

The Legacy of Hate

REMARKABLE achievements of Ivan Brodsky, physician, whose investigations into psychic phenomena enabled him to cure spiritual diseases and to exorcise evil spirits from the bodies of their victims.

By H. M. EGBERT

Copyright, 1936, by W. G. Chapman. (Copyright in Great Britain.)

HERE must be many who remember the sensation caused by the news that Dr. Ivan Brodsky, during the spring of 1908, succeeded in curing nearly 300 out of some 350 odd insane patients in the Stafford county asylum. He walked through the wards, talking with the inmates, praying with them, laying on his hands—in short performing precisely what the apostles had been told to do, and achieving that exact result which had been promised to those who had faith. I believe that, without exception, all those whom he failed to cure were suffering from actual brain lesions, or from some constitutional breakdown, such as senile decay. Those whom he cured were, as he explained to me, in the main persons who had let the strings of their personalities become tangled. By hypnotic treatment Brodsky picked up the raveled threads of consciousness and restored the sufferers to their normal conditions of mind.

I have said in the main, for there were one or two cases of a different order. It had always been Brodsky's theory that a certain percentage of all cases of mental derangement was due to the actual usurpation of the body by incarnate spirits. These, he explained, attempting to come into physical relations with the external world without the happening of birth or the slow discipline of childhood, could not achieve normal relations, and their confusion of apprehension resulted in the incarceration in an asylum of the bodies which they had appropriated.

One such case was that of Rita Durham. A girl of excellent birth, her family rich and respected, she had been engaged to be married when her sad malady declared itself. It was of the nature of a general paralysis, exhibiting the characteristic lack of muscle coordination, and from time to time attacks of homicidal mania ensued. On this account her relatives had been compelled to have her confined in the asylum. The homicidal mania was equally suicidal; she had attempted to do herself severe injury on several occasions, on one of these cutting deeply into her left wrist, which bore the red scissors scars.

Dr. Brodsky's sympathy and interest were aroused; he secured permission from her lover, who was a blood connection, to remove her to his private sanitarium, in which he treated similar cases. The lover, Ralph Richepin, was a young American of French extraction. He was a native of Louisiana, a man of much intelligence and character, but of a settled melancholy. Brodsky and I were much drawn toward him, and at the doctor's suggestion he took up his residence with us to watch the progress of the cure.

I think it was on the third evening that we discovered that Richepin, whose intelligence was too great for a dog-



Rita Durham

matic skepticism to find vantage ground within his mind, was a student of psychics and had virtually arrived at that stage of belief tempered by doubt which most of us come to.

"I have told you," said Dr. Brodsky, "that I believe Miss Durham's insanity is due to spiritual possession. General paralysis at the age of 20 is practically an impossibility. But in order to effect a cure it is essential that you should tell me the history of that family tragedy in which you were both prominent actors."

The young man stared. "How do you know?" he cried.

Brodsky smiled. "Some things are self-evident," he answered. Immediately the young man broke out impetuously with his tale.

Rita Durham, he said, had been engaged, two years before, to be married to his only brother, Jean. They had been second cousins, and the marriage, after the ancient French

custom, had been one of convenience. Jean was the elder; by custom, dating back before the Code Napoleon, Jean would inherit the bulk of the estates. At the time of the engagement Philip was a boy at college. He returned to find the girl whom he dimly remembered grown into a woman of remarkable intelligence and beauty. They met, loved at first sight; and after a desperate attempt to keep faith with his brother, Philip avowed his love and learned that it was returned. On the day before that set for the wedding they went away and were secretly married.

"Then she is your wife?" exclaimed Brodsky, startled.

The young man assented mournfully. "She is my wife," he replied, "although her relatives are not aware of it. In fact, the tragedy which resulted, and my wife's insanity, which came on almost immediately afterward, have prevented me from declaring it. Perhaps this was cowardly—perhaps a mere desire to shield her name from the taint of scandal. Human motives are mixed at best. Well, we were married and came back together, intending to go to Jean and beg his forgiveness. We met him in the garden. He came up to Rita and placed his arm round her. She shrank away—she clung to me involuntarily, and in that simple gesture she betrayed all. With one cry of despair my brother turned and ran into the house. I followed, ran to his room, and found myself looking into the barrel of a pistol. Before he could fire I wrenched the weapon from his hand, flung it upon the floor, and turned to leave the room. As I closed the door I heard a report. My brother had shot himself through the brain, dying immediately. Yet, even as his eyes closed in death, the darkening pupils transfixed me for one moment with a look of intense malignity. That look I shall never forget! It haunts me, and will do so to my dying day, for my brother died unrecalled."

"How long after this did the first signs of insanity present themselves?" asked Brodsky.

"Fifteen days afterward she was stricken with paralysis all along the left side," said the young man. The same day symptoms of mental aberration made themselves manifest. Slowly the insanity increased; she thought she was my brother, hated me, and tried to assault me. The paralysis increased likewise, until all the muscles of the body were involved, except those of the left hand, which she regards as an exterior organism and has tried to destroy—once with burning, once with the scissors. And she thinks she is my brother still," he ended in a pathetic whisper.

"You believe that she is possessed of your brother's spirit?" asked Brodsky, bluntly.

"I don't know what to believe. In the cold light of reason—no. The doctors say it is a delusion common to the insane. But—if it is not my brother, how can he have mentioned things that none except my brother and myself can possibly have known? If it is indeed he, I shall pray for the day when he will pardon me and cease to torture her in revenge."

"Was your brother a man who would torture a woman?" asked Brodsky.

"My brother was the incarnation of chivalry and honor," the young man answered.

"And yet you think that after the uneventful change called death he would be capable of so changing as to wreak an ignoble revenge upon her?"

Philip Richepin was amazed. "But if the character does not change after death—" he began, and hesitated. Brodsky caught up the thought.

"My dear fellow, character is the creation of a moment; the character of each of us is the product of millions of incarnations, beginning with the unicellular amoeba and ending God knows when, where, and how. Some eccentrics may be the ancestor of the gourmand, some dog of the loyal soldier, some lynx of the crafty character; in fact, it brings it out the more strongly, the artificial circumstances of life being removed."

"Still he hates and upbraids me," said the young man. "I have begged him to pardon me, to listen—but he will not hear, he asks to be set free from his dungeon, in which he thinks I have confined him."

"His dungeon?" repeated Brodsky, slowly. "Then he probably does not know that he is dead."

"What?" we both cried.

The doctor turned to me.

"Please imagine that I suddenly pull a pistol from my pocket and blow out my brains," he said. "You fall to the ground; presently you awake from a sort of dream to find yourself still in this room. You see me and hear me say: 'My boy, I have just killed you.' Perhaps you have somehow, possibly through deceit, acquired the body of our friend here. Would you think you were dead?"

"Then you think my brother is ig-

norant of whose body he inhabits?" asked the young man, abstractedly.

"Precisely," said Dr. Brodsky. "And without the information you have rendered me I could never have cured our patient. Now, if it is indeed Jean, and we can persuade him that he is dead, and can induce him to forgive and to depart, all may yet come out well. But first we shall require a few more days of purely physical treatment."

"And I may see her?" begged Philip, reverting unconsciously to the feminine pronoun.

He had sedulously kept Philip away from his patient, partly by reason of the antagonism which his presence seemed to arouse, partly because Philip was unable to realize the change in the personality of his wife. Like most of us, he still confused the body with the soul.

The inattention and lack of sympathy of paid attendants at the asylum had actually, in Dr. Brodsky's opinion, aggravated the conditions which existed, and upon removing the girl to his sanitarium he had immediately placed her under the care of two intelligent and sympathetic nurses, who, while guarding her carefully, sought and had begun to win her confidence. She had begun to recognize all of us. But she tried continually to injure the useless hand.

Dr. Brodsky had not addressed her by any name. One morning, however, he entered and grasped the girl's right hand cordially.

"Well, Jean, how are you this morning?" he said.

The effect was electrical. The girl's voice choked with her emotion. Falteringly she replied:



"You are the first who has called me by name since I have been here. Will you not tell me why I am kept a prisoner so long?" she asked, pathetically.

"Where are you, Jean, then?" Brodsky asked.

"I'm in prison," she answered.

"A very different prison from what you imagine," he muttered. "Why are you in prison?"

She passed her right hand wearily across her eyes. "It is so long," she murmured. "I—I cannot remember."

"You will remember," answered the doctor, gently.

Suddenly the door burst open and Philip appeared upon the threshold. "I must and will see her," he cried. "I can endure it no longer. She is my wife, and I demand my right to speak to her."

The spell was broken. The hardly uttered words of remembrance died upon the patient's lips. One instant she looked at Philip with implacable hate; the next, with a bound like a panther, in spite of the disabled side, the girl had sprung full at his face. I saw the right hand raised—I saw the glint of steel in it, the broken fragment of a knife which she had secreted somehow. Then, before the well-aimed blow could fall, an extraordinary event occurred. The paralyzed left hand leaped up to meet the blow and arrested it. The two hands seemed to struggle together; slowly the right hand opened and the left seized the steel and flung it upon the floor. All this happened before either of us could move. A moment afterward Brodsky had caught Philip by the shoulders and hurried him from the room.

I had never seen the doctor so angry.

"I resign this case," he cried. "You have disobeyed my instructions in the most flagrant manner. You have persecuted your wife's insanity. She shall go back instantly to the asylum."

It took us both half an hour to pacify him. The young man, overwhelmed with repentance, actually went down on his knees before him. I think my intercession was what saved the day.

"Well, then, I'll take the case in hand again," the doctor muttered. "But it will take another week to restore her to her former condition," he cried, angrily.

It was a difficult week. For several days the girl remained obstinately mute, and when at length she consented to speak, she confined her speech mostly to monosyllabic demands to be "let out." However, the tact and patience of Brodsky ultimately conquered. There came a day when the interrogation could be renewed.

It was evident, however, that the shock of Philip's entrance still remained as a disturbing element in the patient's mind. Some shock was needed to revive the faded memories. Brodsky supplied this. Of a sudden he pulled a pistol from his pocket, cocked it, and leveled it at my head. A choking sound came from the girl's throat. "The pistol!" she gasped.

"What do you see?" cried Brodsky, hurrying to her side. Her eyes were closed, her face deadly pale.

"My brother—I tried to murder him!" she cried.

"Why?" Brodsky persisted.

"Because he robbed me of the thing I loved best upon earth," she answered, wildly. "Like a thief he stole away from me the love I went to her in the garden—I had noticed their increasing intimacy but suspected nothing. Now I saw them standing together watching me. When I went up she shrank away and clung to him. My brain seemed to be on fire. I ran into my room to find a weapon. He followed me. He was always stronger than I. He snatched the pistol from my hand, flung it upon the floor, and went away contemptuously. Then in my despair and humiliation I placed the barrel to my own head and fired."

"And then?"

"I must have been unconscious for

with large, mournful eyes. He turned aside for an instant.

"Convince him," I whispered.

"I cannot," answered the doctor.

"Show her a mirror. Surely she will realize—"

"Can you convince an insane person of his delusion?" asked Brodsky, quietly. "She would not see her features reflected in the glass, but those of Jean Richepin. Or, if she did see them, she would think it was some trick to deceive her. The only method of carrying conviction is to induce Jean Richepin to put his hatred out of his heart—hatred, which blinds us to realities." He turned to the patient.

"And you still hate your brother?" he demanded, gently.

"May he suffer as he has made me suffer," came the wild cry. "Once I could have forgiven, but his guilty conscience has led him to perpetrate this further injustice, to confine me here. May he never know happiness night or day, may he—"

"Hush!" said Brodsky, lifting up a warning hand. "He is your brother still."

The girl ceased to speak and remained silent, her lips parted, gazing into the doctor's face intently.

"Years ago you played together as children," he continued, solemnly. "You loved each other then and afterward. Can you not find forgiveness for him somewhere in your heart, even if he has involuntarily broken his faith toward you?"

"I could never forgive him," she answered, sullenly. "He has robbed me of my love and of my freedom."

"Think once more," said Brodsky, quietly. "Suppose you were at this point of death. Would you carry this hatred over into the grave? For be very sure that there is a hereafter, as there have been many pasts, for each of us. Are you so free from sin that you cannot forgive, knowing that you must both some time stand before your Maker?"

I saw the tears rise slowly into her eyes. She hid her face in her uninjured hand and wept.

"I don't know," she answered, her voice broken by sobs. "He has wronged me unardonably. Perhaps—perhaps some day, when I come to die—"

"Look at me!" Brodsky commanded. "Your time has come to die!"

"What!" she cried, starting.

"You are at the door of death," said Brodsky, remorselessly. "I am no falter. You have been sick in mind since you inflicted that wound upon yourself. Your brain has been affected. All that you imagine you remember is the mirage of dreams. By providence conscience has been restored to you at the last, in order that you might not die unforgiving. Your brother is here; you will see him and pardon him!"

The words seemed to sink into her soul. Her face took on the ashen gray of the dying.

"I do not ask that you forgive him out of fear," continued Brodsky, "but because it is right. Even were you well, could you live, I would still ask it. Say that you will forgive him."

"I will forgive him!" she muttered, and for the first time the useless left hand trembled. Brodsky looked at me. I understood what he meant me to do. I went in haste for Philip. When we got back the girl was drawn up among the pillows and the doctor was leaning over her, whispering to her. I do not know what he said, but upon her face was a new aspect of happiness. Philip saw it; he came forward and bent down.

"Forgive me, Jean!" he muttered, seizing the hand that hung so limply down and covering it with kisses.

And even in that moment the incongruity of the situation broke in on me. For we three men, sitting and kneeling by the side of this frail, paralyzed girl, had become oblivious to

her sex in the presence of the eternal soul that now transcended the flesh. Let only fools scoff at immortal things hereafter!

Yet one thing troubled me, that Brodsky should have lied to her. As if divining my thoughts, he came up and took me aside, leaving the two together.

"There is no way out except through the gates of death," he whispered. "The delusion is too deeply rooted; his soul must pass out by the death of the body. Because it took its own life rashly no spirit met and welcomed it on the other side the dark river of death. Yet its hold is weak, and by recreating the scene, I can bring about the actual manifestations of mortality."

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

with large, mournful eyes. He turned aside for an instant.

"Convince him," I whispered.

"I cannot," answered the doctor.

"Show her a mirror. Surely she will realize—"

"Can you convince an insane person of his delusion?" asked Brodsky, quietly. "She would not see her features reflected in the glass, but those of Jean Richepin. Or, if she did see them, she would think it was some trick to deceive her. The only method of carrying conviction is to induce Jean Richepin to put his hatred out of his heart—hatred, which blinds us to realities." He turned to the patient.

"And you still hate your brother?" he demanded, gently.

"May he suffer as he has made me suffer," came the wild cry. "Once I could have forgiven, but his guilty conscience has led him to perpetrate this further injustice, to confine me here. May he never know happiness night or day, may he—"

"Hush!" said Brodsky, lifting up a warning hand. "He is your brother still."

The girl ceased to speak and remained silent, her lips parted, gazing into the doctor's face intently.

"Years ago you played together as children," he continued, solemnly. "You loved each other then and afterward. Can you not find forgiveness for him somewhere in your heart, even if he has involuntarily broken his faith toward you?"

"I could never forgive him," she answered, sullenly. "He has robbed me of my love and of my freedom."

"Think once more," said Brodsky, quietly. "Suppose you were at this point of death. Would you carry this hatred over into the grave? For be very sure that there is a hereafter, as there have been many pasts, for each of us. Are you so free from sin that you cannot forgive, knowing that you must both some time stand before your Maker?"

I saw the tears rise slowly into her eyes. She hid her face in her uninjured hand and wept.

"I don't know," she answered, her voice broken by sobs. "He has wronged me unardonably. Perhaps—perhaps some day, when I come to die—"

"Look at me!" Brodsky commanded. "Your time has come to die!"

"What!" she cried, starting.

"You are at the door of death," said Brodsky, remorselessly. "I am no falter. You have been sick in mind since you inflicted that wound upon yourself. Your brain has been affected. All that you imagine you remember is the mirage of dreams. By providence conscience has been restored to you at the last, in order that you might not die unforgiving. Your brother is here; you will see him and pardon him!"

The words seemed to sink into her soul. Her face took on the ashen gray of the dying.

"I do not ask that you forgive him out of fear," continued Brodsky, "but because it is right. Even were you well, could you live, I would still ask it. Say that you will forgive him."

"I will forgive him!" she muttered, and for the first time the useless left hand trembled. Brodsky looked at me. I understood what he meant me to do. I went in haste for Philip. When we got back the girl was drawn up among the pillows and the doctor was leaning over her, whispering to her. I do not know what he said, but upon her face was a new aspect of happiness. Philip saw it; he came forward and bent down.

"Forgive me, Jean!" he muttered, seizing the hand that hung so limply down and covering it with kisses.

And even in that moment the incongruity of the situation broke in on me. For we three men, sitting and kneeling by the side of this frail, paralyzed girl, had become oblivious to

her sex in the presence of the eternal soul that now transcended the flesh. Let only fools scoff at immortal things hereafter!

Yet one thing troubled me, that Brodsky should have lied to her. As if divining my thoughts, he came up and took me aside, leaving the two together.

"There is no way out except through the gates of death," he whispered. "The delusion is too deeply rooted; his soul must pass out by the death of the body. Because it took its own life rashly no spirit met and welcomed it on the other side the dark river of death. Yet its hold is weak, and by recreating the scene, I can bring about the actual manifestations of mortality."

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"But—but if she is not waiting, ready to enter in?" I cried.

"She has never wholly left it," he answered. "Her portion is the left hand, on which Philip placed the wedding ring."

He drew near to the bedside. On his knees Philip still pleaded.

"I forgive you," the girl murmured. "It is not because I have come to die, but because I never bore you any hatred in my heart, my brother. But you should have come to me and told me. Do you think I would have bound my love unwillingly to her vows? You should have been frank with me. And now," she went on plaintively, "I must lose her whom I love. I cannot bear it. If she could have loved me—"

The doctor raised his hand solemnly. "She is your brother's by the right of their love," he answered. "Your part is nobler than a lover's. Tell me who loves the more; the lover, jealously selfish of his love, wrapped in his own egotistic feelings, or the parent that guards and watches over his child?"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"That is your task, the nobler one. To watch over her, her spiritual guardian, until the time come when they, too, pass over into the realms of immortality where like is drawn to like, and there is no atom of love that does not attract love to it. There there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

He rose and fumbled in his pocket. "Go, Jean," he said with terrible emphasis. "Your hate has worked itself out in suffering. Now the account is squared." He looked into her eyes. "You died when the bullet from your revolver pierced your brain," he ended; and suddenly his hand leaped from his pocket and he heard the pistol crack. Had he shot her? No, for the ball went overhead and a cloud of plaster fell from above. But a shiver ran through the patient's limbs, the eyes opened and closed, a sigh broke from her breast and she lay still. With a mad cry Philip leaped forward, but Brodsky's arms closed round him and held him as in a vise. "Take her left hand in yours and wait silently," he said. "She is not dead."

The body grew pale and cold, the features pinched and peaked. The muscles stiffened as those of a corpse. But all the while the little left hand glowed and the pulse stirred in the slender wrist. Then at last, little by little, the warmth mounted the arm, flushed the throat, the wizened appearance vanished, the breast heaved gently, the eyelids fluttered and opened. There was a new glance of intelligence in the eyes, resting with unutterable love upon those of Philip. I went out sooty and Brodsky followed me.

The author, in Optimistic Mood, Talks of the Disadvantage of Doing Things Too Good.

The author was in reminiscent mood—he had just broken his fast, at some one else's expense—and he was inclined to talk.

"Why am I depressed?" he repeated. "I'll tell you. It may serve as a warning for you.

"Three years ago I was unfortunate enough to write a great short story. It was called 'The Curse of Luck.' Now, thought I, begins my golden age—everything I write will go off the griddle like hot cakes. On the strength of my prospects I moved into a more expensive apartment. Then I began to send out my wares, but cautiously, with reserve, so as not to cheapen myself—ten cents a word was the minimum I was prepared to accept.

"A week passed and my first story came back. 'This is a good story, a very good story,' wrote the editor, 'but it hardly seems to us up to the standard of 'The Curse of Luck.' From any one else we should accept it, but from you the public expects something unusual."

"Indignantly I tore up the letter. Well, I thought, that's the last thing of mine you'll get a chance to refuse, and I sent the story to another magazine.

"Meanwhile I had sent out a second story, and a few days later this too came back. 'This is a very good story,' the editor wrote, 'but scarcely up to 'The Curse of Luck.' The public, you know, expects great things from you."

"I rubbed my eyes. Were the editors of the country in league against me? Putting the story into a fresh envelope I sent it forth again, but my consciousness had suffered a lull. Would this manuscript come back a second time? It did; on the same day that the first was again returned.

"This is a very good story," I read. "Spasmodically I crushed the letter in my hand. Was I never to sell an other story? Could I never live down 'The Curse of Luck'? It seemed not. Time after time I sent out the two stories which I had written since the accused masterpiece, but inevitably they came back with the flattering opinion that they were very good stories, but—"

"I felt into a state of melancholy in which work was impossible. I was doomed, or rather I am doomed, for it is impossible to sell what I have written; it is not up to the standard of 'The Curse of Luck.' Truly the title was well chosen; at the time I little realized how well."

Have courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.—Sidney Smith.

That liquor improves with age seems to be demonstrated by the fact that the older some men get the better they like it.

Wise Words. A Physician on Food.

A physician, of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says:

"I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health, especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food equal to Grape-Nuts, and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefits this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach, especially at breakfast, to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work.

"In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is not advisable to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

"This if written after an experience of more than 20 years, treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Though living on the borders of Tibet, no trace of Buddhism is found among the Mifus, an Asiatic race. Their religion is animistic and consists in the propitiation of the various spirits to whom sickness, failure of crops and such like calamities are attributed. The propitiation takes the form usually of the sacrifice of a fowl or a pig, a small portion being set aside for the spirit, the rest going down the throats of the offerer and his family.

Overgoing the Idea. "Some men listen so intent to hear opportunity knock at their doors that they don't hear their wives' giggles in the wood."—Boston Herald.

Uncle Ezra Says: "People who never look for any thing worth while are, as a rule, mighty good at findin' fault."—Boston Herald.

Have the first readin' of the evenin' paper whilst Sister Sarah is gone.—Exchange.

"Not for a moment," sighed Miss Clara.

"You're goin' to miss Sarah dreadful," continued the sympathetic neighbor.

"I shall, indeed," responded the younger of the sisters, "but," she added, with a faint flush, "you must remember, Miss Moody, that I shall

have the first readin' of the evenin' paper whilst Sister Sarah is gone.—Exchange.

Overgoing the Idea. "Some men listen so intent to hear opportunity knock at their doors that they don't hear their wives' giggles in the wood."—Boston Herald.

Uncle Ezra Says: "People who never look for any thing worth while are, as a rule, mighty good at findin' fault."—Boston Herald.

RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MURPHY'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what