

P A U L A D . P E C H E



CLINICAL
TRIALS

Clinical Trials

A Mystery Novel

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Dedication

For researchers who seek to ensure that medicine, science and technology remain ethical.

As well as active-duty military personnel who defend democracy and freedom throughout the world.

Requiem (1879)
Robert Louis Stevenson

“Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.”

“This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.”

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Introduction

Clinical Trials is a novel that touches upon certain difficult periods of history. One of the protagonists served in the Army in the Vietnam War. Another protagonist served in the Marines in the invasion in Afghanistan. The antagonist is the son of Nazi psychiatrists who experimented on gypsies, mental patients, Jews, and African American Americans from 1933 to 1941. The heroines in the novel are victims and not strong women. If this novel had been written for women born in the twenty-first century, then they would have been characterized differently. Unfortunately, the heroines in my novel reflect a period of history when women lacked the agency and power of control over lives.

FAMILY TREE

Delgado Family	Garcia Family	Schlange Family	Grandville Family	Smyth Family	Murphy Family
Imelda Esparza Delgado and José Manuel Rodrigo Delgado	Alejandro García Daniela Cuauhtémoc	Siegfried and Frieda Schlange		Colonel Geoffrey Butler Smyth and Fatima Pahlavi	Dock Jefferson (Tuskegee Experiment)
Carolina Ann, Florencia Eliza, Mariana Elaina, Cassandra Marie Delgado, and Eduardo Rodrigo Esparza	Andrés and Miguel García	Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange and Cassandra Marie Delgado-Schlange	Vera Eddington Grandville and Thomas Grandville	Edward David Smyth and Amanda Kamar Ghandi	Iphigenia Jefferson Murphy and Michael Murphy
		Maria Delgado-Schlange	Phillip Thomas Grandville	Geoffrey Butler Smyth	Aiden, Braden, Brigit, Patrick, and Mary- Jo Murphy
Marriage Families		Marriage Families	Marriage Families	Marriage Families	Marriage Families
Eric Johansen and Carolina Ann Johansen		Maria Delgado-Schlange and Phillip Thomas Grandville	Phillip Thomas Grandville and Maria Delgado-Schlange Grandville	Geoffrey Butler Smyth and Mary-Jo Murphy	Davin and Brigit Callahan
Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange and Cassandra Marie Esparza-Schlange				Ophelia and Hamlet Murphy-Smyth	
Eduardo Esparza, Chauri and Casen.					

Storyline

Clinical Trials is a mystery novel that focuses on an antagonist, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, a researcher of neurological disorders who is experimenting on an antiepileptic drug that has a dual purpose. On the one hand, it is being designed to help eliminate, and possibly cure, epileptic seizures in acceptable groups with hereditary genetic factors in order to create a purer society. On the other hand, the drug is also being designed to eliminate groups with unacceptable hereditary genetic factors. The choices that he makes to achieve these goals in a 1971 clinical trial impact the lives of five families, i.e., Delgado, Garcia, Grandville, Murphy, and Smyth, as well as his own.

The story begins with the heroine, Cassandra Marie Delgado-Schlange and three events. The first is a break-in to her condo. The second is an unexpected meeting between Cassandra and Detectives Andres Garcia and Geoffrey Butler Smyth—two of the five protagonists in the story. The third is a message on her answering machine and Federal Express from Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, Cassandras estranged husband.

Chapter 1

Robert Frost (1874–1963).
Mountain Interval. 1920.

The Road Not Taken

“Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;”

I was sitting on the deck of the lake house of my sister and brothers-in-law at Lake Oconee watching the boats pass by when an Osprey flew over my head and landed on a tree a few feet away. After the bird landed, it called to another Osprey that was rising into the air from the lake with a fish in its beak. As if they had some unspoken language, the first Osprey spread its wings and soared into the air and followed the other bird and disappeared into a group of tree across the lake. As I continued to look out on the lake, the two Osprey’s rose into the air from the trees, flew above the deck where I was sitting, and quickly disappeared from view. As I continued to sit on the deck, I thought about the recent, dramatic, events that had occurred this past week, and wished they could fly away like the Osprey and disappear from my life.

It had been an exceptionally chilly winter in Boston with unprecedented amounts of snow for several months. From February 17-18, we had an all-time record of 27.5 inches of snow. That was more snow that fell in the famous blizzard of 1978. Because of the cold, frigid weather, I was looking forward to my yearly March get away from Boston to the sunny, warm climate of Georgia with my sister and brother-in-law at their lake house. The weather was forecasted to be around 72, and I had planned to spend the week sitting on the deck basking in the sun and spending evenings watching ventage films and playing scrabble with my sister and brother-in-law (he never lost at scrabble and thoroughly enjoyed trouncing Carolina and me. Unfortunately, my plans changed from a vacation to an escape because of three people who had recently introduced complications into my well-ordered life, Andrés García, Geffrey Butler Smyth and Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange,

Those complications began with a break-into my Beacon Street condominium when I was out shopping at Deluca’s Market for my weekly treat of a chocolate croissant and the Boston Globe newspaper on a cold Thursday morning.

I would not have bothered to report the break-in because nothing had been taken, but a little voice in my head reminded me of the message my estranged husband, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, had left the previous night on my answering machine demanding that I return the documents I had taken from our home in La Jolla, California when I had visited him in 2000, or there would be dire consequences. The break-in and the message were too closely related to be ignored.

I took the trek down to the South Boston Police Station to report the break-in after making sure that this time, I had secured all my windows and locked my door, before

exiting onto Beacon Street. The Police Station was not in Back Bay, so I hailed a cab and gave the driver the address of 650 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Before turning on the meter, the driver gave me a strange look, so I explained that I had a break-in to my condo and needed to report it to the Police. He smiled, made a U-turn on Beacon Street and headed towards South Boston. The cab driver drove like most Boston cabbies. He ran through yellow lights turning red, beeped and swore at drivers who dared to cross his path. After we pulled up to the South Boston Police Station fifteen minutes later, I paid the driver and exited the cab; happy that I had managed not to get into an accident before I could report the break-in. The crazy Boston drivers were one of the reasons I used the public MBTA for most of my travel around Boston and Cambridge.

I walked up the steps and opened the door to the building. Once inside, I walked over to the glass window where the desk Sargent was seated. After knocking on the glass to get the Sargent's attention, I asked, "Who is in charge of thefts to residential buildings?" The big, burly guy looked down at me, and with a thick Southie accent replied, "Tell me your story little lady, and I'll decide."

As clearly as possible I said, "Upon entering my condo this morning I noticed several items on my desk were out of order, and one of the drawers to my desk was slightly opened. After pulling out the drawer, I noticed several folders were disheveled."

"Anything taken?" The Sargent asked.

"No, not that I could tell," I responded.

The Sargent looked down at me, in a condescending tone said, "Ma'am, you can fill out paperwork for the break-in, but it's unlikely the South Boston police will investigate a non-theft. We have more important priorities."

Feeling extremely embarrassed and humiliated, I realized that I had not only wasted my time, but also that of the Sargent's. In a soft voice I mumbled a "Thank You," turned around, and quickly walked towards the front door to exit. When I reached the door, I said to myself, "Okay, so my day can't get any worse, right!"

Unfortunately, my statement was a bit premature because when I opened the door to exit, I ran smack into the chest of Andrés García as he was entering. Geoffrey Butler Smyth was following closely behind Andrés. Although it had been over three decades since I had seen Andrés, his six-foot frame was still in peak physical condition. A few fine lines around Andrés large hazel eyes, and strands of gray in his thick, black wavy hair, did not diminish the exotic looks that had stolen my heart one night in the summer of 1972 at Ocean Beach, California.

It had only been less than a decade since I had last seen Geoffrey, and his clean shaven, handsome face, and muscular build also had changed little. Both men were wearing blue tailored suits, white shirts, and dark blue and red striped ties. The white cards, inside of transparent plastic, that hung on strings around their necks read, "Boston's Finest Detectives." Below the captions on each badge were the names, "Andrés García" and "Geoffrey Butler Smyth."

The surprised look on Andrés's face and Geoffrey's angry snarl, caused me to gasp, quickly pivot around them, and run out the front door and down the steps to the street curb where several cabs were waiting.

I opened the door to the first cab in line, jumped into the back seat and shouted at the driver to take me to 271 Beacon Street as fast as possible. He flipped on the meter and started the engine. Just as the cab was pulling away from the curb, Andrés came running out of the South Boston Police Station, down the steps, onto the curb and shouted something that neither the driver nor I could hear through the rolled-up windows. Seeing that he was being ignored, Andrés motioned the cabbie to stop. When the driver looked at me through the rear-view mirror, in a desperate voice I said, “He’s an old boyfriend I want to escape, there’s an extra \$10 above the fare if you ignore him and drive.” The cabbie smiled, pressed his foot to the gas pedal and served into traffic. He turned right onto Boylston while the yellow light was changing to red.

When I turned around and looked through the rear window of the cab, I noticed that Andrés had slumped a bit, and with a dejected look on his face, stood on the curb watching the cab drive away.

I thought the trauma of reporting the break-in and seeing Andrés and Geoffrey were the last problems I would have to face before climbing into a plane at Logan Airport, but that was not the case. Before entering my condo, I noticed a Federal Express letter from Wilhelm propped against my door. I picked it up, unlocked my door, and before walking inside, looked to see if anyone lurked in the shadows of my studio. After confirming no one was there, I walked inside, and carried the Federal Express letter over to the marble fireplace and put it on the mantle. I did not want to deal with Wilhelm at that moment, so I decided to wait until I returned from my vacation to read what I knew was, yet another threatening message from him about the documents.

Although it was not even noon, after putting away my coat and shoes in the closet, I decided a glass of Chardonnay was what I needed to calm my nerves. I walked over to my galley kitchen and removed a wine glass from the shelf, opened the fridge and pulled out a half empty bottle and filled my wine glass to the top. I then walked over and sat down in a chair that faced the front window and stared out onto the street below. While sipping on the wine, I thought about the morning’s events.

After finishing half of the glass, I pulled out my cell phone and called my brother, Eduardo. I had planned to leave a message, so when he picked up the phone on the second ring, without giving him time to say anything, I angrily shouted into the phone, “Eduardo, did you know that Andrés García and Geoffrey Butler Smyth lived in Boston when you recommended, I moved here after Wilhelm and I separated three years ago?”

Eduardo quickly responded, “Cassandra, calm down and tell me what’s going on and why you are asking about Andrés and Geoffrey?”

I paused a moment, chugged the rest of the wine, and then told my brother about the break-in to my condominium, the traumatic encounter with the desk Sargent, Andrés and Geoffrey, and the voicemail and Federal Express letter from Wilhelm. Towards the end of my explanation I began to feel the effects of the wine and slightly slurred my last few words.

In an agitated voice, Eduardo said, “Have you been drinking again?” Then he said, with a bit of an edge, “It’s not even noon Cassandra, you’ve not started self-

medicating with booze again, have you?”

Defensively I answered, “Wouldn’t you be drinking wine in the middle of the day if someone had broken into your condo, and you had been made to feel like an imbecile by a desk Sargent, encountered two men from the past—one you had not seen for thirty-one years after a one-night stand, and the other who believed you contributed to the death of a family member, and had received a threatening voicemail and Federal Express letter from an estranged spouse?”

“Well,” Eduardo said, “it could have been worse, you might actually have walked in on the intruder.” Then he continued. “Yes, I knew that Andrés and Geoffrey were living in Boston when I recommended you move to Boston.” Eduardo continued, “Cassandra, I never thought you would encounter either one of them because most of your time is spent in Cambridge. But if you did, I figured it was time you dealt with the past and put things right.”

“Eduardo,” I responded. Before I could get in another word, he added.

“Cassandra, you’re planning on flying to Atlanta on Saturday, correct?”

“Yes Eduardo,” I replied.

“Good,” Eduardo responded. “I will arrange a flight to Logan and sort things out. I have a DEA friend I can stay with while I figure out what to do about Andrés, Geoffrey, and Wilhelm. Where are the original documents that you took from La Jolla in 2000? I sent my copies to the East German Stasi in 2000, so I will need the originals.”

“They are at Maria’s condo.”

“Okay, I’ll contact Maria tonight and arrange a time to pick them up. It’s been awhile since I’ve seen my favorite niece and it will be nice to catch up.”

“Okay, Eduardo,” I replied. “Goodbye.”

After hanging up the phone I went over and stood in front of the fireplace. It was the first time after entering my condominium that I realized the room was extremely cold and needed to turn on the heat, and also light a fire in my fireplace. After doing both, I stood in front of the fireplace and thought about the three men with whom I had complicated relationships. The one who terrified me the most was Wilhelm. I walked back over to the galley kitchen, poured myself a second glass of Chardonnay, and went over and sat down in a chair next facing the fireplace.

As I stared at the fire, watching the embers burn, I reflected on the two separate occasions that I learned about the diabolical plans of my father and Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, to not only steal both my freedom and inheritance, but to also use the money to fund clinical trials on antiepilepsy drugs that have a dual purpose. The first

was the weekend of my seventeenth birthday, May 15-16, 1971. The second was twenty-nine years later in 2000 when I stole the East German Stasi documents, letters and notes from Wilhelm on my forty-third birthday.

Chapter 2

Robert Frost (1874–1963).
Mountain Interval. 1920.

The Road Not Taken

“I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”

The weekend of May 15-16, 1971, Wilhelm visited my father to discuss Harvard’s cancellation of the clinical trials on the antiepileptic drug APX. I remembered the occasion because I had graduated a year early from High School and in the fall would be attending the University of California, San Diego (UCSD); a school I had chosen because it was across the country and as far away from my father that I could get.

The meeting between Wilhelm and my father took place in his study behind closed doors. By all accounts, I should not have been privy to their discussion except my father’s study was located directly below my room. If I moved my bed away from the wall and positioned myself over the ventilation system, I could hear the private conversations my father had with colleagues.

What I heard that morning both shocked and terrified me. They were discussing a new antiepileptic drug, APX, that had caused the deaths of two participants who had been included in a clinical trial because they had a combination of hereditary factors that were deemed high risk factors for their participation. The names were Amanda Kamar-Ghandi Smyth and Miguel Garcia. Wilhelm was upset because the Human Subjects Board had pressed for the clinical trial to be cancelled because the Smyth family had a strong political connection to Frances William Sargent—the Governor of Massachusetts. Edward David Smyth was a Professor at Harvard and he asked Governor Sargent, and Harvard University to suspend the clinical trial because he believed there were design flaws with the protocols.

All was not lost because he had been co-testing APX on a targeted population at an alternative site in East Germany. Wilhelm had a friend whose father was a former member of the East German Stasi secret police. He had taken my father’s advice and resigned from Harvard and accepted a position at the University of California, San Diego Medical School, to minimize the damage to his reputation.

Although I was shocked to hear that the clinical trial information on the APX antiepileptic drug had caused the deaths of two participants, I was more upset at learning that Wilhelm would be teaching at UCSD. I did not like my father having a colleague teaching at the university who could spy on me and report back to him. As I listened further to their conversation, I discovered that I was being included in their diabolical plans.

“José, although I have extensive holdings in Brazil the money is tied up in investments, so I am cash poor. I need funds to pay the Stasi to continue the clinical trials.”

“Wilhelm, what do you expect me to do? I cannot touch my wife’s or children’s inheritance from the Esparza estate. The old man hated me and made sure I would never have access to those funds. Although, there may be a way to circumvent that problem.”

“How?”

“When my youngest daughter, Cassandra, turns eighteen she will inherit a great deal of money. She was Eduardo Esparza’s favorite grandchild. If the two of you were to marry and have a child, you would have access to those funds.”

“You would allow me to marry your daughter? What do you want in return?”

“I want to receive twenty-five percent of the profits of the new antiepileptic drug when it goes to market in the United States.”

“Twenty-five percent! That’s a hell of a lot of money.”

“Wilhelm, the creation of an antiepileptic drug that benefits certain hereditary groups and negatively affects other heredity groups, is something your parents and I worked on for several years before they died. There have been no restrictions on testing APX in East Germany, so you should transfer the results the research facilities in Brazil. APX will be renamed, and mass produced for distribution. In a couple of years, apply for a U.S. patent, and a new clinical trial.”

“José, I have to give the Stasi ten percent, a group of thugs I partnered with in Boston ten percent, and the pharmaceutical company investing in marketing the drug will want at least five percent, that only leaves seventy-five percent.”

“Isn’t fifty percent better than zero?”

I could not believe that my father was using my inheritance to fund the creation, testing and distribution of a drug designed to kill people with unique hereditary factors. Wilhelm suggested that my father announce our future engagement that night at my seventeenth birthday dinner. The agreement would stipulate that Wilhelm and I would have a one-year courtship, and the day after I turned eighteen, we would marry.

That night at my seventeenth birthday dinner when my father announced the marriage, I made my own announcement. “I reject Dr. Schlange’s proposal of marriage.” Then I got up from the table and ran upstairs to my room, slammed the door, laid down on my bed, and cried myself to sleep.

The next morning after Wilhelm left to prepare for his move to La Jolla, my father came upstairs and woke me by loudly banging on the door. After getting up and opening the door, he severely admonished me for refusing to accept the proposal of marriage to a man who would guarantee a bright future for me as the wife of a distinguish Professor of Medicine.

While listening to my father's tirade about marrying Wilhelm, I realized that I had a year in La Jolla, California to figure out how to get out of the marriage. So, when my father finished talking, I quietly said, "Yes father, I will accept the engagement. But I want no further discussions related to my future marriage for the next year."

Continuing to reflect on why I had no choice in accepting a marriage proposal from a man much older than myself whose ethical values were the opposite of mine, I thought about how much the male dominant society in which my mother and I had grown up played a large part in determining our roles in society.

When my mother married my father at age seventeen, even though my grandfather, Eduardo Luis Esparza, had put in place restrictions that insured she and her female children would maintain economic independence, he was still from an aristocratic family that believed a man was the head of the household.

My father, Jose Manuel Rodrigo Delgado, had lived in Spain before immigrating to the United States to study medicine. As an only child from a prominent Castilian family, he attended private schools in Europe until he was accepted into the Complutense University of Madrid, Spain. His studies were focused on neurotechnology and neuropsychopharmacology; two burgeoning fields of research financially supported by the Interessen-Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie AG (IG Farben Pharmaceutical Company). The company believed that all industrialized people would be directly, or indirectly, affected by these two technologies in the future. Neurotechnology was a method of surgically altering the brain to mirror neurological disorders, like epilepsy and Alzheimer's disease. Neuropsychopharmacology monitored the effects of experimental drugs on patients after the neurotechnological surgery.

In 1942, after graduating with a Master of Science my father applied to, and was accepted by, the Yale School of Medicine. During his first year of classes he became especially close to Dr. Fernando Araya, a physician who was familiar with neurotechnology and neuropsychopharmacology because of colleagues at the Complutense University of Madrid, Spain. Although the war affected sharing research between United States universities and universities of questionable ties to Nazi Germany, Dr. Araya encouraged my father to continue corresponding with former faculty in Spain to stay informed about the latest scientific advances in those two fields, and to share that information with him.

By the time my father completed medical school, an internship and residency in 1952, he had become a leading expert in the fields of neurotechnology and neuropsychopharmacology. He was offered positions at several universities in the United States and Europe, but decided to accept a position at Yale, with the caveat that he could consult with colleagues in the United States and Europe whenever his expertise was requested.

After thinking about my father's academic rise to prominence, I reflected upon Dr. Wilhelm, Wolfgang Schlange, a young German neuroscientist, who had been doing research at Harvard Medical School on epilepsy and Alzheimer's disease. In 1969, he

sent a letter to my father requesting a meeting. Wilhelm was seeking an expert in neurotechnology and neuropsychopharmacology to consultant on an antiepilepsy clinical trial on human subjects that he was proposing to the United States Public Health Service. He wanted to include my father's name in the proposal. The drug was in the final stages of animal testing and had been offered financial support by Lynd-Telemond and Vinnal (LTV), a Pharmaceutical Company. Dr. Schlange hoped to begin human subject testing on the antiepilepsy drug, APX, by 1971. That was the year that new restrictions on human subject clinical trials were imposed.

My father had corresponded with Wilhelm's famous parents, Doctors Siegfried and Frieda Schlange, after reading articles about their research on neurological disorders while in Madrid as an undergraduate student. Both the Schlange's and my father shared the values of Eugenics and Social Darwinism in their medical practices, especially experimentation on hereditary genetics.

After contacting colleagues at Harvard Medical School, and getting positive feedback on Dr. Schlange's credentials and previous research, my father traveled to Boston and reviewed the grant proposal. The proposal focused on the results from animal testing on primates whose brains were surgically altered to mirror epilepsy, and then given APX and two other well-established antiepilepsy drugs to control their seizures.

The data showed that APX was extremely successful in minimizing epileptic seizure episodes as an add-on with the other antiepileptic drugs. Wilhelm's grant recommended testing APX on human subjects as an add-on, with the two other antiepilepsy drugs, on thirty experimental subjects, and a placebo and the same two antiepilepsy drugs on thirty control subjects. The clinical trial would be in two stages of six months each and would last a total of twelve months. An expert in neurotechnology and neuropsychopharmacology would be needed to evaluate the drug's efficacy after the first six months of testing, and then at the end of the clinical trial in the twelfth month. A comparison of the data would be made between the two stages to evaluate improvements.

The proposal and supplemental data appeared promising, except in one area, and that was the high morbidity rate in Orangutans with AB negative blood types that reacted adversely during absence seizures.

Absence seizures normally cause a loss of consciousness, with or without automatic behavior, and sometimes cause patients to hyperventilate before the seizure begins. These incidents are usually short in duration and often have a rapid onset and equally rapid recovery. The data showed that an unusually high number of AB negative type orangutans in the APX experimental group undergoing absence seizures did not recover as quickly as the control group, and with extended use of APX over several months, seizures occurred more frequently and often resulted in deaths.

In order to persuade my father to consult on the grant, Wilhelm reasoned that the data relating to the AB negative blood type Orangutans helped support going forward with the clinical trial. The human subjects who met the above criteria for high risk would ensure that the work my father and his parents had done to perfect a drug that would eliminate populations with specific hereditary genetics could be tested on human

subjects. Wilhelm's arguments were so well-structured and logical enough that they convinced my father to sign on as a consultant.

Including Dr. Delgado's name on the grant proposal carried a lot of weight, and a year after the grant was submitted to Harvard Medical School review board, APX was approved for a clinical trial. After extensive searches for suitable epilepsy patients, Dr. Schlange randomly recruited the most appropriate sixty subjects for the joint clinical trial between the Massachusetts General Hospital Epilepsy Service (MGHES), and Harvard Medical School, at Longwood. Drug testing would begin in the winter of 1971.

A week before beta testing on APX was to begin, two of the subjects in the experimental group dropped out of the clinical trials. This unexpected circumstance might have meant a delay to find suitable replacements by several weeks or months, but almost immediately after receiving the news about the experimental group subjects leaving, Wilhelm encountered two people who might be viable candidates. The first was an executive at Gillette, where she was hired to do yearly physicals on managers. The second was a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who worked in the emergency room as an orderly at Mass General Hospital. These two candidates were perfect participants in the APX clinical trials because they had the hereditary genetic factors for testing APX as a lethal weapon that could be used on particular groups with unacceptable hereditary genetic factors. An additional benefit was their blood types, AB negative, and the problems they had with recovering from absence seizures.

Wilhelm contacted my father and discussed placing these two individuals in the experimental group. After debating the pros and cons, my father and Wilhelm agreed to withhold the information about the risks to these two participants, who were immediately added to the experimental group, and the clinical trial went forward as planned. The two subjects were: Amanda Kamar Ghandi-Smyth and Miguel Garcia.

Amanda and Miguel didn't report negative side effects from using APX until March of 1971. APX was half-way through the first stage of clinical trials testing and Wilhelm needed to keep both individuals as participants. Wilhelm was so vested in testing APX that he was willing to risk their lives to prove that APX proved successful as a dual-purpose drug. By May 1971, both Amada and Miguel suffered grand mal seizures and died.

At the time that Amanda Kamar Gandhi-Smyth and Miguel Garcia were included as participants, Wilhelm did not know that the Smyth and Garcia families were so well-connected and influential at the state and national level. In June, the IRB Board recommended that Mass General Hospital and Harvard Medical School remove support for continuing the clinical trial.

My father had not officially begun consulting on the antiepilepsy research and was therefore not adversely affected by the cancellation of the APX clinical trial.

In August, I moved into the freshman dorm of the University of California, San Diego campus and focused on my studies. I had been accepted into Third College and was focused on Literature and Poetry. The course curriculum was rigorous because it mirrored Revelle College's curriculum except for the engineering classes. I saw little of Wilhelm during the fall of 1971, and happily focused on my classes. After winter break

that he reappeared in my life.

Wilhelm's energy, drive, athleticism and academic credentials from a prestigious school resulted in his becoming a much sought after addition to La Jolla's academic, social and political circles. On the University of California campus, he was considered quite a catch because of his position in the Neuroscience Department.

From January to April 1972 he wore my resolve to avoid marriage down by encouraging me to focus on my academic studies and even offered to support my desire to attend graduate school and earn a PhD. Although I did not have any emotional feelings towards Wilhelm, by the end of April, when he asked me to reaffirm the date of our marriage on May 17, 1972, I agreed. The wedding would be small and at Mary Star of The Sea (the local Catholic Church). None of my family had been invited.

The day before my wedding, on May 15, 1972, a friend of mine from school talked me into going to a party at Ocean Beach, California where some of my classmates were hosting an impromptu bachelorette party. They had purchased time in the Hut on the Ocean Beach Pier for the night. I did not know that the transparent plastic wafer I was given at the bachelorette party was LSD. An hour later, after I began feeling the effects of LSD, I walked out of the Hut on the OB Pier and tripped down the stairs into the arms of Andrés García—that encounter would result in unforeseeable future consequences

Exhausted from the events of the day, I stopped reflecting on Wilhelm and my father, and decided to go to bed early because my flight to Atlanta was leaving at eight Saturday morning. I would have to take the Mass transit system (MBTA) to the airport bus terminal at 5:30 a.m. to check into Delta Airlines on time.

On Saturday, I flew down to Atlanta's Hartsfield Jackson, where Carolina and Eric picked me up at the airport on the drive to their house on Lake Oconee. During the trip, I told them of the events that had occurred on Friday. Carolina assured me that everything would be okay. Especially, if Eduardo was flying to Boston to sort things out.

After arriving we settled down to a routine that had developed over several years of my spending a week with them at the Oconee Lake house. Carolina and I would fix dinner while Eric sat on the deck and read a book until sun set. Then, he would come inside, and we would eat dinner together. There would still be light enough after dinner and clean-up for us to clean the debris from the lake that washed up on their small sandy beach. Afterwards, we would all turn in and get a good night's sleep.

Chapter 3

T. S. Eliot
For Ezra Pound (IL MIGLIOR FABBRO)

The Waste Land (1922)

I. The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

As I stood there on the curb watching Cassandra's cab speed away, I wondered how I could have missed the fact that she was living in Boston. Bean Town has been my home since leaving the Army in 1975, and I have wandered through every inch of the city in those twenty-eight years. While I don't spend much time in Back Bay because I live in the North End, Boston isn't that big of a city.

At that moment, Cassandra was not the only person upon whom I was reflecting. My thoughts turned towards her husband, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange A man who not only married the woman I had fallen in love with after one brief encounter, but was also someone who contributed to the deaths of members of both Geoff's and my family.

Standing on the curb and thinking about Dr. Schlange resulted in my revisiting the spring of 1971, when I visited my brother, Miguel, in Boston. He was in his third year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) focusing on biomedicine and in a joint masters' program between Harvard and MIT.

My father, Alejandro Garcia, emigrated our family from Cuba to Miami, Florida in 1958 before Fidel Castro overthrew the Batista regime. I was eight, and Miguel was seven when we left Cuba. One of the reasons for the emigration was because Miguel had epilepsy, and it was difficult to get the medicines he needed to control the seizures that were increasing with age. To ensure that we would have the necessary academic training to be accepted into Ivy League colleges, I was sent to the Taft School in Watertown, Connecticut, and a year later Miguel was sent to Westminster in Simsbury, Connecticut.

The exorbitant tuitions my father paid for our private school educations succeeded in my securing a four-year scholarship to Yale in 1968. A year later, Miguel was accepted into the joint five-year pre-medical program between the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and Harvard University.

My four-year scholarship at Yale did not cover all of my expenses, so I joined the ROTC program to earn extra money to pay for room and board. That meant a five-year commitment to the Army after graduation. Most of the courses I took were in the math

department because my interests were in finite and infinite Lie algebras, Lie groups, and discrete subgroups. Just before graduation, my senior advisor (a mathematician), offered me a research position and a scholarship for graduate school after I finished my military service. That was welcomed news because the Vietnam War had become a major point of engagement and I figured most of my military career would be spent overseas.

MIT did not offer scholarships, so my parents paid Miguel's tuition, while he worked at night, and on weekends, in the Mass General Hospital emergency room. Working at Mass General Hospital gave Miguel the opportunity to work with physicians who might be future references for medical school. Miguel's goal was to become a neurologist, and focus on the research and development of drugs that would minimize epileptic seizures.

I often wonder if my brother had not been afflicted with epilepsy, and had chosen another path, if he would be alive today. At six-foot four, with a muscular body, Miguel was an extremely good athlete. He was built like my father, whose fair complexion and blue eyes exhibited Castilian Spanish and Norwegian hereditary discordance. Epilepsy did not keep Miguel from participating in sports. Miguel's good looks and charismatic personae also contributed to an active social life.

Unlike my brother, I was neither athletic nor socially active. I was more focused on spending time solving complex mathematical problems. My six-foot, lithe frame resembled my mother's structure more than my father's. I had inherited her olive complexion, hazel eyes with specks of gold, and exotic features that reflected a heritage dating back to the Mesoamerican tribes in Cuba prior to Spanish occupation in 1511.

My mother, Daniela Cuauhtémoc, met my father at a Harvard Club social event while he was a resident at Harvard Medical School. She was completing her master's degree in architecture at the Harvard Graduate School of Design. After his residency, my father moved the family to Cuba so that my mother could be close to her family.

Miguel's and my plans never materialized because of one man, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. I discovered the complexity of Schlange's role in contributing to the death of my brother after finding Miguel's daily journal. It chronicled the three years in his life spent at MIT. Miguel not only wrote about important academic endeavors, but also personal feelings that were often hard to express. It was in reading the journal that I learned about his close friendship with Eduardo Rodrigo Esparza and Carolina Delgado-Johansen (Cassandra's brother and sister). Eduardo was a mechanical engineering undergrad at MIT, and Carolina worked in the emergency room at Mass General Hospital to help put her husband, Eric, through Harvard Law School.

I remember the day I took the train from New Haven, Connecticut to Boston, and the Red line from South Station to MIT to celebrate Miguel's twenty-first birthday, as if it were yesterday. The date was May 5, 1971. The train left New Haven at noon, and when it pulled into Boston's South Station at 4:15 p.m., I had just enough time to buy a MBTA pass and catch the 4:15 p.m. Red Line to Kendall Square. The ride from South

Station to Kendall Square only took ten minutes, and the walk from Kendall Square to Miguel's MIT dorm room was five minutes. I arrived at Miguel's dorm around 4:30 p.m.

The student staffing the front desk knew me, so after being buzzed in, I raced up the stairs to the third floor, excited at the thought of buying my brother a beer at the Muddy for the first time. He normally didn't drink alcohol, but we both agreed that one beer wouldn't hurt him.

When I reached Miguel's room, the door was open and I could see his body lying prostrate on the floor. I ran over and knelt down beside him and placed my hand over his mouth to see if he was still breathing. When I touched him, Miguel's eyes began to flutter, so I stood up and ran outside into the hall and yelled for someone to dial 911, and to also call the MIT Campus police because it was a medical emergency. I ran back into the room and began CPR.

I do not know how long it took the MIT police and medics to reach Miguel's room, but I do remember being pushed aside so the medics could do their job. One shoved an airway down Miguel's throat and the other administered oxygen through an ambu oxygen bag, while the MIT campus police helped the medics lift Miguel off the floor and onto a gurney. Someone had sent the elevator up to the third floor and a student was standing in the doorway holding it open. I ran down the stairs and out the front door of the dorm over to the ambulance driver and said I would meet them at the Mass General Hospital emergency room as soon as possible.

After watching the ambulance drive away, I sprinted over to the Kendall Square Red Line and jumped over the gate while shouting to the ticket agent that I had a medical emergency. I was able to enter a train just before the door closed and left the station. The Mass General Hospital was only one stop from Kendall Square, so it only took a couple of minutes for the Red line to cross Longfellow Bridge to Charles Street.

As soon as the train stopped, I exited the train and ran down the steps to the sidewalk that led to the Mass General Hospital emergency room. After entering the sliding glass doors of the emergency room, I shouted in Spanish at the woman behind the desk, "Yo soy Andrés García, mi hermano Miguel fue traído desde MIT a la sala de emergencias, el sufrió un ataque de epilepsia y necesito saber acerca de su estado de salud."

The receptionist pressed an intercom and called out the name Carolina, and a nurse walked over to the desk and asked why she had been called. The receptionist pointed in my direction.

Carolina placed her hand on my shoulder and said, "Andrés, Calmese por favor, yo le voy a ayudar."

I stood there confused for a moment wondering how the nurse knew my name. Then I remembered meeting Carolina during spring break. She was the sister of Miguel's friend, Eduardo.

“Carolina,” I said, “my brother Miguel was brought to the emergency room from MIT because he experienced an epileptic seizure and I have come to find out about his condition.” Before she could respond, I continued, “If you recall, he is enrolled in the APX antiepilepsy clinical drug trial with Dr. Schlange.”

Carolina walked over to a desk and looked at a directory listing physicians and found his name. She picked up the phone and dialed the number listed in the directory, and spoke to someone at the other end of the line. After finishing, Carolina walked back over and stood beside me with a concerned look on her face.

“Andres,’ Dr. Schlange is currently at a conference in New York and will not be returning to Boson until next week. He left the name of a physician, Dr. Jose Manuel Rodrigo Delgado, who should be contacted for emergencies. Unfortunately, Dr. Delgado is at that same conference as Dr. Schlange in New York. Neither one is available.”

While we were talking, Eduardo came running through the glass doors of the emergency room and up to Carolina.

“Carolina, I got a call from one of the engineering students in Miguel’s dorm who told me he had a medical emergency! Is he okay?”

Carolina turned to Eduardo and said, “I don’t know. He came in about thirty minutes ago and I am waiting on the trauma care physician to give a prognosis of his condition.”

Eduardo turned to me and said, “Andres,’ what are you doing here, I thought you weren’t finishing up at Yale until next week?”

“Eduardo, I wanted to surprise Miguel on his birthday, so I took the train down a week early at noon today.”

Before Eduardo and I could discuss the issue further, the head of the Trauma team walked over to me and asked, “Are you Miguel Garcia’s brother?”

I faced him and answered, “Yes.”

He paused for a moment, and then said, “Mr. García, I am sorry to inform you that your brother was pronounced dead at 5:40 p.m.”

The physician continued talking, but I no longer listened to what he was saying, because everything went black, and I collapsed. I would have fallen to the floor if Eduardo, who was a good six inches shorter than me, had not caught, and carried me over to a bench located near the desk. When I awoke, unable to hold back my anguish, I broke down and cried. Eduardo was sitting next to me, but did not speak.

Seeing my anguish, Carolina walked over and sat down on my other side and put her hand on my shoulder to comfort me. Then she began talking to me about her own family. “Andrés, if you recall, my husband, Eric, is in his first year at Harvard Law School. We have a one-year-old son, Alfie. My sister, Mariana, is in nursing school and will be going into the Army after she graduates. I have another sister, Francesca, who lives in Los Angeles, who is married to a commercial pilot and has three strapping young boys. And my sister, Cassandra, will be attending the University of San Diego in La Jolla, California this fall. As you know, Eduardo will be going to officer’s candidate school after graduation.”

The sound of Carolina’s voice was soothing, but I didn’t pay much attention to what was being said because I was focused on the Miguel’s death. I kept thinking that if I had gotten to the dorm a few minutes earlier I would have been able to save my brother.

Soon embarrassment overtook my grief, and in a slightly sheepish tone, I apologized for my emotional outburst. I thanked Carolina for the kindness, and asked if there was a pay phone, I could use to call my parents in Miami. She pointed to an area around the corner and said that a pay phone was in one of the rooms.

I got up and walked over to the room with the pay phone, put money into the slot to get an operator, and asked to place a call to my home telephone. Making that phone call was the hardest thing I had ever done in my twenty-two years of life.

After talking to my parents and arranging to meet them at Logan Airport when they could arrange a flight to Boston, I walked back to the emergency room to face Eduardo, who was still seated on the bench. There was a blank look on Eduardo’s face as he stared at the floor.

“Eduardo,” I said, “would you accompany me back to Miguel’s room?”

At first Eduardo did not respond, but then turned his head towards me and said, “Okay Andrés. First let me talk to Carolina.”

After Eduardo finished talking to his sister we walked out of the Mass General Hospital emergency room to the Charles Street Red Line entrance, and took the train back to Kendall Station and MIT. Eduardo and I remained silent until we reached Miguel’s room. The door was still open and the light was on when we entered. Miguel’s mattress was halfway off the bed and the floor. Maybe it was our ROTC military training that caused Eduardo and me to start reorganizing the room, or our desires to straighten the room in case Miguel miraculously returned. Whatever our motives, we walked over and pushed the mattress back onto the bed, picked up the sheets and blankets from the floor and remade the bed, military style. Then we straightened out the mess left by the MIT campus police and medics. After organizing Miguel’s room, Eduardo and I walked over to the window and silently stared out at the Charles River. The red and gold rays of the sun appeared to float on top of the water as it descended into the river and brought on the darkness of the night.

No longer able to keep control of my emotions, I sat down on Miguel's bed as angry tears welled up in my eyes and poured down my face. In an anguished voice I said to Eduardo, "If I had been ten minutes earlier would it have made a difference? Would I have been able to save Miguel's life?" At that moment, I felt both guilt and shame at not being able to save my brother from dying. I was the older brother and should have been able to protect him. Eduardo continued to stand silently by the window until I finished.

Unable to sit on the bed any longer, I jumped up and started pacing around the room. That was when I noticed a green lab notebook lying on the floor slightly hidden under Miguel's bed. I bent down and picked it up and read the cover, 'Miguel Garcia's Daily Journal.'

Eduardo rushed over and took the journal from my hand. "Andrés, Miguel shared many things with me during our brief friendship, and this journal is the place where he kept his private thoughts and information about his daily activities."

Eduardo and I sat down on Miguel's bed and opened the journal. It was dated, so we turned to January 10, 1971. That was the date Miguel first met Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange.

January 10, 1971

I met Dr. Schlange in the ER at MGH tonight while working a double shift. I had skipped dinner because a truck that was speeding on Route 128 had collided with a bus causing a collision that resulted in several injuries, many of which were head traumas. I was running on pure adrenalin all night, and around 10:00 p.m., experienced a grand mal (tonic-clonic) epileptic seizure and blacked out. When I regained consciousness, I was lying on one of the beds in the ER behind a closed curtain. I could hear Dr. Schlange giving the nurse instructions to give me juice and a sandwich when I awoke, and after I had rested for thirty minutes to send me home. Dr. Schlange left the telephone number to his office and recommended that I call his secretary for a follow-up appointment.

Although the seizure did not appear to cause any major neurological problems, I made the decision to set-up an appointment later that week with Dr. Schlange as a follow-up. My regular physician was out of town, but when I called him to get permission for the meeting, he encouraged me to meet with Dr. Schlange because he was a rising star in the neurological community and had gained the respect of several neurologists at Harvard Medical School.

I stopped reading for a moment and turned to Eduardo and asked, "Didn't my brother agree to participate in the APX clinical trials during that meeting?"

Eduardo replied, "Yes. When Miguel talked to me about the participation, I cautioned him against it because I had met Dr. Schlange several times when he visited our home and I didn't trust the man. My father kept a file on all of his medical associates that was normally in an accessible filing cabinet in his home office. Dr. Schlange's file was kept in the filing cabinet under lock and key. Let's continue reading Miguel's diary,

it may provide some information on his participation in the APX clinical trial.”

“Okay, Eduardo” I said. Eduardo turned the pages to March 10, 1971, and started reading aloud.

March 10, 1971

*While APX has been successfully minimizing my epileptic seizures for the past two months, I recently began noticing side effects that are beginning to raise red flags about the efficacy of the drug. I was able to glean from the medical information some of the APX ingredients. The antiepileptic drug is comprised of a combination of Primidone (an anticonvulsant of the pyrimidinedione class); extracts from one of the species of the *Cephalanthera Austiniiae* Orchid (Phantom Orchid), found in the Pacific Northwest; organs from the *Tetraodontidae* (Puffer fish), found in Central American waters; and the sperm of a species of the *Dendrobatidae* frog (Dart frog) from Central America.*

Separately, most of these substances could be lethal. But combined, and in measured amounts, they appear to work well together to minimize epileptic seizures.

The side effects I have been experiencing are shortness of breath when I exercise, and a slight lightheadedness if I get up too quickly after being seated for a period of time. I called Dr. Schlange and left a message explaining the side effects and asked if I was the only person experiencing them taking APX.

March 11, 1971

I spoke with Dr. Schlange about the side effects of APX and he explained that my system might need to adjust to the unique combination of plant, fish, and frog chemical compounds. He recommended that I cut the dose from two pills to one pill a day, and to give APX another week. He stated that if I continue to have the side effects after a week, he will provide an alternative drug approved by the Human Subjects Board for use.

Dr. Schlange did admit that one other patient was experiencing similar side effects. She was much older than me and her age might be a contributing factor. He also cut her dose to one pill a day. Dr. Schlange would not reveal her name because of confidentiality.

I agreed to cut my dose to one pill a day and to continue for a week.

March 18, 1971

The side effects I have been experiencing appear to be minimized, and I am going to continue taking APX as recommended.

Eduardo stopped reading, turned to me and said, “Andrés, after Miguel’s first reaction to the drug, I went home to Connecticut and found the key to my father’s locked cabinet and pulled out Dr. Schlange’s file. The file contained information about APX

clinical trials that were done in East Germany with the help of the Stasi prior to getting approval in the United States.”

“Eduardo, what are you saying?”

“The drug had been tested on a variety of orangutans induced with epilepsy. There were questionable results in AB negative blood types. There were also clinical trials done in East Berlin. The participants ethnicities were an odd mix of African American, Iranian, and Mesoamerican races that had been removed from the Caribbean. Finding someone with that odd mix of ancestry might have been an anomaly in the U.S., but Miguel had Mesoamerican heritages, as well as AB negative blood. I was deeply concerned about his health.”

Before I could continue reflecting on the conversation with Eduardo in 1971, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around to find Geoff standing behind me with an angry look on his face.

“Andrés, how could we have missed that fact that Cassandra lived in Boston?”

“I don’t know, Geoff, I just don’t know. I have been pondering that same question.”

“I can see how you might not have been aware of Cassandra’s existence because you live in the North End, but I live on Dartmouth Street. I checked with the DMV, and she lives on Beacon Street, that’s only a block from where I live.”

“Geoff,” but before I could continue to speak, he stormed off, shouting as he left, “I’m going to Starbucks to cool down.”

I walked back into the South Boston Police Station and returned to my office to finish some paperwork on the Compton Case, a double homicide that Geoff and I had just solved. Although our office had finally become automated and notes were entered into a database, Captain Macgregor still made us fill out forms on a typewriter because he wanted a paper trail if the system broke down. I stared at my notes for a while, but then decided to wait until Monday. Although it was mid-afternoon on Friday, I decided not to wait until Saturday to drive to Stowe, Vermont, where I had a cabin on an acre of land surrounded by woods. If it were not winter, I would have gotten up with the sun and gone fly fishing in the clear river located on my land until the sun set. It was the one thing that helped eliminate the stress created by my job as a detective.

Chapter 4
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Love

“ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.”

I walked away from Andrés towards the Starbucks on Boylston Street thinking about how coming into contact with the Delgado and Schlange families had been catastrophic. Knowing that Andrés had spent the last three decades pining for someone who might have contributed to causing the deaths of Smyth family members was hard to accept. For almost two decades, our personal and working relationships had centered around one goal, and that was to bring our common enemy, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, to justice for the part he played in the deaths of both García and Smyth family members.

Andrés and I met at Yale on the squash court at the Payne Whitney Gymnasium in 1990 when the two of us were looking for a way to “work-off” some stress through physical activity. Neither of us was tired after several matches, so I invited Andrés to be my guest at Mory’s. When I issued the invitation, he smiled and said, “Lead the way.” After entering Mory’s, without saying a word, Andrés walked through the foyer and over to a table next to the wall and sat down. I noticed that the initials “AG” in Gothic letters were carved into the wooden table. After staring at the table for a moment, it dawned on me that “AG” might be his initials, and that Andrés had also attended Yale.

With a smirk, Andrés waved to one of the waiters and ordered a pitcher of beer, and a mushroom, sausage, and pepperoni pizza. While waiting for our orders, we began talking about our years as undergrad students at Yale. During the discussion, Andrés and I discovered that we had taken some of the same classes—small world. Andrés is ten years older than me, so his undergrad years were considerably different from mine. Yale had become coed in 1969, two years before he graduated. That resulted in the male undergraduates using membership of Mory’s to protest against co-ed admittance. Female membership in Mory’s wasn’t granted until 1974.

After taking swigs of our beers we talked about why we were at the squash court blowing off steam. I was in my first year of graduate school, and Andrés had returned to Yale to coordinate a week-long seminar focused on sharing information with the New Haven Police Department. The seminar was focused on the Boston Police Department’s successful program of enlisting the aid of social organizations in helping to minimize street gangs’ recruiting disenfranchised youths from public housing projects.

After taking a second gulp of his beer, Andrés told me he had spent five years in the Army, with two tours in Vietnam, and ten years as a beat cop in Boston’s roughest neighborhoods before being promoted to detective. He admitted that it was difficult to work with the unorganized and sloppy work done by some detectives in his department. Andrés’s ability to remove himself emotionally and look at evidence logically and

methodically solved a lot of cases. But his methods often appeared a bit abstruse to some of the other detectives.

After drinking a couple more glasses of beer, Andrés opened up a bit more and talked about having a younger brother, Miguel, who had attended MIT and had died at twenty-one while participating in a clinical trial on epilepsy in 1971. At that moment, I realized that we not only had Yale in common, but also the death of a family member in the 1971 clinical trial of the epilepsy drug, APX, in common.

Finding a common ground, Andrés's asked me to tell my story, so I gave him a bit of family history.

"I am the grandson of Colonel Geoffrey Butler Smyth, a British officer stationed in Iran in 1919 after the disintegration of the Ottoman and Persian Empires. I got my Iranian heritage after my grandfather's first wife died of complications during a pregnancy, when he married my grandmother. The beautiful Fatima Pahlavi, an Oxford-educated daughter of the tribal leader of the Bakhtiari family—a cousin of the Shah of Iran. My grandparents had two children, my father, Edward Daniel Smyth, born in Iran in 1936, and Iliana-Kass Smyth, born a year later in Iran in 1937."

When I paused a moment wondering if I was giving too much historical information, Andrés said, "go on."

"My father was in his third year of Law School at Harvard when he met Iliana's roommate, Amanda Kamar-Ghandi, my mother. She was an undergraduate at Radcliffe focusing on economics. He fell in love at first sight. He spent the next year courting Amanda, and after she graduated, they got married. She had been accepted into Harvard School of Economics, so they remained in Cambridge so that she could get her PhD. My father was able to get a teaching position in Harvard Law School, so everything worked out. Well, not everything. My grandfather was against the marriage because Amanda was African American and Iranian, and also suffered from epilepsy. He worried about their acceptance in American, British, and Iranian societies, and that the epilepsy would prevent my mother from having a son to carry on the Smyth family name."

"After my mother got pregnant and bore a healthy boy, that was me—Geoffrey Butler Smyth,—my grandfather invited us to visit Iran. Over the next nine years, my father, mother, and I visited my grandparents for a month every summer." I paused and took a sip of my beer. Andrés took that moment to ask about my accent.

"When my mother died in the 1971 APX clinical trial, my father was unable to teach at the Harvard Law School and take care of me, so I was sent to live with my grandparents in Iran until the uprising and overthrow of the Shah in 1979. My grandfather and grandmother moved to London, England at that time, and I moved back to Cambridge, Massachusetts to live with my father. I graduated from Cambridge Ridge and Latin School, and then attended Yale."

After I finished telling Andrés about my family, we both sat at the table quietly finishing our beers. When both of our glasses were empty, Andrés reached across the table, put his hand on my right arm and said, “I’m returning to Boston tomorrow, but if you ever visit Boston and need a place to crash, or Police assistance, give me a call.” Then he stood up, turned around and walked out the door of Morays, knowing that the meal would be paid from the account he had set up as a student.

The following morning I Federal Expressed Andrés a copy of a report my father had gotten from a Harvard Law School classmate who was privy to information related to the APX epilepsy clinical trial.

July 1971

Edward,

“Enclosed is a copy of information from a confidential report on the APX 1971 epilepsy clinical trial. Please do not share this with anyone.”

Miles

“The Board of Fellows at Harvard Medical School have completed their investigation of the deaths of the two participants in the APX epilepsy clinical and have found some troubling results. “

“Initially, the data on the APX drug showed that it was extremely successful in minimizing epileptic seizure episodes as an add-on with the other antiepileptic drugs. Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange’s approval for testing APX on human subjects was as an add-on, with two other antiepilepsy drugs. The approval was for 60 participants. Thirty participants would take APX as an add-on with two antiepilepsy drugs, and 30 participants would continue with the medication they had been previously taking. These 30 participants would be Control subjects.”

“Dr. Schlange violated the IRB Human Subjects approval because two subjects, Miguel García and Amanda Kamar-Ghandi Smyth, were high-risks due to their AB negative blood types, and heredity factors that proved problematic in animal testing. When interviewed about Dr Schlange’s inclusion of these two patients, a consultant on the clinical trial—Dr. José Manuel Rodrigo Delgado—stated that he sent both the IRB Board and Dr. Schlange letters a week before the death of Miguel Garcia, after he discovered the heredity problems. The second death, Amanda Kamar-Ghandi Smyth, followed within a week after Mr. Garcia, and it was too late to remove her from participation.”

“Dr. Schlange stated in a declaration of facts that Amanda Kamar-Ghandi Smyth and Miguel Garcia had not reported any negative side effects from using APX. But medical reports that were kept by an independent source reveals that calls from both patients left on Dr. Schlange’s answering machine cited negative side effects from the drug beginning in March of 1971.”

“On June 1, 1971, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange notified Harvard Medical School that in light of the two tragic deaths from the APX epilepsy clinical trial on human subjects, he was cancelling the clinical trial and leaving Harvard to accept a teaching position at the University of California, San Diego.”

I stopped thinking about my encounter with Andrés at Yale when I entered Starbucks. Several of the people waiting in line were my age. They were all wearing dark, pin striped business suits, various colors of shirts and ties, and talking about the stock market. Andrés hated coming to this place because he felt that most of the customers were superficial and lacked integrity.

Chapter 5

They're Gone Before You Know It
(Paula Peche 1968 Tet Offensive)

“Why is it that in war men die
and never live to see the sky,
or even ask the reason why?
Why is it that men work and slave
for that trite ideology called Democracy,
to feed the Free Society, Champagne?”

I had to focus on the drive to Stowe, Vermont because this time of year black ice was a hidden hazard under the snow-covered roads. The chains on my all-wheel tires should ensure that I would have traction as I drove, but I focused on the road because of a possibility of sliding into the ravine located below the narrow road. By the time I arrived at my cabin in Stowe, it was late in the day. I had called my caretaker, Jedidiah Taylor, in advance and told him I would be spending the weekend in the cabin. As I pulled in front of the cabin, I could see a fire blazing in the fireplace through the window. There was wood stacked up next to the front door, so I had plenty of wood for the temperature drop after the sun went down. I was only planning to stay the weekend, but it was nice to know that I could stay longer if the weather turned bad.

Jedidiah was a ‘good ole boy’ from Kentucky who had served in the 101st with me in Vietnam. When I got wounded on my second tour, Jedidiah was the one who carried my body down the hill to a cave where we hid out for several hours when the Viet Cong overran our campsite. After Jedidiah felt it was safe enough to make noise, he called in our location and sent up a flare so the helicopter could track and lift us to safety. Jedidiah contacted me a couple of years after returning to the United States asking me for help in finding a job because his skill as an Airborne Ranger did not provide a skill for civilian life. He had saved my life so I wanted to return the favor. My family owned the cabin in Stowe that was serviced throughout the year by a local company. I called in a few favors and got Jedidiah the caretaker’s job for several cabins in Stowe, Vermont.

When I walked through the door, the smell of chili wafted through the room. Jedidiah’s wife, Melanie, had cooked up a pot of chili, and it was simmering on the cast iron stove. On the table was a bottle of Chianti, some cornbread wrapped in plastic, and a place setting that included my favorite wine glass. It was from a set my parents had given me after my second tour in Vietnam, to celebrate my recovery from my battle injuries.

I walked over to the table, took the cork out of the Chianti and poured myself a glass. Then I went to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and found a fresh salad in a covered container. After putting some chili in a bowl from the pot on the stove and placing the salad and chili on the table, I walked over to my duffle bag and pulled out the item I had placed in it before leaving the North End. It was Miguel’s journal. I put the journal on the table next to my plate, sat down and opened it to the page I had book marked in 1971.

Tonight, was the first time I had opened the journal since the night Miguel died. While I ate my dinner, I read Miguel's personal notes on the last months of his life. The journal not only contained references to the APX clinical trial, but also intimate references to the relationship that Miguel and Eduardo shared during the three years they were together at MIT. I was surprised to discover that their friendship was more intimate than I had realized. After reading a few pages, I decided to skip over sections that mentioned Eduardo out of respect to both of them.

After Eduardo's third tour in Vietnam, he returned with a beautiful Eurasian woman named Chauri, who he had married before leaving Vietnam. She was six months pregnant. Everyone believed the child was his, but one night after a few too many beers in one of the South-End Boston pubs, Eduardo told me that Chauri had gotten pregnant by a buddy, Steven Casen, who died in a firefight before they could marry. Eduardo had promised Steven he would take care of Chauri and her child if something happened to him. Eduardo and Chauri have remained a couple for the past thirty years, and Casen, Steven's son, is in his final year of medical school at Emory University in Georgia. Eduardo had a distinguished career in the Army and is a well-respected Savannah, Georgia Police Detective.

I poured another glass of Chianti and continued reading the journal.

April 25, 1971

I thought the side effects of APX had been minimized by reducing my dosage because I had not experienced the shortness of breath and dizziness for several weeks that I first had while taking two doses a day. But yesterday and today, after a workout, I began experiencing the same side effects I previously had with two doses a day. After the workout, when I was walking back to the dorm, I began having problems breathing and felt as if my head was going to explode. I made it back to my room, went to my mini-fridge and pulled out a bottle of orange juice to help regulate my blood sugar. After drinking the orange juice, I sat down on my bed and within a few seconds, blacked out. The next thing I remember was waking up in the dark. I must have slept for a few hours. My breathing had returned to normal, and my headache had gone away, but concerned about the episode, I called Dr. Schlange and left a voicemail telling him about the incident. I asked to have a follow-up appointment as soon as possible because I had decided to end my participation in the APX clinical trial.

April 30, 1971

I received a message from Dr. Schlange on April 26 suggesting that I stop exercising until he could set up an appointment to give me a physical and determine how to proceed. He told me that I had to continue taking APX until a replacement drug could be determined. On Friday, I met with Dr. Schlange, and he gave me a complete physical. When I told him that I wanted to stop participating in the APX clinical trial, he asked me to continue taking APX for a few more days because the replacement drug he had ordered was not in stock yet. I agreed to take the medicine for a few more days.

That was the last notation in Miguel's journal. From what I gleaned in reading the autopsy report when my parents forwarded it to me in Air Borne Ranger school, Dr.

Schlange never gave Miguel a replacement drug, nor did he inform Mass General Hospital or Harvard that Miguel had made the decision to remove himself from the APX clinical trial. I closed the journal and sat there for a moment, and then poured myself another glass of Chianti.

I decided to clear the table and wash the dishes before sitting down in the easy chair in front of the fireplace and reflect on how Miguel's death had changed my priorities in life. After attending Miguel's funeral Mass and burial, the next day I left Miami for the Engineer Officer Basic Course at Belvar, Virginia. The Course was so intense that I didn't have time to think about anything except my training. I then went to Airborne Ranger School for several months, and next to Ft. Campbell, Kentucky to join the 101 First Airborne Division for my first tour of duty in Vietnam.

The three glasses of wine and warm room from the blazing fire must have caused me to doze off while I was thinking about my first tour of duty in Vietnam as a young and inexperienced 2nd Lieutenant. Within a matter of months in Vietnam, I was transformed into a seasoned soldier by listening to the Senior NCO's in my platoon. The next thing I remember was waking up Saturday morning with a crick in my neck from sitting in the chair all night. I got up, went into the bathroom, took a quick shower and brushed my teeth before getting dressed in my sweats.

After exiting the cabin and locking the door, I jogged along the river that ran through my property. I returned an hour later fully refreshed and ready for coffee and pancakes, that I smothered with good old Vermont maple syrup. After eating and tidying up, I cleaned out the fireplace and put new wood on top of the grate. It wasn't that cold inside so I was going to wait until sundown before lighting the fire. I then sat down in front of the fireplace and pulled out "*The Lions of Lucerne*," a Brad Thor book I had started reading the last time I was in the cabin. After losing myself in reading for several hours, I heated up the left-over chili and ate dinner. This time, I skipped the Chianti and drank water. Then I cleaned up and went to bed.

Sunday morning, I got up at 6:00 a.m. and packed up my stuff. Then I took a shower and shaved, and made some coffee. I wanted to get an early start home so I toasted a bagel and ate it as I loaded up my Land Rover. I put some coffee in a travel mug and then shut everything down in the cabin, and left fifty dollars to pay for clean-up, before exiting and locking the door. I arrived in Boston's North End around noon. When I walked into my apartment, I was surprised to see my answering phone light blinking. After touching the "listen" button, I got the shock of my life when I heard the message.

"Mr. Garcia, this is Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. I have some information about your daughter that you might find intriguing. Meet me in the bar of the Boston Copley Marriot Hotel tonight at 10:00 pm."

"What the hell," I shouted into the silent room. "Daughter?" I had never met Dr. Schlange in person, and I was sure as hell certain that I did not have a daughter. I had been extremely careful with the few liaisons over the years, and none of the women with

whom I had encounters reported getting pregnant. The only person I could imagine a daughter with was Cassandra from our one-night stand. But that would have been impossible. It was only one night. Wouldn't Cassandra have tracked me down in the last thirty-one years and told me I had a daughter?

I sat down in a chair next to the answering phone debating on whether I should blow off the meeting with Dr. Schlange, or make it to find out what game he was playing. The meeting time was 10:00 p.m., so I had plenty of time to decide what course of action to take.

Chapter 6

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Youth and Age

“...a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!”

After ordering a chocolate scone and Venti black coffee, I waited at the end of the counter for my name to be called. When my name was called, I walked over to the counter and then found a table near the window. I sat down and stared out the window onto the snow-covered street and began thinking about how Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange's callous disregard for life affected two of the most important people in my life, my mother, Amanda Kamar-Ghandi Smyth and Mary-Jo Murphy-Smyth, my wife.

When I was accepted into the Physics graduate program at Yale, I made the decision not to get involved with anyone until completing my PhD. I had witnessed close friends drop out of graduate school due to the financial burdens of providing for a family and paying for graduate school. These friends also felt conflicted about family demands on their time and focusing on their graduate studies. I was not concerned about the financial part of marriage because my grandparents had left me a sizeable inheritance after they died. My fear was that I would meet someone who would affect my ability to maintain control over the very systematic and disciplined life I had created for myself. Having completed my academic classes, most of my waking hours were spent in the physics lab and science library doing research and gathering reference material for my dissertation.

Mary-Jo Murphy had made the same decision as I had about not gotten involved, but for different reasons. Her desire was to graduate summa cum laude from Yale and be accepted into graduate school at the University of California, Berkeley to study with a famous scholar of William Shakespeare, Professor Stephen Jay Greenblatt. She had become obsessed with becoming his graduate student after reading *“Renaissance self-fashioning: from More to Shakespeare.”* After completing graduate school, she planned to move back to Boston and teach literature and poetry to students in one of the inner-city schools.

Mary-Jo's father, an Associate Professor of Mechanical Engineering at MIT, and her mother, a Professor of Physics at Boston University, were both disappointed at her choice of school and major. “Why go all the way to New Haven they asked, when Boston and Cambridge both have excellent schools.” They were also concerned about her focus on poetry because it limited career opportunities.

To appease her parents, and to also pursue her passion of becoming a Shakespearean scholar, Mary-Jo produced a solution that would accomplish both goals. She had inherited her mother's love of the natural sciences and her father's disciplined ability to compartmentalize subjects to their rational priorities. Consequently, she chose to major in literature and minor in quantum physics. Mary-Jo figured that if she couldn't become a famous Shakespearean scholar and poet, then she could always get a job in one of the companies started by professors at the plethora of colleges located in Cambridge near Harvard or MIT. The academic demands of a physics minor resulted in Mary-Jo spending several hours on Friday nights reading physics journals in the Science Library.

Fate brought us together in the Kline Library one Friday night when I went there to find an article in the *Journal of Optical and Quantum Electronics*. After entering the physics journal section, I observed a woman with cascading, thick black hair covering her face sitting at a table reading the journal. My main purpose for going to the library that night was to copy the article because I needed it for a research presentation on Monday afternoon for my advisor's weekly Lab meeting.

I strategically sat down at the table in a chair that was across from the woman, opened a book on optics, and waited. Periodically, I glanced across the table to see if the woman had finished reading the journal.

After approximately twenty-five minutes, frustration set in, so I decided to ask the woman if I could borrow the journal and copy the article. Suddenly, the guy sitting next to her made a noise by loudly moving his chair when he got up to leave. The woman stopped reading and looked up with some irritation at the man. When I saw her face, I was completely caught off guard. She had porcelain light brown skin, emerald, green eyes, a thin, but slightly turned up nose, and a jawline that came to a gentle curve with a dimple in the middle. The woman looked like an Egyptian goddess. Her long, thick black hair cascading down her back, added a touch of mystery to her exotic appearance.

When she noticed I was staring at her, the woman got up, leaving the journal open on the table, went over to a rack with Physics journals and picked one up.

Thinking that it was the perfect opportunity for me to retrieve the journal and make a copy, I reached across the table, retrieved the journal, and raced over to the copy machine with my head down. Unfortunately, on the way to the copy machine I collided into the woman who had been reading the journal article. The collision resulted in my dropping the journal and reaching out to catch the woman, and causing both of us to collapse to the floor. The encounter made such a loud noise that the reference librarian ran over to see if the woman had been injured and help.

When the reference librarian arrived, the woman turned to me and said, in a soft southern voice, "A gentleman wouldn't turn to such violence to steal property from a lady!" Caught off-guard, and in a loud, and a bit defensive voice, I mumbled back, "I didn't accost you on purpose."

My response caused several heads to turn in our direction, and also prompted the reference librarian to ask, “Do you need assistance young woman?” The woman just shook her head in silence.

Then the librarian turned to me and said, “Young man, how you dare act in such a manner towards this defenseless young woman. Please leave the library at once before I call security!”

Before I could respond, the woman said to the reference librarian, “Oh thank you ma’am, for coming to my aid. I really don’t think this man meant to accost me. I believe that it was his masculine drive to accomplish the task of copying an article in the journal I was reading that resulted in his uncharacteristically aggressive manor towards me.” Then she turned to me, as her eyes began to well up with tears, and spoke ever so shyly, and sweetly, “Why don’t you pick up the journal, copy the article, then we can discuss your making amends afterwards for your behavior.”

The librarian tilted her head in the direction of the woman, smiled, then glared at me and walked back to her desk.

At that point, I was beginning to feel like a Neanderthal beating up on a poor defenseless woman. Embarrassed at the situation, I reached down, picked up the journal and shoved the journal into her hand and said, “Take it.”

But before I could walk away, she gently put her hand on my right arm and said, “Don’t let your ego control this situation, just copy the article, buy me a drink, and all will be forgiven and forgotten.”

Realizing that I had no alternative but to agree, I nodded and walked to the copy machine and began copying the journal article. As I stood there silently copying the article, the woman stood next to me and quietly said, “My name is Mary-Jo Murphy.” Then she added, “What’s your name?” I was not in a sociable mood and remained silent. Inside, I was seething with anger.

After copying the article and putting it back on the shelf, I walked over to the table and put my stuff in my backpack and waited for Mary-Jo to gather her books and backpack. We walked silently together out of the library and onto the street. The silence continued for a few blocks until I realized that I only had a couple of dollars in my wallet. That is when I turned to Mary-Jo and said, “Can we postpone tonight? I didn’t bring enough cash with me to buy drinks at a pub.”

Mary-Jo looked up at me, smiled and said, “Oh, that’s okay, we can have drinks at my apartment, it’s only a few blocks from here.”

As an aristocrat and gentleman, I was committed to fulfill my obligation towards Mary-Jo, so I grudgingly agreed.

We walked six blocks to a large, four-story brownstone. On the ground floor was a foyer that contained thirteen mailboxes on the left side, and a winding staircase on the right side. Before walking up the stairs, Mary-Jo turned to me and said, "I hope you don't mind getting some exercise, my studio apartment is in the attic."

After walking up the four flights of narrow stairs, we turned left and came to a door that had # 13 printed on it. As Mary-Jo was unlocking the door, I realized, not only did she live in an apartment with an unlucky number, but it was also Friday, April 13, 1990.

After unlocking the door, Mary-Jo stepped inside. Before following her in, I stood in the entrance and looked around. Her studio attic apartment was a large room with a high vaulted ceiling. On three sides, were several large bay windows? Mary-Jo had a panoramic view of surrounding areas. The fourth side of the apartment led into a bathroom, a large walk-in closet and a galley kitchen. There was also a skylight that covered a fourth of the ceiling so one could see the stars on a clear night. The apartment was neat and organized.

As I stood in the doorway observing Mary-Jo's apartment, she looked at me and said, "So stranger, what is your name? I might need to know for a Police report in case I invited a psychopath into my apartment." Then she laughed, walked inside, and pointed to a large, overstuffed couch located between two of the bay windows and said, "Come in and sit it down. I don't bite."

Still angry at being outmaneuvered by a woman, I didn't want to tell Mary-Jo my name, nor did I want to go over and sit down on the couch. But then realizing that if I give Mary-Jo the information she wanted and after having one drink, I could vacate the apartment and go back to the lab, and focus on writing my presentation for Monday's meeting.

So, I walked inside sat down on the edge of the overstuffed couch, and said, "My name is Geoffrey Butler Smyth."

Mary-Jo looked at me, again laughed, and responded, "Oh, a British Blueblood, huh?"

I had lost most of my British accent living in Cambridge, Massachusetts and New Haven, Connecticut for the past several years, but when angered or frustrated, traces reemerged. I just sat on the overstuffed couch and glowered.

"Oh Geoffrey," Mary-Jo said, in that same sweet southern voice, "You can sit on the couch and seethe with anger while I prepare our food and drinks. After you have been properly entertained, southern style, you might actually enjoy my company."

I watched Mary-Jo walk into the galley kitchen and uncork a bottle of Merlot, get cheese and grapes from her fridge, add a box of crackers, and retrieve two wine glasses from a shelf next to the fridge. She placed all of the items on a tray. She carried the tray

over to a large wooden trunk located in front of the couch and put it down. Then Mary-Jo turned around and went into the bathroom and closed the door.

After Mary-Jo vacated the room, I looked down at the wine and food on the tray, and noticed the trunk upon which it was sitting. It had a veneer coating that protected lines from several Shakespearean poems and sonnets written on the top and sides. I knew many of the poems by heart, and looking at them reminded me of the years I had spent in London, England with my English and Iranian grandparents attending many of Shakespeare's plays. Both of my grandparents passed away within a year of each other when I was an undergraduate at Yale. I had inherited their estate in London, and a sizeable income. I had barely touched the interest on the money paying for my academic education at Yale. Even if I chose a career that had limited financial benefits, I would still be financially stable when I made the decision to focus on marriage and family.

Mary-Jo was taking much longer than I anticipated, so I reached over, picked up the bottle of Merlot, poured a proper amount of wine in both glasses, and then set the bottle back down on the tray. I had not eaten or drunk anything since breakfast because I had been focused on my research presentation. Thirsty, I chugged the glass of wine down in two gulps. I was surprised to discover that the wine was exceptionally good. It was not the cheap wine I expected from an undergraduate student. I picked up the bottle and poured myself a second glass and devoured it as quickly as the first. It was at the moment I had finished my second glass that Mary-Jo emerged from the bathroom in a violet, silky and sheer kaftan, that was extremely form fitting.

Mary-Jo walked over to the couch, sat down next to me, and looked at the half empty bottle of Merlot and said, "I guess I have a bit of catching up to do Geoffrey." Then she picked up her glass of wine and slowly sipped it—the entire time staring directly into my eyes.

Maybe it was the effect of alcohol on an empty stomach, or lack of sleep from pulling an all-nighter in the lab, but as she sat close to me staring into my eyes, I forgot the anger and resentment I had felt earlier towards Mary-Jo.

Mary-Jo reached over and picked up the Merlot and poured me a third glass of wine and said, "Geoffrey, I think that you are a bit high-strung and intense, and need someone to help you relax."

I decided to eat some grapes and cheese before drinking a third glass because I didn't want to lose control of my faculties. I had become intrigued by a woman who was not intimidated by me. Many women were because I was at the top of my class, and exhibited a hostile attitude towards anyone who tried to distract me from focusing on my graduate work.

As we sat quietly next to each other sipping wine, and eating grapes and cheese, I noticed the woody scent of Rosa Sericea wafting from Mary-Jo. I was familiar with the scent because it was a flower native to the Far East that my Iranian grandmother had

imported to her London, England garden. The smell of the flower sent a chill through my body.

At that point, I no longer felt the urgent need to get back to the lab and finish my research presentation. Instead, I leaned back, sank into the overstuffed couch and found myself opening up to Mary-Jo about my family; my burning desire to earn a Ph.D. in physics to prove that I was worthy of the Smyth family name; and the burden of being the heir to a British aristocratic bloodline that imposed conditions of restraint and emotional control over emotions at all times.

Mary-Jo listened to me for a while and then reciprocated by talking about her parents. Both of her parents were academics. Her father, Dr. Michael Murphy, was an Irish Catholic, and her mother, Dr. Iphigenia Murphy, was a mixed-raced creole who was born in Tuskegee, Alabama. There were some racial tensions living in Roxbury, Boston being in a mix-raced marriage, but their academic positions in the community limited any potential problems.

It was hard to detect from Mary-Jo's southern accent that she had been born in Boston. That was because she had spent every summer with relatives in Tuskegee, Alabama with relatives since she was five years old. Michael Murphy, a good Catholic, believed in having a large family. Mary-Jo had five siblings: Aiden, Braden, Brigit, Kaitlin, and Patrick.

I wasn't sure when it happened, but sometime during that evening Mary-Jo and I began to do more than talk. That was when I discovered the overstuffed couch was a futon that turned into a bed. The next morning over breakfast, Mary-Jo told me about her plans for the future of attending graduate school at UC Berkeley, marrying a man of science of whom her parents approved, and having two children, a boy and a girl. The boy would be called Hamlet, and the girl Ophelia.

My chances of remaining a bachelor were over when I agreed to attend Mass in Boston the following Sunday with Mary-Jo's family. A month after our first meeting, Mary-Jo graduated from Yale with a B.A. in Literature, and I completed my Defense and earned a PhD in Physics. When we married the following week, we discovered Mary-Jo was pregnant with our first child, a girl.

I declined the associate professor position offered by the Chair of the Physics Department at Yale and instead, applied for a position at the Lawrence Livermore Lab in Berkeley, California. Mary-Jo and I moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts for the summer to live with my father while I waited to hear about the position at Berkeley. We spent a great deal of time with Mary-Jo's family, and even traveled down to Tuskegee, Alabama during the 4th of July holiday for a week.

In September, I found out that the Berkeley position went to a physicist with more experience. While Mary-Jo and I were discussing plans for the future, my physics advisor at Yale, Dr. Peter Solomon, called and said a colleague in Royal Dutch Shell had

contacted him and asked for the name of a physicist who was familiar with the physics of vibrations and waves. Peter recommended me for the job. The position was at General Atomic, in La Jolla, California.

When I hesitated to accept, Mary-Jo placed her hand over the phone and quickly said, “The University of California, San Diego is located in La Jolla, California. I can take classes in the Extension School and transfer them to Berkeley when a position opens up at Lawrence Livermore.”

I took her hand off the phone, and asked Peter for the contact information of his colleague. The next day I called him, and said that I would accept the position but could not move until after the Christmas holidays. By the time we arrived in sunny, La Jolla, California, on January 1, 1991, Mary-Jo was eight months pregnant. It had been a cold winter in Boston, and she was looking forward to the warm weather.

A loud screeching noise from outside interrupted my reflection on Mary-Jo, and resulted in my looking out the window just in time to see a motorist thrusting his fist out of a car window at a pedestrian and yelling obscenities. That was a wake-up call for me to return to the office. I stood up and gathered my cup and dirty napkin, and put them in the trash. Then I zipped up my jacket and braced myself for the walk back to the South Boston Police Station.

Chapter 7

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Kubla Kahn Or, a vision in a dream.

“Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight ‘twould win me...
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!”

I walked out of Starbucks into the frigid wind and felt the brown, dirty snow crunch under my shoes. The temperature had dropped several degrees so I decided to walk over to Park Street and catch the Orange Line to the South Boston Police Station. Once on the train, I grabbed a seat and continued thinking about Mary-Jo and the move to La Jolla, California.

By the time we settled into the two-bedroom condo in La Jolla, California, Mary-Jo was close to her due date. My contract with General Atomic was for two years, so there would be ample time for Mary-Jo to take classes in the University of California, San Diego’s Continuing Education Department (UCSD, CED). Our daughter, Ophelia, Iphigenia Murphy-Smyth was born March 1, 1991. Mary-Jo, Ophelia and I traveled to Boston in June for the christening at Saint Joseph Catholic Church, and afterwards to a second christening at Saint Joseph Catholic Church in Tuskegee, Alabama.

Mary-Jo, Ophelia and I spent the fall enjoying the even temperate weather in La Jolla, California and traveled to Boston for the cold New England weather for the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. Mary-Jo decided to wait until the summer of 1992, to take a class in the UCSD, CED program, when Ophelia was fifteen months old.

Our condo was on Gilman Drive, only a block from UCSD, so in April Mary-Jo walked over to the CED Administrative Office and picked up a brochure listing classes. The school was based on a quarter system, so classes began in June.

Mary-Jo decided to take an *Anthology of Poetry* class. Rather than leave Ophelia in the “Infants Work Program for Parents” at General Atomic, she asked permission from the instructor to bring Ophelia to the class—promising that she would be quiet and not interrupt the lectures.

On Saturdays I took Ophelia to the local sites like Balboa Park, the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, the Wild Animal Park, and the La Jolla Cove to give Mary-Jo a day to herself. Ophelia was much too young to participate in activities, and often slept while I drove on the roads that paralleled the expansive beaches of Southern California.

Although we were both extremely busy during the day, after Ophelia had been put to bed, Mary-Jo and I would sit on a love-set on the patio of our condo and watch the sun

set on the Pacific Ocean. While Mary-Jo sipped a cup of hot tea and snuggled in a warm woolen blanket next to me, we discussed our daily activities. I wore my Yale sweats and drank a pint of beer, and during those times, I thought that life couldn't get any better.

One evening, while the sun was setting and we watched the waves from the Pacific splash against the rocks of the La Jolla Cove, Mary-Jo talked about an embarrassing incident that had occurred that day after her poetry class.

“Geoff, today’s lecture on T. S. Elliot’s *The Wasteland* was so intriguing, that class discussions ran a half hour over. By the time I got up to leave, Ophelia was hungry, tired, and in a mood to cause mischief. I blame you for her latest outbursts in public because you laugh when she acts out to get attention. Ophelia, has you wrapped around her little pinkie!”

“Mary-Jo, that’s not fair,” I argued, “She is only sixteen months old! How can I possibly correct an infant that young?”

“You are incorrigible! Anyway, after the poetry class, when Ophelia and I were walking out the door, she reached up and grabbed a handful of hair of a Hispanic woman in front of us. Then she yanked it, causing the woman to jerk backwards and drop her books and backpack on the floor. Ophelia refused to let the lock of hair go, and only laughed with glee at the trouble she had caused!”

“Wait a minute,” I responded, “I’ve never encouraged Ophelia to pull someone’s hair! What happened next?”

“I reached over and gently disengaged Ophelia’s hand from the woman’s hair, put her in her stroller, and then bent down and helped the woman pick up the items she had dropped. Throughout the whole ordeal, I kept prophetically apologizing for our daughter’s actions.”

“So, what happened next?”

“The woman didn’t appear upset at Ophelia, and only smiled while we picked up the books together. After we finished, she introduced herself as “Cassandra,” and said that her own daughter, Maria, was a real handful at our daughters’ age.

“So, it all turned out, okay?”

“Yes. I was lucky she was so nice. After picking up the books and backpack, Cassandra suggested that we go over to the Student Center so I could change Ophelia’s diaper, which had begun to smell, and feed her, while we ate lunch. She also wanted to share some tips on how to handle a toddler. After I changed Ophelia and we sat down to lunch, Cassandra told me that her daughter is an undergraduate student in a Harvard/MIT, joint Pre-Med program. She hopes to become a trauma Emergency room physician in the future. Small world isn’t it!”

“How did you handle the situation with Ophelia when you got home?”

“What could I do Geoff? The class did run over, and poor Ophelia hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast, so she was hungry, sleepy, and bored by the time class ended. Whatever the reason for her actions, it made me realize that I need to take up Ida’s offer to care for Ophelia when I am on the UCSD campus.”

“Ida? Who’s Ida?”

“Ida moved here from Atlanta, Georgia with her husband, Dr. Henry Wainwright, —a psychiatrist rotating for a year at the Veterans Administration Hospital next to UCSD on Gilman Drive. She has a lot of free time and has offered to take care of Ophelia.”

“That sounds like a clever idea. It would give you time to attend classes and study in the library before I get home at night. You might even find other women with toddlers on the UCSD campus to share play dates and other activities.”

After Ida began taking care of Ophelia, Mary-Jo had the freedom to explore other interests besides poetry. One of those interests was going to UCSD and studying the history of medicine. Specifically, the treatment of black men during the early twentieth century in the South. While not in class, Mary-Jo would often go to the UCSD Library and do research on the influence of Eugenics and Social Darwinism in the twentieth century on medicine. Cassandra often accompanied Mary-Jo to the UCSD Library because she was doing searches on exotic plants, poisonous fish and frogs, for her husband. She rarely talked about him or his research. Although he peaked Mary-Jo’s curiosity, she did not ask his name, nor did she ask her about his research because she could tell it made Cassandra feel uncomfortable talking about him.

The reason that Mary-Jo was fascinated with infectious disease research was because a great uncle, Dock Jefferson, had participated in the Tuskegee Studies before joining the Army. Joining the Army in World War II had saved him from a life of the syphilis disease and an excruciating death, because he was vaccinated when the medics discovered Dock had syphilis. The disease was in its early stage, so he was cured. Dock had not disclosed his participation in the Tuskegee Studies when he joined the Army because a cousin who was a medic told him the military was excluding Tuskegee Study participants from serving in the military because they would receive treatment for their *bad blood* at the university.

After the war, Dock Jefferson returned to Tuskegee, Alabama and bought a small farm with the money he had saved while serving in the military. After discovering that friends participating in the Tuskegee experiment had not gotten penicillin, he was outraged. In 1947, Dock Jefferson mysteriously disappeared from Macon, County Alabama for several years. He returned in 1972, after the treatment of Black men with syphilis during the Tuskegee Studies had been publicized in the newspapers. Mary-Jo’s Aunt, Amanda Murphy, Buck Murphy’s niece, once told her that Doc’s disappearance

was associated with the deaths of two prominent psychiatrists who had consulted on the Tuskegee Study, Siegfried and Frieda Schlangé.

Mary-Jo had studied the twentieth century history of the Eugenics Society and Social Darwinism's political influence on the United States in an American history class she had taken at Yale University. In 1992, the World Wide Web did not have sophisticated search engines like Google, but it did have access to medical information on PubMed.

During one of their lunch meetings after class, Mary-Jo asked Cassandra if she would talk to her husband about the Tuskegee Study to see if he could provide sources for her research. Mary-Jo's continuous friendship with Cassandra was a mistake that led to a chain of tragic events that neither she nor I could have foreseen. The first event was when she came face to face with Cassandra's husband, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlangé. Neither I nor Mary-Jo knew his identity at the time.

One night after we had put Ophelia to bed and we were sitting on the veranda watching the sun go down over the Pacific Ocean, Mary-Jo told me about an encounter she had that day in the UCSD Library.

“Geoff, Cassandra and I were next to each other on terminals doing searches, me on Eugenics, and she on exotic plants and poisonous frogs, when a distinguished looking man dressed in a white coat entered our section of the library. He walked up to Cassandra, and in a thick accent—I believe it was German—asked her questions about the searches she was doing. She responded by giving brief technical answers, and when she was finished turned to me and started to introduce us. Unfortunately, before she could complete the introduction, he stared at me for a moment and then abruptly turned around and left. A bit embarrassed, Cassandra quickly explained that her husband must have had an important meeting and had to leave. She stressed that it had nothing to do with me. Geoff, his attitude towards me was so condescending and arrogant, that it made me want to react with physical violence.”

I could see Mary-Jo was upset and needed calming down, so in a soothing voice I said, “Try not to judge a man's character from just one meeting. After all, he may have had a number of other things on his mind during the encounter.” Then on a much lighter note I said, “Mary-Jo, striking a UCSD faculty member might be considered ‘battery’ and land you in prison. Do you want Ophelia to have a convicted felon for a mother?”

“Oh Geoff, I wouldn't actually have assaulted the man, but he does need to be taught good manners when in the presence of a Southern lady. Where oh where is a Southern gentleman when a lady needs one?”

I laughed and responded in my best Southern accent, “In the South, Mary-Jo, where he belongs! And besides, if you were really in trouble, I would have been there in a moment's notice to defend your honor!”

Joking with my wife calmed her down and relieved her anger against Dr. Schlange that night. And the following week when she and Cassandra met for lunch on the final day of class, Cassandra brought up the meeting in the UCSD library. She explained to Mary-Jo that her husband's abrupt departure related to his discovery of a faculty meeting. She further added that he had asked several questions about Mary-Jo. After which Cassandra had explained that she was the woman seeking information about the Tuskegee Study because an uncle, Dock Jefferson, had briefly participated in the Study before serving in the Army in World War II. Cassandra also told her that Mary-Jo's husband, Geoffrey Butler Smyth, had an internship at General Atomic and that she was from Roxbury, Massachusetts. Giving Dr. Schlange my name and Mary-Jo's association with an uncle who might have participated in the death of his parents was the catalyst that sealed our fates.

Dr. Schlange apparently made the comment to Cassandra that he would rectify the situation with Mary-Jo. Cassandra assumed that meant making amends for being rude.

Unfortunately, I was not there when my wife received the Phantom Orchids and card from Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange asking her forgiveness for his rude behavior. It was in July, and Ophelia and I were spending the day together in one of our Saturday outings.

On that Saturday, I drove to Balboa Park and walked around with Ophelia. I had thought about attending the San Diego Zoo, but it was getting late, and Ophelia was tired and needed a diaper change, so I drove back to La Jolla. After we arrived home, I carried Ophelia into the condo and up the stairs to her room, and before putting my sleepy daughter to bed for the night, cleaned her with wet/dry cloth and changed her diaper.

After turning on the sound system that shut out noises, and turning off the light in Ophelia's room, I walked downstairs to the living room, expecting to see Mary-Jo sitting on veranda in the loveseat sipping her usual hot ginger tea.

When I did not see Mary-Jo, I walked back up the stairs and into our bedroom. The door was closed, so I opened it and saw that she was lying in bed asleep. Figuring that Mary-Jo was exhausted from a strenuous day of activity, I closed the door, walked back downstairs into the kitchen, and got a cold beer out of the fridge and walked outside to the veranda. I stood on the veranda for about fifteen minutes until I had finished my beer and then walked back inside the condo. It was still early, but I too was exhausted from spending the day with Ophelia, so I decided to clean up and join Mary-Jo in our room and get a good night's sleep.

On the way to the stairs, I noticed an orchid sitting on the dining-room table with a card. I also noticed a yellow ribbon and cellophane wrapping on the floor next to the table. It wasn't like Mary-Jo to leave trash on the floor, but it didn't dawn on me at the time that anything was wrong. So, I picked the ribbon and cellophane wrapping up from the floor and threw them into a trash can. Then I picked up the card and read it.

Mary-Jo,

I appreciate your helping my wife with medical research this summer, and most emphatically apologize for my rude behavior a week ago when I encountered you at the UCSD Library.

The Cephalanthera Austiniae (Phantom white Orchid) is not indigenous to San Diego, but is such an exquisite plant, that I had it specially ordered for you to make amends for my actions. Like so many species dependent upon lifecycles, the plant's bloom is brief, and therefore must be enjoyed before the end of the day when it will close up and die.

Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange

After reading the card a feeling of dread shot through me. I quickly turned around and ran up the stairs into the bedroom, sat down beside Mary-Jo and tried to wake her. But she did not respond to my touch and only lay there in a deep sleep. Panicked, I reached for the phone on the side table and dialed 911.

The La Jolla police department and the fire station were located within two miles of our condo. When the Emergency team arrived and knocked on my door, I was so focused on Mary-Jo that I ignored their pounding on the door. I had forgotten to lock it when Ophelia and I arrived home, and would have done so as a nightly routine before going to bed, so they were able to get inside without damaging the door. When the Emergency team entered the room and rushed over to the bed, I did not want to release my wife from my grasp and resisted. Within seconds, I felt a sting in my arm and blacked out.

When I awoke on a gurney in the Emergency room at Scripps Hospital, a nurse walked over to me and said that my wife had been taken upstairs to the maternity ward on the eighth floor, and that I needed to fill out some Hospital Administration insurance forms. She told me that I could join Mary-Jo after the forms were filled out. Before taking the forms, I asked the nurse why my wife was in the maternity ward. She replied, "Your wife is approximately ten weeks pregnant."

Shocked, I grabbed the forms, filled them out and took the elevator to the Scripps Maternity Ward. When I arrived, I walked over to the counter and told them who I was and asked about my wife's condition. The nurse in charge of Mary-Jo's care was paged. All she could tell me was that Mary-Jo was in a coma and that the baby had not survived.

It was at that point that I thought about Ophelia, and took out my cell phone and dialed Ida. I was relieved to discover that she had heard the commotion at the condo and picked up a sleeping Ophelia and brought her home. She offered to take care of Ophelia for as long as I needed.

After talking to Ida, I stood by the counter trying to process what the nurse had told me. How was it possible that neither Mary-Jo nor I knew that she was ten weeks pregnant? Then I remembered that Mary-Jo had not discovered she had gotten pregnant with Ophelia that first April 13 night we slept together for several weeks. It was at that point that I realized that I needed to call her parents and tell them about what had

occurred. Although Michael was calm, mentioning the name Dr. Schlange resulted in Iphigenia becoming quite hysterical. After she calmed down, Michael said they would be on the first available flight from Boston to San Diego.

The Murphy's were able to get an early flight the next morning from Boston to San Diego and arrived at 11:00 am. Before taking a cab from the airport to Scripps Memorial Hospital, Michael phoned to let me know they would be arriving around noon. I met them in the Lobby of Scripps and took them up to the Maternity ICU where Mary-Jo lay, in a comatose state from which she would not recover. She was being kept alive by a respirator. I wanted to give Michael and Iphigenia a chance to say goodbye before allowing the doctor to pull the plug. Mary-Jo had asked to be buried in Macon County, Alabama, so a week later she was flown to Alabama and buried in the Jefferson family plot.

After Mary-Jo died I was in no state to take care of a sixteen-month year old daughter, so Michael talked to me about giving temporary custody of Ophelia to Mary-Jo's younger sister, Brigit Callahan. She and her husband, Davin, a firefighter with Back Bay Boston's Boylston Street Home Engine 33, were unable to have children because Brigit had endometriosis. Angry at not being able to protect my wife, I at first rejected the offer, but Michael convinced me that I needed time to process my wife's death. I had already given notice to General Atomic, and all that was needed was for me to pack up my household items and move back to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A month after arriving home, angry at not having saved my wife from Dr. Schlange, I contacted Andrés García and asked about joining the Boston Police Department. I could not prove that he was duplicitous in Mary-Jo's death, because the coroner's report stated that she had died from allergic reaction to an unknown substance. Andrés told me that I needed to get accepted in, and go through the rigorous training at the Boston Police Academy, before he could recommend me for a job.

After my discussion with Andrés, I applied to the Police Academy and was accepted. I had a suspicion that both Michael Murphy and Andrés pulled some strings to get me into the program. Patrick, Michael's youngest son, had also been accepted into the Police Academy at the same time as me, so the two of us went through the training together.

I am not sure why Michael waited until the night of my celebration from the Police Academy at Clerys Pub, to give me some information on the research Mary-Jo was doing before she died. When he sat down next to me with two pints of beer and asked that we move to a table away from the celebration, I knew that something was up. After we both took large swigs of our pints, Michael sadly looked at me and said, "Geoff my boy, you need to brace yourself for the information I am about to show you. It relates to Doctors Siegfried and Frieda Schlange's death. Then he pulled out a faded piece of paper and handed it to me. It was a copy of an extract of a newspaper article from the Atlanta Journal Constitution dated July 31, 1947. I took the piece of paper and started reading.

Accidental Deaths? Or Murder?

“According to officers with the Alabama highway patrol, the two prominent German psychiatrists, who were killed in a car accident Tuesday night in rural Alabama, were Doctors Siegfried and Frieda Schlange.”

They were rushed to a Macon County, Alabama hospital, and around 9:00 pm were pronounced dead. Their deaths sent shock waves through the medical and scientific communities.”

“The Schlange’s were known for work in German hospitals from 1933 to 1941 doing experimental research. They were attempting to find cures for various diseases, including syphilis. Their human subjects included gypsies, indigents and epileptics who had been admitted in hospitals for psychiatric treatment.

“The couple based their syphilis research on a "study-in-nature" done in Oslo, Norway between 1891 and 1910 that focused on non-treatment of syphilitic conditions to study outcomes.”

“Like the researchers in the Oslo study, the Schlange’s were interested in watching the natural course of syphilis throughout its various stages of life, and how the disease progressed untreated.”

“After the participants died, the Schlange’s dissected their brains to discover the effects of the disease on the brain. “

“According to Captain Joe King, of the state patrol, authorities continue to investigate the deaths but have very little information related to the cause of the accident.”

“King has also stated that a witness, who asked not to be identified, has come forward and verified that the Schlange’s car was run off the road by an old blue, model pickup truck.”

“Ownership of the pick-up truck has been traced to Dock Jefferson, a previous participant in the Tuskegee study. It has been discovered that Doc Jefferson had entered the military in World War II and cured of syphilis without the permission of the Tuskegee research team.”

“Police have identified Dock Jefferson as a person of interest, but so far, no charges have been filed because he has gone missing.”

Herb Steely, Editor.

“Geoff, recently, I went through the boxes you shipped to us from La Jolla, California after Mary-Jo’s death. I wanted to find some pictures of you, Ophelia, and Mary-Jo to frame. In one of the boxes, I found this article tucked in a journal. You are aware that Dock Jefferson was Mary-Jo’s great uncle, right? After reading the article, I believe that Dr. Schlange must have somehow discovered Mary-Jo was related to him and retaliated.”

I looked at Michael and said, “Michael, I thought that Dr. Schlange murdered Mary-Jo because she was married to me. I was sure that he blamed my father and me for the cancellation of the 1971 epilepsy drug clinical trial. Now you are telling me that it was because Dock Jefferson might have contributed to the death of his parents?”

“Geoff, I didn’t realize that you blamed yourself for Mary-Jo’s death. Unfortunately, it could have resulted to a number of things. Iphigenia believes her daughter’s fate was serendipitous. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

“Michael, I am a patient man and although I cannot prove Dr. Schlange’s gift of a Phantom Orchid resulted in Mary-Jo’s death, but in my heart, I know it did. Some-day I will find the means of bringing my wife’s killer to justice, by legal or illegal means.”

After making that statement, I got up and walked back over to the new Academy graduates who would become my colleagues and friends.

Andrés pulled some strings for me to get an interview with Captain MacGregor a few weeks after I graduated. It helped that Captain MacGregor had been a student of my father’s at Harvard Law School, and a close friend of Michael Murphy. I joined the South Boston Police Department as a Detective three weeks after my interview.

Ophelia continued to stay with Brigit and Davin while adjusted to my new life as a Police Detective. On the one hand, I felt a bit guilty about not spending more time with my daughter. On the other hand, I was relieved to have Gavin and Birgit give her the necessary attention needed to adjust to the loss of a parent.

A few months after I started working for “Southie,” Davin called and asked if we could meet in Boston Common. Worried that there was a problem with Ophelia, I agreed to the meeting. It was a beautiful summer day, so when we met, Gavin asked if we could walk through the park and talk.

That was when a second piece of information I received from the Murphy family corroborated my suspicions that Dr. Schlange had contributed to the deaths of both my mother and wife because of hereditary genetic factors.

After walking for a while through the Boston Common, Davin motioned for us to sit down on a bench. I thought that he was going to talk to me about Ophelia, and was surprised when he pulled out some papers from his jacket, and said, “Geoff, after you told the family that you believed Dr. Schlange orchestrated the death of Mary-Jo by using poison from a plant, poisonous frog or another amphibian, it got me thinking about my

uncle, Tommy Callahan. In the 1960's he worked under cover for the FBI for Thomas Killeen, Boston's South End Irish Mob boss."

I looked at Davin a bit perplexed but waited for him to continue.

"He kept private files in his home safe about some intriguing cases related to organized crime that he investigated from 1965-1969. When that information was later declassified through the "Freedom of Information Act," before Tommy died of lung cancer, he showed them to my father, brothers, and me. I brought a copy of one of the files."

"Gavin," I said, "what does your uncle working for a Boston Mob Boss have to do with Dr. Schlange?"

Gavin handed me the file and said, "In the spring of 1969, Killeen asked Uncle Tommy to meet with a Professor, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. At the time, Dr. Schlange was putting together a clinical trial at the Harvard Medical School and needed assistance importing several poisonous plants into Boston. Apparently, the plants would not have cleared customs. He needed the plants for research on an antiepileptic drug and wanted to bypass the Harbor Customs and Border Protection Agencies."

"Davin, are you telling me that Schlange used organized crime in 1969 to help with his research on the antiepilepsy drug, APX?"

"I cannot say for sure, but Whitey Bulger had been a member of Killeen's gang in his younger days. And later, after Bulger created the infamous Winter Gang, he boasted of working with a famous neurologist on an antiepileptic drug from which he would be receiving a great deal of money if the drug went to market. Apparently, he was upset at the cancellation of the 1971 clinical trial on APX."

I waited in silence for Davin to continue.

"After uncle Tommy died, my father put the papers in a safe. He pulled them out this file this morning, and asked me to give it to you."

I opened the file and looked at the first page. It listed some plants and explanations of their effective uses.

- Chelidonium majus: are normally lethal, but therapeutic if given in the right dose because they can be used as an analgesic. The plant acts as a central nervous system sedative.
- Cerbera odollam: disrupts the heartbeat and is difficult to detect in autopsies. Its taste can be masked with strong spices.
- Cassava plants—are lethal if grown during a drought that makes them "bitter." The plants produce 1 g/kg of cyanide per kilogram of fresh roots.
- Abrus precatorius—if given in a lethal amount can produce nausea, vomiting,

convulsions, liver failure and death.

- Aconitum—disables nerves, lowers blood pressure, and can also stop the heart.
- Actaea pachypoda—has a sedative effect on cardiac muscle tissue and can cause cardiac arrest.

After reading the list, I was quiet for a moment, and then without looking up said, “Gavin, this first plant, *Chelidonium majus*, might have caused Mary-Jo’s coma because her central nervous system shut down. Can I keep this information? I want to go to the Boston Public library and do some research.”

“Sure Geoff. The file also list amphibians, so you may want to do some research on them too.”

“Good idea Gavin. Mary-Jo’s autopsy also listed traces of bacterium *Clostridium botulinum*. I did some research on the bacterium and discovered in small doses, it is used in cosmetics—(BTX-A), and also for migraines. But in high doses, it can be deadly. Especially, if the bacterium enters the body through an open wound. The bacterium becomes denatured and causes cell destruction, and eventually death.”

Gavin gave me a surprised look and then said, “Did you ask the doctors about the botulinum in Mary-Jo’s system?”

“Yes, I called them several weeks later after reading the autopsy report and requested her medical records. The doctors speculated that Mary-Jo may have touched something that had traces of the *Clostridium botulinum* bacterium. There was an Orchid plant sitting on the dining room table, but it checked out negative for any type of poisons. I didn’t think about it at the time, but I did find a yellow ribbon and some cellophane on the floor under the table when I entered the room. I thought that Mary-Jo had dropped them on the floor after opening the package. I just picked up the items and threw them in the trash.”

After making that statement, Gavin and I stood up and walked back to his three-bedroom condo in silence. I had planned to spend some time with Ophelia, but she was on a play date with a cousin, so at the door I shook his hand, said goodbye, and left.

Before realizing it, I was walking up the steps to the South Boston Police Station. When I reached for the door knob a thought occurred to me, so instead of going up to my office to do paperwork, I pulled out my cell phone and dialed Iphigenia Murphy’s cell. The phone went to voicemail, so I left a message telling her I would be joining the family in their outing this weekend. She had invited both Ophelia and me to the family’s Killington, Vermont Chalet to go skiing. I had declined citing work, but today after encountering Cassandra and thinking about Mary-Jo, I decided that spending time with my daughter was more important than the paperwork I had waiting for me at the office.

Chapter 8

The Hollow Men

T. S. Eliot

“This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but with a whimper.”

I stood there and watched as the pink fluid trickled from the mouth of the man lying prostrate on the floor. “You deserve to die,” I whispered.

He looked up at me, and with a snarl on his face said, “Do you really believe that sacrificing a few people in clinical trials is more important than creating a viable antiepileptic drug for millions?”

I walked over and stood above him and asked, “Why did you choose those particular people?”

He smiled and responded, “They had the right heredity genetic factors.”

“What do you mean they had the right heredity factors?” I shouted. But he did not hear me because Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange convulsed one last time and died.

When the elevator bell to the floor rang, I remembered Schlange had scheduled a meeting at 1:00 a.m., so I turned around and rushed out the room, without closing the door, into an adjacent stairwell just before the elevator door opened.

I knew the identity of the woman Schlange was meeting and was grateful I could stop the plan he had put together that would save her life.

When the woman reached the open doorway, she hesitated for a second, and then went into the room. After she entered, I heard a muffled scream and then a soft voice talking on a cell phone. I had carried a listening device with me that penetrated walls, but it was limited in its ability to fully glean what was being said so I did not know the content of her call.

After making the call, she exited the room, also leaving the door open, and she ran down the hall towards the elevator just as the elevator bell rang announcing its arrival. Peering through the glass in the stairwell door I had a view of the hallway. When the elevator door opened an older couple, a distinguished man and woman exited. The couple were discussing an event they had attended that evening.

The woman rushed past them into the elevator and slightly bumped against the

older woman exiting the doors as she entered. Surprised, the man shouted, “See here young woman this is no way to treat my wife!”

I heard her quickly apologize, and before the man could respond, she must have pressed the elevator key for down, because the door closed and the elevator descended down to the floors below.

The man turned to his wife and angrily vented, “What a rude young woman, Vera. How dare she act in such a manner; I’m going to call the manager of the Hotel and complain at once!”

The couple walked down the hall in the direction of Schlange’s room and stopped at 3802. Just before placing the key card into the door the man noticed the door to 3801 was open. He withdrew the key card and walked over to Schlange’s open door. His wife followed closely behind. After entering the room I expected to hear a scream from some activity, but instead was surprised to see the couple quickly exit and walk back to 3802, unlock the door and enter, and silently close the door behind them.

I waited for a moment to see if they would exit 3802 and go back into 3801, but nothing happened. Believing that couple were in shock at encountering a dead man lying on the floor and once composed would seek help, I walked down to the 37th floor and took the elevator to Lobby of the hotel.

Chapter 9
Dagger of the Mind
Macbeth
William Shakespeare

“Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
...A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?”

I was sitting at my cluttered desk Monday morning finishing a report on a double homicide when my partner, Geoffrey Butler Smyth, slightly out of breath burst through the door. He stood in the doorway, took one look at my bloodshot eyes and unshaved face, and with an edge in his voice said, “Andrés you look like hell. What gives?”

I was in no mood for a lecture about my appearance this morning from my partner because I had a hell of a night in which couldn't remember how I had gotten home after my 10:00 p.m. meeting with Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. If my landlord hadn't pounded on my door several times to wake me up, I would have been late for work. This morning is one of the few times I did not regret accepting a rent-free apartment from the parents of a kid I saved from bullies several years ago while a beat cop in the North End.

Geoff did not wait for my response but continued speaking, “Andrés, we've got a problem.”

Before he could continue, I cut him off and sarcastically retorted, “Let me guess, it's a homicide! Geoff, this is the homicide unit after all and we are homicide detectives, right?”

To my surprise Geoff walked over and slammed his fist down on the top of my desk causing my cup to tip over and splash coffee all over the report I had been working on for the past hour and a half. The liquid continued to spill down the side of my desk onto the floor.

Anger shot through me and I stood half-way up out of my chair and yelled, “Damn its Geoff, I've been working on that Compton paperwork since I came into the office, now I have to start all over again.”

Geoff stared across at me and said, “Now is not the time to act like an asshole Andrés.” Then he added, “Having to retype the Compton paperwork is the least of your problems.”

Geoff's comment threw me a bit off guard because he knew how much I hated paperwork, so I sat back down in my chair, and in a less angry voice said, “Lighten up Geoff. So, another victim ends up on a slab in the morgue and we start the process of looking for evidence to put the killer away. It's what we get paid for, and besides, it's

not as if we knew the person.”

Geoff stood by my desk watching the coffee drip down the side of my desk onto the floor and didn't say a word. His demeanor and silence made me feel a bit jumpy because he was normally the calm one in our working relationship who rarely expressed emotions, even in the most stressful of situations. At this point, I had a hell of a pounding headache and could barely keep my eyes open, so I decided to wait for Geoff to get out whatever was bothering him. When he did the words cut through my chest like the blade of a samurai sword.

“The victim was Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange.”

Without a word, I swiveled my chair away from him towards the window and looked out at the gray, overcast Boston sky. Then within a whisper said, “Schlange! Did you say Schlange?” While continuing to stare out the window, and without thinking I added a bit louder, “Schlange is dead? How can that be? He was alive last night at ten when we met for drinks.”

When I turned back around Geoff had a surprised look on his face. But before he could speak, I said, “Do we know the time of death?”

I could tell Geoff wanted to ask me about my meeting with Schlange, but instead responded, “The estimated time of death was between 11:00 p.m. last night and 1:00 a.m. this morning. We do not have the medical examiners' full report, but an older couple who encountered a younger woman who rushed into the elevator at 1:15 a.m. appearing upset stated that they noticed the door to 3801 was open when they went to their room, 3802.

It gets worse, the older woman identified the younger woman as Hispanic and described a ring she was wearing. The ring fits the description of one Cassandra who has often been seen wearing it in photographs with Dr. Schlange.

“Geoff, it can't be Cassandra. After our encounter I checked with the airlines and discovered Cassandra had flown to Atlanta, Georgia on Saturday. She hasn't returned to Boston on any of the airlines.”

“She has a daughter.”

“Maria? Why would she kill her own father?”

“I don't know. Maybe it was an accident. It's too early to speculate on cause and effect. Andrés, tell me about your meeting with Dr. Schlange last night.”

Before I could respond, Captain Macgregor walked through the door chewing the nicotine gum the Department physician had recommended after his recent bypass to keep him from smoking. His face was red and puffy.

“Andrés, we’ve got a problem.”

“I know, Captain, Geoff just told me. And your next question is going to be, any idea who might want to see the bastard dead besides Geoff and you?”

My comment caused Macgregor’s face to turn a bit redder. Then with a scowl he said, “Now Andrés, put aside your differences with the man and focus on how to solve his death as quickly as possible.”

I could tell right away this was going to be a hell of a day. My mouth was dry, my head ached and because of Schlange’s homicide there was no way I was going to disappear for a couple of hours and take a nap in the storage room we cops used when pulling all-nighters. Each word Macgregor spoke echoed in my head like a hammer pounding on the Liberty Bell. Still a bit shaky from the night before, I shut my eyes for a moment, opened them again, took a deep breath, and then responded.

“If he was murdered there could be a pretty extensive list of suspects.”

“What causes you to think he was murdered,” Macgregor retorted.

“The guy was an arrogant son of a bitch who had a plethora of enemies in medical and political circles. Is Sargent Murphy at the crime scene dusting for prints?”

“Yes.” Macgregor responded. “Good man Murphy. If there are prints, he’ll find them.”

Geoff interrupted our conversation by holding up a copy of the *Boston Globe*, and pointing to a picture of Mayor Menino, Senators Kennedy and Kerry with Dr. Schlange. He then said, “This is going to be bad for the Democratic Party.”

I had missed reading the *Globe* before coming to work because I hadn’t stopped by Dunkin’ Donuts this morning to buy a copy to read while having my usual coffee and chocolate donut pick-me-up. Surprised by his comment I asked, “Why?”

Geoff answered by reading the caption below the picture: “Pharmaceutical Company backs development of new antiepilepsy drug. Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange pledges five percent of the profits to the Massachusetts Democratic Party.” Then he added, “No Schlange, no money.”

I sat in silence while Geoff and Captain Macgregor discussed the financial and political consequences to a Boston Mayor and two Massachusetts’ Senators, and thought about Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. I had never met the man in person until last night, but his quest for fame and fortune over a thirty-two-year period had resulted in the deaths of people close to both Geoff and me. I was not sorry for his death, but wondered if it had resulted from our encounter last night.

I turned my attention back to Geoff and Macgregor just as they stopped talking about the repercussions to the Democratic Party. Macgregor looked at me and said, “Why don’t you and Geoff go over to the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel and talk to the older couple who identified the woman entering the elevator when they exited, and the maid who discovered the Vic’s body.”

I nodded in Geoff’s direction, stood up and grabbed my coat off the back of my chair, and together we walked past Macgregor out the door towards the elevator. On the way down, I thought about the mess the coffee had made on the floor and my desk. When I walked past the Desk Sargent, I asked him to contact the cleaning staff. I told him there was a box of donuts for each of them if my area was clean when I return.

After driving over to the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel, I suggested that we park the squad car in guest parking and walk across the street to Starbucks before spending the next few hours interrogating the witnesses. I didn’t like Starbucks, but Geoff did, and I wanted to make amends for being an asshole earlier.

Geoff said, “Okay,” and I could tell by the look on his face that he appreciated having the opportunity to get a Venti coffee and scone.

The sidewalks were still covered with a thick layer of dirty-brown snow. It stuck to the bottom of my boots. I hated this time of the year. It had been a long winter with record breaking snow, and this bone chilling weather would probably continue until late April. Much like the rest of the city, I couldn’t wait for the warm, clear days of summer to arrive.

Although it had been a tense morning for both Geoff and me, his mood changed when we passed through the door. He waived to Julie, an attractive mix-raced woman who worked at several of the Starbucks in Back Bay. Julie returned Geoff’s wave and yelled to a co-worker for a Venti black coffee and low-fat blueberry scone. I walked over and ordered a Mocha latte and a chocolate croissant. Then we walked to the end of the counter and waited for our orders.

As we stood there waiting, Geoff turned to me and said, “Andrés,” I can’t figure out how you can eat all that high-calorie food and not gain weight!”

“Geoff,” I responded, I think it’s my Hispanic and Nordic genes. I’ve never had a problem with weight no matter what I eat.”

We got our orders and walked to the back of Starbucks and sat at a table facing the large front glass window and door. I took a large gulp of my coffee and bit into my chocolate croissant. I have to admit that both were good. I definitely needed the caffeine and sugar to “kick start” my morning.

Geoff took a sip of his coffee, turned to me and said, “Tell me about your meeting with Schlange last night.”

I shifted my eyes down to my half-drunk cup of coffee and instead of responding to his question asked one of my own, “When did you discover Schlange was in town?”

“I read it in the *Boston Globe* this morning.” After answering me, Geoff repeated his question, “Tell me about your meeting with Schlange last night.”

“Geoff, the truth is, I don’t remember much about last night. I went to the bar in the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel to meet with Schlange at 10:00 p.m. When I got there, Schlange was sitting at a table by himself. There were two drinks on the table. I Sat down across from him and waited.

Schlange looked me up and down, and then said, “I bought us the first round.”

As you know, I rarely drink whiskey because it is the one liquor that will knock me flat after a couple of glasses. After one sip from the glass, I could tell it was not cheap, so I sipped it and waited for Schlange to speak. He didn’t say a word to me, just sat there and stared. Finally, impatient to get the meeting over I said, “Tell me about my daughter.”

Geoff looked at me and said, “Your daughter?”

“Yes, Geoff. Schlange left a message on my answering phone Sunday morning stating that he wanted to meet me Sunday night at 10:00 p.m. in the bar of the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel to talk to me about my daughter.”

“Andrés, you didn’t tell me you have a daughter.”

“I didn’t know I did until last night. Well, whether I have a daughter or not is still debatable because after making that statement my faculties became a bit clouded. The next thing I knew, I was sitting on the bed in Schlange’s hotel room. Then I blacked out. There is no way that guy could have carried me up to his room, Geoff. Schlange is approximately 5’8” and weighed no more than 150 or 160 pounds. I’m six feet tall, solid muscle and weigh 190 lbs.”

“Andy, are you sure that you only had one glass of whisky?”

“Yes Geoff. But what if I didn’t black out at the bar. What if Dr. Schlange told me something I did not want to hear and I went to Schlange’s hotel room and killed him? The trauma could have caused amnesia.”

“Andy, you’re a vet, been a Police detective for several years, and have seen lots of deaths. Hell, you’ve even caused some of them. Why would you develop amnesia from this particular homicide?”

“I honestly don’t know, but the rest of the night is a total blank.”

“Andrés, we don’t have time to deal with your amnesia of last night at this time.

Let's go across to the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel and talk to the witnesses. Maybe they will be able to shed some light on Schlange' death.

Geoff and I finished our coffees, scone and croissant, discarded our trash, and walked across the street to the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel.

Chapter 10

Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow
Macbeth
by William Shakespeare

“Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

Monday morning I awoke with the warm sun glaring through my bedroom window, and the sound of NPR’s John Feinstein announcing news about Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. I reached across the bed to the radio and turned up the volume so I could hear what he was saying.

“I have breaking news, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange died in his hotel room at the Boston Marriott Copley Hotel this morning. Homicide Police Detectives Andrés Garcia and Geoffrey Butler Smyth are investigating the death to determine cause.”

After Feinstein finished, I lay in bed not believing what I heard. “Was Wilhelm really dead?” While I lay in bed thinking about my newfound freedom from a man who had controlled my life for thirty-one years, I heard a knock on the bedroom door. I got out of bed, walked over to the door and opened it. Standing at the top of the stairs was Carolina with a tray that had a plate containing two large pancakes and three pieces of bacon, a glass of orange juice, a cup of black coffee, a jar of honey, small pitcher of half and half cream, and a bottle of my favorite Maine Maple syrup.

Carolina smiled and said, “Eric and I heard about Wilhelm’s death on the news this morning and I figured you might want some time to yourself before coming downstairs to join us.”

Grateful, I took the tray and said, “Thanks sis.”

After Carolina turned around and walked back down the stairs, I carried the tray over to my bed and put it down. Then walked back to the door, shut it, and back over to my bed and crawled under the nice warm covers. Sitting against the bedpost, I picked up the tray and put it over my lap and began eating breakfast. While eating, I reflected on the events in 2000 that resulted in my discovery of documents related to the clinical trials Wilhelm and my father had negotiated with the East German Stasi. Those documents were the only things keeping Maria and me safe from my estranged husband.

Although Wilhelm had become a famous and successful neurologist who had done groundbreaking research on Alzheimer's disease, dementia and epilepsy, in 1990, he changed. Wilhelm began to exhibit paranoia when I asked questions about the various exotic amphibians and plants, he was asking me to research in the UCSD medical library. It had been almost twenty years since I had listened to the conversation between Wilhelm and my father, and I had forgotten most of the dialog. Especially, their decision to transfer the formulas for the chemical compounds of APX from the East German Stasi medical researchers to Brazil. If I had remembered that meeting, I might have understood the significance of the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989. After 1990, Stazi documents were open for public scrutiny. Included in those documents was information on the 400 illegal clinical trials in East Germany where Stazi and western scientists had collaborated on testing various drugs without IRB approval.

By the spring of 1997, Wilhelm and his Brazilian colleague experienced a breakthrough in their research and a new antiepileptic drug was available for testing in clinical trials with human subjects. After the breakthrough, Wilhelm began spending more time in Brazil and openly courted the Brazilian female research scientist with whom he was working. She was considerably younger than he was and made it known that she wanted to start a family with him. The gossip about their liaisons began to filter up to the La Jolla academic and social community.

A week before my birthday, Eduardo called me because he was worried about, not only my emotional health, but also physical health. Eduardo believed that Wilhelm was capable of harming individuals who stood in his way when it came to achieving success in his endeavors.

Embarrassed, and tired of the La Jolla academic and social community talking behind my back about my husband's liaison, I gave in to Eduardo's requests that I move to Boston. I would be close to Maria, across the country from Wilhelm and on the east coast where Eduardo could quickly come to my aide if needed.

May 16, 1997, on my forty-third birthday, I packed a suitcase, and purchased a one-way ticket from San Diego to Boston. After boarding the plane, I felt as if a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders. After arriving in Boston, I did not want to impose on Maria because of her rigorous schedule with Medical School and working in the emergency room at Mass General Hospital, so I checked into the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel for a few weeks to get my bearings. After spending a couple of days looking at various areas to live in, I decided on Back Bay and contacted a real estate agent and set up a meeting to look at condominiums.

I wasn't sure how long I would be living in Boston, so I bought a small studio located on the first floor of a seven-room house on Beacon Street. It was a block from the Charles River, and centrally located between the Massachusetts Avenue and Longfellow bridges. I also made another life-changing decision. That was to apply for a position as an administrative assistant at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), for a young professor who had just gotten a \$5 million dollar "Young Scientist" grant from the

National Science Foundation. I was surprised to receive a call for an interview a week after my application because I had never held a job while married to Wilhelm. I had a graduate degree in sociology, but my only work experience was in funding raising for the University of California, San Diego and volunteer work at the Veterans Hospital with military personnel diagnosed with AIDs and PTSD.

After our introduction, Professor Hargraves explained that he had advertised for an older woman because he needed someone who could help him deal with several over-achieving graduate students who had previously been in competition with one another before being accepted into his lab.

While I sat there being interviewed by “Nez,” as his graduate students called him, I got a bit dizzy watching him rapidly rock back and forth in his chair while asking me random questions about my life. After a few minutes, I held up my hand and said, “Professor Hargraves, would you please stop rocking your chair, it’s making me dizzy?”

Nez stood up and held out his hand to me and said, “Cassandra, you’ve got the job.”

Surprised, I asked, “Why?”

He smiled and replied, “Not one of the other applicants asked me to stop rocking while I interviewed them because they were too afraid. You’ve got what my mum calls “gumption.” It means that you won’t be afraid to tell me when I am making mistakes. You see, I am what they call MIT born and bred. I was an MIT undergraduate and graduate student, and now a professor with no ‘real world experience.’ I need someone to help me get through my first few years as an associate professor to get tenure. I believe you’re the one who will help me achieve that goal.”

By March of 2000, I had lived in Boston for almost three years and had successfully kept Nez from making any major ‘faux pas’ so he could continue his tenure track.

During the years that we had been apart, Wilhelm had only contacted me once a year, and that was about financial matters in April for tax purposes. He appeared to accept my decision to make Boston my permanent home, so in the spring of 2000, I decided to file for a divorce. The only problem was timing. Maria had almost finished Harvard Medical School and had applied for the open Trauma Care Physician position in the emergency room at Mass General Hospital. A letter of reference from her father, a world-famous neurologist, might give her an advantage over other candidates.

On April 15, 2000, after Wilhelm called and left a message on my answering phone inviting me to spend my birthday in La Jolla to discuss both our daughter’s, and my future, I felt it was a sign to discuss the divorce. He also offered to pay for the trip.

After calling him back and agreeing to the visit, in a panic I called my friend Frankie because I wasn’t sure that I had made the right decision to visit him after leaving

in 1997 so abruptly.

At first when Frankie heard about my travel plans, she advised me to cancel my trip. But she grudgingly agreed, when I explained that a letter of recommendation from Wilhelm might give Maria an advantage over other candidates for the emergency room Trauma Care position at the Mass General Hospital. To alleviate concerns about Wilhelm having an alternative motive for the invitation, Frankie suggested I change my travel plans. The e-ticket I received had a departure date of Sunday, May 14, and a return flight back to Boston on Wednesday, May 17. She suggested I fly in on Friday two days earlier and spend the weekend with her. I had arranged to meet Wilhelm at the airport late Sunday afternoon. Frankie could drop me off before the expected arrival of my plane.

The month passed so quickly that I wasn't even packed the night before my flight, so I got up early on Saturday morning and packed. The first-class seat on my flight from Boston to San Diego was so comfortable that I fell asleep after take-off and didn't wake up until a flight attendant gently tapped my shoulder and said I needed to place my seat upright.

I arrived at the San Diego airport thirty minutes before Frankie would be picking me up from the airport, so I decided to play tourist. First, I went into a Sunglass Hut and bought a pair of Ray-Bands. Then I got a cup of coffee at a Starbucks, wandered around Lindbergh Field for a while, and just before Frankie was due to arrive, I walked out of the sliding glass doors to the front entrance of the airport.

My timing was perfect because she pulled up to the curb just after I exited. The years hadn't changed Frankie a bit. She was still the same blond hair, blue-eyed Californian I had met at the La Jolla Cove while trying to escape another boring meeting at the La Valencia Hotel with Wilhelm's wealthy pharmaceutical investors. That was twenty-three years ago.

Frankie is an adamant women's libber. Before meeting her, I would never have challenged any of Wilhelm's demands. Over the years she pushed me to be more independent and tried to make me a stronger and independent woman. Meeting her that night was another serendipitous event that changed my life.

I opened the car door and threw my bag into the back seat, then climbed into the front seat next to Frankie, and closed the door. Before I could fasten my seat belt, she sped into oncoming traffic and swerved in and out faster than a Boston cabbie. She switched from right to left-hand lanes without signaling, while animatedly waving whichever hand was free from the wheel at the drivers who honked their horns.

Fearing for my life, and through gritted teeth I shouted, "Slow down Frankie, watch the road!"

Ignoring my pleas, she responded, "Are you crazy? Why didn't you arrange to stay in a hotel and meet Dr. Death in a place with people around?"

“Frankie, I had no choice. He demanded that I stay at the condo. Besides, there is a dirt road behind the Tennis Court that I can take if things go south. Wilhelm has never been behind the Tennis Court and doesn’t even know it exists.”

“Cassandra, you are a non-entity in La Jolla. What if he does something diabolical?”

“Relax Frankie, I’m here for a few days to discuss Maria’s future.”

Frankie shrugged her shoulders, went unusually silent, and then focused on the drive to Mission Beach and her four-bedroom home. It sat on a hillside near Sea World and had a beautiful view of the setting sun.

After we arrived, I heard ‘Sunshine’ barking in the house. She had only been a two-month-old Australian Sheppard puppy when I had left in May of 1997. Now, fully grown, she exhibited the characters of her breed. After entering the house, Sunshine circled, trying to herd us towards the fireplace where her leash was hanging.

After Frankie said, “No leash Sunshine,” she walked over and sat next to me, and nudged me with her wet nose. I bent down and petted her a few times, and then walked up the stairs to the guest room and placed my suitcase on a rack next to the wall. I loved this room because it was bright and sunny.

After removing my shoes and putting my stuff away, I walked back downstairs into the kitchen where Frankie had opened a bottle of Merlot and placed it on a tray with two wine glasses and a plate of cheese and grapes. She picked up the tray and walked into the living room and put it on a glass coffee table located between a large bamboo couch and red brick fireplace. Frankie and I had a routine that helped both of us unwind whenever we got together. We would sit in the living room without talking for a few minutes drinking wine and eating grapes and cheese.

Frankie always spoke first. “Okay, so what’s up? Your trip out here is more than just discussing Maria’s future with Wilhelm, right?”

I looked at her and said, “I’ve finally decided to divorce Wilhelm. I didn’t want to tell him through a divorce lawyer, so felt my visit would be a perfect opportunity to tell him in person.”

“You may be willing to terminate the marriage, but is he? Remember, Wilhelm still has access to your inheritance while you’re married. It may be a cliché, but a leopard does not change its spots, and that leopard has his sights on continuing to use those resources to fund research.”

“He may have needed money when we first married, but Wilhelm has plenty now from the sale of property in Brazil and other investments. He no longer needs my money.”

“Doesn’t he? Cassandra, I’ve heard rumors about his exorbitant lifestyle. Spend the next few days with Wilhelm helping Maria get the letter of recommendation, but do not discuss the divorce in person. Promise me you will do it through a lawyer. I also want you to text me daily during your visit so I know you are okay.”

“Frankie, you’re probably right about my not discussing the divorce in person because it might upset him. I don’t want to jeopardize Maria’s getting that letter of recommendation. Although, I am sure everything will be okay, I will text you in the morning when I wake up and at night before going to bed to ease your mind.”

We spent a few more minutes discussing Frankie’s transition from manager of the graphics department at Harcourt, Brace and Jovanovich to freelancing as a consultant graphic designer. After finishing our glass of wine, cheese, and grapes, we decided to take Sunshine for a run at ‘Dog Beach’ in Ocean Beach.

When Frankie mentioned the word, “leash,” Sunshine, who had settled in next to us on the floor, got up and ran over to the fireplace and pulled her leash off the hook with her teeth. She walked back over to Frankie and placed it at her feet. What a smart dog.

We grabbed a couple of towels from the bathroom to wipe the dog poop from our shoes and Sunshine’s feet, and walked outside to the car. Sunshine was excited but calmed down once inside the car. Frankie drove to Interstate 5, and then turned right on route 163 to Ocean Beach. After we arrived, she took off Sunshine’s leash and said “release.” Sunshine raced towards the sandy beach near the water where a group of dogs had gathered. They were chasing Sea Gulls that were keeping just out of reach.

After watching the dogs chase the Sea Gulls, I realized how much I had missed spending time with my friend. She always knew the right ways to help me relax and work through my anxieties. The slight breeze from the ocean felt good on this sizzling summer day. Although crowded, Dog Beach was an awesome place to spend time talking with someone I had known for more than half of my life. I deeply missed Frankie’s honesty, directness, and funny stories. We stayed at the beach for a couple of hours until sunset and then headed back to Mission Beach for some good, spicy chili, sour dough bread, and more Merlot.

On Saturday, Frankie and I went to Balboa Park and walked around for a couple of hours. I loved visiting the Park because it was in Hillcrest and central to San Diego. A visitor could travel south to Tijuana, north to La Jolla and Del Mar, east to the desert, and west to the pristine beaches that were less than a mile away permeating the coast. After visiting Balboa Park, we went to Old Town and had some hot and spicy Mexican food and margaritas. It was a perfect day in San Diego with my best friend.

On Sunday afternoon Frankie dropped me off at the airport. I was glad that she had checked with the airlines before going to the airport because my flight had landed a half an hour earlier than expected. I arrived only minutes before Wilhelm pulled up to the sliding glass doors to the baggage area. When he saw me, Wilhelm parked the car next to

the curb, got out and walked over to me. After taking my bags and putting them in the trunk of his silver Mercedes Benz, Wilhelm said, “You’re here! How was the flight?”

“The flight was fine,” I replied. Then added, “How could it not be flying first class? San Diego is so lovely in May. I think it must be the best time of the year.”

“Well, I certainly hope so. I have a lot planned for us. Tonight, we have reservations for dinner at the French Pastry Shop in La Jolla, and afterwards, I thought we could walk along the La Jolla cove at sunset. How does that sound?”

“It sounds wonderful,” I replied.

As we drove home from the airport along La Jolla Shores Drive, I thought about the years we spent together in the condo. The fifteen-foot-high gate surrounding the community made it feel more like a prison than a home.

After arriving, Wilhelm clicked a remote device that opened the door to the outer gate. Then he drove to our three-bedroom condo and clicked another remote device that opened the garage door. We exited the car in the garage and walked through a door that led to a spacious kitchen overlooking a sunken living room surrounded by large windows. Everything was perfectly clean and orderly. Nothing had ever been out of place while I lived with Wilhelm. The condo was such a sterile environment.

We walked through the living room and down the winding stairs that led to three bedrooms that had their own private bathrooms. Each room had sliding glass doors that opened onto a brick walkway with two paths. If you turned right, the brick path led to stairs that went up into the pool area. If you turned left, the brick path led to the garden that surrounded the condo. At one corner was a door that opened onto another path that led to the Tennis Courts. The door was secured by a combination lock.

I walked into the guest room and placed my suitcase on the luggage rack next to a wall, and turned around towards Wilhelm and said, “I need to clean up before dinner.” He turned around and walked back up the stairs without saying a word.

Before entering the bathroom, I walked over to the sliding glass door, opened it, and walked outside. There was a red brick path that led in two directions. If someone turned left, the path led to a door in the wall that opened to a dirt path that led to the Tennis Courts. Turning right on the brick path led to stairs that climbed to the pool area outside the sunken living room.

I turned left and walked up the path to the door in the wall. I wanted to check if Wilhelm had changed the combination lock. After keying in the code, I was relieved to discover that Wilhelm had not changed the code. I quickly closed the door and walked back to the sliding glass door to my room, closing it behind me. Then I went into the bathroom and took a shower, put on makeup and dressed, just before Wilhelm knocked on the door and said it was time to leave.

We walked up the stairs and through the kitchen door into the garage together and got into the Mercedes in silence. The French Pastry Shop was on La Jolla Boulevard and only a short drive. I loved that restaurant because it was intimate and the food was superb.

Once we had been seated, Wilhelm ordered sourdough bread, the Salmon special, and white wine from the Fombrauge Chateau vineyard, and an espresso. It was a modest priced wine at \$34 a bottle. He normally chooses more expensive wine for dinner, so I was a bit concerned about the choice. I ordered a Salad Nicoise and sourdough bread.

When the wine arrived, Wilhelm tested it, and after the waiter left, poured wine in our glasses at a much higher level than usual.

After taking a bit of the Salmon, he declared it was not fit for human consumption. The only food he ate was the sourdough bread upon which he placed olive oil and masses of salt. He consumed the first glass of wine and poured another while I was only halfway through mine. He drank the espresso after finishing the second glass of wine. After finishing my dinner I was too full for one of the French Pastry Shop's famous puffed pastries filled with fruit. Wilhelm bought two to go, so we could enjoy them later.

We exited the French Pastry Shop and walked to La Jolla Cove. The moon shone brightly that night on the Pacific Ocean and a soft breeze that blew across my face felt as light as a feather. The waves splashing against the La Jolla Cove wall and sounds from the seagulls perched on the rocks were too loud for conversation, so we walked in silence. I was reminded for a second time in as many days of how much the west coast seemed like such a perfect place to live. Unfortunately, appearances could be deceiving.

After walking along La Jolla Cove, we returned to the car. Although the ride home only took a few minutes I found myself dozing in the front seat because I was still on east coast time, and it was well past midnight.

After we entered the condo, Wilhelm told me he had business to take care of in San Diego and needed to go back out. I was happy to have the time alone and bid him goodnight. Before going to bed, I decided to go into the closet in his room where he kept a safe with important documents, and do a bit of snooping. I would need some of those legal documents for the divorce because they were associated with my inheritance.

I was surprised to find that Wilhelm had not changed the combination to the safe. I opened the safe and took out a stack of papers. One set was related to my inheritance, so I placed them on the floor. Another set of documents were in German. While I had learned a bit of German over the years from being married to Wilhelm, Maria was much more fluent than me. I was able to recognize the words Deutsch Stazi. I'm not sure why I felt the need, but I also placed those documents on the floor. Other documents were more personal, i.e., photos of Wilhelm with a young, attractive women, letters they had exchanged, etc. I put them back in the safe, closed the door to the safe, making sure it

was locked, and returned to my room. I heard the garage door open just as I was putting the documents into the backpack that I had brought with me. I got undressed, turned out the light and crawled into bed. Exhausted from travel, the wine and walk along the La Jolla Cove, I immediately fell asleep.

The next morning I was awakened by a knock on the door, and was surprised to discover that it was 9:00 a.m. I was normally up by 6:00 a.m., so I called out to Wilhelm and told him I had just awakened and would be out in a few minutes. I quickly cleaned up, got dressed in my swimsuit and cover, and went upstairs to eat breakfast.

When I entered the kitchen Wilhelm was standing at the sink with a medium sized cup from the 'Smoothie King.' He looked at me and said, "I went out this morning and bought you a chocolate smoothie."

Surprised, I walked over to the sink and said, "Wilhelm that was considerate of you to fetch a smoothie for me."

He responded, "Cassandra, drink it down while I change for the beach." Then he turned around and walked down the stairs to the master bedroom.

I took a small sip of the smoothie, but because it tasted too bitter to consume, I poured the smoothie down the sink. I washed out the cup and threw it in the trash. Then I turned on the water to rinse out the sink. Just as I finished cleaning the sink, Wilhelm walked up the stairs and over to where I was standing and said, "Cassandra, what are you doing?"

Startled, and feeling a little bit guilty about not drinking the smoothie, I at first jumped at his voice, and then responded, "Wilhelm, I washed out the container from the smoothie before recycling it."

"Good, good," he retorted. "We need to leave now. It's close to noon and we are already late for the volleyball game at Black's Beach."

"Black's Beach!" I stuttered, "That's a nude beach." The thought of parading nude at my age was not appealing, so I added, "Is it okay if I wear my bathing suit?" Wilhelm did not respond. We walked silently out of the kitchen door to the car.

The drive to Black's Beach only took thirty minutes, so we arrived at 12:30 p.m. The well-worn narrow path down to the beach was treacherous and filled with loose rocks. Wilhelm was a pro at navigating the path and quickly went ahead of me. Midway down the hill, I began feeling a bit lightheaded and stumbled a couple of times. When I stumbled a third time, I felt a hand reach out and catch my arm. That is when I found myself staring at a tall, incredibly handsome man with an olive complexion, black hair and large brown eyes. Next to him was my friend Frankie. Surprised, I shouted, "Frankie, what are you doing here? Are you following me?"

“Cassandra, do you think I have nothing better to do in my free time than to follow you around to ensure that you are safely out of the clutches of Dr. Death? I’m here with my guy doing a little beach time before we go to the La Jolla Contemporary Art Museum to watch the international show on advertising.”

Frankie turned to her companion and said, “Michael Raphael, meet Cassandra Delgado-Schlange.” Then she added, “Michael’s a Psychiatrist at Scripps Hospital.”

The man, who was holding onto my arm, smiled and said with a foreign accent, “Greetings.”

I stared at him for a moment and then said, “Frankie, you are joking, right? Michael Raphael! That’s the name of two Archangels!”

Michael smiled again and then replied, “Yes, I get that a lot, but Michael Raphael is my name. I am Greek so it’s not that strange a name.”

“Oh, Sorry,” I said, and then the three of us started laughing.

After we stopped Frankie looked at me and said. “Cassandra, are you okay? You look a little peaked.”

“Frankie, I thought it might be the sun that has made me feel a bit light-headed, but I am wondering if it is something else.”

Frankie looked at me a bit concerned and said. “Did Dr. Death give you anything this morning?”

I responded, “Only a smoothie from the “Smoothie King.” I took a sip, and it tasted bitter so I poured the rest down the sink.”

Michael bent down and looked into my eyes, then turned to Frankie and said, “Her pupils are dilated. She is on something but I am not sure what.” He reached into a backpack and pulled out a bottle of water and handed it to me. “Drink this,” Michael said. “If you only had one sip of a drug substance the water should flush it out your system.”

I took the bottle of water and drank it down before the three of us continued down the path down to the beach. Once there I spied Wilhelm with a group of students playing beach volleyball. They were all naked.

I turned to Frankie and asked if she minded walking with me over to Wilhelm so I could introduce them. She responded, “No problem. Let’s see what Dr. Death is plotting!”

Michael looked down at her and said, “Frankie, try to contain your malice towards the guy, I do have to teach with him in the Medical School.”

The three of us walked towards the beach volleyball game, and over to Wilhelm. They had stopped playing to drink beer before resuming the game.

“Wilhelm,” I said, looking at who I met walking down the path towards the beach. Frankie and her friend Michael Raphael.”

“He looked at the three of us, and in a slight condescending tone said, “Hello Michael. I didn’t know you are familiar with Blacks Beach.”

Michael smiled and responded, “Hello Wilhelm. Yes, Frankie and I come here often.

Then Wilhelm turned to me and said, “How are you feeling?”

“I am a bit lightheaded from the sun, but okay,” I responded.

Without a comment, Wilhelm turned around and walked back to the group of students sitting on the beach.

“That went well,” Frankie said. “Let’s go swimming and rid ourselves of the taint of encountering Dr. Death!”

“Michael and I said at the same time, “Frankie!” She just laughed, shed her cloths and ran towards the water. Michael followed suit. I took off my bathing cover and ran after them.

The water was still a bit cold in May but felt good. Frankie brought a beach ball so we passed it back and forth in the shallow water for a few minutes and threw it back on the beach near the blankets. Then we waded further out into the ocean and swam for a while until we were exhausted. Frankie and Michael had brought a box with sandwiches and non-alcoholic beverages so we sat on blankets and talked while eating lunch.

While we were sitting, I told Frankie and Michael about the documents I found in Wilhelm’s safe. Before we could discuss my discovery further, Wilhelm walked over to the three of us and said, “Cassandra, it’s getting late and the tide is rolling in. We should leave before the beach is covered in water.” Then he turned around and walked back to the area where his beach items were lying and started putting them into a carrying case.

I looked at Frankie and Michael and said, “Sorry, but I guess it’s time to go.” Before I walked away Frankie said, “text me.” I nodded, and walked over to Wilhelm.

When we met Wilhelm again asked, “How do you feel?”

I again responded, “A little light-headed, but after drinking some water and eating a sandwich I feel much better.”

“Only light-headed?” He responded, “Your tolerance must be better than I thought.”

“What did you say Wilhelm?” I asked.

“Nothing,” he responded. Wilhelm picked up the carrying case and we walked back up the narrow path to the car. He put the beach items in the trunk and then we rinsed and wiped off our feet, put on sandals, got into the car, and headed home. During the drive, I felt as if Wilhelm’s mood changed towards me. It felt more hostile. After we arrived home, he threw the beach towels in the washer, walked through the kitchen door and over to the sliding glass door that led to the pool, and opened it. He stood in the doorway looking out at the Pacific Ocean for several minutes before walking back inside.

After shutting the sliding glass doors behind him, Wilhelm walked over to the couch where I was sitting, and in an angry voice shouted down at me, “You’ve caused problems for me from the first day of our marriage!”

I was too startled to say anything at first, but then responded, “How can you say that to me? I’ve always done everything you asked of me while we lived together.”

“Have you?” He retorted.

“Yes,” I responded.” Before I could continue, he leaned down, and in a threatening tone said, “Maria is not our daughter.”

“What!” I responded. How can you say that? I’ve always been faithful to you while we have been married.”

“So, this fling of yours happened just before we were married. I knew you weren’t a virgin, but I thought you at least took precautions.”

“Wilhelm, I’ve only been with one other person. It was the night before we married. A soldier I met at Ocean Beach who was returning to Vietnam for a second tour. If you recall, I attended a bachelorette party that night at the Ocean Beach pier. I may have been given a drug that lowered my inhibitions. I am sorry, it was a drastic mistake. Well, it never occurred to me that I would get pregnant because it was the first time, I had sex with anyone. I didn’t even get the man’s last name.”

“Cassandra, I am aware of who you met that night. His name is Andrés Garcia.”

“Wilhelm, are you sure that you are not Maria’s father and that this Andrés Garcia is her father?”

“Yes!” I recently had some tests done that indicated I had become sterile after contracting the mumps in the winter of 1971 when I visited Brazil. I could not have

fathered Maria.

“But you have the same AB negative blood type.”

“So does Andrés Garcia. Although we both share the same AB negative blood type, Maria has some unique hereditary genetic anomalies. Last year when she visited me for the Christmas holidays, I asked Maria to participate in a blood drive at the university. I got a sample of her blood and had it tested. It came back negative as a match for my paternity.”

“Did you tell Maria of the results?”

“No.” he said.

“How can you be certain Maria is Andrés Garcia’s daughter?”

“Because I remembered those heredity genetic anomalies from a participant, Miguel García, in the 1971 clinical trial at Harvard University. Miguel García worked in the emergency room at the Mass General Hospital with me before he died. One night he showed me a picture of his family. Andrés is his older brother.”

After listening to Wilhelm inform me of Maria’s paternity, he paused, and then said, “I’ve arranged for you to be committed to a private asylum in Idyllwild until I decide how to handle this situation. Go downstairs and pack. The men transporting you to Idyllwild will be arriving soon.”

Realizing that I was in a desperate situation, I said, “Wilhelm I won’t tell Maria about her father. I promise. Doesn’t our history together mean anything?”

“It’s too late Cassandra. I’ve already arranged everything, including a medical sheet revealing that my wife has a history of erratic behavior and violence due to drug abuse. As proof, when your blood is tested traces of LSD will be found in your system.”

“LSD!” I said.

“I put a wafer in the smoothie you had this morning.”

Wilhelm pulled out a sheet of paper and showed it to me.

Patient: Cassandra Marie Delgado-Schlange, Hospital No. 4028037

Date: 05/16/2000

Dr. Allen C. Edmonson

CHIEF COMPLAINT: The patient is a 46-year-old female who appears to have a history of drug use, and after a blood workup, small traces of LSD have been found in her system. She was removed from the home of her husband, from whom she had been estranged for three years living in Boston, Massachusetts. Dr. Wilhelm Schlange called an emergency medical team because of his wife’s erratic behavior and threats to do him

bodily harm.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

General Vital Signs: The patient is a well-developed woman who is currently disoriented.

Blood pressure: 112/78. Pulse 87. Respiratory rate 14.

Head: Her head is normocephalic with no evidence of trauma. The eyes are equally reactive to light. The tympanic membranes are clear. The nose and throat are negative.

Neck: The carotid pulses are bilaterally good. The neck is not stiff.

Thorax: Clear to auscultation.

Abdomen: No organomegaly. No tenderness.

Neurological: Her Neurological examination is intact. Cranial nerves II - XII are intact. No sensory or motor deficits are noted.

*Assessment: 1. Probable bipolar mood disorder.
2. Rule out hyperthyroid.*

After reading the paper I handed it back to Wilhelm. He looked at me and repeated the demand, “Cassandra, go down and pack, the doctor and orderlies will be arriving soon.”

I had no choice but to agree, so I said, “Alright Wilhelm.” Then I turned around and walked downstairs to the guest room. Once inside the room, I closed the door and locked it, and went over and picked up my backpack from under the bed where I hid it before leaving for the beach. Next, I walked over to the sliding glass door and gently opened it and turned left towards the gate with the door that exited to the Tennis Courts. I put in the code, unlocked the door, and ran down the dirt path past the Tennis Courts. I did not stop running until well past the gated community to the estates located along La Jolla Drive. Then I stopped, pulled out my cell and called Frankie.

“Frankie, I’m in trouble and need your help, now!”

“Cassandra, what has that bastard done?”

“I’ll tell you after I am safely out of La Jolla Shores Drive. Right now, I am on a dirt road behind the estates along La Jolla Shores Drive. You used to ride these hills on your bike when you worked for UCSD Extension, right? Do you know where I am?”

“I do, and so might Schlange.”

“I don’t think he is aware of this road.”

“It doesn’t matter, he may be driving down La Jolla Shores Road looking for you as we speak. Don’t walk all the way down to La Jolla Shores Drive. Go to the large white house that is about two-thirds down the road. It has a tennis court, pool, and lawn with exotic flowers. Be careful. The house has outside alarms. Michael and I will pick you up in about thirty minutes—stay well hidden, okay!”

“Okay Frankie. Thanks. You are a life saver, literally!”

I waited for Frankie and Michael to pick me up, terrified that Wilhelm would discover where I was hiding. It wasn’t until I saw a familiar black Passant driving up La Jolla Shores Drive that I felt safe. I ran over to the car, and when it stopped, jumped into the back seat and closed the door as we sped away.

“Okay, Frankie, you can say it.”

“Yes, well saying, ‘I told you so,’ doesn’t feel right at this time. Schlange may go to the San Diego Airport, so Michael suggested that we drive to Las Vegas tonight and put you on a plane back to Boston in the morning. Do you have the e-tickets from your flight?”

“Las Vegas! That’s a five-hour drive.”

“No problem. Michael and I loaded up on coffee and he is used to pulling all night shifts at the hospital. I put a pillow and blanket in the corner, so lean back and get some rest.”

I reached into my backpack, handed Frankie my e-ticket and flight information. Exhausted from spending the day at Black’s beach and the confrontation with Wilhelm, it only took a few minutes for me to fall into a deep sleep. I awakened several hours later to the sound of laughter from the front seat and the sight of large neon signs on both sides of the road. I looked at the clock on the dashboard and it was 1:30 a.m.

When Frankie noticed I was awake, she turned to me and said, “It’s too early to drive to the airport to check out flight times, so we are going to get a room in a motel. We need to get some “shut eye” before proceeding with Michael’s plans. I brought you a change of clothes.”

After we drove into the parking lot of a motel on the outskirts of Las Vegas, Michael went inside and registered for a room. Michael got back into the car and drove over to an adjoining building. Our room, 109, was on the ground floor. We got out and walked into the room in silence. There were two queen size beds, a fridge, table and chairs, and a bathroom. I looked at Frankie and said, “This isn’t that bad.”

Michael and Frankie cleaned up first, then I went into the bathroom, closed the door, and took a long hot shower. Then changed into the cloths Frankie had brought. When I exited the bathroom, the lights were out, and Frankie and Michael were asleep in the bed next to the window. I turned off the bathroom light, laid down on the bed, and pulled the cover over me.

I was awakened a few hours later by the smell of coffee wafting through the room. Next to my bed on a side table, was a Venti cup of Starbucks coffee.

Frankie was sitting in a chair looking through the documents I had placed on the table before going to bed. She was fluent in German and able to decipher what they contained.

When Frankie saw me reach for the coffee out of the corner of her eye, she said, “Michael has gone to arrange your flight back to Boston. He will be back in an hour.

I sat up in bed and took a sip of coffee. It was my favorite coffee. A grand, skinny mocha with honey. What a treat. I sat in the bed and watched Frankie read the documents while I sipped my coffee.

After finishing, she turned to me and said, “Cassandra, do you know what these documents say?”

“I didn’t have time to read them before escaping from Wilhelm, but I think they refer to East German Stasi clinical trials.

“These documents state that the Stasi clinical trials targeted individuals with AB negative blood types with specific hereditary genetic markers. The antiepilepsy drugs benefit some groups and negatively affect other groups.”

“Frankie, I was aware that Wilhelm and my father were experimenting on drugs with a dual purpose that both benefitted, and harmed groups with specific hereditary genetic traits, but I did not realize that they had succeeded.”

“It appears so. The horrific part is that no one would have suspected the antiepileptic drug was lethal for particular hereditary genetic groups with AB negative blood types because of the randomness of clinical trials. Once this drug goes to market it will have the power to randomly kill those groups without detection. A perfect lethal weapon.”

After hearing Frankie’s comment, I realized that these papers could destroy Wilhelm’s life if they were revealed to the public. Frankie handed the documents to me and said, “Put them somewhere safe when you return to Boston.”

I took the documents and put them in my backpack just as Michael opened the door and came into the room.

“Cassandra, I have been able to use your first-class e-ticket to get you on a plane to Boston that leaves in two hours. We need to leave for the airport to check in.”

“No problem, Michael. I am ready to go. I just need to quickly brush my teeth.”

While Frankie and Michael loaded their personal items in the car, I went into the bathroom and freshened up.

It only took us fifteen minutes to drive to the Las Vegas Airport, so I got there in plenty of time to check in. I asked Frankie and Michael to drop me off outside of the entrance. Before exiting the car, I thanked them for helping me escape from Wilhelm. As I watched them drive away, I thought about how close I had come to being institutionalized and how lucky I was in having Frankie as a friend.

A week after returning to Boston I wrote Wilhelm a letter, that included the East German Stasi documents, warning him that I would publish the information if he ever tried to retaliate against me. I let Wilhelm know that I was going to tell Maria that he was not her biological father. I would not reveal the name of her father, nor would I impede their father/daughter relationship if Maria wanted to continue having contact.

Wilhelm responded with a cryptic note stating that he would agree to my terms, and ended the note with, ‘It’s only a matter of time.’

As it turned out, Maria got the Trauma Care physician position in the emergency room at Mass General Hospital without Wilhelm’s help. Maria and Wilhelm remained in contact, but with their busy schedules, they only saw each other once or twice a year in the summer.

I stopped thinking about Wilhelm, and was about to put aside the breakfast tray and get out of bed, when the door opened and Carolina came inside and sat down on the bed beside me and asked, “Are you okay?”

I smiled, and said, “Yes.”

“Good,” she responded. “Now get up and get dressed. We need to do our Saturday walk before the sun gets too hot!”

“Oh, god!” I said out loud. I had forgotten about the grueling two-hour walks Carolina and I did on the winding back roads of their gated community when I visited. “Give me a few minutes in the bathroom to get ready,” I responded.

When I walked downstairs, Carolina was doing her pre-walk stretches and Eric was sitting in the living room watching the news. He smiled at me and said, “Good luck!” as we walked out the door.

Chapter 11

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Glycine's Song

“A SUNNY shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted:
And poised therein a bird so
bold—
.... And thus he sang: 'Adieu!
Adieu!
We must away;
Far, far away!
To-day! To-day!’”

Once in the lobby of the hotel, Geoff and I started to take the escalator up to the administrative office where the witnesses were waiting, when my cell phone rang. It was from Sargent Murphy.

“Murphy, what’s up?”

“I hear you are going to interview Thomas and Vera Grandville at the Boston Copley Marriott?”

“Yes, Geoff and I are about to take the escalator to the Third Floor to the Manager’s office where they are waiting.”

“Before going up, I need to give you some information about the Grandville’s that relate to Schlange. Not sure you know, but we Murphy’s and Grandville’s go back generations.”

“What’s that have to do with Schlange’s death?”

“Thomas Grandville called dad at 1:30 a.m. this morning and asked for a favor. After their conversation, dad called and asked me to check out Schlange’s room.”

“Are you telling me that Michael asked you to tamper with evidence relating to Schlange’s death? You know that’s an act of obstruction.”

While Murphy and I talked, Geoff gave me a questioning look. He could hear my questions, but was unable to hear Murphy’s responses.

“I didn’t tamper with evidence,” Murphy said, “I just checked out the room to see if there was any obvious foul play.”

“And if there had been, what would you have done, or specifically, what did you do, Murphy?”

“Andrés! I’ll explain later when you come to 3801 after you interview the Grandville’s. But you need to know about the relationship between Vera Grandville and Schlange because it impacts your investigation. It goes back to the APX clinical trial in 1971, and something that occurred after it was cancelled.”

The last piece of information Murphy gave me about Vera Grandville and Schlange threw me off guard. I needed to process what he said before assessing how this new information affected Geoff’s and my investigation. Especially, the interview with the Grandville’s.

“Murphy, have you spoken to the medical examiner?”

“Yes. The preliminary results indicate a myocardial infarction. Schlange had a triple bypass in 1994, and although the medications he was taking, Digoxin, Lasix, and potassium, would have sustained a normal lifestyle, his continued abuse of smoking and alcohol could have caused the myocardial infarction. His death might have been from natural causes.

A bit relieved to hear that I might not have killed Schlange in a fit of rage, I said, “We’ll talk later about your lapse of judgment.” I hung up without saying goodbye and put my cell back in my pocket. Then I turned to Geoff and said, “This is not good.”

“What’s going on between you and Murphy?” Geoff asked.

“Geoff, we don’t have time to discuss the mess Patrick and Michael may have created because of a more important matter. How to handle the interview with the Grandville’s with this new piece of information.”

I pointed to a corner and gestured for Geoff to follow me away from the crowded lobby. Once we were in an area, I deemed sufficiently isolated, I told Geoff about Vera Grandville’s relationship with Schlange.

“In 1971, after the cancellation of the APX antiepileptic drug clinical trial, Schlange retaliated by going to the hospital one night and raping Vera Eddington (now Grandville). It was an extremely quiet shift the night she was working in the emergency room at Mass General Hospital. Schlange knew of her engagement to Thomas Grandville, who was a military officer in the Army serving in Vietnam in May of 1971. The Eddington’s and Grandville’s were on the Board of Directors who voted to cancel the clinical trial. The outcome of the rape was an unexpected pregnancy.”

Geoff looked a bit pained when I mentioned the APX clinical trial of 1971, but remained silent, so I continued.

“Although the pregnancy might have caused a major scandal, the Eddington’s and Grandville’s called in some high-level political favors. Thomas Grandville arranged a two-week leave from Vietnam so he could fly back to Boston and marry Vera. Thomas returned home from serving in Vietnam just before the birth of his son, Phillip Thomas Grandville. Phillip is currently a Lt. Colonel in the Marines flying helicopter missions in Afghanistan.

“So we’ve established that Schlange got Vera pregnant and their son is currently stationed in Afghanistan, but what’s the connection to Schlange’s death?”

“Last night, a little after 7:30 p.m., Vera Grandville and Schlange were overheard, by a couple sitting next to them, having a heated discussion in the bar of this hotel about Phillip. As she stood up to leave, Mrs. Grandville shouted at Schlange, ‘It will be a cold day in Hell before I acknowledged you as Phillip’s father.’ Then she added, ‘I will make sure of that.’ She walked out of the bar towards the elevators in an apparent rage.”

“This complicates matters a bit,” Geoff said.

“It gets worse. An hour earlier, Phillip Thomas Grandville was overhead threatening Schlange in that same bar.”

Geoff gave me a surprised look, and then sarcastically said, “Great, now we’ve gone from one suspect to three. You, Vera, and Phillip. As well as the possibility of natural causes.”

“Schlange and I had drinks at 10:00 p.m. last night, so he was at alive after encountering Vera and Phillip Grandville.”

“So how do we proceed?”

“Carefully.”

After our conversation, Geoff and I took the escalator to the administrative offices on the Third Floor. After arriving, a man in an expensive, tailored suit, walked up to us and introduced himself as a Mr. Grey, the manager of the Hotel. Then he pointed to a glass window separating the foyer from an enclosed office, and told us that Mr. and Mrs. Grandville were waiting inside.

Walking towards the office, I looked over at Geoff and said, “Interview the maid who found Schlange’s body, afterwards, join me for the interview with the Grandville’s.”

Geoff turned towards Mr. Grey and asked, “What is the name of the maid who found the victim’s body? Is she available? Does she speak English?”

Mr. Grey tersely responded to Geoff’s questions, “Manuela is not a maid, but a member of our housekeeping staff. She is a graduate student at Northeastern working

part-time to pay tuition costs. And yes, she speaks English fluently, as well as several other languages.”

Before Geoff could apologize for calling Manuela a maid, Mr. Grey turned around and walked over to a side table, picked up the telephone and dialed Housekeeping. After someone came on the line, he asked for Manuela to be sent to the third-floor offices. He walked over to Geoff and said that Manuela would be in the foyer in a few minutes. Mr. Grey then gestured for me to follow him into the office. This was going to be a long day!

Geoff went over to a chair in the foyer and sat down and waited for Manuela while I followed Mr. Grey to the office. The Grandville’s, who had been sitting, stood up when Mr. Grey and I walked through the door.

“Detective Andrés García, may I introduce you to Thomas and Vera Grandville.”

I reached out and shook Thomas Grandville’s hand and tipped my head to Vera Grandville in recognition, then said, “Mr. and Mrs. Grandville please be seated. My partner, Detective Geoffrey Butler Smyth, is currently interviewing a member of the Housekeeping staff in the foyer and will be joining us shortly.”

Before the Grandville’s reseated themselves, I handed Mr. Grandville my card and turned to Mr. Grey and said, “Thank you for the introduction. May I have a few moments alone with the Grandville’s? Please leave the door open as you exit.”

“Of course, Detective.” Mr. Grey politely bowed his head in their direction and then exited the office.

It was an awkward few moments for the three of us as I stood there quietly observing the Grandville’s.

Standing a few feet away from the couple gave me the opportunity to scrutinize them. Mr. Grandville was taller than me, about 6’2,” and had thick, wavy gray hair. His face was a bit weathered, as if he had spent a great deal of time outdoors. Thomas Grandville’s large, dark-brown piercing eyes appeared ready to challenge anyone who opposed his authority. He was dressed in a blue pin-striped, blue suite, blue and crimson striped tie, and highly polished black wingtips. His attire probably cost more than I made in a month in salary.

In contrast to her husband, Mrs. Grandville was extremely petite, about 5’4”. Her red hair was streaked with bits of gray and pulled back neatly into a bun. It was apparent from her dark blue eyes and fair complexion that Vera Grandville might have had Celtic or Scottish hereditary roots. She was dressed in a white silk shirt, light green tailored suit and wore heels that were about 2” high. It was obvious that Mrs. Grandville had come from old Boston wealth.

Thomas Grandville, apparently unable to maintain silence said, “Is Detective Smyth related to the Edward Smyth who teaches at Harvard University’s Law School?”

“Yes, Edward Smyth is Detective Smyth’s father.” I responded.

“Oh. I sometimes see him at the Harvard Athletic club playing squash. His wife and Vera were close friends. Her death was a tragic mistake that should never have happened.”

After Thomas Grandville made that statement, I looked out the glass window and noticed that Geoff was standing next to an attractive woman dressed in a black uniform. She was smiling up at him and talking animatedly about a topic. When Geoff saw me nod in his direction, he said something to the woman, then took one of her hands and politely squeezed it. Then he walked over and entered the office, closing the door behind him.

Mr. and Mrs. Grandville stood up again when Geoff entered. After he walked over to where they were seated, I made the introductions. “Mr. and Mrs. Grandville, please let me introduce my partner, Detective Geoffrey Butler Smyth. He will be conducting the interview while I take notes.”

Geoff shook Mr. Grandville’s outstretched hand, and when Mrs. Grandville offered her hand, he gently squeezed it. Then he said, “Mr. and Mrs. Grandville, I hear you had a harrowing experience this morning. Are you up to answering a few questions?” The Grandville’s sat down on the couch and silently waited for the interview.

After they both nodded yes, Geoff continued, “Please do sit down. Would you like something to drink? Water? Coffee? Tea?”

Mrs. Grandville pointed towards the cups on top of coffee table in front of the sofa, and said, “No thank you Detective, Thomas and I ate breakfast before coming to the Administrative Office this morning, and Mr. Grey was kind enough to bring us some tea earlier.”

Geoff walked over to a chair located against a wall and picked it up. He brought the chair over to where the couple sat, and strategically placed it in front of them. I sat down in one of the chairs located against the wall and took out my notepad and waited.

Before Geoff could ask his first question, Mr. Grandville unexpectedly said, “Detective Smyth, I believe your father, Edward, plays squash on Friday afternoons at the Harvard Club of Boston, is that correct?”

Geoff blushed for a moment, laughed, and said, “Yes, father still plays a mean game of squash every week.”

The tension that permeated the air while I was alone in the office with the Grandville's dissipated, and they eased back a little into the couch, appearing a bit more relaxed.

Then Geoff asked his first question. "Mr. Grandville, would you please tell me, in your own words, what led up to the events that occurred this morning at the hotel? Maybe you could begin with last night."

"Certainly, Detective. Vera and I attended a fundraiser at Symphony Hall last night for Senators Kennedy and Kerry that lasted until 11:00 p.m. afterwards, we went to dinner with several of our friends and returned about 1:10 a.m. As we were exiting the elevator, a young woman rushed past Vera, brushing her slightly aside, and pushed the elevator button for the Lobby. Although a hand was held across her face, I could tell from the tears rushing down her cheeks that she was quite upset."

"Mr. Grandville, can you describe the woman?"

"I don't know officer. It all happened so quickly. Her head was down, and she had a hat and scarf that covered a portion of her face. Although, she seemed quite familiar for some reason."

Geoff turned to Vera Grandville and said, "Mrs. Grandville, are you able to give me a description of the young woman? Anything!"

"Yes, Detective, I think so. She was about my height, maybe a little taller, say 5'6". As Thomas stated, while most of her face was covered, I was able to see her eyes because of the angle of her face. They were hazel, with specks of gold, actually, they were almost the exact same color and shape of Detective Garcia's eyes."

Mrs. Grandville's comment resulted in my struggling to keep my composure and continue taking notes.

To keep the conversation flowing, Geoff asked, "Is there anything else you can tell me about her appearance?"

"Yes. I felt as if we had met before, but I couldn't place where. I noticed that she was wearing a wedding ring on her left hand when she used it to push the Lobby button. On her right hand, which she held across her face, was another ring on her middle finger. It was a beautiful ring with a gold antique mounting and a large greenish stone."

Vera Grandville's statement resulted in my flashing on the night I met Cassandra at the OB Pier. The ring she was wearing on her right hand was mounted in gold, and the stone was a green synthetic stone crafted by her grandfather, a geologist, for her grandmother's eighteenth birthday in 1898. That night, Cassandra told me about her grandparents after we had been intimate.

My thoughts were interrupted when Vera Grandville said, “Detective Smyth, does what I told you help? I am sorry that I cannot give you a better description of the young woman. It is just that the ring really got my attention, and the elevator door closed so quickly that I did not have another chance to observe her. “

“Mrs. Grandville, your description has been most helpful.” Geoff paused for a moment, and then continued, “I know this is a delicate matter, but how well did you know Dr. Schlange?”

Thomas Grandville gave Vera a concerned look and started to say something, but she held up her hand to quiet him, and responded.

“Detective Smyth, given your father’s connections with the Harvard community, and the tragic events of the 1971 APX antiepileptic drug clinical trial that resulted in the death of your mother, I believe that it will be prudent for me to be completely honest with you about my relationship with Dr. Schlange.

“Mrs. Grandville, thank you.” Geoff responded. I must add that we are aware of Dr. Schlange’s indefensible conduct towards you in 1971. His conduct and the result, need no further explanation, unless you feel a further explanation is relevant to his death.”

“Please call me Vera, Detective Smyth. I will not go into detail about what occurred in 1971 between Dr. Schlange and myself, but I do need to give some additional information about our relationship, because it is relevant to the meetings my son, Phillip, and I had with Wilhelm last night in the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel bar last night.”

After Vera made that statement, Thomas Grandville gave a startled look, and said, “Vera, both you and Phillip met with Dr. Schlange last night? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Vera turned towards her husband and said, “Thomas, I was going to discuss the meetings with you in private last night, but the opportunity never came up. We were surrounded by people the entire evening, and this morning, I was too upset to reveal what had occurred between Wilhelm and me.” Then she turned back towards Geoff and continued.

“When I arrived in the bar, Wilhelm was sitting at a table in a corner with a drink in his hand. I walked over and sat down across from him. A waitress came up to us and asked for my order. I wanted to maintain a clear head for the meeting, so I ordered a club soda with lime. “Before I could speak, Wilhelm pulled out copies of two emails relating to Phillip. One was from General Quentin, and the other was from Phillip. The first was a recommendation for Phillip to receive a Distinguish Flying Cross for his participation in rescue missions in An Nasiriyah. The second was from Phillip. He was recently promoted from Major to Lt. Colonel, and I believe it was General Quentin who recommended the promotion.”

Vera took the emails from her purse and read one from Phillip.

*From: Grandville, 1st Lt. Colonel Phillip Thomas (GrandvillePT@usmc.mil)
Sent: March 1st, 2003
To: Grandville@fleetbank.com
Subject: Just Saying Hi*

Dad,

I am doing well....I've been taken off the flight schedule for over a week b/c I am processing/writing all of our combat awards and the squadron of the year award....sometimes it sucks being an adjutant, but at least I get to make sure all the awards are well written and the squadron's Marines get the awards they deserve...in fact I'm doing so well as adj that the CO and XO have told me that I get to go to wherever I want when I get back. The CO and OpsO want me to go to Operations b/c and they fangled the guarantee of going to Weapons & Tactics Instructor course in Fall 03/Spring 04 in front of me (that is top gun for helo pilots), but I want to go to maintenance and lead Marines...they'll send me to WTI anyway as long as I stay in the squadron 4 years, and Ops is all pilots/officers, I'll go there after I become WTI.

It appears I have become somewhat of a celebrity. Everyone says that I will be one of the first officers in the Marines since the Vietnam era to get a Distinguished Flying Cross. The Group Commanding Officer, Colonel McCallum, a Huey pilot, told me he was keeping his eye on me, and the 3rd Marine Aircraft Wing historian wants me, and the other 3 pilots on the mission, to give him our flight suits, boots, squadron patches and name patches...whatever, I just did what I thought needed to get done, and we saved the lives of a bunch of Marines. I hope all is well. I've included an attachment, but I don't know if it will get through.

Love Phillip

Then she read the second email.

*From: General James Quentin, Regimental Combat Team 7 Air Officer
To: Commanding Officer, HMM-364*

- 1. On 23 November 2002, I was aboard a Purple Fox routine flight (C/S Dustoff 33) from RCT-7 to 1st Marine Division (FWD) COC. Enroute, I was informed by the crew chief that Blacklist 9DASC) was diverting the flight to fill an immediate CASEV AC request. We were informed that the LZ was reported to be "hot" and were handed M-16s and instructed on how we were to return fire and provide LZ security upon landing. We approached a city (excluded), and the flight crew descended to a remarkably low altitude and flew an overly aggressive ingress precluding enemy forces from engaging with well-aimed shots. As we approached the "reported" LZ, the flight elevated to avoid power lines, buildings and to visually acquire the LZ. The flight was immediately engaged by a barrage of small arms fire, manpads and AAA. The aircrew immediately began edge of the*

envelope defensive maneuvers while circling to acquire the LZ. Unable to find the LZ, Dustoff 33 made the decision to land behind an active nortar position to get accurate location and LZ control frequency. Dustoff 33 then got airborne and conscientiously and very heroically, in my opinion, made the decision to fight their way back through extremely dangerous volumes of enemy fire to save fellow Marines. Upon landing the LZ, Dustoff 33 crew directed myself and the other 2 passengers to provide LZ security while the Injured Marines were very expeditiously loaded aboard the aircraft. Dustoff 33 got airborne, and again flying overly aggressive tactics until clear of the city and the high volume of enemy fire.

- 2. I have flown combat operations in Bosnia, Former Republic of Yugoslavia, and Kosovo. Enemy AAA has engaged me, manpads and SA-3s. I have been awarded Air Medals for my actions and have been around combat flying and the awards process for some time. I have not yet seen the bravery, selflessness, and courage I witnessed on 23 November 2002. The crews of Dustoff33 would stop at nothing short of getting shot down themselves to save seriously wounded Marines.*
- 3. I bring this to your attention, Sir because if, in recent memory, any crew was deserving of a Distinguished Flying Cross, it is the 4 pilots of Dustoff33.*
- 4. I would be happy to assist in any way to ensure that these Marine Officers are awarded accordingly.*

James Quintin

I wanted to comment on the emails, but remained quiet and waited for Vera to continue. I could see why Phillip's mother was so protective of him and wanted to believe that both individuals were innocent of murder. Unfortunately, I had to remain objective and not let emotions cloud my judgement. Phillip was a trained soldier, and if he believed that Schlange's death would eliminate an obstacle, then he might be capable of murder.

Vera continued, "Wilhelm said that he wanted to play a greater role in Phillip's life in the future. That meant recognition as Phillip's biological father. He also wanted to attend the Washington, D.C. accommodation ceremony. That is when he told me about the 6:00 p.m. meeting with Phillip in which he told my son of his paternity."

"Mrs. Grandville, I mean Vera, that information puts a new light on things. Did you know that Dr. Schlange was staying in room 3801?"

"No Detective. Although, I believe his staying in that room was not a coincidence. Wilhelm must have discovered that Thomas and I stay in 3802 when we come into Boston. It is common knowledge to close friends and Thomas' business associates, and it would have been quite easy for Wilhelm to discover were staying here.

I send a list of dates for the room's reservation to the Manager of the Hotel every year by the second week of January. That information is also given to the concierge. The fundraiser was scheduled last fall, and our names were on the list of donors, so it would have been common knowledge that we would be in Boston."

"You have a suite, so was Phillip expected?"

"No, Phillip wasn't expected back in the United States until May. It is at that time that he will receive accommodation in Washington, D.C. I was extremely happy when Phillip called my cell yesterday at 10:00 a.m. and said he had just arrived at Logan and wanted to discuss some unexpected, welcome news. He asked if Thomas and I were free for dinner tonight. We agreed to meet at 8:00 p.m. at the Copley Square Legal Sea Food."

"Had Phillip ever met Dr. Schlange before last night?"

"I don't think so, and yet...Oh, Detective, now I remember where I had previously seen the young woman in the elevator. It was last summer when Phillip was home on leave for two weeks. He spent most of his time in Boston. I suspected it related to his spending time with a female. We managed to come to the city and have dinner with him three or four times during his leave. I wasn't that upset at his socializing because Phillip is an only child and has been focusing on his career since graduating from college in 1992. Thomas and I are not getting any younger, and I was hoping he would produce at least one grandchild before we went to our graves."

"Vera," Thomas interjected, "you need to leave the boy alone! Phillip has been moving up quickly in the ranks. I believed that he would make fine General, like my father."

Vera turned to her husband, and with that disarming smile said, "Thomas, that's a matter will discuss later!" Then she turned back to me and continued. "Two days before Phillip departed on his second tour to Afghanistan, the three of us went to a Pizza place on Hemenway Street called 'Woody's.' Phillip said it had the best 'Greek style' pizza in Boston, and also great beer on tap. It was in Woody's that we encountered Wilhelm and a young woman wearing green hospital scrubs. She had a badge dangling from a chain that listed her name as Dr. Maria Delgado-Schlange. The woman was his daughter. Although, she looked nothing like Wilhelm. She had incredibly exotic features and those hazel eyes, with gold specs, might have come from her mother's family heritage."

Geoff looked over towards me for a moment, then back at Vera and said, "Did you speak to Dr. Schlange at that time?"

"No! The encounter was a total disaster, which is why I recall the event. Wilhelm and his daughter were sitting at a table against the wall near the front and appeared to be in a serious conversation. When we walked by their table, Wilhelm stopped talking to his daughter, looked up and said, 'My, my, it's Thomas and Vera Grandville, and little Phillip.' After Wilhelm made that statement, Thomas reacted by turning to me and

saying, 'Vera, we must leave now!' Thomas rarely shows emotion in public, so I was quite startled. His uncharacteristic actions surprised both Phillip and me. We had no choice but to comply with his request. As we walked away, I noticed the young woman looked up at Phillip, and he down at her, as if they knew one another. After exiting Woody's, we silently walked to Boylston Street and had dinner at Chicago Pizza. The next day Phillip departed for Afghanistan, and the three of us never spoke about the incident again."

"So, it is possible that Phillip is acquainted with Maria Delgado-Schlange?"

"It is quite possible, but that was not the main reason for Wilhelm and Phillip's meeting."

"When Wilhelm called my cell at 3:00 p.m. and asked me to meet him in the Hotel bar at 7:10 p.m., I considered hanging up, but then he said the meeting related to the paternity of our son."

Mrs. Grandville stopped for a moment, and I could see that she was suppressing a sob but was able to compose herself and continue. What she stated was a repetition of earlier information, but Geoff did not stop her from continuing to revisit the meeting with Schlange.

"When Wilhelm told me about the 6:00 p.m. meeting, and that he had informed Phillip of his paternity, I became extremely upset."

"The audacity of that man!" Mr. Grandville interjected.

Vera took Thomas Grandville's left hand and squeezed it, and continued, "He added that Phillip had not taken the news well but would eventually come around."

"Vera, a couple sitting next to you at the bar stated that you shouted something at Dr. Schlange before leaving."

"Yes, I believe that I told him, 'It would be a cold day in Hell before I would acknowledge him as Phillip's father.' Then I stormed out of the bar. I came up to the room and called Phillip, but the call went to voicemail, so I left a message telling him it was urgent that he return my call. Then I got dressed and took a cab over to Symphony Hall to meet Thomas."

"Were you able to speak to Phillip at any time last night about his meeting with Dr. Schlange?"

"No. When I checked my cell at Intermission, Phillip had texted a message stating that he was staying with a friend, planned to take a shower, and go to bed. And, that he would call me in the morning. I have yet to receive that call."

Geoff reached out and took Vera's left hand and squeezed it. Then he turned to Mr. Grandville and said, "Mr. Grandville, I have information that after you and Vera exited the elevator that you did not immediately enter 3802, but walked over to the open door of 3801, and discovered the body of Dr. Schlange lying on the floor. Is that correct information?"

Mr. Grandville's face went white, and I could see anger surfacing, but then he quickly cooled down and said. "You've spoken to Michael?"

"No, Patrick told me. As a police officer, I am sure that you are aware of his obligation to reveal information pertinent to an investigation." Geoff waited a moment and then continued.

"Mr. Grandville, what did you do when you saw Dr. Schlange lying on the floor?"

"When I saw Dr. Schlange prostrate on the floor, it was obvious that he was dead and there was nothing I could do to revive him. There were two uncapped bottles next to his body. I could read the labels while standing. One was sulfamethoxazole, and the other, Lasix. I am familiar with that medication because my father had heart problems, so I assumed he had suffered a heart attack and died of natural causes. I took out my cell and started to dial 911, but then thought about how it would look if Vera and I discovered the body. It is well known throughout our social circles that I did not like the man. That was when I decided to call Michael and ask for help. He advised Vera and me to return to our room and said he would take care of things."

Geoff paused, cleared his throat, and then said, "Mr. and Mrs. Grandville, thank you for sharing this very personal information. I realize that it was not easy, but we needed to rule you out as suspects before proceeding with our investigation. Unfortunately, we cannot rule Phillip out as a suspect.

Mrs. Grandville gasped, and said, "But Detective Smyth, when would Phillip have found the time to plan Wilhelm's murder. He only arrived in Boston yesterday?"

"Mrs. Grandville, the crime might have been a decision made in haste and not planned. Although the preliminary autopsy results indicate that Dr. Schlange suffered a heart attack, we do not know if it occurred naturally, or was induced by some type of drug. Phillip may not have the medical knowledge or resources to obtain a drug that caused Dr. Schlange's heart attack, but Dr. Maria Delgado-Schlange does. If they are acquaintances, then she could have supplied Phillip with the means of eliminating an obstacle that threatened to expose information that threatened his family."

Before continuing Geoff paused, and then added, "I am not saying that Phillip and Maria Delgado-Schlange are primary suspects in Dr. Schlange's death because he had lot of enemies. But, at this time, I cannot as rule them out, so if Phillip calls, please have him contact Detective Andrés García or me."

Geoff pulled his card out and handed it to Mr. Grandville. After accepting the card, Mr. Grandville turned to his wife and said, “Vera, we need to talk to Phillip as soon as possible to hear his side of the story, and give him our full support.” She silently nodded in agreement.

The four of us stood up, shook hands, and without saying another word, the Grandville’s walked towards the office door, opened it and left. After they exited, I turned to Geoff and said, “I need time alone to reflect on, and access, the information revealed in this interview, but first let’s go up to 3801 and talk to Murphy.” I stood up and walked over to the door and exited the Administrative office. Geoff followed suite. Together we walked to the elevators, and I pushed the “Up button.” When the elevator arrived, we went inside and rode up to the 38th floor in silence.

Chapter 12
Sir Walter Scott

Marmion. "Oh! What A Tangled Web We Weave
When First We Practice To Deceive"

“Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun,
Must separate Constance from the nun
Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!”

After the elevator arrived on the 38th Floor, we exited and walked to 3801. It was at the end of the corridor near an Exit sign that led to a stairwell. I looked at the door and thought about how easy it would be for someone to slip out and walk to another floor before taking an elevator down to the Lobby, or Parking deck, without being seen by anyone.

The door was open when we arrived to 3801. I noticed Sargent Patrick Murphy dusting for prints. His back was to us, but apparently Patrick heard us enter, because he turned around. I could tell from the look on Patrick's face that he wanted to come clean, so I waited for him to speak.

“Hi guys. Guess I have some explaining to do.”

“Murphy, what the hell were you thinking!” I said, “Withholding information from Geoff and me about Schlange's death could get you reprimanded, and even removed from the Police force!”

Murphy sighed, and then surprised me by saying, “Andrés, are you sure you can handle the truth about Schlange?”

“What do you mean, ‘Can I handle the truth about Schlange?’ The guy was a bastard and deserved to die, but I still need to find his killer. It's my job.”

“I don't believe that Maria Delgado-Schlange, or Phillip or Vera Grandville are capable of murder,” he said.

“Murphy, I know that you have close family ties with the Grandville's, but how do you know that Maria and Phillip didn't plan his murder?”

“Look, Andrés, I've known about Schlange's paternity as Phillip Thomas Grandville's father for years. I've also known about Maria's discovery in 2000 that Schlange is not her father. In fact, Phillip and Maria told me about their recent wedding in Turkey over the Christmas holidays last year.”

I angrily shouted, “Murphy, I have surmised that Schlange is not Maria Delgado-Schlange’s father! And that Phillip Thomas Grandville is Schlange’s son, but I didn’t know the two of them are married. That really complicates matters, and it gives them a motive for planning and carrying out his murder.”

“Calm down, Andrés.”

Murphy saw the look on my face and quickly added, “Explaining a bit about their relationship might help. It’s kind of a funny story.”

I gave Murphy a look that should have resulted in his focusing on answering my question, but he ignored me, and continued. “On January 2, 2002, while Phillip was here visiting his parents for the holidays, he met some of his former ROTC buddies from MIT at the Muddy for some beers. After a few pitchers, they decided to play a game of ice hockey on the Charles River. It was an unusually warm 34 degrees, and they did not realize the ice had melted a bit and was too thin to walk on because of the weather. While they were playing ice hockey, Phillip and his buddies were oblivious to the cracking ice around them until Phillip fell through. By the time Phillip was pulled out, he had become hypothermic, so they rushed him to the emergency room at Mass General Hospital. Maria was the doctor on call, and her medical expertise in trauma care literally saved his life. When the Grandville’s were notified of the accident, they immediately went to the hospital and called in Phillip’s personal physician, who took over his care. After recovering at home for a week, he went back to Ft. Benning, Georgia.”

“Murphy, that doesn’t explain how they got together.”

“Hold your horses, I’m getting to that. So, a few months later, one of Phillip’s MIT buddies visited him at Ft. Benning, and recounted the story of how this gorgeous female doctor saved his life, and Phillip had not even been awake to appreciate her gesture.”

“And? Is there more?”

“In April 2002, before he was deployed to Afghanistan, Phillip made a surprise visit to his parent’s home in Wellesley. He asked if their suite at the Boston Copley Marriot Hotel was available because he wanted to spend a few days with his MIT friends before leaving. Then Phillip went to the emergency room at Mass General Hospital and asked if Dr. Delgado-Schlange was on duty. When she walked to the counter to answer the page, I guess it was love at first sight on both sides. They spent all of their free time together before Phillip deployed to Afghanistan. Maria and he, whenever possible, have been in contact since that first meeting.”

The look on Geoff’s face was lethal, but before he could say anything, I continued, “Murphy, How could you keep this information from Geoff and me?”

He looked at the two of us and replied, “I told you, the Murphy’s have a long history of protecting the Grandville’s.”

“How do you know Maria Delgado-Schlange?”

“If you recall, I told you that a Trauma care doctor at Mass General Hospital has been helping me study for the EMT boards? That doctor is Maria. I didn’t put two and two together until she and Phillip had been going out for a while. Maria has known since 2000 that Schlange is not her biological father. Last summer, when Schlange was in town attending a Symposium, Maria arranged for them to have dinner at Woody’s because she planned to introduce him to Phillip. Unfortunately, the meeting did not go well, so they decided to keep their relationship a secret.”

“If their relationship has been kept secret, and they are married, why reveal it now?”

“In December of 2002, during the Christmas holidays, Maria and Phillip met in Turkey for a week. Even though she took precautions, in February, Maria discovered she was pregnant. She sent Phillip an urgent email asking if he could get leave so they could get married, and tell the Grandville’s about their relationship, and the impending birth of a grandchild. Cassandra has been aware of the pregnancy since Maria found out.”

“Murphy, do you know the name of Maria’s father?”

“Andrés that is not something I can discuss. If you want to confirm Maria’s paternity, ask Cassandra.”

Without saying a word, I walked over to a chair by the window and sat down. All of this was overloading my senses, and I needed time to think about how to continue. Recognizing that we needed to focus on the murder investigation, Geoff said, “Murphy, explain to Andrés and me how you ended up getting involved in this mess.”

“I was on the night shift patrolling Longwood near the Countway Medical Library when my father called and told me about Thomas Grandville’s call. He asked me to drive to the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel and check out Room 3801 to see if there had been any foul play related to Schlange’s death, and to report back to him. I drove over to the hotel and parked my police vehicle in an alley, and just as I was about to enter the Lobby, Maria called me. She was extremely upset and explained why. Schlange had texted her and demanded that she meet him at 1:00 a.m. in his room. After Schlange’s text, Maria called Phillip, but her call went to voicemail.”

Before Murphy could continue, I interjected, “I’m confused. How did Schlange know that Phillip would be in Boston when his own parents didn’t know until 10:00 a.m. yesterday?”

“Andrés, that’s the million-dollar question that only Schlange could have answered. Yesterday, after Phillip arrived at the condo near Charles Street, Schlange called his cell and asked for the 6:00 p.m. meeting in the bar at the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel. Schlange said that he wanted to share some personal information with Phillip about Maria. After Schlange hung up, Phillip texted Maria about the call.”

“Let me get this clear, the only contact Maria and Phillip had after he arrived in Boston, was by text?”

“That’s correct. Maria told me that after fleeing Schlange’s room, she went back to the Charles Street condo and found Phillip asleep in their bed.”

Geoff gave Murphy a challenging look and said, “Phillip may have been asleep when Maria entered the condo, but do we know for how long?”

“I still believe they are both innocent, but will not press the matter because I need to explain what I found after entering 3801.”

“What did you find, Murphy?” I asked.

“Schlange was lying on the floor. His bladder and bowels had emptied, and his skin was purple and waxy. His lips, fingers and toenails were a pale color of blue, and his eyes had started to sink. Rigor Mortis had not begun to set in, so he probably died within the past couple of hours. I didn’t touch the body. He did not appear to have died from blunt force trauma or defensive wounds, so I figured his death was related to natural causes. There were open bottles of medicine next to him on the floor—of course, I am not a coroner.”

“What else did you find in the room?” I asked.

“The usual stuff. Cloths, documents related to meetings Schlange had in Boston, etc. I left within a matter of minutes after my arrival. I left the door open when I exited.”

I looked at Geoff and Murphy, and said, “It’s around noon Murphy, have you finished dusting for prints?”

“Yes,” he responded.

“Okay,” I said. “Why don’t you and Geoff grab lunch and we’ll meet at the department around 2:00 p.m. to discuss how to proceed. I need time alone to think.”

Murphy said, “Okay Andrés,” and then walked around the room gathering up his tools. Murphy and Geoff walked out the door together, closing it behind them. I heard the elevator bell ring a short time after they exited.

After they left, I continued to sit in the chair in front of the window staring down at the busy street below. It was filled with people racing around Bean town in cars, for the most part, unaware of the events that had occurred in 3801.

Suddenly, the vision of an eighteen-year-old Cassandra standing on the OB pier flashed into my mind. “Why didn’t I return to San Diego and try to contact her after recovering from the injuries of my second tour in Vietnam?” I asked myself. Then retorted, “What a stupid question. How could I? I did not even know her last name.”

Chapter 13

William Wordsworth
Splendor in the Grass,

“What though the radiance
which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass”

In June of 1972 I was a guy with two weeks leave before heading back to Vietnam for a second tour from which I might not return. I spent the first week with former ROTC classmates from Yale who had graduated from the grueling Navy Seal Team program in Coronado, California. During the day we surfed, and afterwards visited various bars while drinking the night away. After a week of trading war stories, my buddies left for another tour of duty.

I spent my second week visiting the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, and Old Town during the day, and at night, returned Ocean Beach (OB), where I had rented a hotel room. Walking along the beach and watching the dogs run back and forth chasing seagulls that flew just out of their reach, provided a normalcy that had eluded me for over a year. Close to sunset, I would walk to the OB Pier and watch the red glow of the sun sink into the deep blue Pacific Ocean. Then I would visit various bars, drink beer and listen to the Beach Boys singing about ‘California dreaming.’

On my last night before taking a commercial flight to San Francisco, then a cargo plane to Hawaii, and then Vietnam, I repeated my routine of walking along the beach, and then to the OB Pier to watch the sunset. I was standing on the bottom step to the Pier, ready to climb up, when I noticed a strikingly beautiful Hispanic girl on the Pier pointing towards the sun setting on the Pacific Ocean. She was talking animatedly to a blond, deeply tanned surfer. I looked in the direction in which she was pointing, and noticed the sun had cast a red and yellow glow over a group of sea lions doing flips in the air in unison. It was an ethereal sight that captivated my attention so much that I was not aware of the girl descending the steps towards me. Just before she reached the bottom step, the girl lost her balance and cascaded down on top of me. I was knocked backward into the dank and dirty sand and shallow water below the Pier.

I was cold, wet, and smelled of the foul debris from the ocean, and before I could stop myself, starting yelling profanities.

That is when I heard the melodic voice of the girl, who was face-down on top of me asked, “Are you okay?”

A bit embarrassed, I mumbled, “Yes.” Then I lifted her off me, rolled to one side and stood up. I was ready to bolt out of embarrassment, and from the stench of my clothing, when she also stood up and blocked my path.

I was a good six inches taller and in military shape, and could have easily removed her from my path. But instead, I took a couple of minutes to assess the girl blocking my exit. She had long, curly brown hair, tied away from her face by a thick yellow ribbon that revealed large, light brown eyes with long eyelashes, and full lips. Her skin tone was similar to my mother’s, but her features were not as exotic. She was also taller and more curvaceous than my mother. Although she wore a covering, it was sheer enough to reveal a bikini that covered very little of her body.

When she spoke again, I was thrown off by her comment. “You’ve got the most beautiful eyes. I’ve never seen hazel eyes with specks of gold.” Then she added, “My name is Cassandra. I came to OB to celebrate my last night of freedom before making a lifelong commitment of marriage to someone I hardly know.” She stopped for a moment, flashed a smile and continued, “So, would you like to help me celebrate my last night of freedom? We will probably never meet again, so let’s remain on a first name basis. Besides, tomorrow, my name will change.”

I again started to walk away, but then reasoned, “Why not enjoy my last night in “The World,” with a beautiful girl. I may never have another opportunity to be with someone after I return to Vietnam. Rather stiffly, I said, “My name is Andrés, and I am a Captain in the United States Army.”

After the introduction, Cassandra flashed another smile and said, “I’m freezing in these wet clothes. Do you have a place nearby where I can dry out a little before heading home?”

Again I reasoned, I was a soldier who might never have another opportunity to spend time with such a beautiful and sexy girl again so I considered my options. Before offering my place for Cassandra to dry out her cloths, I asked, “How old are you?”

“I am legal,” she replied. Then added, “I turned eighteen today, May 16, 1972.”

Figuring that I had nothing to lose, I offered my room for Cassandra to clean up. It was only three blocks from the OB Pier, so we walked along the sandy beach until reaching the sidewalk that led up to the Ocean Beach Inn. I am not sure if it was because I had been without female companionship for over a year that caused me to talk about Miguel’s death and first tour of duty during the walk. Or if I subconsciously hoped that I would meet Cassandra at a future date, but she was the only person with whom I ever shared such intimate information.

The hotel had been a Spanish hacienda, and the elevator did not always work, so I suggested that we walk up the three flights of stairs to my room. Cassandra ascended the stairs at a surprisingly fast pace, and after reaching the top of the stairs, turned around and

said, "Come on old man, we've got, 'miles to go before we sleep.'"

Her comment threw me a bit off guard, but after reaching the top of the steps, I guided Cassandra towards my room, drew out the key and unlocked the door. I stepped aside and let Cassandra walk ahead of me into the room. I thought that she would want to clean up and be on her way, but instead she said, "Why don't you take a shower first, and then I will follow. I promise to be sitting here when you return." Then she walked over and sat down in a chair next to the window and looked out towards the Pacific Ocean.

I walked over to the open suitcase and riffled through it to find some clean civilian clothes. I hadn't brought much, but managed to find a T-shirt, underwear, and pants, so I grabbed them and headed toward the bathroom. Before closing the door, I said, "Look through my duffle bag and see if there is something that will fit you." I took a long hot shower, changed into my cloths, and then shaved and brushed my teeth. The entire process probably took about thirty-five minutes, and I truly expected the room to be empty when I emerged.

Instead, I found Cassandra sitting in the same chair looking through a stack of photographs that I had brought with me of my ROTC buddies from Yale. When I entered, she looked up and said, "How many of these guys are still alive?"

It was a strange question to ask, but I responded, "Of the twelve guys, only four are left. I just spent the week with them in Coronado. Next year all five of us plan to 'hook-up,' that is, if any of us are still alive."

We both went silent for a moment, and then Cassandra said, "I guess it's my turn." Then she stood up and headed towards the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

I decided to go over to the mini-bar and fix myself a drink to calm my nerves. I pulled out a small bottle of Johnny Walker Black, opened it, and finished the bottle in one gulp. The whisky felt smooth going down my throat, but I still felt a bit jittery about having invited Cassandra to my room, so I decided that a second bottle of Johnny Walker Black would help. After I finished drinking the whisky, I went over to the side table, picked up the photos Cassandra had been viewing, took them back over to my duffle bag and put them away. Then I sat down in the chair next to the window and stared out at the Pacific Ocean. The sun had set, and the ocean was a deep, dark blue. I sat there quietly for several minutes before the bathroom door opened. When it did, I was astonished at what was revealed.

Cassandra exited the bathroom with nothing on but a white towel. She looked at me, smiled and said, "I washed out my cloths and put them in the shower to dry, so I have nothing to wear because your cloths are much too large for me. Are you going to join me in nakedness, or should I put on my wet cloths and leave?"

I just sat there staring for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I mean, No. What I mean is yes, I will join you. Please don't get dressed and leave."

I stood up and pulled off my T-shirt, and when I started removing my shorts, Cassandra dropped the towel.

The next few hours were filled with the kind of passion I had never shared with anyone before that night. Afterwards, we both slipped into a deep sleep entwined in each other's arms. During our love making I discovered that I was the first man with whom she had ever experienced a physical relationship. Cassandra had been a virgin.

When I awoke the next morning, Cassandra was fully dressed and standing next to the bed. She bent down and gave me a light peck on the cheek, then stood back up, walked over to the door, and opened it. Before exiting, Cassandra turned around and said, "I will never forget 'Our Splendor in the Grass.'" And left.

Realizing at that moment that I did not want to let Cassandra go without getting a telephone number, address, and last name, I jumped out of bed and sprinted over to the door and opened it. That is when I realized that I was naked. I ran back to where I had left my cloths the night before, quickly dressed, ran out the door, and down the stairs onto the street. But Cassandra was nowhere in sight.

After going back to the Hotel and cleaning up, I visited all the local shops, bars and the OB Pier, and described Cassandra to everyone I met, but her identity was a mystery to everyone. My flight to San Francisco left at mid-day, and by the time I finished asking around, I had just enough time to take a taxi to the airport and check into my flight.

When we arrived in Vietnam, my unit was based at Camp Holloway. It was located in the Central Highlands near Pleiku. I at first flew Huey's that transported patients from the battlefield to the field hospitals, but then shifted to Advanced Attack Helicopters. On Christmas day, while flying patrol over the Mekong Delta, my helicopter was shot down. I was saved from discovery by the Viet Cong by a Sargent in my unit, who carried me into a cave. We stayed there until the Viet Cong left the area and then called in a rescue helicopter. By the time I reached the field hospital at Pleiku, I had lost a lot of blood from my multiple injuries and was fading fast. Under heavy meds, when the nurse in charge of my care bent down and said, "Hang in there soldier, and let me do my job. You're not going to die on my watch!"

The voice sounded familiar. I looked up and into a face that closely mirrored Cassandra's. In a semiconscious state I said, "Cassandra, is that you?"

The nurse laughed and said, "No, my name is Mariana. When did you meet my hair brained, younger sister?" Then she plunged a needle into my arm, and I faded into nothingness.

I don't know how long the surgery lasted, nor do I remember my recovery at the Pleiku field hospital. After I had recovered enough to be transported to the Army Hospital at Sukran, Okinawa, I was airlifted out. On the flight during transport, I asked one of the nurses if she knew Mariana. The flight nurse told me that she had participated in my surgery and would not leave my side for several hours until I was stable. I had

experienced two ‘code blues,’ and had to be resuscitated. I did not know at the time, but that was the second time, in as many years, that a member of the Delgado family had come to my rescue.

I finally discovered the identity and location of the woman I had spent the night with at Ocean Beach, California when Geoff contacted me after Mary-Jo’s death. In that meeting, he showed me a picture of Mary-Jo and Cassandra together, at the La Jolla Cove. Although it had been twenty-two years, Cassandra still had the face of the girl I had met at the OB Pier. When I found out that she had married the man who had contributed to the deaths of Geoff’s mother and wife, and unborn son, as well as my brother, it was difficult for me to acknowledge that she had married such a monstrous individual.

I stopped reflecting on the past and looked at my watch. It was 1:45 p.m. and I was supposed to meet Murphy and Geoff in our office at 2:00 p.m. I picked up my cell and started to dial Geoff to let him know I would be a few minutes late when I noticed that he had sent a text.

“We need to meet at the ME’s office and view Schlange’s body, ASAP. Schmaltzy say’s there some anomalies related to his death. Meet you on Albany Street at 2:15 p.m. Geoff.”

I put my phone in my pocket, and walked out the door towards the elevator. Murphy had placed yellow crime scene tape across the door, so I had to maneuver around it when I left.

Chapter 14

The Destruction of Sennacherib

“The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
and the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves rolls nightly on deep Galilee...
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast”

The traffic was congested on Huntington Avenue, so it took twenty minutes to drive to the Medical Examiner’s office. I arrived and parked my car in the lot just before Geoff and Murphy came walking towards the building. They were laughing about some unknown joke. Murphy and Geoff were an odd pair. One was an upper-crust Blue-Blooded Brit who rarely showed emotions or smiled, while the other was an Irishman from ‘Southie’ who never stopped smiling and showing his emotions. I waved and walked over to them.

Murphy looked at me and said, “So, Andrés, are you ready to view the body of your arch nemesis?”

I didn’t say anything, but just walked in front of them to the Medical Examiner’s office. Once inside, we grabbed white smocks and shoe coverings, before entering the autopsy room. Schumacher was a stickler for trace evidence and demanded that everyone ‘suite-up’ before entering his domain.

When we walked into the autopsy room, Schumacher looked up from Schlange’s body and nodded. Then stopped what he was doing and said, “I’ll keep it simple, okay. The vic’s personal items include a medical bag containing the normal items of a physician, i.e., otoscope, stethoscope, tuning fork, reflex hammer, safety pins, blood pressure cup, etc. It also had some a couple of small vials and a syringe that contained an unknown substance. I sent the vial and syringe to be tested. There was allergy medicine containing sulfamethoxazole, a bottle of digitalis, a vial of Lasix, and other medications associated with heart disease.”

I looked at Murphy and said, “I’ve heard the name Lasix before but not sure where.”

Murphy responded, “It’s the brand name for furosemide, a strong diuretic. We came across it in the Mitchell case last year. Remember! Mrs. Mitchell died unexpectedly while on a cruise with her husband. At first, we thought it was a homicide because she was supposed to be in perfect health. Mr. Mitchell was the primary suspect because he was twenty-two years younger and had a lot to gain from the death of his very wealthy wife. After further investigation into her medical records, we discovered that Mrs. Mitchell was a closet pill popper who relied on medication to drop excess pounds. It was Mrs. Mitchell’s vanity that killed her, not the husband!”

I nodded and then turned to Schumacher and asked, “Will you text me with the results from the autopsy as soon as possible? I am questioning a couple of witnesses after our meeting, and one is the vic’s daughter, who is also a doctor.”

“No problem.” Then Schumacher continued. “The vic is approximately five feet eight inches in height and weighed 155 pounds.”

“He was kind of thin.”

“Yes, but externally not in bad shape. His arms and legs were muscular and tanned. The deep lines crisscrossing his face are not just from the sun. The Vic was a heavy smoker. Surgical scar on his chest shows that he had a triple by-pass within the last ten years.”

While Schumacher continued his report, my phone rang, so I walked over to a corner and pulled out my cell. After pressing ‘accept,’ an unfamiliar number appeared, and a strong-male voice came on the line.

“Is this Andrés García?”

“Yes,” I responded. “Who’s asking?”

“Lt. Colonel Phillip Grandville.” The man responded. “My mother, Vera Grandville, asked me to call you.”

I was surprised to hear Phillip Grandville’s voice because I thought that Mr. Granville would give his son Geoffrey’s cell, but quickly responded. “My partner, Geoffrey Butler Smyth and I need to interview you and Dr. Delgado-Schlange today about the death of Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange. Are the two of you available this afternoon?”

“I will have to check with Maria. She is asleep, but should be awake within an hour. I will text you as soon as we have talked.” Without saying another word, he ended the conversation.

I held the cell in my hand when I walked back over to Schumacher. He continued revealing the preliminary findings with Geoff. An hour later, just as Schumacher was completing his report, I got a text from Phillip, with his address on Charles Street, stating that we could come by his home at 5:00 p.m.

After we discarded our coverings in the trash bin outside the autopsy room, I told Geoff and Murphy about the meeting with Phillip and Maria. Murphy suggested that he go back to the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel and do another sweep of 3801 to ensure that nothing was overlooked. He suggested that we meet at 7:00 p.m. in my office.

After our conversation with Murphy, Geoff and I walked over to the squad car, opened the doors, and got inside. As we were strapping on the seat belts, I said, “Geoff, do you think Maria knows I’m her father?”

Geoff responded. “Andrés, so you are finally willing to admit that your one-night stand with Cassandra resulted in a pregnancy. If Cassandra had told Maria the name of her biological father, wouldn’t she have researched whether or not you were alive and tried to find you?”

“What if Cassandra told her I had died in Vietnam? She might have said it was a ‘one-off,’ and when she married Schlange the next day, the paternity of the father might have been questionable.”

“Andrés, let Maria’s paternity question go for now until this Schlange mess is sorted out, then you can decide on your relationship with your daughter.”

I did not respond after Geoff’s statement because it felt strange to admit at my age that I had a daughter. In silence, I eased the squad car out of the parking lot into the busy traffic and headed towards Beacon Hill. Once there, I felt the need to stretch my legs before talking to Maria and Phillip, so I parked the car near DeLuca’s Market on Charles Street. Their home was a few blocks away on a narrow side street that ended in a cul-de-sac. There were six homes on the street, and Maria and Phillip’s three-story condominium was at the end of the cul-de-sac. It was a stone’s throw from the Charles River and must have been worth millions.

Geoff and I walked up to the door and I pressed the buzzer.

Chapter 15

William Shakespeare

What Light Through Yonder Window Breaks?
Soliloquy from Romeo and Juliet

“The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.”

In less than a minute after pressing the buzzer, I heard footsteps and the click of someone unlocking the door. A man wearing sweats and no shoes opened the door. Phillip Grandville was shorter than I had expected. He was about 5’9,” but had a muscular frame and a close-cropped haircut that clearly denoted his military status. He had the same grey-blue eyes and a fair complexion as his father, Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange.

Phillip’s posture was at first a bit defensive, but after realizing who Geoff and I were, he relaxed a bit, and stood aside to let us enter into the foyer. After closing the door behind us he said, “Detectives, please go into the living room. It is down the hall, just to the right. I will tell Maria you have arrived. She is in the kitchen preparing some snacks and lemonade.”

Geoff and I walked down the hall and turned right, and walked into a spacious living room that had a high vaulted ceiling, a large marble fireplace, and two large windows that overlooked the Charles River. A large couch and two chairs were strategically placed across from one another, with a coffee table in between. The rug on top of the oak hardwood floor was old and showed wear, but expensive. Geoff went over and stood by the fireplace, while I walked over to the window and looked out onto the Charles River. I could see yachts and sail boats drifting by.

As I stood staring out the window, a woman’s voice from behind said, “Detectives, please have a seat, I imagine it has been quite a long day for you.”

After turning around, I was startled to discover that the woman standing in front of me did not have a face that mirrored Cassandra’s, but another familiar face. The hazel eyes with flecks of gold, were the exact shape and color of both my mother and my eyes. Maria had the same exotic features I had seen in pictures of my mother at her age. I just stood there and stared at Maria unable to speak. Seeing my dilemma, Geoff walked over to Maria, took the tray she was holding and placed it on the coffee table. Phillip walked into the room holding two large glasses filled with ice and a yellow liquid. He handed a glass to each of us, and then walked over to where Maria was standing.

Geoff placed his glass of lemonade on top of a coaster on a side table, then turned towards Maria and Phillip, and made the introductions.

“My name is Detective Geoffrey Butler Smyth, and this is my partner, Detective Andrés García.”

Phillip and Maria stared at me for a moment without speaking, and then Phillip said, “I believe you want to interrogate Maria and me about the events that have occurred within the past twenty-four hours, correct?”

Finally able to compose myself, I said, “In your line of work, I guess you’ve participated in plenty of interrogations and know the procedures.”

Phillip nodded, and then he and Maria sat down on the couch close to one another. The tray that Geoff had put on the glass table was filled with cheese, crackers, grapes, and chocolate chip cookies. I hadn’t eaten, or drank anything since Geoff and I were in Starbucks, so I reached down and took one of the empty plates on the tray, and filled it with food. Then I walked over to a table next to wall, put down my plate and glass on a coaster, and sat down in the chair next to the table. Geoff shook his head at the offer of food saying, “I just finished eating several slices of pizza at Woody’s, but I may have a cookie before leaving.” Then he went over and sat in one of the two chairs that was opposite the couch.

His comment helped defuse the tension in the room, and Phillip responded by saying, “Marie makes the best chocolate chip cookies in Boston. I always look forward to her bi-monthly care packages.”

While waiting for Geoff to interview Maria and Phillip, I sat quietly eating and observed the couple. Phillip had his left arm protectively wrapped around Maria’s shoulders. It was then that I realized he was left-handed, like Schlange. As I gazed at Phillip, I realized that his grey-blue eyes may have been the same color as his father’s, but they were not as cold and threatening. Phillip’s eyes reflected a genuine and sincere warmth, especially when he looked at Maria, that I was sure Schlange never exhibited. Schlange may have been Phillip’s biological father, but I could tell that Thomas and Vera Grandville had molded his character—Thank God for that bit of luck.

Geoff at first asked broad and general questions, and then he became more specific about details he needed to verify, like, “Maria, I apologize for being so direct, but we need to know where you were at 1:00 this morning.

Maria looked at Geoff and answered, “I finished my shift around 12:30 a.m. in the emergency room at Mass General Hospital and headed over to the Boston Marriott Copley Hotel to meet my father, I mean, Dr. Schlange. He had sent a text earlier that day demanding that we meet after I finished my shift at the hospital. The text said the meeting related to Phillip. By the time I got to his room, it was after 1:00 a.m. The door was open, and he was lying on the floor. I ran over to him, bent down, and checked for vital signs. He had been having been drinking because I could smell alcohol on the bile that had risen

from his stomach. When I couldn't find any pulse or respiration, I knew he was dead. I'm a doctor and usually handle emergency situations well, but I panicked. I reached into my purse and pulled out my cell and called Sargent Patrick Murphy. I have been helping him study for the EMT Boards, and he told me that if I needed police assistance to call him first. After telling Patrick what I had discovered, he told me to leave the room immediately, and that he would report the death. I should not have left, but I did. The Grandville's saw me, didn't they?"

By this time, tears were streaming down Maria's face. Phillip grabbed a tissue from a box on the coffee table and wiped her tears away. Then he said, with a bit of an edge in his voice, "Detective, I know this line of questioning is necessary, but I am worried about Maria's health and stress level. I can fill you in on the rest, if you like, but I would like for my wife to go upstairs and rest."

Geoff looked over at me, and I nodded yes. I knew at that moment that I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if Maria lost her baby, a grandchild that might be mine, because of the stress from being interviewed by Geoff and me about Schlange's death.

Phillip helped Maria up and guided her out of the room and up the stairs. I heard a door close, and then footsteps coming back down the stairs. I could see by the look on Phillip's face that he was angry and ready to explode.

"If that bastard Schlange had not died this morning, I might have killed him myself. He was a miserable husband to Cassandra, and an even worse father to Maria. Schlange made their lives a living hell. It is impossible for me to believe that man was my father, just impossible." After saying those words, Phillip calmed down a bit and added, "I apologize for going off on this tirade, normally, I have much more control. It is just that, well, Maria is so vulnerable, and I am worried about the baby. You do know that she is pregnant."

Geoff and I both nodded yes.

Before Geoff could continue asking questions I said, "Phillip, when did Maria discover that Dr. Schlange was not her biological father?"

Geoff looked at me and started to say something, but I shook my head, so he remained quiet.

"In May of 2000, Cassandra visited La Jolla for her birthday, and while there, Dr. Schlange told her that he had discovered Maria was not his biological daughter. Apparently, in 1971 when he moved to La Jolla to teach at the University of California, San Diego, he visited Brazil and there was an outbreak of mumps. Dr. Schlange had been born in Germany, and grown up in Brazil, and never inoculated for mumps. Mumps don't always result in sterility, but apparently his age, and hereditary genetic factors contributed to the sterility."

“Why did Dr. Schlange do a paternity test?” I asked.

“When Cassandra moved to Boston, Dr. Schlange believed that divorce was imminent. He was courting a female Brazilian researcher with whom he was collaborating on an antiepilepsy drug. She was half his age and wanted children. They had tried for several months, and when she could not get pregnant, he got some tests to discover if the problem were with him. That is when Dr. Schlange discovered that the mumps had caused sterility. The outcome of the test explained why Cassandra and Dr. Schlange never had another child after Maria.”

“If Maria knew that Dr. Schlange was not her father, why did she agree to meet with him at 1:00 a.m. in his hotel room?”

“To be honest, if I had been able, I would have stopped her from meeting with him. It was a huge mistake.”

“Tell me about your meeting last night with Dr. Schlange,” I interjected.

Phillip looked at me, sighed and then said, “After my plane landed yesterday at Logan Airport, I called Maria to let her know I would be arriving home around 11:30 a.m. She must have left early for her twelve-hour shift at the hospital because my call went to voicemail. So I left a message that I was in town and set up a dinner meeting for tonight at 8:00 p.m. I thought that Maria and I could tell my parents about our marriage and baby together, after she had time to rest from her night shift. Then I got the text from Dr. Schlange. I am not sure how he got my cell number, or knew that I was in Boston, but he asked me to meet with him at 6:00 p.m. in the bar of the Boston Copley Marriott Hotel. The message stated that it related to Maria.”

“So Schlange arranged the meeting for 6:00 p.m., but from what I understand, you met him in uniform, so what did you do after talking to Schlange?”

“I was so wired after the text, that I walked around Boston for several hours. I ended up at FAO Swartz, on Boylston, and went inside and bought a bunch of stuff for the nursery to be delivered after I returned to Afghanistan. It was frivolous, but for some reason it felt good to do something normal after spending several months in a war zone.”

“Why do you think that Dr. Schlange informed you of his paternity at the meeting last night?”

“I honestly don’t know. He definitely had an agenda for telling me the news. I don’t think he knew about my marriage to Maria or the baby. After telling me about the paternity, he threatened public exposure. My reaction to the threat was probably the opposite of what he expected.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it probably wasn’t a wise move on my part, but I told Dr. Schlange that he wouldn’t live long enough to follow through on his threats against my family, and that I would make sure of that before I returned to Afghanistan.”

“What did he say?”

“I didn’t give him a chance to say anything, I got up and stormed away.”

“Phillip, you do realize that your conversation with Schlange makes you a primary suspect for murder.”

“I realize how it looks to everyone, especially because I threatened him in public before several witnesses. I had not slept for thirty-six hours and was not thinking clearly. On my way out of the bar, Maria’s uncle, Eduardo, grabbed me by the shoulders and shoved me into a corner of the foyer. He reminded me that I am a Marine Lt. Colonel and not to let my emotions rule my actions.”

Geoff looked at me as I said, “Maria’s uncle, Eduardo was at the hotel last night?”

“Yes. To be honest, I was quite surprised to see him,” Phillip said.

“Did Eduardo explain why he was in Boston?”

“All he said was that Cassandra had contacted him on Friday and asked for his help. We went to the Au Bon Pain near the Prudential and ate sandwiches and drank bottled water. Afterwards, Eduardo told me to go home and get some rest, and that things would look better in the morning. Rather than take the MBTA, I walked up Boylston and through the Commons to Charles Street. After arriving home, I was so exhausted that I texted Maria and told her I was going to take a shower and go to bed. I did not know Maria had called Patrick and asked for assistance until this morning when she woke me up. I have an additional piece of information that I would like to show you.”

Phillip stood up, walked over to a desk and opened a drawer, and took out a document. He walked back over and handed it to me and said, “Maria translated the German documents that Cassandra took from Dr. Schlange when she visited him in 2000. She gave Eduardo most of them a while ago, but kept this one because it contained birth information about Dr. Schlange. The translation may read a bit awkward because German capitalizes all nouns. But I think you will get the gist of what the document states.”

I opened the document, and before I started reading turned the document over. One side was in German and the other side English.

Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange

Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange's Adoptive Parents were Dr. Siegfried and Frieda Wolfgang Schlange, German Psychiatrists, who practiced Medicine in Germany from 1933-1941. His Parents met and married while working at a state psychiatric Hospital in Sonnestein, near Dresden, where they experimented on psychiatric Patients, and

Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, geboren 1933, ist der Sohn einer Zigeunerin und Dr. Siegfried Schlange. Dr. Frieda Wolfgang Schlange war unfruchtbar und konnte keine Kinder bekommen. Durch Experimente implantierten sie das Spermium von Siegfried in das Ei einer Zigeunerin, die später einen gesunden Jungen zur Welt brachte. Nach der Geburt wurde die Frau vergast, und alle Spuren ihrer Existenz wurden aus den Aufzeichnungen entfernt. Eine Krankenpflegerin in der Entbindungsstation in Dresden, die Sympathien mit den Zigeunern hatte, gab die Informationen an den Mann der Zigeunerin weiter, der später aus dem Krankenhaus entflohen und nach Amerika (Tuskegee, Alabama im Verwaltungsbezirk Macon) emigrierte, wo ein angeheirateter Onkel— Dock Jefferson wohnhaft war.

Im Jahr 1941 zog die Familie Schlange nach San Paolo, Brasilien, und praktizierte dort Medizin. Mitte der 1940er Jahre wurden Siegfried und Frieda Schlange eingeladen, in die USA zu reisen, um mit dem US-amerikanischen Gesundheitsdienst bei der Tuskegee-Syphilis-Studie zusammenzuarbeiten, da sie mit solchen Ureinwohnern in Deutschland zu tun hatten. Die Familie zog nach Macon County, Alabama, wo sie bis 1947 lebten, als die ältere Schlange bei einem Autounfall ums Leben kam.

Nach dem Tod von Schlanges Eltern wurde er von Max de Crinis, einem bekannten Professor für Psychiatrie an der Berliner Universität, erzogen, der zur gleichen Zeit wie die Schlange aus Deutschland nach Brasilien gezogen war. Die Kindheit des jüngeren Schlange wurde von deutschen Verbannten beeinflusst, die auch an den Grausamkeiten der Nazi teilgenommen hatten. Schlange studierte an der ETH in der Schweiz und machte seine medizinische Ausbildung und sein Praktikum an der Harvard University.

Dr. Schlange lernte Dr. Delgado während einer klinischen Studie im Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston im Jahr 1971 kennen. Während dieser klinischen Studie starben zwei Patienten. Die Namen der beiden Patienten lauteten Miguel Garcia und Amanda Kamar Ghandi-Smyth. Ihr Todesfall führte dazu, dass das Medical Board und das Pharmazeutische, die klinischen Studien abbrachen.

Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange

Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange's Adoptive Parents were Dr. Siegfried and Frieda Wolfgang Schlange, German Psychiatrists who practiced Medicine in Germany from 1933-1941. His Parents met and married while working at a state psychiatric Hospital in Sonnestein, near Dresden, where they experimented on psychiatric Patients, and

subsequently killed them with acute carbon monoxide suffocation. Afterwards they autopsied the bodies to discover hereditary genetic anomalies.

Dr. Wilhelm Wolfgang Schlange, born in 1933, is the Son of a Gypsy and Dr. Siegfried Schlange. Dr. Frieda Wolfgang Schlange was infertile and could not have children, and through Experiments Siegfried implanted his sperm in the egg of a Gypsy Woman, who later gave birth to a healthy Baby boy. After the Birth, the Woman was gassed, and all Traces of her Existence were removed from Records. A Nurse at the Maternity ward In Dresden who had Sympathies with the Gypsies, passed the Information on to the Gypsy's Husband, who later escaped from the Hospital prison psychiatric Ward and emigrated to America (Tuskegee, Alabama in Macon County, where an uncle resided — through marriage — Dock Jefferson).

In 1941, Schlange moved to San Paolo, Brazil, and practiced Medicine. In the mid-1940s, Drs. Siegfried and Frieda Were invited to travel to the United States to work with the U.S. Health Service on the Tuskegee syphilis study because they dealt with such indigenous people in Germany and Sweden. The Family moved to Macon County, Alabama, where they lived until 1947, when the older Schlange's were killed in a car accident.

After Schlange's Parents died, he was approached by Max de Crinis, a renowned Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Berlin who had moved to Brazil from Germany, at the same Time as the Schlange. The younger Schlange's childhood was influenced by German exiles who were also involved in Nazi atrocities. Schlange completed his medical education at Harvard University.

Dr. Schlange met Dr. Delgado while working on a clinical Trial at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston in 1971. During this clinical Trial, two Patients died, the Names of the two Patients were Miguel Garcia and Amanda Kamar Ghandi-Smyth. Their Deaths prompted the Medical Association and The Pharmaceutical Company that sponsored the Drug trial to end the clinical Trials.

I folded the document and put it in my pocket. At that point, it was clear to both Geoff and me that Maria and Phillip were no longer suspects. I nodded towards Geoff, and we stood up together, indicating that the interview had ended. Before leaving I asked, "Phillip, if what you have told me can be verified by Maria's uncle, Eduardo, I doubt we will need to interview either of you again."

Phillip also stood up, smiled, and said, "Does this mean that Maria and I are no longer suspects in Dr. Schlange's death?"

I tipped my head forward and said, "Yes." Then I gave Phillip my card and said, I may want to talk to you and Maria in private about another matter that does not relate to the case. After giving Phillip my card, I turned towards Geoff and we walked to the door and opened it. Phillip followed close behind us and closed it after we walked outside towards Deluca's.

When we got to Deluca's and the car, Geoff turned to me and said, "Andrés, what did the document say?"

I took the document out of my pocket and handed it to Geoff and said, "It explains the birth history of Dr. Schlange and also provides some information about Miguel and your mother's participation in the 1971 clinical Trial. If possible, will you wait until later to read it?"

Geoff took the document, nodded 'Yes,' and then asked, "What's next on our agenda?"

"Geoff, now that we have eliminated Vera and Phillip Grandville, and Maria and Phillip as suspects in Schlange's death, the only other obvious suspect is me. Schlange appears to have had an agenda for his travel to Boston this week besides the fundraiser and announcement of the marketing of his antiepilepsy drug. We know that he confronted Cassandra about the birth of Maria when they met in 2000, but did that meeting trigger something else? It would help to know what happened when Cassandra visited Dr. Schlange in May of 2000."

"Andrés s, we're partners and in this together, but I wonder if you realize that the answers you discover may not be ones you can accept."

Chapter 16

Rudyard Kipling

The Jungle Book

“Now this is the Law of the Jungle—
as old and as true as the sky
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper,
but the Wolf that shall break it must die...
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf,
and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.”

Geoff and I walked across Charles Street over to Deluca’s Market where our Police vehicle was parked. A traffic enforcer, Naghmeh Endicott, had stuck a ticket on the front window, and written on it “Bad Cops,” ending with a smiley face. I removed the ticket from the window and handed it to Geoff. He looked at it, laughed and placed the ticket in his pocket.

Geoff and Naghmeh met at Boston Latin Academy one night after a play in which Naghmeh’s daughter, Abigale, and Ophelia were participating. Brigit and Davin believed that the two girls, who are best friends, had been plotting the ‘impromptu meeting’ between Geoff and Naghmeh for weeks. It was good to see that someone could make him smile after all he had gone through.

Naghmeh, like Geoff, had her own share of sorrows with which to deal. In 2004, the Taliban killed her husband while he was volunteering with Doctors without Borders in Afghanistan. Naghmeh and her husband, James Endicott, had met while she was attending Boston University as an undergrad and he was finishing medical school. The insurance money from the death of Dr. Endicott paid off college loans, and costs related to bringing back his body back to the United States for burial, but it was not enough to pay the expenses on the Beacon Hill condominium they bought after getting married. Naghmeh was in her third year at Suffolk Law School when her husband died. To earn money to pay for Boston Latin, and her final year of Law School, Naghmeh worked as a ‘meter maid.’ The pay was excellent, and she could take time off, when needed, to attend parent conferences and other meetings related to her daughter’s school activities.

Geoff and I got inside the car and drove over to the South Boston Police Station. By the time we arrived, it was 6:45 p.m. I was just about to call Murphy on my cell to let him know we had arrive when he came around the corner and joined us on the steps.

“How did the interview with Phillip and Maria go?”

“Complicated,” I said. “It left Geoff and me with more questions than answers.”

“We’ve also established the fact that Schlange was a bastard and deserved to die, but we still don’t know who killed him?”

“Before anyone could answer that question, we heard a voice behind the three of us say, “I did.”

Murphy, Geoffrey, and I turned around and came face to face with Eduardo. I had not seen him in several years, and noticed that his curly, dark-brown hair had generous specks of gray. But age did not show on his solid frame because there were no traces of fat on his lean and fit body.

Eduardo look directly at me and said, “How’s the investigation going?”

Geoff had never met Eduardo, so I introduced the two of them, and then stepped aside while Murphy gave him a bear hug and said, “Eduardo, good to see you again.”

I was at a loss for words after Eduardo’s stunning revelation. Realizing that we needed to take this discussion behind closed doors, I said, “Why don’t we go upstairs to my office?”

The four of us nodded and then walked up the three flights of stairs to my office. After closing the door behind us, we pulled four chairs into a circle and sat down across from one another.

“Did we hear you right?” Murphy said to Eduardo, “You are admitting to killing Schlange?”

“Well, technically I didn’t kill Schlange, I just didn’t interfere in the progression of his demise. A demise orchestrated by the Stasi. The bastard died because he had double crossed the Stasi in 1990 when he brought the chemical formula for APX from their joint clinical trials in East Germany back to the United States. The Stasi research scientists had to go underground in 1989 after the fall of the Berlin Wall for fear of reprisals from the west for their illegal activities. Schlange, believing that they could not touch him in the United States, reneged on their financial. In truth, it was just a matter of time before the Stasi figured out how to retaliate. Especially, after I sent them the documents Cassandra had removed from Schlange in 2000.”

Eduardo drew a syringe out of his pocket and showed it to me, and said, “I believe that you found a similar syringe in Schlange’s medical kit. Both syringes contain antidotes to the poison Schlange was given.” Eduardo handed me the syringe and I put it in my coat pocket, intending to send it to the lab tomorrow morning when I went into the office.

Then Eduardo took a document out from his coat pocket and began reading. On one side of the document was German and on the other side a translation.

In den 1960er Jahren, nach dem Bau der Berliner Mauer, mehrere Internationale Pharmahersteller aus dem Westen getestet Ihre Drogen In Ostdeutschland (DDR) Durch klinische Studien. Es gibt eine umfangreiche Sammlung von Dokumenten zum Thema, die in den Archiven des Staatssicherheitsdienstes der DDR aufbewahrt werden (Stasi, MfS) Die haben nicht systematisch analysiert. Bis vor kurzem Die Rolle der Stasi bei der Überwachung der Prozesse ist unklar.

Es gibt Unterlagen, die mindestens In der DDR-Zeit wurden, 400 klinische Studien durchgeführt. Die Zahl Das hätte auch wesentlich höher sein können. Das Hauptziel der Prozesse war zunächst, dass die DDR-Behörden entscheiden, ob sie bestimmte westliche Drogen importieren. 1983 änderte sich diese Absicht. Nach 1983 wurde die Vorrangiges Ziel der Versuche war die Beschaffung von Devisen. Stasi-Spione Gehalten Positionen auf Verantwortliche Ärztekomitees, Universitäten und Krankenhäuser Weltweit. Die ständige Überwachung durch die Stasi diente dazu, jeden Kontakt zwischen Menschen aus dem Westen und dem Osten zu überwachen.

Die Stasi interessierte sich nicht besonders für medikamentöse Fragen, wie Patienteneinwilligung und Sicherheit in Bezug auf klinische Studien.

The English Translation.

In the 1960s, after the Berlin Wall was built, several international pharmaceutical manufacturers from the West tested their drugs in Eastern Germany (GDR) through clinical trials. There is an extensive collection of documents on the subject stored in the archives of the GDR State Security Service (Stasi, MfS) that have not been systematically analyzed. Until recently, the role of the Stasi with respect to the surveillance of the trials has been unclear.

There is documentation that at least 400 clinical trials were conducted during the GDR period. The number might have been considerably higher. Initially, the main goal of the trials was for the GDR authorities to decide whether to import certain Western drugs. By 1983, this intention changed. After 1983, the primary aim of the trials was the procurement of foreign currency. Stasi spies held positions on responsible medical committees, universities, and hospitals throughout the world. Constant surveillance by the Stasi served the purpose of monitoring any contact between people from the West and the East.

The Stasi was not particularly interested in medico-ethical questions, like patient consent and safety with respect to clinical trials.

After Eduardo finished, I asked, "Why are you reading this document to us?"

He responded, "Schlange used the East German Stasi to create an antiepileptic drug that had a dual purpose. On the one hand, it focused on minimizing epileptic episodes in individuals with hereditary genes from selective groups. On the other hand, the antiepileptic drug was designed to negatively affect individuals with hereditary genetics from targeted groups. Not all of these individuals died from the drug, so it was

difficult to detect the harmful effects of the drug. These groups included African Americans, Meson-Americans, and Cubans with certain hereditary traits.”

Shocked and troubled by what Eduardo said, I asked, “Is there more?”

Eduardo responded. “I had been hearing rumors for years about the illegal clinical trials between Dr. Schlange and the Stasi, but could prove nothing. After the documents were translated, Maria sent me copies, I had proof. What I read is only a portion of the information I received. I have friends, who have friends in international circles with East German Stasi contacts. Those contacts, for a price, verified the information I received from Maria. After Cassandra called me on Friday and asked for my help, I told her to fly down to Atlanta for her March vacation, and to remain there until I had dealt with Schlange. On Saturday, some of my Drug Enforcement Agent friends and I checked into 3901. While Dr. Schlange was in meetings, we drilled a small hole in the floor of our room and ran some wires from 3901 down to 3801. Then we went down and used a universal key card to enter Schlange’s room and install cameras with listening devices. We took turns monitoring his activities this weekend. While listening to one of Schlange’s conversations, I heard him discuss the murder of Maria by poison when she met with him Monday morning. He planned to pin her murder on you, Andrés.”

“What!” I said, “Schlange was going to murder Maria. Why?”

“Andrés, you must have discovered by now that she is your daughter. Wilhelm did not know that she and Phillip are married, nor did he know about the baby, or he might have thought of another way to retaliate against you for getting Cassandra pregnant.”

“How long have you been privy to everything related to Maria and Phillip’s paternity, and their relationship?” I asked.

“Cassandra’s my sister. We do not keep secrets in my family. When she found out that Schlange was not Maria’s father in 2000, you were the only other logical choice.”

“Eduardo, why didn’t you tell me I have a daughter?”

“Andrés, it wasn’t my story to tell. Maria didn’t know the identity of her father because Cassandra kept that secret from her, so I remained silent. But, I gather from talking to Phillip, that after your meeting today, it was obvious to both of them that you are Maria’s father.”

I wanted to pursue the issue of paternity, but had a more pressing issue. “Eduardo, were you with Schlange when he died?”

“Yes. After the Stasi left, I rushed down to Schlange’ room and watched him die a rather painful death. Even if I had granted his request of giving him the antidote to the

poison, I doubt it would have worked. Andrés, you were out cold on the bed when I arrived.”

“I was!”

“Yes. I watched you stagger into the room behind Schlange, fall on the bed and pass out. The Stasi must have confronted Schlange in the bar, and carried you up to 3801. They at first placed you in a chair, but you passed out, so they moved you to bed. Then they had a heated discussion with Schlange, after finishing, with gloved hands they took the vial containing the poison Schlange was going to use on Maria. Two Stasi held him down, while the other opened Schlange’s mouth and dripped the poison down his throat. A mere touch on the skin would have been enough to kill him, but I think that the Stasi wanted Schlange to suffer a painful death for betraying them.

“Then what happened,” Murphy asked.

“After giving Schlange the poison, they opened the door and left. I watched Schlange reach for his medical kit, but he was too weak. It fell to the floor. That is when I rushed out of 3901 and down the stairwell to his room.”

“Eduardo,” I asked, “how did I get home?”

“I called two of my Drug Enforcement buddies and they carried you down to the 37th Floor Service elevator that led to the basement where supplies are stored. Then they placed you in a car and took you home. When my friends got to your apartment, they found the door unlocked. Don’t you have burglars?”

“Not in the North End where I live. No one would dare encroach on Mafia turf. Besides, I am a police officer. Who’s going to rob a cop?” I said.

Everyone chuckled, but then Geoff spoke up. “We still need to resolve the circumstances surrounding Schlange’s death.”

Eduardo appeared to be weighing his options and said, “I know the poison that they used is hard to trace because it’s a combination of poison plants and amphibians that act on the nervous system when touched or ingested. I believe that the Medical Examiner will rule Schlange’s death from natural causes. It is well known that he abused drugs and alcohol, and was not a healthy man. He also had a bad heart. Why don’t you wait for the Medical Examiners report before doing anything further?”

Murphy, Geoff, and I all nodded “Yes,” in unison. Then I turned to Geoff and said, “Why don’t you and Murphy take Eduardo to Legal Seafood’s for dinner?” I started to pull some bills out of my pocket, but Eduardo stopped me and said, “Andrés, I make a hell of a lot more money than you do, the treat is on me.”

The three of them got up together and headed out the door. Before leaving, Eduardo turned around, put his right hand to his head, tipped it, and then strolled out the office door.

I stood up and walked towards the open door and turned out the light as I closed it behind me. It had been a hell of a long day, and I was dog tired, but instead of taking the elevator, I walked down the stairs.

Once outside, I walked over to my car, got inside, and drove home. Not hungry, I cleaned up and fell into bed around 8:00 p.m. That night, I dreamed of Miguel. He was sitting next to me at the Muddy having a beer on his twenty-first birthday. We were talking about his plans for the future and how we would both settle down in Boston, marry, and have a dozen children between the two of us. I cupped him on the back of the neck and said that there was plenty of time for us to plan our future after he graduated, and I returned from Vietnam. When I awoke the next morning, somehow, I knew that Miguel was not only in a good place, but also at peace and smiling down on me. In the shower while cleaning up, I sang Andrew Lloyd Webber's, "*Amigos Para Siempre*" (Friends for Life).

In the morning when I awoke, I decided to go into the office and do some paperwork and then afterwards go over to Cassandra's 271 Beacon Street apartment to see if she had arrived back in Boston. Before catching a flight down to Savannah in the private jet of a Drug Enforcement buddy, Eduardo texted me and said that Cassandra would be arriving home in the late afternoon. I put on the same jacket I wore the day before, but had totally forgotten about the antidote to the poison in my coat pocket.

Chapter 17

Paula D. Peche (1968 Tet Offensive)
It's gone before You Know It

“Quickly, quickly choose man for time's a waster,
Toil not on dreams they fade.
Drip, drip the sands of time sink slowly to the bottom,
Days pass, years pass, and soon you will be old.
Alone, alone you sit, wretched, aged fool,
You lost your chance, life passed you by.”

My flight back to Boston on Tuesday went much faster than expected. And before realizing it, the plane was landing at Logan Airport. Even the transportation on the Blue line through the tunnel under the Atlantic to the Red Line and South Station, went by quickly. I decided to walk home from South Station because I had been cooped up in Airports, planes, and trains for several hours. I didn't mind pulling my luggage over the brown, dirty snow that packed the sidewalks because it was old and had been on plenty of trips over the years. By the time I reached my Beacon Street condominium it was 3:00 p.m.

After unlocking the door and walking inside, I realized that I had forgotten to turn on the central heating before I left, so my condominium was freezing. I quickly turned on the heater, walked over to the small closet that contained my washer/dryer combination and a rack for cloths. I removed my coat and shoes, and put them away. Then I opened my suitcase and emptied the cloths into the washer. I will take care of the laundry later. Exhausted from the trip, but happy to be home, I walked into the galley kitchen to get something to drink. I had been fed on the plane, so I decided to take out the Chardonnay that I had opened last week and finish off the bottle. I only bought wine made from organic grapes, but I figured it was still good. After pouring myself a glass of wine, I walked over and sat down in a chair next to the fireplace. That was when I remembered the Federal Express letter Wilhelm had sent to me before his death. Above the fireplace on the wall was a picture that Mariana had given me when I first bought the condominium. It was of a large white building that had a British flag on a pole on the right side, and a French flag on a pole on the left side. The flags appeared to be violently flapping in a turbulent wind. In front of the building stood a little girl, about six or seven, struggling to hold on to a hat that was on the verge of blowing away. She looked rather sad and alone standing there, as if abandoned by her parents.

Suddenly, I thought about how alone I felt after my encounter with Andrés García in 1972, when I was walking down the aisle in the Mary Star of the Sea Catholic church, about to marry Wilhelm. I was already aware of the twisted logic he used to discount ethics in his medical research, and desperately wished I could have chosen a different path. Unfortunately, at that time, I had no choice but to agree to marry a man who embraced the very values I abhorred. A man with whom I felt no passion or love. What helped me get through that day was remembering the fleeting moments of passion I

experienced with a soldier who I would probably never see again. A soldier who showed me more love and tenderness in one night, than I would ever receive from my husband in a lifetime because our marriage was a financial arrangement.

Now that Wilhelm is dead, and I am free to make whatever choices I desire, I wonder if I should reach out to Andrés García and tell him that Maria is his daughter. I don't even know if he is single or married, or if he would want to share a future with me. After all, we only had a brief encounter one night in 1972. Although, when I encountered him on Friday, Andrés did run out of the building and after the cab.

I stopped speculating about a future relationship with Andrés García and looked at the Federal Express letter from Wilhelm on my marble fireplace. After finishing my glass of Chardonnay, I stood up and took the Federal Express letter down and tore it open. Inside were a folded piece of paper and a Celtic cross. When I touched the Celtic cross, I felt a slight tinge after a deep yellow liquid dripped down onto my hand. I had been given the cross on my sixteenth birthday by my mother, and it originally contained holy water and not the yellow liquid I encountered. I placed the cross on top of the marble fireplace, opened the letter and read it:

Cassandra my dear,

“Please find inside of this Federal Express letter the cross you left in my condo in May of 2000. I know how much you value this religious relic and thought that you might want it returned. I found it on the floor inside my closet, near my safe where I keep documents and personal items.”

“I have not signed the divorce papers because I want to wait until after the successful launch of my antiepileptic drug this week. So, we are still married, and I still have access to your trust fund.”

Wilhelm

The letter took me by surprise because I had thought that Wilhelm wanted a divorce and would sign the divorce papers. After reading the letter, I felt a sense of foreboding. In the letter, he mentioned the closet and safe that I had raided in 2000 and taken my inheritance and Stasi documents.

While pondering Wilhelm's motives for sending me the Federal Express letter and Celtic cross, I heard the bell to my front door ring, but when I turned to walk towards the door to open it, all of a sudden, I felt lightheaded, and my heart began to flutter. Then I began hyperventilating.

The bell rang again several times and then suddenly stopped. Although I did not have the strength to move towards the door, I shifted my gaze to the window and saw a man leaning on the steps to the front of the building peering into my window. My lace curtains clouded his profile. At that moment, just as my feet buckled, I heard the sound of the lock clicking, and my door opening. Then a familiar voice shouted, “Cassandra,” as I

tumbled to the floor.

In a daze, I looked into Andrés beautiful hazel eyes, with those flecks of gold, and heard him say, “Thank God for Eduardo.” Then I felt a slight prick in my neck. Next, I watched Andrés take out his cell phone and dial 911, and say, “This is Detective Andrés García send an ambulance immediately to 271 Beacon Street, I have a medical emergency. It’s poison. I’ve given an antidote that appears to be working on the effects of the poison.” Before drifting into unconsciousness, I felt Andrés pulled me close to him and say, “This time I’m not too late!”

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