students he hired to read to him... whom I found an interest in. Especially Karl... and Johan. Johan Liebert."

— Why were you interested in these two?

"As far as the reading was concerned, Karl was a horrid student. The things Schuwald used to say to him! I figured he would quit in no time. Schuwald would treat his readers harshly, but he never fired them. Instead, most of them would simply stop coming after a few times. I honestly thought Karl was just another one of them. But even after all the things Schuwald said to him, even through all the pain he was clearly suffering, Karl came back every week like it was the only thing that mattered. I figured there must have been something to it. As far as Johan goes... he was just so handsome and perfect that it surprised me anyone like that truly existed."

— And Edmund Fahren?

"Eh, either way. He was blond and pretty, but sort of take-it-or-leave-it, as far as I was concerned."

— So, you kept an eye on what Mr. Schuwald did everyday.

"Yes. Karl told me he would go out on the town every Friday night. So we followed him."

— And this is how you met the prostitute known as the "Red Hindenburg," and

learned that there was another young man claiming to be Schuwald's son.

"Right, we learned that she was using Karl's mother's name to leech money from Schuwald, and that Edmund Fahren had stepped forward, calling himself the rightful son. Karl and I went to his dorm, and he had committed suicide... And from then on, it was just one thing after another."

— You have also met Anna... that is, Nina Fortner.

"Yes, I met her at the school library. She came every day, and researched things until the library's closing time. I was curious, so I talked with her. Nina was looking into a series of unsolved serial murders that had happened in Bayern over the past few years, including, to my surprise, the murder of Karl Schuwald's mother..."

— As a matter of fact, you are the first person I've spoken with who has talked about Nina Fortner. Can you tell me your impressions of her?

"She was very pretty, with long blonde hair... sort of naive, or should I say, withdrawn... But I think she felt a calling, a strong will inside of her. It was almost like desperation, in a way. From the moment I met her, she reminded me of Johan... with one big difference. Something that Johan did not have... that was her expressions. She had the most wonderful, human expressions on her face."

— This is the question I have been most curious about... Karl told me that you were quite familiar with Johan's fainting episode with the storybook "The Nameless Monster"... Can you tell me about it?

"Ah yes. When I heard that he had fainted, I rushed to the hospital. Bodenheim State Hospital... Johan had already been checked in, and I met the librarian who had been there when he fainted. I asked her about the book he had seen, because of course I was curious, so I looked it up for myself."

— And what did you think, after you read it?

"I didn't just read 'The Nameless Monster,' I got my hands on everything that Emil Šébe... well, everything that author did."

As she said this, she pulled out several storybooks from among the thick stack of files she carried. Klaus Poppe's "The God of Peace," Jakub Faroubek's "The Man With Big Eyes and the Man With the Big Mouth," Emil Šébe's "My Garden," Helmuth Voss's "A Peaceful Home"... some of which I had never seen before. My only thought was, is this the source of Johan's story? These fairy tales shaped him into what he is?

"I read all of them... the art is unique. You don't see many people draw like this, do you? The problem is what's inside. I think for average kids who live a normal life, these would be unremarkable for the most part. But what if you really preached the stories to them, as if they were the Bible? As something that *had* to be read and understood. There's a message in them. But I can't tell exactly what kind. I feel a kind of evil from it. But I can't tell what sort. Aside from "A Peaceful Home," it's a commonality in all of them... I can't explain it. There are so many ways you can take them. How would a human being interpret these books?"



探究心旺盛なロッテは、フランツ・ボナバルタの絵本も、ほとんど目を通したという。優れた洞察力の持ち主らしく、ボナバルタの絵本を見事に分析していた。作家としての素質も十分か。



[left] *Lotte's detective thoroughness has led her to read most of Franz Bonaparta's storybooks. She has an excellent analysis of Bonaparta's style, as befitting a person of considerable insight. I believe she has ample talent to be a novelist.*  
 [right] *Ms. Frank tells me it's nice to be a writer, but that detective work provides its own good ideas. A very unique individual. .*

I found her words to be quite fascinating. How did the storybooks create Johan? By leaving the interpretation of the books up to the children, after they had been read. And not just left up to the children, but forcefully read to them in an extremely restricted and terrifying environment, pounding it into their minds in a place that fills them with malice and nihilism. The best and brightest of Czechoslovakia's psychologists must have had an idea of what this would produce.

— Did you see Johan after his fainting episode?

"From time to time at school... This was around the time that Johan and Karl grew somewhat estranged from me. I had quit my job for Mr. Schuwald, and I didn't go to the ceremony when the fire broke out. But the one thing that I *can* say is that the book changed Johan's plans, if not his entire life."

— Changed his life?

"When I asked the librarian about the circumstances of his collapse, she said he just happened upon the book. It was an unexpected incident. Or more like, he had forgotten about the book's existence."

— He had no memory of it?

"Yes, I believe he had lost his memory. Until he saw it again... And when he saw "The Nameless Monster," he remembered that he himself was *not* a monster. It might have been the instant that he returned to being human."

Johan cast aside his ambitions of Schuwald's fortune in the flames, and disappeared. He would leave to the Czech Republic on a journey of self-discovery, possibly to fill in the pieces of his missing memories.

— Did you meet with Nina again, after the burning of the library?

"I went to see her in the hospital. She said that Dr. Tenma had saved her life. After being discharged, she went to Dr. Reichwein's house, where Dr. Gillen put her under hypnosis. She talked about a fairy-tale land... and three frogs. I figured that she must have been missing part of her memory as well. The same thing with Johan. The next day, she disappeared. I'm sure she must have remembered where this fairy-tale land was, or where Johan would be going. I saw her once again, near the end of the whole string of events. She had gotten all of her memory back... and she was in a bad state. It was hard to get close to her..."

— How do you feel about Johan now, after all is said and done?

"I understand that he was a terrifying person, but I was a bit like Karl, and I didn't delve too deeply into him... Looking back, there were definitely some things about him that send shivers down my spine, but I wouldn't say that I hate Johan, or feel angry at him."

— Karl seems to have complex feelings about Johan as well. Do you think that it's possible he planned to kill Karl in the library?

"Hmmm... I wouldn't say so. Schuwald learned of Johan's plot before it happened, and still went to the ceremony... He made up an errand for Karl to run so that he wouldn't be present... and I think Johan accounted for all these things. If he really wanted to kill Karl, he could have done so long before that."

— Why do you suppose Karl escaped Johan's sights?

"I don't know if Johan was really such a methodical, plan-oriented person... He was able to get whatever he wanted so easily that it was equally simple for him to bring an early end to it. He grew tired of fame and wealth just before he would have had them for himself. But what Karl wanted was something that Johan could never have... Karl wanted the evening lights of homes in the city... the sight of people returning home... the harmony of family... the warmth and the bonds... All things that Johan could not have... and could not understand... And he probably couldn't kill anyone who sought such things."

## Chapter 11

### Julius Reichwein (June 2001; Munich)

Herr Doktor Reichwein is the owner of a very unusual personal history. Born in 1937, near the Alpen Road in Kaufbeuren, Bayern. After graduating Munich Medical School — where he majored in plastic surgery — he served his conscription and joined the police force. Upon earning his credentials in the police medical courses, he became a police surgeon for the German Border Guard, spending twelve years in service on the Czechoslovakian border. He left the Guard at age 40, took psychology at Düsseldorf University Medical School, and would become a lecturer there. This is where he taught Kenzo Tenma and Rudi Gillen.

His father's death at age 50 prompted Reichwein to return to Munich to retrieve his inheritance, which he would use to start the private practice that he continues to this day. I visited Dr. Reichwein at his Counseling Center in a neighborhood of apartments on the north side of Marien Square. The doctor is a jolly fellow with a quick smile, and he gave me a jovial, surprisingly powerful handshake. He briskly offered me a seat, and thumped down into the chair behind his desk.

— First, let's start with yourself. You have an interesting history. Why did you decide to be a policeman?

"Ah, well... my father was an officer. A real high-ranking bigshot type. I felt both defiance and admiration for my father. It was the desire to compete with him, the pure wish to be of service to others, and a need to discipline myself that led me to join the police."

— And how was your time as a doctor on the force?

"It was hard, but a good time. Good memories. It wasn't a war, but I saw plenty of battle in my time."

— You left the force after 40, and went back to school.

"I'd found an interest in psychology. All those times I saw people breaking the law... I felt like I would need to understand how the human mind works in order to know why they did what they did."

— Then you decided to stay at the university and earn your teaching credentials. This is where you met Drs. Tenma and Gillen.

"Correct. Gillen in particular was in my same field, so I maintained a relationship with him after he graduated. I remembered Tenma mostly for his excellent marks, but I probably would have forgotten him, if he hadn't ended up running from the law."

— And speaking of which, how was it that you came to be involved in this series of events?

"It was a battle of revenge for my late client, a former detective named Richard Braun... He had been severely damaged by a case under his wing, and he descended into alcoholism, eventually quitting the police force. He came to me to get back on his feet, to get his life in order once more. He had recovered his confidence and was on the verge of conquering his weaknesses for good. His new work was going well. He had been hired as a private dick by Hans Schuwald. But it was a job that would lead to his death."





元警官だけに、実は空手と柔道の有段者でもあるというドクター・ライヒワイン。勇敢で豪快、かつ気さく。テンマが心の拠り所とした点は十分うなずける。

*Dr. Reichwein is not only a former policeman, but has degrees in karate and judo as well. A gallant, hearty and sociable man. It is easy to see why Tenma confided in him.*

Richard Braun was a crack detective in the Munich Police Homicide Division. Richard was on the hunt for a serial killer on a streak of terror through Munich, and finally found his man: Stefan Jost. He identified his killer from a single wool ski cap that had been dropped at the scene of one of the murders. Richard chased Jost down at Theresienstrasse Station and eventually killed him after a fearsome shootout.

Agent Braun was hailed as a hero at considerable length by the media following his feat, but it was just a single letter published in one newspaper that turned his life upside down. The anonymous letter sent by a witness of the shootout claimed that Jost had been gunned down in cold blood after he dropped his weapon and raised his hands in surrender (The identity of the writer, though still unknown, is popularly rumored to be either Johan, or Braun's jealous partner). The police department held a public hearing and reopened the case in exchange for Richard Braun's resignation from the force, and the truth became hazy once again.

But Richard himself accepted interviews for countless papers, revealing that he himself had no recollection of how he shot Jost, and that he could not verify or refute the letter's claims. Later, one publication carried a statement from a station insider that said that in addition to being an extremely talented detective, Braun also had a severe problem with alcoholism, and that it was likely he was inebriated even as he chased Jost and shot him behind the train station. Agent Braun's response to this, aside from confirming his alcoholism, was no comment — once again, because he had no memory of the incident.

Eventually, several police-covering reporters wrote articles in defense of Richard Braun — extolling his strong sense of justice and morals, emphatically stating that he was no "Dirty Harry" figure who would kill a defenseless man, criminal or not... Finally, saturated with the topic of Richard Braun, the people of Bayern began to lose interest in the case, and the truth, still unknown, was never reported. But Richard himself had still lost his career and family, and was suffering with the effects of his alcoholism, a battle that threatened to consume him for the rest of his life.

It was Dr. Reichwein who stepped in to save him. The doctor advised Richard not to avert his eyes from the truth, but to face it head on.

— How do you suppose Richard Braun became involved with Johan?

"Because Mr. Schuwald hired him. He must have been familiar with Richard's investigative skills. He wanted Richard to look for his illegitimate child. The first target of his investigation was Edmund Fahren... Richard felt suspicious about Fahren's suicide. And despite Schuwald's disinterest in continuing the search after that, Richard was still eager to find the truth. His long years of detective work gave him the hunch that there was something large and very dark behind all of it."

— And so Johan went after him.

"It's not quite as simple as that. Richard could feel that there was someone behind Fahren. He just couldn't tell who it was right away. But he did notice several things... That three unsolved murders from when he was on the force were related to Schuwald... In other words, that all three victims were people that Schuwald had grown close to... Furthermore,

two of those cases involved the name Johan... *and* that Johan was given by Dr. Tenma as the name of the man behind the unsolved middle-aged couple murders... and finally, that a brilliant young man named Johan was currently involved with Schuwald's mansion... when all of these things came together, they put Richard in incredible danger."

— What were your thoughts, when you heard of his death?

"The police said that he had jumped to his death after getting drunk... but I didn't believe it. I knew there was something. I swore that I would find out the truth. And at the same time I chastised myself, because I hadn't really saved Richard at all. I had simply sat in my chair and listened to his problems, without a care in the world."

— What *is* the truth, do you suppose? Did Johan murder Agent Braun?

"The truth is, I just don't know. But I *do* believe that Johan backed Richard into a corner with words. Johan is a man who can kill you with words. Richard always felt guilt about what happened with Stefan Jost... and I think Johan may have prodded him there. No, he *must* have."

— Were you aware that Jost was at Kinderheim 511?

"Yes, I learned that afterwards. Ten months before that despicable place was destroyed, he was let out to be someone's foster child. Following that, he jumped around different places until he finally settled in Munich. I suppose he might have known Johan."

— And this is where you consulted with Dr. Gillen?

"Yes, and then Tenma saved my life. One of Johan's men... no, more like, one of his disciples. Anyway, this fellow attempted to kill me. However, I was also careless here, as well. At the time, I hadn't noticed that Tenma was trying to kill Johan himself."

Dr. Reichwein would continue to be Tenma's protector and confidant until the entire ordeal had finished. Not only this, but he would also provide psychological care for Nina Fortner, Eva Heinemann, Karl, Schuwald and other victims of Johan's. Dr. Gillen had told me that everyone aside from Tenma had a commonality in that they were drawn to Johan, but I believe that Dr. Reichwein, like Tenma, was completely the opposite of Johan. He was a man in total harmony with himself.

— What did you think of the storybook in question?

"Ah yes, it was rather odd. The story had a sort of repelling philosophy. It felt like the sort of thing that could really affect a young boy if it was read to him in certain circumstances. The question is, how exactly was this reading seminar carried out... Even with a psychiatrist and his patient, there are certain areas into which he must never tread. The only way we are allowed to step into a patient's mind is to help them come to an understanding of themselves, by appearing exactly life-sized, *not* larger or smaller than we really are. But this man, this Bonaparta, broke that rule. He cast an enormous shadow onto those boys' minds, and made those shadows capable of controlling them."

— And what are your thoughts on Johan the Monster, now that all is said and done?

"Monster...? There is no such thing as monsters. Johan was a human being... After the fire in the Munich University Library, he spent his life trying to be human... that's what I think. And while we call those people who commit murder without blinking an eye 'monsters,' we cannot lose the act of murder. We must look at them head-on, and see them

as humans. We must remember that they are not monsters, but human beings with names like all the rest of us... That is the key to understanding what Johan was, exactly."

Despite being the attendant counselor for Nina and Eva, Dr. Reichwein was not exactly forthcoming on the subject of the two women. Feeling that he would not speak further of them even if pressed, I decided to call it a day. I thanked Dr. Reichwein for his time, and I left his office.

## Part Two (1997-1998)

### Chapter 12

#### Czech and Germany

(July 2001; Prague)

Johan, Tenma, Nina... these three central characters to our story went from Munich to Prague in the Czech Republic, in search of lost memories. Those readers of this book who have been to Prague perhaps understand why Johan and Nina both called this city a "fairy tale land." Faced with the sight of Old Town Square lit up at night, I had the illusion that I was somehow transported to Disneyland. It is easy to see why Europeans refer to it as the most beautiful place in Europe.

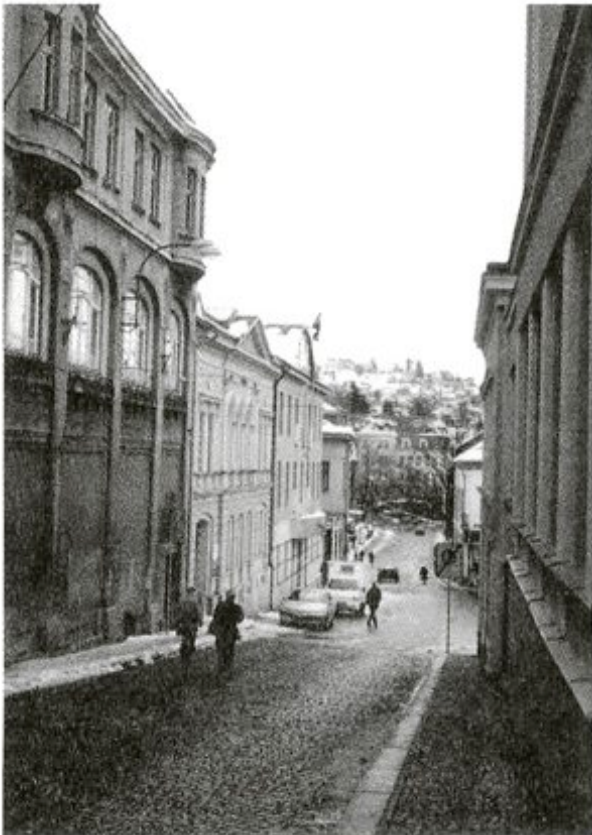
I secured accommodations at the Bettelheim Hotel near Charles Bridge, and set forth to search the city's used bookstores for the cursed storybooks — the works of Emil Šébe, Klaus Poppe, Jakub Faroubek, and Franz Bonaparta. After no luck at the stores around my hotel and on the other side of Charles Bridge, I made a call to a publisher specializing in storybooks, and was able to finally procure copies of *The Nameless Monster*, *The God of Peace*, and others for myself.

To be completely honest, I did not find the art to be so unique. In fact, it almost looked familiar. But any Germans or Czechs who read his books will immediately notice something else. Putting the mysterious author's cryptic messages aside, another commonality shared by the books is the names of their characters. Beginning with Johan, then Otto, Hans... extremely common, traditional German names are used, but similar Czech names like Jan, Milos and Pavel are nowhere to be found. It is quite plain to see how Tenma and Agent Lunge made their supposition that the single German name among the author's pen-names, Klaus Poppe, might in fact be his actual name. The author is of a German minority in the Czech Republic; a German-Czech.

At this point, it will doubtless be helpful to most readers to take a close look at the complex historical background of the Czech Republic — particularly Bohemia — and Germany.

To begin our story, the Bohemian region was originally settled by the Boii people around 150 BC. By about 60 BC they had been replaced by Germanic tribes, who ruled the area until the 5th century AD, when they migrated to Bavaria. After that, three different Slavic tribes settled the area: Czechs, Moravians and Slovaks. By the 9th century, the Czechs had seized control of the region, founding the kingdom of Bohemia, ruled by the Premyslid dynasty. But to the east lay the mighty Hungarian (Magyar) Empire, and the royal family was forced to join a military alliance with the Germanic Holy Roman Empire to avoid the threat of invasion. The Premyslid line now served under the king of Germany and the Pope in the Holy Roman Empire, but in the 12th century Vladislav II was granted the lands of Austria, opening a new period of prosperity. Of course, they were still ruled in actuality by Germany, so it is not hard to imagine the Czechs' eventual struggle for independence in the 15th century.





*The area of Bohemia, where Czechs and Germans found themselves at odds. There exists a long-standing hatred between the two ethnicities in this place. It is a part of history that must be explained in attempting to describe the birth of the monster.*



In the 16th century, the Czech lands fell under Habsburg Monarchy control — a reign that would last four centuries — and in the 17th century the Czech nobility started the Thirty Years' War, which led to blunt oppression from the Habsburg throne and the demotion of Czech into Austrian holdings.

It would not be until the 19th century that the Czech push for independence gained momentum once again. With historical leaders like Palacky and Masaryk, and the rise of ethnic self-determination in the wake of the First World War, the Czechs finally succeeded in forming their own sovereign nation, Czechoslovakia.

This history as seen from the German perspective is as follows. The original German expansion to the east begins in the 10th century, for a short period during the rule of Charlemagne. The German colonists settled the land, and in the 12th century, the Premyslid rulers of the Duchy of Bohemia actively sought to invite more Germans to help cultivate and advance the prosperity of their land.

The first Germans to cross over were miners and farmers drawn by the silver-rich Czech mountains and nutrient-heavy soil. Next came clergymen, city planners, merchants and carpenters, and German towns were born — the Bohemian region near the borders of present-day Germany, Poland and Austria.

As these German migrants came from various areas such as Frisia, Bavaria, Saxony, Swabia, Styria and Austria, the Czechs referred to them with the blanket term Teutons, but they called themselves Sudeten Germans (Sudetendeutsche), after the Sudeten Mountains on the border to Poland.

In the 14th century, when Luxembourg's Charles IV, ruler of Czech was crowned King of the German Holy Roman Empire, it affected the relationship between the Czechs and German immigrants. The Sudeten Germans suddenly gained much influence and political power, and began to financially and politically overwhelm the Czechs. The 15th century Hussite Wars were the first rebellion against Germany by the Czechs, and the 17th century Thirty Years' War was a battle for power between the Austrian Habsburg dynasty and the Czech nobility. With their loss here, the Czechs became totally subordinate to the Germans and Austrians, even having their language slowly replaced by German.

But in the 19th century, Czech independence would grow closer with the waning of the Habsburg dynasty. Meanwhile, the Sudeten Germans were pushing to have their land holdings become a part of the Austrian Empire. The Industrial Revolution of that century would work to the advantage of the Czechs with the enrichment of their capital assets. When Germany and Austria-Hungary fell in WWI, it was the Czechs' capital backing that helped them claim their independence.

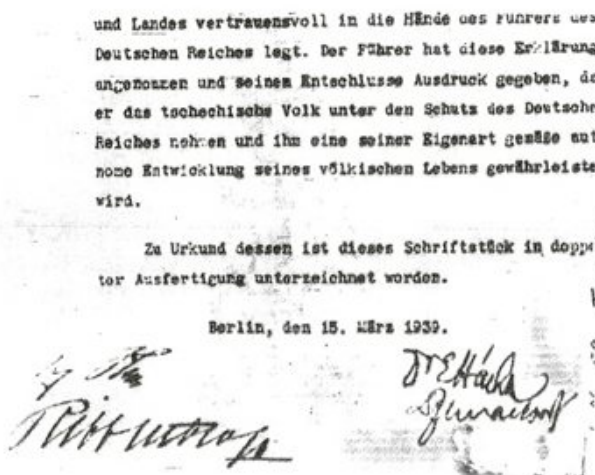
With the consolidation of Czechs and Slovaks and the birth of a Slavic nation, the Sudeten Germans became a minority once again. The Czechoslovakian government was very gracious, even going so far as to grant significant autonomy to the Sudetenland area, but their German citizens were still unhappy. There were still 3.3 million Germans in Bohemia, a globally-renowned land of production, exporting silver, coal, uranium, metals, machinery, paper, textiles, linens and glass.

Their plan to regain power lay in the newly-formed German Nazi Party. In January of 1933, with the formation of the Third Reich, Sudeten German politician Konrad Henlein was quick to support Hitler and request his help. Under the banner of German unification and

aided by the annexation of Austria, the Sudeten-German Party absorbed all of the other German political parties in Czechoslovakia.

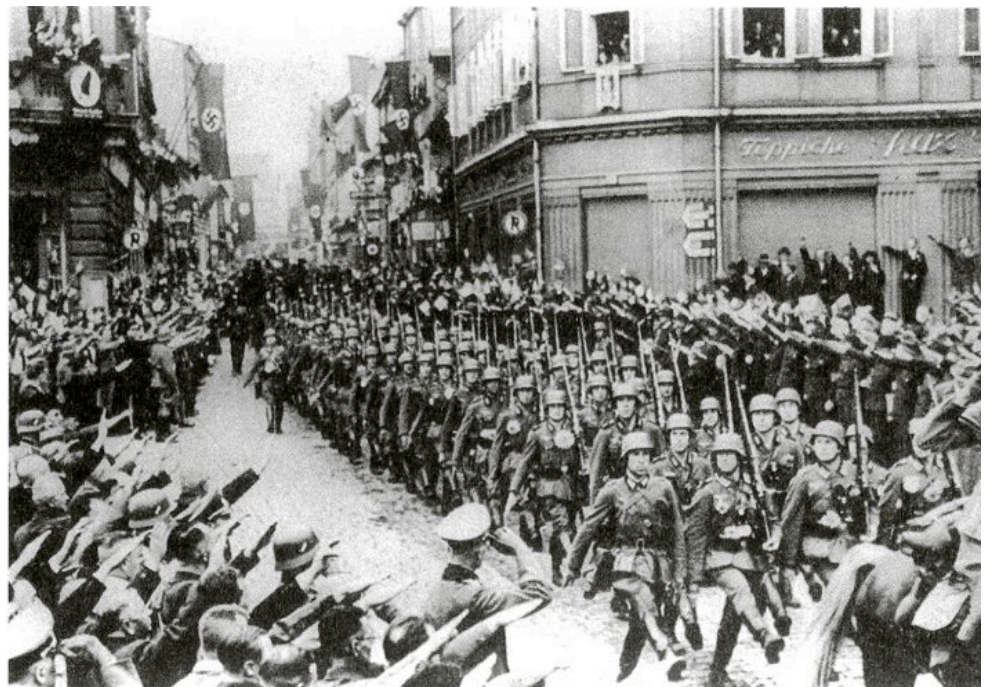
Hitler and Henlein's claim was as follows. The German people had lived in the Sudeten area for over 700 years. It was a part of the Holy Roman Empire until the early-1800s, a part of the German Confederation until the mid-1800s, and Austrian-Hungarian territory through 1918. Therefore, it had long belonged to Germany.

In 1938, Czechoslovakia was forced to sign the humiliating Munich Agreement by fearful countries seeking to appease Hitler, ceding to Germany 40% of its land, 30% of its population and nearly half of its industrial production. Upon seeing the famous pictures of the wildly celebrating people at the sight of Hitler's army advancing into Sudetenland, one might wonder why people being conquered would be so happy. But consider that those people identified themselves not as Czechs but Germans, and it makes sense. By next March, when Hitler had taken all of Czechoslovakia for himself, there was not a single Czech language sign or landmarker to be found in Sudetenland.



*The cessation contract between Czech and Germany, signed by Hitler.*

*The Sudeten Germans fanatically greeting a Nazi march into Bohemia before WWII. It would later lead to tragedy...*



But the Sudeten German prosperity would end with the Third Reich's defeat in World War Two. At the Potsdam Conference, it was decided that all Germans on Czech lands — between 2.4 and 3.5 million — would be deported back to Germany. All privately-held lands were seized, and they were left with whatever they could carry with them. Many of them — between 20,000 and 200,000, though the real number will never be known — were beaten or murdered out of hatred for the German aggression in the war. The deep-rooted hatred of Nazi Germany in the two countries was directed at the Sudeten Germans.

The Czech-German relationship has become so complex that it was not until very recently in 1997 that the two countries officially met at a table and first recognized their injustices in events related to World War II.

What happened to the once-prosperous Sudetendeutsch after the war? According to the Sudeten German Association formed in 1949 and still active today, 2 million of them live in western Germany, with half of that number in Bayern (Bavaria). 800,000 ended up in eastern Germany, 140,000 in Austria, 24,000 further overseas, and 240,000 died in the process of exile.

What I could not ignore in my investigation of the Johan case is the history of the 200,000 Germans who did not leave the Czech lands after the war. Like their exiled countrymen mentioned above, their property was seized and they were subjected to withering discrimination after the war, yet they still chose to live in Czechoslovakia. My primary goal in the Czech Republic was to trace the roots of this most mysterious of men Franz Bonaparta, and to find the truth of the rumor that Johan's father was in fact, German.

I will start with the ghastly incident that Johan is thought to have committed first after heading to the Czech Republic.

## Chapter 13

Jan Suk

(July 2001; Prague)

The first incident in the Czech Republic was the September 1997 shooting murder of Mikhail Ivanovich Petrov... real name, Reinhart Biermann. Biermann was wanted by the German government for human rights violations in the former East Germany, as director of Kinderheim 511. He was a child psychologist and psychiatrist working for the Internal Affairs Ministry, with his particular calling being scientific personality correction... in other words, a brainwashing specialist. He was deeply involved with the establishment of the facility, but at the time that Johan destroyed it, he had left his director's position. Biermann escaped to Czechoslovakia after the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Biermann opened an unlicensed orphanage in Prague to continue his experiments, but investigations would later find no particular signs of mental abuse. In fact, he was beloved by all his charges. After the murder, the orphans claimed to have witnessed a beautiful blonde-haired woman leaving the orphanage where the crime was committed, but the Prague police identified a freelance journalist Wolfgang Grimmer, who had visited Biermann that day, as their prime suspect in the killing. The 2nd incident would occur the following day.

The bodies of Inspector Zeman, who had been investigating Grimmer as part of the previous case, and two other, unidentified men were found in an abandoned factory in the district of Prague 5. Later, it would be discovered that these other men were former sergeants in the infamous communist Czechoslovakian secret police, who had turned to undertaking unsavory jobs since the fall of such. A suspicious person was spotted leaving the scene of the crime, the description of whom clearly fits Grimmer. The police labeled him wanted as a suspect in the murders.

But Zeman's direct subordinate, Agent Jan Suk, came to a different conclusion. Could the killer's motive be related to a clandestine duty Zeman himself had been orchestrating — fishing out former secret police members within the station? He found a large sum of cash in Zeman's personal locker, and reported Zeman's connection to former Czechoslovakian secret police agents on the force, his corruption, and the illicit money he had accepted to keep silent about it.

But the day after Suk's report was given, the station chief and two police agents accused of being ex-Czechoslovakian secret police were found dead of ingesting candies laced with muscle relaxant. The center of this string of murders was something deeper and more complex than just the survivors of the old order making connections within the new order.

Acting independently, Agent Suk made contact with Grimmer, the closest man to the center of the events. Unable to believe that Grimmer was responsible, Suk befriended Grimmer and received the key to a bank safe left behind by Biermann, the initial homicide victim. The police began to secretly trail Suk, suspicious of his actions, but Suk followed his conscience and retrieved an audio cassette tape from a safe at Prochazka Bank. The voice on the tape belonged to Johan under hypnosis as a child — a top-secret piece of physical information that Biermann had taken from Kinderheim 511.

After this, assassins would kill both agents sent to spy on Suk, and had nearly



mortally wounded Suk as well, when he finally discovered the truth. It had begun when a powerful figure in the secret police had been hired by a German to collect Johan's research data, but when people involved in the matter started being assassinated left and right, the case began to take on a life of its own. It is needless to say that Johan himself was behind all of it, but the Prague police have avoided any official comments to this nature.

As it stands, there are several unexplained mysteries to the case. I requested an interview with Agent Suk. While he made it clear that due to multiple sensitive areas he could not fully divulge all information, he *did* agree to speak about the case.

When Agent Suk appeared at the Oriental cafe on the hill leading up to Prague Castle, I thought he made an awfully young and dashing police detective. His dress was well-coordinated, with a navy suit, blue button-down shirt and bluish necktie. His straight-parted blond hair sat above kindly eyes. We shook hands, and he ordered a jasmine tea.



*The city of Prague, which Johan and Nina remembered as a "fairy-tale land." It is hard to imagine the terrible political scars that lurk beneath the surface of this beautiful city.*

— You solved the serial murders that occurred in the Prague police force. Are the rumors about Johan's involvement true?

"First, let me say that I did not solve that case. Now, to return to your question... From the clues, I believe it is appropriate to think of these crimes as being Johan's. But being comatose as he is, there is no way we can get testimony or admission of guilt, so the unfortunate truth is that we cannot prove it was him, much as we would like to."

— There are plenty of open-and-shut cases that are ruled without requiring confession. Why is that not the case this time?

"Well... If we tried him as the defendant using my logic in this particular case... I doubt the courts would find it adequate."

— That was a rather vague answer.

"Umm... Well... you are familiar with the person who was witnessed at multiple crime scenes?"

— Yes, the tall man with the large knapsack... This is Mr. Grimmer, correct? There is also testimony of a beautiful blonde woman.

"Now, what I'm going to tell you is exactly what I experienced, free of any subjective opinions. I'll leave the interpretation up to you... The blonde woman was always at the scene of the crime. She was clearly responsible for the murder of those victims. Biermann, Inspector Zeman, the secret police he was with, the two agents who were keeping tabs on me... she shot them all. Separately from this, I met a woman at a bar I was frequenting after work. I felt attracted to her, and I thought that she liked me too. This was about the time that I got dragged into the whole mess. She had blonde hair, and her name was Anna. Anna Liebert."

— And was it the real Anna... Nina Fortner?

"Anyone who looked at her picture would tell you it was Nina. She was in Prague, herself... But at the times that Anna and I met, she was in a different part of the city, and was recorded in different locations. The Anna that I knew was identical to Nina, except perhaps a slight bit taller."

— Then...

"Do you see how hard it would be to get this past in court? Still, it is the truth."

— Yes, I see. It is a story that would require courage to tell.

"Yes. When someone told me to doubt the person you least want to doubt and the truth will make itself known, it opened my eyes. Thinking back, that might have been the moment when I first gained the confidence to be able to do my job."

— Now, assuming it was Johan who is responsible, what could his motive to kill all of these people be?

"I found a cassette in a safe at Prochazka Bank. It was a part of East Germany's Kinderheim 511 Director Reinhart Biermann's research materials. The tape was a recording of Johan speaking as a young boy, and I believe that this tape became the center of a struggle between the former secret police and the adult Johan."

— So Johan attacked the secret police to destroy the tape that proved his existence.

"I believe that was part of it, but it could also have been because he wanted Biermann's other materials... for example, say, a register of all the other boys at the



Kinderheim. When I heard the tape, Johan himself had already tampered with it, and removed the registry."

— What do you think he'd do with the Kinderheim 511 registry? Not hold a class reunion, I assume.

"He probably wanted to make contact with them, and control them. That's what kind of person Johan was."

— Next, tell me about Mr. Grimmer. It is vital that we understand him, if we hope to unravel the mysteries of Johan.

"When I was questioning the orphans from Biermann's orphanage, I realized that all of them nearly idolized Mr. Grimmer. I wondered if such a man could truly be responsible for murder, as my bosses told me. So I met and talked with him, and decided to help him. He was rather bashful and kind, and very prudent. He was a gallant man, and I owe him my life."

— What does "The Magnificent Steiner" mean?

"I don't want to talk about that."

— It is said that after the events in the Czech Republic, Grimmer investigated Johan and Franz Bonaparta on his own. There are rumors of a report he wrote up about this. Have you seen it for yourself?

"I haven't. After I was shot and admitted to the hospital, I never saw him again. But the German lawyer Verdemann might know. I've heard he was the one who arranged Mr. Grimmer's articles after his death."

— You just mentioned Verdemann. You two questioned members of the reading seminar at the Red Rose Mansion together.

"Yes. This was something that came up while looking into crimes committed by our country's former secret police and military... But we could not possibly prosecute the crimes. We still don't know what happened at that mansion. Out of all the members that attended, we barely managed to get five to agree to speak with us, and even they didn't remember anything that happened there. The one unsettling commonality, however, was that while each of them had normal jobs and were married, all except for one had their marriages end in disaster, and all except for one had suffered the death of their children..."

— How did the police track down these members of the Red Rose Mansion seminar?

"There wasn't a single piece of bureaucratic paperwork left about the Mansion. No records about the facility's connection with the government, no reports of what experiments were being run there, no files detailing where their budget came from. The remains of the Red Rose Mansion were a complete void. Well, we know the secret police burned many, many records... The only trick we had in our arsenal was good old-fashioned beatwork: visiting and asking around. We visited all of the homes around the remains of the mansion, and asked them what kind of people went there, did they recognize any faces, could they recall anything at all... Then we went over all the former secret police, communist party dignitaries, former government officials, news agency writers, orphanage workers, internal affairs workers... went over all of them with a fine-tooth comb. Then we sought help from a group seeking damages for the actions of those secret police, and finally found some of the people we were looking for."



プラハ警察署を舞台にした連続殺人事件解決の功労者スーク氏。最近やっと刑事として生きてゆく覚悟ができた、と語る。自分の恩師はグリマー以外では、ルンゲ警部だと打ち明けてくれたのは、著者としても意外だった。



*Jan Suk solved the puzzle of the Prague Police Station murders. He says that he only just recently gained the confidence to be a detective. It was a surprise even to me that he listed his personal mentors as not only Grimmer, but Inspector Lunge as well.*

— So what *was* it?

"I'll tell you what I know. It was built over a century ago, and it was the home of a Czech nobleman. The roses had been planted there way back then. The owner in the 1930s was a member of the Czechoslovakian National Assembly, had been a strong proponent of Czech independence, and opened up the mansion for studying and the betterment of the Czech people. After the Munich Agreement, he traveled Europe, preaching of Hitler's sinister plans and the danger to the Czech people, trying to gain support to scrap the agreement. But in the following year, he was assassinated... The next person to own the mansion was a Sudetendeutsch who had moved there from Bohemia. He was a former Sudeten German politician who took no time at all in joining the newly-powerful Nazi party, where he had Hitler's stamp of approval to round up and imprison anti-German activists. He found it amusing that his home had previously been used to rally for Czech independence, and decided to convene gatherings to "reform" anti-Nazis... As you can imagine, this was not a peaceful study group but simple torture. According to an elderly man we talked to who had lived in the area for decades, it used to be called the "Mansion of Terror," that people would be taken inside and never come out, and that bloodcurdling screams could be heard issuing forth from the building late at night. Another old man said that at that time, the children of the neighborhood believed a monster slept in the basement of the Red Rose Mansion. The monster had once been a Czech, but now hated both the Czechs and Germans. Possessing ten horns and seven heads, it was a terrifying thing to behold, and if it were to reawaken, it would cast an evil spell on Prague that would set the Czechs and Germans to killing one another. A sort of an urban legend, if you will..."

— Who owned the mansion following World War Two?

"The day the Germans surrendered, the Sudeten German who owned the mansion was killed. After that, some government officials lived in the mansion during the communist regime, but they would all move out soon afterward. In the late '50s, no one lived there at all, as the Internal Affairs Ministry and secret police used it for secret meetings and such. I'd bet Bonaparta first came to the mansion in the early '60s."

— And what did he end up doing there?

"As I said before, we don't really know. What we *do* know is that this one young, brilliant psychiatrist managed to forge an ironclad trust with the communist party leaders, Internal Affairs ministers, head of the secret police and military generals, created a laboratory to work on recreating the human mind from scratch, matched to his own whims... According to one person, he could brainwash the government's most feared liberal activists in mere hours, to use as double agents. According to another source, he was capable of helping the party elite cast off unpleasant lower officials by forcing them to commit suicide. The late '70s through the '80s was an age characterized by secret battles with freedom movements like Charter 77 that nearly did have the power to overthrow the government... The state was more than willing to throw money at people or experiments that promised it the ability to control peoples' minds."



私は、プラハの裏通りを、ヨハンの手がかりを求め、歩き回った。



*I searched for clues of Johan in the back alleys of Prague.*

— It's been reported that a large number of human skeletons were discovered from the remains of the mansion.

"That is the truth. We initially found the bones of 45... no, 46 people."

— Initially?

"Yes. After that, we kept digging up more skeletons. Older ones than the first batch... We guess they're probably from the days of Nazi control."

— What could possibly have happened there? I am referring to the original 46 skeletons.

"Actually, some of the bones are incomplete or damaged. A scientific analysis showed probable damage from nitric acid. Which would mean they were poisoned..."

— Could they be the bones of anti-government agitators?

"Well, it's true that people were imprisoned inside the Red Rose Mansion, but these remains appear to belong to something else. Of the 46 skeletons uncovered, 40 were men, 4 women, and 2 children, and thanks to some scraps of barely-preserved fabric on the bodies, we know that they died wearing suits."

— So, they could have been staff that worked at the mansion.

"I believe that the staff are included in that total. According to our questioning, we've been told that several psychologists and psychiatrists that frequented the mansion did go missing at some point in time..."

— Who would have poisoned them?

"I don't know. At this point, I don't think anybody knows." — Can you tell me what you've learned about the reading seminar system, through your questioning?

"The number of seminar members that I was able to find was seven. But as I said earlier, we could only get five of them to agree to speak with us... The eldest was in his 40s, the youngest in his 30s. It seems the seminar was held from the mid-1960s to about 1981. At the time, the boys would have been 5-10... They were forced to participate once a week, at 3 o'clock on Friday. There would be five to six people present. And they would read a storybook."

— How were the boys chosen for this?

"We also interviewed their parents, but oddly enough, none of them had very clear memories of it. All they understood was that they allowed their sons to take part in a government-sponsored education program, and aside from that, it was as if they had never even considered how the boys might have been chosen in the first place. And just so you know, their parents were neither anti-government radicals, nor steadfast party members, but perfectly normal citizens."

— How many boys do you suppose participated in the seminar altogether?

"Well, taking all the details mentioned by our five interviewees together, we can estimate probably around two hundred."

— Who burned down the mansion? It's said it was arson.

"...I'd say Johan. Wouldn't you assume?"

— Is it possible that he could have taken something from the mansion? When he burned it down.

"What do you mean?"

— For instance, say there was a registry of the seminar members, that was still hidden in the mansion...

"Oh, I never even thought of that. If he was looking for the list from Kinderheim 511, it's certainly possible he could have done the same here. But I have the feeling that even if such a registry existed, Johan might not be interested in it. He altered that tape that was in the security box, to leave a message to Dr. Tenma at the end. He said that he finally knew where he was going. He was following his memories. So in the instant that he arrived at the Red Rose Mansion and understood his own identity, he lost all interest in controlling others... or so I think."

— Lastly, how do you feel personally about the string of incidents?

"...I feel that evil does exist. Just as a tiny snowball picks up momentum and grows

larger, evil sets off chain reactions. Johan just set loose a little bit of evil in the town, and it turned into an uncontrollable monster. The larger case seems to have been solved, but perhaps it was only that the evil has left the town. Perhaps the giant snowball of evil is still rolling ever larger, elsewhere... I still have this nightmare even now."

I still wanted to know more about the Red Rose Mansion. At the very least, this was the genesis of Johan's personality. When I told Agent Suk this, he gave me three names. One was a member of the seminar, another was a lawyer representing a group attempting to have the crimes of the secret police brought to light and prosecuted in court, and the last was a high-ranking member of those secret police. Agent Suk laughed and said that this last man would require some courage to meet in person. Perhaps he meant that I was not guaranteed to survive such a meeting. But I accepted Agent Suk's intermediation.

I was prepared.



## Chapter 14

### Karel Ranke (July 2001; Prague)

Karel Ranke was formerly a captain in the secret police. He was jailed for a time after the Velvet Revolution, but set free after just six months. Unquestionably, some complex political deals were behind this turn of events. It is said that Ranke was remarkably shrewd, even among the other officers of the secret police, and that he still holds many incriminating secrets about the leaders of the new administration that they would like to keep hidden. Unable to adapt to the new liberal system, Ranke went underground with remains of the secret police and now conducts activities that most would classify as the work of a mafia. The above is Karel Ranke's profile as given to me by Agent Suk. But according to a private investigation by myself, no high-ranking secret police officer known as Karel Ranke has ever existed. When I brought this up with Agent Suk, he told me that of course it was not his real name, and that due to the danger he was constantly exposed to, it would have to be an alias.

On the other hand, there are firmly-rooted rumors that state ex-Captain Ranke has a stranglehold on the Eastern Europe black market and uses that money in the legitimate economy to virtually buy and own several companies, giving him nearly the power of a government minister or official. Some say he could make an appearance in the public world at any moment, under his true name by birth.

But the methods that were prepared for me to meet Mr. Ranke told me that this was still a man living on the underside of society. After getting into the black private automobile that came to my hotel, I was blindfolded against my will and sent on a nerve-wracking ride for many minutes that ended with me being seated in a private room at an unknown restaurant.



*A return to a free society was declared in Prague, 1989, as hundreds of thousands of people swarmed Wenceslas Square. This was the Velvet Revolution.*

Ranke was an imposing man with a cold light in his sunken eyes, and he stared firmly at me from across the table, hands crisply folded, as I struggled with the disorientation of my suddenly-regained freedom of sight. He wore a dark suit with a narrow tie, and his compact body bespoke of his military background.

"I apologize if I have alarmed or disconcerted you. I'm afraid my personal situation is more troublesome than ever. The blindfold was also for your *own* safety, you understand." Ranke smiled at me, with the harsh glint still in his eyes. "Very few journalists are reckless enough to ask me for an interview. And every one of them who has was German. I can see that you are indeed the descendant of this neighboring, barbaric land that has conquered and ruled us for centuries... The first who came to speak to me was a writer for the Czech branch of a German newspaper. His article became the means by which I met Dr. Tenma, and later spoke with the freelance journalist Mr. Grimmer. But what he heard from me has never been published anywhere."

This was the first I had heard about Grimmer interviewing Ranke. What I *had* heard was that Grimmer and Tenma met with Ranke, and convinced him not to sell Johan's cassette tape to some unknown German buyer... I also had heard the rumors that Grimmer had left behind a notebook containing many undisclosed truths about the Johan case that he had discovered on his own. There must have been some connection between his report and this interview that had never seen the light of day. But what could Grimmer have asked him, and what did Ranke tell him in return...?

— I will start by asking about the police murders that happened in Prague. It is said that the series of events began when a German source requested Reinhart Biermann's research materials from you, particularly the audio tape of Johan under hypnosis at Kinderheim 511, and Johan blocked your attempts.

"It was simple business. My German friend was prepared to pay a very handsome sum of money. Danger is always a part of business."

— Who was this German friend? Was it the Baby? Or General Wolf?

"I'd rather not say."

— Very well. What were your thoughts upon hearing the tape?

"Johan's voice? Or what he said? ...I have no thoughts. Just that I wanted out of the job."

— Can you tell me about what you did in the days of the secret police?

"Technically, we were state security police... I hope you will at least call us internal police. The "secret police" term is so baldly villainous. But I digress... My jobs were cracking down on and exposing dissidents, information collection and intelligence manipulation. I knew that the system would eventually collapse, but it was my job, and so I did it."

— Why did you do these "inhumane" things, if you knew the system was bound to collapse anyway?

"Now listen to me. I was a diehard communist at heart. I did these things because I loved my country. I took pride in it. But the economy was falling apart, and the men at the top were becoming corrupt. It was clear that capitalism and liberalism would win in the end. But I still had to protect the system. I just closed my eyes to the horrible things. That was

my answer."

— Could Franz Bonaparta have felt the same way that you did? Do you think he was a patriot, as you were?

"I never spoke with him. So I don't know. As for whether or not he was a patriot, it didn't seem that way to me. He wanted to control people from on high, as if he were God."

— How did you understand his rank, or rather, his position within the system?

"He was protected on all sides by members of the Party, military, Internal Ministry and secret police. He was given very preferential special treatment, for only being a lieutenant in the secret police. He was always well-lubricated with funds, and held many connections in East Germany... His personality reprogramming experiments were carried out in East Germany at nearly the same time they had in Czechoslovakia... the early 1960s. The reason why the experiments at Kinderheim 511 were so large in comparison to the very small Red Rose Mansion program was because this had been a national goal to the East German administration since its inception. But for a long time, I did not know that Kinderheim 511 and the Red Rose Mansion were both grounded in the same theory. When he began gathering power in the mid-70s, that was when I started to wonder about his real identity. I began looking into his background and gathering information to find a weakness, until I decided partway in that I should leave him alone. It became clear that if I persisted in my course, I would be erased. After that, I simply looked the other way. I pushed it out of my mind and made an effort never to bring it back up. I'll be honest. I was afraid of him, too."

— How do you suppose Bonaparta became so powerful?

"As I said before, our choice was to prolong the system. Particularly in 1977, when Vaclav Havel and his secret resistance group Charter 77 began activity, the government was on the verge of collapse. Even after we imprisoned Havel, all sorts of other firebrands like Marta Kubisova kept popping up. It was like playing a game of whack-a-mole. Then imagine that suddenly a man appears with this magical ability to change people's personalities and what they think, and you can then imagine how the elite jumped at what he was offering. This minor pet project of certain party members that had been carefully raised since 1965 had now become a top-level project that was necessary for the continued survival of the old order of power."

— So he was able to control others as he saw fit, to further his research.

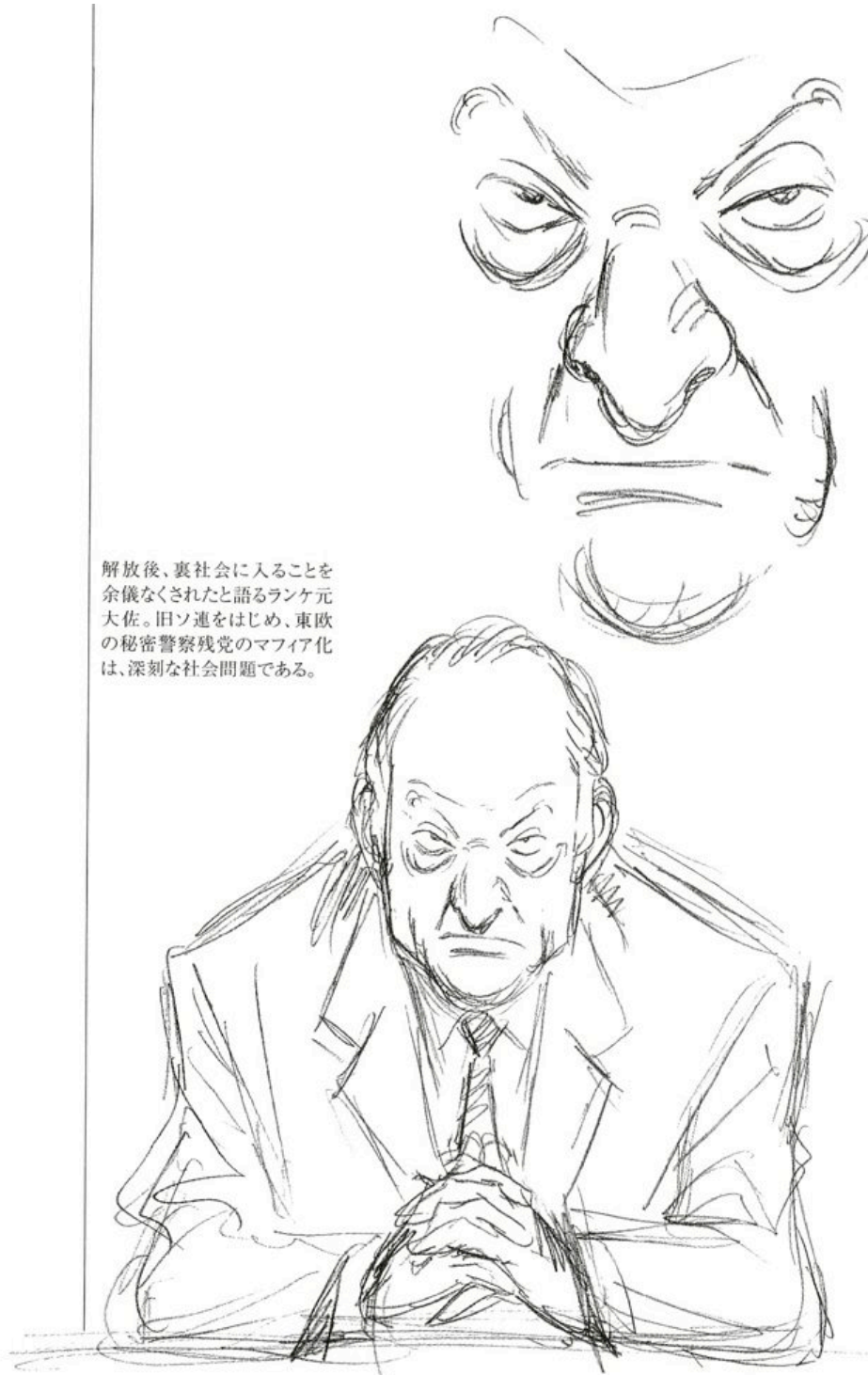
"Exactly. The actual goal of his research was different from the simple furthering of his country's aims... I believe he wanted to create a type of human that could control others with words, like God or the Devil. But at the same time, he granted the requests of the party, the secret police and the army. All they had to do was leave their elements of unrest with him, and he would extract all the information they needed and brainwash the subjects. It was the perfect tool to strike down the liberal activists."

— I see. And the period by which no one could interfere with Bonaparta anymore was the mid-70s... around the rise of Charter 77. By the way, earlier you said that you had looked into Bonaparta's personal life. Surely you must have learned something before you called it off.

"He loved sweet bean cakes and black tea. He had a refined air, and tasteful choice in clothes... He had multiple pen names, as a storybook author. A psychiatrist and brain surgeon, as well as a psychologist... a man of many talents. I looked into each and every

one of his pen names. Out of those, Klaus Poppe struck me the most. The German name Poppe is well-known in the history of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party. In particular, the name. ...are you aware of the history between the Czechs and Germans?"

— Yes.



*Mr. Ranke says that after his release, he had no choice but to join the dark underbelly of society. The development of former Soviet Bloc nations' secret police into organized criminals is a serious, ongoing problem in Europe and Asia.*

"Nearly all... after WWII, nearly all of the Sudeten Germans were banished. The Germans that still wanted to stay in Czech had to take Czech names to hide among the populace. Many of the German immigrants who still remain have taken Czech-sounding names and stopped speaking German for a time. But there were some, very few, who proudly kept their German heritage on display. During the war, they preached anti-Nazism and Slavic independence; a very peculiar band of activists who supported the Czech people. And then some were fervent communists who wished to join the Soviet Union. The German-Czech man named Terner Poppe was both of these. He was both an anti-Nazi, anti-fascist hero, and a communist. He was also said to be a genius of an agitator. Many Slavs, particularly Czechs who had been driven from their towns took root in the Sudeten German homes that went empty after their banishment, but the Poppes were allowed to keep their home and their place in the community. When the war was over, the country had the choice between capitalism or communism. But during the Munich Agreement, only Stalin had sided with Czechoslovakia against Hitler. The rulers at the time, particularly President Benes, looked very kindly on that sign of support. Therefore we chose to join the Soviet Bloc and learned the unfamiliar socialist system. Terner Poppe aided in the creation of the Party, as a teacher and as a leader."

— And he is certifiably known to be Klaus Poppe's father?

"I told this to that Grimmer fellow as well. That is where I stopped my investigation. So I do not know the truth of it. Another clue to start from would be that Terner Poppe's hometown was a place called Jablonec nad Nisou, near the border to Poland."

— What happened to Terner Poppe?

"Are you aware of the Communist takeover in 1948? All the cabinet ministers except for the foreign minister Masaryk resigned, and Gottwald's Communist officers took over instead. President Benes resigned, and within a month the only remaining non-Communist cabinet member, Masaryk, died under suspicious circumstances. From then on, it became a one-party system. The country was run by the Communists. It is said that Poppe planned and executed this entire string of events. Later, he would leave the public stage. Some said he lost a political battle and was washed up in East Germany; some said he left his wife and retired due to woman problems. He in fact died of illness in his homeland of Bohemia, but there are a few more interesting stories about him."

— Interesting stories?

"Rumors that he was killed by his son... or possibly driven to suicide. The hospital nurse said that right before his death, he was so exhausted that he no longer knew who he was or what his name was. At any rate, Poppe may have been a national hero within the Communist Party, but his name has been entirely erased from Czech history at large."

— Do you know anything about Johan?

"He was a Czech, wasn't he? But I know nothing aside from what the papers say. However, I have heard of one other project that Bonaparta was involved in. It was an experiment to cross the smartest and most athletic Czech men and women, to produce a superior Czechoslovakian race. I suppose Johan and his twin could have come from that."

— So it is said. But there is no proof of such an experiment. Who do you suppose could have conducted it?

"I don't think the secret police were behind it. I have a feeling that the army and part

of the national trading company Omnipol were involved."

— That would be the company suspected of supplying weapons and possibly manpower to terrorist organizations.

"Bonaparta had sponsors in all kinds of companies. If you want to know more about that, I'm sure there are several citizens' groups who have indicted the former administration. I'm sure the people from Charter 77 in particular have learned some things. Perhaps some of the victims of the experiment are even present among them."

Ranke looked at his watch, announced that it was time, and cancelled the rest of the interview. I thought it must have been the attitude of one long-accustomed to being in power. Before I left, I asked him if the story about his imminent reappearance in society was true. He stared at me. "So long as I have power, I will not be a public figure. If I lost my power, I could appear... but I would die," he said. "However, I only did what I thought was to the benefit of my country. I only did my job. When it came to controlling the fates of other men, I was not like Bonaparta. I never once enjoyed the act. I don't know how long I will continue to live like this... to be honest, I am weary of it. When will society forgive me...? There was a time when I truly thought that if the Czech Republic joined the EU, the hatred toward the old system would wane."

Ranke crisply unfolded his hands, and placed them on the table. He gave a faint sigh. "The Eastern system set up a fence around the entire East. As a result, our way of life and value systems differed quite a lot from Western capitalism. And what would happen if a genius with peculiar and obscure ambitions existed in that narrow space surrounded by fences? We officers with no power of imagination would rely on his talent, without considering right or wrong or common sense. No matter what unsightly result waited for us at the end of that choice..."

I did not have the words to ease Ranke's dark despair. When will the day come that he can use his own birth name again? Ten years after the fall of communism, the wounds are still deep.

I was blindfolded again and taken from the restaurant.



## Chapter 15

### The Red Rose Mansion (July 2001; Prague)

Around the time that Agent Suk was being further sucked into the darkness surrounding Johan and the Czechoslovakian secret police and suspected of being responsible for multiple murders, Kenzo Tenma had found the signboard of the "Three Frogs" on the Mill Colonnade in Prague and was asking the town's residents for any kind of info relating to Johan. The Mill Colonnade is on the west side of Charles Bridge — a street facing Čedok Bridge aside one of the tributaries of the Vltava River, and a slightly gloomy, run-down stretch of land. According to local residents, over a dozen years ago, a beautiful woman and her child lived in the second floor of the building with the "Three Frogs" signboard. They stayed quietly, rarely leaving the house, until one day, a large black government car arrived and took them away. The neighbors whispered among each other, speculating that she was an anti-government activist, and that she would never come back. When Tenma asked if her children were twins, he was told no, there was only one, and though it was very pretty, the man couldn't remember if it was a boy or a girl. The man then went on. Just a few weeks after the family had been abducted, the "Three Frogs" building was hit by a fire. When he looked at the window of the room the woman had been staying in, he saw the figure of her child. The neighbors managed to rescue the child, but it had disappeared soon afterwards...

Next, Tenma would visit the Czech branch office of the German Lower Saxony area newspaper, *Tukunft*. He found an interview the paper had published with an anonymous former Czechoslovakian secret police member (actually Ranke), and hoped to contact the man and find out anything he could about Johan's mother. However, he would also coincidentally learn of Suk's case due to its similar connections to the secret police. A promising elite... One significant accomplishment... Three superiors poisoned... whiskey bon-bons... muscle relaxants... It was clearly the work of none other than Johan himself.

Tenma visited Jan Suk's Alzheimer's-afflicted mother in the hospital, and sleuthed out his hiding spot from her. Upon visiting the location, he found Suk and Grimmer injured and under fire from ex-secret police agents. Tenma and Grimmer approached the boss of the remaining secret police, Captain Ranke, and convinced him to stay out of Johan's business. Ranke listened to Johan's tape, took Tenma's warnings to heart, and told him of the man from the "Red Rose Mansion." It was not the Czechoslovakian secret police that birthed Johan the "Monster," but a single children's storybook artist, Franz Bonaparta...

Simultaneously in Prague, Inspector Lunge had just arrived at Franz Bonaparta as well. He visited used book stores, and eventually ended up at Moravia Books, the publisher of Emil Šébe's "The Nameless Monster." Šébe's editor told Lunge that he had had several pen names. Lunge then discovered several sketchbooks in a box of Klaus Poppe's manuscripts. In the books were many sketches of a pregnant mother, then twin children, a boy and a girl with identical features. This convinced Lunge that Tenma's testimony was, in fact, true.

Lunge met with Suk, who was under the protection of the secret police, and spoke with Captain Karel Ranke. The captain gave Lunge information on the Red Rose Mansion.

To reach the Red Rose Mansion, you go south along the river through the Jewish neighborhood, cross Manesuv Bridge, then climb as if circling Prague Castle, to the west.

Proceeding further out from the city from Hradcany, through Dejvice, the mansion sat on a small hill overlooking Brevnov, on the way to Ruzyne Airport. The landmarks are a weathervane to the right, and the steeple of St. Alzbeta's Church to the left... Inspector Lunge had finally arrived at an eerie mansion surrounded by dried-up rose shrubs, like the castle in "Sleeping Beauty." He entered the building without hesitation and relentlessly searched the interior. Upon seeing a particular wall on the second floor, Lunge had an instant hunch that it was hastily constructed, almost as if to hide something. Lunge turned back to ask Ranke what was behind the door, but Ranke warned him to stay away from the mansion — "If you get any closer to that mansion, you could die... You will come face to face with true terror."

But upon returning to the mansion, Lunge broke down the wall without a moment's thought. What he found was a door leading into another room. Lunge put his hand on the knob. What lay behind it...?

At this time, Tenma was visiting the home of Klaus Poppe's former editor, one Tomas Zobak. At this point I would like to interrupt the description of the case and present an interview I conducted with Mr. Zobak. I do this because he said some things that were extremely important, in order to know who the man Franz Bonaparta was.



*The Red Rose Mansion area in Prague is still under investigation by the police, and unapproachable. I tried to get a photo from my car. Next door to the house seen behind the trees in the lower right are the ruins in question.*

Tomas Zobak is a retired editor, now nearing 70. He has a wide, hearty girth. Mostly bald, with a rounded face and glasses, he appears very kindly. But he has a sharp mind. He reads papers from all over the world every day, committing the articles to memory. It was this memory that helped him recognize Tenma from the wanted lists. After Tenma left his house, he immediately informed the police, and helped them make the arrest.

— How did you feel when Dr. Tenma was arrested?

"I felt good. I enjoy reading the paper every morning, so it was nice to have that actually come in useful for once. When I saw the news that Tenma had admitted his guilt in the events, I almost got excited wondering if I was going to receive some sort of prize or reward."

— What about when he escaped from prison?

"I was terrified. I couldn't sleep at night because I was afraid he would come after me for revenge."

— Why did you suppose Tenma came to speak with you?

"Well, he actually came to ask me about Klaus Poppe... Franz Bonaparta, that is. I recall that some German police investigator had commented in a news article once that Tenma had created this falsified killer in his mind, and was committing these murders while having this hallucination, so I supposed that perhaps Tenma had convinced himself that Klaus Poppe was in fact this killer he had invented... Having worked with Poppe for many years, I can understand how his works might have, er... sent that sort of signal into the mind of this sort of deranged man."

— I'd like to ask about Klaus Poppe, then. What was he like?

"I was his editor starting around 1970. He was involved with some sort of secret government work, and though he was very friendly and pleasant with me, I quickly understood that he was firmly in the center of state power. He seemed to have given the previous editor an impression of being very proud. The man told me when I took his position that I would find it very hard... He had been involved with Klaus for over ten years. Klaus was a good study and had plenty of talent when he was still a medical student, so they assumed he would make an excellent author. But when he published some monumentally important psychiatric paper and it was sent to the Internal Ministry and East German government, he announced that he would change his storybook method to an innovative new educational style. After that point, his personality changed, and he became cold, haughty, and self-assured. His art and voice kept improving, but there was always this hidden hint of unpleasantness about it. I didn't know why he had to keep changing his pen name, either... But he did have constant, solid sales. I guess that's why Moravia stuck with him all that time."

— It wasn't because Bonaparta was an important government figure?

"Well, there is that, too. But there was never a single hint of pressure, from him or any government source, to publish his books. And in fact, I rejected several of his ideas. Here's an anecdote for you. Either from 1976 or '77. I was worried about Klaus, as I hadn't heard from him in over a year, and then he shows up out of the blue, with a new work. When I asked what he had been doing, Klaus told me he had been experimenting with something new. He said that he had thought of a surefire way to make two people fall in

love. I laughed and told him he should put the storybooks behind him and sell his new manual to young people; he'd end up being the richest man in the world. And he told me, with a totally straight face, that it was only a method to make two other people fall in love, not make someone fall in love with you. So then he showed me his new work, but it was nearly identical to a horror novel that I had read when I traveled in West Germany. What was it... Rosemary's Baby? His story was told in the first person through the eyes of a young boy. His mother was pregnant with twins, and for some reason he was worried that a monster would be born instead. I rejected that manuscript. It clearly wasn't a story for kids."

— And in the story, were the twins monsters?

"No, as I recall, the boy himself was the monster. But Klaus Poppe's weirdness came in when the boy feels relief at finding out that he is the monster, and ends up loving his little brother and sister like a normal sibling."



*Tomas Zopak was an editor for Franz Bonaparta. He was aware of Bonaparta's connection to the Czechoslovakian secret police.*

— Did he ever speak to you about the Red Rose Mansion?

"No, not as far as I can recollect. No, wait... He did tell me once about his reading seminar, but I don't remember when that was. He said that he read his books to a group of boys. I didn't really think much of it at the time. I just said, oh really? And how were the boys? He said one of them wished to be a storybook author as well, a very bright and promising boy, and would I take a look at his work sometime? As I recall, I said that I would, but he never did bring the young man in."

— When was the last time you saw Bonaparta?

"'81 or '82. His newest work was dreadful. It was like a mix of Beauty and the Beast and Sleeping Beauty, very silly... The monster fell in love. In the end, his love bears no fruit, and he enters a deep sleep..."

— And you scrapped it?

"That's right. He looked so disappointed, that we actually sat down and had a very long conversation. Over tea and pastries, as was his style. Suddenly, he told me that he never realized how painful it was to be hated. When I asked him what he did that someone would hate him, he told me that he stole their name. When you take their name, the person dies... He first tried this on his father... I thought, what a perfectly strange thing to say! He went on, almost as if he were talking to himself rather than me, saying... People who have their names taken away die in despair, and will accept any name you give them, just so that does not happen... Anyone who could lose their name but still survive would be a true hero."

— Did he tell you anything else?

"As he was leaving, he told me about another story he had thought of. He said, how about a story about the 'Door That Must Not Be Opened'? So I asked him, what's behind it, paradise or another monster? And then he said, well, you're not allowed to open the door, so I guess it wouldn't be much of a story. That was the last time I saw him."



(Storybook page: "No, absolutely not, said the man with big eyes." "Sure, let's make a deal, said the man with the big mouth.") A scene from *"The Man With Big Eyes and the Man With the Big Mouth"* (Japanese edition), one of the books used at the infamous reading seminar. The inexplicable bad aftertaste common to his works is present here as well.



In the Red Rose Mansion, Inspector Lunge opened the door that must not be opened. Step by step, he walked further into the dim interior. It was an enormous hall. He has revealed his thoughts on entering that room. Inspector Lunge stated that his first instinct was that many people had died there. Further into the room was an enormous portrait — yes, a portrait of the twins' mother — hanging on the wall.

While Lunge was making this momentous discovery, Tenma had finally been caught by the police. At the same time, Suk's innocence had been proven by a letter from one Grimmer, claiming to be the true culprit in these crimes.

Inspector Lunge was notified of Tenma's arrest, what would be the end of a case that could almost be described as his masterwork, but his interest was already drawn to the Red Rose Mansion. He found a mysterious note pinned to the back of the mother's portrait — A manuscript titled "The Monster's Love Letter to the Woman," scrawled in German. It said "I've always been watching you. I've been watching you, to take in everything about you. But instead, everything about you has devoured me. How did I seem to you on the verge of my downfall? What you gave to me as I crashed... You left me with beautiful jewels. Those two eternal twins. The greatest crime one can commit is to take away another's name. You may have your name back. I return your name to you. Your name is Anna... Now, I am only sad. Sad. Sad. Sad."

Thus the inspector's convictions became rock-solid. Many people died in the giant sealed hall of the Red Rose Mansion, and a monster was born.



## Chapter 16

### Anna

(August 2001; Prague)

At this point, I wanted the answers to two mysteries. I wanted to know who the people who had died at the Red Rose Mansion were, why they had been killed, and who had done it. And I wanted to know who Johan's mother was.

What do I know now? That Franz Bonaparta, owner of the Red Rose Mansion, had once held prisoner a woman who lived on the second floor of a building with a sign of three frogs. She was the mother of twins, and her name was Anna. Bonaparta tried to brainwash her, and also wrote her what appeared to be a love letter. He disappeared in '81 or '82. Later, forty-six skeletons were unearthed from the mansion.

As for the bodies, it's hard to imagine that they were prisoners at the mansion. For one thing, I can't think of a good reason why so many of such people should be gathered into that ballroom together and killed at one time, but most importantly of all, why would they need to bury political prisoners in the garden of the mansion? The circumstances of the disposal of the bodies would suggest that it was an illegal murder, in which case it would seem more likely that the entire staff of the mansion was poisoned on some occasion, probably a party of some sort.

I put aside these suspicions and began looking for anyone who might have known Johan's mother. After contacting several human rights organizations and meeting with various people, I finally found some information pointing to a mother of twins, during an interview with a lawyer that Agent Suk had introduced to me.

Her name was Jitka Hauserova. One of the 1,800 names signed to Charter 77 in 1977 — age 53. As a writer (primarily of science fiction and fantasy, the body of which was consistently placed on the banned books list under the old regime) and a lawyer, she is well known today for her consistent efforts to reveal the inhumane actions of the former secret police.

Hauserova greeted me in a simple, bare-bones office with nothing but a metal desk, chair, file cabinet, computer and telephone. She was an attractive woman, despite the lack of make-up and the deep lines in her face. She had large blue eyes, a high, unmistakably Slavic nose, thin lips, and a powerful jaw that spoke of strong opinions. I found myself swayed to believe the legend that she once held total silence during a several-week stay in prison.

— I'm sorry; I realize you are busy. I'm here because I am trying to compile a book about the Johan case, so I am looking for information about that subject.

"The case of Johan Liebert is business of ours as well. We continue to investigate the particulars. The problem is, how do you determine whether Franz Bonaparta's project was on a national scale or not, if not a single document exists to prove it? Many people will tell you Bonaparta was a captain in the secret police, but that name does not exist... He erased all traces of his life when he disappeared. In my opinion, what Bonaparta was running at the Red Rose Mansion was not a national-level crime, but a personal experiment that received financial backing from certain figures in the old regime — powerful ones. No doubt

the people who were involved in conducting the experiments themselves thought they were part of a secret national project, and that no paper trail exists because Bonaparta or those shadowy sponsors saw to it that all traces were eliminated...but my thinking is different. I think there might never have been any documents in the first place. Which makes it difficult to classify as a public, government crime. We are currently cooperating with a citizens network in Germany to find more about Bonaparta himself, but the trail turns up nothing."

— What was the effect of the Red Rose Mansion on the anti-government efforts?

"I can tell you for certain that some of the people who had signed Charter 77 and then withdrawn their signature at the government's request or later became spies had been taken there. But none of them can remember what happened, and without any idea as to the methods of their brainwashing, there's little we can do."

— Do you know anything about Johan's mother?

"When you mentioned this over the phone, it reminded me of someone. In fact, I just got back from the Libri Prohibiti."

— Libri Prohibiti?

"It is a library that stocks books that were banned or published underground during the old regime... Some of my compatriots' writings and journals are kept there as well. I was searching for the journal of an activist named Jirik Letzel, who died in prison in 1982. I searched for this because he once told me that he was harboring a witness to what he called 'the most vile and inhumane crime our government has ever perpetrated.' Soon after, he was apprehended by government agents, and died of a sickness in a penitentiary near Prague several months later."

— And did you find something in Letzel's journal?

"Yes, and it matched up with your story. He wrote that he had hidden a woman in one of his hideouts, on the Mill Colonnade in Prague. More precisely... (puts on glasses and looks at her notepad) 'Today, I hide an activist from my hometown, a beautiful woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, at the hideaway on Mill Colonnade. She has with her a twin son and daughter, also very handsome, and fortunately they are quiet and obedient. I will keep her here for a time, until we can reveal the truth, the entire shocking truth, to all.'"

— What was his hometown?

"I seem to remember that it was Brno. She might have been a graduate of Brno University. Brno is in the center of the Moravia region. Mendel, the father of genetics, lived in a monastery there. If my memory is correct, Jirik Letzel said that she studied genetic engineering at school, met a man on vacation in Prague, and found herself involved in a secret national project."

— Could she have been a member of Charter 77 as well?

"No, I didn't see anyone that fit her specifications in the organization. There were many underground groups and activists in those days... She could have been one of them, instead."

— Could this experiment have been the one started to create a pure and elite Czechoslovakian race, separate from what was conducted at the Red Rose Mansion?

"I would imagine so. The thought makes me sick."



*Ms. Hauserova is well known in Eastern Europe as a science fiction writer. Her signature work, "Tears of a Golem," tells the story of a boy who befriends the eponymous creature of legend, in a terrifying future of genetic manipulation.*

— Do you know anything else about this experiment?

"Yes, I knew a few victims... Each one says, she fell in love with a man and got pregnant, but then he disappears and the next thing she knows, she's held in some strange facility, gives birth, and her baby is taken away... It sounds crazy, but several women had the same story. They're all in their 40s now. They all gave birth about 23-24 years ago. At first, we were just baffled at the story."

— And where are their children now?

"We've looked, but never found any traces of them. At the end of their breastfeeding, the children were taken away... They told the mothers, you have done a great service to your country. Your children will be raised by the state now... and they were released. The women were then kept under surveillance for several years after that. It's frightening. They were forbidden to use their names in that place, nor were they allowed to name their children. And even after the babes were taken away, the poor women were forbidden from even bringing up the topic or thinking of their children, under threat of death. Most of them can barely remember what happened. One of them only remembered because she was in a car accident, and the life-and-death experience rattled loose the

memory that she once had a baby. After we revealed this story in our publication, several more women wrote to echo that story with their own experiences."

— Could it be like the Czechoslovakian version of Hitler's old superhuman genetic experiments?

"Not quite. Worse, in fact, because the women were indeed in love with their partners. These weren't some wild, impressionable cultists. How did they get those women to fall in love?"

— Did you ever learn anything about the men?

"Just one. He was an army officer... All we know is that he was chosen out of a list of thousands of photos. The rest is a mystery."

— Did you hear his side of the story?

"No. After his release in 1989, he died in a car crash. He was single and grew up in an orphanage, so he had no extended family. I have the feeling that all the men involved in that experiment met their end in this way."

— What criteria do you supposed they used to choose those men and women?

"All the women who fell victim to this experiment were beautiful. They were tall and healthy, all well-educated... and from excellent stock. Intelligent fathers, mothers and grandparents. I suspect that many of the men were from the military. They would have been strong, smart, attractive. Probably officers. And also lonely, I believe..."

— What were their political thoughts?

"That's the strange part. Most of the women chosen were involved in liberal activism in some way or another, and had a history of arrest. You'd think it would be easier if they chose the patriots."

— Do you believe Franz Bonaparta was involved in this plan?

"I do. The victims all said that they did not recognize his face, but I believe he was."

— All these groups: the army, Omnipol, party officials... And some people say that this project was planned by just a tiny group of insiders.

"I suppose so. They would have to have been eccentrics with a strong interest in genetics."

— Would that include Bonaparta?

"I don't believe that he was actually fascinated by genetics. He was more intrigued by how to recreate people who were already born. This is why I believe they only chose women who showed anti-governmental proclivities. I suppose he must have felt just like some Greek god when those stubborn women fell under the spell of love, just as his formulas had shown."

— What do you suppose the people who used Bonaparta to conduct this experiment are doing now?

"I hope they're dead. But they're probably alive. I hope they're living in fear of their misdeeds being brought to light, but I figure they've probably got all their bases covered and are living quiet, enjoyable lives. Our job now is to make sure that such people are never able to wield power in Czechoslovakia again."

— And what of the other children who were taken away?

"Are you asking of the possibility that there could be another Johan? Let us pray there is not."



この街でヨハンとニナ(アンナ)の両親は恋に落ちた……。"優秀なチェコ人創出計画"は、恋すらも人工的にコントロールできたというのだろうか？

*Johan and Nina's parents fell in love in this town... Could the project to create a perfect Czech race have even created an artificial, controlled love?*



— Returning to Johan's mother, could there be any women among the victims of the experiment who remember her?

"Probably not, because each subject was in complete isolation... We don't even know where the facility was. I've looked into Johan's mother out of personal interest myself, but Letzel's journal is still the only clue I have."

— What about if there was an Anna in the list of Brno University graduates who fit the conditions?

"I checked with Brno after you mentioned the name Anna in your call. There are not any graduates of Brno University between the ages of 38 and 55 that are both named Anna and currently missing. I also put out an advertisement in the paper asking if anyone was familiar with a woman named Anna, but nothing came of it."

— What do you suppose that means?

"Either Johan's mother is not named Anna, she is not from Brno, everyone involved is keeping their silence... Or perhaps there is a more sinister kind of suppression at work."

— More sinister?

"Think about it. Bonaparta is a devil who steals the names of others, a genius at stripping memories away. How hard is it to imagine he could have found some new method that we could never think of?"

— At some point, Bonaparta fell in love with her. I believe this is why he pursued her so persistently when she escaped from the facility. His way of loving her was to take her name away, erase her memory and become the only person in the world who recognized her for who she was. This sounds just like Johan.

"Stealing one's name... Or to be the only person who knows one's name... Just as knowing one's true name gives the knower power over one's life... Rendering you impervious to one's magic... This concept of the name being the true source of one's nature is commonly found in myths and legends the world over. This is why ancient peoples were said to only use their true name among the family, and go by an alias elsewhere. The first time I read a scene in a fantasy novel with a magician scheming to find another's true name, I thought it was silly. But seeing the way Bonaparta brainwashed his victims, it makes you think it's not quite so silly after all. Jung said that myths are the expression of the human unconscious — and I think that if he lived today, he would point to this as proof."

— I suppose Johan's father is equally hard to look up.

"Yes, there are no records of a young military officer matching his specifications dying in 1974 or 1975. But if Johan's father was a German-born Czech, then he would be in a significant minority for a career soldier. It's possible that some civilians might remember a man like that. I've requested help from a citizens' group in Bohemia."

We promised further cooperation as we parted. She gave me a valuable piece of information at the last. "If you want to know more about Bonaparta, go to Karel Bridge on Wednesdays. There's a man who does a puppet show there... and he claims to be Bonaparta's son. He answered questions from the police, but he didn't help with our own investigation. I think he wants to put it all behind him. However, he might be helpful if you can convince him to speak to you."



## Chapter 17

### Sobotka

(August 2001; Prague)

When the police questioned him, he said that he couldn't remember anything about the reading seminar. But afterward, his memory returned bit by bit, until he was sure that his life at age 10 was indeed the nightmare he had always suspected. Now, he is 30. As the youngest of the subjects Agent Suk interviewed, his experience at the Red Rose Mansion's reading seminar was cut short when Bonaparta disappeared. He wished to remain anonymous, so I have used the alias Sobotka here. He had a handsome face that was thin on emotion, and he said he was an automotive engineer for the largest industrial company in the Czech Republic.

— During police questioning, you said that you hardly remembered anything about the reading seminar. Can you even remember a reading seminar at all?

"No, you're a bit off. Actually, I went to the Red Rose Mansion once a week to 'learn things.' I do remember plainly that this took place as a book reading. But I never really thought about *why* I was doing that, and what I was supposed to be learning."

— But now, you think of it as a nightmare.

"Yes. We were brought into a compact, comfortable sitting room, six of us to start with. Two years I did this, and it was always the same people."

— Six to start with?

"Yes, one of them stopped coming at some point. I feel like there was a rumor among us that he had died, though nobody made sure."

— Do you remember all their faces?

"No, no faces or names, those are gone. Oh, and we never introduced our names to each other to start with."

— Now, turning back to the "nightmare," what kind of things happened at the seminar?

"He just read. He had a very...deep and pleasant voice. He would select readings from storybooks or novels, or sometimes just told us a tale off the top of his head. Sometimes he would order one of us to do the reading, but for the most part we just listened to him read."

— Do you remember his face?

"No, just the eyes. They were terrible eyes."

— Do you remember these books? "The Nameless Monster," "The Man With the Big Eyes, The Man With the Big Mouth," "The God of Peace."

"Yes. But don't you dare bring them out around me. I've realized that I can quote them all from memory. But it brings a sense of nausea to my throat. After he finished reading, he would always ask us, do you understand the meaning of this story?"

— And was that the nightmare?

"Well, do you know how, when you come down with particularly bad fevers, sometimes someone else's voice or words burrow into your mind and you can't avoid thinking about it? Well, that 'do you understand' is this exact type of terror I feel."

— And did you understand the meaning?

"Yes, I did. But don't ask me what I understood."

— By what basis were you selected for the seminar, do you suppose?

"My parents died 12 years ago, so I'm not entirely sure, but..."

— But you have remembered something about that?

"Y-yes, just faint memories... I was in some sort of laboratory place, and a man in a white coat showed me a sort of design. He asked me what it looked like."

— Somewhat like a Rorschach test?

"Y-yeah, I think."

— What did it look like?

"Well, I think...I saw a monster."

— A monster?

"Yes, with ten horns and seven faces... A-a m-monster, before my eyes."

— And after that, you were taken to the Red Rose Mansion. Did you ever think of not going back?

"I don't think so."

— Were you afraid that if you quit, something would happen to you or your parents?

"No. Forced to participate or not, I don't think there was any concrete threat keeping us from quitting if we wanted to. However, I interpreted it as a duty to which I was bound by honor to fulfill."



*Mr. Sobotka, graduate of the Red Rose Mansion reading seminar. His wife and son are the greatest joy of his life, but if he wishes to display love, he must intentionally force himself to show those signs.*

— And in 1981 or 1982, the seminar came to an end.

"Yes, it was '81. I went there as usual, and the mansion was closed. It was like no one had been living there for years."

— The seminar fell apart once Bonaparta... "the man" you speak of, disappeared. Looking back, was there anything you could point to as an impending sign of that?

"Not at the time... But now, I do recognize one thing. One day, after he had told the story, he asked us, 'do you understand?' like he always did. The others all nodded, but for some reason I wasn't really paying attention, and I did not nod. So he turned to me and asked me again, and that time, he spoke my name."

— He called your name?

"Yes, though I wasn't surprised at the time. That was because I had never even noticed that he never spoke our names."

— I noticed that you just said that he "told" the story, Mr. Sobotka. Why did you choose that word, rather than "read"?

"Oh. Did I say that? I wonder why. Now, what kind of a story was he... Well, I guess he wasn't actually reading from a book. It was like he would just create a story on the spot and tell it to us..."

— Can you remember what kind of a story he told you?

"Yeah... Yeah... Like, a door... A door that opened... A story about opening a door that should never be opened."

— Can you remember anything more than that?

"...Yes, yes I can. It was a story of the King of Darkness and the Queen of Light... Darkness and light were always fighting, but in fact, the King of Darkness loved the Queen of Light. When she lies down to sleep one night, he kidnaps her and brings her to his castle of darkness. But the Queen of Light begins to lose her shine, and is on the verge of death. The King of Darkness realizes that this is because of the darkness, so he calls together all his servants to the 'Room of True Darkness,' and puts them in an eternal sleep. Next, he releases the Queen of Light from his castle, and the queen's light returns bit by bit. So the King of Darkness comes out into her light, growing smaller by the moment, lamenting his crimes and professing his love for her. The instant he speaks his last word, he is nothing but a tiny black spot. The Queen of Light forgives and accepts the King of Darkness, and ever since, the Queen of Light's body has a little piece of darkness in it... The darkness has disappeared from the world, but if anyone should open the 'door that must not be opened,' which leads to the 'Room of True Darkness,' it would bring back the dark, and spark another terrible war between light and darkness... That was the story he told."

— The story you just told me, Mr. Sobotka, is a very valuable piece of information in solving what happened at the mansion in 1981.

"Great. Too bad I'd have been happier not remembering it."

— Any other memories? Anything at all you can tell me.

"I... I don't think so. I just listened to what he read. Oh... But sometimes he would make us think up stories, on the spot."

— He made you...create stories?

"Yes, but none of the children could do it as well as he did, so I could tell that he was always disappointed with the results. I think he ultimately wanted a pupil that could make

up those stories."

— Was there ever a student who satisfied him in the past?

"I don't know... Though I remember that once he did tell us a story that had been created by one of his pupils."

— That is fascinating. What book was it?

"It wasn't a book. Just a story."

— Do you remember the story?

"It was... it was about... a monster that sleeps... I just can't remember."

At this point, Mr. Sobotka took some time to remember what the story was about, but it simply didn't work. What could this story about a sleeping monster be? And who created the story?

Sobotka was only this proactive in recalling this nightmare of his because he felt that a personal family tragedy that he had experienced was rooted in the Red Rose Mansion. He married a co-worker when he was 25. She said that she was attracted to his hard work ethic. They had their first child when he was 27, but it died at just a year old. The cause of death was unknown. At 28, they had their second child. He prayed that this one would be raised healthy. When the boy was age one, the same thing happened. The boy stopped eating and fell into critical condition. Sobotka rushed to the doctor, and the son was barely saved, but still the cause was a mystery. The doctor said it was as if the boy wanted to commit suicide.

At this point, his wife revealed that she wanted to leave him. She said that their first child died because of him, and her answer to Sobotka's shocked query was that he didn't know how to love. He didn't know how to smile. Have you ever seen your children smile, she asked. They're trying to kill themselves because they think you don't love them, and I don't want it to happen again...

So Mr. Sobotka moved away from his wife and son, and began a painfully lonely existence. His parents had died when he was a teenager, but he had never felt the loss at the time. He knew that he was different from other people.

He struggled to learn how to smile, how to love, all to get his wife and son back... After waves of loneliness threatened to crush him, he finally went to beg his family to take him back. Upon seeing his son again, the tears flowed out of his eyes, but his son was smiling, smiling like an angel at his father. And so he and his wife decided to live together once again.

At this time, a thought had run through his head, the memory of the police questioning he underwent a year before, about the Red Rose Mansion. He had to remember... He had to recall what had happened to him there.

Facing my nightmares — this is what I had to do to get my life back, he said. I registered the resolute expression on his face. This is a man who is capable of reclaiming his own life, I thought, and hoped.

## Chapter 18

### Jaromir Lipsky (August 2001; Prague)

After my conversation with Ms. Hauserova, I visited Karel Bridge every Wednesday, in the hope of getting Bonaparta's son, Mr. Lipsky, to agree to an interview. His close-cropped hair was white, but his oval face was surprisingly young. He had a large, high-set nose, a firm jaw, thin lips, and a kind, lonely gaze. He operated his puppets with skill, and entertained many visitors.

This was to be expected, as Agent Suk's information said he was a graduate of Czech National Art Academy's puppeteering program. He was born in Prague, age 39, and his last name was his mother's.

Lipsky's appearance in this string of events was, naturally, the Red Rose Mansion. He, too, was among the seminar's members. For some reason, he believed that if he visited the place of his old nightmares, he would receive bursts of inspiration for his art. One day, he stopped by the ever-silent building as usual, only to run across an unconscious Nina. He took her to his residence and nursed her. Upon regaining consciousness, Nina discovered the books of Bonaparta (Jakub Faroubek, Klaus Poppe, Emil Šébe) in Lipsky's apartment. He explained to her that he was considered a "poor pupil" at the seminar, and was removed from the group in short time. Bravely, Nina read all of these books, and began to regain her lost memory.

Around the same time, Johan snuck into the Red Rose Mansion for himself, began to regain *his* memories in a similar fashion, and burned down the building.

The next day, Tenma visited the remains of the mansion — as I will explain later, he had escaped jail by this point — was summoned to General Wolf's deathbed, and was left with his dying words: "Johan's rampage must be stopped." Wolf could see the sight of Johan's doomsday.

It was Inspector Lunge who first learned that Lipsky was the son of Bonaparta, and questioned him. The inspector had used Captain Ranke's information network to dig up Bonaparta's marriage history and learn that he had a son. Apparently it was by observing the Red Rose Mansion and seeing Lipsky's frequent visits that his interest was piqued. He secretly took shots of Lipsky's face, and was able to look up his personal history and mother's name using Czechoslovakian secret police files. However, I believe it was Inspector Lunge's detective intuition that led him to believe that Lipsky was indeed Bonaparta's son.

The first Wednesday that I spotted Mr. Lipsky on the bridge, I waited until his show was over to speak with him. I gave him my name and profession, and asked for his help in creating my book. He looked at me, clearly troubled, and said that he did not wish to speak about it. I said that I hoped he would change his mind, handed him the card of the hotel I was staying at, and left him there.

Every Wednesday after that, I went and watched him puppeteer. I could recognize that his performance and stories were solid, wholesome and entertaining, and I saw that his proficiency with the puppets themselves was great.

カレル橋では、絵描き、音楽演奏、人形ライブ等、さまざまな大道芸が行なわれている。ボナバルタの息子・リップスキー氏も、毎週水曜日に人形芝居をやっている。



*Street performance is a common sight on Karel Bridge, with painters, musicians and puppeteers entertaining the public. Bonaparta's son Lipsky puts on a puppet show here every Wednesday.*

In August, with Karel Bridge buzzing with excited tourists, he saw me standing there, sighed, and told me that I had won. We went to a beer hall, to quench our thirsts as we talked. It was a very enlightening discussion.



— I would like to start by asking you about your mother.

"As early as I can remember, I was living alone with my mother. She was a very lovely and kindhearted mother. She died when I was 19... She was an actress. She loved the stage most of all, but she would do movies to make sure ends met. In the '60s, she even acted in Jiri Menzel and Vera Chytilova films. Just bit parts, of course. Her normal job was a waitress at a big tourist restaurant. In the end, she did well enough to get a job as a chef... It meant giving up on acting, but she did it to support the path I chose in life."

He drained his mug, remarked that the Czechs truly made the best beer in the world, and laughed. But I felt that his smile, a contraction of the cheeks that raised the corners of his mouth robotically, was artificial.

— Did your father ever visit you?

"No, never. Not once. So until I started going to school, I thought everyone lived with just their mother."

— Did you ever ask who your father was?

"Yes, when I was in grade school. She told me he was a storybook author and a scientist, but that he was working for the government now... Even as a child, I could sense that I was not meant to ask further, so I never brought it up again."

— Did you ever want to meet him?

"No, not once. Life with my mother was everything I ever wanted."

— When did you first meet your father?

"Oh, when I first participated in the Red Rose Mansion's reading seminar...when I was eight or nine, maybe? He was a storybook author, and was studying something, clearly... Plus, I thought he looked a bit like me."

— So... You *weren't* called there because you were his son?

"That's right. One day, a man with a big nose and very thick glasses came to my house, asked me some very strange questions and showed me a lot of diagrams. The questions were rather benign, but for some reason, I was quite terrified. After he left, my mother cried. She told me that I had been chosen to participate in a special class. She said that if I didn't want to do it, she would work things out, but I didn't want to make things hard for her, so I chose to go."

— And you never introduced yourselves to each other?

"No. I didn't want to. The first time we met, he just said, 'Oh, you're her...' and stopped. I felt a chill run down my back. I was terrified of him... I could tell that he looked at people on a different scale from how we normally relate to each other."

— Did you hate him?

"No, I don't hate him. I don't know... Mother never asked about the seminar. And of course, I didn't tell her that I knew the man who ran it was my father. I simply pretended to my mother that I had absolutely no interest in him. But I didn't hate the seminar. The more I understood what he was doing, the more frightened I was, of course... But the more I was drawn to it, as well. But I didn't love him. Oh, I don't know, maybe I *do* hate him. I can't really explain..."



最近、自分の人形パフォーマンスを熱心に見に来てくれた女性と恋人になったと語るリップスキー氏。「一番のファンが近くにいるのはいいことだよ……これもニナのおかげだ」と笑った。



*Mr. Lipsky tells me that he has recently opened a relationship with a woman who was fascinated by his puppeteering performances. "It is nice to have my biggest fan right at my side... And it's all thanks to Nina," he says.*

— So, you understood what Franz Bonaparta wanted to do.

"Oh yes, I did. I understood very well. I felt like I could have stayed there as long as possible. But they kicked me out, for not being a 'superior child.' But I soon got over that... As soon as I told my mother that I didn't have to go anymore, oh, the smile she made... Our relationship went back to normal at that point."

— What did he consider to be a "superior child"?

"Well, he built up children... I suppose for party officials, military and secret police officers, the types of people they were looking for, but the ones that *he* wanted to make, the 'superior children,' he had a harder time with. But see, even to make the children that those people wanted required passing some extremely difficult selections. The unpromising kids like me were simply told, after a certain period of participation, that we didn't need to come back. Looking back on it, I think we were the lucky ones."

— On what basis did they select the "good" children?

"The ones that these people chose... Well, they would have been the ones who took in and understood his storybooks, and believed them entirely. You can guess what kind of jobs they'd be given. The children that *he* wanted, however, were the ones that understood his stories and could also come up with their own... To create children who would create the children his partners wanted."

— And what would those children then do? I mean, assuming that the socialist system was still in place.

"You can imagine. I'd rather not speak of it."

— What do you think happened to the other children from the seminar, after that?

"I don't know. It's not like we would hold reunions. I don't think anyone can even remember each other's faces. Either they're being haunted by nightmares... Or creating nightmares for someone else... Who knows what those men ordered them to do..."

— So you wouldn't recognize one if you'd passed him in the street?

"No. There was a time, just once, at the Red Rose Mansion... A man in uniform came to observe... He was a foreigner, and he took a picture of everyone together. The man in charge didn't like it, but his hands were clearly tied behind his back in this situation. I'd bet you that if I saw the photo now, I wouldn't recognize the face of the boy standing next to me."

— What happened to the photo?

"The old secret police must have kept it, because that photo was how both the German detective Lunge and Tenma found and came to me. They said that I looked identical to Bonaparta."

— I'd like to pull back for a second. Do you know how your mother came to know Bonaparta, and what kind of a relationship they had?

"I've never asked her. She died of sickness, and she kept her silence... I have a feeling that she probably met him while she was still acting."

— Acting...?

"My mother was actually quite an actress. They said she was one of the stars of the stage in Prague. This was in the '50s. She would do female renditions of 'Jack the Ripper' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I guess nowadays they would call those 'split-personality'

roles. When my mother would change personalities on stage, she didn't change her make-up, she changed her expressions and her voice, like a completely different woman, they said. It's almost too crazy to believe, but everyone who saw her all say that the instant she changed, it was like a completely different actor had switched into her place. They had sold out shows for weeks at a time... And soon her performances were banned. The usual thing they did back then. Apparently my mother and the rest of the staff would find ways to secretly continue their productions, in beer hall basements and restaurants and such. Ultimately, they cracked down on her, arrested her and took her somewhere."

— And that's where she met Bonaparta?

"I don't know the truth of it, because I didn't hear this from my mother. Some of her old acting partners told me that at the time, some psychiatrists or psychologists or neurosurgeons or something took a look at her brainwaves and such. Apparently some branch of the government took an interest in the way she acted... They wanted to know if she was indeed acting, or if she actually possessed multiple personalities that she would switch between on stage. Possibly the theater ban might have been put in place solely so they had a reason to arrest her and study her."

— What do you think about that?

"I never saw my mother act, so... This is just what her partners and friends said... That it's the same thing. When a truly great actor plays a fictional role, they must transform into that character from within. They said, your mother was an incredible actress who could switch between characters immediately, and if you call that multiple personalities, then it must be so. However, she could do it consciously, rather than unconsciously... I was born after her release. She never even told her friends who the father was. All she said was that when she acted as if she was falling in love, it really happened. According to Tenma, Bonaparta and my mother were indeed married. I think that's good enough for me. It would mean that she was more than just a subject to be studied, to him."

— Mr. Lipsky, you lived for a time with Nina Fortner... who is Johan's sister, Anna. What was she like?

"It was Nina whom I met. I don't know any Annas. She was hurt much worse and much deeper than I was. And she knew so much more about Bonaparta than I did. She even knew what it was he was trying to accomplish. I learned many things from her. If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't be the person that I am today."

— What do you mean?

"At the time, I was agonizing over my puppet plays. I had a far smaller crowd than I do now. I was having a harder time attracting an audience than puppeteers who were worse than I was. The reason was, whether it's a one-man-show or a huge production, you need a good story... And I just couldn't get one going. I was confident in my ability, but ever since I was a student, I just wasn't good at writing stories. I began to think about quitting my hobby. When I really got down to it, I realized that my greatest flaw was that I couldn't write a story where the main character was happy in the end. That's when I realized that I myself was not happy. I began to visit the Red Rose Mansion out of nostalgia, nearly every day. I did this because it was at the mansion that I first acquired my reputation for being unable to write a story. Because of that seminar. They took my happiness away, there... So I felt that by going back to the mansion, I might catch a glimpse of what I had lost..."

"One day, I found Nina there, unconscious. Well, to be accurate, I ran into her little friend Dieter, when he ran out of the room looking for help. I took her back to my home and nursed her. For an instant, it felt as if I had a family; as if I had someone to protect and care for. The moment Nina awoke, she understood that Bonaparta and the Red Rose Mansion were deeply connected. There was such a huge, horrible sadness in her eyes... I thought she was just like me. But she wasn't. She was hurt so much worse, but she still believed in the possibility of happiness in her life. She never gave up; she kept seeking it. She really knew, instinctually, that her life had to have a happy ending... And when I understood that, I finally thought of a story where the protagonist is happy at the end."

Lipsky toasted Nina's name. When he smiled, I thought his grin to be quite natural. Son of Bonaparta, and victim of the reading seminar — his mental scars must be terrible indeed. But I would like to think that he'll be fine.

No doubt he will be performing his play once again next Wednesday on Karel Bridge. Making people happy.

## Chapter 19

### Fritz Verdemann

(August 2001; Düsseldorf)

Near the end of August, I began to feel that additional research would be necessary in the Czech Republic to solve the Johan mystery. One, should I head to Brno, to investigate Johan's mother's identity? Two, should I head to Bohemia, the place of Johan's father's birth, and look for German career soldiers? But Bohemia is a very large area, and I would need additional clues... Three, should I visit the Bohemian town of Jablonec, the town of Bonaparta's birth, for more info on his background? Four, should I look into the identities of the 46 bodies found at the Red Rose Mansion, and interview the families of the researchers who disappeared? I marked these priorities down in my memo book, and decided to extend my stay in the area.

It was at this time that fortunately (or unfortunately), I received a sudden call from Hr. Fritz Verdemann, the Düsseldorf-based lawyer who had been unable to grant my interview requests on several occasions due to the busyness of his schedule. He informed me that he had one free hour tomorrow for an interview. He had represented Dr. Tenma in court, knew Inspector Lunge and Agent Suk, and had looked into the past of the mysterious freelance journalist, Grimmer.

It was Verdemann's reputation for overturning false charges that got him involved with this case to begin with. It was my interest in how he decided that a person's charges were just or false, why he chose to approach Tenma after the doctor was to be tried and yet did not hire an attorney — and how he convinced Tenma to open his heart to him — that made me decide to leave Prague at this time to meet him.

Perhaps the one thing most necessary to understand Dr. Verdemann is the scandal of his father, Stefan Verdemann. In 1968, in the midst of the Cold War, Verdemann, an electronics wholesaler who bought ownership of the radio station KWFM, was charged with spying and the murder of a federal Parliament member's secretary, and sentenced to twenty years in prison. Fritz's father maintained his innocence vehemently, but died in prison, in 1972.

In 1973, as relations between East and West began to thaw, the highest court in the nation overturned the sentence, restoring the honor of the Verdemann name. At this time, Fritz was in a gymnasium school.

He studied hard, graduation from law school, joined the prestigious Hoffman Law Firm, and successfully proved his client innocent in the famous Heinz Holliger case. A successful string of consecutive innocent verdicts led to the "son of the spy" being a star of the legal world.

Dr. Verdemann greeted me in a compact office. Dressed in a white shirt with necktie, he was surrounded by papers, and appeared to be very busy. He stood up, shook my hand, and apologized for refusing my earlier requests, and the sudden nature of his offer. His manner struck me as quite different from the image I had been led to expect, that of the nonsense professional, the sharp gambler. I found him to be passionate and dedicated to justice.



— I'd like to start with Dr. Tenma... Can you tell me what it was that led you to take on his case?

"The original request came from a very wealthy man. I am naturally suspicious and sensed some political sneakiness behind it, so I declined."

— That would be the request from Herr Schuwald...or perhaps his son, Karl. I have permission from both of them. You may tell me if this is so.

"Yes, that would be correct, but after that... I received an offer from a man named Alfred Baul, who wanted to partner with me in representing Tenma. He was hired by a group of Tenma's former patients, and it was from this that I soon discovered Tenma was actually a strong humanitarian and excellent doctor. I met with Dr. Tenma, my mental innocence sensor began to go off, and I considered representing him in court."

— You have a reputation for striking down false charges. Does the choice to represent a client stem from a hunch?

"Yes... From the person's reputation and deeds, what they have done in life. I scrutinize them once someone has requested my help. After all, the enthusiasm that the client has for saving the defendant is often a valuable study asset."

— What do you think of the public perception that you are coolly assessing your chance of winning or losing when you make that decision?

"Well, that actually does happen, even after I accept their case, so it doesn't bother me. The thing is, as you know, I have my father's yoke around my neck. It's only natural that I am interested in winning, because I want to help those who have a chance of having their charges dismissed."

— And what was your impression of Tenma, when you met him?

"I had never seen such a strange man. He was more interested in proving the existence and danger of this young man named Johan than in proving his own innocence."

— Did you think he was innocent?

"Yes. I knew from the instant I saw him. However, I also felt that he was in danger of martyring himself. I received that impression when he told me of how the entire string of events started."

— Started?

"Yes. Dr. Tenma had followed his boss's orders and changed the order of his operating patients. After the person he bumped downward died, he blamed himself terribly. When the same case occurred again, he ignored his orders and did the original surgery. It was Johan whom he saved that time... Johan, the murderer. He tried to escape his position bearing this enormous cross, wondering if all lives were truly equal or not."

— And how did it happen that you were asked to take Tenma's case?

"It took a tearful plea...to me. My clients were actually a list of Dr. Tenma's former patients. I wanted to save this man, save Tenma. I believed in his innocence."

— And so you began your investigation. Later you would find help in Dr. Reichwein and Eva Heinemann.

"It was hard to say whether or not Eva Heinemann was there to *help* or not... But as I said earlier, once I believe in a person's innocence, I become very concerned with the outcome of the case. I wanted to keep what Tenma did in Munich quiet... I wanted to hide that he had infiltrated the library to kill Johan. In fact, I found that Eva's testimony would be

the quickest key to win his freedom."

— But Tenma suddenly and unexpectedly admitted his guilt...

"Tenma was a hard man to work with. A man with such a cross on his back does not play by society's rules. That action of his was infuriating, but I soon recovered. I suspected that something must have happened to him that he could not ignore."

— And then he escaped from prison.

"Technically, he escaped while being escorted. It was planned. There was a professional bank robber named Gunter Milch involved with this. He was a habitual escapee, and a romantic... Tenma found that he had won this man's trust in a short period of time."

— What happened to Milch?

"I represented him in court recently. He is still in prison, but I've demanded that he not escape. I told him that if stays put and gets out on good behavior, I'd send him to Tunisia. I've been accepting every case I can that is related to Tenma."

— What happened with Tenma's escape?

"It was my partner's fault, Baul. No, it was my fault, for letting him deceive me. He was not even a lawyer. He was a loyal servant of Johan's...an assassin named Roberto. He lit a fire under Tenma by meeting with him in prison, and saying that he would kill Eva. It was only natural that Tenma would lose faith in me as well... Tenma took matters into his own hands to save Eva. He took responsibility for the crimes, and waited for his chance to escape."

— What I'm interested in is this Roberto fellow. Who *was* he?

"I've looked all over the place, but I just don't know. He first appeared in this entire string of events as the man who killed Mueller, one of the policemen responsible for the murder of the Fortners. He's clearly a soldier...possibly from a special unit. I think he came from East Germany. He was known for saying that he came from a country that does not exist."

— What do you suppose it was that drew him to Johan?

"I do not know. But I heard something very interesting from Inspector Lunge. As you know, Herr Lunge was nearly killed by Roberto, in Ruhenheim... As his consciousness slipped away, he heard Roberto speaking. He says, who am I? I have no name...no country...no memories. The first thing I remember is leaving the orphanage and doing my jobs... One day, Johan came to me, and he draws out my one true memory... He comes to me, and pulls out a mug... And I remember. I remember the one thing I looked forward to at the orphanage... The weekly mug of hot cocoa..."

— Do you think he was at Kinderheim 511?

"Well, we can't be certain, based on that confession... But his story forms a strange consistency with something in Mr. Grimmer's journal."

— Grimmer's journal?

"I don't know if you'd call it a journal, or a memo book, or a report... As you may or may not know, I looked into Mr. Grimmer's past, at the request of Agent Suk, Inspector Lunge, and Dr. Tenma. I still have very little idea who he actually was, but I found this notebook among the belongings he kept in his enormous bag. The journal had notes from the meeting in which he and Tenma met with Captain Ranke, formerly of the Czechoslovakian secret police. Captain Ranke was looking for his nephew, who was roughly

the same age as Grimmer. Captain Ranke's sister had married an East German man, attempted to defect, and was killed. He took her now-orphaned son and placed him in the care of a facility that came with the highest recommendation of the East German authorities. That turned out to be Kinderheim 511...but he did not understand what that implied. The captain showed Mr. Grimmer a photograph of his nephew, and asked if he recognized him. At first, Mr. Grimmer told him that the one constant between all the graduates of Kinderheim 511 was that they couldn't remember anything about it... But eventually, he did remember the boy. He remembered a kindly boy who always loved his weekly cup of cocoa... Once, when Grimmer was feeling ill in the infirmary, he came to give Grimmer his own cocoa, the cocoa he loved so much... Grimmer felt thankful for the cocoa, and wanted to show his thanks in some way. So the boy said, remember me. Their strange lessons and classes caused all the children to forget even their own names. So he asked Grimmer to remember him. And Grimmer told the captain... He loved cocoa, he loved to draw, and he hated insect collectors because they would kill the insects. He wanted to be an entomologist. His name was Adolf Reinhart, and that was indeed the name of Captain Ranke's nephew."

— But, you don't mean...

"No, I cannot say for sure that it means Roberto is Adolf. I'm sure many boys there loved their cocoa... But you also cannot deny that it is a very interesting consistency."

— I'll return the topic to Tenma. After he escaped, where did he go?

"Dr. Tenma headed to Eva's hotel, to save her life. Only Eva was already gone... He pointed a gun at me, and asked where she was. He thought that I, like Baul, was behind this plot to murder her. When he realized that I really didn't know anything, he put the gun down. I took him to my house, thinking I would show him my father's notebook. But the house had already been ransacked, and a letter to Tenma had been left there... 'Help me Kenzo, help me Kenzo... I've been taken to the Red Rose Mansion...' It clearly wasn't written by Eva, but Tenma went back to Prague anyway."

— What was in your father's notebook?

Dr. Verdemann loosened his necktie, as if short of breath. His brow glistened with a light sweat. He sighed heavily, and looked at me with the same expression he had when I first saw him. I instinctively understood that he was going to reveal something very important.

"The truth is, this is the first time I've ever revealed what I'm about to say to the media. I have thought very long and hard about whether to say this or not, and that is why I declined your interview requests several times. But Drs. Reichweinn and Gillen have informed me that you are a fair and honest journalist. You are the only person I am willing to tell this information. May I trust you?"

— What you are saying is that you do not believe I am intending to write anything unrelated to Johan which my subjects would prefer I did not write.



“冤罪はらしの達人と、ドイツ法曹界でも有名なヴァーデマン弁護士。現在は、旧ナチ戦犯として告発された百歳の老人の弁護団に加わっている。”



*Dr. Verdemann is renowned in the German legal world for winning innocent verdicts. He is currently on a legal team representing a hundred-year-old man tried for being an ex-Nazi war criminal.*

"No, I need to say this for the story to make sense. If you don't write what I say now, the readers will not believe my story. Because it was not coincidence that drew me into the story of Johan."

— Not coincidence...?

"Yes... It involves my father. I was picked on terribly, as a child. After he died in prison, my father's name was cleared, but...the truth is...he really was a spy."

— And how do you know this?

"I found out when I was a student. I found a memo book my father kept in the '60s. He had written all sorts of code into it, as well as notes about the Czechoslovakian secret police. It had notes about the mysterious figure he had associated with, Franz Bonaparta, and his Red Rose Mansion."

— Your father and Bonaparta are connected...?

"It was Inspector Lunge who first pointed this out. My father's radio station had a program every Tuesday called 'Fairytales of the World.' One of the stories they broadcast was Klaus Poppe's 'Where Am I?' Inspector Lunge also found, from my father's public court records, that he had met with Poppe in Czechoslovakia on several occasions. Lunge suspected that my father knew Poppe's true identity. Particularly due to their meeting in 1966, which took place at the Red Rose Mansion itself. I turned the inspector away, however. I did not show him my father's memo book."

— And did Roberto take that memo book away?

"No, I hid it well enough to keep it safe. I'm sure that Roberto approached me because he wanted that book...but in the end, I gave it to Dr. Tenma. He took it, and went back to the Czech Republic."

— Why do you think your father became a spy?

"My father was a Czech-German. He was a radio operator in the war, and after Germany lost, he was sent back to his homeland of Bohemia, where he was imprisoned. When they rounded up all the Sudeten Germans, he lost all of his wealth, and he took his now-destitute family to Munich. He founded a small electronics company there, but he never stopped loving his homeland, and he always hated the West German government's indifference to the plight of Sudeten refugees."

— The East German agents wouldn't overlook an agent of discontent like him.

"Right. I think someone from the Eastern government must have contacted him soon after he established his radio station. I don't think my father had even the slightest bit of affection for communism...but I do think that being able to visit Czechoslovakia freely was very important to him."

— When did your father return to Bohemia?

"According to the court records, it was '65. I remember that he came back from Czechoslovakia around this time, and hugged me excitedly, and told me about our homeland of Bohemia. At the time, the former Sudeten Germans could not go back, no matter how much they wanted to... But he did it. It seems only natural that he would be excited, now."

— And what did he say about his homeland?

"It was like it was before. Exactly the same way he remembered it, homes and all... The only difference was that it was strangers who lived there."

— Excuse me; where exactly in Bohemia did he live?

"Reichenberg... It's a world-famous location for linen. I visited the place, recently. I didn't know which house was my father's, but they were all very beautiful, art nouveau buildings. Yes, my father visited his former home, and told me that he was shocked. All the citizens of the town were supposed to have been evacuated, but he ran into a familiar face."

— A Czech citizen that he knew?

"No, it was in fact a German. The son of the family that lived next door... He had become a Czechoslovakian, and still lived there. As you can probably guess, the neighbors were secretly some of the few German people who gave assistance to the Czech resistance."

— What was his name? Did he say what he was like?

"I don't remember the name. I think the neighbor was about five years younger than my father, and he was very smart and athletic when they were children. Apparently he helped out at his own father's business all through the war... He was an undertaker. The story says that he and his father would hide Czechs in coffins and ship them to Lithuania. It was in recognition of this service that they were spared exile. My father laughed, and said that this fellow had married at about twenty-five, and it was to a girl who was said to be the most beautiful woman in the next town over, half-German, half-Czech. In fact, Father said that he had a thing for her when he was younger, too. They had a son about my age, smart like his father and handsome like his mother. When my father asked the boy what he wanted to be as an adult, the boy answered, 'a soldier.' Then the neighbor turned and quite seriously expressed his concern that the children of Germans such as himself would not be able to find a job as career soldiers. My father was disappointed to think that discrimination was still a very real issue. But the neighbor said that he knew two generations of German-Czechs in a nearby town that had achieved very rare prominence in the government, so if it came down to it, he would ask them for help... But the catch was that this big-shot had known the neighbor since they were children, and they had in fact both vied for the love of the woman who had eventually married the neighbor. He felt that the man surely loathed and envied him by that point..."

— How do you feel about your father now?

"Hmmm...conflicted. I feel that because he died in prison, he paid for much of his crime to the country. If he was a true believer and dedicated communist, I wouldn't think him a coward. But if this was done out of anger at being driven from his homeland, and his wish to return — and I feel that this might be the case — then, how should I say this... He might be traitor to his country... At the very least, well... My mother died in '71 of anxiety, and she always believed him. I wish he would have apologized to her. The truth, you see, is that I have not been able to trust in others for years. I still cannot reach an answer on what kind of man my father was."

— Let us change the subject, then. You spoke about Mr. Grimmer earlier. His role in this string of events is very large, but we still don't really know much about him.

"True. He says that he came from Kinderheim 511. He was put in there around seven or eight, and left at fourteen... at which point he was given the name Wolfgang Grimmer. He was put in a home with a surrogate father and mother, where he learned several languages and went on to be a journalist...but was clearly involved in information...a



spy. After the fall of the Soviet Union, he became a true journalist, studying and exposing the crimes of his former nation, particularly crimes against children."

— How do you suppose he reached Bonaparta before Tenma did?

"It seems that he had considerable pull with the former East German secret police, more than we can imagine. After all, he organized a meeting with Captain Ranke in Prague, with little thought for his own personal safety... Do you not think that this tenacity and talent could only have come from a graduate of Kinderheim 511?"

— Would it be possible for me to see his journal, or his investigative report, whatever you wish to call it?

"If you read it, you will be taking responsibility from his shoulders. Mr. Grimmer wished to know exactly what he was. He tried to save others like him from the terror of the past... He wanted to know what the members of the Red Rose Mansion's reading seminar and Kinderheim 511 are doing now. That's why he saved Bonaparta's life in Ruhenheim, when he must have loathed the man enough to kill him. He wanted to bring the truth to light... Are you going to do that for him?"

I explained why I was following this case. The problem is not something of the past, it is still present. That's why I needed to know about the members of the seminar and Kinderheim 511. Wouldn't that coincide with Mr. Grimmer's wishes, to keep the same nightmare from happening again in the future? Dr. Verdemann expressed interest in my intentions, asked me a few questions, then left the room and brought back a notebook after several minutes. He handed me a copy of the notebook, and said, "There are several mysteries in his notations here, including some illegible sections, and some parts which, when read plainly, sound rather terrifying. But if what you seek truly does exist, then it might make more sense. Perhaps Mr. Grimmer was following the same logic you are... If this copy helps you, then there is something I very much hope you will do, in his memory."

When I asked him what this was, Dr. Verdemann laughed. "I want you to find out what the final episode of the cartoon called 'The Magnificent Steiner' was about."

I found the title, "The Magnificent Steiner" to be very fascinating. Do you remember my question to Agent Suk? (Suk chose not to comment on The Magnificent Steiner, saying that he did not wish to speak of it.) There are several facets of what Grimmer had been involved in, the crimes of which he was accused of committing, that simply cannot be blamed on the actions of a mysterious, unidentified blonde woman. Consider the fact that there are two methods of murder found at the scene, by gunshot and by physical violence — it is as if there were two killers present at the time. As a matter of fact, when I was combing leads on the former secret police in Prague, I was fortunately able to make contact with one of Ranke's men, who was one of the men to fire at Mr. Grimmer and Agent Suk. The shooting was meant to be a surprise — six men were supposed to shoot and kill the pair of them without fear of any losses. As it happened, they were all sent to the hospital. He described it thusly: "The tall, thin one, he just turned into some kind of monster. We had weapons, but it was like he couldn't have possibly cared. He screamed at us...I think he said 'Magnificent Steiner!' And he moved so swiftly... He fought back with impossible strength. He broke our bones with his bare hands, and tore our skin. It was no karate, or martial arts..."

It was the way an animal would do it." This man himself had suffered grievous injuries, and was hospitalized.

If this story is true, it would mean that Mr. Grimmer harbored multiple personalities. The moment I realized that the Magnificent Steiner referred to a cartoon program, I immediately wanted to study its content.

As I left the Verdemann Legal Office, I asked him once more about his father. I wanted to know what kind of a father he felt he had, when he was a boy. Dr. Verdemann answered without deliberating. "He got full marks as a father. He loved his family, and he treated me well. He rarely ever got angry, and I never saw him fight with my mother. My father often told me that it was necessary to always have someone to love, in life. Love your family, love your sweetheart, love your children... That is what keeps you on the right path. This he always told me. But after I learned the truth about my father, I felt like I didn't understand him anymore. However, when I visited Prague in relation to the Johan case three years ago, I discovered a bit of truth that cheered me up."

He said that while interviewing people in Prague whom had participated in the Red Rose Mansion's reading seminar, he found the one clue he needed to understand his father. "My greatest fear was to find out that my father idolized Franz Bonaparta and his demonic experiments. Why did he meet with Bonaparta? Why did he go to that mansion? I had always suspected that there was a truth there that I did not wish to learn. If he was actually a cold-hearted, wicked man who used his love of my mother and me as a cloak to hide his true nature... If my normally perfect father actually had this other personality... I felt that I needed to stare the truth down. I steeled my resolve to look upon the truth, no matter how hard it might be. And when I met with the third interviewee of those seminar participants, I finally got a glimpse into my father's person. The man told me this... All he remembered from the seminar was one day, when a man from a radio station came to the reading. He said that the radio man told him, run away, get out of here, because it's much better over the rainbow, and you can find your family there. And that was the moment that this man cut off all ties with the mansion... My father loved 'Over the Rainbow.' He started and ended his station's broadcast with it, every day. He knew that the Red Rose Mansion's experiment was wrong. When I realized this, a great weight was lifted from my heart."

He looked at me with relief in his face. I think that the reason Dr. Verdemann chose to tell me, a man of the media, such a long-kept and heavy secret was to relate this last story. It was not his father's allegiance to country that he wished to call into question. He simply wanted to reveal the truth that he was not a demon.

## Chapter 20

### Martin

(September 2001; Frankfurt)

Having obtained Grimmer's report of his investigations, I felt that my attention was being drawn toward Prague. However, the email I received immediately afterwards from Eva Heinemann made me turn instead to Frankfurt. Thoroughly and accurately, but with an air of loneliness, she recorded her feelings. Why she had disappeared from the hotel while staying in Dusseldorf to save Tenma, and who kidnapped her — when she revealed the reason, I came to understand why Johan's life swung toward such a precipitous downfall.

So I have decided to include an excerpt from the e-mail of Eva Heinemann, along with a few of my comments.

I was in the lobby of the hotel in Dusseldorf when I learned that Kenzo had escaped. I had decided to give testimony that would prove Kenzo's innocence, and meet with the lawyer Baul, the partner of Mr. Verdemann who was unable to take my deposition because of his wife giving birth. At first, when the news about Kenzo came over the TV in the lobby, I thought, "What on earth has made him want to escape? As long as I cooperate, we can easily clear him of suspicion." As I stared at the news in blank surprise, I suddenly noticed the voice of a man talking on the phone in the background. The owner of the voice was a frightening hit man named Roberto, whom I had become acquainted with when I was truly seeking revenge against Kenzo. Without even thinking of what I was doing, I quickly returned to my room, trembling with fear.

Then there was a knock on the door. Knowing that Roberto was coming after me, I don't understand why I opened the door. The man standing there introduced himself as Martin, and said there was someone waiting for me in Frankfurt.

I answered him with no hesitation, out of a rising panic. Was it better to be found by Roberto and killed? I thought the answer was simple, and left the hotel with him.

Martin was blunt and taciturn. By his unfashionable business suit and beard stubble I knew right away that my being a woman annoyed him. On the train to Frankfurt, I provoked a drunkard to see if he was protecting me out of commitment to duty, or if he was the type who couldn't control his anger. But because of my experiment the drunk ended up half dead. It was clear that he had involved himself in a world where violence was not unusual.

Even so, I was interested in this man. After we arrived in Frankfurt, I wanted to see his true colors and so invited him for a drink. However, it was I who got drunk. I confessed to the fact that I had tried to shoot Kenzo dead. Then he said, "I really did shoot." I didn't know if that was the truth or a lie, but he said he shot his girlfriend and her lover to death. Afterwards I got dead drunk, and he took me back to my room like a gentleman. I still remember. I'll probably never receive such kindness again.

The next day, Martin took me to a certain hotel. There I met a man wearing glasses and a cruel expression, and a small, funny man like a cherub, who had sold his soul to the devil. They demanded only one thing — for me to attend parties in Frankfurt, and to point at Johan if he appeared — and that was all. I agreed to their request. It was clear I would be killed if I refused. I didn't have a choice.

So every night I donned flashy dresses and went to all kinds of parties. It was the type of work I could do forever and feel no pain. But once I tried it, I found it unpleasant and impossible to bear. Perhaps by then I had become more human. I was only able to get through it because Martin was there. He might be a lowlife, and probably was a hit man, but for now he was the one who was protecting me, and he would stay with me to the end, and forgive my abusive words. ...I know, it seems quite foolish that I thought this was love.

I think it was about a month after I started living with Martin when he told me he had met with Kenzo. He said he was worried. I laughed dismissively, but inside I thought Kenzo was such a hopeless pushover, but still very tender. The truth is, I felt quite happy to see that both Kenzo and Martin were spending their time on me.

My mission of going from party to party at last came to an end. Johan finally appeared. I signaled to the man in glasses and the young man accompanying him, and pointed to a beautiful, well-dressed young man — Johan and the other young man shook hands with each other. At the moment I witnessed that scene, I knew I would be killed by the man in glasses. I was damned for introducing these terrible men to the devil.

All I wanted to do was go back to my room and drink. Before long, Martin returned. Ah, in that moment he was a hit man, and I prepared myself to be killed by him. After all, I had heard the devil speak, and allowed Faust and Mephistopheles to meet. I convinced myself that it was natural for a woman who had committed such a crime to die.

However, what he said was, “Run away with me.” I was stunned. Surely the man in glasses had ordered him to kill me. But he went out to slay a demon instead of murdering a human. And when that job was done, we could escape and leave it all behind....

It was late at night when Martin returned. He woke me up, and with a gun in his hand, told me the story of the devil’s apprentice. The name of the man in glasses was Peter Čapek. The young man who had been with him was waiting for Johan at the Hotel Jahreszeit. While they waited, he told Martin about Martin's own past. So Martin also told his story to me. His mother was a severe alcoholic. Although his drug addict girlfriend had come back to him for awhile, he found her in bed with another man. His girlfriend begged him to kill her but he left the room. Soon after that, she shot herself in despair, and when he returned to the room, she was already dead, so he shot another bullet into her, taking the crime of murder upon himself...it was a very, very sad story. But the saddest thing had to do with his mother during his childhood. The truth is that the one he actually killed was not his lover, but his drunken mother, whom he let freeze to death when he left her behind on the street.

He told me that the Devil’s apprentice, this well-dressed young man, was gleeful as he reasoned that both these things were the same. The young man concluded, “Your lover and your mother wanted to die, and therefore you were not wrong. You were not wrong because you freed them from the suffering of life.” But Martin looked at it like this: no one wants to die. His mother and his lover certainly wanted to live. Therefore, it’s a serious crime to kill another person.... He made me wait for him at Frankfurt Central Station, and went to battle for my sake.



*Frankfurt Central Station. This is where Eva waited for Martin, and encountered Tenma again. From this city, the events surrounding Johan began to speed toward their climax.*

I waited for him. I waited for a long time. I was happy to have someone to wait for. But he did not appear, and instead, it was Kenzo standing in front of me. ...I knew at once what had happened to Martin. Kenzo and I went to the restaurant at the station and talked about the loss of Martin. Curiously, I didn't feel any desire to have a drink. He was a good person. I was not such a good person. That he would give his life to defend a disgusting woman like me...I wasn't worth it.

And I did worse things to Kenzo. If I spent my whole life at it, I could never make up for how I treated him. But at that moment, I understood that life has value, even the life of a woman as worthless as me. I wonder why I'm still alive, why I'm still living a life of ease. But Kenzo said he thought that it was fortunate that I was waiting at the station for Martin. He said I should visit Dr. Reichwein, so I went back to Munich where I started.

Watching Kenzo seeing off the train, I thought, he's going alone to kill Johan. I got off at the next stopover, because I thought *I* could kill Johan. I had a clue that Kenzo did not know. I had eavesdropped when Čapek, the man in glasses, spoke on the phone. Johan was in an apartment on Haldecker Street.

There is a great deal more in Eva Heinemann's email.

Her testimony continues further, but I will stop here for the time being to comment on what's been presented so far.

I'd like to start with some supplemental information about the movements of Dr. Tenma. Following the instructions in the letter found in the home of the lawyer Verdemann,

he went to the Red Rose Mansion, where he was taken by General Wolf's subordinates to Wolf's deathbed. There he was told by Wolf about an organization which a group of four men — the General, Geidlitz, Čapek and one other — had created in Frankfurt, and how they were using Eva as a tool to locate Johan. After that, Tenma appeared in Frankfurt.

As noted above, while there is nothing in the records regarding a man named Wolf, his objectives, or his relationship to Tenma, it can be conjectured from police reports that he was part of an organization of three men in Frankfurt who welcomed Johan as their true leader. But it is my belief that the General's role in the group was a cover for his own plans to obliterate Johan. Wolf rescued the twins from a state of near death on the Czechoslovakian border, and acting as a surrogate parent, so to speak, he named the boy Johan. ...Nevertheless, he supported Tenma's quest to destroy Johan, the "monster," because he understood that young man's personality better than anyone.

Finally, I want to offer the following information on Martin.

In March of 1998 in Sossenheim, a suburb of Frankfurt, there was a gun battle among gangsters at a cheap motel. Four men were killed. But strangely enough, it was confirmed that they were all from the attacking side, not the side that was originally attacked. The next day, after an anonymous tip, the body of a gunshot victim was discovered in the Helbrau Hotel, in the heart of Frankfurt. The bullet in his body came from the gun of one of the dead men in Sossenheim, connecting the two incidents. What is unclear is how the dead man got to the Helbrau Hotel, to be found in a room rented by an Asian man with long hair, and where that Asian man went....furthermore, the autopsy revealed that the efforts to control the hemorrhaging had been administered by the hands of a specialist.

The name of the dead man was Martin Reest, a so-called gangster from Mannheim. After serving eight years for killing his lover, he worked for three years under the right-wing leader known by the alias, "The Baby."



## Chapter 21

Peter Čapek

(September 2001; Frankfurt)

In 1989, Peter Čapek, the man with glasses, left Czechoslovakia to live in exile in West Germany. There he carefully conformed to the law and there were no deficiencies in his official documents. In Frankfurt, he opened a small classroom where he taught German and English to the children of Turkish and Vietnamese immigrants for a very affordable fee.

However, one after another, several of his students committed suicide as if possessed, and those who did not, became extremely violent. Something strange was going on, something very wrong.... When a doubtful eye was cast upon Čapek, he made contact with the extreme right organization in town, and transformed into a leader of the anti-foreigner movement. The police investigated him as a suspect in the 1996 case of attempted arson in the Turkish quarter, which had also involved Dr. Tenma.

In 1998, at the completion ceremony for the Rödelheim Convention Center, Čapek's life was targeted by Milan Kolasch, a Czech refugee. Kolasch was shot dead before he could accomplish his purpose, and Čapek narrowly escaped death.

I believe that what Čapek did in his classroom was a reproduction of the reading circles at the Red Rose Mansion, and that his contact with the extreme right, along with his request to Eva afterward, suggests that he was at the top of The Baby's organization which dreamt of Johan's advent.

What sort of person was Peter Čapek to begin with? At first glance, my impression was that he was affected by the Johan case, but more and more I think there may have been an influence closer to him. To learn the answers, I interviewed Mr. Ahmet Mustafa, a Turkish man who knew the assassin Milan well.

Ahmet Mustafa is a devout Muslim. When the extreme right organization set fire to the Turkish quarter in '96, he did not move from the mosque by as much as one step, and defended it from the flames. Though he is 70 years old, his intellect and rebellious spirit still shine from the depths of deceptively sleepy eyes beneath thick brows. He fought back against the Frankfurt redevelopment plan and, refusing to relocate, instead filed a lawsuit, while barricading himself inside a building with Milan. After Milan's death, Mustafa was forcibly evicted by the police, and was ordered to be deported to his home country. However, when it came to light that the extreme right organization was illegally involved in the redevelopment land purchases, the media began to pay attention to him. With public opinion backing him, Mustafa's lawsuit was successful and the government reversed its deportation order. Mustafa is currently staying with a friend in Frankfurt.

— How many years has it been since you came to Germany?

"Ahh, it's already been 36 years. In 1960, I applied to the 'Turkish Employment Association' for work in Germany, and received permission to emigrate five years later. We were all sent to work at a printing plant in Frankfurt. It was a hard job, and I worked nearly 20 hours a day. After two years, I was able to call my wife and children over, and I was blessed at last with a happy home."

— How did you find living in Germany?

"It was good at first, until about 1970. I truly believed it was a rich, good country,

where racial discrimination did not exist. I was the youngest of 8 siblings, and there was not enough money for food in our village. So I left and went to Istanbul, but it was very hard to make a living there. Here, I could keep busy and earn money, so I didn't have any complaints. Then the oil crisis and recession came and my attitude quickly changed when they began to tell us to leave. 'Ah, was this what I had wished for?' I thought. My wife was homesick, and hated the racism, and in 1980 took the children and returned to our country. They built a house there with the living expenses I sent, so I guess they're better off, aren't they? I thought that sooner or later I would probably go home, and year after year I saved my earnings to prepare for retirement, hoping to have some luxury in my old age. But after the collapse of the Wall, many poor East Germans came flooding into the city in great numbers, and we Turks began to be blamed because there was no work for them. I thought more and more about going home to my wife, but she had become like a total stranger to me, and the first Turks to return home faced discrimination as great as in Germany. On top of that, my eldest son who had remained here could barely speak Turkish anymore. Anyway, I feel like I have a good life and a home, so I'm still here today."

— You are a pious Muslim, is that correct?

"Well, back in my home that wasn't so. Though Turkey is in the Islamic sphere, it is extremely loose in enforcing the commandments. But here I very much depended on the mosque that I attended, and before I knew it, I was saved.

— Is your son still living here?

"He died. Beaten to death by someone in the redevelopment area. After the attempted arson incident, my son organized a neighborhood watch group. Besides my son, the group's other four leaders also died, in unusual traffic accidents or from acute alcohol poisoning. The group lasted three months... I sent my son's wife and my grandchildren back to Turkey. And I thought, I can't die yet, wondering if my grandchildren, who speak only German, are living well."

— Had the land purchases by the extreme right organization started before '96?

"Ah, The Baby didn't have that kind of intelligence, but after Čapek became the boss, they became very good at money-making overnight. After the arson incident was defeated, he began to preach about the public disorder in the Turkish quarter, campaigning for a clean sweep of the ghetto."

— Did everybody in the neighborhood know Čapek?

"Sure. When an intellectual like that moves into a town like this, how everybody gossips! Though he was more fluent in German than the Germans, he was quiet and reserved...and then he opened his classroom. For children to survive in a German society, they must lose their foreign accents. Also, he taught English and French if the children desired. Parents with small children flocked to the neighborhood."

— Then the tragedies began to occur.

"There was a series of suicides among the children who had attended his classes. At first, no one recognized that it was only his students. They were all living in the same conditions, in the same neighborhood.

— Čapek's reputation didn't suffer?

"On the contrary, the mothers of the children who had died were encouraged when he said "I must try harder to create children strong enough to survive.""

— You didn't have any suspicions yourself?

"In hindsight, there were several strange things, but at the time I didn't think anything about it. He often said with great enthusiasm, 'This is a groundbreaking educational system, created by a highly respected friend of mine, and as his successor, I am bringing it here according to his wishes.' When I asked him if his friend had died, he merely replied, 'That's my understanding.' Another thing that was odd, was the time that a kid who lived next door was caught shoplifting. Only his mother was there since his father was away on business in Kiel. Because I was his father's friend, and Čapek was his teacher, we went with him and his mother to the police station. On the way home, he asked the kid why he had shoplifted. The brat retorted something like he didn't have any money, so naturally he had to steal. Čapek told him if there was something he wanted he would have to work hard and earn money. The kid boasted that he'd get rich someday and show him, but Čapek cut him off, asking, 'And what are you going to do with the money? Money can only buy things. What you really want to own is a person's heart, right? But that can't be bought with money.'"



*Mustafa is the person who best knows the problems of the Turks in Germany. He spoke of his hopes that, "Once we've saved enough money, we'd like to go together to visit Tenma, who helped us all."*

— And the neighbor boy now...?

"He killed himself. After that, I began to have doubts about Čapek's classes. After the children nearly killed each other in a classroom fight, I woke up and was sure of it. One of the ones that started it was Milan's son. He was admitted to an institution, where he committed suicide by hanging himself."

— Was that Milan's motive for assassinating Čapek?

"It's not easy for me to say that, but I agreed to this interview today to tell the whole truth. You have to understand that Milan was not the sort of man who would do such a thing. But he did have a serious grudge against Čapek because of his son. When he visited his son in the institution, the boy felt no guilt at all. He just wanted to go home as soon as possible to Čapek's reading circle. Milan regretted ever sending his son to Čapek's classroom. But immediately after that Čapek disappeared. Even if Milan had wanted to question him about what was going on, he couldn't. And then several years later, Čapek suddenly returned. It seemed like his personality had completely changed, because I didn't remember him being like that before."

— Because Čapek presented himself to everyone as a man of the underworld?

"And as a leader at the very top."

— What did he demand that you do?

"To leave Germany. He offered to buy our homes. He would even give the homeless money to make arrangements to go. In any case, we were to leave. And some people left. The streets became very dangerous and some neo-Nazis or skinhead boys descended on us in great numbers. And yet, almost everyone outside ignored this. Then they set the fires. I went to the police who were investigating, but they said I had no evidence, so I turned to the vigilance committee."

— But his land purchase did succeed.

"First the landlords were threatened and bribed. Still, trouble only occurred to those who refused to clear out. Accidents, stalkers, arson, they did whatever they wanted to do. After the suspicious deaths of the leaders of the committee, they were able to obtain the rest of the houses legally."

— So what did you do, Mr. Mustafa?

"I was not about to sell the house to the enemies of my son. At the same time, the city embarked on a large scale redevelopment plan, as a joint venture with the businessman Peter Čapek. Good grief, can't the government be trusted to do anything that's right? During the forced eviction it was a big surprise when — along with Milan — Suleiman, Tung, Minh, and Shemel also decided to stay until the end. Except for Milan, they were all relatives of the leaders of the vigilance committee who had died. But getting back to the story... I'm convinced that Milan decided to kill Čapek out of a sense of responsibility."

— Responsibility?

"Yes. Milan was a Czechoslovakian refugee, and Čapek was his childhood friend. I'm certain that he was responsible for getting Čapek his ID and a place to live in this town. Of course, he didn't know Čapek was a demon...."

— Please...please continue.

"Čapek and Milan were born in a small town near the Austrian border. Milan, the son of a master craftsman, and Čapek, the son of a government official, would watch the lights

shining from the free countries all night long, and I was told that they made a vow to one day travel there together. The two studied hard, and Milan became a dentist, while Čapek became a bureaucrat. After a long separation, the two met face to face in Prague in [August] 1969...exactly one year after the Soviet intervention. Milan felt relief at seeing that Čapek had somehow escaped the political purge and seemed to be very well off. Čapek said he had recently met a wonderful mentor, and he anticipated that his work would become very enriching. However, Milan recalled feeling a little uneasy about Čapek's adoration of his god-like superior. Čapek said, 'He has offered to give to mankind something completely unknown, a new thing he's invented....' Milan asked him what this new thing was, and he replied, 'It might be something terrifying.' In 1979, Milan defected. Ten years later, when Milan received a letter from Čapek asking for his help, why did he help him? ...Do you understand now why Milan felt such a sense of responsibility?"

— Was Milan investigating Čapek? To find out what he was doing during that time in Czechoslovakia?

"He did everything a man could do. Especially since his best friend's personality had completely changed.... He wanted to know how it happened, and if it was possible to sue the government, if it were true that Čapek had been driven out by a group that actually existed in the Czech Republic. Milan apparently gathered information from the association of Czech refugees."



*In 1968, under the reformist Communist Party, a democratization policy was recommended in Czechoslovakia, called "the Prague Spring." But with the Soviet Union in opposition, along with the Warsaw Pact allies, the reform was crushed by military intervention, and Czechoslovakia returned to the days of "winter."*

— Did he learn anything?

"One unexpected thing was that Čapek had already left his position in the Ministry of Education by 1970. For 19 years before he defected, he was not in government service. His occupation was listed as a teacher. And so Germany accepted his defection, or so Milan was told. There was surprisingly little information from the Czech Republic. Also, Čapek apparently had something in common with Milan. It turned out that Čapek was also using the association of Czech refugees to look for someone."

— Who was he looking for? Was it Bonaparta?

"Ahh, the man who turned up in the Johan incident? Čapek's superiors believed in that man. But it was someone else. Čapek was looking for a picture book author in his forties."

— A picture book author?

"Ohh, what was his name? Damn it, my memory just keeps getting worse." (As he said that, I was flipping through my notebook) "Oh yes, I remember! Milan said the name of the writer was...Hermann Führ."

— Hermann Führ...

"Čapek still lived in our neighborhood at that time. Before he disappeared."

— Afterwards, Čapek returned in the role of a big-shot in the right wing. What do you think happened during that interval for that to occur?

"Milan looked into that also, and he thought that the turning point was when Čapek hooked up with a gangster called 'The Baby.' Somehow he caught the fancy of The Baby, and gained his respect. The Baby formed a new group from the former extreme right organization. There were four people: The Baby, Čapek, a man named Goedelitz, who was killed by someone at the time of the arson incident, and the remaining one...I have no idea. As has been told to the public, I believe this was the organization that carried Johan on its shoulders."

— How do you think The Baby became so rich?

"No, that guy wasn't rich. More like extreme right wing of beggary. He was always running around trying to raise money. But Čapek could accumulate money. Didn't the city officials call him 'Čapek of the industrialists'?"

— So he was successful in business?

"No, no, it wasn't that. Čapek had the backing of the financial world, which made Milan wonder. How was he able to draw them in?"

— Who was backing him?

"It was very much related to the construction of the Rödelheim Convention Center...although I have no evidence, I believe it was the Sievernich financial group."

— The foremost financial group in Germany. Ernesto Sievernich committed suicide in 1996, and the present owner is his son Christof. It's said that the son and Ernesto's siblings and ex-wife are still squabbling over the inheritance. Recently the ex-wife's side started raising questions about how he died.

"It was the son that Čapek was hanging out with."

— And then Milan appeared at the convention center inauguration ceremony trying to murder Čapek.



"Legally, that was the end of the investigation into Čapek. But Milan didn't so much put his life on the line for nothing, I think, as he was driven by his sense of responsibility. He stood up to take revenge for everybody."

— How did you learn about Milan's attack and death?

"After eating oyakodon with everyone, I dozed off on a full stomach. So I heard about it on the 11 o'clock news. They didn't release the name of the man who had been shot dead, but I prepared myself for who it was."

— Oyakodon?

"Aah, it's a Japanese dish that our Japanese guest made. Chicken and egg...oya is the parent, ko is the child...put it over rice and it's a gourmet food..." [Mustafa uses the German words for parents (Eltern) and son (Sohn)]

— The Japanese man was Kenzo Tenma, wasn't it.

"It was. He too had finally caught up with Čapek. We didn't know about Johan at that time."

— What did you do when Milan died?

"Besides Milan, there were two women and two children living with me. We didn't know what to do. I don't mean that among the five of us there were never any thoughts of revenge. But Tenma brought us to our senses. He said, 'Revenge calls out for revenge. I don't want you to be thinking such thoughts. This must end with Milan.' ...But the children weren't convinced by what Tenma was saying. He asked them, 'What did Milan hope for?' They replied, 'We all wanted to see each other's home towns and tour them together...' And Tenma said, 'Then study hard and someday you can make your dream a reality.'"

It was solely by chance that Dr. Tenma was given shelter in the house of Milan and Mr. Mustafa. During Martin's dying moments, Tenma had gotten Čapek's name and the story of the Devil's Disciple, and was shadowing him. While investigating Čapek and his connection to Johan, he was discovered by the police and pursued through the town, until he ran out into the street and was hit by a van. It was Milan who looked after him while he was unconscious. Tenma became indebted to this strange family while his injuries healed.

But the only thing they had in common was their willingness to resist Čapek and his redevelopment plan in Frankfurt. Moreover, Milan was after Čapek's life. Evidently Čapek had sensed this from Milan's behavior after Tenma had been discovered by the police, and had requested police bodyguards. I believe that when Tenma learned from Milan about Čapek's background, he realized his status as an official of the Red Rose Mansion, and was convinced that Čapek was determined to carry on the will of Franz Bonaparta. Tenma tried desperately to stop Milan from killing Čapek, but he refused to listen, and regrettably went out to meet his death.

— I understand you're in a difficult position now. What will you do in the future?

"It depends on the courts.... I don't think I want to leave Germany. I still have the family that Milan left behind. There's Minh and Suleiman. Shemel and Tung are still children. It was Milan's dream to live with them and visit their hometowns. I want to realize that dream. And so, I will not die yet, and there are no signs that I'll be leaving this country."

— As far as living in Germany, do you think it's become easier for immigrants?

"Well now, right after the Wall collapsed, there was a recession, and still we decided to come here. With membership in the EU, there have been more calls going out for acceptance of Turks. But I can't really trust the government. Just protect your family and loved ones...during 70 years of living, I've stuck to that principle."

Mr. Mustafa gave his time and full cooperation for this interview. But he sincerely wanted to protect Milan's reputation, and he asked me to reveal the whole truth when I wrote of him. When I promised that I would, he unexpectedly told me that he had withheld valuable information that Milan had discovered when investigating Čapek. Surprised, I asked if he intended to tell me. Mr. Mustafa's sleepy eyes opened wide under bushy brows. "You too have withheld information," he said with a smile. My first impression of him seemed to have been correct. He is undoubtedly a man of keen intelligence.

"What you have guessed is the same as what Milan thought. And like him, you understand various things. So when you asked about Hermann Führ, I nervously changed the subject. Hermann Führ...the name of the picture book author that Čapek was searching for."

Mr. Mustafa continued his story. "It's rumored that Čapek and The Baby wanted to conquer Germany — no, the world, or something like that, and to set up Johan as Führer, but... I realized that Čapek had embraced such a plan since he first came to this town in 1989. But at that time, Johan was only 13 or so, and was it likely they would hang their hopes on a mere child? In other words, although they had planned from the beginning to install a supreme ruler, wasn't it someone else? Milan probably thought so too. And if we assume that that someone was the author Hermann Führ...."

He quietly looked into my eyes. "And there's one more thing...on the day Milan and Čapek were reunited, they stayed in my home and got drunk together. That night, Milan told me he woke up when Čapek cried out during a nightmare. Milan shook Čapek awake, and Čapek told him he'd had a terrible dream. When Milan asked him if he had experienced something frightening at the time of his defection, he laughed and said, 'I've been terrified for the last seven years, ever since that incident... At the time I puzzled over changing the number from 42 to 46, but I carried out the plan in his place, because there was no one else qualified. I've never suffered through a more dreadful experience than that, and that man was entirely to blame.' Milan lamented that he didn't recognize at the time that Čapek had already sold his soul to the devil."

Mr. Mustafa asked me if this information was useful. When I expressed my gratitude, he said, "Herr Weber, you heard Hermann Führ's name, then Čapek's numbers...I think you've heard those things somewhere before?" I gave him a vague answer and bid him farewell.

But I was convinced. As I had thought, there was another monster besides Johan sleeping nearby.

## Chapter 22

### Grimmer's Notes

(October 2001; Berlin)

As Mr. Mustafa had guessed, when he said Hermann Führ's name and the mysterious numbers 42 and 46, I had already known them. That's because they had been written in a somewhat hasty scrawl in Grimmer's notebook (or to be precise, a photocopy of his notes) which I obtained from the lawyer Verdemann.

According to some reports, Wolfgang Grimmer was involved in the Johan case, conducting an investigation into the abuse of orphans in the former East Germany. Because he wanted to make public a list of graduates of the orphanage Kinderheim 511 who had personally experienced the inhumane experiments there, he had reportedly been following Reinhardt Biermann ever since he fled to the Czech Republic. By chance, Grimmer met Tenma on a train, and sensing the aura of a man attempting to smuggle himself across the border, helped him in his escape. Though he could not have known it then, Grimmer would later be reunited with Tenma when the former secret police attacked him, and this time it would be he who was rescued by Tenma. Grimmer's search for the list of Kinderheim 511 graduates, which eventually fell into Johan's hands, was not limited to the former East Germany, but eventually expanded to the former Czechoslovakia...to Franz Bonaparta...and to Johan as well.

Grimmer's notes of his investigation start from when he disappeared after claiming responsibility to the Prague police for a series of murders in order to save Suk from his misfortune.

Mr. Grimmer, as noted earlier, was an intelligence agent for the former East Germany, but even viewed in light of that, his behavior was amazingly bold. According to his notes, when he sent the letter to the Prague police detailing Suk's innocence, he was still living in the same city. At one of the finest hotels in Prague, the Hotel Palace Praha on Jindřišská Street, he rented a room using a Frenchman's name. Then, pretending to be a publishing agent, he visited the Czech Association for Juvenile Literature and made the rounds of all the second hand book stores in central Prague, acquiring all the picture books he thought had been written by Bonaparta. After that, he took an inter-city bus to Teplice, snuck across the German border on foot in the Ore Mountain region, and hitchhiked to Leipzig. Although the name of the person that Grimmer met in Leipzig is still a secret, he appears to be some sort of important official in a central department of the former East German secret police, or "Stasi." That person possessed an incredible document which he allowed Mr. Grimmer to read. Although the original document is not available, I am publishing the notes Mr. Grimmer wrote about it just as they are.

Published in 1962. B's report (author's note: I believe "B" is Bonaparta) presented to the Czechoslovakian state psychiatry department (future predictions: theories on culture, military affairs, personality restructuring, and education) *i.e., a review of the devil's plan. At the time I was shocked to realize that this plan was about to be adopted. B, obviously a genius. Groundbreaking theory.*

Sartre's "Nausea" – when the stores are empty so are their heads... B,

*insight into Western culture.*

The defeat of the East side's culture by the West was inevitable → materialism → western prosperity → a seemingly utopian world → rapid drop in manual labor → 5-day work week → growth of the entertainment industry → diversity of interests → free love → pursuit of pleasure.

*As time spent on survival decreases, time spent on leisure rapidly increases.*

But people are overwhelmed by the increase in leisure time. Pleasure becomes an obligation. Compulsive sex without love. A people who can not do anything alone (author's note: is this also from Sartre's "Nausea"?). A people with too much time on their hands. Self loathing. Boredom. Fatigue. Self-denial. Self-discovery.

*Toyed with by the God of Destiny.*

Crime from boredom → murder = murder for pleasure = serial murders. ....B had already forecast the upward trend in crime on the West side in the 60's (appearance of a new kind of murderer = pleasure killer).

*Terrifying insight!*

In the West, increase in pleasure killers → discovery of a pleasure murderer → brainwashing → murder with a purpose blended into murder for pleasure → perfect camouflage → becomes the perfect crime.

*Cultivate talented people able to select and brainwash pleasure murderers!*

Missiles, tanks, weapons of mass destruction → in a material war, the defeat of the East was inevitable → efficient terrorism → efficient collapse of the West → control of pleasure murderers.

Method: select gifted boys = homicidal instinct → complete isolation → name deprivation → repeated readings → repeated questions → folklore → self-destruction due to fear → absolute isolation → acts of destruction due to a belief in "nothingness" → repetition, repetition, repetition, repetition → god phase = Übermensch. Establish proving ground → Berlin.

The 19th division of the Stasi ordered an investigation of B. Czechoslovakian of German extraction? Neurosurgeon, psychiatrist, psychologist, picture book author. Has multiple pen names. Investigated connection to Terner Poppe.

June 1950, Terner Poppe traveled to East Germany with Aleksi Chepichka, who at the time was an executive of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party. On that occasion, he met with section chiefs from the headquarters of the Ministry of State Security (Stasi), which had gone from being the K5 division of the police to an independent organization. When asked about his birthplace, Poppe answered, "At the end of the 17th century, my ancestors emigrated from the south of Germany...perhaps from around Bavaria. I've heard from the farmers there it was a quiet, peaceful village surrounded by mountains."

Kultur im Osten vom Westen niedergeschlagen  
-- Materialismus -- der Westen blüht --  
die Welt ist eine Utopie -- körperliche Arbeit  
weniger -- Fünftageswoche -- Unterhaltungs-  
industrie im Vormarsch -- Freizeit wichtig --  
Freie Liebe -- Lustbetontes Leben

Freizeit wichtigster Stellenwert im Leben

Angst vor Freizeit nimmt zu

Hedonismus als Zwang. Zwanghafter Sex ohne Liebe

Als Einzelner bewirkt man nichts mehr.

Generation, die die Zeit totschlägt

Selbsthaß. Langweile. Selbstverneinung. Selbstentdeckung

Verbrechen aus Langweile -- Mord = durch Wollust -  
Seriemorde . . . . B hat schon in den 60er Jahren  
eine zunehmende Gewalttendenz vermutet.  
Grauenhafte Einnicht!

Im Westen zunehmend Mord aus Wollust - Mörder durch  
Wollust erkrankt - behinderte - Mord mit Ziel  
der Wollust -- gute Tarnung - das perfekte Verbrechen  
ausgeführt

Mörder durch Wollust identifizieren können psychologisch heißt.

("The defeat of East side's culture by the West...") Grimmer's notebook, preserved by the lawyer Verdemann (original). It provides a very precise understanding of the process of Mr. Grimmer's investigation into the Johan case. Just the same, his determination and analytical abilities are worthy of admiration.

There is more in Grimmer's notebook.

Next, he traveled to Berlin, staying one week. There he apparently went to a library in Bismarckstrasse which owns a number of world-renowned book collections and visited their juvenile literature collection — not only to look for Bonaparta's writings, but also to find a 1989 first edition of Helmut Voss's work, "A Peaceful Home."

*Helmut Voss is Bonaparta. The actual book was not published in the Czech Republic. Was this new book really Bonaparta's?*

*He disappeared from the Red Rose Mansion in '81...unbelievable conclusion...Bonaparta is alive? Living in Germany?*

*Did he resurface 8 years after his disappearance?*

*However, his style has changed. The characters seem to have changed. There are no unpleasant impressions from this book. On the other hand, the drawings are not as vivid as they were previously.*

*"A thief takes refuge in a mountain village. The thief schemes to steal the earnings of the town, but as he becomes friendly with the townspeople, he forgets how to steal. So he works for the townspeople's sake and begins to live a quiet life..."*

*Is it possible that Bonaparta wrote a book like this?*

*But there is no doubt about the style of the artwork.*

Again, this was from Grimmer's notebook. His surprise is not hard to fathom. Furthermore, he adds this analysis.

*Did he finally realize that his actions were dreadful? Why? At any rate, he ran away. Had he now become a gentle soul, desiring nothing more than a peaceful end?*

*Perhaps that's the case.*

A few days later, Grimmer showed up in the border town of Passau. His purpose, it appears, was to contact a former "escape broker." From the notes — *only to check the register of names.*

Before the Wall fell, there were a considerable number of these "escape brokers" in Germany and Austria. For those with a large amount of money, there were professionals who would make use of any possible idea to help them escape illegally across the border into a free country. After receiving their commission, some unscrupulous brokers reported them



to the authorities, though there were a few who risked their lives to fulfill their contract, provided that the client had the reliable documents they demanded. This was because there was a high possibility that the client was a spy for the authorities. Grimmer probably felt that the only documents that were definitely reliable were from the fugitives on the list who had successfully crossed the border. This is what he wrote: *"It was there. Klaus Poppe's name was there. He's alive, and living in exile. In this country!"*

Grimmer then traveled to Hamburg to visit the publisher of the first edition, Vierzig. It was a small company founded by children's author Georg Brosche, using proceeds from his best selling novel, "Chronicles of a Sinking Island." The company is managed by only 4 people — Brosche, his wife and son, and his nephew. They seem to have excellent judgment when it comes to picture books, have cultivated budding writers and acquired prestigious awards, and are now well established.

Grimmer learned about Helmut Voss by questioning Brosche's wife Szilvia, the company president. Incidentally, at that time, he was masquerading as a children's literature critic from New York. According to Grimmer's notes:

*When Helmut Voss was young, he aspired to be a picture book author, but discouraged, he is now an aging man managing a hotel in the country. Unable to abandon his past dreams and try something else, it's said that he suddenly barged in on the publisher and asked them to read a book he had written. With a long narrow face, round glasses, and whiskers, his appearance imparted a sense of quiet charm.*

*It was President Brosche who met with him. The moment she picked up his work, she asked if it was really true that his work had never been published. Voss's illustrations were a bit dated, but she could see in them a maturity as well as considerable technical precision. She signed the contract with him immediately, and the book was published in August 1989. Though only a small number of copies were printed, it gained a good reputation, and they received a letter of nomination for children's picture books from the Rheinland-Pfalz State Education Foundation. However, Voss firmly refused it, and they forfeited the chance to win the award. It was very disappointing, the president said with a smile, but sometimes writers are like that. And in the end, Voss never wrote another new work. She said that sometimes there are writers who produce but a single work in their entire lifetime.*



ヘルムート・フォス作『安らぎの家』  
から。グリマー氏は、この作品  
を見つけ出したところから、ル  
ーエンハイムに潜んでいたフラ  
ンツ・ボナバルタにたどり着いた。

*From Helmut Voss's work, "A Peaceful Home." Because Mr. Grimmer discovered this work, he was finally able to find Franz Bonaparta hiding out in Ruhenheim.*

Voss's contact address was in Augsburg, but it had been more than five years since the Vierzig publishers had communicated with him.

Grimmer headed for Augsburg. As expected, the room at the address in question was vacant. So Grimmer used his head. Under the guise of a state tax official named Neumeier, he went to see the landlord of the building. He said, "Several years ago you rented a room to an untrustworthy man suspected of tax evasion whose real name is Voss, and I would like to request your cooperation in searching out this man." In reply, the landlord demonstrated his loyalty to the state. The room was rented by a man named Joseph Bäumüller who had never failed to pay his rent. His account was at the Tinneberg & Führbach bank... Tax official Neumeier marched into said bank to investigate the facts, and learned that 5 years earlier Bäumüller had closed the account, whereabouts of the money unknown — but there were bank transfers to four other banks.

Neumeier, i.e., Grimmer, noticed that he opened an account in the name of Kroner Haas at one of those banks, in a small village in the state of Bavaria...it couldn't be. The name of the village was "Ruhenheim," or "A Peaceful Home."

At this point he did not head directly to Ruhenheim, but instead re-entered the Czech Republic under the Neumeier name. There he sought information from Karel Ranke, a captain in the Czechoslovakian secret police who had once tried to have him killed.

Previously, because Grimmer's data overlapped a great deal, I reluctantly chose to omit much of the information I got from Ranke myself, so the unheard parts of the story in his notes will probably be shocking.

*Captain Ranke puzzled over the burning of the Red Rose Mansion. The number of remains the police made public was 40 adult males, 4 adult females, and 2 children, amounting to 46 in total – the 46 reported obviously did not include the older corpses from the Nazi era. However, his understanding was that the number of researchers at the mansion was only 42, not including Bonaparta. When a prisoner died, the old rule was that the body be taken to the hidden morgue of the secret police. Therefore, it's unlikely that anyone would be buried there without authorization, except for someone who had disappeared suddenly. Also he had not heard about and was not involved with the Red Rose Mansion, but he was sure that at least the powerful people involved with that project would know about the bodies buried by any division of the authorities. That being the case, Bonaparta increased the number of bodies from 42 to 46, making the four people his alibi – to survive, four people had to die – to replace Bonaparta, Johan, Anna, and who else?*

*But is it likely that Bonaparta personally murdered four people just for the sake of constructing an alibi? It just doesn't fit his style.*

Accordingly, please recall Milan's testimony as reported by Mr. Mustafa. The words that Čapek said to Milan about his defection, on the night he had the nightmare — "At the time I puzzled over changing the number from 42 to 46. I've never suffered through a more dreadful experience than that. That man was completely to blame." — doesn't that solve the mystery? Isn't it likely that Čapek was the murderer doing Bonaparta's dirty work?

After the interview with Captain Ranke, Grimmer went straight to Bohemia. His purpose was to investigate the true identity of Franz Bonaparta. Bearing in mind his connection to Terner Poppe, his hypothesis was that Bonaparta's real name was Klaus Poppe, since all of the names in Bonaparta's picture books were German.

To learn more about Terner's character, Grimmer visited Jablonec nad Nisou to try to interview Communist Party members from the 50's. There he acquired a clue to

understanding the truth about Turner Poppe's death. Before judging the right or wrong of that clue, I would like to wait until after my scheduled interviews in Bohemia. However, taking into consideration the complicated parent-child relationship between Turner Poppe and his son, and the connection that links Johan's father and grandparents to Turner's son, Grimmer came up with a theory that perhaps Bonaparta and Johan's father were comrades\* living in neighboring villages. [\*comrades is used here in the Communist sense rather than indicating friendship]

Grimmer then departed Bohemia for Ruhenheim, in the state of Bavaria. During that period, the words, "That was careless," appeared many times in Grimmer's notes.

*I believe that there is a very strong likelihood that Franz Bonaparta is alive. If Bonaparta can be captured, all of the mysteries will be solved. Day by day, moment by moment, I draw closer to learning Johan's secrets. But at the same time, I am appalled that I didn't predict that if a man like me could arrive at this conclusion, then a man like Johan could as well. That was careless. That was really careless.*

*If he finds Bonaparta, what will he do? A man reborn with a gentle heart, regretting the sins of his past, – would he simply murder him? I imagine something more terrifying. Johan will surely deprive Bonaparta of his name. He will probably take away his memory. Perhaps he will consider slaughtering everyone who knows him. If Ruhenheim is Bonaparta's "peaceful home," then Johan will probably erase everyone in the whole town.*

His notes end there.

Grimmer hurried on to Ruhenheim.

At the present time I am in Berlin, at the juvenile literature library Mr. Grimmer visited. My purpose is to read one book. When Grimmer found "A Peaceful Home" he believed it was the work of Franz Bonaparta, but there was another book that puzzled him. His notes say, "Is this Bonaparta's work? The artwork is similar. It leaves an impression like a bad dream.... The title is "The Sleeping Monster. But if this is Bonaparta's latest work, it makes no sense. Has he returned as a devil again?"

It was published in Vienna, Austria, by the Quintus Company, and the author is Hermann Führ...yes, the person Mr. Mustafa spoke of...a person with exactly the same name as the picture book author in his forties whom the devil's disciple Čapek had once sought.



Chapter 23  
Hermann Führ

(November 2001; Vienna)

First, I'd like to introduce the contents of "The Sleeping Monster."

*In ancient times in an unknown place, it's told that all the people had their names taken away. They say that a rumor spread, a rumor of a monster who remembered everyone's names. And so many people left on a journey to look for the monster. They discovered a cave where the monster lived, but the all-important monster slept under a spell that had been cast upon it.*

*Disappointed and exhausted from the long journey, the people fell deeply asleep in front of the cave. However, there they had a dream. In the dream, the monster came out and taught everyone their names. They awoke with great joy, grateful to the monster, and all returned to their own towns.*

*However, now when they called out to each other by name, they found that all the names were lies, and they didn't even know who they themselves were. They began to hate each other, and they killed one another until there was no one left....*

— That's the story.



*A cut-in illustration from "The Sleeping Monster" that is reminiscent of Franz Bonaparta's work. Was it drawn by Bonaparta himself or someone else, and what was the intention? I sped up my investigation....*

This edition was published in early '98, so it's fully possible that this was Bonaparta's, no, Voss's next work. But just as Grimmer had concluded, in my judgment this is the work of a different person. There is a subtle difference in the style of painting. Mr. Sobotka's telling of the Sleeping Monster story from the reading circle, the name of the picture book author Čapek sought — it's impossible to believe that these correlations are mere coincidence. So I decided to return to Vienna to hear the story from the publisher of the book.

If Führ is the man I believe he is — the one who manipulated Kottmann — then he is the real criminal who committed the murders in the Salzburg hospital...and that means my life is in danger. With firm resolve, I visited the Quintus Company. However, it wasn't what I expected...this same respectable company is one of the better publishers specializing in children's literature among the major publishing houses. It is located in the northwestern part of Vienna, midway between the famous Grinzing Heurigen district (a group of restaurants serving the most recent vintage of wine from their own vineyards), and my office nearby. The entire classical style building there is owned by the company, which has forty employees. Its president is Simon Schütz, grandson of the famous politician. In addition to children's books, the company also sells stationery and educational materials. The editor in charge of Führ was Anselm Kiener, a nervous young redhead in his early thirties. I had requested this interview with the goal of hearing an opinion straight from an expert editor in the field, concerning any connection between the picture book and the Johan affair.



*Hermann Führ's chief editor Kiener. He believes that while Bonaparta's and Führ's designs are similar, they are not connected....*



"Is this Emil Šébe's work? I've noticed a touch of his style in Hermann Führ's drawings. I was wondering when the media would show up. I always thought it was a damn shame that no one else seemed to notice."

— It was...a shame?

"Well, even picture books are a business so you want them to sell a lot, right? If people saw the resemblance to Šébe's work, I thought it might get a little publicity."

— Did "The Sleeping Monster" sell well?

"Yes, at first. Large quantities were bought by libraries, kindergartens and schools, and it also seemed to be popular in a certain district. I wanted another printing, but the president said there was no point..."

— Why was that?

"He said it was a harmful book that left a bad aftertaste...something like that. Oh, please don't write the rest of this. I just don't think it's taboo to teach children about evil things. Because isn't the world full of evil? For example, even English children's book illustrator [Charles] Keeping drew evil looking faces with terrifying expressions."

— Please tell me about Hermann Führ.

"He just showed up one day with an unsolicited manuscript. I thought he was a genius the moment I saw his work. He looked to be in his mid-40s, so I asked if he had published his picture books before. He said he had written other things before then, but it seemed like he didn't want to talk about it, so I didn't press the issue."

— What did you think of him?

"Well, he seemed like a quiet and charming man. To tell the truth though, I've only met him twice. Most of the work was done by telephone and fax."

— Was he Austrian?

"Well, his name is, right? As for the man, there's no telling without asking him."

— Can you tell me his contact address?

"Sure. But honestly, I don't think there is any sort of connection to Emil Šébe. It's only a coincidence that their painting styles are similar. We were in frequent contact immediately after his book came out, but it's been a long time, and we haven't been in touch more than once or twice since then. It's possible that he may have already moved somewhere else. But I can tell you the address and phone number from back then."

— He discussed his next work with you, didn't he?

"I wanted to publish it. Naturally we talked about what he planned for his next book. But as I said before, there were differences in opinion, you know? I had trouble obtaining permission...eventually some inconvenience on Führ's side made things difficult, and negotiations fell through. But really, he had some fans. I still think it was a waste that we didn't publish more of his work."

— An inconvenience?

"Yes, he said another quick job came up and it would be a little while before he could draw the new piece... So I waited half a year before I called him, but no one answered the phone. Eventually I got busy with other things...and that was the end of it."

— What did you mean he had some fans?

"Well...a large order came into the sales department for a thousand copies of a

gloomy book, all for one place. In this business, that's huge for a newcomer."

— But what were they going to do with a thousand copies?

"I heard that marketing was told that they were needed for a reading seminar or something like that...I didn't understand what they meant — but I guess groups like that exist."

A chill ran down my spine when I heard the words, "reading seminar." I nervously asked about the concept envisioned for the next book.

Kiener replied, "Well, the title was 'The Awakening Monster.'" I remember my body trembling.

My intuition was not wrong. The other monster was lurking in Vienna.

The next day I dialed the phone number that Mr. Kiener had given me. Though I let it ring for a long time, no one answered. Then I noticed that the address was in District 2, Leopoldstadt, while the phone number was in District 15. I called again to confirm the address, and headed for the residence (or workplace) of Hermann Führ.

I had often visited the park downtown near the famous Ferris wheel from the movie "The Third Man," and knew that, because the old apartments on the corner were scheduled to be torn down soon for redevelopment, most of the residents had left. The room at the address had been vacant for two years.

Knowing that it might be dangerous, I searched for Hermann Führ's name in the phone book (though I was told his number was unlisted). Within the city and suburbs I found three people with the same name, and called each of them. However, none of them was the man I sought.

Hermann Führ had disappeared.

## Chapter 24

### Collapse

(November 2001; Düsseldorf)

I suspended this part of my search for Führ and headed for Düsseldorf. My purpose was to set in place the last piece of the puzzle called Johan. After that, the case would approach its conclusion in a rural village named Ruhenheim. But of all the people involved with Johan, none have explained how they foresaw the great disaster that would strike that small village and then hastened to go there.

I thought about who could answer my questions, and I believe I found the ideal person.

After Milan was shot and killed at the Convention Center, the next day one policeman from Düsseldorf visited the Frankfurt station. His name was Benjamin Weissbach. [note: in the anime, Weissbach's first name was Egon] In 1986, he tried to question the twins while they were at the Eisler Memorial Hospital, and was the only one who had doubts when the police investigation shifted toward Dr. Tenma.

Weissbach had volunteered to escort a serial killer named Dinger from Frankfurt, where he had been arrested, to Düsseldorf. Three days until his retirement — it was his last job as a detective, and he wanted to see for himself this criminal he had pursued for many years. However, these would be the first words Weissbach and Dinger had ever exchanged.

Among the murders that Dinger had committed, one was different from the rest, and this one weighed on Weissbach's mind. That small doubt would greatly change his life after retirement — though he had planned to spend his old age doing things like traveling with his wife, working around the house and doing volunteer work, the majority of his spare time became devoted to solving the Johan case.

Weissbach lives in a working class residential area across the Rhine from the old town district, in a cream-colored house that is old but scrupulously maintained. When I commented that he had a beautiful garden, he replied with a smile, "Well, the truth is, after retirement, taking care of the flowers and trees was supposed to be my job, but then another hobby...or rather, another job came up, so all the credit for the garden goes to my wife. She's still angry that I didn't keep my promise. According to her, I'm still a cop, but without the salary coming in." Stout and ruddy-faced, he seems to be a cheerful person who is very much enjoying his life.

— Actually, it's exactly that work I wanted to ask about. There are still many unknown gaps in the Johan case. I'm hoping you can fill in some of the missing pieces.

"As you know, I was involved in that case...I mean, I was working on it when it first began in 1986. As for Dr. Tenma, I thought he was the real killer, but it was such a gruesome affair that sometimes I did have my doubts that a man like him could have done it. But day after day I was swamped with so many other cases, that before I knew it the case was just filed away inside my head and I didn't think about it."

— So what made you go back to it?

"It was the time I escorted a serial killer named Dinger from Frankfurt. He was a former taxi driver who killed at least five people over three years, starting in '94. He had an obsession with strict compliance with public morality, and passed judgment on his passengers for things like smoking in a No Smoking area, spitting in the taxi, being drunk or

having sex in the cab, or not paying the fare. But his most recent murder of a banker was a different case. It kept bugging me so I asked him about it. Why did he travel to Frankfurt for the express purpose of killing a man of irreproachable character?"

— And what did he say?

"That it left a bad aftertaste. He spoke as if someone had requested it... When I asked him why he even thought about committing murder in the first place, he told me a story about a boy he met in a public park in Düsseldorf back in '86. Dinger half-killed a man who was abusing his dog, and when a policeman got involved, the boy stepped forward as an eyewitness. He protected Dinger and told the police that he was not the one at fault. He said the man who was walking the dog started the fight. And so Dinger escaped arrest. In order to properly thank the boy, he offered him a ride home, along with his younger sister, who had suddenly appeared from a clump of bushes, and looked like the boy's twin. But when he asked him where they lived, the boy said they had no home to return to, so Dinger reluctantly took them to his own apartment and treated them to a meal. Then the news came on TV and Dinger started ranting about the spectacle of all those people with no morals. The boy said, 'You're right. Such people are not needed.' It seems that in that moment, he was set free. ...the boy had a bandage wrapped around his head, and in his pajamas he looked like he had just escaped from a hospital. ...well, I guess even the most thickheaded detective would remember the Liebert incident and the disappearance of the twins."

— With only ten hours until your retirement, what did you do?

"I cancelled my farewell party and participated in the interrogation of Dinger. But when we came to his murder of a bank clerk, he suddenly wasn't so forthcoming. Right after that, I ran into Dr. Gillen, who also wanted to interview Dinger. When I told him about the twins, he was even more interested. So this time we questioned Dinger together and finally got the guy to talk about the bank clerk murder. He said that one day, the twin boy, by now an adult, returned and asked for a favor.... He said he didn't know the man he killed, and they didn't talk about him, but if the boy had determined that the man wasn't needed, then he wasn't needed...and so he killed him. The instructions were given by writing letters in a sand pit in Griesheim Park in Frankfurt. When Dinger said that, I noticed that Gillen was startled by it."

— Why was he surprised?

"He had conducted follow-up interviews with two prisoners at different prisons in Frankfurt. One believed he was a vampire and sought out virgins to drink their blood. However, in just one case, he killed a woman who had given birth to a child.... That exception troubled Dr. Gillen. And then there was the other one...a man who had a fixation on space aliens. All of his crimes had been committed in Niedersachsen, and yet he made a special trip to Frankfurt to commit a murder. The doctor questioned them on these discrepancies. It turned out that both of them had been instructed to commit these crimes by someone — 'The Great Vampire King' and 'a true space alien', respectively. And the place where these instructions were given was the same sand pit in the public park in Griesheim."

— I see. It sounds like Johan's style.

"Yeah, that's what Dr. Gillen thought too. Johan was trying to start something in

Frankfurt."

— What did you do then?

"Well, first there was the farewell party. I had to re-invite all the friends and acquaintances who had been coming before it was cancelled. But afterward some said they'd never been to a grander party. The next day, I was retired and so I headed to Frankfurt. I believed that Johan existed. So this time for sure, I was determined to learn the truth about the case."



八六年、西側で起こった最初のヨハン事件の担当刑事だったヴァイスバッハ氏。それが犯罪史上に名を残す大量殺人事件の幕開けとは、誰も思わなかったと語る。

*Herr Weissbach was the detective in charge of the Johan case from its start in 1986 in West Germany. He says that back then, no one thought this would be the beginning of a series of mass murders that would go down in the history of crime.*

And how much of the truth did you discover?

"...I found a connection between Johan and the son of a certain wealthy man. But I don't dare say the name."

— I understand. I won't ask for his name, but I can guess.... So, can you talk about what you learned about him?

"Three men received orders at a public park to commit murder, because each of the victims had a connection to this man. Dinger murdered a banker who was about to expose a scandal involving a certain financial group.... The self-styled 'vampire' murdered a woman who had given birth when she was 17. Rumors were that the father was a student at a nearby prep school, and that student was the son of a distinguished family that was part of a certain financial group.... The space alien fanatic from Niedersachsen murdered a businessman, a commodities broker named Klemperer who was a refugee from the East. It was also rumored that he frequently brokered children from the East to wealthy clients in the West.... So here we have a bank employee about to bring a complaint against a certain financial group, a woman killed after becoming pregnant by the son of a prominent house within that group, and if that son was brought from the East to be adopted...?"

— All the events are connected to that son.

"At the time I went to Frankfurt, there was an assassination attempt at the completion ceremony for the Rödelheim Convention Center — I'm sure you know about all the uproar it caused. At first they thought he was aiming at the governor, but after searching the home of the suspect Milan Kolasch, it was confirmed that his target was actually Peter Čapek, a businessman with close ties to the extreme right. And in fact, the financial group in question was said to have been Čapek's shadow sponsor for the construction of the Center. The group's previous head was also a proponent of right wing ideology."

Herr Weissbach, you have pursued the murder cases of three serial killers — do you know the specific reason why these murders were carried out?

"There was talk of an organization of four men in Frankfurt. They seriously considered conquering Germany and Europe by setting up a young man named Johan as Führer, or a second Hitler. One of the members, a Professor Gödelitz, died a few years ago. Likewise, a former East German general. Plus the Czech refugee Peter Čapek...and I think the former head of the financial group was the fourth."

— I thought The Baby was one of the four.

"No, that would have been too much responsibility for that man. He was just an errand boy. The fourth man was the head of the financial group. The problem was that when the leader died suddenly, his son was added to the group in his place."

— He was the adopted son.

"Yes. And in this case there were questions as to whether he had come from Kinderheim 511, and I think evidence of that did come out. (Weissbach was being evasive because the son is currently enmeshed with his adoptive father's ex-wife and relatives in a court battle over the father's inheritance and the leadership of the financial group. One of the relatives leaked the announcement that the group's head was an adopted child from Kinderheim 511, and apparently testified that this had extremely warped his character).



And so this son, for the sake of the financial group's continuation and to keep his own scandals secret, requested these murders of Johan — or else Čapek or The Baby did — maybe I'm letting my imagination run wild, but that's what I believe happened. Ah well, since Čapek and The Baby were both killed, there's no way to get the truth now."

— Do you have a theory about why those two were killed?

"It's simplest to just say it was all part of Johan's plan.... That's what everybody's saying. But I've heard that The Baby was fearful just before he was assassinated. He said there was no hope of controlling Johan themselves, and suddenly ordered a subordinate to investigate the trader Klemperer's murder."

— Then, you're saying The Baby didn't know why Klemperer was murdered....?

"Klemperer brought the adopted son of the leader of a powerful financial cabal from Kinderheim 511....and I think Johan carried out the murders to conceal that fact. But if we assume that neither Čapek nor The Baby knew this fact...then the conclusion is terrifying. Johan and the adopted son knew each other from the time they were young boys in Kinderheim 511, and if we assume that they concealed that from Čapek and others...then Johan had a very different reason to approach them."

— Who do you think murdered Čapek and The Baby?

"The Baby was murdered at his favorite hotel by a professional assassin. Apparently it was a woman going by the alias "Carmen" who the police all over Germany are still looking for. But she can gain or lose more than 30 kilos in a very short time, and she can disguise herself as anybody. So since her looks and build are unknown...well, let's say she's a very popular person in the underworld right now. When Čapek learned of The Baby's death, he sensed he was in danger himself, and hid out at his mountain villa. It may be that he was already losing his mind at that point. His paranoia may have caused him to murder his own bodyguard, and he died kilometers away from his mountain retreat near an old deserted house. He was apparently killed by one of his other bodyguards. Was it because Čapek had killed his associate?"

— Was that what Johan had planned? Or did Čapek just self-destruct on his own?

"Well, maybe it was both. But the story is that just before The Baby died, he had an argument with the rich kid. And hiring a hit-woman doesn't really match Johan's style...just another angle to consider."

— So in the end, why do you think Johan went along with Čapek and The Baby's plans?

"I thought some time ago that Johan wanted to be taken in so that he could gather political power. Maybe he made it a condition that they find his sister Anna. Johan only seemed to agree to join forces with the organization, intending to betray them from the start.... I think that's the most likely possibility."

— Then what was Johan's goal?

"Hmm, I think it was Bonaparta. Johan was hunting Bonaparta's whereabouts. If you look at the tragic events of Ruhenheim, I think Johan lived to find his hated enemy Bonaparta. And the Czech refugee Čapek had known Bonaparta...so Johan got close to Čapek. Čapek probably knew that Bonaparta was in the small rural village named Ruhenheim."

— What made Čapek go to that deserted house?

"I think he encountered Johan. Not only Johan, he may also have met Anna — I mean, Nina Fortner, and possibly Dr. Tenma. But Čapek was already losing it by the time he got to that house. I think if you want to know the whole story of what really happened there, there's no choice but to hear it from Nina Fortner herself. ...and undoubtedly she will have a completely different story to tell from the one we expect..."

I thought so too. If I want to know the real truth of these events, I must win Nina Fortner's cooperation. Detective Weissbach said, "I'm especially interested in Johan's and Nina's conversation when they met in the deserted house where Čapek died. What in the world did Johan say to Nina? Or did Nina say something to Johan? Doesn't it seem like after that meeting Johan suddenly began to collapse?"

That is certainly true. Until then, Johan had been progressing according to plan: that nothing in the world would survive except for himself, alone or together with Anna. While it's probably true that he already had a death wish, there's no doubt that after the incidents in Frankfurt he hastened toward his own demise.

The information that Detective Weissbach revealed at the end of the interview confirmed this:

"Although it's not officially acknowledged by the police, on his way to Ruhenheim Johan committed another murder in Pforzheim. The victim was a man named Horst Grossmann. He was a doctor with no criminal record, regarded as a model citizen, but three days after his death the police discovered a collection of repulsive photographs in his basement. The serial killer whom the Baden-Württemberg state police had dubbed "The Dissector" had been hiding there. His crimes were perfect rather than gaudy. In other words he left no evidence at all. But was it likely Johan would murder such a valuable follower who was completely unknown to the police? So they said that Johan could not be the murderer, but....

"I thoroughly studied Grossmann's 28 murders and found two cases that were out of character with Grossmann's preferences and tastes, but which matched the details of the middle-aged couples murders. I was hardly surprised. But you wouldn't expect Johan to kill a follower who was still useful. ....I'm sure the reason was that, for Johan, the landscape of the end was in sight."

To further clarify the truth of Johan's purpose in Frankfurt, I'd like to return to the email of an essential witness, Eva Heinneman. After leaving Tenma at Frankfurt Central Station, Eva had intended to place herself under Dr. Reichwein's supervision, but instead got off the train, taken with the idea that she herself could kill the Devil and his apprentice in Dr. Tenma's place.

The following is what she wrote in her email:

First of all, I bought a gun. In the alley behind a filthy porn shop, I met with a vulgar gun dealer and obtained a gun with enough power to kill, along with a silencer. I practiced with it in the forest bordering the suburbs until my body stank of gunpowder. It was extremely unpleasant. But because of this - because a little thing like simply pulling a trigger can cause a man to die - somehow the will to kill another person can be born even in someone like me.

Every evening I walked along Haldecker Street, wandering around in search of Johan. It occurred to me that I might already have seen Johan. But there were many apartments, and I didn't know which was Johan's, and in the end, he never showed up.

After about two weeks keeping watch on Haldecker Street, I spotted that young man, and began to shadow him. His name is Christof Sievernich. I went to the library to try to match his face and found a newspaper article that reported he was heir to the Sievernich family after the sudden death of his father, head of a leading German financial group.

I chased after him, and entered his apartment, but unfortunately Johan wasn't there. I tortured him with the gun (please don't ask what I did) to try to get information about where Johan could be found. If I hadn't surrendered to Čapek's threats, and Christof and Johan had not met, then Martin wouldn't have died. My sense of right and wrong were paralyzed. If Christof hadn't talked, I might really have killed him. But then Christof, half crying, half grinning in ridicule, said something unexpected to me.

"It wasn't Čapek that first introduced me to Johan. So my dear, you really had nothing to do with it," he said. "Because Johan and I have known each other the whole time, from the old days." Apparently they had met about ten years earlier in a certain orphanage. Then he suddenly started telling me an incredible story about how the teachers, children — everybody — had all killed each other.

During the slaughter, Christof hid in the cabinet under a sink the whole time. Two other boys were there with him, but he thought that in the end, only one would survive. So he sent the other two out, with the lie that it was ok because the fighting surely must be over with. But he believed that outside awaited a monster with seven heads and ten horns, welcoming the end of the world. So he just waited, terribly afraid, trembling and shaking. His throat was parched, and just when he thought he would surely die there, the cabinet door suddenly opened and Johan was there, his hand reaching out to him. He said, "It's only you and I now, but it's ok, because I have a plan...."

I wanted Christof's story to be true. To know that I didn't introduce the Devil to his disciple. And the moment I let down my guard, he snatched away my gun. Then he told me about the plan that he and Johan created when they formed their alliance, to change the world and make it theirs.

It was Kenzo who rescued me from death, when it was his finger on the trigger. Kenzo put me and Christof in his car and asked him where Johan was. I called the hospital to come for Christof, but while I was away from the car, Christof told Kenzo where to find Johan. And when I returned, Kenzo was gone. Unbelievably, that demon disguised as the elite son Christof seemed to sneer while he delivered to me what sounded like Kenzo's final message: "I can't get you involved in this any further. I ruined your life. I'm truly sorry. Please be happy." I thought, what a fool that man is. What a fool....

## Chapter 25

### Ruhenheim

#### (November 2001; Ruhenheim)

This report following Johan's crimes appears to be nearing its conclusion. But first I would like to examine the story of the massacre in which the quiet town of Ruhenheim in the state of Bavaria met its end. It was during a few days in November of 1998. At about the time that Wolfgang Grimmer was hurrying toward Ruhenheim, Inspector Heinrich Lunge was already there one step ahead of him.

Having come to the conclusion that Lipsky was the son of Franz Bonaparta, the Inspector visited his apartment in Prague. Lipsky acknowledged that fact and handed the Inspector a single postcard. The postcard, a sketch of scenery overlooking a village from a mountain ridge, had arrived three or four years earlier. The signature was K.P.... The Inspector had noticed that all of Klaus Poppe's characters had German names, and reasoned that Poppe was also German. Following this reasoning, Inspector Lunge became Poppe. *...I am lonely. I want to regain my peace of mind. I want to return to my homeland. This is the landscape of my home.* With frightening tenacity, Inspector Lunge toured southern Germany until he arrived at the town of Ruhenheim, depicted in the sketch on the postcard.

There he immediately took lodging at the Hotel Versteck and proceeded to the police station — to warn them of the massacre that was about to take place in this peaceful town.

That evening, another guest arrived late and checked in alone. His name was Neumeier...or rather, Grimmer.

It began with minor acts of violence around the town, a noisy dog being killed, an elderly couple who won the lottery buying guns for self-defense. An old man picking lingonberries went missing, an alcoholic shouting out his misery in the street. Little by little, the invisible evil of hatred began to descend upon the peaceful town.

Every day, Grimmer and Inspector Lunge would monitor the train station and roads into the town, preparing for the time when Johan, the unseen enemy, would release his attackers. However, the enemy did not appear, and bit by bit the tension grew.

This brings to mind another strange case from the 50s, in which it's said that all the people of a town slaughtered each other — the great massacre in Zweifelstadt, in the state of Niedersachsen. In 1960, the famous sociologist Thomas Dietrich analyzed the Zweifelstadt incident in his book "The Eyes of Others, The Hatred of Others" in this way: loving someone a little is the same as hating them a little. The rampant spread of hatred created an explosive situation in that peaceful village. They were all close friends, of equivalent health and intelligence, living in similar homes with their similar husbands and wives under similar circumstances, driving the same cars, pursuing the same hobbies.

And yet there are always those who want to compare themselves. *I'm better than that guy. Yet he's above me. But I'm the better one.* Hatred lies dormant within words like equality. Because people can't live believing they are identical to everyone else. It will always be true that one might surpass another but be unable to prove it...and when such a dilemma infests a peaceful village — there is the breeding ground that gives birth to violence.



## Grauenhaftes Massaker in Zweifelstadt, Niedersachsen

Einwohner bringen sich gegenseitig um,  
keine Überlebenden !

Gestern Abend kam es zu einem grauenhaften Massaker unter den Einwohner von Zweifelstadt in Niedersachsen. Wir von der an den Tatort mobilisierte Polizei berichtet wurde, wurden bisher keine Überlebenden gefunden. Über den ganzen Ort verteilte Brände sind teilweise noch nicht erloschen. Aufgrund der weiterhin gefährlichen Situation wurde der Ort abgeriegelt und die Einzelheiten dieses

in Anspruch nehmen. Wie sich die Situation darstellt, geht die Polizei davon aus, daß es wahrscheinlich keine Überlebenden gibt.

Wie kam es zu diesem Massaker? Bis jetzt liegen die Ursachen noch im Dunkeln. Nach unseren eigenen Recherchen sind nur wenige Details bekannt. Wie Einwohner der nächsten Stadt berichteten, sei in Zweifelstadt ein Gerücht umgegangen, daß sich ein

sachsen mehrere Mord einem Jagdgewehr begaben soll, im Ort versteckt. Wegen dieses Gerüch gannen sich die Einwohner gegenseitig zu verdächtig diese gegenseitige Furch der Auslöser gewesen sei. Es bietet sich ein Bild Grauens. Überall liegen Leichen der Opfer, in Häusern, Gaststätten, usw.

*A local newspaper from that time reporting on the great massacre that occurred in Zweifelstadt Niedersachsen. At first thought to be an attack by a fringe cult group, it was later speculated to be the work of terrorists from the East side.*

In the 1958 Zweifelstadt case in Niedersachsen, the seed of the massacre was essentially a hunting rifle. Although it was a simple murder case involving a gang dispute over a card game, a newspaper published graphic photos (of the victim's corpse mutilated by the shotgun), and while the police delayed in revealing the motive, rumors spread that it was the work of a psycho criminal.

Peter Bock, who lived in Zweifelstadt, became convinced that his neighbor Michael Oswald was the serial killer because he noticed that Oswald kept a hunting gun by the window. When this was casually mentioned in a bar room, and to associates at his workplace, the rumor spread through the whole town in a flash. Only Mr. Oswald, at the center of the storm, knew nothing of it....

Surprisingly, the first murder occurred directly opposite Oswald's house on the north side of town. An auto mechanic named Volk Rogner mistook a visiting neighbor as Oswald and shot him with a handgun he owned for self-defense. That gunshot reverberated through the entire town, and in the confusion caused by Rogner's dreadful mistake, Bock shot the real Oswald, Oswald's wife then shot Bock, a house was set on fire, and one by one people began to shoot at anyone who happened to come their way...the village was annihilated in a single night.

But there is an epilogue to this event. It was reported that during the week prior to the incident there was a graduate student who stayed in the village while studying folklore. In a bar, he heard the conjecture about Oswald being the criminal, and spread that rumor to every household he visited during his ethnological surveys. At dusk on the day of the incident, he visited Rogner's home, and warned him that Oswald was going to come by later that evening to complain about Rogner spreading the rumor that Oswald was a psychopathic murderer.

Moreover, he was staying at a bed and breakfast in a private home, and told them something terrible was about to happen that night and they were absolutely not to go outside to seek help until two days had passed (also, it is interesting to note that this family, the only survivors in the village, had been repatriated from the Czech Sudetenland).

At first the police were not interested in the student's existence since he was not listed among the dead, but they became concerned when he suddenly disappeared from the scene and an investigation revealed that there was no such graduate student registered under his name. Various theories have circulated regarding the true character of that man, but the prevailing opinion is that this was all an experiment conducted by an operative from the East side.

Now let's go back to the tragedy at Ruhenheim.

At the time the body of the old man who was picking lingonberries was discovered, Tenma was in Prague, visiting Lipsky based on information he received from Captain Ranke and Nina. He learned from Lipsky that his father Bonaparta (Poppe) had returned to his hometown in the mountains of southern Germany, and a collector of juvenile literature had informed Tenma that the 1989 edition of Helmut Voss's "A Peaceful Home" was actually Poppe's new book.

Tenma found a town called "Ruhenheim," i.e., "Peaceful Home," on a map, and headed there at once.

It was raining heavily in the south of Germany. In Ruhenheim, a police officer was killed, the regulars at a tavern all murdered each other, and soon the village overflowed with corpses. Although a number of townspeople and guests at the Hotel Versteck escaped the danger, it was only a matter of time before the mysterious assailant took advantage of the panic and attacked them as well.

In the midst of all this, Inspector Lunge and Grimmer finally obtained a confession from a particular man: I am Franz Bonaparta, and I am Klaus Poppe.

That man was the proprietor of the Hotel Versteck.

"I am not afraid to die. I regret my past sins but I can do nothing but await judgment upon my death," Bonaparta said.

Grimmer shouted back at him, "To destroy a person's sense of good and evil, to awake the monster within, that's not a sin you can so easily atone for! So you are going to stay alive, and I will protect you until you can tell the world all that happened and what you have done."

The people remaining at the hotel had one rifle and two handguns among them. After dividing the weapons, Inspector Lunge and Grimmer both resolved to meet again. Grimmer remained to guard Bonaparta and the other people at the hotel, while Inspector Lunge took



on the task of bringing down Johan, or whoever was attacking the town on Johan's behalf.

The rains came down harder, the roads were closed, the train stopped running, and Ruhenheim became an isolated island. As Inspector Lunge moved through the town seeking the enemy, he was told by one young woman who had survived that the ringleader of the attack was a man named Roberto. Lunge headed toward the Hotel Bergbach to confront him, but on the way he happened to encounter Dr. Tenma who had just arrived on the scene.

The two stood face to face. Lunge said, "My journey of delusion became my truth. But with you here, reality has finally stepped forward and my vacation of following imaginary threads has come to an end." After he told Tenma where to find Bonaparta, he added, "I have a job to do.... I'm sorry." Then he walked away.

At that time, the Hotel Versteck was under siege and taking gunfire. Without concern for his own safety, Grimmer went out into the street alone. He faced the building where the attacker was hidden and began to speak. "Think about what you're doing in your heart!" he shouted, just as the girl who had told the Inspector about Roberto appeared. There was a moment of silence. Relieved, the girl walked toward Grimmer and was pierced by a bullet. She was killed instantly. With an anguished roar, Grimmer charged into the building where the shooter was hiding.

Also, Nina and Dr. Gillen had arrived at the town. These two were looking for Johan, because Nina, for reasons which will be discussed later, had foreseen how the events that had developed over at least ten years would ultimately conclude.

When Tenma hurried to the hotel and perceived the strange events occurring in the building across the street, he dashed inside. There on the top floor, he was reunited with Grimmer. On the verge of death, Grimmer sat on a couch and told Tenma that he had taken care of all the attackers alone, transformed by his own anger, and that the Magnificent Steiner did not appear. He then introduced Dr. Tenma to the late-arriving Franz Bonaparta.

"I'm sad... I'm not sad because I'm going to die... My child is dead...and now I'm sad... It's impossible for people to completely lose their emotions... My feelings just got lost somewhere... It's as if a letter that was sent to me has finally reached me, decades later... So this is true sadness...so this is happiness..."

Those were Grimmer's last words.

To help Inspector Lunge, Dr. Tenma headed for the Hotel Bergbach, and Bonaparta offered to go with him. As the two made their way through the town, Tenma asked him about the strange love letter discovered at the Red Rose Mansion, which Inspector Lunge had earlier entrusted to Grimmer. Bonaparta admitted it was something he had written to the mother of the twins. He confessed that he had fallen in love with her and had erased everyone who knew of her and the twins. The two hurried on to the hotel.

While a fierce life-and-death battle was unfolding between Inspector Lunge and Roberto, Tenma and Bonaparta came upon a shadowy figure in front of the hotel. It was Johan.

Tenma stood before him, his gun ready, yet Johan's expression was empty. Tenma fixed his aim on Johan's forehead.

Just then, Bonaparta struck Tenma with his gun and stepped in front of him, advancing toward Johan. "Let's die. We'll die together."

There was a gunshot...but Bonaparta was the one who fell.

The bloody figure of Roberto staggered from the hotel. It was his bullet that ended Bonaparta's life. He collapsed before Johan and said, "Please show me, Johan. 'The Landscape of the End.'" Johan replied coldly, "It can't be seen by you." Then Roberto too met his death.

Johan spoke to Tenma, who aimed his gun at him again. "Dr. Tenma. To you all lives are equal. Because of that, I was revived. But haven't you realized by now? It's only in death that all are equal." Johan touched his finger to his forehead. "*You* can see it. 'The Landscape of the End'..."

Tenma tightened his finger on the trigger. Nina came running, shouting to Tenma not to shoot. Tenma hesitated.

In the next moment, Johan fell to the ground, struck by a bullet to the head —

It was one of the surviving villagers who shot Johan. In his testimony the man said that when Tenma was confronting Johan with a gun, he saw his own son between them, and shot to save his child. It was proven to be true that Johan had pointed his own gun at the boy, and so he escaped arrest.

But in the testimony this man gave to the police, there is an extremely interesting passage. However, I would like you to judge the following words while taking into consideration his severe alcoholism.

"It was the Devil... The Devil came to this town and killed everyone! He had a gun pointed at my precious son! Both the long-haired man and the Devil were standing with guns aimed at each other, and then the Devil pointed his gun at my son's head, I swear! That's why I shot. I aimed at the guy's head, but he looked like...a demon? He was a monster...an apparition...it had many heads, and many horns...it was a monster!"

...This was all I could learn from my investigation into the Johan case.

## Chapter 26

### Nina Fortner, a.k.a., Anna Liebert (November 2001; Vienna)

My repeated requests for an interview with Fräulein Nina Fortner have all been declined with polite rejection letters. However, even without Mr. Weissbach's pointing it out, it's obvious that it's not possible to achieve a clear understanding of this case without her testimony.

Nevertheless, in this chapter I will try to recreate the story of Anna Liebert, a.k.a., Nina Fortner, based on the interviews I have had with many people regarding the case, and especially the clues within Dr. Gillen's testimony.

Nina was a student at Heidelberg University's School of Law. She studied to become a public prosecutor, while also training in akido and holding down a part-time job delivering pizza. She was a cheerful girl who got along well with her parents, and had the normal fantasies of a prince on his white horse appearing to take her away. The only unusual thing about her was that she had no memories of anything before the age of ten.

On the day before Nina's 20th birthday, a curious email was sent to her computer: "Let's meet for your birthday at Heidelberg Castle at seven o'clock tomorrow...." A beautiful young man with blond hair whom she had glimpsed on campus crossed her mind. As she went to the appointed place at the Castle, she remember the sense of dread she felt at the sight of him, and wondered why it should revive a similar feeling from before she was ten.

However, well past the appointed time, the person she was to meet had not appeared. She was about to leave when an Asian man called out to her, "Anna!" It was Dr. Tenma. In that moment, Nina began to recover her memory...Dr. Tenma...Johan...brother...Johan.... Nina returned home with Tenma only to find both her parents murdered in a bloody massacre. She was suddenly overwhelmed by memories. "I killed him...back then. I killed my brother."

Tenma put his arm around Nina to help her outside, where they ran into two detectives. The detectives put Tenma and Nina in their car, but when Tenma realized that it was the detectives who were actually responsible for murdering the Fortners, he and Nina jumped into a river to escape the danger. While they were drying off in a cabin downstream, Nina began to talk about the things she was remembering.

"A lot of people were dead. My brother and I were walking there together. It seemed like we were the only ones in the world. ...we crossed the border. A middle aged couple who were like an aunt and uncle gave us encouragement. My brother said, "I have a good plan." And then the aunt and uncle died. Why did everyone who showed us kindness die? But on that rainy night, I found out why. My brother killed them. He had been killing everyone all this time. So I picked up the gun. I aimed it at my brother. Then he smiled and said, 'Aim carefully at my head. After you shoot, throw the gun out the window.' I aimed carefully. Why did you save him?"

I imagine that next she cried, "Mother and Father wouldn't have died if you hadn't saved him! *Why did you save him?*"

At that time, Nina probably resolved to kill Johan again. Tenma went into town to assess the situation, and by the time he returned, Nina had vanished.

The next time she would meet with Tenma would be in Frankfurt. She had heard a rumor that an important person of the extreme right wing called The Baby knew where Johan was, so she tried to approach him. By this time she had shown surprising growth. It's not known where she learned to handle firearms, but some say that she possessed a near professional level of skill.

While being confined in a suburban mansion, Nina met Professor Goedelitz, who told her of the existence of an organization of four men who were trying to train Johan to become a new Hitler. There she also learned of a plan to set fire to the Turkish quarter of Frankfurt. Nina escaped to try to prevent this, later discovering that Johan had already wiped out Goedelitz and everyone at the mansion. After threatening The Baby into giving her the details of the plan, she raced to the Turkish quarter. There she was reunited with Tenma.

However, apparently Nina was not able to find any clues regarding Johan in Frankfurt. So she moved on to Nice in the south of France, pursuing Mueller, her foster parents' murderer. By this time Mueller had retired from the police and was living a comfortable life with his beautiful wife, but his conscience weighed heavily on him. Because Mueller was unable to live with seeing the ghosts of the dead every day, there's no doubt that as far as Johan was concerned, he was someone who required special attention. So it was no surprise to learn that Roberto was Mueller's bodyguard. Boldly approaching Mueller, Nina was captured by Roberto, and Mueller was threatened with his family's lives if he ever broke his silence.

Though there is very little providing relief from the heartless cruelties of the Johan case, there is this incident in which Mueller's conscience finally awakened, returning to his roots as a police detective. Mueller, who believed that Roberto would murder Nina, voluntarily stormed the enemy's hideout all alone and rescued Nina, but gave his life to do so.

It is not easy to understand why Roberto, Johan's faithful servant, wanted to kill Nina. But it's possible to guess if we assume that it was his own initiative and not Johan's order. As might be expected from such a capable subordinate, he may have wanted to get rid of what he knew to be Johan's only weakness as soon as possible.

It would seem that Roberto somehow let it slip as to where Johan was, because Nina showed up in Munich shortly thereafter.

I have omitted Nina's actions in Munich here as they have been mentioned earlier, but I think that the fate of the twins changed greatly after they saw "The Monster Without a Name."

"...like a land from a fairytale... Three Frogs..." Nina visited Prague looking for these two words, ignoring the strangers on the street who mysteriously called out to her as "Anna," until she came to the building where they had once hidden, with the signboard out front, "The Three Frogs." The building was in the Michalská section near the Čedok Bridge. Something told her to go inside. It told her to go up the stairs and open the door of the room at the top... According to Dr. Gillen, she then saw herself as a child, holding a picture book and saying "Welcome home" with a smile. A memory suddenly returned to her. An image of Johan being dragged down the stairs...

She took a taxi and toured the city over and over, asking about Johan and looking for

the Red Rose Mansion, to which Johan and her mother had been taken away. Still the memories haunted her...a man in glasses turning around from the passenger seat to face her...a voice saying, "You mustn't hide anything from him." ...the voice of a different man saying, "Human beings can become anything." ...herself as a child smiling, "Welcome home." ...but the answer hadn't appeared yet.

At the top of a small hill, Nina at last came upon the place that she had been looking for, where she could see "a weather vane on the right, a church spire on the left." Having found the Red Rose Mansion, Nina entered the estate. Inside, she faced a door behind a broken wall, and at the moment she heard its hinges groan she had a vision of a great many people vomiting blood, and she fainted, collapsing to the floor. At that time, it was Mr. Lipsky who came to her aid.

Thanks to Lipsky, Nina slowly regained her strength. Lipsky was a former pupil of the Mansion's reading circle. When Nina learned he possessed a great number of picture books, she reached her hand out towards them. Especially when she read, "The God of Peace," more of her memories returned.

*The God of Peace is always busy.*

*He is too busy to look into a mirror, and blows his horn every day.*

*The God of Peace's horn makes everyone happy.*

*The God of Peace is always busy.*

*He is too busy to look into a mirror, and scatters magical water. The magical water creates green mountains, ripens crops, and makes flower gardens grow.*

*The God of Peace is always busy.*

*He is too busy to look into a mirror, and gives everyone a name. "Your name is Otto. Your name is Hans. Your name is Thomas. Your name is Johan."*

*Johan gave his hat to the god as a gift in return.*

*The god was very happy.*

*Because he wanted to see himself wearing the hat, he stood in front of a mirror for the first time.*

*However, what he saw in the mirror was a demon.*

*From inside the mirror, the demon spoke to him.*

*"I am you and you are me."*

*"Oh no! No one can live in peace with a demon like this! What should I do?"*

*So the troubled god...*



("However, what he saw in the mirror was a demon.") From *"The God of Peace"* by Klaus Poppe (Japanese edition). When Nina looked at the demon in the mirror, did she see Johan?

Nina recalled that day back in 1986. The day she shot Johan, the day Johan said, "Shoot me," and pointed between his brows, and she took aim...

On that evening, something awoke Nina (Anna), and then she heard a gunshot and went to the living room. There she found Mr. and Mrs. Liebert shot to death. Johan stood there with a gun in his hand. Suddenly, she understood everything. All along, it was her own brother who had killed all the people who had been kind to them. When Nina read "The God of Peace" it brought back a new memory. As he handed her the gun, he said something like this: "Because today...the monster came. The monster came to take us away. Shoot me. Shoot me and run away...run away so the monster won't get you. But even if I die, it's ok. Because I am you and you are me..."

After this Nina wondered about the new memory that had arisen. Who was "the monster" who had visited the Liebert's home before the incident that night?

When Nina left Lipsky's home, she did not return to Munich. Instead, day after day she shuttled between "The Three Frogs" building and the Red Rose Mansion. *We lived here...Mother, Johan and I...we lived quietly. Someone was chasing us...or mother? ...or all of us? That day Johan was dragged down the stairs and taken away. Johan was put in a car and driven to the mansion. A man in glasses turned to look at him. "It's useless to try to hide anything from him." At the mansion they started a reading circle with the children they gathered there. They were creating "superior students."* She murmured such things to herself as she walked alone through the buildings.

In the banquet hall, Nina again sees the spectacle of a great many people falling dead. *He ran...back then, Johan ran away and escaped. He escaped through the thicket of roses...* When Nina pricked her finger on the thorns of the withered roses she came to her senses. The pain brought back her memories.



Could it be...?

Again Nina returned to The Three Frogs. She read "The Monster Without a Name" and waited. A man whispered, "Human beings can become anything." ...memories of Franz Bonaparta...she waited for Johan to return. Johan returned home and she smiled. "Welcome home." "Welcome home." "Welcome home." ...she remembers this. But the door did not open.

Nina returned to Munich to get help from Dr. Gillen, resolved to remember everything. Once under hypnosis, she began to speak. *My mother had a sweet voice... My father was a soldier... My father died and my mother became an anti-government activist... A man in glasses came to where we were hiding... My mother and brother were taken away... At the Red Rose Mansion a lot of people died...he ran away...* Remembering the pain of being pricked by the rose thorns, Nina recalled that frightening moment.

Then while repeating, "I'm home," she tried to strangle Dr. Gillen.

When Nina was awakened, she remembered everything. She then found her way back to Frankfurt where Dr. Tenma was in hiding. She wanted to tell him all that she remembered.

In Frankfurt, Nina gained a clue by chance when she saw the report of the Convention Center assassination incident on the television news. The man on the screen...it was Peter Čapek's face. He was the man with the glasses!

Nina waited. She thought The Baby would try to capture her again. And as she expected, his minions showed up. However, The Baby was dead, and Nina was taken to Čapek's mountain villa. However, Čapek had already become unhinged. His plan had completely collapsed. And Nina found out that Johan had talked with Čapek at the villa just before she arrived.

Again, Nina followed after Johan, this time together with Čapek. Along the way, Čapek made a surprising revelation to Nina. The scene was Bonaparta's participation in a project to create superior genes. After her father was killed, her mother said bitterly to Bonaparta, "I will never forgive you. Even if I die, these children steadily growing inside me will take revenge on you." Bonaparta refused to give the twins names.

Nina sensed that Bonaparta was still alive.

At a dilapidated house many kilometers beyond Frankfurt, Nina and Johan finally met. Johan had wanted to see Nina ever since their 20th birthday. I'm told that he said to her, "When I returned from the Red Rose Mansion, you were there to greet me. So this time, I'll be the one to say to you, 'Welcome home.'"

However, Nina held her gun at the ready and replied, "I'll tell you a truly terrifying story." Seeing in her mind a succession of memories — the scene of the massacre, the people whom she had met, Tenma... the smiling face of a young girl behind an opening door, and a spoken "Welcome home" — Nina was prepared to shoot Johan, and then herself, and she opened her mouth to tell the story.

However, it was Johan who spoke. He told of a terrifying incident. He was left in a totally dark room with no walls, no up or down, left or right, no sound. But sometimes, he could hear screams. Johan counted the meals that were inserted into the room. Sometime after he lost count, the door suddenly opened. Bonaparta stood there. The man said, "Human beings can become anything." Johan was taken down a corridor and came to a party in a room like a banquet hall. The adults looked him over and all praised the results of

the experiment. Red wine was poured and all the adults toasted Johan...they vomited blood, and moaned as one by one they all fell to the floor. Forty two people died, and Johan and Bonaparta were the only survivors.

Johan fled. Although cut by the rose thorns, he ran without looking back. He returned to the sign of "The Three Frogs," and told his sister about his experiences. Day after day after day he told her of his terrifying ordeal.

Johan finished speaking.

Nina waited for him to finish, and then spoke. At first she shouted, but as she calmed down, her voice steadied. She said, "I didn't say 'Welcome home.' I said 'I'm back.' When you welcomed me you were dressed as a girl. Mother had to deceive the public, so she dressed you as a girl. So you're wrong. You only heard my story. The one taken to the Red Rose Mansion was *me*!

"It was me who was dragged down the stairs at The Three Frogs, and put in total darkness without walls, who counted the meals, who saw everyone die in the banquet hall — all of that happened to me. I survived the Red Rose Mansion and told you about it, for days upon days."

Johan listened to Nina's story, and then he looked like he was smiling...although it also looked as if he were crying. Nina was unable to shoot him, and Johan left the dilapidated house in silence. She tried to shoot herself, but Tenma saved her, imploring her, "Please stay alive!"

While Nina was hospitalized, she told Tenma, "I know what Johan is going to do next. I understand what he's trying to do...a perfect suicide. And because of that a great many people are going to die."

Dr. Reichwein took over Nina's care in Munich. Several days later, she received an email saying, "I will be waiting for you in Ruhenheim." Nina told Dr. Gillen that she was determined to go there, and also gave a warning to Dr. Reichwein. Karl, Lotte, Eva, Schuwald, Reichwein, Dieter...everyone who knew Johan must go into hiding. Because Johan was trying to erase every memory of him.

On the day she left for Ruhenheim, Nina emphatically said, "Unlike Johan, I won't erase my memories! Memories of Dieter, Dr. Reichwein, Karl and Lotte, the Fortners...and Dr. Tenma. Whatever kind of memories they are, I must never erase them. Not even of Johan."

During the heavy rains, Nina and Dr. Gillen reached the village at last. After running into a few survivors from the Hotel Versteck, I'm told that at the top of a hill they came upon an eerie, vacant house that everyone called the "Vampire's House," where they found many unfinished sketches of twins who looked just like Johan and Nina. Nina saw sketches of herself as a baby, as a toddler, and as a young girl. They were obviously Bonaparta's work. He had lived here for awhile, ceaselessly drawing during that time.

The mystery was how Bonaparta had been able to draw sketches which showed them at the age they were in Düsseldorf. It was then that Nina seemed to put together all her memories.

That night, the night Johan murdered the Lieberts, a monster came to visit — that monster was Bonaparta.

Nina imagined that Johan had cried in this house, just before. And that he had then gone down into the village to bring everything to an end.

Nina and Dr. Gillen hurried down to the town.

She remembered that back then, Bonaparta had let her escape from the Red Rose Mansion. "Run far away. Run as far away from here as you can..." he told her. "Human beings can become anything." He touched her cheek with his hand and continued, "You are both beautiful jewels. That's why you must not become monsters."

That's what she told Dr. Gillen as she desperately ran to Johan.

Tenma and Johan stood in armed confrontation. Nina sprang forward and shouted, "I forgive you, Johan! Even if we were the only two people left in the world, I would forgive you!"

But the tragedy could not be avoided. No, it was inevitable from the start.

Johan was brought down by a bullet, and because Tenma was the only one who could save him, Nina said to him, "You weren't wrong. What you did back then...and what you're going to do now."

The foregoing is what I imagine to have been the journey of Nina Fortner's soul.

There is still so much to ask her now. Foremost, I would like to ask about her mother. You probably have already noticed it, but in Nina's memories 42 people died at the Red Rose Mansion... but in fact there were 46 bodies found. I believe the discrepancy of four bodies is the result of a cover-up by Čapek to deceive the authorities on behalf of Bonaparta. If we assume that three of the bodies were corpses that would resemble Bonaparta, Nina, and Johan, the remaining one can only be the replacement for the twins' mother.

Where has she gone? Bonaparta is dead now, so I think Tenma and Nina are the only ones who know.

## Chapter 27

"**Superman Steiner**" [Note: the kanji used here means "superman" or "Übermensch" (Ger.). Although the title card shown on the tv screen in the anime clearly says "Magnificent," in this chapter it's necessary to differentiate to show the evolution of the cartoon's title, so when 超人 is used, it will be translated herein as "superman" (not to be confused with *the* Superman)] (November 2001; Valletta)

I set aside my coverage of the Johan case, as I was becoming somewhat obsessed with it. I temporarily returned to my office in Vienna to organize the writing of the manuscript, pass along some information to former police inspector Lunge, confirm some points with Dr. Gillen, work at the ongoing problem of Hermann Führ's phone number (of course he was never there), and thus kept myself occupied with this and that for several days. I had promised the lawyer Verdemann that I would enquire about the American animated cartoon "Superman Steiner," and around this time I received the OK to contact the original author, one Robin Andrews.

Furthermore, I was told that for health reasons he was living in Valletta in the Republic of Malta, in the Mediterranean. Although there was no immediate connection to the Johan case, I still thought it was worthwhile to unravel the enigma of Grimmer. I decided to postpone some of my plans and meet with him.

Mr. Andrews is 71 years old now. He is the president of the long-established comics publisher BG Comics in New York. I visited him at his villa in the city of Valletta which was actually a citadel facing the surrounding sea. Relieved to see he was still quite vigorous, I began the interview.

— Although it was a rather complicated and mysterious process to request this interview, I sincerely want to thank you for accepting.

"I had read about the German serial murders in newspapers and magazines. Although it was interesting, I just saw it as a big story without any connection to me. So when I found out that my 'Superman Steiner' (of course, as an American, he pronounced it 'Steiner' [note: the German pronunciation of "st" is "sht"]) was involved, I was really astonished."

— To begin with, although we know that Mr. Grimmer was watching the television cartoon, could you please tell me about the original comic first?

"Sure. The character of 'Superman Steiner' was something I created with my childhood friend Steve Kellerman back in 1946. Franklin Publications in New York marketed it. The original title was 'The Amazing Steiner.' It was an instant hit and sold half a million copies."

— Half a million? That's really great.

"Not at all...since then comics have become a genre of the real publishing business, but in those days they were their own minor culture. That 'Amazing Steiner' didn't sell half of what 'Superman' did."

— Why do you think "Superman" was so popular?

"Well, everything started with 'Superman'...the whole comics culture in America. I was 8 years old in June of 1938 when it was first published, and every day Steve and I would greedily devour each page until my mother came to pick me up. Ten years later, Steve and I set out to create a comic that would surpass 'Superman.' And in the blink of an eye it was famous, and a radio program soon followed, and merchandising deals."

— And the television cartoon.

"No, the first 'Amazing Steiner' ended after about 3 years. The setup of the storyline for that character was very different. In the original, the hero was a scientist who could transform the energy of anger into a drug, and when he intentionally injected it into his muscles, he became a soldier. So whenever the good guy had to face the enemy, he couldn't easily transform into the superman. It was a really stupid premise. When I look back on it now, its popularity often baffles me."

— Yet it only lasted three years?

"Well...we were sued by the Alhambra company who owned 'Sorcerer Kronos' in 'Flash Adventure' magazine. Two writers in Cleveland had published it in '42, and they claimed that our comic had substantially copied their hero. But our setting was completely different and our artwork was vastly superior. I vehemently objected, but Steve eventually acknowledged that he had taken the beginning of its story. The publisher was in a huge panic. Steve signed over to me all the rights to 'Amazing Steiner' and retired from writing."

— I'm sorry to hear that. How had the two of you divided up the work?

"I did the artwork. Steve wrote the story. We didn't have a writer, a penciler, an inker, a colorist, a letterer, the way comics do today. It was simple. He was the writer and I took care of the other four jobs."

— So how was "Superman Steiner" revived?

"I left Franklin Publishing. Around that time I got together with an editor named Danny Lewin. We created a new company and launched a magazine called 'Black Comics.' Then we assembled some decent writers and sold some western hero things like 'Black Gunn' and 'Pecos Bill.' One day a fan of 'Pecos Bill' showed up and said he wanted to write a story for us. That was the beginning...from the imagination of William Bargeld came the new Steiner, which eventually surpassed the original's success."

— How was it different from your previous work?

"It might surprise you, but for an American comic hero to be a hit, it's absolutely necessary for him to have some sort of trauma. So in 1952 I created an exceptionally dark protagonist that I thought would take off right away."



*Mr. Andrews, president of BG Comics, now leads a comfortable and leisurely life. He is seen as an authority in American comic book circles.*

— Was the lawsuit ever settled?

"Well...fortunately the Alhambra company went under and 'Flash Adventures' and 'Sorcerer Kronos' vanished without a trace. Even my former home Franklin went bankrupt. So shortly after that I contracted with William, who was launching a new publication called 'Magnificent Sense,' and so 'The Magnificent Steiner' was serialized...and this time the premise was terrific.

"The hero was the son of the founder of a new religious cult that lived in peace and quiet, isolated from the rest of the world. One of the features of this cult was that showing emotions was forbidden, and their greatest taboo was the emotion of anger. The hero's father, the cult's founder, preached that accumulation of emotions produced psychic abilities and brought one closer to God. The hero had gone through severe training since childhood and had never once gotten angry.

"But one day, someone attacked the cult and killed everyone except for the children. The protagonist happened to be buying supplies in a town far away and thus escaped the slaughter, but not the scene of his father's execution. At that moment, the energy of twenty years worth of accumulated anger surged up in him. His body changed, got bigger, and he transformed into Superman Steiner."

— So his trauma is his father's death.

"No, there's more to the set-up than that. The hero turns into Superman Steiner and annihilates the group who executed his father. But afterwards, it comes to light that he and the surviving children had been lured into the cult as young children, and that the group had actually been sent to attack the cult by their real parents. Furthermore, it was believed that his father had founded the cult with surviving Nazi terrorists planning the destruction of America....his real name was Steiner. So the hero sets out on a journey to learn the truth about the cult and his father. Well, on his journey of discovery, he gets dragged into trouble everywhere he goes...and he can't remember anything about turning into Superman Steiner, but when he wakes up, all his enemies are dead."

— And that comic was a hit?

"Oh yeah, it was an absolute smash. In 1958, Lewin, who was a partner in the publication's management, teamed up with an animation production company and the Jacobs brothers, the famous animators. Then it was just a matter of trying to adapt 'Magnificent Steiner' for television. Because I was one of the investors in the animation company, we didn't run into the usual interference that other companies' animated comics got. So we were able to produce an original work that was different from the rest."

— Was Steiner also a hit on television?

"Yeah, it turned out pretty well. It was a half hour show that used a new technique called Syncro-Vox™, in which the cels of the character's mouth were composited with cels of the actual moving mouth of an actor. Watching it now you might think it's creepy, but at the time it was revolutionary."

— That series was also broadcast in foreign countries, right?

"Yes, in France and West Germany, I think. I remember it ran from 1959 in America for 2 years...then in 1961 in France and West Germany under the title 'Superman Steiner.' Bargeld, who was the writer for the series, was a German immigrant, and he was really delighted to hear that it was broadcast there."

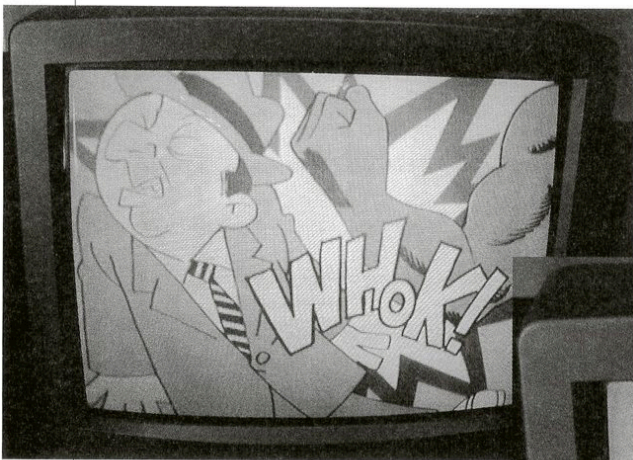


— He had emigrated from Germany?

"Yes, he said he came from the East side in 1951."

— Please, tell me what happened in the final episode of the television series.

"Well it's an embarrassing story, but there were actually two final episodes."



『超人シュタイナー』には、二つの最終回があったという。

大ヒットした『ザ・マグニフィセント・スタイナー』。主人公の青年は、自分が超人シュタイナーに変身している間の記憶がない。



*"The Magnificent Steiner" that became a big hit. The young hero had no memories of the periods when he was transformed into Superman Steiner. It's said there were two final episodes of "Superman Steiner."*

— There were two?

"I wrote one of them. Two episodes before the finale, the hero became aware that he was the monster, and this knowledge distressed him greatly. Even though his opponents were all bad guys, it'd be natural for anyone to feel that way after killing so many people and not remembering it. Furthermore, in the episode before the finale, his real mother — she was a scientist — was introduced, and she had asked him never to transform again no matter what, even if it was to protect her. Also, there was his father, the leader of the cult who was apparently executed back in the first episode... Actually, he had stopped his own heart with his psychokinesis and had only pretended to die. So then, he used a transformation technique similar to the main character's on himself and tried to kill the hero's real mother. But even though his foster father had deceived him, the hero still loved him, and he had finally found his biological mother.... Well, at the end, the hero transforms

into the superman and battles the cult leader, but after he defeats him he refrains from killing him, because his two personalities have now merged...that's how the story went."

— Why were there two final episodes? I mean, you were always the artist, not the writer. Why did you write this story?

"Thanks to the tv series, 'Magnificent Steiner' comics posted ever increasing sales. But to the mothers of the world, it had a bad reputation. And at the time, Lewin and Bargeld and myself were at our worst point and had differences of opinion on a variety of things. Then Steve Kellerman, the writer of the original Steiner, dropped by. He told me that something had been bothering him for a long time...that there was something evil in the content of the new 'Magnificent Steiner' that he couldn't put into words. He had come to tell me that we'd better put a stop to it. I was gradually becoming half-hearted about the work myself. So I too thought it would be good to end it. I was already at that point, when they decided to end the series. The tv stations were worried about the harsh criticism of the program they were getting from mothers everywhere. But it was a decision that Lewin and the network made on their own, and I hadn't known anything about it before."

— So you're saying they ended the tv series while the comic was still going on...?

"That's right. Bargeld wrote the scenario for the final episode of the cartoon. Lewin had commissioned it without me knowing about it. Sure, the two of us were on bad terms, but still, I mean... Well, the details don't matter, but after all that, Lewin came crying to me. And by the way, that was the first time I heard that the show would be ending."

— He came to you because there was a problem with Bargeld's script?

"Oh, that script left such a bad aftertaste you wouldn't believe. The stories were the same, in that the hero's last enemy was the father who raised him...that is, the cult leader who faked his death in the first episode, but here it was because of their mastery of a powerful hypnotism that allowed them to control anyone at will. They used it to brainwash all Americans and establish the nation of Naziamerika. The hero takes all the people who aren't brainwashed out into the desert where they barricade themselves, and his father, leading the U.S. Army, comes to attack them. As a last resort, the hero transforms into Superman Steiner, and starts by wiping out his father and the army, and finishes by annihilating all the brainwashed Americans.... When he returns to himself, the few Americans left alive follow him now, and so the hero becomes the founder of a religious cult, just like the man who raised him. Lovely story, don't you think?"

— So you decided you had to write a different story. And ultimately, your version was chosen for the final episode.

"Well, I suppose it's more accurate to say that neither was televised. Bargeld's script was commissioned first and it was on time. So it was filmed as usual and completed on schedule. Lewin and I had a frank discussion with the network and showed them the completed film. The network reps agreed that the content of the last episode was a betrayal of the children, and asked us to remake it. So I frantically came up with a scenario, just about worked myself to death on the script... and missed the deadline. The network replaced it with a different show. In other words, the American 'Magnificent Steiner' was pre-empted before it was scheduled to air."

— So there was never a final episode?

"There was for the 'Superman Steiner' of France and West Germany. After Lewin

consulted with the Jacobs brothers, and their whole staff, the reworked cartoon was sent overseas."

— And in the end, the hero was reconciled with the alternate personality within him. It was your story that was the final episode of the series.

"That's right."

— What did Bargeld do?

"He was forced to retire. But he had worked for many years, enough to earn a merit bonus.... The comic 'Magnificent Steiner' was still going and they got my old friend Kellerman, the original writer, to come back. That lasted two more years, until 1965. After Bargeld's time, its popularity fell. That's how it went."

These seem like unhappy memories.

"I wouldn't say 'unhappy.' Well, maybe a little bitter. Bargeld said goodbye with a smile and a handshake... In the end, I don't have to worry anymore about whether Kellerman can work again, and the differences I had with Lewin have been pretty much resolved and we're still close friends."

— And what became of Mr. Bargeld?

"I heard he went back to East Germany in 1964. The FBI came to my company and that's what they said. But anyone who would risk so much to come to the West from the East — it's impossible that he would go back. It was the height of the Cold War. So he was a criminal in the East. They might've put him in prison. But apparently they thought Bargeld was a spy. I told them he's just a creative writer. There's no way he's a spy. But the FBI was seriously investigating him."

Mr. Andrews was troubled when he learned of the influence his work "Superman Steiner" had had on Mr. Grimmer. He let out a sigh when I gave him restricted information from my investigations, retelling the stories of the series of picture books relating to the Johan case. "Kellerman tried to tell me once. He said, 'There's only a limited amount of material in my head for me to make things from. One day, although the gears were grinding away, nothing came out, and it was painful to work like that. But after awhile, none of it mattered anymore. When that happens, you have three choices: take a break and hope for a comeback, flat-out retire, or plagiarize yourself like a petty thief to try to stay alive a little longer. But when the devil actually appears before you, you'd probably sell your soul dirt cheap to buy back the creative spark you've lost. But then, the work that came afterwards wouldn't be an expression of your own creative will, since you exchanged it for the devil's will, don't you think?'"

He looked at me steadily. "Kellerman died in 1995, still truly believing in the existence of the gods and devils in those stories."

## Chapter 28

### Anna Part II

(December 2001; Brno)

After I returned to Vienna, I shut myself away in the office, and devoted myself entirely to writing. Outside, the snow had begun a flickering dance. I had put off certain research that could only be done in the Czech Republic, knowing perfectly well that if it didn't go well, the success of the book was unlikely. I had hired excellent staff in Prague to conduct personal interviews, but it was not easy for them to find information about the twins' father and mother, or Klaus Poppe.

It was around mid-December when I received the good news that all the materials had been gathered.

There is one more thing I should report to my readers. While preparing for my trip, out of habit I tried calling Hermann Führ's phone number. All this time, I had never been able to connect, but on this day I heard the sound of someone picking up the phone. My first impulse was to hang up the phone and I very nearly did, but then I got hold of myself, took a deep breath, and asked deliberately in a calm, steady voice, "Is this Hermann Führ's residence?"

I could sense that the person on the other end was momentarily puzzled. After a pause lasting several seconds, they hung up the phone.

I called many times after that, but was never able to get through again.

During the latter half of December during the Christmas season, I arrived in Brno, former capital of the Kingdom of Moravia and second largest city in the Czech Republic, seeking the true identity of Johan's mother. The Christmas Market stalls had risen up on the street corners and along the plaza, every house was decorated with festive lights, and the city was bustling.

I interviewed four people in this region — after hearing about Ms. Hauserová's methods, I decided to place a missing persons ad in the newspaper, this time including the sketch of the pregnant woman which Bonaparta had left behind. This resulted in more than twenty people contacting us. However, only four of them had information that held any potential.

I took a room at the Brno International and interviewed them one at a time. The first was Marie Kavanová, 68 years old. She manages a boarding house for female students at Brno University.

— How long ago did you start this boarding house?

"It's been more than 30 years. My husband fell ill, so we started it for our livelihood. Having other people in the house wasn't so bad, because the house is quite spacious."

— So you helped a woman who looked like the person in the sketch?

"Yes, I have no doubt it's her. She was here from when we started the boarding house...probably around 1974, so now, I'd guess she'd be almost 50?"

— Do you remember her name?

"For some reason, I can't remember it... Anna...it was something like Anna. Well, there were so many people coming and going in the house, and it's not like any of them stayed in touch afterwards."

— What was she like?

"She was a beautiful woman. Her grades were excellent, but she couldn't decide whether to stay in school or become a teacher. She was a very serious girl, the kind who studied twice as hard as everyone else."

— Where was she from?

"I don't remember. Most of the girls were from the rural areas of Moravia. When by chance I came across this photograph (she showed me the photo), the only reason I remembered her was because of an unforgettable event that happened back then. My husband took this picture. Because of his illness, he took up photography as a hobby, so when she first came to our boarding house he was ecstatic because she was such a beautiful young woman. He died while she was attending school. That man was such a fool. In spite of his illness, he still had a weakness for a beautiful girl. But the picture certainly turned out to be useful."

— How so?

"When she was nearing her graduation, she was still worrying about which career path to choose, so she went on a trip. She traveled all around, from Prague to Bohemia. When she hadn't returned after two months, I inquired at the University. But they said they had no such student. It was ridiculous. So I tried to get in touch with her parents, but I wasn't able to contact them either. So I finally called the police."

— What did the police do?

"They came at once. A detective. He started searching right away. He said the University had been mistaken and she had definitely been enrolled. He asked if I had any photos of her, so I gave them everything my husband had taken, including the negatives. It's just sheer luck that I even still have the one picture. ...come to think of it, none of the other pictures were ever returned. But really, the detective was nice, and he visited every day with the details of what he'd learned about her case. We got along very well. When I couldn't sleep he told me about a good remedy made from natural ingredients that you drink dissolved in black tea.... Anyway one day the detective said she'd been found living happily with a man she'd met in Prague, and after awhile I didn't think about her much anymore. I didn't even remember her name until just now."

— Do you remember the detective's name?

"No...just that he wore glasses and had a big nose."

Ms. Kavanová showed me the old photograph. The picture showed a woman with radiant blonde hair and blue eyes, her expression full of hope. She was beautiful. And she was the spitting image of the woman in the sketch.



*Ms. Kavanová still manages her boarding house in Brno. After the liberation, products flooded the markets and the students became more and more free-spirited. "But other boarding houses don't include meals," she said with a forced smile.*

The second person was Jana Kubelková, age 50. She works as a club singer.

— Please, tell me the sequence of events by which you got to know her.

"Sequence of events...such fancy words! It was at least 25 years ago. I was working as a singer at a nightclub...the kind that Party officials frequent. She couldn't have been more than 20 then, and as a professional I was surprised at how skillfully she sang, even though she was a student and it was just a part time job for her. She usually went on just before me."



— What was her name?

"I just called her Anna. I never knew her last name. That's just how it was there."

— Was she really that good a singer?

"She had a very special voice and was a talented singer. Besides that, she could mimic any woman's voice. Of course she could do all the famous singers from the Czech Republic and Eastern Europe, but her Dianna Ross, Dolly Parton, Joni Mitchell and Karen Carpenter were exactly like the real thing. ...Actually, I owe her one. I'm still alive thanks to that special talent."

— It saved your life?

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was an anti-government activist. It pissed me off when the government prohibited the sale of records from the west side or that were deemed too American. Once I secretly slipped out of the club after I was ordered to help one activist escape from town. But I was being watched. The police came to my dressing room. But Anna, imitating my voice, said she was in the middle of changing her clothes and answered their questions through the door. Because of that I had a successful alibi and was saved."

— Was Anna also an activist?

"It wasn't like that. Once when she was younger, she ran away from home with a friend and tried to cross the border illegally to see a free country, but it wasn't like an ideological thing. I laughed at the idea that she was an ex-convict, but when she visited me sometime later, it was different. She was being pursued by someone."

— She was being pursued?

"Yeah, I think it was two or three years after she had stopped working as a singer to focus on her college studies. She came to my dressing room, hoping I could introduce her to someone from the organization\*\*, maybe even one of the big shots. She said she had gotten into some kind of trouble and was being chased. I wanted to take her to my house so she could tell me the whole situation, but she said that she had to go soon to get a baby she had left with someone. So because I wanted to repay my debt to her, I said I would introduce her to somebody." \*\*[I'm sure this refers to Jana's anti-government group, rather than the mob]

— What happened, did she tell you?

"Well, I thought it was very strange. When I called her Anna, she told me it was just an alias for her part time job. Then she told me her real name was Maruška.... Ah that poor child, even though she was depending on me, I think she must have been afraid to trust me. But I still wonder why she wanted to hide her name."

At the end of the interview I showed her the photograph I'd borrowed from Ms. Kavanová. She studied it intently and then flatly declared, "That's her, no doubt about it."

The third person was a man who fervently wished to remain anonymous, so herein he will be known as Antonin Kohout. In his middle years, with a somewhat pudgy physique tending toward obesity, he has worked at Brno University for more than 30 years.

— The woman I'm looking for was definitely enrolled at Brno University, but even so, the executive office persistently denies that such a person was ever in their records. What would be your conclusion?

"That's not my fault. That's why I came here to talk to you. It was over 20 years ago, but I'm sure she was enrolled as a student. Biology...yes, I believe she was studying genetics. Mendel's monastery is in this city, so the University is the most advanced in that discipline on the East side. Among other things, she had exceptionally good grades, and her advising professor persuaded her to remain at the University. According to her advisor, she had twice the talent and still worked twice as hard as anybody else. However, she never graduated."



Ms. Kubelková was deeply involved in the anti-government movement. One of the liberals she helped to escape later became an Assembly member. "But no one has come to thank me," she says.

Mr. Kohout has worked at Brno University for over 30 years. A phrase used many times to describe Johan's mother was "twice as \_\_\_." I can't help but think of this in relation to twins.



— She never graduated?

"That's right, but although she didn't actually graduate, she completed everything but the graduation ceremony. There was an instruction to destroy all her documents immediately before graduation, and to erase her name from the registry."

— Are you saying she was expelled? Was there some sort of scandal?

"As I understood it, it was more that she was doing research that touched on state secrets, so they ordered her personal history to be deleted. Because she was a brilliant student...the university surely had to have reported to the government via the Party. And then the government probably recruited her to a research institution somewhere. Then decades later when she retires, her name will suddenly appear on the registry of graduates. Maybe even as the valedictorian of her class. That sort of thing happens all the time."

— Even so, you'd think that by now someone would surely have come forward with memories of, or even claiming to *be* this exceptional student.

"Well, such people were handled that way during the Communist Party era, and often had their records erased. It was like a world in which it was forbidden to remember. If memories aren't revisited, they're lost. And naturally, sooner or later they're completely forgotten. But right now in Brno there are people who were close to her that remember her, and if they've been keeping silent, we have to assume it's for a different reason."

— A different reason?

"Yes, something like humanitarian considerations, or from friendship, things like that. Or maybe they don't want her talking to the media."

— Indeed. By the way, do you remember her name?

"No...I can't remember it. The face I remember — she was an exceptionally beautiful girl. Exactly as in the sketch."



*A back street in Prague, near Čedok Bridge. It was in this area that the twins and their mother were in hiding at "The Three Frogs."*

The fourth person might be the closest one to Anna. Hana Arnetová, age 49, says she lived with Anna, although it was only for a short time in 1974.

— Please, tell me the story of how you met.

"Both of us had come to Prague to visit. I was an aspiring actress and she was a college student. My hometown is here in Brno, and she was studying at Brno University. We met by chance at a cheap hotel where a lot of students were staying, and we just really hit it off. Then we realized that we both planned to stay in Prague for awhile, so we decided to rent a room together to share expenses. "

— So you were roommates.

"That's right. She wasn't any bother at all. Her father was a school teacher and was very strict. At the university she spent all her time in a laboratory full of guys, and yet she said she didn't have a boyfriend. Even though she was such a pretty girl."

— So she never had a lover?

"Well, after we'd lived together for a month she found one. She said he was also on vacation. But more and more she refused to leave Prague."

— Did she say anything else about her boyfriend?

"I heard he was a Czech of German descent, from Bohemia. I think that she herself was half Czech and half German. They were planning to get married and were very much in love."

— Do you know if they ever married?

"Well... about a month and a half later she left Prague with her boyfriend. I never saw her again."

— Why did they leave Prague?

"I don't know. I hope that they eloped."

— Did you not talk about personal things?

"No, she told me quite a lot. Viera had had a really traumatic experience."

— Viera?

"Yes, her name was Viera Černá. Isn't that who you were looking for? She looked exactly like the sketch in the newspaper."



*Hana Arnetová was Anna's roommate in Prague.  
She was a witness to Anna's love. What she had to tell was shocking.*

— I'm sorry, please, continue with what you were saying. What was the trauma?  
"Viera had had a twin sister. But during her mother's pregnancy, the doctor's verdict was that she could carry only one of the twins to term. So Viera was born and her sister died. So Viera never knew her younger sister. No, as she told the story, she got to know her sister in her mother's womb.... But when she was born her mother was deeply wounded by the death of her twin, and was always comparing Viera to her younger sister. Viera is Viera, but as a young girl, she lived with the fear that she herself might have killed her sister in the womb and thought that her mother hated her for that. She would always say things

like, 'I have to do my sister's share of studying,' or 'I have to be happy in my sister's place.' I think she felt she had to do twice as much to live her life for two people."

— Did you ever meet her boyfriend?

"He came to the room once. He was a handsome man. He had a very serious face, and impressed me as the sort of man who would give his life to make Viera happy. I think the bond between them was truly genuine."

— Wasn't he a soldier?

"A soldier? Hmm, he was wearing civilian clothes...I really couldn't tell his occupation by looking at him."

— Do you have any other information about the twin sister who died?

"Well...once you hear this you're going to think she was a crazy woman, but she definitely wasn't. ...but sometimes Viera had the delusion that her twin sister was in fact still alive somewhere. She said that her mother had given the child that died a name. The name of the twin who wasn't born was Anna..."

It would be presumptuous to comment on the people who appeared in this chapter, nor do I intend to insert my opinions and deductions, because I believe each of them spoke the truth.

Nevertheless, I have a feeling there is a clue to be found in Mr. Kohout's story. If few people have come forward who remember the twins' mother, maybe it's not because they want to conceal something from the past, but rather, their silence is to maintain a secret of the present.



## Chapter 29

Klaus Poppe

(December 2001; Jablonec nad Nisou)

The next day I left Brno and returned to Prague to catch the intercity bus to Jablonec. Before that, however, I decided to return to the Břevnov district to visit the ruins of the Red Rose Mansion to gather more information. To some journalists in the Czech Republic, the country has become completely liberalized. Nevertheless, the power of the state still widely imposes excessive regulation on information, and it can be argued that this is at its most extreme when it comes to the Red Rose Mansion.

I can't help but agree with some of those journalists. Because this time, just as on my first visit, I was immediately accosted by a burly police officer who arbitrarily prohibited me from taking pictures or collecting data. Furthermore, I was not allowed to get anywhere near the residence. I was forced to photograph the site from my car. I wonder what the authorities are trying to conceal. Or are they still excavating something from within the grounds?

During the one night I stayed in Prague, I received a phone call from Karl Schuwald who had some unexpected information. It was so startling that I couldn't decide whether or not this was mere coincidence.

Did he really remember his agreement to look for a chance to ask his father the question I had asked? — among all the students working part time for him back then, Schuwald asked only the honor student Johan, "What is your favorite book?" and Johan told him the title.

Karl said, "I found the book. To think that Johan would pick such a thing...but I remember it. The book was written by an Austrian author. It was an extremely popular pulp fiction sort of novel, or maybe more like horror.... Anyway, the title of Johan's favorite book was 'Dorn in the Darkness,' by a man named Fritz Weindler."

The purpose of all my research has been to discover if another monster exists apart from Johan. However, I never imagined that the "Demon Axe-Murderer" Gustav Kottmann was connected to Johan in such a way. Kottmann's and Johan's favorite book was the same....

The next morning I called the Austrian publisher of "Dorn in the Darkness," Krone Books. I got hold of the person who had responded to my queries a year ago and asked about Fritz Weindler. It was critically important to know how he had died.

"Actually, I don't really understand it myself," the representative answered, sounding somewhat puzzled. "It was quite unexpected — I went over to his apartment to pick up a manuscript, and there were several people in his room who were apparently his friends, and they told me he had died the previous day. I was stunned when they said he'd been hit by a passing car in front of his house and had died instantly.... And the funeral was over and he was taken to the cemetery before anyone knew what happened. I remember wondering if it was suicide or something."

I asked what sort of person Weindler had been.

"He was kind of an oddball. He hated having his picture taken and never allowed even one. He never talked about his private life at all. He was uncooperative and wouldn't meet with any other editor besides me. Still, he was quite attractive...early forties, tall and

muscular, with a handsome face, though his expressions were hard to read and he rarely smiled."

Then I asked, "Did you see his body at the funeral?"

"No."

I'd caught hold of something. But that would not become apparent until a little while later.

I boarded the bus at the Florenz terminal at 12:20 and after an hour and a half I finally arrived at Jablonec nad Nisou in Bohemia. As we reached the other side of a forest of huge firs and Himalayan cedars that rose up from the snowy plain, Jablonec came into view, a beautiful city like a fairy country in the hills, with rows of art nouveau houses.

Here my staff had located one of the leaders of the Jablonec section of the Communist Party from the 40's to the 70's, someone who had personally known Terner Poppe. His name is Miloš Procházka, 81 years old. Just beyond a small shopping district, his home is a beautiful old building in pale green, next to a public park.

Mr. Procházka is a stubborn looking old man with tremendously thick glasses. He invited me into his living room, and with a thundering voice scolded his great-grandchildren who were making a racket in the hallway, proving that he was still living his life on active duty.

"When my grandchildren got bigger I thought I could finally have a decent conversation, but now it's the great-grandchildren. I'm really not good with very small children. I just can't communicate with kids that age. You can't hit them, so naturally I resort to yelling at them. And then I hate myself."

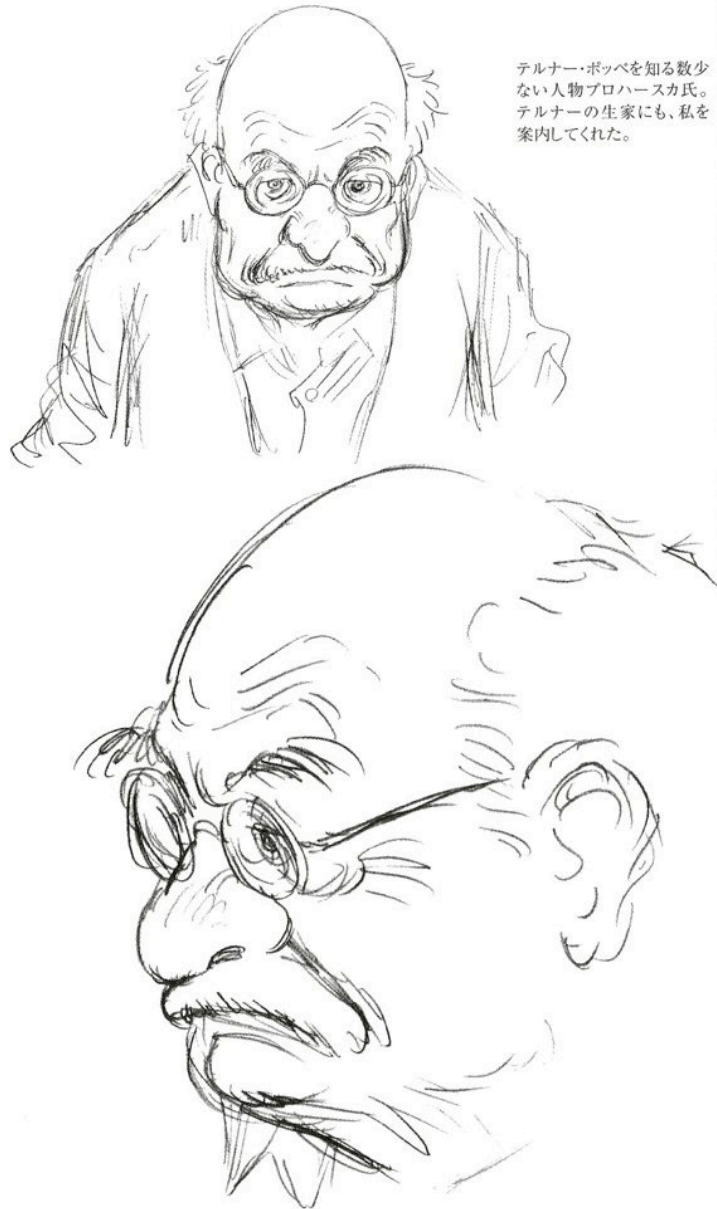
— But you're happy, aren't you?

"Ah, that's because I've always lived simply. And I try to know my limits. I still support the Communist Party, even though it has too many contradictions for me. Its principles became blurred sometimes, depending on who the leaders were. But whether it was a time of extreme repression by the Party, or a time of extreme liberalization, I'm proud to say I never ran away, and protected everyone in town."

— To start with, could tell me the details of how you became one of the top leaders in the Communist Party? If I'm not mistaken, at the time you were the youngest to attain such a position in that section.

"There aren't any details.... The country was liberated from the Nazi forces in May of '45. I was 25 years old. During the war I was involved in Resistance activities. When I came home, everyone welcomed me as a hero, but I never thought of myself that way. I imagine that the district Party promoted me because of all that. Myself, I'd always planned to be a glass blower like my father."

— After the war, was the power of the Communist Party already strong in the Czech Republic?



*Mr. Procházka, one of the few people who knew Terner Poppe.  
He also showed me the home of Terner's parents.*

"In general, it had become a one party system since 1948, but it really wasn't because the factions were so divided. After the war a provisional National Assembly was installed in October. At that time the Communist Party was registered in both the Czech Republic and Slovakia but their districts differed, and the Czech Communists easily won twice the parliamentary seats as the Slovaks. So the Slovakian Communist Party was brought under the Czech party, and Moscow was the great fount of wisdom guiding it all. Right from the start, the Communist Party used force to gain as much political power as possible."

— Where are you from originally?

"Oh, I'm from this town. We didn't have as nice a house as this though. My father was a craftsman at a German-owned glass factory."

— Then when Hitler annexed the Sudetenland, were you banished from town?

"That's right. Although it was the Czech Republic, only Germans were permitted to live here. Two hundred thousand people were exiled."

— Were the positions reversed after Liberation?

"Well, there was the compulsory removal of Germans under the Potsdam Agreement, and the Czechs who originally lived in the town returned, but unrelated to that, the Slovaks who lost their homes during the war and then the Romani, they all poured into the area. Factories and businesses were nationalized, and agricultural land was seized without payment and divided among many small farmers."

— Did all of the Sudeten Germans leave?

"Basically. But we're probably talking about two and a half million people. There were still about 200,000 Germans who voluntarily stayed."

— And among them was a man named Terner Poppe, correct?

"He was at the center of the Czech Republic Communist Party from the beginning. Because he was a native of this town, he hated Hitler and supported Czech independence, even though he was a Sudeten German. He was a hero who fought with us in the resistance. He was about 45 then...I was just a green kid who couldn't hold a candle to him. They couldn't just tell a man like that to get out."

— What was his position after the war?

"If he hadn't been German, I think he would've become President or Prime Minister. He was a formidable theorist and tactician, and was a gifted agitator. Besides being a pillar of the Czech Communist Party, I think he probably had a direct connection to Moscow. Armed uprisings of the labor unions, rumors of terrorist threats, the neutralization of the military...I've always thought it was likely that Terner Poppe was working in the shadows of the Communist coup that made Gottwald Prime Minister in 1948. Afterward, he never went out in public, never traveled to Prague, and just spent the rest of his life here. And from the start, he was the one we reported to whenever we made a decision. After the war he was the most influential person in town, and that was how he remained here as a German."

— What did Terner Poppe look like?

"He was tall and thin...with penetrating eyes. He had elegant comportment, didn't care for alcohol, and yet still had an easy manner. And yet everyone who knew him said that he was so disturbing that they broke out in a cold sweat the moment they met him. Everyone agreed that if he asked you something, you absolutely could not lie."

— Was he in a position of power until the very end?

"No, six or seven years after the war ended, he readily stepped aside. Just as you'd expect from a genius, no one knew what he was thinking...."

— Did he really completely retire?

"Yes, he really did. There were rumors that he had fallen ill, or that he had abandoned his wife and child for a younger woman, and they had run off to a life of pleasure. But I think he just got tired of power."

— You mentioned an illness?

"Ah, well, once he passed 50 he shut himself away in his house, and wouldn't go out in public anymore. The sickness theory held that he had been hospitalized somewhere, and then the story turned into him being looked after in a sanatorium. But the truth is, he died

at about 65, in a hospital here in this town. His last years were said to be rather pitiful. He was such a sharp and talented person, but at the time of his death he apparently was so confused and that he couldn't remember his own name."

— What about the rumor of falling in love with a young woman?

"It was a rumor that ran through the whole town, and I heard it myself. Although she was young enough to be his daughter, the story goes that he asked to impregnate her. She supposedly lived in this town, but was of both Czech and German parentage. At the time she was probably 18 or 19 and very beautiful...all the young men in town were in love with her, thus giving rise to endless gossip and rumors. In the end, she hastily married a man in a neighboring village, but it was quite a rumor while it lasted."

— And the story that Terner Poppe cast aside his wife and child?

"I think there might be some truth to that one. When he shut himself up in his house like a recluse, his wife and child had disappeared. I guess they divorced."



*A street sign in Jablonec pointing to the neighboring town of Liberec....*





*Was this elegant house on a hill in the residential area the home of Terner Poppe? Czechs of German descent live here now, but the landlord said, "It was transferred from someone in my grandfather's time, but I don't know any more than that." Is this where Bonaparta was born?*

— Was Terner's child a son?

"I'm sure it was a boy, although I never met him. Oh yes! I remember, there *was* something about his father and the girl from the rumors and another boy his age. The son fell in love with the girl, but lost out to a young man in a neighboring village who stole her away...a typical story of passion among young guys like that, but somehow the rumor turned into a story about his father and the girl. ...Well, you can't help but get this sort of thing in a small town."

— It there anyone else that remembers Terner's son?

"No one but me, I think. I don't think he even came to his father's funeral. He probably left town in 1950 or so."

— The girl in the rumors about his father...the one the son fell in love with, do you happen to know the family she married into?

"I don't remember more than the town he was from."

— And where was that?

"Liberec."



The story that the lawyer Verdemann had told me floated up in my mind. If it's true that Verdemann's father's town is the next town over from Jablonec, then the beautiful woman who married his father's neighbor matches the half German and half Czech woman Mr. Procházka was talking about.

However, that would mean I misunderstood that his father's hometown was Reichenberg.

Still, I couldn't give up until I asked Mr. Procházka about it. "Do you know a town called Reichenberg?"

"Reichenberg *is* Liberec." He laughed and continued, "It's true, I just neglected to explain that. All towns in Bohemia had German names before World War II. For example, Jablonec was called Gablonz. After the war, the Czech people renamed things in the Czech style. Hence, Reichenberg and Liberec are one and the same town."

Everything matched... Though I still have no evidence, I believe there is a connection between Bonaparta and Verdemann.

## Chapter 30

Franz Bonaparta

(December 2001; Jablonec nad Nisou)

This is all just my terrible imaginings. It's a story with no evidence or foundation.

There was a Sudeten German who was nevertheless a friend to the Czech people. This man was the genius who helped the Communist coup succeed, and he had a son. The son fell in love with a beautiful girl of German and Czech descent, but the girl and his father fell in love. The love soon ended, and the girl married a Czech man from the next town, based on his German lineage. The son's hatred for his father, who had abandoned him and his mother, grew stronger. He had hit upon a method of destroying people by depriving them of their names, and he tested this on his father, who afterward spent the rest of his life in fear and confusion.

The son was a greater genius than his father. He worked out a revolutionary theory of brainwashing and personality restructuring, charmed the politicians, the military and the secret police, and acquired the backing to live freely as a powerful figure of the state.

At that time, the woman he had loved got in touch with him. She told him that her son wanted to become a career soldier. But because her husband was of German lineage, she doubted that she could get a recommendation to the military academy for a minority child. But he gladly granted her this favor. He planned to keep an eye on her son. When the boy became an adult, he would conduct an experiment with him. Because the boy had splendid genes dwelling within him....

He waited patiently for the boy to grow up and graduate from the academy. During this time, he was also receiving information from all over Czechoslovakia about girls who had superior genes. Among them all, his favorite was a young girl who was said to have been a twin while in her mother's womb. He decided to have this girl and the boy from the neighboring town meet in Prague. At last he could test his method of making two people fall in love. The two were united as he had planned. However, there was a miscalculation in that plan. Though it was a small miscalculation, and still within the predicted range, the two confessed the truth to each other, and tried to escape from the experiment. He didn't hesitate to dispose of the young man, but he was extremely interested in the twins growing within the young woman's womb.

However, he failed to notice a greater miscalculation. He was falling in love with a woman young enough to be his daughter. Just as his father had done....

This is the dreadful tale I've been thinking about. In addition, as for the girl of mixed Czech and German parentage with whom the father kept company, if I suppose the rumors of her pregnancy were true, then my imaginings become even more shocking. Whose son was the boy who grew up to become a soldier...?

The case has come full circle....

## Final Chapter

(December 2001; Jablonec nad Nisou)

After finishing the interview with Miloš Procházka, I took a room at the town's hotel and began to transcribe the tape. I heard a small noise from the room next to mine, although I had thought the hotel was vacant. The telephone rang and I stopped what I was doing to answer it. It was Lunge.

He hurriedly greeted me and then asked, "Do you have 'Dorn in the Darkness' and 'The Sleeping Monster' at hand?" I told him that I did.

Lunge said, "Didn't you say once before that it's strange that everybody thinks Franz Bonaparta's works are so original, when it feels like you've seen something like it before?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then please open 'Dorn in the Darkness' and look at the cut-in illustrations inside."

I did as he asked and immediately understood what he was trying to say.

"Frankly, there's no question that the drawings look exactly like Franz Bonaparta's style of painting. That's why Bonaparta's work never seemed fresh to you."

I said, "But these illustrations can't have been done by Bonaparta. He stopped writing in 1989 and didn't write even one book after that. On the other hand, that was the year Volume 1 of 'Dorn in the Darkness' came out."

"So in other words, it's the work of Hermann Führ, a picture book author with an illustration technique just like Bonaparta's."

A shiver ran through my body.

"By the way, when I inquired with the publisher of 'Dorn in the Darkness' I was told that the illustrations were done by the writer Fritz Weindler personally."

As I held the receiver, I started to sweat.

Lunge became quiet. "Fritz Weindler and Hermann Führ are the same person." His voice fell to a whisper. "That man is a monster. Be very careful."

The line was cut off. I was horrified.

My mind whirred like a computer, and it provided an answer that I had not yet realized. Hermann Führ's apartment was on the east side of Vienna, near Prater Park. The most prominent landmark in Prater Park is the giant Ferris wheel — one of the settings in the movie "The Third Man." Something about the death of Fritz Weindler was very suspicious, and it had made me think it was just a ruse.

Now I *knew* it was. When the editor told me the story of Weindler's death, it was just the same as the opening scene of "The Third Man." It was Orson Welles playing the faked death of Harry Lime, unchanged.

The phone rang again —

It's already too late.

When I picked up the phone, I expected it to be Lunge. Instead, I heard a man's voice, low and deep, that left an impression on me that I can't describe. "Are you looking for me?"

"Are you Hermann Führ?"

"I am," he replied.

"Are you Fritz Weindler?"

"I am," he answered.

"Were you one of Franz Bonaparta's students at the Red Rose Mansion?"

"I regret to say I was his 'most outstanding student.'"

"Did you graduate from the reading circle to work for the old regime of your country...the Czech Republic?"

"That's right."

"And the reason you changed your work and your name was to hide your past?"

"I was running away."

"From what?"

"From the monster...." He took a moment to choose his words. "I was running from that man."

"Did you know that Bonaparta came to the west side in 1981?"

"I was aware of it. I was getting disgusted with the work, so I hid myself from the organization. I thought that man was chasing after me."

"Then why did you write 'Dorn in the Darkness' in 1989? Wasn't that like announcing to Bonaparta where you were?"

The man sighed. "I had read that man's 'Peaceful Home.' I realized that that man had also stopped. So I believed I was free."

"Then why did you fake your death in '92?"

"In 1989 another monster came to the west side. And he was looking for me. He would not stop. After three years, I understood that. So I knew I had to hide in the darkness again."

I asked, "Another monster? Was it Peter Čapek?"

"It was."

"But he was looking for Hermann Führ...the pen name you would use in 1998. How did he already know about it back then?"

"It was the name I used during missions on this side."

I hadn't expected this. Fritz Weindler was undoubtedly Hermann Führ. I had thought he was the other monster, and Lunge had concluded that as well, but to my surprise, the man I was talking to on the phone sounded afraid. Afraid of a man he thought was no less a monster than Johan....

"So in the wake of Čapek's death, you used this name again to author a book in 1998, is that right? You thought by then it was safe."

He said, "It was best to pick a name I'd seldom used. But I thought it was all over."

I was starting to half trust him. But I remembered that I hadn't yet asked him the crucial question. "Is there a connection between you and the "Demon Axe-Murderer" Gustav Kottmann?"

"Kottmann?"

"Yes, Kottmann."

"Ahh, that creature I kept for a year. 'Dorn in the Darkness' received many fan letters from a huge admirer. While reading his letters, I realized he was one of ours. I carefully observed him and helped him at a time when he fell into a crisis."

"He murdered three people at St. Ursula hospital and then committed suicide. ...Did you not order him to do that?"

"....."

"You murdered the last person who was still chasing you, Eugen Molke, or rather Jaroslav Čarek. But your arm was injured and you went to the hospital to receive treatment. Later, Kottmann was made to kill the three hospital workers who had seen your face."

"Molke was just like me...no, he was like me before, wanting to live out his life in quiet retirement. He wasn't pursuing me or anything, not in the least."

My mind was in chaos. ....Then why did he kill Molke?

"He was the last person who knew me. If he disappeared, everything else would disappear. Bonaparta and Čapek and everyone else would all be gone."

I knew what he was going to say next. I now understood what was driving him.

"Four years ago, I went to Prague. Who knows why, but I wanted to set foot again in the scariest place, the Red Rose Mansion. But it was engulfed in flames. And then he emerged from within. I was set free. I stopped running. I could paint my picture books, and live like him." I could hear the laughter in the man's voice. "The end...in the Landscape of the End, there will be only he and I."

My hand holding the receiver trembled. If only I could ask Lunge to back me up. If only Dr. Gillen could lend me his strength.

The man whispered, "There's something I want you to see."

I gathered my wits. "What is it?"

"The manuscript of my new work. I'll come over now."

"When? How soon will you get here?"

"Now."

"*Now?* Where are you?"

**"In the room next to yours."**

### Translator's Postscript [from German to Japanese]

The foregoing is the complete translation of Werner Weber's "Another Monster." Mr. Weber disappeared without completing the book. The second half of the final chapter was not written in his manuscript, but was developed from Mr. Weber's tape.

On December 24th, two days after Mr. Weber's disappearance, his tape was found in the gardens of the Pelican Hotel in Jablonec nad Nisou in the Czech Republic. After hearing the tape, the police looked for the man staying in the room next to Mr. Weber, but the room turned out to have been vacant on that night.

Something obviously happened, although no bloodstains or signs of a struggle were found in Mr. Weber's room. As a translator, I can only sincerely hope to see Mr. Weber again, alive and well.

Also, in sympathy and anticipation of Mr. Weber's safe return, the co-author of this book, Mr. Naoki Urasawa, has provided his materials regarding the Johan case. Mr. Urasawa also says that in order to investigate the facts of this case, he is considering going to Bohemia.

Incidentally, two curious items were found in Mr. Weber's hotel room.

First, on a hotel memo pad in the room was a hastily drawn sketch. I'll leave it to the reader to determine who this sketch looks like.



Second, there was an original manuscript for a picture book. Yes, it was the manuscript for the strange fairy-tale called "The Awakening Monster." Who left it there and why is something frightening to ponder. After consultation with Mr. Weber's Austrian publisher, Idee Publications, and with the permission of Mr. Weber's family, I have decided to include the unedited picture book manuscript as an appendix to this book.





*The Pelican Hotel, Mr. Weber's last known location.*

Over a period of more than 10 years, beginning in 1986, the Johan Liebert case plunged Germany into a state of terror. But up until now, the complete shape of this puzzle has not been elucidated. Though the accepted theory is that Johan continues to sleep unaware of the world, even so, ridiculous rumors flutter about in spite of this truth, e.g., he awakened and committed suicide, he was erased at the hands of the authorities, he escaped, just as he had done a decade earlier, etc. That's how deeply Johan's darkness has permeated.

But of all the "Johan books" published, I think there has never been one that comes as close to the heart of the matter as this one. For that reason alone, my hope is that the German, Austrian, and Czech police will cooperate in investigating the connections between the Johan, Kottmann and Eugen Molke cases, so that Mr. Weber's clues will not be wasted.

While working on the manuscript, I was interrupted by a call from a friend in Austria who told me that the Salzburg police had announced they were reopening their investigations from the standpoint that the Kottmann case and the Molke case were one. My hope is that these incidents will be resolved as soon as possible.

In closing, I wish to express my deepest gratitude to Mr. Hans Klar of the Cultural Exchange Foundation for his kindness and advice during the German translation and for the

detective literature he sent from Germany; also to translator Petr Holý for his assistance with rough translations from the Czech; to the assistant editor in chief of Shogakukan Big Comic Original, Hideyuki Akana; to editor in chief Soichiro Suzuki; and to proofreading editor Noriyuki Niimura.

Of course this book was co-authored by Mr. Naoki Urasawa, to whom I am indebted for all the advice I received while working on the translation. I gratefully offer my thanks to him for this experience.

March 2002  
Takashi Nagasaki

[*Afterword from the supplemental book "The Nameless Monster" (Obluda: Kterâ Nemá své Jméno, 2008)*]

## Commentary

It was about 30 years ago that I became acquainted with the names of Czechoslovakian picture-book authors Emil Sebe, Klaus Poppe, and Jakub Paroubek. — I remember that it was at the "Eastern Europe Picture-book Author Original Works Exhibition" which the major bookstores held in Nihonbashi Tokyo (at that time they were known as Emil Šébe and Jakub Faroubek).

At the beginning of the 80s, during the height of the U.S.-Soviet Cold War between the East and West, Czechoslovakia was one of those socialist states from which Japan received little information.

But in the field of juvenile literature — especially in the genre of picture-books, this same country opened their doors to the Western bloc and competed internationally at the highest levels.

Josef Lada, Mirko Hanák, Miroslav Šašek, Josef Paleček, Květa Pacovská, Štěpán Zavřel...with these famed masters at center stage, a fresh crop of authors joined in to exhibit their works.

A friend who was knowledgeable about picture-books commented that "Poppe, Šébe, and Faroubek were either the same writer or else writers from the same school in Czechoslovakia." But despite this explanation, I was overwhelmed by the strange mood those pictures evoked.

To be honest, the pictures seemed so morbidly nihilistic I could hardly believe they were drawn for children.

Although they were all popular in Japan, I can't say that the work of English juvenile literature authors Alan Garner and Rosemary Sutcliff were entirely wholesome, nor even the painting style of illustrator Charles Keeping; nevertheless, not one of these authors had such an effect on me.

The next time I would hear the names of Sebe, Poppe, and Paroubek was from the author Werner Weber, when he came to Japan in 2000 .

He sat next to me at the reception party held to celebrate the Japanese publication of "The Back Streets of Neo-Nazism," for which he had won Austria's prestigious Gottschlink Award for nonfiction (translation by Makoto Oumura, Shunrai Publications). On that occasion Weber confided to me, "Next I'm planning to write about that incident last year in Germany."

That incident. It hadn't been reported in very much detail in Japan, but — not only Germany, but all of Europe had been shocked by the case of the monster, Johan Liebert. The moment Weber mentioned the names of those three picture book authors, I vividly recalled that familiar, disturbing art style.

Weber had heard the theory that they might be the same person, and commented that the picture books had been used as teaching materials by the Czech Ministry of Internal Affairs (secret police) to create ruthless soldiers devoted to serving the state.

He added, "To be honest, there may be people lurking in Austria who were influenced

by those cursed picture books. If other people were manipulated like Johan, it's possible that another morbid murder case may arise."

What happened after that can be learned by reading "Another Monster" (Werner Weber, with co-author Naoki Urasawa, published by Shogakukan), the book in which Weber collected his research and developed the theory that Austrian mystery author Fritz Weindler, or rather, Hermann Führ as he called himself, might have been educated as a boy in Prague's Red Rose Mansion.

However, just before completing his manuscript in December 2001, Weber suddenly disappeared while gathering information in the Czech Republic.... In a beautiful town in the region of Bohemia, in a room in a Jablonec hotel, an unfinished manuscript was left behind....

Last year in May I received information from a friend living in Germany, about a second-hand book fair in Munich where some sketches were being exhibited under Helmuth Voss's name.

Helmuth Voss — the hotel manager who died in Ruhenheim, Germany, was known as Franz Bonaparta in Czechoslovakia, and also called himself Emil Sebe, Klaus Poppe, Jakub Paurobek.

Furthermore, among Voss's original pictures published in the fair's catalog were what seemed to be Johan's mother when she was pregnant, twin babies who appear to be Johan and Nina, and Nina as a small child holding flowers — if those sketches were authentic, then they would truly be posthumous works of great interest.

Without hesitation, I asked my friend to place a bid for me. I thought this might hold a clue to Weber's disappearance.

I hurried to Munich, but just as I arrived at the airport my friend informed me, "I'm so sorry, but the sketches have already been sold to someone else." And they had fetched an unbelievably high price....

I stayed in Germany for a month, and with the help of a detective agency I had hired we searched out the exhibitor and the winning bidder. We found the exhibitor immediately. He was the proprietor of an antique shop near the outskirts of Munich in a town called Kaufbeuren (not very far from Ruhenheim). He said the sketches were brought to him by a housewife in the neighborhood, who told him her children had found them in a vacant house. The shopkeeper bought them on a hunch and decided to try exhibiting them.

After the detective told him, "You're not in any trouble, but this is a very serious matter," it was surprisingly easy to find out who the winning bidder was.

His name was Werner Weber.

I couldn't believe my ears. Was he still alive? Or was someone deceitfully using his name?

I decided that I had to find this person at any cost. The detective frequented such markets as secondhand book fairs, used-book stores, and antique shops, and got the information from their regular patrons. Apparently the bidder was involved with shady book dealers, obtaining for them certain types of writers' manuscripts and rare books with unrealized value, handling these items much like stolen goods.

In March of this year I finally got a chance to interview that person. The following is the interview question by question (and for the record, the man did not bear the slightest resemblance to the Werner Weber I knew. He had a slight build, and explained that he was half German, half Vietnamese).

**me:** "What is your business?"

**him:** "Mainly I find rare books and manuscripts and such and then sell 'em to people with exceptional taste."

"For example?"

"Most recently, I sold a copy of an early draft of *Scaramouche*, by Rafael Sabatini (Italian-born novelist and swordsman). It turned out to be incredibly profitable."

"Where did you get it?"

"I didn't hear that."

"Was it your bid that won Helmuth Voss's sketches?"

"That was a business transaction at a respectable secondhand book fair. Somebody just asked me to put in a proxy bid for them."

"Is Werner Weber your real name?"

"No."

"Why did you use that name?"

"Just followin' orders."

"It wasn't someone's name you'd heard before?"

"Nope, never. But the client did say it was kind of a joke. And that if I used that name, somebody would definitely come lookin' for me."

"Someone would come looking for you?"

"Well, here ya are. Looks like I hit the jackpot."

"What's your client's name?"

"That I can't say."

"That's a problem..."

"A person can't say what they can't say. I can tell by instinct which clients are dangerous. That's how I'm still around makin' a living in this business."

"What was this client like?"

"The kind that's killed people before, maybe...probably. It's just a collection, but even so, it's also not unusual for that sort of client to be connected to a lot of money."

"Weren't you curious as to why your client would spend so much money on Voss's original sketches?"

"I wonder that about all my clients. However, this one told me something very interesting. I was instructed to incinerate the original sketches as soon as I got 'em."

"Incinerate?"

"It seemed wrong to me. Voss was once a great picture book author, so because of his reputation, and so people could have the privilege of experiencing it with their own eyes, I couldn't help but make a copy of it."

"Please tell me as much as you can. Was your client Czech or German?"

"Maybe neither."

"You can't give me more of a hint?"

"I was shocked to see them on a tv news program. Feh, sittin' bold as brass right next to a *very* famous world leader."

"Who was it — this very famous world leader? You mean a politician, right?"

"Well, that politician's a man whose true motives can't be easily read, but they say that sooner or later he'll build an empire and make himself a dictator. If a large nation falls to earth, with powerful leadership it can rise once again in the world. If the will of the people is strong. There are a lot of dark rumors, but even America can't touch 'em. Do you know who I mean now?"

"....."

"They say Voss wasn't just a picture book author but also a great scientist. They say he did harmful experiments on rebuilding personalities.... My client's interest was piqued, and they requested that I investigate his achievements."

"Achievements?"

"Don't you get it? They're redoing the experiment again. Under the supervision of that leader they're so tight with."

It should be noted that I have no way of knowing whether or not the man told me the truth. But I can say this much: the experiment that created Johan still has its adherents. Anyone chasing after Sebe/Poppe/Paroubek will suffer the same fate as Weber.

Perhaps the invisible client used the name of Werner Weber to lure me in and give me a warning: Back off now.

The man concluded with this:

"Do you know a novelist named Fritz Wiendler or Hermann Führ? He's not famous like King, but in Austria he seems to have a good reputation among horror buffs as a writer.

"The client now says he wants to commission me to locate that author's original manuscripts. He said he'd like to get to know him and intended to invite him back to his own country. He says he's the next-generation Voss. Once he invites him, he'll gather the children to resume the experiment.

"I don't know exactly what he plans to do. And I don't want to know."

August 2008, Stockholm  
Takashi Nagasaki



## Omake



This is the actual Hotel Palace Praha where Grimmer stayed during his investigations. :)



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### ヴェルナー・ヴェーバー

*Werner Weber*

1961年1月14日、オーストリア生まれ。  
ウィーン最大部数の月刊誌「ホルボーテ」の副編集長をつとめたのち、フリーランスジャーナリストとなり、ニュース誌「イデー」の特約記者として活躍。  
「ホルボーテ」時代に執筆したドキュメンタリー「裏町のネオナチズム」では、オーストリアの権威ある「ゴットシュリンク賞」を獲得している。

Werner Weber

*The God of Peace* by Babelfish, Google, and Klaus Poppe

The fence [wa] biting is busy.

I called out of our reach, oh very busy.

The God of Peace is always busy.

Will not the [chi] bugle is wiped the spare time when stooping is seen without.

See Getdata no Kagami, wipe the Bomber Chiratsu every day.

He is too busy to look in a mirror, and blows his horn every day.

The bugle of the fence [wa] biting makes everyone happy.

Rappa out of our reach or said, then everyone happy.

The God of Peace's horn makes everyone happy.

The fence [wa] biting is busy.

What is called out to our very busy oh.

The God of Peace is always busy.

It sows at the strange not looking the spare time when stooping is seen without.

See Getdata no Kagami, Ginamizuwomakimasu joints.

He is too busy to look in a mirror, and scatters magical water.

As for the strange not seeing green and the [ma] you look at the chestnut and the dusting and make ride, are the fungus is made.

Ginamizuhamidorinoyamawotokuri joints, has made a bamboo Minora, and makes your nose if your bamboo.

The magical water creates green mountains, ripens crops, and makes flower gardens grow.

The [ku] it is and the [wa] biting is busy.

Oh, I bite the peg is our very busy.

The God of Peace is always busy.

You acquire before to everyone the spare time when stooping is seen without.

Kagami no Getdata explore and give your NAME and everyone.

He is too busy to look in a mirror, and gives everyone a name.

Your before Otto. Your [han] it does before. Your before [tomasu]. Your before Johan.

Their names are Otto's kid. Before You Were The lack of Han. Their names are Thomas's kid. Their names are Johan's kid.

Your name is Otto. Your name is Hans. Your name is Thomas. Your name is Johan.

As for Johan me to it is and, the [ji] [bu] it is the [bo] [u] to do, it increased to biting.

Reina Johan in your hair upside gave a hat jackpot.

Johan gave his hat to the god as a gift in return.

As for biting, joy.

Our hair is oh joy.

The god was very happy.

The [bo] [u] it does and the [ji] [bu] which wears it is you wanted to see, it passed for the first time before the stooping.

Bun is a hat that I wanted to Kabuttaji, before posting the first Tekagami.

Because he wanted to see himself wearing the hat, he stood in front of a mirror for the first time.

So the fact that it moved to stooping is to be the [ma] which is opened.

The Utsutta to Kagami, however, it was Akuma.

However, what he saw in the mirror was a demon.

In stooping the [ma] which is opened said.

Some of the Akuma Kagami said.

From inside the mirror, the demon spoke to him.

As for you as for me and me you.

You are me, I kid.

I am you and you are me.

How it will do, when this the [ma] which opens is, everyone there is no alligator saddle [se]. How it will do, how it will do.

What should I do, if the Akuma, the peg I Kurasenai to everyone. What should I do should I do?

Oh no! No one can live in peace with a demon like this! What should I do?

As for the biting which is troubled .....

Takami Komatsu is our .....

So the troubled god....