

**Philip Good (Ed.)**

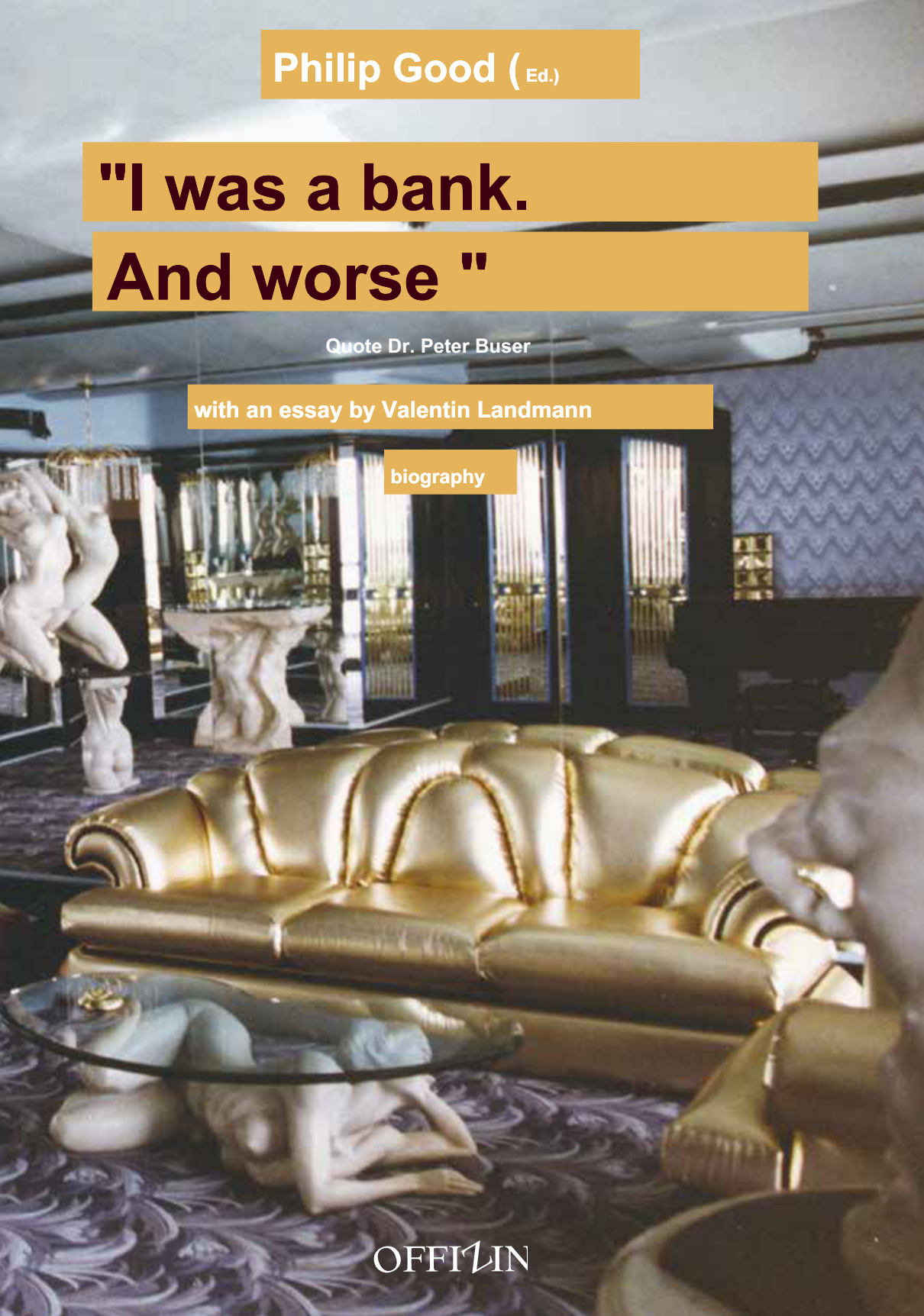
# **"I was a bank. And worse "**

Quote Dr. Peter Buser

with an essay by Valentin Landmann

biography

OFFIZIN





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**Quote Dr. Peter Buser with an essay**

**by Valentin Landmann**

**biography**

**OFFI LIN**

## **imprint**

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## foreword

### Philip Good

In the spring of 2016 my publisher called me Dr. Manfred Hiefner on. since he had perhaps something for me. Whether I Dr. Peter Buser know, he wanted to know. I said no - then Hiefner called a few key words that caught my attention were: Buser was a successful asset manager, to a bon man and original, who had experienced such a lot in his turbulent career. If I was interested to participate in the publication of a biography Buser, Hiefner asked. It already lying before a manuscript.

My curiosity was piqued, Hiefner sent me the text, and I took Peter Buser contact. From the first phone call to life the intellectual sophistication and the joke of the octogenarian caught my speed on. One would have thought that as an older man sitting at the other end of the line. "The mind is a hustler," the Basel historian Jacob Burck said hardt once, and seemed something of this subversive subversive activities to go, who spoke unusually quickly by nature rather sedate Solothurn dialect and laughed amused again and again from me unknown man. I promised Buser, to read the manuscript and my honest Mei voltage to say about it.

The title jumped out at me: "I was a bank. And worse, "says Peter Buser. There it was again, that Schalk, who was already noticeable through the telephone line through it. This draft had a somewhat convoluted and mysterious history - "habent sua fata libelli" says the Latins: Books also have their fortunes. Buser had first without thinking his life story to a publication, rolled up in conversations with his friend Daniel Manser, which in turn had hired an author in Germany with the development. But that was only the beginning of a small literary odyssey. The restless portrayed, used to question everything again showed first works dissatisfied, urging Manser to seek a second biographer. He found him eventually in which Salomon Exxel call end ghostwriter who wrote the chapter on the first half of life. But Buser comparable

felt increasingly grab the keys himself the urge, though this contradicted his original intention: he would rather have kept in the background. Now he took the reins in his hand and completed the biography, so also became an autobiography.

The diversity of voices and authors is reflected in the form of: The book is a dialogue over long distances, real and fictional interlocutors exchange views with Buser out, ask him questions, disagree. This results in a causeurhafte ease, but also a degree of uncertainty in the reader: Peter Buser is a type of player, one who like masquerades and other stunned and confused. Even with literary agents.

But we come closer into this rich literally life! Buser was born in 1937 in the workers' village Trimbach in poverty, today he has millions - early on he realized that the best way of making money money. The construction business of the grandfather in Olten was gone nomic crisis services in the global economy, the father was a bricklayer, his mother a housewife. A Catholic religious, petty-bourgeois milieu with strict but not loveless upbringing. A photograph shows little Peter in the war years in the garden of his birthplace. The attitude is straight, the look confident and bold. One suspects that there grows an idiosyncratic personality. And one that certainly knows how to their own advantage.

As a child he does business: For the puppet theater he demanded entry, and who can not pay, old newspapers must submit, which he later exchanged for cash. At age eleven, he began to lend money at interest to schoolmates, neighbors and even their own courage ter. The loans are entered in minute detail in a cash book, which Buser still retains like a relic.

In retrospect, these are of course symbolic events, but first it pulls the boys in a different direction. He graduated from the local district school with top grades, to attend high school prohibits the simple working-class background. So he decides to become a teacher. Play the piano, even the experience of classical music, offers him new worlds. Later he was to become an admirer of Franz Schubert, whom he praises for his truthfulness while taste a Beethoven of betraying the Ge accused the masses. It is, in reflection of the Great, also an allusion to their own patterns of behavior: Buser has always seen itself as a true company, but independent loner who never in the here-



wanted to be clamped monarchical structures a bank and not even worked with a partner.

This aspect of a lone wolf of the financial scene, which settles the type of streamlined bank employee, the famous lawyer and writer Valentin Landmann illuminated ( "The secretive hostage-taking") in an essay at the end of this biography. Compatriot believes that the international guessed under attack Swiss banking would never have such a slid into crisis, if there had been more figures of the caliber of Peter Buser. This even holds but for too much of honor, as he stated in animated disputes with compatriot. The reader should be about themselves form a great part.

Landmann focuses Buser as a womanizer, which have a multi-headed woman crowd almost permanently in his tow. Buser called friendly-coquette a "subordination". The image is wrong, and he was apparently the projection for Landmannsche dreams.

After visiting the teachers' college in the episcopal town of Solothurn Buser taught at the school in Wisen bei Olten, later in Derendingen. he tries renounce intent on Drill teaching method at that time. Students and their parents meet him with a respect that, met him the son of humble origins with pride. Today, the non conformist and laughs Tabubrecher Buser about the feeling of satisfaction that seized him at the time: no matter become long What others think about him is him. Yes, it seems that sometimes he almost diabolical-looking pleasure is emp, hitting them in the head people cations by unconventional behavior and intelligent Provo.

1961 then the next step: Buser will be District teachers and pulls to study in Bern. He brings to the Latinum and Graecum, took courses in Spanish and English. In addition to the desire to learn and to teach, to form and others, he developed his passion for women - another trait of his biography. The 18-year-old Caroline Broom for example, gives him private lessons, accompanied by kisses and caresses. Even Buser, has a rather tentative access to the "girls" as he calls young women today ancient-incorrect. He is towards them indeed occurred more confidently, "but I played this confidence more than that I felt in me. I was a romantic, and the above-indicated permeability, even indifference, were rather a disguise. I wanted to honor the women, tender,

that he had thereby missed that, "according to which I longed adorable creatures in reality." It set a *éducation sentimentale* one, at the end of the realization was, "that the women love it, in fact, when a man is macho." Deep inside they despised men, showed the weakness and not made clear what they wanted. Virtuoso of brown curly charmer played since then on the keyboard female feelings.

The teacher back Buser did not. With a diploma as a district teacher in his pocket, he studied Romance and general linguistics at the University of Bern. In 1971 he received his doctorate at Siegfried Heini man with a 578-page work in semasiology ( "The names of <praying> and <bit th> in the Christian Latin and in Old French"). Languages fascinated him, not least because it enabled him easier access to the opposite sex. He traveled extensively with partly extended visits to various parts of the world. First, he tried his luck in communist countries behind the Iron Curtain. With an Alfa Romeo he drove through Ceausescu's Romania, later with a Lamborghini through Czechoslovakia and the German Democratic Republic. He had long since recognized,

Not least because Buser went on the Academy and turned to the financial transactions. While still a student he had placed by WIRHandel and first stock exchange transactions, the basis for his work as asset managers. He discovered a not really intended path resourceful to get off the WIR system - an interest-free complementary currency, easily reinvest the company and promote their sales can - to capitalize. Buser presented itself via newspaper advertisements as a mediator, who declined to a surplus WE credit and they andi duck others, requires the investment had. This was not without risk in that it was possible that a seller WIR checks exhibited, which were not covered by an offsetting credits when booking office in Basel. Buser yield was four percent. So he could earn hundreds of francs by means of a single transaction. To generate the same amount by the grant of private lessons, he would have to work for several weeks. Also this experience reinforced the direction of the chosen career.

In addition to the purchase and sale of checks Buser dealt with all sorts of things: About stops at the University he offered some fellow students,

to purchase cigarettes, skis and even school books with him - cheaper than the store. His dorm room was like phase as a warehouse. By WE trading Buser came in contact with banks and in their shop windows with the panel of currencies of the shares. He still had no idea of the stock exchange system, but he understood a bit of money. Self-taught, he acquired the necessary skills to 1972 in Zurich - to work as a freelance asset managers - next to Geneva with his private banks the center of the Swiss financial center.

In 1974 Peter Buser received the concession as a securities dealer - now he was something of a one-man bench. He stressed together with institutions such as Bank of Switzerland, Bank Hofmann and Bank Mätki-Baumann in Zurich and with the Amro Bank and the CIAL Bank in Basel, accepted that deposits of customers who had given the authorities granted to him management. Core of its activities was the portfolio management for wealthy private clients from home and abroad - with the aim to make it better and cheaper than the traditional banking houses. As early as 1968, while still a linguistic studies in Bern, Buser had written an advertising brochure in which he quite thick auftrag given his time still limited experience and fragmented know nisse. At the same time turns out that he unerringly some weak points of the banks identified: Due to their exposed position they are risk-averse and prefer to put "a conservative, less profitable investment policy". And a really good advice would cost a lot of time and money. As long as they were not directly involved in the success, to pay "the intense analysis and dis order postulation of individual depots on individual aspects" for banks is not enough. Finally, the emerging financial advisors referred to the lack Unabhngigkeit dependence and the inevitable due to their versatile activity conflicts of interest out of banks. So they tended to buy funds in which they were involved or to participate clients emissions, which would Plat financing their behalf. As a result of their exposed position they are risk-averse and prefer to put "a conservative, less profitable investment policy". And a really good advice would cost a lot of time and money. As long as they were not directly involved in the success, to pay "the intense analysis and dis order postulation of individual depots on individual aspects" for banks is not enough. Finally, the emerging financial advisors referred to the lack Unabhngigkeit dependence and the inevitable due to their versatile activity conflicts of interest out of banks. So they tended to buy funds in which they were involved or to participate clients emissions, which would Plat financing their behalf. As a result of their exposed position they are risk-averse and prefer to put "a conservative, less profitable investment policy". And a really good advice would cost a lot of time and money. As long as they were not directly involved in the success, to pay "the intense analysis and dis order postulation of individual depots on individual aspects" for banks is not enough.

The more successful he became, the more some established banks interfered with the new and independent competitors. For asset management as an independent branch that time there were still barely. Peter Buser, individualistic gifted and driven by a desire to "otherness", however, indulged in the role of pioneering rest jammer.

Of course, there were also difficulties and setbacks, in the biography is "crises" even from several tangible talk. in today

regulated market environment there it is hard to imagine: A review of the risk capacity of the customer was not prescribed. Time stays awhile massive losses were inevitable. In the wake of the oil crisis of 1973, which also led to dramatic fluctuations in the stock market, Buser lost confidence in his own abilities. He even getting back to take up a secure job as a teacher thought. But when the stock market began to rise again in early 1976 and the Depression had been overcome, gone the doubt.

In the late 1970s discovered a new niche Buser, which should bring a lot of money to him in the next two decades: the granting of Lombard loans. These are based on the pledging of securities and had a lucrative alternative to the usual business loans. Buser realized that the banks demanded a high margin and to foreign borrowers were very cautious. Nine out of ten of its customers were German, "no small number of them had deposited black money," as he confesses. In its German clientele that hypothecate met with strong demand. Normal business loans were in Germany at that time expensive and temporarily not to under 16 percent. Buser offered completely different conditions. "I will give you company loans in Swiss francs to 5 percent," he announced in advertisements in the "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung" and "Welt am Sonntag". This struck such an extent that he sometimes received more than 300 phone calls a day.

Buser financed the Lombard business through own bank loans, in addition he believed the customer money under his name. Banks rubricated the package as "collective deposit". Mid-1980s, the rules stricter. Now, the banks demanded that it must be specified who belonged deposited securities. That brought Buser in trouble - and he picked up a fib refuge. He claimed that all assets were his possession. Had he told the truth, the loans would have been dismissed him - with the result that he would have had to violate geared to longevity and continuity contracts with customers.

There are in the career of Peter Buser several such moments in which he operated at the edge of legality. He has something mischievous in itself - a buccaneer spirit and money. In the old Stock Exchange Act was only noted what one should not do - with everything else one is tacitly assumed that it is permissible, says Buser. He has

not asked, but simply acted. One must not cheap, but you can make allowances for him that he is in his biography honest about information and glosses over nothing.

However, on his resume can also study how much the government tightened regulations in recent years and decades and has developed rules. Much of what was yesterday allowed, it is not anymore. In the face of ever more stringent forced to disclose the depot owner, beneficial owner, gave Buser on business with the Lombard loans at the beginning of the new century. he had previously transferred his residence, "from the same necessity" abroad.

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis" -, times change and we change in them. This applies also money for dealing with the black. Banking secrecy was holy, and tax evasion by foreign bank customers was considered self-defense, if not as a human right to protect their assets against unauthorized access overly demanding governments and criminal regime.

A good business represented Buser in the 1980s with new issues of bonds, particularly with Japanese convertible bonds, but also with interest differential business. He earned ironically with the help of his favorite enemy, the banks. Because must also as independent asset managers he te their "conditions" - such as brokerage fees or custody fees - a hold violations had been punished against this cartel-like agreements. Buser mediated between a customer who sell about bonds in South African rand, and a second, who wanted to buy those he earned by brokerage fees and the "foreign exchange convention" sometimes in a single transaction between 50,000 to 100,000 francs.

Anyone looking at his biography, one quickly discovers again: Peter Buser is an adventurer in the true sense of the word, who always explores limits while sometimes risking life and limb. When France in 1980 banned the import of precious metals in order to combat the rampant inflation, and jerked the gold price on the Paris Bourse overnight in the air, he spotted his chance: In a fictional diary, which should be read as exciting as a thriller, Buser describes how he bought in Zurich "Vreneli" and "Napoleon", in Saint-Louis near Basel smuggled across the border and ultimately sold profitably in Paris. He did this about ten times - and earned more than 100 francs 000th

A mixture of wanderlust, his fondness for women in the southern hemisphere and tax and regulatory advantages let Peter Buser in 1991 to transfer his residence to Santo Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic. Repeatedly he stayed for some time in Brazil. In Rio de Janeiro he built in a tower block at Rua Gustavo Sampaio an apartment that did not hold back with pomp. The wealth of open, even reckless flaunted liked not only some pretty Brasilia nerin like the mulatto Marcia Bombom, the conclusions Buser in his memorabilia, is a loving memorial - he called less enjoyed pleasant time on the scene. Professional kidnappers abducted the Swiss, a prominent guest at the discos in Copacabana, and extorted a ransom of half a million dollars.

But not in Switzerland but to Liechtenstein - 2004 the now 67-year-old moved his center of life back to Europe. The Principality awarded to professionals temporary residence permits, and as a specialist Buser was deemed asset managers, in fact, after nearly 50 years. He left to stand in line by various companies as a consultant. The Betreu clothes the customer funds was becoming increasingly difficult due to restrictive regulations, became the administrative burden greater. Buser had even set up a proper bank or may employ special workers at least. But the reluctant convinced the individualists, "asset management can always be just the thing an individual, never a team. It is a kind of art," he says. Paintings and literary works would not even created several.

His Liechtenstein friend and business partner Anton Gstöhl complained one day, many consultants were worthless and would bring a satisfactory performance. That brought Buser on the idea of a competi perform under asset managers. To this end, he founded the Gestio-circle of 2004. Meanwhile, participants had to report regularly on a managed by them Depot, Buser worked the results statistically, and in joint meetings, the Leis obligations were analyzed and discussed.

In 2012, he hired the Gestio-circle, he was now 75 years old and wanted to have leisure for other things. When I meet him personally in July 2016, the first time he is indeed, according to a disease of the foot nerves no loading

händer stair climber more, but mentally energized as ever. He still is with his own money several hours a day on the stock exchange. "Once you are infected by the virus exchange, it does not let you go," he explains. He still has "friendly third party" his consultant services, including banking moderately hedged asset base guarantees in the management of equity-related securities (convertible bonds).

Remained also his penchant for provocation and his penchant for oblique productions are. participates in the Street Parade 2014, the nearly 80-Suddenly-engine on a boat in part, makes the sign for himself - and also the big Swiss banks are flogged on. The video of the happenings can Buser under the name "ubscsshame" put on the Internet. Only a few should have realized the ironic deeper meaning of the action: He lights up against the background of Buser's biography and his lifelong love-hate relationship to traditional banking houses, in their environment, he cavorted. A serene guerrilla the financial world.

Stir Buser made at the Vienna Opera Ball 2015, to which he appeared to the wigs with no less than six young Swiss and Thai women with blond hair is, two of whom wore under the ball gown vinyl and leather. A planned by him showpiece, somewhere between art action and excitement settled public nuisance, led to a reprimand and a 40-minute ball exclusion. His urge for self-expression satisfies the video «buser berger", showing a bizarre encounter with the seated in a wheelchair, not quite clear actor Helmut Berger. A more serious background, the organized by him Conference of asset managers in the spatial possibilities of the Zurich stock exchange, which is also to visit the World Wide Web "buser YouTube stockizee" under the name.

In contrast to these bright appearances, there is another facet of this biography: It is true that is also the writer and poet Peter Buser to discover. In the tape, "aphorisms and other Kurzweil" (2005) and in the "Notes of a punters' (2015), he analyzes the triad of his life - money, mind, love - with sezierrmesserscharfen observations, mixed with classic-looking poems. He proves to be a friend of antitheses, so in a small cycle of contempt and reverence ( "Ver eighth Rainer Maria Rilke because he banished death with beautiful words. Ver honor Georg Trakl who needs ugly words and constantly fails in Bannen») , Ever-Dying Have to death: they remain a Scandi-

Dalon that environmentally the author and drives. In the poem "swan song" is the verse: "Oh if there were you, you beautiful God / How old women my / Will 'curse you in the grave still on / off dim, lazy legs." The experience of vanitas, the transience of all earthly things, does not result in paralyzing resignation, but a defiant now-just-right to conscious enjoyment of life. No doubt: The ongoing tendency of the old man to young women is related to the "longing for the todfreien life" together.

Playboy Dr. Buser and his preference for dark-skinned beauties and changing relationships may represent something like the ideal enemy of feminists: the rich white man from the north, which exploits disadvantaged and less educated women shamelessly by fate. The lived reality as well as its presence and intentions hardly corresponds to however. "The man thinks. The woman has long directed, "it says in the" Aphorismen ". And in "Notes of a punters' is the sentence:" The woman knows but that it is superior to you in everything. "This also applies to love:" Women live the love. Men often experience only. "

is speaking in this context Buser's commitment to prostitutes, as he describes it in the last part of the biography. In the canton of St. Gallen he allowed itself to a discussion of a brothel owner, and even with the government in order to fight for better conditions for the anschaffenden women.

Of course, making a character like Peter Buser, who unswervingly pursues his vision, and not keeping pace with sometimes harsh or rude remarks and decisive judgments behind the mountain, vulnerable. "The honest ones are often rude. But the real Rude are dishonest, "it says in his collection of aphorisms. From the very beginning in the financial business in the 1960s to the present, he styles himself as an intrepid geeks - not without occasional pathos, but authenticated by life and work. His biography with her rise from Arbeiterkind multimillionaire is therefore not only an impressive example of high social mobility that characterizes Switzerland, it also sets eloquent witness to the value of independence and individuality in a world that seems more and more standardized.



# I'm Salomon Exxel

It's December 2015 in northern Germany. Cold and wet rainy weather instead of white snow splendor. But mine is only right, because, as always, at the end of the administrative work piles up.

I call myself Samuel Exxel, am a writer and biographer. I actually want to be creative, get a job. The order may prefer to write a confused and tragic love story that confession of a million impostor from the prison or at a novel in which the imagination there are no limits. But today, it seems, the door to creative adventures remains closed.

Suddenly it rings! On the phone the routine-busy voice of a Swiss who asks me if I would be interested in writing a biography speaks. He immediately has my full attention.

"Biographies are my specialty, I reply. "I've written more than one."

"This biography is different," said the Swiss, who introduces himself as Danilo Manser from Zurich, a professional investor and entrepreneur.

"Everyone is always different," I think, but say aloud. "Then I'm the right person for you"

"They were recommended to me. You might look at first of all, who they are. I will send you some links and sign up again, "bustles Manser.

Shortly after the e-mail is one.

Dr. Peter Buser, called it there should be biografiert, a wealthy property consultant from Switzerland, end 70, with all kinds of edged statements on politics - and women. A press report shows Buser in a circle equal to several very handsome young ladies together with the Altschauspieler Helmut Berger, to whom he dedicated a poem at a press reception in front of the Vienna Opera Ball, 2015. A video that provide Google and YouTube under "buser berger", has kept the scene.

The effect of this first virtual meeting with Peter Buser on me is diverse. Whimsical this appearance at an event that has been criticized as a symbol of depraved elites and their privileges, and yet does not seem ridiculous. Peter Buser seems to be no one who takes part in this circus, because he thinks of himself as very important and is hungry for prestige. No, I see it the mocking twinkle in his eyes and the twitching of his mouth: As much as he enjoys the hype about his person, the staging is a satire.

I feel that stirs in me sympathy for these people and - more importantly - interest.

Next I click my way through the links, watch a few YouTube videos, and try to get an idea who I'm dealing with here. It proves to be more difficult than expected. A Playboy is he rich to an enfant terrible with pithy statements on domestic and foreign policy. But then I read that Buser himself is an author, Friedrich Nietzsche revered and compared with government representatives in Switzerland conditions for improving Lebensbedin has used prostitutes. How does this all come together?

Against feminism it is, because this is "against the nature of women." But his words lack the blustering ignorance of old men who indulge in evil tirades against dissidents. His laughter sounds loud and sincere, the look in his eyes is alert and critical. And this look gives an idea of which is connected to the world with love, a soul.

I'm looking for biographical clues. 1937 Buser was born, he studied and received his doctorate. He was a financier successfully with new funding models, of a lot of money speaks a newspaper article. Also by a Swiss liberals awareness of right and wrong.

The strange life of which I catch sight of as an idea in a few clippings fall out of the usual order and can not be described with the terms of this order. The ambition of the writer awakens in me. to write the biography of such a person, that is the challenge that after I have longed for the past gray cold weeks of December. Immediately, I'm in the spirit notes, draw on drawers into which I put Buser. As a Zebulon he jumps out of this but always out and laughed at me.

On the Internet, some excerpts from his book, see "aphorisms and other Kurzweil." I read: "The sinking in softness and ignorance

Man of today would do well to read fine, ancient Koranic verses. There is also the commandment whip your wife persistently, even if you do not know every day why. You know why. "

"Whoa, well, that'll be fun," I say to myself and grin at the thought of the rant, I expect my colleague Alice. Feminism and equality are their affairs of the heart is something we have already spoken at many a beer. How will they react when they will join me to portray a declared anti-feminists?

I schmunzle even when the phone rings again and Danilo Manser reports back.

"And what is your impression?" He asks me. Instead of answering, I laugh. "I have the impression that I want to write this biography. But a question arises for me burning: Why do you call me, and not to Dr. Buser himself? "

Now it is to laugh at Manser. "Well, he does not know about this project. You know, he is a great admirer of Nietzsche, and this had not the vanity. I have repeatedly made Peter substantive proposals, but he has turned down, saying he would have to write more important than self-aggrandizement. but I believe that a personality as he is quite worth to be noted, especially in its conflict with the spirit of the times. "

I'm not sure if I understand the last part of his statement is true, and therefore initially focus on the first: "So you want to deal as principal for the biography? In what role? When his friend or critic? "

"Both," is the quick reply.

I shoot the question through my head why he does not write the biography of his friend himself, but as shrewd businessman, I speak not loud.

"To which relates Your remark with the zeitgeist?" I want to know instead and begin hastily scribbling some notes on a rag. As things stand, I will the information about Dr. Buser, so that every detail can be important get firsthand not.

"Peter Buser is 78 years old. In all his time, he has not only experienced some shocks to the financial world and the changes accompanying the same, he traveled with a Lamborghini East Germany, fell in Brazil

the clutches of ruthless kidnappers, was wrongly accused of receiving stolen goods and had a hundred love affairs with women in all parts of the world. Til today. I think the time history of such a character is distilled, though in a different way than it fits the philistines. "

A little contempt swings in style with how Manser pronounce the word "Spiesser" and I suspect that he is Buser imitators here.

"So that means you want that I write this biography without the knowledge and consent of the portrait?" I tick by.

"It is exactly like that. But do not worry, I know Peter. And if you do your job well, he will agree with joy a publication. "

This now represents a real challenge. Actually I write biographies usually on behalf of them in detainees and let them are made by interview responses. A deterrent but do not have the new conditions on me - on the contrary.

"My commitment to the project is, but as we come to the content if I do not communicate with Buser himself?"

"There are audio recordings that I have secretly made of conversations with him. In addition, I am working on it to get the diary of his many years, fell in love with him girlfriends. You still adorns a little, but I am confident that they will comply. "

Mir is immediately clear that this project has its pitfalls. You are the one in the material insecurity, on the other hand the risk that Buser finished the work, rejects the writing. But that should be Manser problem ultimately.

"All right," I say aloud. "We coach it!"

"I can give an important tip, if you are keen to understand the psyche of Peter Buser you yet. He is a free spirit in the best sense of the word. Ask Friedrich Nietzsche! "

A strange advice, I think, but silent. We discuss further details, and I set to work.

Two days later reach me by mail, the two written by Buser books. One, written in 2005, I know already of excerpts from the Internet. It is titled "aphorisms and other Kurzweil" and reminds not only the title of Nietzsche, the astute master of aphorisms. The other, published in the fall of 2015, is called "Notes of exchanges spe-

generous customer. " It contains both new aphorisms and poems also hidden biographical notes.

I take after Manser peculiar advice to heart and researching what Friedrich Nietzsche writes about, which he calls "free spirits". In the preface to "Human, All Too Human", he explains how he had the "free spirits" invented as a kind of consolation and how he hoped to be itself a kind of pioneer for them through his writings. "A Book for Free Spirits" is the subtitle. But who are the free spirits who invokes Nietzsche here - and Peter Buser one of them?

For Nietzsche, a freethinker is one who does not feel bound to force morality, refuses to accept the rules of the society only for the reason because they exist precisely and holds a variety of people in them. One who rather takes the liberty to put rules in question and to give each other.

According to Nietzsche, this self-clearing of petty morality and the search for his own truth, not only the epitome of freedom and humanity, he orders people received ventures here, a meaning beyond itself to. They act in their society as engines of innovation, because they represent the immutable Felt in question. With a wound or an itch he compares her work, annoying, uncomfortable, yet necessary for the emergence of new indispensable. He also predicts that they would accuse these free spirits a tendency to excessive self-promotion.

I click on the YouTube video "ubscsshame" showing an appearance of our protagonists, including the wake at the Street Parade in Zurich in early August, 2014. The sky is gray, the lake, it is also, but that does not stop Buser it to deduct a show. I recognize him as the white-haired man in a Hawaiian shirt, this barely discernible smile is on its trains. As one who enjoys fully what happened is. Scantily clad women whip out on a boat men in suits. And on the boat emblazoned a slogan. I AM DR PETER BUSER, YOUR BANK CAPTAIN. BUY SHARES WITH YOUR BANK, BUT BUY THEM CHEAPER. The jackets of Windswept bear the logos bank UBS and CS. Buser exudes in the opening credits for joy over the coup. I recognize the eccentrics in it.

But the frivolous staging on the boat indicates serious concerns. UBS, Switzerland's largest bank with a global weight had

be rescued during the financial crisis of 2007/2009 with state funds. always but they refused to take responsibility for the disaster has contributed by it.

Buser's criticism of the big banks appeals, as I now continue to read from documents received, to reason. the bankers would free themselves during the takeover of full responsibility over time by excessive supervision and at the same time at least stick pro rata with their personal assets for the liabilities of their banks, as were financial crises in the future, probably because of the past. He gives the bankers blame the fact that millions of people in the financial crisis have lost their savings, the job or the home. If the successful asset managers discussed this without sparing with open visor, he might like a little that itch, the Friedrich Nietzsche wished in the preface of his famous book.

Buser it comes to ownership, which allows only real freedom. That is clear to me when I listen to the first audio file which I Manser has now sent and chats where Buser at dinner with Manser about his childhood. For the first time I hear Buser's voice that told of his past. A fast flow of language, only occasionally interrupted by a clear and hearty laugh. Sometimes it seems as if Buser whether his thoughts fall even in an amused astonishment.

The sound is no villain, I think and wonder at the same time as I ever come to believe a man like Buser must be a villain in some way. I feel that the answer to this question reveals more about myself than Buser and that she still is central to the work on his biography.

How can it be possible to describe a man like him? Nor do I know of few excerpts from his life, but it is foreseeable that he has led it to parts beyond the bourgeois values of conduct in our society. Is it therefore a bad person, even a criminal? Has given him a prosecutor accused of not improper transactions? And what is it with women? Can anyone at all 60 million francs be heavy and righteous?

I ponder a while, feel that there probably is a contradiction in my thoughts and not in the personality Buser. Finally, while my view of Nietzsche's "Human, All Too Human" sweeps, comparable

I get it: But the question whether someone is righteous, already contains to submit it to the category of traditional morality. I realize that I make myself free from a petty judgment of the person Peter Buser and I have to give him a different approach: on the Human namely, the Human Allzu-. With millions assets, we fall all too quickly into the trap of moralizing prejudice. "Who is so rich a bad person must be at least" we hope that we do not have eight figure sums in the bank account.

I focus on what Buser told integrated in the memo about his child.

With eyes closed, I try to picture him as a child in the 1930s, the little ostentatious workers village Trimbach in the Swiss canton of Solothurn. Born on January 27, 1937 as the son of Julius Buser and Louise Strub, Peter experienced a perceived by him as a happy childhood. His father was a bricklayer, his mother a housewife, the milieu pious and petty bourgeois. The upbringing was strict, but never unkind.



*Autumn 1937. The ten-month-old Peter in the arms of father Julius and mother Louise in the garden of the birthplace in Trimbach.*



*1940. Even more boldly! The 3-year-old Peter in the garden of the birthplace.*



*1941. Peter and his brother Sepp. Except for the sandals, the mother has made the equipment itself.*

I put myself in a corner of the street the village and see little Peter running towards me. He wears his dark hair ungescheitelt, his trousers shines in many places without being worn, and he hops with an empty shopping bag in one hand and a purse in his other hand down the road. He is around six years of age, as he has the five kilo meter to the next town Olten running. The mother sent him to the bread overtaking. There in Olten, in baker Raimond, she says, taste better. But Peter knows the truth: In the bakery in Olten the bread is cheaper. Money is tight in the family Buser. The construction business of the grandfather in Olten went bankrupt in the Great Depression, 1929-1932. Now the young father feeds his family as a bricklayer polish.

I see omitted bounce Peter, the sun is shining on him. At this moment he is a true child, arrested all of the present and the moment. But life and its lessons not overlook him. he swings



Network and exchange a little too hard, and already flies the franc entrusted to him by the mother in a high arc into the bushes with nettles. Peter stops terror wanders across his face. Horror about what will tell the mother well. He carefully makes approach a few steps to the embankment, cranes his neck in the hope still to find the franc. He hesitates, then turns around to report the mother's mishap. He no longer hops, going very slowly, the small shoulders depressed from what now awaits him.

I stay on my street corner, put the head back and breathe the air and the spirit of this place. Here there is no sign of great freedom, everything is cramped and small. The heart?

The mother comes down the street, the heart-rend son behind. "Where did you lose it?" She scolds. The boy is pale, has silently with his head at that spot the embankment that has engulfed the Franks. The mother hesitates not, grabs the right arm of the Son and pushes him into the nettle bushes.

"You've got thrown him, now look at you out fetch him again!" She scolds, holding his arm tightly relentlessly. The boy shrugs, as the burning thorns make the skin of his hand and his arm, but he obeys, scans between the hostile weeds for the lost coin and pulls it out eventually. The mother nods in satisfaction, and Peter continues on his way to the bakery in Olten. The right hand is swollen, covered in pustules thick, and the boy fights back tears as he passes by me.

Hard, almost brutal educating the mother appears to me, but the old Peter Buser in the recording contradicts me: "If my mother had then taken me in his arms and comforted, would later probably been lost to me again and again money because I would have so can expect that anyway nothing bad happens. Or better yet, that I would be rewarded with consolation. No, I would never have come as far as I am today. "

A little simplistic this statement seems to me - the monetary success of the adult Peter Buser be based on poverty, frugality and austerity of their parents, yes, even crystallize in the incident with the nettles. But the more I think, the more I am willing to believe that I probably should actually be regarded as symbolic of the whole childhood incident.

Childhood may even be happy if it is accompanied by deprivation. One could, given the abundance, are nowadays often showered with the children in our part of the world, formulate even the deprivation and learning to deal with this deprivation may be requirements both for excellent experienced childhood as well as for a successful adult life. It strikes me as an exclamation of Jeremiah in Lamentations in the Old Testament (3.27) one who brings this wisdom to the point: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

The child Peter knew only the parents and their views did at one with those of the village community and the village priest. They were the first fixed points in his world. He should only gradually, and later remove them.

"We were poor," he says on the tape to Manser. "My mother wore for several hours in addition to the housework daily newspapers. My father taught it to some reputation, but hardly too much money, when he took over the office of president of the building committee in the village. Volunteer work may have to be aware of his battered by the bankruptcy of the father even helped to his feet. We brought it to a fixed or birthdays feeding baskets when Trimbacher builder tried to bribe my father with greedy view of public contracts. I witnessed the first attempts of corruption. Many more were to follow later in my life. "

Buser laughs his infectious laugh. "The baskets of plump fruit, sweet chocolate and marzipan have extremely good to us."

He is serious. "Breaking that I've always wanted, even when I was still barely understood me in recent years and could not put into words related feelings. Out of poverty, but especially from this narrowness of thought. "

Manser asks him again to his father.

"My father was not tangible most of the time for us children. He worked from morning to night, and when he came home, he was exhausted. It happened that he beat us if the mother complained to him about my and my brother's disobedience and boorishness. Its essence was alien to me, especially since he, like the time it probably was, hardly showed feelings and never spoke about feelings. When I was 14, he became seriously ill with cancer,



*1947. lovingly prepared to First Communion from the proud mother. The 10-year-old Peter (right) and his brother Sepp frame the 3-year-old sister Elisabeth.*

he had suffered as a result of we belunfalls in construction. I was 19 when he died.

A role model he was then not for me - he was there until later, and he is today. Nevertheless, he had influence on my life. He played as a layman in fine arts piano very well. But when I, emulating me him that Kla had taught four game himself, he was already seriously ill in hospital and finally dying in bed of my birthplace. "

In my mind, I'm standing there, in the premises of the closely built to transport road house with low ceilings and heavy furniture may see the anxious face of the mother and the questioning faces of teenagers prowling around the dying father. It must have been no easy death, back in the 1950s. I'm doing some steps under me creaks of the wooden floor, and I paint with your fingertips on the neatly groomed dresser and lovingly decorated showcase. Doilies under Heiligenbildchen breathe the spirit

a time when there was only God and the work. The mother in this house is the supreme virtue Guardian, moral compass and reliable engine. We of the weighed between children and parents or between spouses large living feelings. Surf would have been perceived as improper. It's such affection and respect. "Everything is in order, everything has its place," I think and feel how dull pressure a tight collar sets just around my throat.

"Childhood," Buser says on the tape, "was different then than it would be like today. It has not made such a fuss when it comes to <correct> education. If I today with my old camera classes meet me to, then we no longer talk about austerity and beatings. That's all long gone. We think in love and respect to our parents, without romanticizing them. Things were just the way they were. It found no reason to dissect them or are not bitter in the course of incorrect consideration. "

I go out of the room and follow Peter and his younger brother Sepp. Eleven or twelve of the elderly will be a big kid with long legs. In the blue eyes of the wicked laughs. The boys run to the dump at the edge of a forest adjacent to the village, climbing nimbly on waste mountains around, and I hear a triumphant cry as discovered Peter aluminum cans and collects. He takes so many he can carry in a large sack of potatoes, and run to the local hardware store. He reaps a few coins he rubs on his pants and puts relish in your pocket.

Now I am the one who laughs. I realize that I've just watched just the first successful transaction of the late financier Peter Buser.

"For me, smells like old wealth since aluminum cans," Buser says in the recording. "I still dream from time to time that I find a huge pile of cans and bring to scrap metal dealers. The happiness of that time swings. On the index finger I have a scar that I have drawn me to one of the rifles. "

It crackles and roars in tone, probably because Buser Manser just showing off the scar.

"Moreover, I have learned something about the limits of economy at that time," he says, and I can already hear the tone of voice that he says what now comes with a wink. "Because the way to Olten

Get the bread was so far, I often got hungry on the way back. Then I dug my fingers out into the termination area of the purchased loaf and brooded chunks. Nothing tasted better than this still warm, soft interior of bread. "

The children have now built up, assembled staffage a Punch and Judy show, ahead werkt and acts as ringleader of the young Peter. Who wants to watch, admission must pay who can not pay, causing old newspapers that eintauscht Peter later than waste paper for cash. The boy knows to express themselves, telling the audience of children eloquent the rules of the theater operation. He has the plot and the dialogues of the theater figures themselves devised. Diligence, prudence and practicality appear in the cradle him.

At age eleven, he began to lend money his schoolmates, neighbors and even their own parents - at an annual rate of 3 percent to 7 percent. The loans are listed neatly in an approximately 40-page checkout book that kept Buser today almost like a relic.

Again I hear the resounding laughter Buser about yourself on the recording: "For me it was no question that my family had to pay is impaired interest. Behind it not a bad idea. Even then I knew that it was necessary to separate the business side from the private, if you wanted to succeed. If such a hearing a Spiesser, he will get upset, of course. "

For the first time I hear the word "Spiesser" use Buser itself. His voice vibrates with ridicule. I see his face before me, the young and the old Buser, and there flickers briefly Mephistophelian glow over his features, too volatile to classify him, and yet clearly to forget him.

Buser on the tape speaks on. "As a kid," he says, "so between the ages of nine and twelve, I took my first fixed job. For our neighbors, the farmers Moritz Gerny, I went every evening two large jugs of milk with a total of well over 100 liters in approximately one kilometer from the dairy in the village center. I received for 50 cents a transition. "

Raucous laughter interrupts the story, followed by a clearing of the throat. "My dreams during these ducts can well as for me are called essential typical. As I walked and ran so, I imagined a 50-centime piece before I slowly via the front booming cans

		Übertrag	102.80	
Nov.	27.	Von Herrn L. Fürst für Mürken	1.-	
Nov.	27.	Für Erdmüßlein		-55
Nov.	28.	Für Kolobedack		-40
Nov.	28.	Von H. David für Austauschen	7.-	
Nov.	28.	Für Nachnahmen von Mutter	-80	
Nov.	29.	Trinkgeld von Nachnahmen	-15	
Dez.	2.	Forschungsgeld		-30
Dez.	2.	Opfer		-10
Dez.	2.	Wette verloren		-10
Dez.	2.	Gewinn beim Loto	-60	
Dez.	5.	Für Ausgabern		170
Dez.	5.	Von Grossen zurück 5% z. 8.14	2.-	
Dez.	7.	An A. Sorg geliehen 5% z. 8.22		10.-
Dez.	7.	Von Mutter zurück 5% z. 8.22	3.90	
Dez.	8.	Ausg. am Klausenjassett		170
Dez.	8.	Ziehungslohn	1.-	
Dez.	9.	An Kater geliehen 5% z. 8.22		10.-
Dez.	9.	Kolost beim Loto		-15
Dez.	9.	Einnahmen und Ausgaben	119.25	2500
		Gesamteinnahmen am 9. Dez.	94.25	

Speculation arises. Peter loses in December 1948 in a bet 10 cents and 15 cents in the lottery. From the grandmother he gets 2 francs and his mother 3.90 francs plus interest back. He then gives his father and his schoolmates Alfred Sorg of 10 francs to 5 percent interest. The negative recorded 10 centimes, which he tossed into the round gereichten offering plate during the fair, take more sparingly from.

conquered and developed. The body parts of the imaged Helvetia represented waypoints that I had to pass. The head was the route to the turnoff for Rumpelweg, the upper body up to the dairy, and so on. The right circle of stars was a symbol of the wait in the milking farmer who left for queuing at the dairy. For me it was obviously even then important that the spirit in performing monotonous work has a sense explanatory employment. "

Even the shoemaker who had his workshop at his home between dairy and church, he was welcome as an assistant.

"At that time, as a child I worked afternoons often shoemaker Sorg, whose wife in the side facing the street part of his house next to the church ran a small store. At that time there were no factory-made football boots, but the football pin had to be nailed to the soles of cobbler by hand. My job was to stamp out the leather of several layers building up cones with a special Tretmaschine. I received a cent per pin. So I knew early on what is hard work, but also that to make money with work and ambition. "

A boy from a poor family in a village on Jura who dreams of wealth! How much these dreams must have fired him when he was at the punching machine, while his peers were playing outside. How much the experience of poverty in his early childhood must have gone to his drive for the achievement of the future prosperity.

With my eyes closed I make a journey through time, see the lads Buser before me as he carts the milk through the streets and indulges his thoughts. It is a serene image full-hearted simplicity. The circumstances should change over the years, and yet the driving him mental images would remain in the adult and the old Peter Buser essentially the same.

The voice in the audio file changed suddenly assumes a special coloring. Longingly Buser tells of the bike tours that he made as a boy of first excursions into the wild and into independent living. The mother wants to ban these enterprises, but fails on the desire for freedom of the boy and the tolerance of the Father. Together with his brother and friends breaks Buser several days of tours through Switzerland on. Still almost seventy years later I can hear the enthusiasm in his voice when he ER- of these adventures

one, a smile creeps on my face. It goes to the Gotthard, the Grimsel and the Furka, the San Bernardino or Klau transmitter and Sustenpass. Often the mother goes on a rampage when the sons have ventured too far away. But that freedom filled, carefree feeling that mediate these trips can not to diminish the maternal scolding.

Bird's-eye I see Peter under me on the bike, your legs fast and young, and the freedom of the heart. So lets explore the world, it is at its loveliest side. As a woman who spreads her arms.

In the email from Manser I find a hastily shot with a mobile phone photo showing a diary entry of 13-year-old Peter, in which he tells of his travels. Even the language, the wording is awkward but wise. No teacher has ever tested this document so that it is unfiltered and authentic. In my nose is at once the smell of spring meadows, from the delicious shade of the woods, and the wind plays in my hair, the Peter must have felt on those tours. I understand that this bike adventure were the first attempts to break out of the confines of the home and the village, visible signs of freedom urge that should last a lifetime remain unbroken.

The lanky boy stands on a vast meadow, in his hand the string of a kite. Anyone who has ever a dragon has had to rise, know that this can be a difficult matter that requires a lot of patience. Blades of grass tickling his knees, the sun is high in the sky and hides. He puts his hand over his eyes, testing the wind and runs off. The dragon flapping and shaking, he finally rises higher and higher, until it is almost vertical over the landscape. The boy's face remains serious, glowing cheeks. Here is one who seeks success, wants to know how things work, I think. he believes, as he clasped the burrowing into his hand string too can discover what holds the world together at heart?

I follow him from the sun-drenched meadow in the dark rooms of the primary school in Trimbach. The ease we lose on the road, rigor and discipline come to the fore.

"At my school, I really only good memories. Not only because I was a good student, and despite very strict teacher. With a view to today's educational methods have to be said that it probably more



Furka und Rhonegletscher. Das Mittagessen nahmen wir in Gletsch ein. Beim Aufstieg zur Furka jedoch zogen sich am Himmel wieder grosse Wolken zusammen. Auf der Passhöhe regnete es in Strömen. Trotzdem machten wir uns auf den Weg hinauf ins Urserental. Der Regen, die Kälte und die kotige von tiefen Gräben durchzogene Strasse wurden jedoch so unerträglich dass wir etwa eine halbe Stunde in einem Ziegenstall bleiben mussten. Im Hotel Tiefenbach konnten wir dann statt wie vorgesehen in Hospenthal für 1.50 im Stroh übernachten. Beim Abstieg nach Hospenthal am nächsten Morgen, sowie beim Aufstieg zum Gotthard, verschleierte ein dichter Nebel die Aussicht. Die Abfahrt jedoch führte uns plötzlich zum Nebel hinaus und unter uns lagen das Ferris und die unzähligen Föhren hinab nach Airolo. Dann fuhren wir bei ständig zunehmender Hitze hinab nach Biasca in deren Jugendherberge wir übernachteten. Dort weilte eine Ferienkolonie der auch einige Stammgenossen von uns angehörten. Am nächsten Tag fuhren wir über den San Bernardino hinüber nach Bonaduz bei Reichenau. Für den Aufstieg vom niedrigsten Punkt des Misox 243 m bis hinauf zur San Bernardino-Passhöhe

After temporary protection search in a goat pen, Peter and Sepp the brothers save in the location on the Furka Hotel Tiefenbach, where they are allowed to sleep in the hay 1.50 francs. The next day she receives the southern warmth of Ticino.

Forms are to demand discipline. At that time, so in the 1940s and 1950s, we followed our teachers spontaneously, because they were natural authority. Those much knew much demanded and sometimes secured the respect and attention by means of corporal punishment. This will neither understand nor tolerate you like today: For those times it was legitimate and appropriate. And just as benevolent as my parents I look back on school and teacher. "

Peter was a good student, a bright child. In 1950 he passed the entrance examination to the Trimbacher district school with flying colors: All over the place it was said that he had written the only one for many years four ones. Writing and arithmetic, were his favorite subjects, even then he had a passion for languages and numbers. In high school he had made it safely, but this was in the still perceived almost as foreign neighboring town of Olten. The origin certain which child attended that school and what career could be sought, and so the young Peter remained in Trimbach. Probably fell at that time the decision that he become a teacher wanted to teach something to others.

"I liked it," said Buser, "how much esteem and respect was met with teachers. That's why I chose the teaching profession. "

I smile. At this point an almost clichéd example of how the origin characterizes us is from the individual life history. The worker's son Buser wants to become a teacher and finally, without having planned it, take the difficult threshold for legal career. And I believe him that teaching gives him joy.

I hear dishes and cutlery clatter, the conversation between Manser and Buser wanders off and returns to the back memories of childhood.

"Good memories of childhood and adolescence can probably keep more easily the stronger and better it has felt in this lived time. When you enter the better education-promising district school I had already placed a sign that no one could miss. Four ones in the aptitude test were more than a moderate success. As successful, I continued my further school career. Both in German and French and in math I was very good over all three years. I could allow myself in all subjects the luxury of never having to learn at home.

Yet I wanted to learn. Over and all that fascinated me, I did not know knew, or could. This included the piano. During my time at the district school I threw myself than about 13-year-old to the music books that lay on our piano in the living room. I started to practice and play, and declaimed my models, my father and the classmate and friend Peter Giger after. The latter played by this time quite well and wore while singing for hours in the teacher Josef Stöckli sometimes even a Beethoven sonata. Whenever I listened to him as he touched the keys sometimes stronger, sometimes stroking with great feeling, I realized what was playing the piano for me: the pure joy of sound.

The early experience of music has been influential in my life. Where and how I had been and I would be today if music had not always been with me? How boring it would be if I could amuse myself only on written material, on Painted and subscribed? "

And Buser further gushes: "Something Picturesque what for those Atmos phere typical, as for us is amusing today, I can not beat under. The curriculum of my gymnastics teacher Josef Stöckli also saw swimming lessons before, and this had to be issued for lack of river or pond in Trimbach in Aare lido Olten. There, however, men and women, a circumstance for which the unsurpassable of rigor village priest Otto Amiet and in its wake also condemned my mother and condemned. Cavorted messed motley, I saw a chance to once again be very different from others, and told my teacher in an interview after a lesson, my ideas of morality prohibit me to go to the beach. Frowning had the teacher who was certainly also plagued by the fear of imitators, make an exception and allow me to cultivate idleness in the shade of the nearby sports ground edged oak. I read there without understanding nor anything that Max Frisch's recently published novel "Stiller" felt like the boisterous shouts of bathers penetrated yet and even remotely to my ear, as a special, somehow the crowd Raised. How good it was my soul, beyond all vulgarity in my own and, I thought, higher world to float. "

The teachers wanted to dare to send Peter, given his performance in school already at the end of the second district school course in 1952 to Solothurn for the entrance examination to the teacher training college. His meager Fran-



*1952. Peter is 15. He can be mitfotografieren in Trim bach, as the mother of the first day of his sister Elisabeth earl's friend, family photo ordered to shoot Otto Wernli from Hägendorf.*

zösisch but not enough, and he fell through. A year later, as was allowed to compete again with the same age aspirants and candidates in its class it, it was no problem. Peter has now pfile "cottage food" in Solothurn, one operated by the community international similar sleep and confining Ver site for high school student, assigned a room space. Here, his home village dewaxed had to acclimatise and find their way.

I look at him, this young Peter Buser, half-boy, half-man, not quite knowing what is supposed to be out of it, and yet already determined to escape the confines of the family home, go out into the world and become in it prove. I'm curious how it will be done to him there.

I call my assistant Alice and consecrate them in the new job.

"Nietzsche, then?" She clears her throat. "Well, that fits so! Nietzsche did not take women seriously - and they do not take him seriously. In fact, he was afraid of women, so he mocks so much about them. "

"Whether you Nietzsche look so right?", I dare to doubt. "As for Buser, I do not think he knows that fear. All recordings whether photos or videos, as well as the reports of Manser, have him as unver-

proportionate confidently and boldly made. I say <disproportionately> because he was not ugly, but not a beauty-winning Apollo. "

"When do we get to him because know?" Alice asks. "For now, no, he knows nothing of this biography." She lets out a low whistle. "It just keeps getting better." "Do not judge him!" I say. "After all, he loves and writes poetry and plays the piano. I think behind its facade of a wealthy playboy, womanizer and senescent millionaire is much hidden that it is yet to fathom. "

## Ut ameris ama

"How are you getting?" Manser inquires on the phone.

"All right," I say. "Draw some Buser because when you ask such detail not suspect him of his youth?"

Manser laughs. "She did not know Peter. He loves to talk about himself, and listens with joy to himself. Childhood stories are quite exquisite, to emphasize their own genius. "He clears his throat. "I have something for you. On my last visit Peter showed me a diary, which he has led as a young teacher in 1957 to the 1962nd I was able to photograph some sides and will send them to you. "

"She also mentioned, there were still a diary of a former girlfriend?" I tick by.

"Yeah, right, Vanessa, the Brazilian! She is crazy about Peter. I am in touch with her and only has to convince them that it will please him if it supports our book. But for now you're still busy with his childhood and youth. What do you say actually his poems? "

I confess that I have read this far rather superficial, but promise you to look at in more detail. "I send you to the end to my first few pages."

In front of me on the table of the narrow gray volume entitled is "foot sheet of punters." My fingers stroking the A band, and only now do I discover the Latin phrase, which is down on the cover: ". Ut ameris ama" "So you had loved, love", I translate a whisper. Seneca wrote to his friend Lucilius in "Mora metallic Brie fen" Martial mentioned it and commented it Ovid in his "Lie bes art". I think about those words. How important they must be Buser, if he can be printed on the cover of his book! What do they mean? It is to love a call without a priori something to be expected, at the same time it is also a moral rule, namely countered the world so

nen as you want to be treated themselves from her. It seems to me rather contradictory that of Nietzsche disciple Buser equally makes those saying to his motto. Will he, when I meet him, then, tell me if "his" Nietzsche might have been inclined perhaps to have to be restricted in which he proclaimed "law of the jungle" by the phenomenon of love?

I flip through the pages of the band, stay at "minstrel morning song" hanging, which he presents as "Schmeichelmotette":

*From heights where you come  
in lilies The Wait dipped to  
comfort the Sun a thorn.*

... so it goes on, and there it is again, that sensitive, sensitive side that I have already discovered the lonely piano practicing young Buser. He throws himself with his words into the sweet world pain that comes with all that is really nice and well, with the music and the poetry. He loves her, this world. He wants to maybe change, but he did not appear, like so many, those aspects of, he does not like. He lies his way anything. No, he jumps right to life and discovered the ugly beauty.

But this sensitivity, which I feel should not be confused with weakness. Buser do not want to hard to be a good person, he wants to be alive, breathe, feel savor. This is part of the freedom urge that drove him out even as a boy on the bike and in the mountains.

Some poems are little declarations of love moments with nameless women. I find a name in "The Cry of the woman, while listening to a video with Alina F". In the poem is about three cries that are central in the life of the man: burtsschmerzen the cries of the mother among the Ge, the cry of pleasure of the lover and the wailing of the widow at the grave. I suppose that these Alina has earned him the coveted Lustschrei and schmunzle about it.

Wordplay found in his aphorisms and those diabolical delight in the absurdities of this world, which make up a humorous man. He loves this world, and she loves him.

Again, I am going on a journey, travel back to the year 1955th

The young Buser studied at teacher training college and a fraternity has joined. Singing, male friendship and drink please him until he finds something that suits him more: the love of women.

I hear he says Manser of that time.

"At that time I met lifelong friends such as Erich Ambühl, who in the face of him adorning plumpness and a mellow nature the students wore name <Buddha> and still carries. He was later Solothurnischer cantonal school inspector and was then senior of the <Arion>, the compound of Solothurn Sing students. He was a year older than me, and we delighted and amused us to sing Schubert and Schumann songs.

It was organized by the link <pub>, where it was considered honorable, even far to drink over the eight beer. I heard on the Vulgonamen <Strauss> because I like Johann Strauss waltzes recited the cronies in the <cooking hut> on the piano. In the boys baptism they called me then <Cupid>. Why, probably does not need the explanation.

In one of the drinking session at the inn <Wengistein> I had to eventually leak and left the vault, where the desert raged himself toward parlor. What I then saw there changed my life: A three-man band with a charming painted, girlish singer practiced dance music for the evening. I looked enchanted. Suddenly it became clear to me: You're wrong there in the Saufkeller! You should rather be here with this girl, being a musician!

The next day I wrote a letter and adoption stepped out of the Arion from. My friend Erich was naturally outraged and sad, but was my decision. I knew I was not one of the men who kept to themselves and partying the night. No, I had to be a man of women, and I would not be in a fraternity, which consisted only of young men.

The story of the girl and the musicians had, incidentally, 20 or 30 years later, in my experience an echo that makes them to me today in a special way recalled. One day I saw the wrongly almost forgotten film 'Le Staggioni del nostro Amore> of florestano vancini. There, the disappointed by the dull life of ordinariness protagonist also looks towards young playing instruments and singing and dancing girl who calls him his lost young love remembered. He desperately at the sight after him a number



have demonstrated the associated with increasing age hopelessness of life of Vorepisoden. Vancinis film did not make me depressed, but made me joy that I was able to pull me inside and felt Nevertheless, large forces in me.

From time to time but our fraternity also offered opportunities to get closer to the opposite sex, for example, on the regularly scheduled <wreath>. These were more honest today's standards balls, which were organized to bring together the boys and the girls - about dancing and chatting, of course. Each student had to invite a girl. The choice often fell on someone from their own training course.

I was just 17 years old. Still very inexperienced when it comes to seduction and flirting and probably some nut hearing, I went in search for a suitable companion. Yes, she had to be Catholic and pretty, and blue eyes should have. The next Brigit Straumann came this grid, even though I had to admit that is not connected me with her affection.

So we sat in the wreath in the stately inn <Bad Attisholz> without much interest in each other. I had given beguiling with the talented vocalist Erich Ambühl Schubert's song 'Am Feierabend' from the <Fine Mül Lerin> for the best. Suddenly I felt as my adoring eyes of Jeanette, a 14-year high school student of the district school who sat across from me as a companion of classmates. Unab casually they fixed me. I looked twice and three times after her how to prove to myself that what is seen was not a coincidence. The intensity of their interest dug me up, and I felt uncomfortable and almost shame when she looked at me as noticeable to others. I was stunned when I walked back with Brigit and other couples at dawn on foot to Solothurn.

I pulled myself together in the coming weeks to address Jeanette and invite them to soon take place wreaths.

My heart was in my throat when we <Cross> whether Solothurn went to dance to the restaurant. My hands were wet, and a desire for Jeanette left me barely think straight. At the beginning we stole us from society and took the stone and root penetrated the way down into the dark-romantic Verena gorge. There, in the immediate vicinity of the hermitage, we sat on a wood bench. I put

my arm around her shoulders, let my fingers glide through her loose hair and looked into her eyes. Then our lips met, and we devoured each other almost with pleasure and passion. Two hours well we caressed us until we, well after midnight, back up scrambled into the <Cross>.

In the dark and probably, according to the bright excitement in the Jeanette had put kisses and caresses me, I overlooked the traces of our trip. My drawn with lipstick face any case left no doubt that I had with Jeanette something 'done wrong' for the present at the Ball teachers.

In the following weeks, I learned that the professor Conference - teacher of middle school were addressed by <Professor> - had negotiated my exclusion from the teacher training college. I would have not have solved alone with an underage girl from the ball society. In the process against me the religious teachers called for throwing me out of school. But I was lucky, and it grew me a strong advocate to: the seminar superintendent Dr. Peter Waldner. He saw to it that I could not only remain, but the seminar was even able to finish ahead of schedule.

It is worth mentioning that at that time prevailed in the canton great teacher shortage. In particular, communities that were isolated and offered little entertainment were of the Education Bureau hard to use. So one day seminar were asked all students who could imagine an early dismissal from the seminary. I signed up together with quite a number of others. Ultimately, six were selected to piece posting - they had to make a financial statement audit. I was one of them and was at age 19 one of the youngest teachers in the canton. "

Crockery rattling, clinking glasses. I sip my coffee and look at the impressions of a diary of the young teacher who sent me Manser. to be read with the first date, the, the day before the commencement of employment agencies in Wisen bei Olten is 22/10/1956, "I will love them, this new world. I will plunge with burning zeal [...]. Kom me, you new life, and make me true and good ... "

There it is again, this exuberant love of life, the exuberant love.

Montag, 22. Okt. 56.

Morgen gehe ich dort hinauf nach Wien  
und werde in ein tolltönes Schulzimmer eintraten  
und wenig später werden Bucher und Mädelchen  
kommen, vernünftige Kinder, wohl zum Teil, auch  
gekleidet und dumm. Aber ich werde Sie lieben,  
diese neue Welt, oh! ich werde mich mit fremden  
Lippen hineinsetzen - ich sehe nur Freude.

Ach, wie falsch wäre es, diese  
Freude zu ergötzen. Nicht, dass ich Angst hätte  
sie zu töten, wenn ich nach ihrem Ursprung fragte  
aber ich weiß genau, dass ich lieblich, bewundern  
Worte anerkenne, denen ich nur dienen könnte  
und aus deren Dienst nur Freude kommt. Und  
doch, ich liebe noch Worte, Worte der Schönheit  
und guten Lebens, die sich der nicht in ein  
philosophisches System fassen lassen.

So komme denn, du neues Leben und  
mache mich wohl und gut. Liebe mich wie  
ich alle das liebe, was ich bis jetzt brauche  
und stärke mich im Kampfe für deine Schönheit.

I wonder what might have been like for a teacher of young Buser. After all, but standards and specifications were not his thing, and he was then only four years older than his oldest students.

I put him in front of me, a tall, lanky young man who explored with big eyes, the world is always the idea of a smile in the mouth that can erupt at any time into loud laughter. Also Manser is curious, but I hear how he asks Buser why he just wanted to take the teaching profession, with which one could not get rich but well known.

"Why me, the profession of teacher fascinated? I also asked myself again and again that question. The answer is not easy. A large role in the decision played the fact that I actually had little choice. For the son of a poor family teacher was simply the greatest thing he could be. Doctor, banker, lawyer, which were unattainable positions for me. In addition, I was probably a born teacher, I tried but even as a child constantly, my siblings and classmates in the sense of my ideas to make a bit more smarter and more efficient. With all the things that as a child I just organized. And last but not least my teachers were a kind of mission statement. I wanted to know how they are respected as they did.

<Good day, sir!> That was the usual response both within and outside the school. But that my way of teaching could not be that of most of my teachers, which soon became clear to me. The best of the seminary teacher in Solothurn had helped me on the jumps.

I taught the advanced level, the 5th through 8th grade. <Yes, Mr. Buser, strictly They were, but also very friendly. And we have a lot of singing, too with you and, of course, want to understand a lot of relationships and the meaning of things.> The told me two decades later, the former student Lucy, I met by chance in Bern's Train. "

So it was the social recognition which, he liked the son of a poor and simple family, the respect and the respect you had for him. He probably needed those years as a teacher in order to sattzutrinken in this respect and then give the rest of his life very little attention to what people thought about him.

Buser's voice in the sound recording is serious.

"There were at that time also educators, the rigor and discipline as a panacea for lack of hunger for education or lack of discipline sa-

hen. Among the proponents of this cane-pedagogy of authoritarian pastor of Wisen, which soon joined me sympathy and to whom I remember with emotion belonged. Time and again, when he invited me to the parsonage to undergo my piano lessons, we talked about the issue of education.

<Beat at school times together when they are the villain quiet not like!>, He encouraged me. The blessing of such a place justified my rigor, but I doubt very much whether the recommended actually was the road to salvation. Of course I wanted to assert my authority and effective if students were undisciplined. But, I asked myself several times, did not deserve them my appreciation, my devotion? Should I cram them nothing more than knowledge?

My of former teacher at the district school Trimbach, Eduard Lutz, was a true champion of hard discipline and therefore for me a kind of negative example, a corrective. In the military, he held a higher rank and led his classes with appropriate regiment. He demanded seemingly impossible things of his district students. If someone talked in his class or not listening, he let him stand at attention in front of the whole class, humiliated him and scolded him. It was, I believe now to know not sadistic pleasure that drove him. No, it was the belief that he did so correctly. Right in the interest of his students and the people who had hired him and paid.

The reckoning that drill teaching method I wanted to renounce. I tried therefore not stubborn easy to ask, but contexts show of what I had to teach the students. I wanted to create freedom by encouraging pupils to discover perhaps important on its own. That one time hardly had rigidly adhere to curricula, met me there. And if I sometimes found that physics or gymnastics were not effective, then we just sang a while. The relaxed, strengthened the cohesion of the class, and above all, it was a lot of joy. The students and me. "

Buser as a teacher, has not that something absurd? If you want to imagine what nonsense he puts the children in the head when he transfers his unbridled love of freedom Convention loose on them?

"I felt Recognition as a teacher, however, not only with my students. Even on the road, it was shown to me when on my way to school in Wisen even old women and men already on decision

slightly bowed fernung and respectful 'Good day, sir> wanted. "

The two years in Wisen have Peter Buser marked, in many ways. They were an important time of preparation for his later life, even if it never gave the impression at first.

"The first time I lived in Wisen the couple Kunz on its little more active working farm at the northern exit. They had a rental basis to me a bald and poorly heated room, which had been used the previous teacher. In the dominated by a large fireplace living room I devoured shortly after the start of my teaching job in the early winter of 1956 with enthusiasm the novels of Émile Zola, for me in the last year of teacher training my German teacher, Dr. Fritz Grob, had inspired. I had borrowed the French texts in the City Library Olten, and it should have difficult due to lack of knowledge of the literary French for me to read them. but grew wings like I like random Zola

20. Roman got out of the Rougon-Macquart cycle in the hands and pushed there on the relationship history of the elderly Docteur Pascal and his young niece Clothilde. Everything around me forgetting I was reading miracle Sames:

*<O yes! Beautiful, the most beautiful and the most desirable! All those poor jewels with which I have adorned you, the gold, the stones are all together not worth as much as the smallest piece of your velvety skin. One of your nails, your hair is an invaluable treasures. I will fervently kiss the eyelashes of your eyelids, one after the other.>*

*'And know quite well, Master, my greatest joy is that you're old and that I'm young, because the gift of my body too, so all the more thrilling. Would you be young like me, so would cause less pleasure you the gift of my body, and I would be less happy ... In my youth and my beauty, I am because of you proud and happy only reason about it because I consecrate you can.>*

*He was seized by a violent shaking, and his eyes filled with tears, she knowing so completely the Seine and so adorable and so delicious.*

*<You make of me the richest, most powerful Lord, you about Shakers test me with all the goods, you pour it over me from the most heavenly comfort which can satisfy a man's heart.>*

*And she gave herself more, she gave herself up to the blood of their veins.*

*'So, take me but Master that I disappear, I quite rising in you! Take my youth, take them all at once, in a single kiss and drink them all on a train, exhaust it, that it just a little honey is left on the lips!>*

We were delightfully bizarre what I read here and in many other places! A decrepit old age and a girl, but disgusting! I imagined one of my venerated in the arms of Docteur Pascal, and I felt nausea. Aggression grabbed me. And yet my miracles remained: Was such a thing possible? Could the life that I was ready to call life, as Pascal expand and extend?

Asked a question whether I myself would one day Docteur Pascal in my heart of hearts? When such a request showed he did not enter my mind. "

"And, you are today Docteur Pascal?" I hear the humor lurking hungry Manser.

"Not quite yet, because I'd have to be faithful," jokes Buser. "But when the time comes, you get an object lesson."

Then the recording smothered in engine noise.

"In my time in Wisen I learned Frideli Nussbaumer, the daughter of the local host of the <sun> to know and love."

A wistful diary entry of November 2, 1959 confirmed the affair. Each of us makes with the love of his first, painful experiences that shape for the rest of life. Even if the old Buser on the tape dubbed it: his still shaky document shows undisguised that here expresses no womanizer, but one who loves with all his heart and the painful finds one day that he has lost the love in them. Has the loss of love retried later and eventually brought about the present state of things, where he considers women rather than playmates and pastime and where he so truly will not allow a per se? In order to assess this, I still know too little about Buser. I will continue recording.

2. Nov. 59: Heute Abend mit Frideli! Ich weiss nun,  
dass jene Zeit endgültig vorbei ist - nichts ist ge-  
blieben. Was vollgelebte Lust war, hat sich von  
mir noch im eigenen Sein - was man anderen  
gab, ist aufgelöst hängt, und man zweifelt,  
ob es je war.

Oh, auch ihr Grenzen, wie wenig vermocht  
ihr über den ewig gleichen Lauf. Eine Ge-  
schöpfe, vernehmend den Augenblick vor Ge-  
bühren Fülle, jenseits sich. (Die <sup>sie</sup> Gemeinschaft  
steht sich nach langer Jahren auf <sup>sie</sup> - klärt  
sich ab - erleuchtet!)

Love burns up and the decomposition falls through analysis (here called "science") to the victim.

"Often after curfew, we cuddled in the host hall intimately almost until dawn on the wide tiled stove. In the village my relationship with pretty innkeeper's daughter was welcome, alone already because I was just the teacher Buser. But besides Frida I got to know of other women, such as on the way to my piano teacher in Solothurn, pianist Werner Giger. The fact that you then went much on foot, had the pleasant side effect is not rare that you ended up sometimes in a cornfield when accompanied a girl home. Since you touched inhibitions slightly. "

I see him, the young teacher Buser, handsome, with that mischievous charm, where the women are hard to resist. As he throws himself into love, discovered the women for themselves. It must have been a happy time, where, away from narrow Trimbach, surrounds himself with girls who all too willing to go for a flirt with him. The summer breeze blows through the cornfield, where he is with one of his loves, she kisses and caresses. Still awkward, but with that famine him - as I know from Manser - still plays with 78 in the arms of young woman s.



Buser tells of a meeting with the student Elisabeth Zwyssighaus that sheds light on the relationship teacher-student at the time. She was as apprentice at the School of Commercial Association in Bern in 1962, 18 years of age and five years younger than her voice teacher Buser.

"I was sitting in the shadows behind a pillar of the reading room of the city biblio thek Bern, than the known as jolly and awakened Miss Zwyssighaus stormed in and read friend called out: 'I can make you tonight not hit, we have English at sadists Buser. But English is indeed learning in the dog.> Next to the hall encroaching, it was my aware and ran with a red face of it. What she must have suffered on that late afternoon! I expected the reunion in the evening with thieving joy.

Before the intake of students they knocked on the room door and stammered almost in tears for my <Come in!>: <This was bad of me, sir. I excuse ... hm ... apologize. This will not happen again.>

I tried to play the Serious, even though I had the <sadists> and <Dog> together with the spontaneous statement that you learn with me good English, quite construed as a compliment. I said in a didactic tone: 'Certain words does not say a young lady easy, Miss Zwyssighaus! This disturbs the elegance.>

<I am sure, sir, this will never happen again> she stuttered. I insisted, yet conciliatory giving me: 'Let's talk but German for once, Miss Zwyssighaus! I forgive you and believe in your good intentions.>

<I repeat, sir, this will never happen again> she choked out and left the room. The red head she kept during the whole evening lesson. "

Both men laugh, but Buser has not yet fired his powder. During the period in Wisen, another incident occurred.

"I had to recruit school. to crawl my motivation, loaded with weapons and heavy luggage through mud and dirt, was weak. So I activated all my literary and acting abilities. The first stage of my theater tour was a respected psychologist in Solothurn. With suffering face and vacant eyes I told him that my military service very stressed out mentally, would make you tired and sick. Heart problems plagued me. That was true, but also dramatized targeted.

The psychologist took the anxiety, and asked me a testimony of that certified me that I would not be suitable after completion of recruit school for further military service. Too serious are my mental problems.

The real hurdle that I had to take was, of inquiry under the military. Not quite 'on the steam wings', for it but it is as well prepared as my literary model Felix Krull, I made my way to the appointed date.

In a bleak and cold room in Olten terrifying officers sat me in imposing uniforms men over, looked me over and tried to find out how much truth was in the report. Just as Thomas Mann impostor I sat on a confusion tactic. But, I would definitely be classified as fit for service, I insisted. These little mental dropouts and depressive phases were but not worth mentioning. No, you must join exclude under any circumstances, as such, the honor of my family but hurt seriously, they would not pollute deep. While I ran aground on theatrical top form and previously activated the day before the mirror practiced Mi mik, I enjoyed myself in silence. The officers were quick to agree that I do not service for the military is suitable.

<Take it not so much to heart, Buser!> Said the most Schwerts th Decorated. Everyone tried to console me, but I was on my military service and left, outwardly and inwardly bent triumphant, the hall as a free man without a weapon. "

Peals of laughter, and I am certain dignity Buser now stand before me, I could see in his eyes that mischievous twinkle that is familiar to me from his videos.

"I could start my next job teachers in Solothurn Derendingen 1959 and lived my dream of Lehrersein for another two years. I sent clear signs of a more liberal education and encouraged my students even to criticize me. When essay topic <I criticize Mr. Buser> 12-year-old Margrit Schweingruber wrote: chen <The Mäd that Ross tails or braids had were off very poor [...]. I just want you to stay with us, because we would learn something. We should not be afraid that we might not even come to the school district.>

musste, haben sie mich bis zur  
grossen Pause draussen sitzen lassen.  
Das dünkt mich ein wenig zu  
lange.

Das sie immer mit dem  
Lineal in der Klasse herum-  
gewandert waren, und wenn  
ihr einen Fehler auf einem Heft  
gesehen habt, hatte es das Lineal  
auf dem Kopf. Die Mädchen die  
Rosschwanz oder Zöpfe hatten,  
waren ganz arm. Sie nahmen  
diese immer an den Schwänzchen.

Ich möchte nur, dass ihr  
bei uns bleiben würdet, denn  
wir würden etwas  $\&$  lernen.  
Wir müssten nicht Angst haben,  
dass wir vielleicht nicht einmal  
in die Bezirksschule kommen.

The poor students who grabbed Buser in pigtails! The braided hair had a great attraction exercised on him and I see him in a crowded with 40 children classroom in the late 1950s. The girls wear knee socks, hair severely parted. Beware to complain: They would thus indicated protest and illegal resistance.

"Finally, however, I felt that I had to develop myself and move on. And this led me in 1961 to Bern to the district teacher training. My passion and my interest in foreign languages, other cultures and beautiful women in elegant surroundings, I could live here. I took to the Latinum and Graecum and took courses in English and Spanish.

My own private language lessons I talked with the 18-year-old Caroline Broom. I had met her and her sister Rose in the tram. I learned little by little, she was the daughter of a wealthy Chilean businessman. This came towards me and contributed to the expansion of my social and erotic horizon. Caroline's family resided in one of the most sumptuous villas of the Bernese Kirchenfeld Four means of. Soon I went there on and off and celebrated parties with the sons and daughters of people living in the area diplomats. The love Caroline I called <Dog> and they left it passionately fond fallen.

Behind the villa of Brooms a park-like garden expanded in the middle stood a dreamy arbor. On a warm summer evening I had lost my way with Caroline there. We kissed passionately and rolling around on the floor. Suddenly I felt a strange presence and looked up from the prone position obliquely upward. I saw two luxury slippers under a magnificent robe. It was Mrs. Broom, Carolines mother. She had probably been watching us for several minutes, as they felt it was their right to observe their daughter with this kind activity. I sat up, stuttered excuses and went out of the dust.

Mrs. Broom wanted to teach me then banned, but prevailed against Caroline and their passion not. After a few days I was back in the guest house. "

Buser bursts out laughing before he says: "In order to further improve myself next to English and Spanish into French and the examination to district teachers to take at all, I spent 1961 for half a year at the Sorbonne in Paris. As a student, you could in

get hold office of student bodies free tickets for theater, opera, as well as entertainment venues. I did not always have enough tural desire to Cultu and often went prefer free to Cabaret. I like to put me in the front row to watch all the ladies in the sinful Striptease more detail.



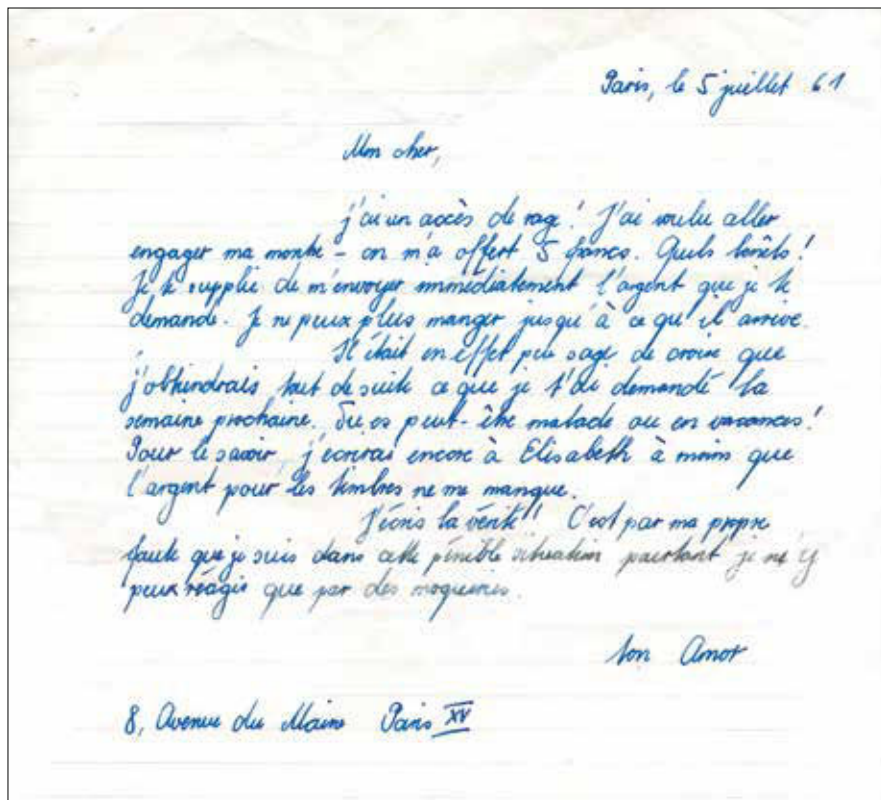
*Photo from the Immatriku la ti - heft  
Sorbonne in May 1961st*

Although the cabaret visits were free, and my two elderly landladies spared on Avenue du Maine my wallet by a rather small room rent, at some point I was running out of money. I was depressed, did neither in nor out, strayed hungrily through the streets of the city and could not concentrate on learning me. After all, I was so desperate and hopeless that I wrote a letter to my good friend Erich Ambühl in Solothurn and asked him to send me 100 francs. He helped me out of the predicament.

Erich is still a friend of mine. We may not share all the assessments of the world in general and Switzerland in particular - neither politically nor in other ways - but we remain

Friends. And however much my adventurous need of money was near him gone, he showed me recently when he produced dug my begging letter, 5. 7. 1961 after nearly 50 years and vorwies him with the words: 'For the richest beggar students I've ever met. >

»



Buser had asked Erich Secretary to June 1961 from Paris to financial aid. He mentions in a second appeal letter of 5 July 1961 that he has pledged his last asset, a wristwatch for 5 francs and suffers from hunger. He helps with self-irony.

There are adventures that make a man, I think, and know restlessness that Buser drive then. He had his place in the world not yet been found, was hungry for knowledge, for education, for experiences.

But how that was exactly with the young Buser and women? Was he always a womanizer, as he tells in retrospect? I loading

conclude to provide Manser this question, so that they in turn can be directed to Buser.

Manser logs on to the phone, as always tied rather short. "When you meet Mr. Buser again?" I ask him. "Even tonight," he answers to my delight. "Why?" "Well, I stumble a little about his amorous adventures, which he has in Wisen in increasing numbers from his time. He also has mid-20s yet had sex. Was he always a go-getter when it comes to women? Are the macho airs that I'm anticipating, real or a scam? What do you think it is possible to feel a little him there on the tooth? "

Manser is itself curious and promises to provide me the next morning with new information.

I discuss me with Alice, who have sent the first few pages of the manuscript.

"What do you think?" I ask her.

"I think he puts a great deal of importance to his womanizing. As if he was proud of them, or as these were his trophies. But I believe is behind a subdued trauma. He must always prove something and others by conquering women churning. From what you told me, nothing has indeed changed to this day. "

Furthermore, I think for a moment to hesitate and to agree with her.

"I think he just pleasure of conquest," I reply finally. "Therefore, it is with the trophies may be true, but not necessarily be negative."

"Are you jealous?" She asks me pointedly, and we both laugh. "I find it rather sad that someone like him at his age has no other woman society as a young girl, for whose kindness he has to pay somehow. He has no children, was never married, right? "

"No never. As I understand it, but he wanted it that way. Do you think he's lonely? "

She is silent for a moment. "I do not know him, but it sounds afterwards. I read what you have written about his poetry and his piano playing. Somehow that does not fit quite to my image of a sex-crazed Finanzhai beyond the retirement age. "

I hear them at the other end of the line thinking.

"This is probably a kind of protection," she continues. "So Buser can dose very precisely who comes close to him how and under what conditions. And he never runs the risk of compromising by compromise his freedom. For him, it's a successful business. "

It rustles.

"In his aphorisms," continues Alice, "he scoffs at marriage. as partly contempt is palpable, as if marriage is a prison that women were designed for men. I see it exactly the opposite: Marriage is primarily an institution of patriarchy which women get to children and sentenced to clean. It is certain that Buser always had a strong aversion to loss of control over his life. "

We hang up and I ponder her words after. What it says I can well understand, but I have a feeling that the damming of Be ziehun gen fits in well with Buser, to his freedom. If we want reliable and unpaid vicinity of another, we have to make big concessions. Partners need to be successful, always len on both Tei be different. When Buser meets with his girl, then he is free to simply he himself remain.

One of my friends, whom I spoke to on the matter yesterday, commented tersely: "It is presumptuous to think that everyone needs long-lasting emotional partnership nearby. I suppose that Peter Buser sufficient the constant presence of his male friends. Sensuality he gets in changing girlfriends. "

As promised, reached me in the morning a call from Manser. The night before he was to Buser at the table.

"You are quite well judged him," Manser tells half approvingly, half surprised.

Excited I play the tape, which he was able to go unnoticed. The scratchy voice of Buser with the Swiss tone is heard. Sometimes it goes into a dialect, and it is difficult to understand him.

"I'm Girl Next Door While always confident occurred, but I played this confidence more than that I felt in me," he explains. "I was a romantic and laid showed permeability, even indifference, were rather a disguise. I wanted to honor the women who have liebeund considerate tender. It was not yet dawned on me that I missed doing this, according to which my adorable creature longing in reality. "



He clears his throat.

Discovered "I have this missing, not least with the help of Vreneli Kreienbühl, the daughter of a sedate Berner officials. I had met her at the Kursaal Bern and fell violently in her marie-like face and in her virginal beings. When my Advertise zeitigte success and the extent was finally that I could press her kisses on the lips, she pushed me from him and cried imploringly-reproachfully and with disarming honesty: <! Peter, I feel nothing, nothing, 'I found her reaction disappointing. I had to admit that I did not have the gift seem to arouse in her what she due to the reading of teenage magazines and reports from friends of mine would have been allowed to hope.

Later succeeded one time quite known in the Bernese scene musician, a band leader to win Vreneli for themselves. He married her. What she found in him what I was not able to give her?

I came months later with the new husband this week and told <among men> from my defeat him. He laughed out loud: 'You go with the women to wrong, Peter! Vreneli takes strength. You have to grab women and lead and show them where it's at. Like that, because they showing virility. And only if you are a man in this way, they can be all woman.>

The statement dealt me. Could that be true? Such a gentle, adorable creatures like Vreneli wanted to be really packed rough and forced to their happiness? "

Buser laughs loudly and dry.

"That's just it, while the feminists in the world are up in arms: The fact that the women love it, in fact, when a man is macho. Deep down they despise men who are whiners and show weakness.

I have more than ten years to catch on to that. During my time in Bern, there was at the Bellevue Palace, the Nobel hotel in town, magnificently oriented student balls. For us students it was a kind of introduction to the company. The tickets were expensive, and you had to perform in elegant evening dress. I invited Dagmar. She was a high-bosomed, appellative of sensory pleasure hairdresser, a <Sleeping Doll>, as we somewhat disrespectfully said among students. I bought her from my then still little money a nice robe. But de- on the ball

monstrified her that she was bored in spite of my being and my gallant puns. Eventually, she was gone, and I found it after a long search in the underground car park of the hotel where she cuddled violently in a limousine with a taxi driver. This man was her - although I socially inferior - offer something over which I was a student did not possess at the time: real, rough masculinity ".

I hear a sip of drink Buser.

"This has - as the words of the rock musician - led to a profound change in thinking that affected finally on my behavior. I decided from now on only to give women what they wanted in their hearts. And in fact, I had so soon success. "

Raucous laughter, clinking of glasses that emphasizes friendly voice of a waitress.

"It does that against my soul," says Buser. "My soul is tender, you know!"

I can not resist the temptation and call Alice. "You were right," I announce to you, "when you would expect if a little different." I tell her about the new tape recordings, "Buser found that women want real men who who know how to pack and show them where it's at. "

A contemptible sound is heard, then a laugh.

"In this respect, he can only speak for the women with whom he surrounds himself, and which are not representative by far," she defies, and I sense belligerence. What would happen if Buser and they met? I suspect it would be great fun for all who will listen and could watch.

And Alice, "Buser women come today, so I think I recognize from poor countries where patriarchal ideas are much more pronounced than here. They are poorly trained and have learned that it was fitting for a woman to obey the man, anticipating his needs and to satisfy them. "

"Buser would there even agree with you, 'I reply,'" but for him this is nothing negative. The whole thing with the women's emancipation was an aberration of the present, primarily the men wear at fault because they have rejected their leadership and responsibility of inertia and weariness of himself, so the women had to become masculine. He does not see devalued as you accept the woman. He assumes

that the male and the female are two poles that can be truly complementary only if they are not grossly mesh. On this bipolarity the appropriate coexistence between the sexes was based since time immemorial. "

"You sound already, like you're gone before him into the clutches of" grumbles Alice. "Are you Buser crawled about on the glue?"

I laugh. Actually, I want to annoy them just a little. And Buser gives me good ammunition.

## The adventure lures

I listen to the latest recording to the end:

"After my return from Paris, and after a total of two and a half years of study I graduated as a district teacher in your pocket. But work again as a teacher I did not like. Instead, I discovered an almost irrepressible urge to keep exploring languages intense and understand with how people had packed into the past been thought and Gefühltes into words. So I took up the study of the Roma nistik and classical studies in Berne. At the same time - but that was me less conscious - I would thus begin to intensify my studies of women. If you have mastered the language of a country that I had already learned to win even faster access to them.

I internalized again in 1967 during a stay in Romania. As part of a student exchange I was invited by the Ceașescu administration on the recommendation of my professor Siegfried Heini man there for a summer course. Three days after I had taken my car driving test, I drove with my newly purchased Alfa Romeo over Lugano, Trieste, Belgrade, Timisoara to Sinaia. Unlike in Italy and Yugoslavia there was in Romania on most routes no highways, but quite a few located in remodeling muddy roads that are not received well my luxury vehicle. After three days of travel, I arrived in Sinaia and found happiness with a private mechanic who corrected the worst damage to the car barely.

The Alfa Romeo was a magnet. When I stopped in towns and villages, large crowds formed within a short time. <How many horses did this miracle thing?>, Asked the thronging before the women men. When I said this I do not know and do not care, I was definitely a miracle, a supernatural phenomenon, it is detrimental if she takes care of the profane.

Girls expressed slip rear windscreen wipers of the car that read: 'I love you, I want to meet you.>

In the large castle park of Sinaia I prefer walking around with girls than to go to the classes. At some point, when I was called to an appeal in the devoted lessons castle section, took me Professor Aeschbacher, a Romance capacity of Lausanne, on the page. I feared a warning. But he put a friendly arm around my shoulders and said with a smile: 'Monsieur Buser, do quite well - you do not need to get into the courses. Continue dragging around with the ladies. Also I have learned so my foreign languages.> His words encouraged me and encouraged me to believe that my courses were suitable in practice. I let fail lectures final.

Towards the end of the summer course with a Community tour of the participants was made to Cluj. I followed the broken early in the morning by bus convoy with a delay of half a day and took in the Alfa Romeo the 10-year-old son of Schlosswartin with who admired me for the heavenly cars sake. Trips were adventurous as it might only every 50 kilometers was once a petrol station. It was lost, if you do not know the locations of these often very primitive facilities. Often they were away from the big interurban roads.

At a tap in front of Cluj I had forgotten my Polaroid photos that I had probably taken out of my jacket pocket when paying. When I arrived in Cluj in the late evening, I was summoned by the police to the police station. The photos had been taken on eerily fast way and who knows which paths to my destination - faster, it seemed to me, as I had with my Alfa can drive. The police confronted me with the recordings, asked me where I was standing relationship to what he photographed. I tried to convince, activated all the Romanian, I - had learned from those shown in the photos girls - irony of fate. I was afraid you could turn me from some scantily clad ladies and perky posing a rope. But the police were laughing,

I spent the night all the more easy-going with the coming from about 20 countries, fellow students and fellow students in Cluj. The next day I went with my teenage companion back to Sinaia.

The Schlosswartin was good to talk to me, even though she had to wash my shirts again, as they were full of lipstick. Morning often formed in the courtyard student small groups in which they had to learn along with the professors kinds. Since I was mostly doing. Whenever I had probably overdone it with the togetherness, the Schlosswartin leaned amusement out of the narrow window of the tower castle and cried, clearly audible to all professors and fellow students: <The Peter Buser has again lipstick on the shirt! Ruj de Buze! ! Ruj de Buze> The final R of <Buser> did not care: She thought my name <lip> and identified my name with the lipstick red, she had to wash out the shirts.

Following the study in Sinaia I was in Bucharest. I had met in Sinaia in a spa hotel a sweet, blonde Bukaresterin. Her mother invited me to stay with her and her daughter in the capital. I then spent three nights in the home of the two ladies. It was romantic. Eroticism was also present, but not in the sense in which we speak of <sex> today. "

I stop the tape. It seems to me significant that Buser Although wild kisses with almost 30 years and is attracted by women like a moth to a flame, but that this benefit has something innocent, because the last step, the experience of coital activity, he has not even made. He was a late bloomer, and I ask myself what was the reason.

My thoughts returned to his parents' home, the Saints bildchen over lace, and even though I come from a different generation, schwant me that it probably had something to do with the prudish sexual morality, grew up with the Buser. Sex was at that time was something dirty for many, the children were taught that they would stupid from masturbating. It was common practice to delay sexual activity until marriage, quite different from today. In this aspect, one can see Buser later offensive lived joy of eroticism and sex as a subsequent protest against the bigoted upbringing and conservative parents.

"After these three nights in Bucharest I had no money and the mother had to sell my hairdryer. I had always placed great emphasis on my hair, never wanted to lubricate pomade in my hair and had therefore to all trips always a hair dryer there. Who was in Romania, of course, a sensation, because something was not it, at least not in luxurious version. The mother took my hair dryer at a good price

from. Imagine times its value in what was then Romania before! He corresponded much on fuel as I needed to travel from Romania back to Switzerland. Today I come with the sum not even from Liechtenstein to Zurich. "

My thoughts revolve around Romania, a country that I myself have recently traveled only. Although between the stay of Buser and mine 50 years large parts of Romania seem still to be in hibernation, which he describes suggestively. Poverty is great, the women are beautiful, the stories are sad. Quite a few young women from Romania are a lack of alternatives to Central Europe to prostitute themselves here. This aspect would still have to deal with me, Manser had even hinted at.

but for now we are still in Bern, at the end of the 1960s. Buser writing his dissertation and discovered next to languages and women's third passion: the stock market.

The university was a tour de force. Buser, who was a teacher without high school education with only 19 years, provides a 578-page dissertation entitled "The names of <praying> and <requests> in the Christian Latin and Old French" in 1971 at the end of an 8-year study in Bern at his supervisor Siegfried Heini man from. I believe him that it simply interested him how and why the word "orare" / "listener" to the

14th century Gallo-Roman was able to hold and then disappeared in favor of the competing "precari" / "prier" from the language. The work was certainly long and tedious. The result but the effort was worth it: A summa cum laude for the newly minted doctor Peter Buser.

I suspect that it was not always easy for Buser to exist under training moderately better prepared students. Perhaps he, who had never taken the technically already specified Matura had to start a sense of inferiority. His passion for the material feed-te but soon to a gain in knowledge that gained him respect among fellow faculty.

During his studies Buser is only for WE-trade, and later to the stock market, the starting point of his future prosperity and success. First, however, I wonder why he did not, decided to stay at the university and become a professor after his successful promotion for it. After all, he loved science and appreciated the



QUOD BONUM FAUSTUM FELIX FORTUNATUMQUE SIT  
AUCTORITATE LITTERARUM  
UNIVERSITATI BERNENSI

ANNI MDCCCXXXIV DIE XV NOVEMBRIS A SENATU POPULOQUE BERNENSI  
CONCESSA RECTORE LITTERARUM UNIVERSITATIS MAGNIFICO  
GEORGES REDARD PHILOSOPHIAE DOCTORE LINGUISTICAE INDOGERMANICAE  
PROFESSORE PUBLICO ORDINARIO DECANO ORDINIS HISTORICORUM  
SPECTABILI LUC MOJON PHILOSOPHIAE DOCTORE HISTORIAE ARTIUM  
ET ARCHITECTURAE  
PROFESSORE PUBLICO ORDINARIO SENATUS LITTERARUM UNIVERSITATIS BERNENSIS  
AMPLISSIMO PHILOSOPHORUM ORDINE HISTORICORUM AUCTORE  
VIRO DOCTISSIMO

PETER BUSER

SALODURENSI A VICO TRIMBACH  
ORIUNDO PROPTER DOCTRINAM PHILOGIAE ROMANICAE LINGUAE LITTERARUMQUE  
LATINARUM LINGUISTICAE CUM INDOGERMANICAE TUM GENERALIS  
CUM DISSERTATIONE QUAM INSCRIPSIT  
„DIE BEZEICHNUNGEN FÜR BETEN UND BITTEN IM CHRISTLICHEN LATEIN  
UND IM ALTFRANZÖSISCHEN“  
TUM EXAMINE SEVERO SUMMA CUM LAUDE PROBATAM

DOCTORIS PHILOSOPHIAE

DIGNITATEM IURA PRIVILEGIA DETULIT DELATA PUBLICO  
HOC DIPLOMATE PROMULGAVIT

BERNAE DIE XXIX MENSIS OCTOBRIIS ANNI MCMLXXI



Recognition that grew out of his involvement with her. Buser himself gives the answer to a recording that Manser has passed to me. The way how he exists, shows that he has answered my question many times.

"It was an arbitrary morning when I set out in Bern once again in the direction of the university. It rained and was chilly. That made one of my professors not mind because who drove in all weather riding his bike to his job. His eminence as a scientist did not harm it, but one day his appearance took for damage. One of my old classmates Trimbacher who could not qualify as light and classes of the primary school had had to repeat, splashed the professor with dirty water full - up and down - as he glided with his sleek sports car to him. Two girls standing close, giggling loudly and gleefully and then jumped into the luxury vehicle. The lamenting of the enraged professor was stifled by the mäch term engine noise.

I stood there and felt a my later life influencing knowledge to my seized: <As a professor you have no shine and we nig effect, especially not to women. You must be connected to the luxury car.>

Of course I was prudent enough not to give up their studies. I focused heavily on it. But hardly less pronounced was my propensity to expand my network of friends. A good base here formed the Kursaal Bern, there was dancing every evening in the. You had very förm Lich act, be dressed with shirt and tie and make the women in the old way the yard. I was 26 years old and owned a resurrected from my first WE Merit VW Beetle. However, what I had long not had a driver's license. Still, I did not sit well every other night without palpitations in my car and drove from my Woh voltage in the Länggasse three kilometers via Schanzenstrasse, Lor raine bridge to Victoria Rain before the Kursaal. Sometimes I took an alternative route via the Kornhausbrücke. Although that was a little longer,

A certain bigotry at the university went on my nerves, and I liked responded by provocations. In a seminar break, for example, we came to talk about the Nazi era. The other students cursed

the Browns and declared them for despicable. However, I cried at some point in between: <I, too, would have been a Nazi!>

all fell silent.

<Yes> I continued, 'I, too, would have been a Nazi, because I like her'm just all here nothing but a fitter. Because if you get up against something, you have to accept that you have to fight and suffer need. Fight for your ideals and fight with the loss of your comfort and your prosperity. Most Germans were not prepared. And if someone comes here and now and prides himself, he would have gone in the thirties as a German in the resistance, he shall deliver me the evidence in the present!>

An initially heated debate about my <commitment> subsided soon. I disturbed me that Swiss talked morally superior and believed that they could resist the compulsion for riding out of their imagined national Excellent awareness out. Keep the oven Enver zeitigt always and everywhere adjustment: No one should, I thought, just like that take immunity against devastating mass pressure can claim. "

Even in his student days Buser was inventive when it came to bringing his diverse interests and activities under one roof. "Since I was active during the day with WE-shops," he says Manser, "I could not go into all the required courses. so I hid frequently in the region adjoining the lecture hall library room behind books a tape recorder by which I recorded the lectures of professors Heini man, Gigon and Redard secretly. I risked a lot, because I would never have given permission for this procedure. Had I been discovered - my fellow students had Kings ratting me NEN -, the matter would have ended bad. But secretly I had confidence that I could explain to a furious professor, his lecture was so precious that they belong immortalized. Also might have been considered to my relief that I indeed took place lectures on nights and zealous digested. "

Inventiveness and a good dose of self-confidence can be found again and again paired in Buser's biography and I wonder briefly which of the two most important for its success. I tap the self-confidence.

Finally we reach a point at which I'm waiting curiously for a long time in the biography. I know the child Buser, bussing students, Buser

the woman admirer and philanderer. but what Buser the business man? And how he actually came to the stock market?

Manser asks him, and you can hear that you like Buser to tell about this episode. His voice is changing, becoming sober, the color sounds that she has when he raves about his love for study and girl loses.

"I've organized this as a child puppet theater, and since the children have paid the entrance fee with old newspapers because they had no money. The newspapers were like a security which could be translated into an entrance ticket. I had as a theater director only accepted cash, pretty much empty events would probably come out. "

Paper rustling, footsteps and voices can be heard.

"Before I'm talking about the business," continues Buser continued, "I have to maybe hold that as a young man not doggedly ran after the fetish of money. My drivers were different: I wanted to make something of myself, to be someone, and that someone other than the many. but surely I identified money as a means to exert attraction to women.

And which one deserves the fastest money? Of course, with the money yourself! And where do you money with money? On the stock exchange.

At 23 I sneaked me once in a New Year's Eve celebration in the Hotel Krone in Solothurn, which was quite luxurious raised and reserved heeled people. I wore my only suit and stole through the kitchen into the ballroom. The next step was as inconspicuous as possible myself and blend naturally with the rich and famous. The game succeeded and made me a lot of fun. I knew I was not part of this world, but gave me this knowledge no pain. One day this floor, these crystal glasses and fine robes and expensive champagnes are belong to you, as an inner voice told me. I picked me then boldly Anne Marie Knobel, the lovely daughter of a wealthy factory owner, from society, and she pressed herself while dancing soon happily at me. "

Involuntarily I think all seduction in this narrative to the historical bedrock, to Giacomo Casanova, who had moved in polite company also like a fish in water, and the women easily and gladly succumbed. I google and find out that this Casanova actually removed almost exactly 200 years earlier, only a stone's throw from the later to become Krone probably love affair in Solothurn. Floated since 1960 also

something aristocratic-Sensual in the air, which incited the young Buser and inspired?

But now to the second valuable papers that have been important in Buser's life according to the Punch newspaper! We come to the WE-trade. What is it about? The term stands for WE WE economy ring and is likely to be more Germans unknown. But Switzerland's visitors know the small plaques that previously stuck in rural areas at the entrances of shops, hotels and restaurants, and to inform you that payment by WIR checks are accepted.

The WIR Economic Circle was founded in the 1930s during the Great Depression by pioneers as a self-help organization of smaller accept lower. was WIR money and is still in Swiss Lan to an interest-free complementary currency by which the more easily reinvest in the organization's assets and promote their sales. The participants' accounts are managed in a booking office in Basel. Back in the early sixties, Peter Buser had a smart idea how he could make money with the system encountered. Almost an alchemist he immediately found his way to the miraculous multiplication of money:

"My friend Bruno Misteli in Gerlafingen had a brother, Herbert, who has since died. Herbert ran a drugstore in Appenzell Herisau where business start-ups were then officially still little more difficult. He sold to WE drugstore goods, supplied Kun the well with electrical appliances, kitchen appliances, watches and many other things, which he bought with occupied WE and handed it to local currency with discount. I discussed with him the phenomenon of Comp lementärwährung detail and learned that he had almost notoriously too many WIRGuthaben and not enough local currency. Other business people would be a problem.

We wondered in a night-long debate about what to do, and came up with the idea, there should be an intermediary to decrease an excess WE balance and delivering to those who have WIRInvestitionsbedarf. Herbert could alone due to time constraints not expose, but I saw called me and goaded to rapid activity. And soon successes one. Medium-sized companies that need urgent cash, sold me have excess WIR Well, I then resold not only other companies but also private individuals for the purpose of obtaining discount.

Acquisition I was running through newspaper advertisements. Over the years I built up a solid customer base and earned my first small fortune.

At the beginning there was the problem that I did not have any working capital. But there was a solution. To earn some money, I taught French and English at the Commercial Vocational School Bern. There I met Julien Keller, the German and French taught. It was like I worker's son and a student. He knew the law students Michel Béguelin of which he told me among other things, that he was a classmate Jean Ziegler Thuner high school who made time in Switzerland with books Furore, who challenged the establishment. Michel came from a middle class family and barely suffered from financial difficulties. He found me sympathetic and original, and I managed to convince him to ask me his savings on a daily basis for short-term WE switches available. He gave me powers that enabled me to withdraw money from his savings accounts at Berner banks. Since he had to trust that I brought back the amounts within a maximum of two or three days with a fair interest rate on its banks. It was always about sums francs up to 30 000th Today it would probably be around 100 000 francs. "

As so often interrupts Buser hearty laugh the conversation. "I remember the exhilaration I had me as the first WE transaction succeeded with the help of Michels short loans. I ordered a willing to sell architect in a restaurant in Bern and sold his acquired 20,000 WIR francs only half an hour later in a nearby tea room a master electrician. My yield was four percent, or 800 Swiss francs. To earn with private lessons, I would, I calculated, must provide more than 100 hours. "

His voice is serious.

"The WE trading and Michels help were by no means risk-free insofar as there was a risk that a seller accidentally or punitive worthy example WIR checks exhibited and sold, which were not covered by an offsetting deposits at the WE headquarters. Did the buying his acquired them credited at the headquarters in this negative event, they refused to credit on the grounds that the account is not covered. My customers had received an indispensable written guarantee of coverage of me and wanted me now, the spent

Money back. My capital dissolved into thin air, and I was worthless paper in his hand.

When I had earned about 70 francs 000 through the large number of transactions after a few months trade, served me to a dubious Zurich Real Estate Agents WE of 70 000 francs, which proved to be not covered. So I lost at once again most of the acquired working capital. However, I recovered quickly, because I already had a sizable customer base that gave me new transactions and revenue.

The risk with unmet WE checks could be mitigated. The WE headquarters telephoned information about whether issued checks had funds or not. However, the respondents informed often only if they are satisfied that the request was on transcription an actual statutes fair transaction is based. So I had to adjust on the phone and pretend I was a brave and bemühter SMEs. There were many Italians in Switzerland, the small shops were established. I developed a certain virtuosity in imitation of broken German. The varying accents along with the change of voice pitches allowed me usually get at the essential information in terms of coverage.

The role plays were facilitated by the organization issued anonymous checks for so-called non-participants. Anyone could and was allowed to come into possession of such checks and so that as the Center does not Identifiable provide a justification for the requests. Although these non-participant checks were issued by the Office itself and guarantees. but you could pretend the embarrassment, you did not know that and believed these checks would have to be charged to the account of the participant who had sold them.

Of course, checks could still be covered at the hour of the request, a little later but no more, because the issuer had issued too many checks. Fraud was easy with good timing. Fortunately, I was told of how previously affected only in one case in a serious way.

The WIR organization did not yet know, the mid-sixties, an effective defensive measures against the trade. But guards were there, the office manager Wäckerlig, who led the WIR office at the Bern Hirschengraben regiment. He echauffierte about my - what he called - <racketeering> and let me know about others, that my trade is illegal.

Even with prison he threatened. However, a consultation with fellow students of Jus faculty revealed that this was bluff and that there was the alleged provisions of any law. I told him my hand through a third party, and he became very angry. He sent me a lawyer on my dorm room at Vereinsweg who threatened again and asked if I was actually tei my degree by a Doomed development would threaten. I pointed it away. Gradually the nuisance, lost adjustments. "

I see the young Peter Buser before me, mid-20s, tall, curly hair, the skin still smooth, the suit pants with flip and the sideburns long. He has plumbed the WIR system to a weakness and exploited this weakness to his advantage. The financial ambition is igniting inventiveness of his childhood who made money out of waste paper and scrap metal, now breaks through with power and breaks his train.

Buser perceives in the memories of those days great joy. "I wanted to save my helper, and I had myself comparatively spend a lot of time for the WE trading. Thanks to the idea of recording the lectures I acted some six years - until I moved to Zurich in 1972. And I did not put me on one side to the purchase and sale of checks laid. I was dealing also, as had Herbert Misteli led the way in Herisau, with all sorts of goods. Via stops at the University as I offered the fellow students to buy cigarettes and skis cheaper and better for me than in the store. Even my teacher colleagues in the Mercantile club I offered with WIR purchased is cigarettes cheaper at, my students even textbooks. As for the latter, I was competing with Berner bookstores that were used to, school administration acts as an intermediary in relation to the fee-paying students Lehrmit tel sell with normal margins. Often large stack stored goods in meiner dorm room at Vereinsweg. My bed sank almost in the many boxes of cigarettes, books and wine bottles.

Interestingly even the tax side of this episode. I probably would have had to register a business, but also I was not worried. I benefited without me to be his long time aware of the fact that I was but registered in Bern as a weekly residents, in the canton of Solothurn remains as a dweller in Trimbach. It must be penetrated to the ears of the Bernese tax authorities at some time that I ran a kind of business, and they called on the colleagues in Olten to see rights. The Oltner chief officers invited me before and comparable

reached accountable. I put him off and put documents in views, full apprehension and knowing that there did not exist such. And there went an angel from heaven! The officer got a few weeks after gehabtem scheduling difficulties, because he had his duties, I do not know in what thing hurt. He was released, and I heard nothing more. "

In his early years of study Peter Buser puts the WE trading its first few hundred thousand francs back - before he is 30th "My margin was usually three percent, some even at five," he says Manser. "I bought assets with a <strike>, for example, 30 percent and then sold them further with such of 27 or 25 percent."

By WE trading Buser comes into contact with the banks, "There, in the windows of the Bernese banks, there were panel of currencies where trading of shares and the speech was, and that interested me. What is this, a stock? And above all: Can be actually make money in stocks? How could it be true that a stock on the same day was written on the tablets with 300 francs and the next 320? I had no idea of stock market and banks - but I understood a bit of money.

In 1974, I finally received after moving to Zurich the concession as a securities dealer and then concentrated soon on expanding the trading business, which proved to be far more lucrative and promising. To the detriment of the WIR business also had an impact that the organization took increasingly stringent defense measures and exclude members began when they were caught in breach of prohibition. "

From the worker's son to millionaire in a blink, it seems to me sometimes. Buser tells how he earned his first fortune, as if he could hardly understand what was happening in retrospect itself. But what does this mean for himself, his perception of himself? I feel an intense desire to talk to Buser himself. Given the lack of documents I feel almost like a Siberian shaman before, which wants to read the future of guts.

"You have to make it simple," says Alice, which I talk about my dilemma. "Otherwise you never know but if the person you describe, really exist or just a figment of your imagination is. Which by the way the



raised by the question about the condition of our protagonists is concerned, I have found in Nietzsche interesting reflections on the phenomenon of trafficking and generated by the actions of self-image. "

I hear rustling pages.

"Nietzsche writes that the exchange or trading was historically the origin of justice. Literally: Each provides the other satisfied by everyone gets what he values more than the other. "

I spin Nietzsche's thoughts on. The trade is beneficial, in fact, the formation of character because he is experienced by the actor as something both the intrinsic well as the foreign well-strengthening, and can cause positive life notions. Promoted the trade and the satisfaction of standardized Buser and his desire to be decent and fair? I want to believe it, Alice say but nothing. They insulted entrepreneurs often as exploiters of their employees. I must not appear in their eyes as one who overly praises the "capitalist" or even take him as a model. I will not forfeit their sympathy.

## A man like a bank

The tape continues.

"Even during my studies and parallel to the WE-trading activity, I discovered the phenomenon <exchange> and opened it to me self-taught. I could not fall back on a bank clerk and had never been in contact with relevant in my youth. Nevertheless, or perhaps because of it I devoured press pertinent reports in the trade in which <Frankfurter Allgemeine>, the <Finanz und Wirtschaft> and <Neue Zürcher Zeitung> almost with greed. I felt that here was waiting my future.

Through contact with SMEs, whose confidence I had gained over the WE-trade, I also had the first prospective for investment deals and won my first customers for the portfolio management. I received administrative powers in banks in Zurich (Union Bank of Switzerland, Bank Hofmann, Bank Märki-Baumann) and Basel (Amro Bank, CIAL Bank).

At that time I went up with from today's perspective rather exuberant self-confidence at all. I thought that it made little difference whether an investor bought securities by advice from his bank or with my help. I do it probably a little better and know especially cheaper way, I thought. 1968 I built an advertising brochure, in which I extolled my talents and given my still small industry experience and rudimentary knowledge auftrag quite thick. "

Manser calls me to inquire about the progress of the biography.

"I now come to the description of his career on the exchange. Is not very hard to do this only on the basis of secret recordings? If you now do not show Mr. Buser our work, so that he himself can participate and provide information to me directly? "

nere und mittlere Vermögen zu bieten. Abgesehen vom Personalmangel werden die Leistungen der Banken durch verschiedene negative Faktoren beeinträchtigt, die weniger augenfällig sind, dafür aber umso stärker ins Gewicht fallen:

- Zuzolge ihrer exponierten Stellung zeigen die Banken gegenüber dem aktiven Einsatz, ohne den der Börsenerfolg nicht möglich ist, ausgesprochene Zurückhaltung. Temporäre Rückschläge, die bei verstärkter Risikobereitschaft nicht auszuschliessen sind, könnten den zur Objektivität nicht fähigen Kunden veranlassen, die Bank durch Verunglimpfungen zu schädigen. Dieser Gefahr wird durch eine konservative, wenig gewinnträchtige Anlagepolitik begegnet.
- Eine wirklich gute Anlageberatung kostet viel Zeit und Geld. Für die Banken ist es unwirtschaftlich, zum Zwecke der Mehrung der Kundenvermögen einen grossen Aufwand zu treiben, solange sie am Erfolg nicht direkt beteiligt sind. Bankleute werden sich um der Erhaltung der Kunden willen wohl bemühen, einen angemessenen Beitrag zu leisten; das intensive Analysieren und Umdisponieren von Einzeldepots nach individuellen Gesichtspunkten zahlt sich jedoch nicht aus.
- Die Banken geraten bei der Anlageberatung zuzolge ihrer vielseitigen Tätigkeit notwendigerweise in Interessenkonflikte. Bekannt ist die Tatsache, dass sie mit allzu ausgeprägter Vorliebe affillierte Fonds kaufen oder dass sie die Kunden oft ziemlich wahllos an Emissionen beteiligen, deren Plazierung sie fest übernommen haben. Zum Nachteil des Anlegers kann sich auch der Umstand auswirken, dass Banken daran interessiert sind, sich niedrig verzinsliche Kundengelder möglichst lange zu erhalten, ferner dass sie dazu neigen, Gesellschaften, an denen sie in irgendeiner Form beteiligt sind, übermässig mit Kapital zu dotieren (vgl. zum gesamten Problemkomplex die umfassende Darstellung von Dieter Krauss, Die Anlageberatung der Kreditbanken, Diss. München 1968).

*Wir glauben, Ihr Vertrauen insbesondere deshalb zu verdienen, weil Sie bei einer Zusammenarbeit mit uns keine der genannten Nachteile in Kauf nehmen müssen. Wir sind unabhängig von Interessengruppen jedwelcher Art und verpflichten uns vertraglich, einzig im Interesse unserer Auftraggeber zu handeln. Das Problem der ungenügenden Kostendeckung stellt sich uns nicht, lassen wir uns doch für unseren Aufwand an Zeit und Spesen durch ein angemessene*

"No," says Manser decided. "He had to do things in business, at whose publication is probably not necessarily located him in the initial phase between about 1970 and the 1984th But if we describe these things in him justice to type and then submit the Final, I will be able to successfully push him well to agree to publication. Peter always emphasized that truth and honesty are essential for good luck. <The whole truth and nothing but the truth!>, He likes to preach. I will find the right time later and take him at his word. "

By the early 1970s Buser changing residence. He leaves Bern and relocated to Zurich, kenwelt to the vibrant center of the Swiss Ban.

I hear the recording:

"In my last two or three years Berner sometimes visited me financially literate people with whom I had made me in my first steps in portfolio management known or befriended. <What do you want in this sleepy officials Nest Bern make financial career?> They asked. <Go to Geneva or come to Zurich or Liechtenstein, as running was! 'I realized that they were right, and insight quickly followed the decision.

I saw myself in 1970 three or four weekends long in Zurich around and discovered on the western Zurich mountain, at the top Rigistrasse, a tree-rich, posh residential area that impressed me and that attracted me powerfully. On an empty terrain that was marked with the numbers 60/61, put signs which ankündeten the construction of condominiums. I called the owner and displayed architect Stefan von Jankovich and expressed interest. He explained to me full of infectious enthusiasm, his project is very promising and the apartments to be created are really cheap. However, they would have to be paid in installments ahead because he wanted to take with banks in the face of high interest rates most limited loans.

I let myself in his company may enter on the land registry ZürichFluntern as a buyer and paid in a first payment rate is significantly more than the purchased is co-owned land was worth. Jankovich a Hungarian artist and author, the supply during the 1956 uprising as anticommunist spokesman for the Budapest Studentenbewe was sentenced to death in absentia and fled to Switzerland.

In 1964 he had a serious car accident and was then heavily busy to process his near-death experience. He wrote reports and books about it and was invited to relevant discussions stations as knower in metaphysics of television.

Probably because he had little talent as an entrepreneur and was arrested earlier in the unreal, he came first in 1972 in financial difficulties. He controlled his money budget insufficient. In order to complete my apartment was at risk. The committed by him entrepreneurs wanted to buyers from me and other housing by Artisan lien have money again, which we had already paid in advance. I resisted, Jankovich sat with aggressively worded letters under pressure and threatened to make it in the press as fraudulent failure and Investitionsvernichter known. Jankovich is counsel brought out in the known as hemdsärmelig lawyer Konrad Butz, whom he did not name his friend proudly. But this explained to him - as he told me as Schmer zensmann later - that he could not do anything to my ultimately justified attacks and that it is advisable not to exaggerate the matter and seek a cleanup. Dr. Buser was up to every trick, and given the sophistication of his arguments, it was likely that he would have not only studied philology, but also the right science.

Two years later, when the affair was finally got off lightly, Stefan invited me from Jankovich to his private views into the Zurich Hotel Nova Park one. Its graphics and watercolors enjoyed recognition. He was a little tipsy. Almost from the moment he had me and my companion, the 22-year-old Urnerin Bethli Gisler sees, he greeted us emphasizes friendly and drew us after some chatting and skirmishing to a corner table. With a drink in his hand and his elbow on the table, he craned his head slightly forward toward Bethli, pointed his finger at me and said, 'Do you know your doctor Buser is the devil incarnate. In my life always all have loved me, and I had only two real enemies: the Communist Party of Hungary, at whose request I am sentenced to death, and that Dr. Buser.>

Then he drank a toast to us and drank his glass in one go empty. Bethli, who was to speak that evening how often bad for me because I was in their view, driven by notorious infidelity, was deeply impressed and presented me in connection with a beautiful night.



**SCHWEIZERISCHE BANKGESELLSCHAFT**

UNION DE BANQUES SUISSES  
UNIONE DI BANCHE SVIZZERE  
UNION BANK OF SWITZERLAND

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Telex 34662

Herrn Peter Buser  
Neufeldstrasse 7  
3012 Bern

Unser Zeichen

Ihr Brief vom

Ihr Zeichen

Datum

W/er

22. Dezember 1970

Sehr geehrter Herr Buser,

Es ist uns sehr daran gelegen, Ihnen für das uns im vergangenen Jahr entgegengebrachte Vertrauen, sowie die gegenseitigen angenehmen Geschäftsbeziehungen zu danken. Wir sind davon überzeugt, dass sich diese auch im kommenden Jahr weiterhin positiv entwickeln werden und versichern Sie unserer Bereitschaft, jederzeit gerne für Sie tätig zu sein.

Für das kommende Jahr wünschen wir Ihnen sowohl geschäftlich wie privat alles Gute und recht viel Erfolg.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen

SCHWEIZERISCHE BANKGESELLSCHAFT  
Zürich-Wiedikon

There were people who saw in my work as a portfolio manager a provocation of the established banks. 1973 called me at the Zurich stock exchanges Commissioner Franz Hunter, who had probably been made aware of the envious on my work. He told me tersely that I needed to adjust my listings advertising in newspapers and could make no portfolio management. That is the task of the banks. To be active in this area, I would need a stock exchange license. My question of why he answered briefly: 'That's in Zurich just once so and that's it. Where would we be if suddenly is likely to make any therefore Overflowed Portfolio Management?>

I was not to get rid of me and asked Hunter a few days later by telephone to the conditions that I would have to meet as to obtain a relevant license from his government office. Hunter appeared somewhat embarrassed seemed to wrestle with himself, and then snapped: <. You must prove sufficient knowledge and provide three references from major banks or at least representative of banks for this purpose>

Just over a year I tried to procure these references. I made representations to the Union Bank of Switzerland. There I managed first to depots, and they were kind to me, as a letter from the time shows.

The former securities chief, Richard Schait, asked me, after I had explained to him during an audience in the city my plans, a first reference from. He asked how I was happened, employees of the Zurich branch-Wiedikon where the customer accounts were, and classified me as a capable and reputable. A little later I harvested also references the Privatbank Hofmann and Märki-Baumann. Thus equipped, rich I te one of a formal application with the Stock Exchange Commissioner, Franz and Hunter saw itself obliged to give me 1974, the B-concession for Securities Trading.

At that time I did not in any way that I could do with this license, it was merely realized that I needed to management continue to operate my portfolio management. It was not until 1976, I began to lead separate first customer deposits and entrusted me custodian to transfer assets into a collection.



KANTON ZÜRICH

## Die Direktion der Volkswirtschaft

nach Einholung eines Gutachtens des Vorstandes des Effektenbörsenvereins,  
des Börsenkommissariates und der Börsenkommission  
erteilt

Dr. Peter Buser, Vermögensverwaltungen,  
Zürich

die Bewilligung zum

### ausserbörslichen Handel mit Wertpapieren

im Sinne des Gesetzes vom 22. Dezember 1912 betreffend den gewerbmässigen  
Verkehr mit Wertpapieren.

Die nach dem erwähnten Gesetz zu hinterlegende Realkauton  
ist auf Fr. 20'000 festgesetzt.

Zürich, den 10. Mai 1974

DER DIREKTOR DER VOLKSWIRTSCHAFT:



DER SEKRETÄR:



Two years later, Franz Hunter convened on the first revision of my Bör senUmsatzregisters in which the business had to be entered for the purpose of discharging the Federal stamp duty. Unlike Ban ken, I had no punch card machine to perform this register. I hour occupied the diligent high school student Daniela Schicker which the transactions wrote calligraphic beautiful on the prescribed large area sheets.

Hunter declined to coffee when he had entered with me. He demanded the directory of my transactions and I handed him the heavy, integrated shock. Puzzled and slightly disgusted he blustered: "But the sales register I want!>

<That is precisely my sales register!> I said meekly. And he: 'What's that? I have not seen my whole life such a thing!>

He disappeared with the tome under his arm in the next room. After two hours of intense examination, he finally gave the all-clear: 'It's all right, Dr. Buser.> Then he reared up in front of me, pushed me into a corner and stared at me imperiously. His lips were pointed, determined his tone: 'Something I tell you but really only once: If you ever get the idea to cheat on taxes, I will carry you in jail!>

I gave him the cue back and said, 'Mr. Hunter, what about the IRS? I blacked out the names of customers in my submitted tax documents, and the assessment authority is now demanding the release of these names. What is your advice, what should I do?>

And he in a commanding: 'They do nothing! They are under banking secrecy, and we defend them. Namely, they are like a bank! ' "

Buser laughs uproariously at the memory, and I hear Manser disbelief at what has been said express. Buser seems to mass fix it fast: "I know neither you, dear Danilo, nor any other of today's bankers will decrease to me that I did during this short process WUR to a bank de. And yet it was. I was now on <like a bank> and of course very proud of it. "

Buser is serious.

"Well-established banks were not happy for me. On the contrary: They began to see me as a disturber and pesky competitors. The more customers I won and the more successful I became, the greater was the resistance of

People mainly of middle management, the more often their attempts to tie back my business. Again and again scornful comments envious bankers were behind to me by interested investors: <Dr. Buser has no license and all this should not make. This way of doing business can handle only help banks correctly. He trumps wrong to a license. What he has is worthless and invalid. Beware of him, otherwise you will one day crying and heartbroken in front of me!>

Asset management as an independent industry there was in Switzerland at that time hardly. Banks dominated the field. It took only a few on the fingers of one hand countable people related promotion. Significantly louder those who had worked as a banker himself for a long time and trying to be self-employed at the end of her career in niches. "

So here too I experience Buser again as a kind of innovative pioneer in a business that he has only recently been opened up themselves. In one of the "footnotes" in his latest book, his memory seems to echo:

*despise*

*the financial advisor of the big bank, the numbers in picassoschändenden Zim lulls large customer ladies with sweet coffee and preppy reception. Which smirking rubs on success in the backroom of his hands. Who has regained his victims. The sacrifice can be manipulated again to their hearts content and exploited.*

*adore*

*cared for the little Steppenwolf, the small customers. The struggles with daily failure to help its customers.*

Peter Buser, the Lonely Wolf financial scene? And yet kind-hearted? That sounds like something even pathetic, even if he was indeed a pioneer-like and asked to be geek. He openly speaks of "self-effort" and "failure". What easily comes along, was certainly the resulting nis hard and privation work. Also a continuing risk.

And today? Today Peter Buser walks up to the 80th he reaps the fruits of these efforts? When I think of the pictures of the Opera Ball, I answer yes. But how far does that? Long-lasting, hard work makes you lonely, which

is certain. Since Manser still reluctant to introduce me to Buser, I send him an intrusive question to me with the note to make our protagonist talkative either by means of some drinks or by the presence of a beautiful woman.

What Manser send back to me, is a recording of poor quality. The noise and music can be found I that it has devious the two speakers in a venue that is reserved for men. In my mind's eye scantily clad girls dancing in black light.

Manser, only dimly understand, asks: "And, Peter, do not you regret many times that you're not a grandfather and will never be one?"

Buser is hoarse and speaks loudly to drown out the music: "You know, Danilo what drives me, in essence, is - well think differently than you and others - not advance the urge at all costs to get rich or to attract women , I want to be myself, and therefore I sit down necessarily of the many off. You see again and again in my career. As a boy I gave my parents, my neighbors and friends loan, played as a young adult Felix Krull and dreamed in matters of love with Émile Zola from a Retiring with a young woman. And if you now the 'grandfather> some extent thematisierst as a condition of satisfaction or happiness standardized in this truly only to be mentioned stuffy way, so I ask you: Which normal grandfather makes lack of ability to create something out of itself, grandson not a substitute for his purpose in life? And marriage: How many honest husband convince themselves that they are happy with their wives, because after them early years of optimism nothing is giving than the consolation auto-suggestion? I would despise me if I saw myself in need to limit myself to such a close life content. Should we not Män ner us at any age from a hopefully inherent power out to develop free and independent, looking for new and advance new? we need to offspring or partner as crutches? " just because after them early years of optimism nothing is giving than the consolation auto-suggestion? I would despise me if I saw myself in need to limit myself to such a close life content. Should we not Män ner us at any age from a hopefully inherent power out to develop free and independent, looking for new and advance new? we need to offspring or partner as crutches? " just because after them early years of optimism nothing is giving than the consolation auto-suggestion? I would despise me if I saw myself in need to limit myself to such a close life content. Should we not Män ner us at any age from a hopefully inherent power out to develop free and independent, looking for new and advance new? we need to offspring or partner as crutches? "

And Manser: "But, by God, because is not both together, both the husband, father and grandfather as well as the acclaimed you Selbstver realization?"

"I do not know any family men who enjoy life and preserve one each creativity underlying freshness permanently. There they might be separated. I do not have the grace to be one of them. "

"And if many or all as argued, where would we be? Where would be the advancement of mankind? "

"Here now," jokes Buser, "you have me trapped. I can really only hold up my bachelor banner because I see that the great majority of men bow to be overburdened them by nature bid. I would in this regard detect changes in society, so maybe I should not get married in my old age. "

So "Men tend to marry from a kind of capitulation itself out? Plus joins lack of imagination? That seems something even black picturesque me. "

Buser listens to the tape audible to himself: "There is something else: men want to be taken care of. You are looking for a home for their souls, a kind of nest, and therefore they obey the pressures of fatherhood, because they expect remuneration in emotional. Remains of the allowance or break it off (because the wife as unfaithful permanently or daughter nothing tender about donating), so men often collapse. Although one likes to claim the opposite. but I believe that in today's world, where the woman's life achievement is open in all areas, divorce for men mostly represents a greater disaster than for women. "

"The man has a woman so look out neediness and need it urgently. Is that not the other way around? "

"Just not quite! The woman is the child-bearer of the child and effortlessly creates the mother usually a very strong bond with this child. This bond is possible less the Father. The man is exposed, also because it threatens forfeiting concession granted him love and gratitude of the child upon separation. The practice of divorce court is familiar to you.

By the way: The woman triumphed everywhere and always. The woman can not give birth and the man. The man envies those bordering on the miraculous ability of the woman. "

"But now you go high up and try my willingness to listen. Are we come here to philosophize? "

In the recording simmers and crashes it. Someone debaters seem to trouble. A mellifluous female voice sounds strange: Italian or Spanish I do not hear, nor Romanian, because these languages can I identify. Is Polish, Czech or Hungarian? Buser do not hear I answer Manser.

Should I call Alice and ask her about her impression? I hear you

scold, "geezer" and "sexist" call and do without for a time. Why can not rest in this issue, give more peaceable? The war of the sexes is a reality. It exists not only between them loving couples but also between ideologically hostile groups. Do I want this war the heck? No, as long as it does not yield any violence and rages in words and arguments, I want to see him with understanding and kindness.

I call on another audio file in my computer. The pitch of the speakers is higher, and I have to assume that it was taken with a time interval:

"I was never like the others," said Buser, "I never wanted to be like one another. In otherness, in the accompanying otherness loneliness, a self is vergewissernder, sweet pain. I remember that I was a student sometimes Latin or Greek texts in my rented student digs read and heard the commotion of festivals from the streets and squares ago. Who except you within 50 kilo meters read now that all sway left out and dance, of Ovid 'Ars Aman di' or <Politeia> Plato? No, you're the only one!

Or today: Which Old One walks in the shopping area of Chur or Zurich holding hands and toying with a 20-year-old girl, and delight in the diverse reactions of passers-by? No, you're the only one! "

The recording is unintelligible. Are we to think here of Friedrich Nietzsche and take the word to him, "revaluation" in the mouth? Buser even saw the well-liked. He obviously appreciated by aspirations and life goals and cooks his own soup. In good case (and only in the good), this behavior may lead to an experienced as beautiful exclusive vitality.

"Exclusive", which seems to me a keyword in Buser to be a biography. It means etymologically "exclusive" and will laudativ used in the sense of "outside of obstructive barriers and borders". It has freedom, the freedom to love and desire, who you want and where and when you want. On the commercial freedom also, which makes it possible to contract free of restrictive consideration and regardless of aggravating regulations with those third parties that it selects itself. The enemies of those freedoms of all, a musty sexual morality, on the other hand, excessive regulations.

Such regulations of Peter Buser active in the banking and stock exchanges was subjected to in the last two decades of the century, more and more. His business beginnings in the seventies are in a pioneering time, which reminds me of a distance to the California gold rush. The harder the attendant with a major loss of freedom must change him have fallen, which was enforced in the money economy from government control since the mid-eighties.

But even in those early years after 1970 was not gold that glitters. Buser says: "Again and again I drove like all those who participate in the stock market, of course, also a temporary losses on the portfolios of clients. My clients were not happy. I had hardly accuse me something I did but in the course of investing in stocks only what was in the Treaties and what risk Prepare or their banks have also made. It was expected that I invested. In crisis months I said sufferers what to say, 'Now we are hopefully near a low point. and hinwerft If you now desperate, then you are lost and have no more to make up. patience is the motto.>

Of course, I searched intensively for: <Which sectors and industries could develop well, where is growth, what can I buy? 'But soon took hold of me the knowledge that such questioning brings little: The moment where the individual makes these considerations , many others with the same idea on the road. Real benefits arise.

To make, but also relief was added at that time that there were no provisions for asset managers unlike today, the risk tolerance tests were prescribed. Some banks may have made such, but I had never heard Relevant. I saw my clients like me as a carrier of an unlimited risk. Perseverance and character they should show and wait in bearish times until it comes back up.

During the oil crisis of 1973 and thereafter, the greenback broke against the European currencies multiply massively, and the value of dollar-dependent stocks dwindled tremendously. This resulted in the large number of computing in francs or German marks customers in substantial losses. I also lost part of my fortune and it a part of the confidence in my abilities as an investor.

The beginning of 1975 I felt bad, and I was confused follows,

I thought about it, to have to hire me back as a teacher. I called a black day even the Department of Education in Solothurn and asked whether a teaching job would be free.

The phase of dejection lasted only until the stock market began to rise again from the beginning of the 1976th. When I earned money again and laughed customers again, I convinced me more than ever that I had backed the right horse.

In 1974 I had already some twenty asset management customers and the B license for securities trading in the bag. But I never would have become really successful and wealthy, if I had not discovered a niche for me: the granting of Lombard loans. With it I gained from 1978 to the late 1990s, a lot of money.

In the securities-lending banks demanded usually too much margin and were overly reluctant to non-Swiss borrowers. My customers were more than 90 percent German, a sizable part of them black money had deposited. Banks slept there at that time, to exploit this potential, did not point out that in addition to traditional business loans also hypothecate could have been their customers. Making it a perfect niche opened up for me. In Germany, business loans at that time were rather expensive and not get at certain times under 16 percent interest. So I turned ads in <Frankfurter Allgemeine> and the <Welt am Sonntag>: <I will give you business loans in welding zer francs to 5 percent.> The proposed one follows, I received some 300 to 400 calls from interested parties on the day. Strange people appeared who demonstrated to me that I was on the right track. At the beginning of the relevant activity, towards the end of 1978, encouraged me to me unknown German prospect out of the blue by the sending of a poorly bonded envelope. <Please invest this money for me: This is a check for 70,000 DM and a brief cover letter was! Yours sincerely ...> encouraged me to me unknown German prospect out of the blue by the sending of a poorly bonded envelope. <Please invest this money for me: This is a check for 70,000 DM and a brief cover letter was! Yours sincerely ...> encouraged me to me unknown German prospect out of the blue by the sending of a poorly bonded envelope. <Please invest this money for me: This is a check for 70,000 DM and a brief cover letter was! Yours sincerely ...>

I financed the Lombard business through its own bank loans, as they are captured, I had to make sure that my target interest rate was as favorable as possible. I had my own money as a foundation and belief to the dead money of the customers under my own name. The problem raised by banks' collective deposit package was acceptable and accepted. From about mid-eighties but demanded Swiss and Luxembourg banks

Who were deposited securities due to stricter regulations that should be explicitly stated. I had to lie to banks to tell them that all assets be my possession. If I had not lied, the loans had been canceled and I had the customer to whom I had promised continuity and longevity, must be contract brittle. It might have to offer to the new circumstances Paroli, given structural alternatives, such as the establishment of a licensed company or the strict segregation of customer own funds in a separate bank. but I had time to concoct too much on the neck solutions. A specialized consultant, I did not want to call in because I feared instinctively

Of course, I had become increasingly concerned: The Hoax exposed me and made me vulnerable to blackmail.

In view of the increasingly strict becoming forced to disclose the depot owners, the so-called beneficial owner, I gave up the business with Lombard loans early 2000s. Ten years earlier I had moved out of the same necessity my residence abroad. I just had no strength, which lies to endure internal conflicts and increasingly tough rules and to get around. "

"And there was also a lot of black money in the game," complains Manser. "How many times must I have to tell, dear Danilo, you should not consider those times with your eyes today? You pulls out things and rating them with an anachronistic approach. there was time for many Swiss of the middle and upper classes the Gospel, for all but something more important, namely banking secrecy. Bank employees, the idea was drummed into that tax evasion is a moral right of foreigners to protect their money from the Socialists and the extremists. <We accept all the money, so it is not easily recognizable criminal>, was the motto of the banks. Under flexible and enterprising Swiss the slogan went: 'Who has not 90 percent of his money black, is a fool.>

A larger second income resulted for me for a considerable time from the business with new issues of bonds. I was in the forefront in the eighties with the banks assets worth over 300 million Swiss francs. Of these, about 80 million of equity of customers, about 20 million were from me, and the rest I have about the banks as credit



added. This volume allowed to subscribe to new issues in depth and to come to pleasantly high allocations to me. In the early eighties there were very interesting new issues in the field of Japanese Convertibles. In the course of two or three years, hundreds of CHF-convertible notes came on the market. You could almost safely assume that gains were realized already in the primary market. These notes, which were usually issued at par, opened almost always commercially significant gains. Because to participate, was a splendid business. "

Manser interrupts: "You once said you sometimes earns in a day net from 50,000 to 100,000 francs. How then went something? "

"Paradoxically, even with the help of my <enemy>, the banks. Their conventions (Currency Convention, brokerage Convention, custody fees-convention is) were antitrust law-defying agreements. I should not write any statements which did not bear strict account of these conventions. Unterbietungsversuche would not only ken of the ban, but has also dealt with severely by the supervisory authority.

Would you like an example for nice money-making? In the eighties, so-called carry trades were in vogue. A customer brought for example, 500 000 francs capital wanted to buy high-yield denominated in South African Rand government bonds, under utilization of its commitment potentiating CHF-lending of 60 percent. The deed to the volume thus was about 1.5 million. I had one or more customers, of which I knew she wanted to push off the edge bonds straight, and applied their papers now, which means that I sold them for selling the willing and it served to purchase the willing. The prescribed minimum brokerage fee was one percent at the expense of each party, that led to a gain in my favor of 30 000 francs. Lucrative than the brokerage side was still the forex side. I had according to foreign exchange Convention maintain a fairly wide bid-ask spread and earned on both sides again depending perhaps 1.5 percent, Franks ie 45,000. The creation of the accounts on a typewriter probably claimed half an hour. The result was a total income of 75,000 francs. This was, I repeat, to me imposed by the mandatory conventions yield. For once caused obligations no pain, but truly great pleasure. " to me imposed by the mandatory conventions yield. For once caused obligations no pain, but truly great pleasure. " to me imposed by the mandatory conventions yield. For once caused obligations no pain, but truly great pleasure. "

## The advantages of communism

"I spent the summer months of the years 1977 to 1979 to a large extent in Prague and Northern Bohemia. I had met in Zurich Czechs and Slovaks, who had fled in 1968 after suffocated by the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact countries Prague Spring in Switzerland. I felt interest and curiosity, when I heard them speak their languages. Time to learn neither Roman nor Germanic language, which would still be a special adventure, I thought.

The Czech men appeared bitter about their view, arrogant and charmless Umgangsart the Swiss. <Unlike here in Zurich, the women are pleased with us, when you ansprichst. Curious on Westerners, because they all suffer a little under the control load of the regime. Switzerland is considered them as a kind of paradise.>

I went in the summer of 1977, ie on to Prague. There I learned through the mediation of exhibiting at the Engineering Fair Brno small Swiss entrepreneur who lives in isolation actress Vlasta Horáková know. The Prague Uprising and their participation on the <wrong side> had had for them a de facto prohibition result. I lived almost free with her on the Ulice Anhaltova in the city district Praha 6, and it encouraged my access to the Czech language to their lives and to a colorful circle of artists and strolling adventurers. Among them was the songwriter Jiri Kostecky, the above left me in the following year 1978 its entire apartment rental basis belonged. Our friendship took the Czech secret police several times as an opportunity to summon Jiří and to question him about me. He told me each, what he told the officials truthfully: That I was namely a bon vivant and woman lovers. And coincidentally just Swiss.

I spent more time again in North Bohemia, Teplice, Most, Usti and Decin. I was driving at night more often from Prague there, not least because you me - as I found out to be right - said that there were very pretty girls there. My Pontiac I let each ostentatiously STE middle of Teplice

hen. From the first time a young gypsy came up to me. He said his name was <Kukačka>, cuckoo. He asked me who I was and what the history of the beautiful Pontiac. <This is the car of a playboy who would like to meet girls> I laughed. <Wonderful, 'he said,' I know more than 1000 women alone here in the city that I can imagine all.>

For two summers he made me then continuously with new and new girls known morally impeccable <Family Girl>, prostituted half and prostitutes in colorful mixture. One evening, however, he was unusually quiet and subdued. I asked him what was wrong, but he did not answer. At some point, he whispered in my ear. "Can I borrow one of your suitcases you, I have to leave here> <? Where> I asked him. He remained silent and turned away.

Much later I learned that Kukačka had been sentenced to a heavy prison sentence because he had routinely dealt with fake paintings. It is also rumored that he had organized a robbery.

If I imagined later as I am driven around with him many nights alone! Somehow sinister. Once we stopped after midnight at a level crossing and had to wait a long time. <Peter, I'm a criminal, 'he said abruptly,' did not you scared?> <Speech but no bullshit and no puffs up, where are you a criminal?> I scoffed. But he maintained his self-accusation. As it turned out, rightly so. He never gave me something done, rather has always looked eagerly at me and was clearly trying to protect me.

I let him go with the Pontiac, in discos, for example. Once he touched a curb. I was outraged: 'Tell me, how are you going actually, let me see your driver's license!' "He just said tersely." Something I do not need" He was effectively controlled again by a whole squad of police officers. Never was asked for a card, never something happened. I guess today he has pretty well acquainted with the police and they were perhaps favors owed him. Had he worried them girls?

The angelic-sweet 16-year-old Alena Machutová I learned by chance on one of the sightseeing in Decin. She was obviously a virgin, responded awkwardly on kisses and touches replied not. I contented myself to swarm around them and to worship. Kukačka and other resented my love. 'What are you going with this duck?>, They laughed. <But you can indeed have better.>

Alena was smart in a captivating way. Because this was one of her fantasies, she wanted a night to sleep with me in my bed. As they separate from the father mother, with whom she lived, such is not allowed, they suggested me that I must invite them and make drunk. I did so with mixed feelings, and Alena's proposal zeitigte success.

After the nocturnal drinking tour with the mother we were hardly come to sleep in the morning at 6 o'clock. As they punched me up and urged that she had to school to Usti. A taxi she refused: I was the one who had to drive, and this piece, the school will start at half past seven. Usti then they did as if they know the way bad, let me still and still run onto restricted roads and managed to make me wrong several times with my Pontiac through half the city. The school began in truth until nine. She left this is probably be to show off their also aspiring to all roads to school schoolmates to <Pontiac-Prince> from Switzerland.

When I became aware of their cheating, I could not be angry with her. Their cunning was of too great innocence.



*1978. Alena Machutová between a laughing and a thoughtful bears in Děčín, Northern Bohemia.*

Alena I devoted later in the GDR my first poem, 'On Alena' that appears in <aphorisms and other Kurzweil "as" folk song> (no. 224). "

But "The renaming of your melancholy poem has something bully stick ironic, because the romance of words and images does not change. You verulkst with this titling yes, in a way the folk song in which praises but usually the lover his love or as a spreader expresses his loss pain. As you know, I sing folk and yodelling. But I would defend myself against the fact that our choir receives sad parodies like yours in their repertoire. "

"Yodel may be sad, in fact, only in appearance," teases Buser. "The enterprising Jiří Kostelecky advised me in 1979, but to also go to Dresden in East Germany: 'I know my way around there. Since there are very interesting women who will reward your interest with gratitude. "He gave a contact with his songwriter friend Frieder Rosenthal. So I went in 1979 to Dresden. Temporarily I lived with Frieder at his home on the north bank of the Elbe on the bridge <The Blue Wonder>.

He was well known in the scene, and I went with him regularly around the houses. Not own, but Hungarian men were very popular with the dance enthusiasts Dresden. I came very well, because a Swiss knew very little known. When I drove the Pontiac through Dresden, I was a sensation. I was stopped again by police: Your control gestures were mostly just an excuse. You asked about the features and characteristics of the car, admired and praised it. "I would like him going again, but can not," they said, and had regretfully on their uniforms.

In the GDR, I experienced a spontaneity and freshness of dealing that I had never known before, at least not in Switzerland. As soon as I arrived, Frieder led me to the city. A group of students that we saw take a break, he called: 'Hello girls, here's the fossil-like symbol of the West, a great Swiss. Which of you wants sex education lessons with him? 'I blushed well. Or a few days later: A young student made on ramp to the highway to Leipzig car stop. As soon as she was in my car, put it blithely going on: <you are with your car bigwigs so obviously a capitalist! How is the feeling because to be such a thing? Torture your workers? What are you doing at all in our country?>

This went on for a whole summer like this. Then Frieder moved to Berlin, and I followed him. 1980-1982 I lived several times weekly with him in the Prenzlauer Berg and then in Niederschönhausen in relatively comfortable apartments that were put to him as accredited artists from the state available at low cost. I drove or flew repeatedly return flight to Zurich, because I did not want to totally neglect my business.

In any case, a really nice life began in Berlin for me. I knew there soon many girls, many friends, had a lot of fun and exciting encounters. Rather a few too many for the taste of Frieder, at least to many female. He could no longer bear the <traffic> sometime and complained, I would what he counseled the East German women in his songs, namely the re standing against the temptation of money, trample means OFFERED luxury. Finally, he threw one day all my paraphernalia and my luggage on the road and me out of his apartment.

So I switched to Karlshorst to living in isolation with Ramona thirties, which left me their spacious and nicely decorated apartment generously for 30 DM West per day. During this time I became acquainted with Marika, a very young Slovak woman, which was a milestone in my erotic career.

Marika came from Košice and spent in the framework of student exchange programs during the summer in Berlin. She was my friend, my inspiration.

<Footnotes of punters>, No. 74th:

*On a hot evening of late summer I walked with Marika in Eastern Berlin's Avenue. In the one and only in Which Those times smelt the Great World's luxury. Marika looked stunning. Passerbies stood still to admire her. She wore One of Those bell-bottomed lacy Miniskirts Which gifted designers in an hour of grace had created. And the miniskirt faltered up and down on slender legs beautifully styled, shoed with shiny stilettos. She was God's graceful ballerina and the asphalt melted under her feet.*

I replaced my Pontiac soon by a Lamborghini, I had noticed how much was the East German youth to exclusive cars. You can not imagine how materialistic especially many young boys were in! At that time, the soap <Dallas> ran in Western television. If  
I



*1981. Marika and Peter at the entrance of the hotel Neptun in Warnemünde.*

discussed with the people and tried to explain to them that this is fantasy and exaggeration and that there is something not exist in reality, they insisted that I was wrong. In their eyes, I myself was almost a protagonist of Dallas, who lived the unbelievable and unimaginable for them.

For Marika I was the happiness and love of her young life. She was 17 when I met her with 41st Our relationship did well four years. In all the time we had to meet in East Berlin, since they could only limited travel and a visit to Zurich was excluded. She introduced me with other young ladies from the South, so with her sisters Monika and Dana. Sometimes there were up to six Slovaks who stayed in my apartments. There was lots of love and happiness in love.



*1981. Hahn in a beach chair! Peter with the sisters Marika, Monica and Dana Capulicova and friend Lea on the Baltic beach in Warnemünde.*

It attracted more adventures in Berlin. There were discos, in which I gladly went passionately; the North Café was one of them. There they met the simple girl 'out of the race'. Then there was the better places like the yucca, a sort of Nobel disco in the Prenzlauer Berg. I got to know Anja Desch. She was a professor, flautist and daughter of a prominent party. After I had several times been a guest in his house, he expressed the hope that I deal with his daughter a serious relationship. I remained passive - with a slightly queasy feeling. Finally, you had to be careful and know who to like and who you met possibly joined on the head.

I also made experience with the Stasi and did sometimes things that were not known in the police better. For example, I smuggled German Mark into the GDR. You could swap them on the black market at a price of 1:22. I hid them on my way to East Berlin simply somewhere in the car. If I at my return travel to the



West not everything was up, I took leftovers with over, since I did not know where I should deposit it would have in the GDR. At the border, the car was often frisked. I had taped the money mostly under foot carpet and this provisional. Once ripped a customs officer at the checkpoint in the Bavarian border station yard on the carpet, but stopped, thank God, on with the investigation, shortly before his inquiring groping hands reached the bills. <Why are you doing that? Why am I searched?>, I rebelled. And the man in uniform said laconically: 'We'll see about all that we will clarify. They are with us> no stranger.

but once my return came very unexpectedly. Sudden fluctuations in the stock market forced me to travel back earlier than expected to Zurich. However, I still had 5000 DM, and that I would neither back nor can smuggle in my luggage in the apartment Rosenthal. He would have run the risk of falling provide explanations if they had found such a high sum in his apartment. So I decided to entrust an unsuspecting person's money, and chose me seriously appearing young primary school teacher Dagmar from Weissensee. But Dagmar proved rather than exaggerated. For when I went to pick up the 5000 DM after my return along with Rosenthal, she explained: 'I was robbed! The money is gone> Rosenthal capricious commentary was rather sobering: <! Now you have the Sauweib also robbed.

Slightly dazed by this loss of money and faith I then went into the south lies and traffic-safe appearing old residential district with Frieder from the center of White Lake. There they had moved the entire overland oncoming traffic on a relatively narrow road. A barely visible stop sign showed the sudden danger completely insufficient. I overlooked this sign as I was engrossed with Rosenthal in a consideration of the case Dagmar. Suddenly my friend screamed. We stood in the middle of the road, and a juggernaut with oil tank and trailer rumbled toward us. Presence of mind I gave the Pontiac a determined gas shock, and we escaped by a whisker in a fatal crash. A second later we would have been both crushed to a pulp.

In addition to such obvious threats, there were latent lurking dangers that slammed just as unexpectedly. There was the be

with secrets surrounding Fritz Hirsch, who did brilliantly ambiguous to talk, so some came to the conclusion that he is a professional agent of the Stasi. With him I pulled over again by the clubs, or we drove in my Pontiac, later with my Lamborghini, through Berlin and were looking for pretty girls. One evening we were in Weissensee go. Two sweet girl crossed in front of us the high road, and I had a brainstorm. <You are now the owner> I said, 'and I am your Czech driver.> The nimble-flexible Fritz went without hesitation to the incident one, leaned casually out the window and said in a prime HumphreyBogart Type: <Hello dolls, where is the Palace hotel here? there must meet the Gonzales from Hong Kong. Is all a matter of showing it to me! > The girls got into the them probably only known from television companions devoutly one. While I drew, Fritz knitted our Ge layer continues: 'That's my Czech driver. Although does not speak German, but is otherwise very reliable. One must also give such people work!>

Once in the garage of the Palace Hotel, he put something extra: 'I like to invite you to a coffee that Gonzales is really rich enough, which is to wait. But says: Can there also come the 'Fritz casually pointed at me, and the girls responded submissively haste:' But of course that is still okay but> As we sat finally in the refined restaurant at the table, Fritz overdid it.. The more beautiful the girl kept looking at him reverently, and jealousy gripped me. I had increasingly fallen for her. At some point burst my collar, and I said, 'So now but an end to this theater, the Lamborghini is mine, I am Swiss, and this is my unemployed DDRFreund Fritz.>

The beautiful creature stared at the suddenly well German-speaking Czech driver and remained perplexed and speechless. I drove more violent continued with explanations, Fritz made small and big me in an almost obscene way. It was no use. The girl did not come with the sudden turnaround. Finally she said, confused and perplexed that she and her friend would have to go now. They got up and disappeared. Stayed behind me Fritz and a kind of sweet bitterness.

It was not the first time that Fritz benefited from my presence. Also in the discos he often clung to me. We were a good team Playboy with an even better strategy. We investigated from the tables of the girls and determined where we wanted to attack. Fritz then went to the elect

and gave them casual sayings. And he had an unbeatable ace up its sleeve. When he lectured namely that we would after the disco still visit the widely renowned artist Kurt Demmler, that was nothing less than a sensation and our absolute Girl Magnet.

So it happened again and again that night we dragged young ladies to Demmler in his duplex apartment on the Prenzlauer Berg. but slept mostly already. We woke him, he steered us high, proffered wine and then began to present his songs to the guitar. One night we sat together six of Kurt Fritz, I and three girls. Suddenly Kurt paused in the games and said, almost in tears: 'Yes, the Swiss Peter! Coming so only to me, so he better get the girls to bed. I know: the yes does not love me '!

Just about my relationship with Kurt Demmler was then and as much as I valued him as one who could intellectually oppose some of the leadership of the GDR, so very confused me later, the news of his arrest on suspicion of multiple child abuse in 2008 and his suicide than five months later. The bad news made me realize that prominent artist in the GDR had apparently experienced a kind of protection. I looked at Kurt after the revelations, not without pain in a different light.

One evening we were sitting - my friend Marika, her sister Monika and of course Fritz - in the disco Operncafé. Suddenly we were surrounded and arrested Fritz. Four men in civilian clothes took him without comment in handcuffs, and I got it to do with fear. I had always been with him, had occasionally given him some money or donated clothes. One of the police officers who arrested Fritz had forgotten his umbrella at the table and came back. I asked him: 'What about me? Is there also a problem> He said: 'If it because be one? Our information after you are a respectable citizens.> Then he looked at me for a few seconds searchingly into his eyes, said goodbye and walked stiffly.

As I soon learned, Fritz had repeatedly stolen meat in its operation. He had for a long time in jail.

I got problems then indeed no, but I always had the feeling of being shadowed. In my apartment in Karlshorst example, one morning announced a mittelaltiger man who expressed great interest in the Swiss culture. He flattered himself with refined

me. I initially did not know what to think about the matter until he eventually asked me if I could not bring a map of the city of Zurich him. I meant that he should himself but ordered one, but he said he was not so adept. He probably wanted to prove by means of this first action, if I later as informers of important matters could have been useful. The man came to see me several times and encouraged me, but continue to live definitely good and enjoy woman acquaintances. The ladies were so interesting a man like me deserve.

Significantly - and the solidified my suspicions - I was in Zurich at this time visit by an official from the foreign police. <You must in East Berlin a little careful because of the Stasi and so!> He warned. I felt this interference in my private life as an imposition, gave him only succinct information and swarmed him off rather unfriendly.

Yes, my time in the GDR was an eventful! Again and again I celebrated there with Fritz and after his arrest with the subsequent him some younger Jens Krüger. I was mid-40s, and the girls I met, mostly 17 to 25 Jens revered his father and gave me jokingly before its assessment about me: He did not make the man known in my age, so young women to the pussy unfounded. The coarse word could not comfort me. I found it delightful contrast when Jens commented: 'Peter, we both are a unique team to tear open women. I with my great looks and you with your wealth!> Indeed, it was sometimes sufficient to simply example, to face up to a disco as in <the teacher's home> and wait until it was raised.

Caution was displayed but not rarely met in this meeting of the party youth daughters of fathers with lots or awards. I avoided to seek sex with them. I suspected that an intimate relationship with the wrong person would have to can lead that I would not have been allowed one day in the country.

One of the problems of this kind hardly had was one evening at the end of the line at one of those trendy discos in the city center. It was Emil Steinberger. I recognized him only at second glance, because we were never met in person. I asked the girl who accompanied me to wait briefly for me, went to him and asked him if I could help him. Insecurity and a good deal of relief mingled with Emil

Face. He was amazed to meet just here on a fellow countryman. He was perplexed when I piloted by him unceremoniously at all waiting in the disco. I had to pass the best contacts the threshold of each clubs unhindered. I was known, and the bouncers knew I was never stingy with the tip.

Inside, I took a few girls on Emil attention. He was surrounded, and we lost sight of each other.

In the nightclub Yucca, which was modeled at their facility Western models, a film crew one afternoon built a backdrop for upcoming filming. It should, then came to my attention a scene for a thriller to be filmed. Spontaneously I paid some friends from eccentric disco clothes. I had transported in vast quantities regularly from west to east. After shooting began I danced in front of the cameras and a large audience with friends in the club with several other couples exhibitionist long up and down. Suddenly I felt a delicate hand with resolute pressure on my shoulder. The assistant director was probably quite pleased with my dance arts, but she had now time to order me to deprive my role: <? Is it true that you are Swiss> she asked anxiously. I nodded happily in the rockers of the clock of the disco music. <Know they not that you do not have to stop here and that recordings are prohibited with you?> Her tone was determined and strict. I tried to appeal to their reason and said it was still going to happen and certainly not bad. But she insisted that I should not have been filmed: <The photography is prohibited, and we get it under control. Since you make time not worry.> I should not have been filmed: <The photography is prohibited, and we get it under control. Since you make time not worry.> I should not have been filmed: <The photography is prohibited, and we get it under control. Since you make time not worry.>

How I managed the balancing act with the often badly neglected business in Zurich? There were three hardworking and increasingly competent high school students who supported me and ran my telephone instructions. You have done a good job and learned a lot for their future path. Because each of them has made a career, two of them even in the financial sector. The successful financial manager Richard Mooser, who shone even as a 14-year-old as a kind of shooting star says to me today he might like his father remained craftsmen, if he does not the stock market and finance know me and love had learned.

"I was a bank. And worse "



1980 to 1983. In private niches there was nudity in the DRR. "Upstairs" you knew it and tolerated it in a massive increase in frame.

Stir I caught on other occasions when I sat down with my exotic cars in the limelight. In the discos it was enough when I spoke to girls, showed them pictures and they then invited to ride in the car. They were curious about the Swiss, sometimes perhaps the suspected many Westmark. I went with them to the disco in the car around, cuddled with them, they kissed, made erotic Polaroid shots. Rather isolated, there was sex. Prostitutes were not found among these women, because there was prostitution in the GDR, as I learned much later, only occasionally. It was approved, supported and used to sound, for example, business people during the Leipzig Fair by the Authority.

I was a sore thumb, crazy bird and rich womanizer, word spread quickly. There was jealous guys who made it clear to tangible way that I had too much success with their wives. More than once they damaged my car. But in the end they had to realize that they could not afford the same as I: to bring the women pretty clothes and other gifts, to provide the bouncers and waitresses in the discos with a generous tip and drive luxury cars.

As far as my trump cards, of course, were not without my friend as just Frieder Rosenthal and Kurt Demmler. Kurt had a lovely holiday home and a large boat on the Müggelsee. Often we drove with the girls on his boat, and helped that I was always known as time in the area. <As Peter is back with his girl!> This reputation rushed ahead of me someday. Envy and jealousy made me to create something. But I always felt very safe, not only because I trusted the East German police, but because I had faith that the state could not afford to have me as a Westerner happened something evil.

Music was everywhere, even the girls feigned in my car with classic statements. More than I could inspire songs of Schubert. I liked to tell that I was born the same day as Mozart. Sometimes I still put up a gear and claimed that I had the same birth of Mozart. The girls were then all the more appropriate taner.

My friendship with Frieder broke after the end of my DDRBesuche 1984, and did not reach the turn and the fall of the wall. Nevertheless, or maybe that's why I took up contact with him in 2014. he berich-

tete, that he had not after the turn of the singer-songwriter career can continue and long been employed by Radio Dresden as a journalist and reporter, but was now retired early. He was no longer the old man seemed discouraged and tired of life, but the brash and refreshing way, which had awarded him. "

I hear Manser scoff: "Well, and successes! Friends, friends, peace, joy and pancakes! Was there in this DDR only women who were addicted to you? Let's face it! "

"No, of course there was rebuffs," admits Buser. "I learned the enchantingly elegant Sophie knew that suave open was facing me and signaled me in many ways that they did not need anything from me. Her appearance reminded me of old pictures of proud-beautiful Prussian Junker daughters, and I was thrilled. She wanted to come into the countryside with me on a Sunday ride. When I leaned over me by lush dinner in the evening in the car to her and hoped for the return of tenderness, she stepped back. <You know> she said, 'I want you as a brother, you press and hold of you. With love it but nothing between us. I have my certain type of man, and you're not.>

You realize again the bold-direct way of dealing, for I have given you examples from my first week in Dresden. Did they come from men, they were refreshing and uplifting. Were heard to but in cases such as described in coveted woman's mouth so they could be disappointing or hurtful. "

I'll call Alice: "He also had losses in our old DDR! You can rest assured."

"Do you think I'd ever had doubts? We women have the same right to choose how their men - after we have been suppressed for so long in history, an even bigger one. For me, rarely a man comes into question. You also do not, as you know. But you have the power to resign yourself. Or maybe you cry in lonely nights your pillows full? "

I say "not sure", but feel a little bad. Why must women be so bitter ?, I wonder. She knows that I'm not so speaking in the opposite case with her, and yet she does. But I realize she had "first" with their bad experiences, and now she takes revenge on me to



other and all. When will this wound be healed? When she finds to serenity and tranquility?

I click me back into the file and listen Manser:

"What ended up with the business? You led over longer distances a dissolute life. Have you your high school students who yes were almost boys, really replaced in Zurich? "

"Not completely, I had to realize later. Although they were in a me today almost unreal occurring manner efficient, but they could indeed only follow instructions and had no opportunity to look behind things. I told you already reported by the crisis with a customer that has brought me in 1981 quite to the edge of endurance. "

## On the wrong path

"But first, something fun! Today I was in the bank and found safe in my two worn Vreneli gold coins. You are screened by clerks hand pitiful remnant of a large amount of coins that I smuggled in 1980 from Switzerland to France. "

"What, you have gold smuggled? Were you you crazy? "" Perhaps a bit, but probably not that my actions would be seen with incomprehension. I never brought it about me to break massive Swiss laws. My smuggling hurt only the French law.

1980 issued France in an effort to fight inflation, provisions which introduced the import of precious metals punishable. Overnight, the price of gold on the Paris stock soared, and there were price differences compared to the world market of 20 percent or more. could hardly go down as this premium even after days, I was very surprised, I had imagined that such high differences would be reduced because would find Sly, also banks, ways and means to make arbitrage. But this was not so, and I found myself called to action.

A few years later, my former experiences are so entertaining appeared that I was writing a fictional diary to me. I'll send you a copy by mail, because I just do not scanner. Read it, you can laugh! "

Manser reported that he had read, amazed and laughed and would provide me with the "sweet thing". Would he here do not go too far, and I may use this document for my biography? He assured: "Peter will cope with it. He will see that my motives were honorable to commit this betrayal. If he eventually ended does not allow the publication of the chapter, we can easily leave it out. "

"But why he was so reckless? It could have cost him his neck but if the French had caught him. "

"Peter told me the thing. He had 1977-1980 rapidly increasing as strong demand for its Lombard loans that its share capital was not enough of perhaps nearly two million francs to the Explosion of the business volume to defy and reasonably responsibly continue. He had his loan numbers higher Kre grant limits dit as they conceded him the refinancing banks. His model was not only attractive because it offered favorable interest rates, but even more so because it ungs rates included higher Beleih. However, in these higher lending rates was also a danger: Adventure Lich minded investors could multiply their profits in good market hours, were faced with bad but also higher losses. These losses could be fatal, then NaEM exist if borrowers could not afford the contractually set margins with decreasing value of the pledged securities or would not afford. Peter would have been responsible "above ground", he would not have offered his business model of unusually high lendings. He would have said to himself: <your partner are stupid, cowardly and unprincipled. You can them no chance to show that can be done for them in the worst case to case. "But he did not go with the Saints, but made every effort to offer its business model even more customers.

Peters money hunger was undoubtedly driven by the hostility of bankers. He felt that his model was prone to crisis and that it had not only left bank partners with problems alone, but used the opportunity to force him to his knees. More and more capital: This struck him as the best ammunition to fend conceivable crises and cope. "

I get the already worn diary by mail. I decide to insert it tel quel. It satisfies me to present an authentic finally Buser text.

July 31, 1980

I went through it thousands of times in my head and I know: This plan will work. Peter Bulla, my escaped from Czechoslovakia friend is someone whom I trust and who will help me. I'll pay him decently for it. In the coming days I go to the Union Bank of Switzerland to the Bahnhofstrasse and buy Vreneli or Napoleon. A lot of-

easy for 200,000 or 300,000 francs. Then I go to Basel and give Peter the coins. Best border crossing is Saint-Louis. There I meet him to take the gold back to reception. The best time is the late evening. Then I can take the night train to Paris immediately after handover. In the morning I go by taxi or Metro from Gare du Nord straight to the bank with the best price and let sell the gold. I can not doubt me only!

August 10, 1980

I spoke with Peter and told him that we have to postpone the date. I'm not ready. Did today in Saint-Louis a test by buying three Napoleon at a bank and resold in the neighboring. The teller did not ask questions. When selling, I managed to speak to a boss a friendly officials and to ask him if I could bring more coins. He said yes and asked nothing more.

I will definitely get 10 percent more for the gold in Paris. And when I consider costs such as foreign exchange losses and other, I nevertheless determined'm 6 percent net. Peter could be caught by the French border guards. I offered him a deal: If you get him, and he must serve a prison sentence, I pay him 150 francs per Gefängnistag plus expenses. This has reassured him. I have to decide if all this is worth the risk. The action is not good for her, but I need money, otherwise I can not withstand the demand for loans.

August 25, 1980

The day before yesterday my first successful gold excursion! I marched in the morning in the People's Bank on the Bahnhofstrasse and bought there Napoléons for 240 000 francs. A strange feeling to have so much nice weight in the travel bag! For 18 o'clock I had an appointment with Peter in Pratteln in the rest area. We were a little upset, however casually as ever. "Rien à déclarer" he should say at the border, I had given him. "Rien à déclarer" he grinned and took the three cloth bags of it, in which he had repacked the gold.

In Saint-Louis, we had identified as meeting the Rue Henner. At 21 o'clock Peter came, said it was all gone okay. He had before

Cross occurs perfumed and a bouquet of roses placed in the deck on the Gold Cache. A radiant in love Boy just that appears particularly harmless. "Rien à déclarer!" He laughed now liberated. We said goodbye after I had parked my car outside the station. I grew  
23:10 in the night train.

I had wanted to book a single cabin with sleeping possibility, but it was no longer free. While the engineer slowly released the brakes and the train abruptly drove off in the direction of Paris, I stumbled forced into an occupied compartment. I had previously tried to muster all the people who were sitting alone in a compartment accurately and classified according to their danger to me and my gold.

The man to whom I now sat opposite, seemed harmless. We welcomed us warmly. My bag I put on the shelf, because I would have worn tight all the time with me, my travel companion could be suspicious. We started talking and I told him that I was a teacher from Zurich, who wanted to visit the Louvre. Matisse was particularly impressed me. The man who turned out to be a postal official from Saint-Louis nodded knowingly. he may be on his way to Paris to visit his elderly mother. She could not as good alone, but everyone knows so, how old are mothers. Stubborn and always anxious to be a burden to anyone.

Of course, I did not trust a postal clerk that he would expose me easily. However, I was afraid that his decades of dealing with people and their secrets had given a certain X-ray vision in letter and parcel shape him who might apply under certain circumstances my travel bag.

It was a long ride and entertainment. Eventually I had to go to the bathroom, but was afraid that my neighbor rummaging through the bag during my absence, find the gold and show me or could even steal. take the bag to the bathroom was not advisable: This probably would have offended him, it would have been an expression of a painful distrust. In addition, it would have made me really suspicious. While he vividly told me about his daily routine and route, I counted inside the minutes until the arrival at the Gare du Nord.

Later, at 4am, my opponent was fast asleep. Only now do I dare go to the bathroom and took my bag so inconspicuously

due with as possible. I locked myself, opened it and looked at the gold coins that I would sell hopefully soon. The sight of sparkling treasure fortified me. I quietly went back to the compartment where the postman opened one eye and closed it again when he recognized me. It seemed to me as if he had taken a look at my bag, but when he went back to sleep and I knew that we would arrive in the next two hours, I calmed down.

Relieved, I heard early in the morning finally the announcement "Paris's Gare du Nord" and suddenly all the pressure I felt off. Tidy I said goodbye to my compartment partners and ripped the door of the train open. The fresh morning breeze swept my inner cramps and my sweat on the tracks of the Paris platform.

I took the buffet two croissants and a glass of milk to me, the levels went down to the metro and sparked a ticket Richelieu-Drouot. While I was trying to fight their relentless drive for sleep in me, and the even clatter of the Metro on the old tracks left my eyes are getting heavier, I still remained wide awake. The adrenaline in my veins provided me with energy and made me my bag tightly and closely pressed to me. Once there, I lost no time and rushed up to the BNP bank. There I was greeted friendly, you behändigte in an easily away from the big hall located switch the well to 300 coins. Instead of a receipt, I received a brand with a handwritten number, the official said, the coins would be transported to the stock exchange. I should come back in the afternoon,

A few hours later, when I returned from a nap in the Jardin du Luxembourg, I saw in bank unhinging, were traded at what price Napoleon. I received three large bags of francs bills that did not fit into my rice pocket. I grabbed her by the logo of the Galeries Lafayette in two huge shopping bags. I did not count them: this would have been seen as a little gentlemanly. The people of BNP trusted me, and they deserved for my confidence. Late in the afternoon I boarded then the train to Saint-Louis. With the countless franc notes in my shopping bags, I felt although hardly safer than with Napoleon on the trip, but I was somehow confident that it would work this time. At the border crossing, I happened upon arrival in Saint-Louis in my car, everything went smoothly. I

prayed in his enlightened customs house umtuende French officials do not want to come out: he would have seen immediately that all four seats of my car were among stuffed with bags. The always well manned welding zer inches I had nothing to fear, but the import of money in Switzerland was not declared.

Once you arrive at home, all the burden fell off at once by me and gave great relief and joy at having actually done it. This morning I sent a high school for Kreditanstalt on Bahnhofstrasse, the umtauschte the notes. Less all costs, so I figured, could I merit of approximately 12 000 francs.

I think I will be traveling again soon.

October 5, 1980

Since my first swap deal a few weeks have passed, and yesterday I came back from my seventh trip already. But this time it was not so good as before. I had decided, auszuforschen which bank would offer me the best price. The walking around with the heavy travel bag had become no more and have a habit obstacle to me. I found one right next to the Paris Stock Exchange, in a particularly posh acting outside small private bank. I went in, but my appearance seemed to trigger suspicion. When I grabbed the contents of my bag on the counter top, hit my hostility towards. "Allez au diable!" Cried the officer and was about to grab me by the collar and whistles because I appeared french probably research it and too little. But before he reached me, I fled from the building and let drop my bag in the excitement. I grabbed her by the straps, pulled it through the revolving door and heard how the Enraged threatened about a dozen waiting customers to call the police. My pulse was 180, dust-dry my mouth. I was dazed.

Two or three blocks away I cursed myself that I had been so stupid to try this new bank. Why? Because of ridicule more revenue? Finally, I am next to the BNP still in a midsize bank now a welcome guest. I'm even gone as anonymous Intended "Monsieur Nap" with an elegant employee lunch, and introduced me in the elegant restaurant colleagues. "C'est le client qui me vend of naps," he explained with a diffraction Ver.

Really pleasant, discreet men! I think I will refrain in future from visiting other banks, more profit or not. The risk would be too great.

October 26, 1980

Today I decided to abandon the gold smuggling. I am sure down ten times to Paris and back, gained francs over 150,000, but the conscience plagues me with any travel more. The Agios have decreased. The fact that I'm doing anything illegal under Swiss law, no longer comfort me. I find it increasingly difficult to hide my guilt on the train or at the border. That could cost the freedom and my business myself someday.

In addition, my purse business is getting better, and I make more money and more secure than with the smuggling. Peter Bulla said he was exhausted and greet the end. "Rien à déclarer" he could no longer hear himself say. Adieu, then, gold and adventure!



## In the wide world

"My 1982 growing wealth allowed me to look around for other destinations for short breaks of two to four weeks. I corresponded and phoned several times with my clients Zurich Kurt Rufli who was active as a hotel planners and hotel managers in Bangkok. <How's that there in Thailand, should I get there again?> I wrote to him. He told of beautiful beaches, pleasant people and many love prepare girls. 'I would not take it anymore in this cemetery-like and misty Zurich for a long time. Visit us once and learn a great country and the truly beautiful life!>

As with my time of his departure to Eastern Europe was, 1983, again to the prospect of determining, learn a new language. Of Indo-European languages from Sanskrit to Celtic, I had to have as a graduate student in General Linguistics at least theoretical knowledge. Now, however, attracted a new, perceived by me as exotic world of language. And again, the conditions seemed favorable to explore this world in the company of beautiful women.

Rufli had prophesied correctly: Bangkok for me was a discovery! Sun, warmth and vibrant life! Rufli told me to look around at the Nana Plaza, if I wanted to meet women. I came there to the 19-year-old Ampan whose sister had a marriageable Austrian friend. The Austrians knew the scene and told me his future and Ampan were no prostitutes in his eyes because, unlike many of the 'dirty whores', only selectively went local with men.

I invited Ampan for the night to the hotel and enjoyed a intimate dealings I had never met. Especially game she pushed me in the hot tub and washed my body devoted. 'I just want you if you are purely' she said, half pleading, half-commanding.

Ampan's parents were poor rice farmers from the East. When they a

had few days to them to visit, I wandered through bookstores in search of educational materials for Thai. I found a English- Thai dictionary in which Thai was phonetically transcribed. Out of this, I picked perhaps 300 or 400 words that were important to me for the conversation, and tried to form sentences and write down. The so-designed sets corrected Ampan then saying them on the Grundig tape recorder, which I had already dragged on stays in Ireland, Portugal, Romania and Czechoslovakia as an indispensable accessory. The five kilo device always had to be towed as a separate Ge Paeck tee by all identification and customs controls. The tax collector made little difficulty:

<p>1) <sup>1</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>3</sup> <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> <sup>7</sup> <sup>8</sup> <sup>9</sup> <sup>10</sup> <sup>11</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>13</sup> <sup>14</sup> <sup>15</sup> <sup>16</sup> <sup>17</sup> <sup>18</sup> <sup>19</sup> <sup>20</sup> <sup>21</sup> <sup>22</sup> <sup>23</sup> <sup>24</sup> <sup>25</sup> <sup>26</sup> <sup>27</sup> <sup>28</sup> <sup>29</sup> <sup>30</sup> <sup>31</sup> <sup>32</sup> <sup>33</sup> <sup>34</sup> <sup>35</sup> <sup>36</sup> <sup>37</sup> <sup>38</sup> <sup>39</sup> <sup>40</sup> <sup>41</sup> <sup>42</sup> <sup>43</sup> <sup>44</sup> <sup>45</sup> <sup>46</sup> <sup>47</sup> <sup>48</sup> <sup>49</sup> <sup>50</sup> <sup>51</sup> <sup>52</sup> <sup>53</sup> <sup>54</sup> <sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> <sup>57</sup> <sup>58</sup> <sup>59</sup> <sup>60</sup> <sup>61</sup> <sup>62</sup> <sup>63</sup> <sup>64</sup> <sup>65</sup> <sup>66</sup> <sup>67</sup> <sup>68</sup> <sup>69</sup> <sup>70</sup> <sup>71</sup> 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The Time with Ampan I spent almost like a fairy tale. The last two days of the stay I did not sleep. After I then on the way back to Zurich on the plane had dropped me in my chair, I fell into a deep sleep and woke up eleven hours later again when the Thai Hostess me shook the dreams before a stopover in Copenhagen. I was a newborn.

As my cherished friends like Inge Srneć from Switzerland or Marika Capulicova from the European neighborhood phoned in years in the weeks to me, I explained that I was deeply in love and completely ceases steady. I intended to marry.

However, my beautiful intent disintegrated already on my second stay in Bangkok. Ampan who spoke some English, but could barely read, wrote the supplemented in Switzerland pattern sets based on my reading in Thai around, as I had made up my mind to learn the Scriptures. After a few more nights of bliss she invited me to visit a friend who went about in Pink Panther club in Patpong business.

I wandered with my companion through the glitter world of many Local and felt what was probably mapped out: the urge for something new, after the many and for all. I realized that the relationship with Ampan was at the end. I felt bad and worse.

Ampan not find her friend in the Pink Panther and was about to call a taxi to drive back to the hotel with me. I touched her arm raised and said in the simple English, where we talked: <Ampan, what is between us, can not last longer. I am a poor man who can not be faithful. I have to go.>

Ampan not understand, and I had her finally in prosaic words explain that I wanted to end the relationship. In my installation integrated I reached into my jacket pocket, grabbed a few dollar bills and pressed it into her hand. She burst into tears, gave me notes in the face and stumbled on the road across it.

I felt deep shame and then ran without me still being felt in the dark areas of the city also. Distraught and weeping I wandered for hours through the silence. Only at dawn, I came onto a revitalizing space and could order the hotel in a diner a taxi for the return trip.

Kurt Rufli's Filipino wife, I developed a good and enjoyable camaraderie. She drove me several times through the city and told me the country and people. <Your hopping from flower to flower I probably understand>, she said, but 'is not only selfish. Do something for a 'Pay a language course or a training! Also, you will die and want to surely go to heaven.>

The stately Kurt Rufli saw my manifold relations with girls barely with respect. He gladly gave themselves superior, but admitted that even

he sometimes had erotic short adventure. I once hinted towards Madam Rufli.  
<Speak only of what I know for a long time!> She said. <I have with my husband two beautiful daughters, a great family, and we know what we have together. The escapades of an hour or a night like I do not begrudge him. He is young, and that keeps him young.>

Buser's tone is enthusiastic, as he tells it. "Is what Alice," I think and pick up the phone.

"Bullshit!" She exclaims, "Women with such opinions I hate. I say zero tolerance! Each yielding dissolves in men only lust after more and carries the risk of destruction. The Buser may not arise. We women must hold down. "

Whether the intensive memory has fallen short into English on the tape Buser. but now he drives German continued:

"Mrs. Rufli advised me me but even once to look in their homeland, the Philippines. These are currently an interesting for anyone Brodelküche because forces are at work to eliminate the exploitative dictator Marcos. but <Tagalog you need not to learn. English is at a premium and there, unlike here in Thailand, not the strong pride in the nation and the language.>

I visited the Philippines in 1985 and could not help me to sniff also to Tagalog. but I brought it, unlike in Thai, not up to the conversational skills. Mrs. Rufli had predicted, responded girl on my linguistic baby steps rather disconcerted: wanted to wake The elegant man who is interested or love, English or Spanish had to speak.

In Manila, I made friends with two transsexuals. However, I developed no sexual desire. Generally felt and I feel men with relevant inclinations towards discomfort today. Am I therefore a kind Sexist? I should also like the welfare and development of tolerance, sexual I paid as relations among Homo against already had for when they were languishing under the discrimination many? I could not in theory but in practice. I watch namely that there are often less respectable men who kaprizieren to sexually Converted. Transsexuals are discriminated against in our societies still and often mentally unstable as a result and unhappy. Your

Free exploit the weaknesses because they recognize themselves and other than the weak, who are unable to take real women or men for themselves. Utilization sufferer puts me in anger, especially when utilization is still seen as sexual pleasure bringing.

Many trannies in Manila were exhilarating to watch. They used the traditional femininity on the street and in restaurants were in terms of presentation, all of Marilyn Monroe and Jane Mansfield. I say when I see photos, even today, often to friends: 'Look, take your thereto a role model. So you should get dressed and make up you!> <I'm not a whore>, explain then and thick sweaters and rugged jeans pull over.

Early morning in Manila was often a Heidenspass. laughed at the large taxi stand in front of the red light district and clapped the driver when I went with two normal girls and a transsexual together in a limousine. Outside the hotel saluted two strictly uniformed pith helmet carrier: <Good evening, sir!> The faces betrayed contempt for my company. In the lobby, then the conspicuous guests were given all the more attention. They had to make naked in adjoining rooms and can be searched her clothes and bags. then there were uprisings of Muslim groups and bloody attacks in parts of the Philippines. The hotel had a conceivable damage to their Repu tation prevent by any means.

The file ends. I would have liked to continue listening.

"You've then also at some time in Switzerland adopted. When was it? How did that happen?"

"Yes, this is a bit complicated! we say that at some point I had no desire to all this excessive regulation. Have I already told yes. At the beginning of my work it was relatively easy to get my B-license, and to be classified by the Stock Exchange Commissioner Franz Hunter as a bank. But then everything became gradually more difficult. It started the fight against money laundering, and from around 1985 you had to its customers - numbered account or not - identify. I, as asset manager had for some time the option to write <for account> ken in opening accounts with banks. A short time later, the Forms A and B were then introduced which had the purpose of identifi cation of Endbesitzer of assets for regulatory transparent controllable

close. That meant one day that only patented lawyers and service providers who were able to post more than 400 million Swiss francs in annual revenue, over their banks continue ben screaming <for account> allowed (123).

Well, and by 1990 everything just got worse! At some point I had the names of my clients Mūs disclose the refinancing banks sen so that banks were able to identify all customers and rename the supervisory authorities themselves. Finally, it was also redefined the status of the securities dealer after some back and forth and the Zurich Securities Act, which I indeed called me and because of this I had to get my B-license set de facto cease to have effect. The newly defined, more stringent conditions switched freelancer like me.

The immediate reason for my expulsion were bad experiences with customers I've ever described you. but the experienced negatives had its roots in the lack of delineation of my Action field. I had to go abroad to maintain long-term commitments and to continue the business. Sure, I might start licensed companies with a lot of effort and a lot of cost and people can do. But I was used to act my customer to be directly responsible individual, and from sight, forfeiting this individuality, startled me. I did not want Admi trator be in leading strings of the state, rather remain free and dare a burst into the unknown. 'It will be all right>, told me an inner voice when I 1,991 tents in Zurich broke off. "

"You must nevertheless have been very vulnerable in all this? I can actually hardly imagine that no one has tried to take advantage of your still precarious status and extort you. Finally, it was always about much foreign money. To black money at all. "

The tone on the tape reveals that Buser raises his index finger: "Dani lo, you may the term 'black money> not with the eyes of today look. What is now running from for CDs, clean money strategy and voluntary time was not an issue. German customers just came with their money and wanted to make more money. Most wanted to park some of their inherited or accumulated wealth in a country that did secure and stable appeared as his native Germany. That they evaded taxes too, was more of a welcome side effect for many. If

I judged people as righteous, I assumed their money. To ask if it was taxed, would be considered unseemly, was indeed felt downright treacherous. Only socialists or saints would expect from such our one. "

"Once again to your vulnerability! You had so your Pro problems. "

"You mean with authorities and customers? Yes, sometimes before, and in some cases severe crises were. There was, for example, recurring conflicts with my tax authority. I was invited at least three times before the tax commissioner, as this would have declared as too meager assessed business records and supplemented. At the first appointment in 1983 I allowed myself, accompanied by a trustee, the tax consultant Bosshard, who interceded in a dominating way for me. The young officers, he said at the beginning of the session: <Just be sensible and do not you like that! I have done your job well for years and know your store truthful. My current client is the Dr. Buser, a freelance and less asset manager. From which you can but do not demand an accounting as from a bank.

"Could he argue after you had but confirmed the Stock Exchange Commissioner Hunter that you're a bank?"

"No, I am 'as a bank>! The young commissioner knew about this story probably nothing. I was a curious individual case, which neither he nor his colleagues ever met. After much back and forth, he stiffened to the call, I should have made at least complete records of transactions and would try to put together such a later date. Bosshard said that one could possibly do, but added scornfully, what for was to bring something. He should simply assess dutifully me. <Obligation to, 'he warned,' you know what that means!> In the evening there was the agreement. I had to pay CHF 80,000. So I could live. "

"What do you mean by that?"

"That I, regardless of their eligibility simply paid fines and thus preserved the chance to focus more quickly on new customers and further development of the business."

## The crisis and its lessons

"You were with the fiscal control so continuous and long-lasting in the clinch. But earlier you said something about problems with customers. "

"These were mature crises! For example, 1980: Hans Schimmeister, a German customer, caused a really exhausting, deep incision. He had set up a foundation by a German financial support for the purpose of accommodating his black money in Liechtenstein at the local trustees Vogt. I myself did not know who was the owner of the account be opened Foundation. It would be considered unseemly, was indeed perceived irregular, if I had tried to elicit this. "

"How much money was it?"

"350,000 francs. I took the money and invested it in stocks, cumulative, as desired, with a margin loan. The stock market drifted from 1980, and there arose great losses. Schimmeister probably did not know that he would have to provide additional contributions in accordance with the signed contracts by the Trustee: Neither gave only on the grounds of Gesell companies Vogt, who hardly troubled about morals German agent had told him. I myself was at that time a lot, in Prague and in the GDR, and could not hingucken everywhere. There was no one who could tell me from experience how far I should go with my obligations or as a contract would be to make better.

And so the development project of the foundation was gone, given the absence of margining and necessary nascent executions eventually to 80 percent. Dietmar Guggenbichler appeared on the scene. A sinister figure who, as I learned gradually, on the outskirts of the state's mono pols looked and acted accordingly ruthlessly. So when a police officer who does not belong to the police. As a judge that does not require large evidence to condemn.

Guggenbichler came to me one morning to the Rigistrasse, and I saw that his waistband arched at a certain point and you had to suspect something dark there. "



"A weapon?" "A  
gun, yes."

"And what have you done?"

"I showed him the bank statements. <Here, you can see for yourself> I said. <It's all documented. There were bullet holes demanded payment is not made, and I had to execute multiple times.> But Guggenbichler not interested my explanations. He wanted money: 'If you do not come out with the capital, the police will perhaps ultimately drugs in your car. I know people who can all kinds>, he had to make known to me by a third party. He threatened me many times and added me hard. My problem was that the contracts with Vogt not staked out the limits of my duties and responsibilities clear. The bigger dilemma resulted from the fact that I wanted to wear the thing, either before the commissioner Franz Hunter before the police for fear

My motto was life: Do not ask! Instinctively I knew that officials say in doubt No. <No> but would not want to hear that would have crippled my business and destroyed. "

"Have not you paid?"

"Yes, but Franks 'only' 200,000 in an out of court. A properly licensed German attorney came forward after many anxious weeks for me and offered negotiations on behalf of Schimmeister. He had obviously convinced himself and his client that I was coming only limited debt. Anyway, I took to bring the matter properly on the stage, on my part for the first time in my life one found in the phone book lawyer in Zurich's financial district, and we signed a settlement. The lawyer was angry about my very disclosed in the settlement negotiations positioning: <They behave foolishly as if you were guilty, and thus spoil our chances. You meet here but not to blame, at least not legal!>

<It's not about whether I am guilty or not legally> I said. 'If I feel morally guilty, then is it enough, and I want to repent.> In fact, I should have let me know earlier and better. I should have engage third parties who knew the rules and the pitfalls of transactions from experience. But who would have been there

offered? True, I could have found a clever with insert, but I knew that this Kluge had previously asked me to leave the unconventional business in general and to seek peace. "

"And then?"

"Well, the end of it came as a surprise. Indeed Schimmeister Dietmar Guggenbichler had little paid to remuneration, perhaps, he called back also paid an advance, because nothing had been squeezed out of me. I learned the relationships on the edge of a court session in the Zurich district capital Hinwil in autumn 1980. Schimmeister had Guggenbichler apparently accused of improper Bera tung and demanded that I be heard as a witness. I called the prosecutor before the appointment and complained, I was afraid for a truthful testimony Guggenbichler revenge. The prosecutor threatened: 'If you do not come, there are in Switzerland, the coercive detention. They would regret your refusal.>

A few weeks after the trial date one day I got a call. Guggenbichler was and on the line but suggested to me actually that we <Retrieve> to jointly Schimmeister comparatively paid 200,000 francs could. "

"Are you received it?" "I sent him to hell.

If I had to make a positive rhyme on Guggenbichler me today, I would imagine that it presupposed a long time my fault, simply because he was not used to think positively of people. During the months he had then, especially based on the observed at my insistence and the court records, convinced that met little or no debt, and even suggested to me the aforementioned deal. Most observers, however, would probably think that he, without getting a conscience, simply there was where he suspected money or knew about money. "

"I imagine really uncomfortable, Peter! to be so threatened by someone running around with a gun. "

"Yes, of course it was! But worse was yet another crisis, seven years later. The German customer Hartmut Röseler, who had passed for a career as a politician and deputy in Berlin-Charlottenburg early from Germany and settled in Spa / Belgium, put me under tremendous pressure. That was in late 1987, at the time where

you had to prove as a service provider at least 400 million Swiss francs in sales per year in order to be able to write to the banks continue to <for the account> and then the disclosure of customer due diligence to avoid (p 118). you could, just as I do not demonstrate this level of revenue, the end of the commercial independence would have been sealed.

I had in those years sales of some 200 million Swiss francs, so I resorted to deception. I bought and sold on a large scale fictitious certain options transactions carried into my stock market turnover register and was able to raise my sales to the required level. But where should I now with the necessarily incurred fictitious profits or losses of such transactions? I had my brilliant translucent idea of devoting them to the benefit of customers. With confidence customers I agreed to set off such items against interest owed and to obtain tax benefits in this way.

I did not notice that my often somewhat luxuriant burgeoning optimism led me into a trap. Customers welcomed the creative idea, but I overlooked that I got through the icing that I put the bailout for my business in bad addiction. could that trust customers turn itself and turn the matter into a difficult situation against me. Sham transactions were in the Stock Exchange Act expressly prohibited. The tax assistance for black money customers was also illegal, but appeared less serious, but it was systematically practiced by banks at the edge of legality. It was an open secret that some major banks had specialists who were dedicated to the subject and the particular in individual cases,

Röseler maintained in the face of self-produced heavy losses in the crash of October 1987 he had me only one side of a fictitious options business in Philips light bulbs, an alleged short sale, commissioned and he could have compensated two million of its own losses when I was in sharp downturn the transaction would not have closed out tion without his Instruk. It would have been bookkeeping verifiable that this was an invention. But how was I supposed to argue before an authority or before a judge? I would have had to confess that no instructions had been given and that all transactions of the type in question were illegal. The result would be, as it logs out

had seen acted by a perhaps forgivable violation of stock exchange regulations just to tax offenses, might have been no serious condemnation, but probably need to hang the revocation of the concession, without which I would have my business on the nail (81). After a withdrawal of the license and the liquidation of accounts large saddens would spare requirements up to me to come. Customers have argued they could have my often aggressively styled and long-term guaranteed loans not replace, sell papers in the bad moment and thus have to take losses as a result of my except scheduling notice in buying.

I was sitting in deep trouble because I could have no doubt after telephone conversations that Röseler would give me hell hot. And he did so in an unheated room on his Château de Barisart in Spa. There namely he received me in agreement back in late November 1987 at seven in the morning. He let me sit almost all day in the cold room on a stool and brought only meager food. In between his wife came in and called me names. Then it was his turn with accusations and threats. While he went to a warm place again and again to recharge your batteries, I sat in the cold and only had the hope that he would finally accept a deal. One million Swiss Francs I offered, if he did not bring the matter to court and I finally indulged ride home, warmth and sleep. But he did not relent, dismissed me in the evening, after all, with the assurance he would think. I went then with my Pontiac, without rest or to eat sensibly, the night from Belgium to Zurich, this despite the fact that I had little or no sleep in the previous 48 hours. hope alone, there could be a solution that gave me almost supernatural powers.

Days later Röseler met in Zurich: he had taken a second Zurich Bar after his first - perhaps because he did not want to participate in a substance classified as extortion campaign - got out. A long morning long pressure was still massively applied to me. I had to earn the confidence that I would continue to make good money at a positive outcome with my business because my knowledge and my customers were growing more steadily. So I signed at the end of a fine of 1.6 million Swiss francs, offered up about a third of my fortune. "

"The money that you had worked you about ten or twelve years and saves!"

"I gave him what I had to give him to not give up everything. I wanted to keep my business and expand. Although in the preceding century crash I had a big setback on my part to accept a salutary future from past experience out was created. It would have been fatal if I had not accepted a compromise. "

Suddenly Buser laughs, shakes me almost audibly head. "The evil in this business, Danilo, is so that you know just rare, with whom you are dealing. Hartmut Röseler is because the best example. but he actually had the nerve to call me almost half a year after all the stress in the spring of 1988, and to ask me whether I did not want to re-enter and to work with him. "

"What did you tell him?"

"I? Nothing at all! I have applied one of my high school students, he should call him back and tell him that I never wanted to hear from him again. "

"As you see, the thing today, after almost 30 years?"

"Similarly as in the case of Dietmar Guggenbichler two scenarios are possible. It is not excluded that Röseler has recognized my dilemma in its full scope and exploited me in the most despicable way. However, the fact that he wanted to be my client again contrary to all expectations, could also point out that he aspired to a kind of compensation for better knowledge, or at least better idea. Perhaps he had been told objectively wrong interpretations in October crash given its large, perhaps even threaten the existence of losses that should save him. Later he repented and realized that something was wrong in the alleged debt.

Sure would have been interesting if I had, after maybe two or three years, confessed to him what had been my real problem, and had discovered that I had never betrayed him. However, I was able to take this step not decide: he had Harvested money probably still want to keep at all costs. It would have been unlikely that he would have refunded me something voluntarily. It would have been a danger that he had threatened blackmail again so,

to report my now real and definitely confessed sins (Fiktivgeschäfte, tax cheating) to the authorities. "

"The whole thing would be without the century crash in the autumn of 1987 did not happen. How did you experience this crash? And what consequences you have learned from this episode adventure with Röseler? "

"In the week before the 19th of October 1987 I was in Nairobi. I had received a civilian contingent of competent local director Isidor de Buren from my old Trimbach and undertook the trip to leaving animals me. A clever friend from Solothurn, Peter Steiger, had given me the address of a doctor in the center of Nairobi, who do everything for money. This confirmed to me two days after my arrival on a gilt-edged letterhead for <to whom it may concern> that I was ill and unable to travel.

I wanted to meet black girls and met in the city a couple of unemployed young men, who offered himself as guide. I trusted them for several nights and was led by nightclubs, bars and nightclubs. The night before I left, it was the October 18, however, I got the Verl Eider, he came out of a nightclub with a taxi driver back to the hotel, which was not romantically involved with my companions.

In the morning at 7am someone woke me with bluster. It was the Austrian hotel manager who asked me to come immediately to the lobby, the police were there. Three colorful Uniformed welcomed me and explained that there was a complaint against me because I had not paid the salary guide. with adventurous Justification It calculated an amount of 700 dollars, I would have to pay if I did not want to justify on the ground in a hearing me.

When the police were taken off with their loot, the Austrians raged: 'These dogs! They do not make for the first time! How could you, Doctor, people employ as my guest outside of the hotel? Do not you know how dangerous this is?>

The little adventure meant that I was on 19 October already at 15 o'clock at the airport and there was plenty of time to exchange my Kenyan remaining coins to a changeover switch. I solved twelve dollars.

When started again set right on the stock exchanges in late 1987, things of my high school students expected to enjoy the losses that were incurred by the customer in the crash. For the two hours that I

had stood order proceeds of twelve dollars in Nairobi, he calculated a decline of around 35 million Swiss francs. "

"You had you moved to Nairobi because you did not want in the civil service. That was irresponsible. This was followed by the punishment. Some would say that God's punishment. "

"You are professional, and yet you misjudge the facts. My presence in Zurich would be little changed. In this moment of great testing, all securityholders lost massively. The aim was not to panic and believe that what you had in your hands, was impaired. Who beigab not small, drove in the following months and years again a rich harvest. "

"You said you nowadays can desire downright such moments of testing, because you could make especially good at turbulence."

"I can tell you perhaps represent (S. 207) that I work today with a method that can also bring in bear market times earnings and safely bring profits in the long axis. Violent fluctuations in share prices are particularly profitable with proper use of funds today. At that time there were not electronic commerce, which allows to respond within seconds. If I have a short position of 100,000 US dollars, for example, in a paper today, so I can this within a few hours several times backwards and forwards and earn hundreds of thousands ideally. "

"Ideally! If you back right and herdreht. but you never know what's right. "

"Of course not! I have based on experience and intuition to try to produce more than Correct wrong. If you make only 49 percent wrong, but 51 percent correct, one is already among the winners. "

"This casino is not made for me. I would abquälen me and I would get sick. "

"Sick? In 40 or 50 years you learn composure. The stock market is a beautiful woman. One that does not exceptionally sick with proper behavior in the long run.

Many would have perhaps told they would not avoid crises in this business in the future, and wondered if they did not want to retire with the least remaining five million francs. I had a certain amount of time needed to place the customer at banks. I had enough time and energy release financing

found for the depots, especially if I had trimmed the customer persistently and permanently to lower lending rates. But I wanted to continue and later: It could have been me too much hurt to leave my cobbled together in ten long years ship.

It took another crisis with the customer Klaus Körner in 1991, a further drop to some extent that broke the camel's back. Before that, from 1986, however, brought me a favorable destiny to explore new models of doing business. Intention going on and no actual plan I looked around in the Domini African Republic and Brazil.

Klaus Körner was a semi silk brokers and credit intermediaries from the Frankish Tauberbischofsheim. The customers he gave me the purpose of accounting, lost large sums in fund shares, partly entire savings. Grains expelled own, was not known investment models, worked itself acquired customer and introduced - as I realized too late - with unrealistic promises the risks and profitability wrong of aggressive leverage transactions is I myself had, wiser from previous negative experiences in detailed. contracts expressly excluded by the customer any possible involvement in investment decisions and all liability.

When I took up independently in the face of losses in the bear market of 1990 grains over after some time in contact with customers and recognized the irresponsibility of his actions, I tried to issue warnings and to expose grains. In the end, I had customers compensate losses incurred largely yet. One could then argue the dispute on the basis of an already very stringent regulatory authorities hand that I, as an experienced service provider would have the risk capacity of the customer himself must clarify and I should not have to rely on allegations that the grains educational work or on my disclaimers.

A small consolation was me that two or three Swiss private banks with grains lost money in the same way. The bank board a Dutch foreign bank in Zurich invited me - unfortunately for me too late - at a time here to warn me and already pointing out with grains suffered losses and fruitless run trial.

The banks concerned paid the brokered grains customer settlements in order to avoid public and negative press. grains



was subsequently sentenced by a German criminal court to pay damages in me not known height, giving him business probably broke his neck. I was invited as a witness to criminal, went on the advice of lawyers but not out. "

"And then you had enough of all the crises and are after ..." "At first I wanted to Paraguay. I had met in Zurich with the Paraguayan ambassador and talked to him about my emigration. He confirmed that I would have to pay tax at a base in Paraguay. I actually acquired a residence permit in Asunción and was two or three times a few weeks there in hotels. I found the mood a little inspirational, especially as far as the ladies. In the end, I then opted for the Dominican Republic, at least as an official residence.

With the Dominican Republic I was first made in 1983 known when I met on one of my return trips by car from Slovakia in a theater in Vienna a Dominican dancer. She explained that she came from Santo Domingo, and she was for me a revelation of elegance and beauty. Now I knew at the time to start anything with this place name. I asked then and found that Santo Domingo is the capital of the Dominican Republic. This was not as easy as it is today because it was not yet the Internet. so I had to make smart, awkward consider how I there at all hinkomme, and much more me by Atlas, Globe and lexicon. At some point I had but together the information and decided to travel. In 1986 I was three weeks Santo Domingo.

Later, in the search for a new home in 1991, I remembered refreshing experiences and decided to officially take up residence there.

Santo Domingo I experienced, even more than in the following year Recife and Rio, as a very different, almost magical to be named world. You have to imagine that it was at that time only a completely inadequate infrastructure in this city. The creative chaos left the forgotten in Switzerland pervasive excessive regulatory and regulatory frenzy. I found myself relieved: There were still places in the world where you could breathe and live. And there was also a lot of girls. I found once again that delighted me, the dark-skinned women. I could quite frequently occurring both in the Dominican Republic and Brazil with the

Compare Tenden white type, and I had this in terms of charm and beauty to the rank after.

My business continued to run largely normal, because my customers hardly interested where I lived. They knew me from long relationships and had faith that Doctor Buser remained their friends and confidants, wherever he was. I was able to communicate with the banks and the customers in Europe over the phone, from about 1995, with more and more comfortable over the internet. "

## Love

"The Dominican Republic so was your official residence. but I know that you have mostly kept you long time in Rio. "

"Brazil I had met shortly after the Dominican Republic in the spring 1987th My friend Herbert Misteli ran a jojoba farm in the hinterland of Salvador de Bahia and had urged repeatedly that I should visit him. His brother Bruno said in a circle of <legal> and <illegal> Bachelor how extraordinarily and uniquely Brazilian women are. <You know, 'he announced gravely and defiant stretched head,' Brazil is a mad country, a fairy tale! As the women> still know what a man is.

So be a real man! That was quite to my taste. I decided to travel.

At first I was a few weeks in 1988 in Salvador, then Recife. I experienced there first hand the phenomenon of incipient hyperinflation. As part of the fight against inflation, the government froze repeatedly one prices, this will force the money-do, prices do not go up impose at will and in anticipation of a possibly even worse situation. The dollar disappeared to lofty heights, doubled, increased tenfold. I let it happen to me well. Located in the prestigious Hotel Recife Palace I booked an entire floor: six bathrooms, as well as many magnificent reception rooms and kitchens and space even more conference. I paid \$ 150 the night, and the supply Director rewarded me with many bows. Today I had to if I wanted to afford the swank absurdly, the fifty,

In Recife I had an affair with the beautiful mulatta Valeria. I had addressed in the fashion boutique of a shopping center. For me it was something new, unprecedented: a beautifully sensuous Kör by a bewitching mining and freedom of movement, coupled with a friend friendliness, warmth and empathy that I had never experienced that. Asian-

inside had been beautiful and elegant, but the mentality differences, their very different customs, aggravated the occurrence fulfilling nearby. Now everything was natural and easily, love was as saying.

The taxi drivers in Recife, with whom I on long and ridiculously cheap trips often talked, but knew how to talk about yet better. Would you recommend Rio. In particular, the Copacabana was paradise, they swarmed.

From about the middle of 1987 as the Copacabana was the goal of my more frequent holiday trips. I stayed in different hotels, occasionally I rented and private apartments. And I realized that the taxi people had been right: it was swarming with beautiful girls and women. Sometimes I accompanied friends who flew in all the world, to the airport. There I saw seasoned Europeans and Americans, the weeping goodbye to me known ladies at the gates. There were men marriage that had fallen in love and who knew that they had to part forever to their soul peace.

'You'll never cry so> I said to myself,' you're free'll return to Switzerland and come back. Maybe you'll want to stay here one day long.>

A formative experience was Cidinha, a 25-year-old busted Morena, who lived in São Paulo and wanted to earn on the Copacabana extra income now and then. I became her a Amizade Colorida, a sexually motivated friendship. It was mostly the giver and I to the participants. My requests were sometimes almost Zumutun gen. So I told her one day, I dream to eat once with 15 girls at the same dinner. Cidinha invited me to São Paulo and held without asking for money in their great Woh planning a sort of gala dinner. Since then sat 15 of her friends with me at a long table, all dressed in vintage style, which I had wished for. They swarmed around me all evening. But once I was more the other, the surprising. I made Ana, Cidinhas unsophisticated maid, the courtyard, the auftrag in unadorned, conventional garb food and wine. My instinct told me she would bring me more joy than any of the 15 elegant favor claimants. In the hotel she said because even after midnight in a wonderful embrace: "You have my sake all these magnificent, proud WEI

About sent away. Never in my life a man has so much and given so beautiful to me.>

In September 1987, I met in the great Copacabana nightclub <Help>, the mulatta Marcia Bombom. It was my ideal, and my relationship with her lasted a total of three years. Of course, there were many interruptions and long pauses, since I spent most of the time still in Zurich and increasingly was also in the Dominican Republic go. I'm going to tell you about her, as always under the seal of confidentiality. >>

Manser recording stops, and it affects me where Buser "as always" demands discretion, discomfort and a sense of shame. Now I ask of this hiding players finally an end to the secrecy, it says in me, and I step into action. My mail Manser contains a clear demand: "Dr. Buser has called on the last shot discretion, and I will prepare with you in the course of secret writing the biography of a breach of this discretion before. And apart from all morality: A secret Biografieren this type is extremely difficult and time consuming. I would need ongoing additional supplements and have many questions. These are seldom or never answered. In short, I ask you urgently to come clean and to inform Mr. Buser. As long as the purposes of my request, nothing happens,

Unexpectedly promptly Manser's reaction comes by telephone. "You're right," he says, "I promise you that I now dedicate Peter. I ask you merely, as the last before the paradigm shift yet the story of Marcia Bombom to listen, and that from the mouths of several times mentioned Brazilian Vanessa. She was married in Austria, but now lives in isolation. We men love so much can and call our own, but we have never ever the high gift of women to settle in love relationships, to penetrate and understand them. Vanessa is expected later this week write you an email and you are then fully available. I repeat my promise: After successful editorial Episode She calls Peter to ".

I wait one week and two, but Vanessa does not write. At the wrong time, at eleven o'clock at night, but calling me back to Manser. He looks a bit breathlessly, "Vanessa ratted me and Peter knows about it. That women discrepancy

tion do not know and always trumpeting anything that irritates me all my life. I console myself the best once again with Peter's idol Friedrich Nietzsche. Says somewhere that there is a best way to bring things' among the people>. It was necessary to entrust women secrets and is faster and more successful dissemination certainly!

I speak with Peter, and he will call you, "Manser still snorts. He sounds as if not to him but Buser to make an accusation.

In fact, I hear Buser voice two or three days later for the first time directly on the phone. I apologize to him. He wards off: I would have nothing to reproach myself. I would have accepted Manser's order in a fully comprehensible way for him, and I would have also always like him Manser confirmed prohibited any transfer without his consent.

"Vanessa is calling you," he says yet. "They just keep writing, you know that I always still want to check everything and will think carefully whether I agree with a publication. Danilo She appreciates very much. He stated that he had text samples from you, and these were excellent. "

I stop short. Buser called "text samples." Why not from fragments of biography that Manser had him have shown it? I ask Manser, who reacted angrily.

"That I been so long a cell phone close to him have run, I could not even tell him now. You do not know Buser. Although he is in things that may be controversial to philosophers opinion, flexible and willing to revise opinions. But as for his practice of life, he is more stubborn than any donkey. If he said no, he remains the No. And no I did not want to provoke, it would have been to our mutual damage. I told him that we want to write down his career as a securities dealer and that also the description of his mental condition, that is its driving moments heard. <Bombom was still such a drive torque> I said. Since he could not argue, and has joined in. "

"But I really believed you had the thing now a settled once and for all" disappointed, I say. Then I hear a woman's voice, which can lay the phone apparently him, probably it is his wife. A second caller on another phone seems to take him to complete. He forgets me, and I hear his angry comment: "If these vain

make moral peacocks but what they want. I verausgabte me and they quibble around me. Why am I doing all this stuff, anyway? "

Then, I hear there probably extended period of time has been nothing spoken in the handset, the busy signal. So let's be Fünfe grade, I tell myself. One always wants a lot of beautiful and good, and few things come true. And if one does not appreciate that little and honors, it slips away as well.

Vanessa's voice is deep and warm. She speaks German almost perfectly in short, unverschränkten sets. I suppose its report on tape. I decide not to consult Alice before editing. The two women, Alice and Vanessa, are radically different minds, their mentalities and their experience worlds are far apart. not only when I have, but the comment of one woman nor the commentary on the commentary Kom the other, then I can learn a lot and write better.

"Peter got Marcia Bombom in the large nightclub <Help> meet at the Copacabana in the fall 1987th This nightclub soon became his territory. The area of the hunter, you know what I mean. What he did there, we liked to call women <galinhar>, which means <like a rooster among chickens be>. As you say, the German: Huuhern or Huunern, or something ...?

was bombom for Peter a <Relampago>, a flash. He fell in love with her. But on the first night they slipped away in the large, dense crowd. Rosana, her older friend had noticed the brief interlude between the two, Peter said, and offered to take him to some two kilometers distant apartment, which she shared with Bombom.

Peter was so taken to the Hotel Leme Palace of Bomboms charm and beauty that he hardly looked able to <strong man> playing. He let Bombom put on some sexy clothes and then shot photos. Finally, he made it to the king-size bed was comfortable and asked to strip Bombom. Bombom was delighted and said: "As a child I always dreamed that one day a man says something to me "

"She was, I must say, Vanessa, a very refined lady. She said what Peter wanted to hear. "

"How wrong Salo!" Protested Vanessa. "This is once again the mindset of you Gringos. No, Bombom thought and felt what she said. It was the truth.

The night was not the way they strove Peter usually.

"I was a bank. And worse "



*Rio Carnival, in February 1988. At the Copacabana summarizes an enthusiast Bombom boldly around the waist.*



Bombom declared soon, she was tired and needed to sleep. She was intimidated by her unusual behavior published by Peter, but then found it nice that the easily Rejected did not insist on further <Play> and wrapped carefully in the luxurious bedding.

Peter dismissed Bombom closest early afternoon, after he had buried a hundred dollar bill in her purse. Then came to him but something like disappointment. He did not get the several hours of love, to which he had become accustomed in the situation with girls. In the evening the Help Bombom headed to midnight back to him: 'Come on, let's go to the hotel! . There we have it better> Peter liked the fact the macho rauszuhängen and said, 'Again with you? Here are so many beautiful fairies who also have a right to me. I am a man of compassion. ' "

But "That was rude! How could he? "

"You have to know Salo that we love Cariocas rudeness of this kind, if we like a man. We want the provocation and not love nature. We seek victory in love. A man who is tender and soft as a character who is already defeated, does not bring us the triumph. We want emotive men. Considerate-soft will soon be boring and not bring adventurous.

You should have seen Bombom, how she reacted. She ran red with rage on, turned abruptly and went proudly away. She never was so beautiful as when she ran away angry when her buttocks hit back and forth violently, as if to tear the walls of wide disco hall.

"Bombom also escaped money. 100 dollars at that time were probably a lot! "

"Actually, yes, I had colleagues who went along for 20 per night. Bombom had given their great beauty but no trouble finding generous tourists. She was also a very unique freshness, as it was only a few weeks in the Help then. so men feel something and love it. "

"Actually, she was a prostitute. Peter has not disturbed because "Vanessa is irritated:" You with your categories, Salo! We Brazilians on the Copacabana never needed this word. We told <menhina de programa>, which is a girl who has a program. Feel anything morally impermissible to do, did not come because they were so in an environment of several thousand girls who made it. Half the Copa

cabana lived by this program, and there were relationships among all minority privileged the quarter, which were correct and amicable. I suspect it is still so today. If you were comparing with a rich four-tel in a city of the World, one would find with fair consideration that the women at the Copacabana are even more virtuous. "

"Bombom was poor?"

"Of course she was, how can you ask? Her father had died young, and she had her childhood with her mother in Suburbio Vilar dos Teles spent. Her sister had a little glorious man seven children and was addicted to alcohol. From Bombom was expected that she used her beauty that the mouths were stuffed and did not rule hunger.

Bombom had when she was 18, a chance to earn as <decent> woman money. She joined a samba group, which occurred in restaurants and at events. She fell in love with the young initiator of this group. But they soon had to discover that this guy, who had promised her everything under the sun, slept with other girls in the group. Since love turned into hatred, and Bombom got out.

And by the way, Salo: Times have a little imagination and imagine you were in a poor neighborhood grew up where desolation reign filth and stench! You could get from God beauty, and everybody would tell you that you should take advantage of this beauty and not waste. Would you then day after day wash defiantly in a rundown pub dishes, or would you go to a cheap street market to return in the evening with little toads in the bag in the same old dirt every morning with a cart full of fruit? A little empathy, Salo, if you please! "

"How it went for in the Help disco?"

"During the remaining days of his stay Peter tried almost forced to find a partner who Bombom could hold the rod. Bombom danced the Samba so beautiful that it seemed that other dancers from the large dance floor went off to give her as a soloist space. She was then dozens, if not joyfully applauded by hundreds. Peter once recruited a girl who also was an elegant dancer, and tried to compete dancing Bombom in the pair. However, he soon had to realize that he circulated the spectators

was not acceptable, and retired again. The flop hurt. Peter would simply approach Bombom, it would have counted as an excuse and would have forgiven him. But Peter was one of the men that we know women well enough. He was proud and tried desperately to dissuade his feelings for Bombom.

Then Peter was about four months in Switzerland. I later learned from him that the stock market had suffered a collapse in October 1987 and that this caused some problems to him. But a unique comfort were the photos he had shot from Bombom and he could only develop in Switzerland. He now discovered how unique charm was Bombom, and he fell in love from afar finally into it.

In February 1988, Peter returned to Rio and met Bombom the Help again. When he ran to meet her, she threw her head proudly and wanted to hurry scurry past him. Peter, however, she summed up gently by the arm and told her captivating words and said he had beautiful pictures of her. Otherwise, they might still rejected him. But when vain and coquettish lady she was victim of her curiosity, wanted to see the photos and went with him without even return to their resentment. Then a rather turbulent love story of started over a year. Peter was always about five weeks in Rio and went out most about ten weeks after Zurich back. "

"What was turbulent? Peter was because unfaithful at least once now? "" Faithful! No of course not! However, Peter told me that he went out with other girls often without great pleasure and that he only did this to provoke Bombom and to make sure their love as Jealous. "

"In his new book 'Notes of a punter> Peter has written a eulogy for Bombom with Article 57 thereof. He writes there, Bombom had to allegations of girlfriends answered by the fact that she said in favor of Peter, he had three women next to her. Can you explain that to me?"

"Yes, that's a sweet story that Peter told over and over again! Bombom was once gotten up from the table in beach cafe Meia Pataca, as Peter cried in her presence another girl at the table and kissed her quite rude. She ran home and cried safe there. The next day she reappeared, and Peter sat, concealed by loose sun visors, with his friend Jimmy Geraldo Rodrigues outside the dining room. The friends pitied Bombom tried

to comfort her and bring her to heel. <This guy's the ugliest running around here. What you hang up on him, you have all possibilities?> Bombom countered and said that Peter is not necessarily beautiful indeed, but he had next to her three other friends. The fact that he had won other girls, was a proof of his charm and his manhood for them. "

"It could be the answer of Bombom but also understood that she felt the other girls as a threat and was forced out of need for money to make concessions."

"I told you already, Salo that Bombom had plenty of other opportunities. Peter was never really generous with her. If you have been the main thing the money, they would not have set to a Peter. "

"Here in this recording is another statement of Bombom. <. The true wife is obedient> Sounds more like male wishful thinking"

"No, we Brazilians ultimately looking for a man who is so good that we can submit to it. I know that this type of man is not often, it is an ideal. Peter often quoted his favorite philosopher Nietzsche. Says I do not know where that woman experiences the world as beautiful when she obeys her husband. "

That really interests me, and I see the opportunity, sometimes annoy Alice something. I google and find easily the place in "Zarathustra" -Chapters "Old and young silly women": "Eben was the world perfect, thinketh every woman when she obeys with all her love."

The next time you talk with Vanessa I turn to Alice.

"Vanessa believes the woman seeking their fortune in being able to obey a man. What do you think about?"

"What kind of a bullshit! of course, men and women have to meet at the same level, only they can find true happiness. That was missing that I'm a guy to God! "

Vanessa comes before me, but "It's boring, Alice, when both are so beautiful equal and united. There's the man and the woman. They are opposites that rub against each other, indeed must carry almost a war. "

"And you want to be the loser in this war then, poor Vanessa!

So you're a man but only arrogant and selfish. He considers himself a Apollo and will soon drive with you abuse. They're teenage dreams! When will you grow up? "

"I do not want to grow up so, Alice! Can I not in my heart to have the picture of a man who is strong enough to lead me and guide? You're actually the poor, because you can hardly be happy! "

The two women talk increasingly across each other and become louder and more aggressive. I succeed only with difficulty, to create some peace and to end the call like.

At night, I still think. Nietzsche is, I imagine, did not experience of an actual state, but rather describes a lying in the distance set. He even developed this always vague permanent idea of the superman, so we would have here probably a kind of man and woman think about. Am I to Vanessa or Alice? I dont know. But I must admit that I find Vanessa's world more beautiful. Somehow poetic.

Vanessa could not be reached two weeks. Now I have it back on the wire.

"How did it then continue this year 1988 with Peter and Bombom? " Moved right Salo! Imprinted has me the story of Peter's hand landed on Bomboms head. "

"How, Peter is rather gentle with women! He has really carved? "" That was again the famous Help! Bombom danced down on the large dance floor with her friend Rosana, while Peter was flirting on the gallery for all to see with two girls. One was Sonja, who Bombom had stated explicitly to her enemy. She was a young kindergarten teacher who are not prostitutes and Peter Bombom vorführte again and again as an example to follow. <Why it can not be decent and you?>, He added, and even to her, knowing that Sonja had other conditions and not at all costs money had to earn.

Sonja was nice, but seductive in any way and beautiful as Bombom. Peter had not the slightest sexual interest in her. Bombom could have seen that, but she was not just a woman who thought a lot, but much felt.

As Bombom saw Peter Sonja abküsste playful, she recognized uncontrollable rage and jealousy. She ran from the dance off, the rise of stairs and Peter decided against. Then they threw him the cup Coca Cola, which she wore in her hand full in the face, turned and stalked away. Peter pursued them, and gave her a strong blow to the back of the head. She turned around, wanted Peter to attack. Bombom was built very strong, had bigger hands and arms stronger than Peter. It would have been a bad thing, if it had not been fortunately the tall and muscular waiter Leonardo on the spot. He summed Bombom around his body, immobilized them and handed them two security guards. This led them off by many gawkers passing and threw them out of the disco. At the exit of the deputy chief Disco said that the sentence: two months local ban. It was clear that rules had to apply. Who became aggressive first had to be made, otherwise the Wild West would have in the Help quickly arrived.

Peter sat then long to tears on a bench and did not understand how he can do evil. He described to me later once the feelings that had made him irascible. Now she has you for so completely as never another, it had flared up in him, and now she allows herself even that! Who are you? You can do that to you? "

"And then they came despite everything back together?"

"You know the game, Salo! One wants to despise, and you just love each other passionately. Bombom and Peter had their mutual friend Jimmy, a clever, stocky black. Which ran in the coming days between the apartment of Bombom and the Leme Palace back and forth, delivered messages and note. then there were the handwritten love letter and not the emails or short messages. Peter gritted his teeth and insisted on an apology. Bombom did not stop from the separation. When Jimmy knocked about ten days after the event at Peter's hotel door, she was hiding in the blind spot and slipped in through the open door with a beaming smile. Peter tried to play coy. He succeeded only for seconds. Then he took Bombom's arms, she threw herself on the bed, and it went off a wild dance of love. Both were starved. Jimmy was there already back down the Avenida. He felt happy, knew he had done a good work.

The most exciting thing came about a week later. When Peter with Bombom in



1988. Bombom and Peter at Rigistrasse 61, Zurich.

Restaurant <Sobre as Ondas> dined, she snuggled her head into his side and said in a deep shame: <You know, the slap that you have come to me, I have earned. I want to be in all the future that I deserve no more.>

Peter was happy. He never tires to represent women this episode as an example. And I understand it: The woman must first forgive. You can order the often so stubborn make a truly loving man. "

"Was Bombom not in Switzerland?"

"But, Peter invited Bombom in October 1987 to Zurich. Since, as already said, was rather stingy, he did not buy for Bombom a direct ticket, but let them come up with a cheap flight via Amsterdam. Bombom had never flown before, only Portuguese could and was completely lost when indoor exchange in Amsterdam. She ran several times in the wrong direction and sank finally exhausted and crying on a bench. It was some time, a hostess taking care of her and accompanied her to SwissairGate to Zurich.

As Bombom told the incident, Peter showed little sympathy. Contempt for his fellow males and triumph rose up in him. <How many business Stoffel in suits that day walked past probably at this beautiful, crying girl? No one had guts, no, it would not have occurred, to take care of them and perhaps to acquire the simplest way of sympathy or even love. But well, that they are so, this dull, insipid guys! Should they continue to marry their inconspicuous and imperious emancipated and go soon bent! How nice that they let me always so gorgeous free rein in the really desirable women!>

In the nightclub Mascotte Peter had a special experience. He had sat down in one day during the week with Bombom there at a table - the place was rather sparse. Now Peter found that more and more young women of Zurich, which were solo in the nightclub, left their ancestral tables and quite sat near him. Great, he thought, the beautiful Bombom radiates on me, and I'm finally in Switzerland, the ultimate Prince. He had to be taught better of it. As Bombom namely leaked, skipped one of the ladies at his side and said: 'You, listen, you have an incredibly beautiful girlfriend. Do me a favor but please introduce me to her! 'Now it dawned on him that he was indifferent to the advertiser's men and that it alone Bombom





*1988. All in red! Bombom before Peter's birthplace in Trimbach.*

was spread the excitement. The Swiss, of which he had hoped for happiness, were women admirers.

Peter retaliated for the resetting of their pride once. However, knowing what would happen, he told the returning Bombom what had happened. <This wretched woman> blurted out Bombom out <I immediately go and thump her one. What believes that because of who I am! ' "

"She was very backward, Vanessa! A sexist! "" You back with your one-sided thinking, Salo! Bombom was the product of their upbringing, as we all are. In Brazil, homosexuals were like lepers at the time: mayors and politicians had always warn again that attacks on them would be dealt with severely. "

"Peter has yet but surely trying to bring them to more civilized?"

"He made efforts to teach her many things to tell her everything under the sun. He even math with her, and exhorted them again and again to learn English. However, as regards the intimate, so their imagination against Peter was indifferent or even looked forward to it. He was about a woman with a different heart, he loved her in the other world. It would have also passed no prospect of change Bomboms mentality to the future.

Ten-day coexistence of the two was not always easy. Peter tried to bring Bombom with a contract under control, in which each side could express five desire. Bombom wanted more patience and demanded that Peter could not turn on more women in her presence. Peter asked - how typical of him - Bombom must keep their promises. And if disagreement on the content of these promises would, he must have the last word. The sanctions for breach of contract? Peter should pay 1,000 US dollars and Bombom accept 20 lashes. "

"Lashes! Is he a sadist? "

"Is all just fun, Salo! Peter knows instinctively how far he can go, that the woman pleasure and not pain feels. He is incapable of inflicting physical unpleasantness of a woman. "

"Not physically, but mentally well?"

I hear sigh Vanessa: "That, in fact, but it does not happen in bad faith! Peter happens to be a bee, a butterfly. There are such men. Them to help with anything. "

"How did it for the following year? Bombom married yes, as you already mentioned once, in 1990 in Italy. "

"Peter was very much occupied in Zurich both in 1989 as in 1990 and only came once or twice to Rio. He prepared his departure and had to clean up business in Switzerland. Sometimes he complained because of increasingly strict in the business, 'I need a lawyer and a manager. I do not want that. It disgusts me.>

Bombom learned on the Copacabana know an Italian doctor who she married in Italy. She called Peter at once and apologized to him. She explained that it was about time that they give up the dissolute life. Peter welcomed the turnaround. He had Bombom like all the girls from the beginning stated that he wanted to remain free, and encourages them to look for something serious and stable and not to depend on him. <You can not waste your best years for me, 'he would often say, ' You must now provide for your future. ' "

"Went well this marriage?"

"I lost contact with Bombom and can report that more only from the descriptions of Peter. He said Bombom have variously called him, and expresses boredom. <My husband knows nothing about fashion>, have they complained. In fact, Peter had the fashion-obsessed Bombom in Rio often accompanied in boutiques and blossomed into something like her fashion consultant. Sometimes he wanted to roam in the supermarkets with Jim my Geraldo and let Bombom with some shopping money alone. Then sought him soon saleswomen, who complained Bombom would not buy without his advice. He must accommodate himself to appear himself on the stall, otherwise there would be no conclusion.

In a telephone call to Bombom also complained to Peter that he had taken advantage of her. Peter evaluated this as a whim, which resulted from their dissatisfaction out. Apparently Bombom was not happy as a lonely housewife. Too much she had grown used to the Copacabana to the mobility of the idolized asterisk. Now she was an ordinary in a foreign environment. "

"Why Peter did she not invited again? This he would have owed her. "

"For sure! But Peter feared a repeat could not bring the big feelings he had lived with her. He had an almost panicky fear that he might not find it so beautiful, he had at On the other

ren Latinas observed to be within a few years developed from radiant beauty unsightly Plumperchen. The heart was beating him bang when he saw a mulatta of Bomboms shape at airports by distance. He then crept to avoid an encounter, tucked up to her and sighed with relief when he did not have Bombom on.

How to banish such an embarrassing encounter, Peter had the poem 'Despedida' written in Portuguese in 1991, he <standardize poem Located> German then in his <aphorisms> in 2004 somewhat brash as published (no. 109). It portrays the pain of failing at the transience of love and developed a very bleak picture. "

"What makes Bombom today?"

"I dont know. but fate would have it, Peter color had to confess. Sometime in 1995 Bombom visited him at his home in the Gustavo Sampaio. The doorman told him to an early afternoon, there was a lady for him in the foyer if he could leave this high. At the interphone to Bombom reported, said she wanted to visit him. Peter was agitated and was barely able to speak. As he explained laconically, this would not do, asked Bombom whether he had a girl with him, she could also wait. She pleaded, 'I'm your Bombom, I have made your address and find'm specially come here. You know me, or> Peter just said?. <Yes, I know you, but you're no longer the same> Bombom probably did not understand really breathed a drawn <Chao Peter> and hung up. "

"That was hard, even inhuman!"

"Peter saw himself that way. He sank weeping into a chair and stayed there a long time. He felt deep shame and could not feel it. He was unable to this day to think something or do. "

"Is Peter perhaps ill that he always so one-sided only new and younger women want?"

"Whether this is the disease, doctors would say. But it would be a sick ness that makes short unhappy. The next day Peter was NaEM Lich again in the streets and raged joyfully and happily around. There is simply nothing that can make it from the inside out unhappy. Although he is a man, but still more of a ... male. As you say? "

"A <Stehaufmännchen>! One who is recovering on its own again. "

About ten days later, I call Buser again. I want the theme of "Bombom" not deepen, because this would result in branches that I can not illuminate during a simple biography. I ask:

"In autumn 1991 They had a residence permit for Paraguay and for the Dominican Republic in the bag. They decided on the Dominican Republic. But life you wanted mainly in Rio. What happened next?"

to take "the official residence in the Dominican Republic, the idea of a business colleague in Zurich had been. The thought namely that it zugehe there very liberal when it comes to determining the residence status, tax and accounting obligations. If I had not diversified and moved my residence conveniently to Rio, there would probably have problems arose with the securities trading. A non-taxation of my income would have driven me into the fiscally strictly organized Brazil into illegality and can timely worst consequences. "

"Diversify! You knew from the stock market. "

"Right. I had learned from many discussions that my whereabouts had not necessarily be the same as my legal Domizilort. <Stay in Rio, so you never need>, said a Zurich University lawyer <just do not brag about the wrong place at that! Otherwise it could backfire.>

In Copacabana I searched the winter of 1991 for a luxury hotel that allowed changing lady visitor, and found it in the <Merlin> on Avenida Princesa Isabel. The Leme Palace was out of the question, because there is a change of directors had taken place and the new did not want to be tolerant. I inquired about the nearby skyscraper <Merlin Sul> at Rua Gustavo Sampaio 710, which had always liked me as an imposing tower, whether an apartment was offered, and found it on the 21st floor. A Brazilian from Porto Alegre wanted to sell his unit for 150,000 US dollars. I hit one.

The purchase could not be handled legally, since a high transfer tax would have been due. All friends both in Switzerland and in Rio advised me not to pay the purchase price by bank, as this would necessarily trigger the tax. I should turn on a Doleiro, one actually illegal dollar dealer who let himself to deposit the money to a Swiss bank and paid off him in Rio for a small commission back in cash. I followed the advice and was very surprised to hear that no correspondence out and issued no receipts

"I was a bank. And worse "







1994 to 2006. Women in Love stamp. On the hull statue Peter sitting with the most famous in the nineties Brasi lianerin Valéria Valenssa. Her supporters and later husband Hans Donner had made the acclaimed Carnival Queen "Globeleza".



*The Temple of Love at Rua Gustavo Sampaio 710 Rio de Janeiro. Built in 1993. Ruined by the successor buyer in of 2008.*

were. One could in established Doleiros have full confidence, I was told. I found the statement later confirmed many times.

Rio seemed to me again so adorable that I decided to invest heavily. I let radically modify the purchased apartment, all the walls are not load-bearing broke off and built myself for 600,000 US dollars a love nest to my taste. When creative Italian-born architect Car los Coccarelli I had more than a dozen meetings where he would have reported my fantasies. He did everything to skilfully, drew and mediated companies that were able to perform. They built an artfully mirrored bedroom with sophisticated light effects, also were the prototype of a remotely dirigierbaren lift that hovered over the bed and dancing on the girls and stripping. I also acquired several sculptures of the then fashionable sculptor Hildebrando Lima. With him I befriended me and criticized, his works are a bit cheesy, but had a delightful erotic aura. <Kitsch is also an art direction, "he said proudly, "and not the least important.>

I now won among many friends of different categories also good acquaintances and friends. , The culture was also interested the people and their fascinating way of life. There were big waves, lots of original vitality, which fell against all European and withers worked. "



## life or death

"Europeans you do not want in your circle of acquaintances?"

"No, I noted that recent immigrant Europeans were generally not an attractive deal. Tourists were downright embarrassing me most in her cocky ignorance. "

"And the Swiss?"

Buser snorts, silent for a while, then he calls a name that triggers something in him. He calls him as his memories would allow his mouth to form the syllables.

"Swiss ... yes ... a - let's call him Hans Schweizer - I met ..."

"Why this game of hide?"

"I do not mention his name like. He was, as I discovered after a short acquaintance, a type difficult to assess. Something sneaky. Frankly, I do not know if I did not raise him back to life, if I divulge his name. "

"What happened to him?"

"They are indiscreet. We had not agreed with Danilo Manser that my business career is to be displayed? What do you want now know has nothing to do with this career. Let it then! "

I say goodbye. Now this is the downside of the new approach, I think. There are none of the secret recordings more, let me capture the spontaneous Buser. Manser has obtained consent Buser's part, and now he can not continue to run without his knowledge a cell phone.

I call on Manser: "The period of full disclosure has come," I say. "We usually do not come on. Can I count on you? "

Manser sighs audibly. He wrestles with it.

"I've been thinking and want to ask you a favor. Could you not relieve me and Peter tell the whole story? "

The question stunned me, and I do not answer.

Manser interpreted my silence apparently as a willingness to agree and says hurriedly, as redeemed, "Please, do it for both of us. You have an ace in your hand. Tell Peter but please just, you would now be spent many hours, and not I, but you had been the one from the beginning, not a superficial Business Chronicle, but a description of standing behind the events people have wanted to write. so that they may be somewhat nuance the facts, but the truth you do not say. Read him equal to a few episodes, for example, from his childhood! Who are you, that he will recognize really succeeded. "

I want to insert a long pause while writing the biography and rings me by calling Buser. I confess everything to him: That we have done many hours of hidden recordings that I had with Alice and Manser talks about him and recorded this. And I go into the waters of Manser, as I add: "In bad company you would not be if you opened the world your whole soul. Even Augustine did this 1700 years ago in his' Confessions> and <Soliloquia>, and posterity has thanked him. "

"I am also a talented sycophant, Mr Exxel, and do not look forward in this regard my peers. Call me better not together with such big name that is merely embarrassing! Now then: Give me time to think about this new situation! One of you is so sure clear: Any distribution of your work I have banned until I did not give to all my written Okay ".

I breathe free and say, "Because you can rely on me and - rely on Mr. Manser - as I guess. We know the laws. "

14 days later Buser gives me free rein, and I can go on.

"The last Audio File stopped at an experience that you had in 1993 with a certain Hans in Rio. Can you tell about it? Now I turn again a tape, for the first time and in all the future with a clear conscience. "

"Hans was after he had no satisfying career in Switzerland apparently can make emigrated to Brazil and then had probably lived in Rio for ten years. He had a relationship with a Brazilian woman with whom he had a young son. He had good contacts

and gave me along with the aforementioned Carlos Coccarelli various entrepreneurs who built my house. I thought innocently that he keep me friendship services, namely in exchange for allowing me my part supported him in different things. It was soon discovered that was not the case. "

"What did he want from you? Money?"

"Yes, he suddenly wanted money, appeared angry and threatened me. I stirred up from first, tried to calm him. <Come on now but to reason, we are not friends? 'But Hans was not to be softened. "

"How much did he want?"

"I do not remember exactly. I soon received completely unexpectedly a letter from him. He urged me to finally pay him now his commission. At the end of the letter read: 'And if you do not pay, I'll know to collect my money in other ways.' "

"And you have paid to him at the end of something?"

"Perhaps even ... without knowing it or wanting to. The description of the events will be tricky because people who have harmed me, still alive. I can only say things that I can prove. I suggest that I aufarbeite the events as subsequently penned diary. This is not difficult to me because the abzuhandelnden weeks and months were the most memorable of my life. It seems to me as if they were not satisfied back 22 years, but would have been yesterday. Only single data I need to put an approximation, since I mostly destroyed sparse existing documents when I 2,007 tents in Rio definitely broke off. "

"Can I use this diary simply without changes and comment in the biography insert? The responsibility would be fully up to you. "

Buser affirmative. He sends me the written from memory diary three days later by mail, so probably because he was too little trust of electronic transmission.

October 21, 1993

Hans had appeared last Sunday after several days of silence suddenly again, after he had a week earlier stormed angry because I had given him the required Commission does not want to pay. He was his old self again, and I was glad. We decided not knock off for even the Copacabana, but to exploratory new territory in terms of nightlife

the. After nightfall we drove through the city center up to the waterfront Praça Mauá.

We parked Hansen's car in front of the nightclubs, ran slalom around tottering sailors around, looked into the one and other club and started after midnight back through the human and traffic-empty center to the south. We followed the broad Avenida Infante Dom Henrique, that runs along the bay behind the Airport Santos-Dumont to Copacabana. Suddenly, two cars passed us. They cut us off the path, so Hans had to brake sharply. Policemen got out, seized their handcuffs, tied us up and shouted that they would take us to the police station. I had a queasy feeling. Something did not seem to agree.

Roughly the men pushed us into the car of Hans. Taken, but afraid I was sitting between two of them with Hans concentrated in funds of the car. The road did not lead to the police station, but from Rio out in the mountains. After just over an hour of silent journey that seemed endless, we stopped in a mountainous area at a stately plantation. They pulled out of the car and we schupften us into the building. There, they told us we should lie down on the ground. They said they were from a Robin Hood Group. We were privileged and had beautiful houses on the Copacabana. We would have to cede anything. Well, I was certainly that we were abducted.

After about ten minutes about 70-year-old man appeared. He assured us said he was a psychologist and would look after us. "Do you need a pill? Do not be afraid, nothing will happen to you. I take care of yourselves. "Trust I could not win, but the man embodied the Hoff planning, everything would not be too bad.

It was about 4 o'clock. The kidnappers wanted us to sleep. I asked for a stretcher that was brought to me with a blanket. When I wrapped myself and tried to get comfortable, which all found funny, and we had to laugh. Angry about our sudden joy came the leader, who was called Paulo. Abruptly he struck suddenly and violently Lich on me until I could not stand it and began to cry. He let me off, then came back a few minutes later, and when I held my hands protectively over my face, he said: "Peter, you're okay, you're like my son. It will happen to you anything "And in that amount of standing around about 20 bandits he called in a commanding:" Here today, no one is killed "!

Eventually I calmed down. No question, there were professional kidnappers and they were serious. Soon came two of the men grabbed Hans and led him away. While I nachschaute him, I heard a voice that told me to sleep. But that was impossible for me, especially since I heard screaming Hans soon miserable and I did not want to imagine what they did with him. A little later one of the hijackers came to me pointed out with his finger out of the room and asked: "Did you back there saw the bloody post? those who try to run away to come to. So do not even think about thinking!" I nodded and felt the blood rushed to my head.

It dawned. I stared through the dirty barred windows to the outside into the semi-dark nothingness. A rougher shock tore me from my doze. I carefully lifted and slightly bent his head to abzubekommen the impact of a possible chop fist directly. I recognized the strong figure of Paulo: "Have you any money here?" "Here?" I did not know what he was getting. "Here in Brazil, at a bank?" "No, only in Switzerland." "Then that will transfer here!" "That could be difficult." I asked him to think, and told him that a transfer would be problematic because of the money laundering Act. Banks could possibly notice that I had been kidnapped.

"But I have \$ 5,000 in my apartment in the vault," I improvised to appease him.

Paulo looked at me skeptically. Then he turned and said something to two of his subordinates and disappeared from the room. Two or three hours later he appeared with Hans again: "Look, Peter, it must now proceed as follows: The psychologist and Hans go to your apartment in Leme, get the money and bring it here. Want to Hans to say something? You can do it in German do if you want privacy. "" I have no secrets here, "I replied and sharpened Hans in Portuguese one, he should order my life's sake obey all commands and make no attempt to escape. I described the place in my office, where I had hidden the safe key.

It took a few hours, and I remained in great fear. How could I be sure that Jack and the "psychologist" would not agree suddenly, grab the money and would run away? That would have meant my certain death. I knew that I had are not 5000, but rather 20,000 US dollars in a safe deposit box. I had swindled Paulo

the hope that I would be likely to get the money. I thought I could surprise him in return and to demonstrate that I had found extra money and was willing to pay.

After about five hours, and the psychologist Hans returned to my great relief. They gave the money Paulo. This recounted, looked over his shoulder at me and put it away. He Hans Be moved a blow to the stomach and threw it to me, "You are a honest man, Peter"

I spent the late afternoon in a darkened limousine to another location, the well was 20 kilometers away and where I now a bed-like deck was assigned to a dilapidated low house. Sometime at night I got very hungry. I went to three o'clock in the main room and asked me assigned minders bandits if he had something to eat. He played bored with his gun and said he had so many aside managed, and this certainly with pleasure. Then he asked me what crime I had committed. I asked in surprise who it so say something, I would have done anything wrong. He laughed like a man of knowledge. Probably had the masterminds, especially Paulo, their "soldiers" misinformed to make him believe that I was a hoodlum and abducted with reason.

"People kill," I warned, "you do not believe because in God?" He seemed to be thinking, stood up and asked what I wanted to eat. "Chicken," blurted it out of me. He laughed, went outside and a little later actually came back with a portion Galinha Brasileira. I ate the roast on greedy.

In the early morning of that almost third day Paulo came herschupfend front of the room, Hans. They had, he opened us to a higher authority decided that the "Grupo Independente de Liberdade", whose delegate he was, could me fired if I would commit myself to pay 500,000 US dollars - and in writing. And if I should have thought that his unit consisted only of running up bandit, I would deceive me. Paulo said with conviction that the matter was approved by the government. I could check this. He called a number, handed me the phone. At the other end was a very polite and cultured voice that said in perfect German: "Yes, Dr. Buser, I assure you that the group is officially tolerated. Do ado what you're told, and you will be free. "

I was like encountered on the head, but did not have time, because Paulo already held out a sheet and a pen to her face. "You're also a lawyer, Peter! So are you going to sign a binding and legally proper explanation, namely in Portuguese, so that it is also valid here in Brazil! "

My fatigue and tiredness expressed as lead on my limbs. I concentrated, collected my best Portuguese and began to write. I was trying to gain time, took off again and again, Hans asked without need for specific terms and how to write them. I turned also to Paulo and asked him if I could pay for 300,000 because I simply could not more. "Impossible!" He barked at me. "If you do not sign for 500 000 I need you to another group passed, and make little ado. They are really brutal. "

I gave up and committed myself to pay \$ 500 000th I alone, mind you, should guarantee that the amount would also full and on time paid off, because Hans've little or no money.

When I signed the paper and finally handed Paulo, this took it with obvious satisfaction counter, patted me on the shoulder almost friendly, and gave it to one of the armed young men. Another, whose body and face was still and still covered with hair, explained that our release was imminent, and he wanted to shave me, so I would send home. Then he laughed and pushed me into a chair. He put one not necessarily clean cloak, wet my face and neck, foamed one, whetted the razor and put it around my throat. "You know," he mused, "we have taken since yesterday caught on Avenida you, you were unruly and rude. I would really like as cut your throat. "He pulled the razor with a sure grip up to my cheekbones," But now I'll just shave "I felt that he meant what he said, and was fearless.. When he took my cloak, I felt my throat and my face cuts or blood, and praised his work. to be quite soft my skin was, and I was pleased as well kept released into the wild.

But that would really ever happen?

It was about noon, and we still sat in the darkened room with five or six bandits. Then, finally, they grabbed us. one comparable

tied our eyes, led us, as I could hear and smell, a whole way through open terrain and pushed us finally in a car with the engine running. We drove a long time and listened with an unspeakable feeling of regained freedom the sounds of everyday life. My eyelids were heavy, but I asked from the crouch the front seat Paulo, which for now should be: "How can we know that we will not be kidnapped again? So I can pay, I sell my apartment and had better leave Brasil final. "" It's not necessary, "he soothed," you stand in the future under our protection if you pay properly. We are powerful and can provide. "

Eventually the car stopped abruptly.

Paulo told us to lift us up, and it took us the blindfolds off. We found ourselves on the wide sidewalk of Avenida Atlantica, between the hotels Le Meridien and Leme Palace. Paulo fixed us: "Come on, get out! And I warn you that if you behave well just kind of flashy, we shoot you immediately. The weapons of our people are all the time upon you, even if you no longer see us! And as for the ransom, you will, Peter, listen to me! "

We got out and Rua Gustavo Sampaio went up toward the Edificio Merlin Sul, where my apartment looking down from high up on the 21st floor for us. I was overjoyed and could not wait to drop down on my big bed there.

In the apartment arrived, I took a deep breath and said to Hans: "It was madness, we will never forget it. Actually, the whole thing but also incredibly romantic. "" You're just mad! "He replied. After a while he stood by the window, and overlooking the empty gaping safe deposit box he said: "The old man was certainly not a psychologist, but simply one of Paulos people might like other a convicted criminal. When I was here with him yesterday, we discovered your 20,000, and he asked me if we did not want to divide the found surplus. Paulo would still expect only \$ 5000th That would be easily won 7,500 US dollars for each. But I refused. And when we came back to you, I told the story Paulo. What they probably do now with the guy? "



October 24, 1993

I slept for 30 hours almost continuously. It rang recently in the office. Hans said where I was because he was trying to call me for hours. When he ran out of my Edificio direction Princesa Isabel yesterday, the equipped with his car bandit had him trapped and forced him to drive to Citibank in the city. They would have asked him how much cash he had there in the box, and threatened to imprison him again if he called too little. He then added that he could get 200,000, but only a part of it belonged. When parking in front of the bank, the bandits had then declared that his four year old son in Arpuador had just now surrounded by people and they would catch him if he did not come with the money within 30 minutes. He had obeyed. Now he was in trouble because he had plundered the lockers of his relatives. I should give him back the amount within a few days, because otherwise he would tell all our history, to avoid being a fraud.

"You told me so, that you take the payment," he warned. "Order the amount in Switzerland, you know yes our reliable Doleiro in downtown! Three or four days can go undetected me, but then the money must be there my vindication. "

In fact, I had Hans yesterday promised to accept the amount of 500 000 dollars. I had to admit that I had caused the kidnapping by the display of my wealth and that he was an innocent victim of my carelessness. He had been warned several times in the months before, I should show keep secret the built luxury and most trusted friend. "How can I do that?" I had each answered, "I have built the sweet Fantasias also to the delight of the girls. Are that you do not need to tell me untrustworthy. "

October 29, 1993

Dollar yesterday Hans 180,000 passed. I could convince him to bleed 20,000 himself. "Quite innocent and you're not," I complained. "Have not you made the suggestion to go at night to the Praça Mauá and then in the morning back in the morning through the empty city? You are here long. You know everything better and would have to be more careful. "He did not argue.

November 3, 1993

The day before yesterday called Paulo. My ribs did not hurt the hard beds, but I bore you. I lived.

Paulo said that I needed to make me any concerns about a further kidnapping. I had now committed myself, would further 300,000 pay and stand in the future under the protection of the group. The "Old" was disloyal, and you did it "repaid" him: "He was not correct and could harm you. Now he can not hurt you more. "

I knew that the worst had happened and was upset, but did not dare to give my anger expression. "But that really interested with the old me not, that does not concern me," I just said, "that's your and your responsibility."

"Because of the additional money delivery soon you'll get from me know," Paulo observed at the end of the conversation.

I try to understand again why it just hit me. Was I perhaps been under surveillance for months? Had anyone involved with me, he would have had no trouble, my wealth to recognize and also my ability to pay a high amount. This glamorous equipped luxury apartment with all the harassment, which cost almost \$ 600,000! It is enough already one who is without money and wants to redevelop with a golden tip to gangster.

With my domestic worker Clyde I have agreed a procedure that does not understand them and I've told her only suggested. If she rings my front door, they shall say: "What, Mary ". "It's me, Clyde Mary ", she wanted to," my name is Clyde and nothing more. "" Once you're in an undesirable accompaniment, then would you say Clyde. I then knew I must not open the door. "

Bandits could force them I had considered it to steer to the past Porteiro in 21 stories high and when they rang, hide in the non-visible through the peephole angle. I sense danger everywhere and try to arm myself against the tricks by which could strike again the bandits.

November 5, 1993

I bought a tape recorder, which allows you to record telephone conversations. I will record more Paulos calls. The police will I but not with the recordings, the consequences would be incalculable. But it

can be useful for others in the case of a new attack by the bandits if they have Paulos voice and the incidents are documented. Should I put Hans on the record in knowledge?

November 7, 1993

Telephone Paulo. I have overcome me terrified to run the recording tape. Paulo sounded conciliatory, asked me how I was and if everything was okay. I said what the rest of the ransom could but I could not get 300,000 at a time. That would be too dangerous because the Swiss banks and authorities suspected shady dealings with such amounts of money. Paulo went away for a while and then summoned, I would also bisect the amount. I hear from him.

November 8, 1993

Paulo has once again reported and gives me a very polluted days. I had the day before put about \$ 100 000 from Zurich concerned about the Doleiro and in my safe. "Go just after midnight down to the beach cafe <La Fiorentina> and carry the money concealed in a shopping bag," he said. "Please join there with the head waiter Alfredo. He instructs you. "

I did, after I had long lain awake on the bed what he wanted from me, but when I asked Alfredo, looked at me in surprise of. He do not know Paulo, he snapped ill-tempered, and that I should let him work better. I was confused and almost in a panic, trying to convince Alfredo that he did know Paulo determines that he must know him. But he remained resistant and demanded finally imperative that I should order something or wegscheren me. Confused, I gave up and sat down, the money bag between my feet on a table.

Suddenly, Alfredo's voice brought me up: "¡ Estao chamando-lo ao phones" I ran to the counter, tore up the phone to me and heard Paulo praised me: "Well done, Peter! We can trust you. Now the bag pick and go along the beach towards Morro do Leme. There is in about 100 meters distance from your location in the row of parked cars, a blue car in the Toyota brand with a sign that begins with the letter C. Put the money in the slightly opened the trunk, and then flap this too safe. "

As a remote machine I started running, spotted the car he

had described to me. I looked in several times the amount of state ends walking around and then ripped the lid up. I threw the bag of 1000 notes and snapped shut.

Then I ran home, trying to appear casual and unconcerned. Almost from the moment I was in my office, the phone rang. It was Paulo. "Bravo, Peter, you're our joy 100 percent trustworthy." I began to understand that Alfredo, going to the beach cafe and everything else had only served to make sure that I would follow the instructions sequence. without calling the police and willing. It dawned on me that I had to be observed from the many passers-by and guests out. Perhaps one of perhaps several criminal helpers. A feeling of great loneliness crept over me.

December 12, 1993

Yesterday I came from New York here. I bought pepper spray and an alarm dispositive, I wear the belt. If I pull a pin, it is howling going on. In a hidden corner of the yard I have tried the handling of the spray, made as it were target practice.

This morning call from Paulo. He ordered that I should put the newly organized US dollars 100,000 in a non-sealed vehicle on the driver's seat, whose location he would give me the right time. 100,000 dollars in an open car? I did not even try to think about it, went to 11 at night on the Rua Gustavo Sampaio down and took the first arriving taxi. As soon as I was 300 meters down, already called me Paulo: I should go to a standing in the parking ban white Suzuki at the intersection of Nossa Senhora / Princesa Isabel and there handle all instruction in accordance. I looked at the approach of the lonely standing car with low beam, tore open the door and tried to hide the 1000 bundled bills. This was bad. As I had stuffed the money barely under the driver's seat and back squeezed my body out of the small car, I spotted the outline of a person in a short distance. It was Paulo, who had been watching me and slowly approached me. Apart from a good 20 meters he approached. I froze, and he stopped. "You okay, Peter?" He cried. "Yes," I said and nodded to him as a gesture of humility. "Well, you can go." I walked slowly away from the scene toward the bright lighted Avenida Atlantica. I said, nodded to him as a gesture of humility. "Well, you can go." I walked slowly away from the scene toward the bright lighted Avenida Atlantica. I said, nodded to him as a gesture of humility. "Well, you can go." I walked slowly away from the scene toward the bright lighted Avenida Atlantica.

January 2, 1994

Was over Christmas in Zurich and then been in Santo Domingo. Last money transfer 100 000 dollars I have organized and get the money tomorrow at the Rio Branco from.

Was thinking about Christmas long as I could minimize the risk of further kidnapping. I know that our risk increases once we have paid the ransom. I wrote a letter to Paulo, which I intend to settle the last ransom package. It says among other things that we would have deposited a sealed envelope under the pressure of our in raising the money the participating family members in a trust lawyer in the kidnapping with information on possible people and locations is described. This envelope but could only open the attorney if it is established that Hans and I had been harassed by kidnappers again or kidnapped. We could so motivate our relatives to cooperate,

The story with the lawyer is a fake. but I believe that the letter may have effect.

*Rio de Janeiro, 10/01/1994 Grupo*

*Independente de Liberdade*

*z. H. Mr. Paulo*

*Payment of USD 520 000*

*We do not want to conclude this matter without making the following remarks Be:*

- 1. The extorted money is honest and earned through hard work. As our families belong to the working class, we lose by this blackmail a substantial part of the money that was intended for retirement.*
- 2. We pay this large sum to redeem a given word, and trusting that the given by Mr. Paulo word is also redeemed. The promise was that we are all our lives never harassed in any way.*

Grupo Independente  
de Liberdade

Sr. Paulo

Pagamento de US\$ 520.000,-

Não queremos fechar o assunto sem fazer as observações seguintes:

1. O dinheiro extorcido de nós foi dinheiro ganho honestamente e com trabalho duro. Como as nossas famílias são do ambiente trabalhador, perdemos nesse sequestro uma parte importante do dinheiro que era destinado para dar nós uma pensão de velhice.
2. Pagamos essa quantia alta para cumprir uma palavra dada e na confiança que a palavra dada pelo Sr. Paulo seja igualmente cumprida. Essa sua palavra foi, que nunca na nossa vida seríamos mais molestados de jeito nenhum.
3. O Senhor Paulo foi até oferecer uma proteção para o futuro. Não queremos essa proteção e considerariamos, ao contrario, toda tomada de contato como uma infração a palavra dada.
4. Não teria sido possível arrumar a liquidez sem a ajuda dos nossos familiares. Eles não queriam compreender porque não quisemos contar os acontecimentos nem para eles, nem para polícia. Eles fizeram a condição que deviemos deixar pelo menos um relatório detalhado com um advogado de confiança. O advogado confirmou, baseado sobre as suas obrigações profissionais, de abrir a documentação no único caso que tivesse evidência que um de nós sofria novas pressões. Assim, podemos responsabilizar-nos de manter a discreção, mais só na condição que vocês façam o mesmo.

Investigando as suas consciências, vocês podem só chegar a conclusão que as suas atividades são infames. Isso não nós impede de esperar e desejar que Deus lhes perdoe.

Rio 10.1.94

Dr. P. Busc

SS7 liberty

3. *Mr. Paulo has assured us even protection for the future. We reject this protection or any form of maintaining contact would be regarded as a breach of faith.*
4. *Without the support of our families, it would not have been possible to provide the necessary cash. Our members do not understand why we nor report to the police about what happened to them. They have made it a condition that we leave the very least with a trusted lawyer a detailed report on what happened. The assigned lawyer relied confirmed his professional duty requirements that it only opens the report only if it is obvious that one of us would be exposed to new pressures. Based on these facts, we can undertake binding to maintain confidentiality, but only under the condition that you comply with their part, the agreements.*

*If you examine your conscience, you can only come to the conclusion that your actions is reprehensible. This does not prevent us to hope and wish that God forgives you.*

*Dr. Peter Buser*

*(Hans)*

Have inquired in Zurich and in the Winterthur insurance if I could insure any other necessary ransom payments in the event of another kidnapping. The agent information requirements and time to investigating. Declared after 14 days, I was a case of "special risk", because I had already been kidnapped "successful". The premium would have cost per week for a payment of 300 000 per kidnapping 15 dollars 000th I do not pay.

No sooner had I rested today in the early afternoon after the long overnight flight, also called Paulo already. He demanded Hans had passed the final installment, which have so far been too little and was on the train. He would instruct him again if he had to leave with the money bag and my apartment was in the car.

Now I would be a third party, it went through my head, could be active and find out the truth, "Is Hans what he claims to be: the sacrifice of my carelessness" I could secretly fol- him

gen when he sets off with my money. But what if he is a traitor when I'm surrounded again? And Paulos men! That could overshadow me. They would probably kill me without scruples.

January 11, 1994

Today handed over in the morning Hans 100 000th He expressed fear and anger and I had to encourage him. Now, at 5 pm, but he has called me. It is run properly. They had ordered him by phone call to the big Restaurant Porcao Ipanema. A waiter was there handed him a slip of paper on which was standing that he should go to the bathroom and wait there. He did. someone had then entered the neighboring cabin and asked him to reach through the bag with the money under the cabin wall on the toilet. He saw a strong hand with four fingers. "You now remain ten minutes in here, then you go out and you go straight home," said the Invisible've ordered and he obeyed.

Says Hans the truth?

July 30, 1994

Fly tomorrow to Santo Domingo. In recent weeks in large doubts, I am unchanged even now, eight months after the kidnapping, still full of fear.

I told about the kidnapping in recent months closest friends and girlfriends. , They call my suspicion Hans and say he must have been the one had "organized" the bandits. "An incredibly talented actor he would have but there must have been," I commented.

I am plagued by fear when I walk through streets and squares, even during the day. When I am at night in the Help or in any pub or in a club, I ask a Segurança to drive me home in a taxi. The anxiety is pervasive. Wherever I go and come: I study people suspicious. Should I ever stay home? Should I sell the apartment and leave Rio?

But the city and the adventure lure, despite everything, and almost more than before. And as strange as it may sound: The Abduction brought me prestige and a kind of glory. I survived the terrible intact, and when I tell them I impress girlfriends and friends. But



it gnawing feelings of guilt: "You were to blame, so carelessly to demonstrate your luxury, so tempting for extortionists and kidnappers." On the other hand, I was during the captivity full of confidence that the worst would not happen to me, no matter how dangerous the Location also seemed to be. And in the end it's probably true that consciousness of my guilt, my refuge and my people skills had saved me from death.

How should I do if a new attack took place ?, I ask myself. If one sits down in a restaurant beside me, pressed me something hard in the side and ask me to discreetly follow him. "You'll go along and stay cool," I promise myself. "Just pay again if need be. Only death is bad! "

August 20, 1994

I met yesterday with Hans. We discussed how we could protect ourselves from future another kidnapping, and I developed the idea that we could leave something with the Swiss Embassy, a kind of documentation with all the details. We would have to do it quickly, I said, to do something to counter with the aim of possibly soon forthcoming further kidnapping. It would help investigators to find us.

2 September 1994

The day before yesterday with Ambassador Jean-Pierre Ballaman with Hans at the consulate. Transfer of documentation. I have enclosed a copy of the tape conversations with Paulo. Ballaman could take the fear us something and assured that the embassy would call one of us regularly to see if everything was in order. He made us not blame that we did not call the police. "This country is what it is: beautiful and terrible at the same time," he commented.

September 7, 1994

Sass today with Hans together and have him about the me agonizing suspicion against him reported: "The X, Y and Z also wonder whether you are a criminal." He exclaimed, "You are probably out of your mind!" , "I'm for months under psychiatric care and suffer still terrible. And you frolic long happy again around as if nothing had happened. What do you want you really afford to? "



CONSULAT GÉNÉRAL DE SUISSE  
SCHWEIZERISCHES GENERALKONSULAT  
CONSULADO GERAL DA SUÍÇA

RIO DE JANEIRO,  
Rua Cândido Mendes 157/11°  
Caixa postal 744  
Tel. 242 8035 / Telex: 22440

Ref.:

**EMPFANGSBESTÄTIGUNG EINES VERTRAULICHEN BERICHTS  
VOM AUGUST 1994 AN HERRN UND  
HERRN PETER BUSER, RIO DE JANEIRO**

Ich erkläre hiermit, dass ich den rubrizierten Bericht zur vertraulichen Aufbewahrung entgegengenommen habe.

Das Generalkonsulat verpflichtet sich, alle Vorkehrungen zu treffen, damit dieser Bericht nicht in die Hände Dritter gelangt.

Vorbehalten bleiben allfällige per offizieller Verordnung geregelte Auskunftspflichten gegenüber schweizerischen Behörden. Kämen solche Auskunftspflichten zum Tragen, so würde den Herren und Buser vorgängig Gelegenheit zu einer Stellungnahme gegeben.

Das Generalkonsulat ist seinerseits der Meinung, dass dieser Bericht ausnahmsweise Verwendung finden müsste, wenn der in ihm erwähnte spezielle Fall einträte. Vorgängig wäre das Einverständnis von Herrn Josef Buser, Oberwil/2H, Tel. Nr. (00411) 836 83 83 einzuholen und aus naheliegenden Gründen eine Karenzfrist von mindestens fünf Tagen zu beachten.

Rio de Janeiro, den 31. August 1994

Der Schweizerische Generalkonsul  
i.A.

  
Jean-Pierre Ballaman  
Konsul

October 10, 1994

Just yesterday, after my return from New York, I found a letter from Hans. He complains of lack of money and wants me to give him the dollars 20,000, which he had made as a contribution to the ransom year ago. "Thanks to my prudent behavior and thanks to my courage you were probably saved from death," it says in the letter.

It is too much to me, I will say. They say he is a villain, and I shall now do not have compassion? I begin to detest Hans. I do not want to see him.

January 10, 1995

Yesterday after internal struggles also Carlinho, which accompanied me for years taxi driver tells of the kidnapping. He claimed to have known Paulo indirectly. "The has been eliminated along with his gang months ago," he crowed. "This <Caralhos> have made too much, too far ventured and are all dead."

I want to believe it willingly.

After reading this diary I had a thousand questions to Buser. He says he has had many months fear and yet can not decide, Rio to turn his back. The beautiful apartment, which he had built with a lot of passion, should have been one reason for his hesitation. Apparently, he had, as his Brazilian friends also learned over the years to live with the risk. He would have had the means to survive a second abduction.

I'll call him again to find out further notice:

"Do not you have drawn conclusions from this terrible kidnapping? Now fit on not to get the wrong people? "

"Frankly, no, or at least insufficient. My temporary home help Clyde imagined 1995, the 45-year-old Lidia before that need urgent work because her from her violent husband had divorced and wanted to be independent. Lidia, the erotic me alone for reasons of age was not interested in 45-year-old, told me about her pain and convinced me it might be a good partner and friend for me. I wanted to help her, even though I inculcated Clyde: <your ex-husband Ronaldo is probably not quite right in the head and capable of anything. He's dangerous, watch out for him beware!>

I soon realized that Clyde had not warned wrongly. Ronaldo was a stalker, one of those men who follow women and harass, and I despise deeply. He waited half a day at the Portaria my building, just in the hope that Lidia would like to come to the exit. Lidia was often beside himself and wept bitterly. I would have felt like a coward if I had sent her away. I felt called as a knight and protector and hoped to lift the thing.

One afternoon I opened for the purpose of emptying garbage bags my apartment door on the 21st floor and saw Ronaldo in the corridor to the door of my neighbors ringing. <What are you doing here?> I snapped.

'I go to my friends, may I not?> He replied with mock serenity.

<Since I'll be right there with> I said and went to him after the end because in the apartment alone elderly wife had opened. <Is he her boyfriend?> I asked the neighbor.

She hesitated visible and more my gaze: <Yes, he is>, then she choked out, "he has to do here.>

I felt that she was lying, and anger welled up in me. It was by chance that her son, a practicing psychologist in Rio, came to visit. I also asked him if he knew the man, and he said no.

Ronaldo was very uncertain and trembling, especially as I said, they should call the police. He gave me a reproachful look and went away.

The mother confessed finally, Ronaldo had visited her several times. He had been reported a police badge and indicated that he would watch me because I was accused of child trafficking. The son assured me, Ronaldo would not let, but asked me not to pursue the matter. His mother was very ill and police interrogations could have serious health consequences for them.

I had only two days later to Switzerland. When I was three weeks back in Rio and at 7 o'clock arrived from the airport in the morning, waited six burly men in front of my apartment. They had apparently informed the police systems about my arrival time and opened me they had an accusation of pedophilia. I had to justify myself and open the cabinets. They showed me an accurate description of my apartment and admired the found luxury.

Rio then hung on all kinds of places figurehead, which called for anonymous denunciation of child molesters. Since the evil of pedophilia was not effectively combatted, the authorities had resorted to the middle of the anonymous complaint. False ads en masse were accepted: The police knew that abuses were a popular means to humiliate business enemies and bring unwelcome relatives and neighbors in trouble.

Fortunately, the boss of the group was a man with flair. I convinced him soon that the charge was unlawful, and told him the story of Ronaldo. He pulled people off after about an hour. <You will hear from us, 'he said,' I have no power to decide anything.>

A few days later I received a summons on the 12th Delegacia by messenger. Eduardo Marques, a strong-minded engineer who had become my friend, accompanied me. 'That has no weight,' he consoled me, 'the kidnapping was there a completely different caliber.> I had written a written justifiable explanation from me that we presented the interrogation officials. He called add another officer, whom he called 'Detective>. This was quite arrogant and struck me repeatedly obscene manner interrupted. After about an hour came a new, apparently more asked official who increasingly affable gave himself. <It's an offense to abuse police identity cards?> I asked again. <Not a crime, but a crime!>, He cried with angry bulging eyes. Finally he dismissed us without comment.

<What is it now?> I asked Eduardo in the corridor. <Nothing, 'he replied,' it's all right. "He knew to be a Rio Grown up his Pappenheimer and instinctively knew he had to interpret things. I felt relieved and remembered when we were already on the road that I had forgotten my umbrella in the room where we had need to sign two hours ago. I ran back and heard great voices. About 20 police officers made now Siesta here. I knocked on briefly and then stepped determinedly. They all stared at me half-defiant, half curious. I grabbed the rogue, and I shouted: 'Friends, you know me! Next time a mulatta-party will take place in my Merlin Sul. You are all invited, it will be very sexy!> They laughed merrily, nodded at me sympathetically and waved goodbye. I had never because of a problem with the police. "

Buser had therefore done it again, I think when I hung up the phone. He probably pushed the thought that he was hard sidestepped of evil. It occurred to me one reports how bad it often Europeans have with the police and with the case law in third world countries. It happens that they have to stay in dirty and overcrowded prisons for months before they are ever heard. Envy and frustration of officials rich strangers can win through and cause learned principles are forgotten.

Today Manser called and was reassured when I told him Buser now work swiftly with and I came forward.

He encouraged me: "Peter has stated that he finds the style of your writing well. However, he is, how could it be otherwise, do not agree with everything. He wants to make corrections. He naively believes everyone should discover right away the good guy and love in him. He is so in the accepted sense just does not, and you will discover its qualities only in a roundabout way. "

I get by Buser more feedback.

"The last story told by the nasty false accusation indeed ended in love. Nevertheless, it certainly represented a burden. They moved in with your preference for young and very young women all kinds of suspicion and envy. Did you not of Rio gradually enough? "

"But it became more and more too much. But what were my alternatives? Back to Zurich I could not with my clients: There I would have to take a run authorities and a huge administrative burden on me. It remained to take advantage of Santo Domingo still propagated as whereabouts. "

"The Dominican Republic as a permanent residence they had indeed rejected the 1990th Where it differed from Brazil? "

"You could write many books about these differences. I can sketch on the brevity, only a flat rate.

Rio is now called once rightly the most beautiful city in the world. You need to set times in one evening at sunset on the Copacabana, Ipanema or at the Baía de Guanabara in a panoramic restaurant, and you can not help but be overwhelmed. The gently curving, densely bushy hills and mountains that can be opened from the island-studded sea

swing, have a unique fascination. And you feel when you have lived there for some time, the uniqueness of the people. Rio is a melting pot of everything: from vibrant life, from the cryptic and beautiful. And you can live this uniqueness not only temporarily in most pleasant climate, but throughout the year. A city like Santo Domingo on the other hand, pardon the word, almost a heap of rubble. The town is scenic not really structured and enjoyed - apart from the early days - never the wealth that enabled beautiful architecture. It's all thrown together randomly. "

"There's but the beautiful north coast or the eastern tip of Punta Cana, which are rightly considered grandiose."

"Whoever settles in these areas, either in a flooded by mass tourism center or in the little but captivating seclusion. To the good life are two things: a beautiful landscape in a pleasant climate and beautiful people. As for the people, so the Dominicans fall off. They are, with some exceptions, sluggish to a large part, unsophisticated and uncultured. "

"So you say. And the "women?"

"The especially! just once googled it the images in <Dominican women> and <Brazilian women> and the contrast jumps you in the eye. Of course, you'll want to see this difference and feel must be a man. Do not call back your Alice - does not see him. Women have indeed no eye for women. "

Buser laughs uproariously and bathes in its coquetry. It is obvious that he could not hope in the Dominican Republic, to find a second Bombom.

"One is the relative lack of temperament of the Dominicans have attributed to the paralyzing moist hot air. As for the beauty of women, the Dominican Republic does not like Brazil was a highly frequented immigration country. Beautiful body arise from the mixing of blood. Perhaps an ethnologist me is correct: but I assume that even the indigenous women of central Brazil were particularly well-formed. imported as slaves Africans, and later met the white German Interior on them. Ver same times but his eyes, the eyes! "

Buser says the last almost pleadingly.

"How Manser once told me, you like to blaspheme about their

Country women Swiss. They say, and their blood was not mixed, unlike, for example, the Romanians who flock in recent years in masses as love servants to Central Europe. Could not be related to that you can associate with the latter easier your preference <mixed>? "

itself "People know each other often poor. My dream is to find even a sophisticated book in which the typical local women in the world are presented with care and love. I believe that you would find when looking at this book that my assessment is quite objectively justified.

Unlike Brazil, the Dominican Republic is heavily Americanized in terms of mentality today. The materialism of the people who worship of money are likely to be a part of the import from the north. Brazilians are direct and frank, Dominican contrast, often dishonest and devious. In defense of the Dominicans, however, I must stress that there are also a considerable number of people who do not share these negative characteristics. One is the evangelical theologian Felix Angel Medina of Santo Domingo, with the 30 years I share a fine friendship.

What finally largely missing in the Dominican Republic, is the culture. Also Dominicans with university education know with names like Beethoven, Shakespeare, Plato or Julius Caesar little or what to do. You know the Bible by heart parts, but have nowhere learned to internalize the lyrics and engaging them in a meaningful context. More generally prevails a plate and shallow religiosity that is more of the survey of their own egos than they would be submission to God. "

"I heard you had young Dominican friends. but now you need to wrap up warm! "

"No, I take off better! I have learned to educate Dominican unclothed. "

"Would it not be better <form> or <cultivate> say?" "Too much training can harm the beautiful femininity. It's the lousy Dominican men who would have a hard line. But who does this job? because it would take a lot of Pestalozzi. "



I can not help but find Buser arrogant now. He had as a citizen of the rich and rich Switzerland every chance of training and advancement. How can he show off so high-handed? I ask Manser.

"Is all just irony and sarcasm. He did not mean what he says. If you have a statement from him, you should take the pen and color the little one, which is to take one to one.

He wants things differently, but he just fails often. The other day he told me about the Dominican Diobania Arias Saba that he likes, and with whom he went through Switzerland three months ago. He had it presented on the previous days in the car Beethoven and Schubert and delivered statements. Diobania declared himself interested and delighted. In good spirits, he wanted to play one night on the highway Schubert <Winterreise> and make an experience you there. When he looked at the side of the highly dramatic song <Frühlingstraum> to to enjoy Diobanias amazement, this was asleep. He schupfte them and complained: 'You said you wilt hear it. What's that now?> <Yes, for a few minutes, it's nice. Now the but already takes almost an hour, which is really too much to me.

The next day I interview Buser again.

"I understand that the Dominican Republic failed haltsort as food staying, but would you not be able to simply drive a new target?"

"I was then, in 1998, 61 years old, Mr. Exxel. You will live to see that there is more difficult with age to get used to new surroundings. I developed a desire to return home. When I saw the protruding above the clouds Alpenkranz traveling to Switzerland in the early morning off the plane, I was overcome with the desire, and I was looking almost uncontrollably on landing. 10 or 15 years ago it was still the contrary: I wanted at all costs from the darkness and out of the winter out against the hot beaches. Today I have to do make an effort to understand the addiction of many people to spend their holidays far away. What, they fly 15 hours just for the two weeks lying around lazy? Have they not already, I think the most beautiful country ?..

"We were last so in 1997 or 1998. However, they framed in 2004 in Europe back foot. Why not earlier? "

"The question surprised me a little. I had you told that I had therefore canceled 1,990 tents in Europe because over I could not be in breach of contract my clients. Customers were still there. I had in Switzerland must establish a 65-year-old bank. This would have made me a little richer with still plenty of years of life, when I'm already. It would have cost many thousands of additional hours. Victims are commendable, but you want at all, are still alive. "

"What do you mean thousands of hours? You could have hire a third party and pay. "

"Her optimism in honor of Mr. Exxel! How could I find one that would have really successfully overcome such a task? Consider why not sample the leading Swiss bankers over the past two decades. With few exceptions, there are philistines that as a non-stick Manager primarily had their own well-being in mind and have. If there were a few more people who were not only talented, but also courageous and self-sacrificing, Switzerland had its two big banks harmful long from the neck and could offer in smaller units a really nice banking service with pioneers. "

"What would be the <few exceptions>?"

"People who have not taken it into made nests and there obtained as materialistic Skitterer scandalous salaries. I call as examples the recently deceased Hans-Dieter Vontobel and Hans J. Baer. "

"But what about the excessive amount of regulation? How should others tolerate it if you did not take? "

"The regulation would never have accepted this absurd extent, for example, if in the course of the nineties would come up constantly new self-adhesive Pio kidney. This would not only convinced by courageous solidarity occurrence, but primarily by practicing morality the population and held the pressing of links unifier and regulators at bay. "

"If because the old banking secrecy to be maintained?" "No, it would have been relativized, and you would not have lost by belated and half-hearted Kleisterei good reputation. If almost no one thinks and the individual thinker is no other solitary thinkers, it is a day like the ass in front of the mountain. It would be responsible to the investing clients need to be moved early, then overall itself

would have been forced to settle down tax so that they had at least acted reasonably legal. But it has invited tax evaders many years and courted. It has shown them the way into illegality. Many a brave, prosperous petty bourgeois was saying here: 'If these highly cultured and urbane gentlemen in Zurich, Geneva and Basel say I'm doing right, then I need myself well to make no head.' "

"Will drop banking secrecy to the tax authorities of all countries over time? If the global automatic exchange of information? "

"Yes. The development could be a maximum braked when opened new channels for profiling for the politicians and the executive officers of the world. A global military conflict or an unbearable become rampant terrorism could be such channels. This is but really nobody that desire. "

"Will have to put the rich Switzerland? Will she finally even impoverished? "

"Switzerland considers their level currently in that they drain on reserves, which were formed during two or three centuries. Also the fact that it rich from around the world citizens attracts who no longer want to tolerate excessive government interference or tutelage in their home countries compensated. The decisive factor will be whether enough people are there in future generations still having the rumored the Swiss virtues, such as diligence and correctness. When I look at today's boys, so could I have doubts in this regard already. But maybe I'm just jealous and therefore give me skeptical ... "

"Jealous because the coveted you young ladies strive naturally to the boys?"

"These ladies are striving with the body of the boy and with the spirit of the ancients. The pursuit of the body triumphs, especially among women. Of course, it would be my dream to be forever a Young. Would not, however, Mephisto offer a pact, it would nevertheless create something almost monstrous: the combination of beautiful muscles with the superior spirit of the old. If such monsters aufträten in greater numbers, then goodbye, dear fellow males of the staid style! You would demoted to slaves who still abbekämen only now and then a few crumbs. "

I call Manser and plaintive: ". It is difficult, Mr. Buser's just rarely serious."

"Avoid bringing easy areas, it on the theme 'Women>!' At the latter he will always cocky. "

"But how can I, where women are but the content of his life?" "You'll just have to figure out," mocks me Manser. He knows that I have now written so much on the biography that I can not get out.

## The enemy's home

For the first time Buser calls me about 14 days later of himself. He apologizes that he can not keep a scheduled appointment. I suggest to him successfully to make on the spot another interview:

"They have described why you could not just return to Switzerland 1998th How and when then came the moment when you returned yet? "

"A reason to return could have been the September 11 2001, the day of the attacks in New York. From this point, the Americans forced in the wake of increased defense against terror all friendly or dependent States to introduce massively more rules against money laundering. My lawyer in Santo Domingo, Hector Taveras had had until then no problem, to confirm to the attention of me paying Retros Swiss banks that my not subject to taxation activities with those of the country conforms go. Now he suddenly wanted to have all sorts of records and documents. He sounded also gently that the tax-exempt taking of business profits abroad will no longer be tolerated by the latest practice.

but it was again an unexpected bang that forced me to take a long overdue practical consequence. I call the keyword <Koschmann>, which stands for Schimmeister, Röseler and grains for my fourth and largest business crisis. During my excerpt from Switzerland in 1990 and an unexpected event cause of the not easy decision to re-orientation was yes. I mean the crisis with Klaus Körner. However, while went out with Schimmeister, Röseler and grains problems not all doubts raised Specifically, it was now the state and its officials on wet me. "

Buser clears his throat and blasphemes: "The state must always and everywhere be taken deadly serious. He is known to have always right. "

"Did not you say ultimately about the state some of your beloved Friedrich Nietzsche? What was that again? "

"<State is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Cold lying there too; and this lie creeps from its mouth: I, the state, am the people>, Nietzsche can say from new idol> his Zarathustra in the chapter ' " .

"They hate the government?"

"In principle, no, I'm not an anarchist! The Company must organize itself necessarily, if they do not want to jeopardize the good coexistence of people. I hate the proliferating state and the proliferating confederations. I hate the state representatives who believe that to achieve the happiness of people in that they organize in everything and submit instructions. The fact that they are all numbered with the requirement to combat sporadic criminals and keep in an unworthy dependence and fear. "

"Reports so please by Kosch, Klaus Koschmann! It was after grains already the second Klaus. "

"As a matter of fact! And the better Klaus, the Swiss brother Klaus, not rushed to my aid. Instead, I met a very prosaic Klaus. <Klaus> is in the high-Alemannic Saint Nicholas, Father Christmas. Santa's also a Pejoration derives: A Klaus is a fool.

In order to display this better, I take, as with the abduction story, the stylistic device of fictitious diary. I have agreed with Manser that this time I will send you my diary entries in sections and that we then third debate Skype gradual about it. "

21 August 2000 (from the detention center Solothurn) Yesterday I was in my holiday home in Liechtenstein than me in the morning arrived at 8 am one interphone call from Zurich. "We need pure, we are the police!" Cried a gruff voice, "we have to leave, it's about Ammann." I realized actually only that the caller believed I was in my apartment in Zurich, whose bell he worked , Who was Ammann, I could guess after geraumem think. I had a client that name whose account balance, according to extensive deductions had been reduced to a residual of about 50 000 francs.

"Let the breaking up!" I said, "I am here in Liechtenstein and we remain at your disposal. Maybe I can egg from my laptop

Print nice informative documents that I will show you in a hurry. "

We arranged a meeting in the early afternoon in the police center Mels. Three men moved on. They seemed almost surprised to find me on time. They obviously had the option envisaged that I would not appear.

The head of the group said he was the Deputy Under suchungsrichters Koschmann of Solothurn and would ask me to "case René Ammann." I tried in vain to find out what was up to. About two hours I was confronted with questions whose instigation and meaning I did not understand. The elder of the policemen struck me several times into the floor and said that I should not be naive and unwrap me. I had to correct him and remind him of my rights as a citizen.

After the deputy several times with someone - apparently with the boss Koschmann - had shorted in an adjoining room, they told me I had to come. Where and for what purpose, has not told me. The events seemed to me grotesque, and I wavered between amusement and concern. Before getting into my car, the younger policeman whispered in an unguarded moment: "Do not make too many worries, I think for me that you have done nothing wrong."

It was now on to Zurich! In the first car I sat with the two older policeman than a certain extent Seized in my own Pontiac, hereinafter the young policeman in the police car. At the height Walen grabbed me with mischief, and I said. "I've seen seven years ago in Brazil, where I bandits in the car of my friend abducted in the mountains, the situation" (p 156) My supervisor then did something what stunned me: you pulled out with serious expressions their police badges. Obviously, they were far away from my humor and believed in fact, I asked them also to be outlaws.

In Zurich it was explained to me by about 8 pm, we must now make the house search. I graduated from hints that they had watched my house during the day with the help of local police, as they had feared apparently it was someone in my apartment, could take the instructions from me or someone else could go in there and make a difference.

When I had caught up, I showed the three stern first thing frankly my erotic appointed bedroom and opened the SCHRAEN ke,

where all sorts of toys to improve sexual pleasure and fetish clothes lay. "This is who I am, it's not going to help me," I said half-jokingly, half-apologetically. "This is all not forbidden, that's none of our business", you summoned me.

All my containers and angles were now pried for about two hours. I helped with and carried along from the archive room file folders and documents which I could guess that they contained something for "Ammann case". "What are you looking actually," I said, reaching as a particularly busy behind furniture and carpets, "maybe drugs? You will definitely find anything illegal here. "The so Criticized looked at me reproachfully and did not answer.

At 23 o'clock you grabbed my documents in large bags and asked me to come along. "I yield to violence," I sighed. In the police car wedged again, I said then: "Now what is actually the problem, after which you rely if you keep me here against my will?" "Do not talk too much," I heard, "You are now just arrested. "I felt almost like a child among children. "Now that you're a villain and I a detective," to children say when they play their roles.

2 hours ago the cell phone I have been taken here in the detention center. The on duty officer accompanied me to a cell and remarks. "It is not convenient, tomorrow you get a better" I was outraged, effort to restrain myself, had just said: "I ask you, tomorrow I am no longer here . "

Only now, when I sit isolated in a cell, I understand it. One assumes that I know far more than I report that I am one is hiding delinquent. The officials conceal my knowledge complete, apparently out of fear, the knowledge of which could help me to explain myself better or justify.

The balmy late summer air flows through the narrow window. A kind of soothing sadness comes over me: I am in Solothurn in the Solothurn, where I spent a wonderful time as a student almost 50 years ago.

The signs are now slightly different. But anyway, the error will clear up tomorrow.

Aug. 23, 2000

What was the last for a turbulent day! They picked me up at 6am from the cell, then questioned me about my identity, made Profile Photos



and fingerprints. At 9 am, a thoroughly friendly official accompanied me in a neutral car to police headquarters at the Werkhofstrasse. I was led into a room where Klaus Koschman and a young wizard sat behind a large desk. Koschman looked affably at me, almost fatherly. However, my positive picture changed when he began to read to me from the files of the previous day and urged me to "Just" to tell the truth. What was the truth, he seemed already to know.

"I have a responsibility to my clients over," I warned, "I need my phone, so I can handle orders from customers according to contract." Koschmann took out my unit, and I was able to activate it. At about 11:00 my bedeutendster customer called me and gave me stock market orders. I forwarded then to one of my banks on.

The customer was according to my guess no one who taxed the deposited money with me correctly. I found it bizarre and adventurous that I cared for black money from the police headquarters out.

After caused by the mobile Intermezzo break I was active against Koschmann: "Do you know what I'm doing, you understand my business actually" "Klotz and Klütter" he laughed, "what else else? " Just block and Klütter?" , I asked. "Track I might not be a useful target " It goes with you is all about this block," he scoffed maliciously. "Continues to nothing" Whom he "you" meant by, he explained the same: "The Swiss Bank people are all criminals and belong urgency behind bars. "

I dawned that the now permanent since good 24 hours adventure would be more difficult than I thought it would be in my optimism. I did not know that Koschmann was a Socialist from the left wing. Only in the course of the following two years, the information flowed to me, who pointed out that he apparently saw himself as a class warrior old style. Had he internalized a statement of Karl Marx, after every great fortune comes from a crime? If so, it looked nasty to me. I had accumulated my wealth itself. A wealthy heir he might well have credit, that he had slipped into the wealth and that he had not committed "the crime" itself. Not for me.

Koschmann was due to totally insufficient study of files

the beginning of the interrogation assuming it had disappeared with me 2.7 million francs in pension fund assets. but also use the up entpuppended than reasonable and prudent assistant I could convince him that the speech maximum of 450 000 Swiss francs could be, since I loaned documented more than 80 percent of the investment contribution of Ammann in 1995 and had paid then hastily. only about 50 000 francs were that in reality the debate, I was unable to demonstrate in the nearly seven hours interrogation. The documents were not listed, and I did not know the numbers and dates from the head.

At some point during the long hours I said, "Can you not summon here Mr. Ammann? He accuses me unjustly, and I want to see if he can look into my eyes. "

"But Ammann Do not accuse! I accuse you, namely ex officio, by virtue of my office. "When he said I ", his body stretched forward vigorously. "You suspected offense is receiving stolen goods, and perhaps money laundering."

With the term "receiving stolen goods" I could not do much at the moment. I knew that purchasers of stolen property, for example, watches or jewelry, are called concealers. It was far beyond the day before I realized what Koschmann said. That he apparently thought I had believed to beleihende securities of Ammann in the knowledge that he had stolen them.

I have many secretly evil desired of spontaneous anger, getting into an interrogation of this kind, I wish, however anyone. As his assistants in Mels refused Koschmann any information about what had happened and what exactly I should have done in his opinion. He indulged in mere hints. Apparently he hoped through this myself plunging into confusion approach better information elicit from me. Would he enlighten me, he probably thought it might even succeed me as a wicked to tinker me a tissue of lies together. My impeccable reputation, the correctness of a lifetime compared to thousands of customers shown did not prevent Koschmann to subject me implicitly villainy. I felt humiliated,

As evening approached, to make me a sense of fear. What if I again to the detention must ?, I wondered. If breaks in the coming days on the stock markets bearish and customers can not place their sell orders? They are property

replacement demand. There is even a danger that some argue against the truth, they want to give me a very large sell orders, and I had been in breach of contract can not be reached. I would have hundreds of thousands, if not millions compensate.

When I wanted Koschmann at my request out not confirm that he would put me on free foot, I improvised an offer. "We saw just now," I said, "that the höchstdenkbare loss amounts to 450,000 francs. What if I now organize you this amount in the next few minutes before closing bank as a guarantee deposit? Can I then at least Watching out back to Zurich?" He turned and fumbled a long time about books and texts and then came to a positive decision. He gave me an account of authority, and I transferred the amount shortly before five o'clock phone there.

I breathed freely when I ran so at six o'clock to the station Solothurn. "Also you have to go through again, this is part of life," said a voice inside me. "Everything will be cleared up soon."

At the station, I found it difficult to operate the ticket machine: I had never been in my life for such a machine. On the train I was surprised how smoothly and quickly slid the cars and how luxurious they were. I was probably driven never train for almost 20 years, either in Switzerland or overseas.

Manser calls: "We have your report Koschmann," he says, "we can skype?"

"Lets go! Is not it quite interesting? "

"Interesting, but also disturbing, Mr. Buser," interrupts Exxel. "I have discussed with Mr. Manser now long. We do not understand one thing: How could you leave as a yet equipped with the weapons of the word man do this all with almost no resistance with it? The procedure of Koschmann seems to us the rule of law unworthy. Above all, why you have taken a lawyer "?

"I did not know a Swiss lawyer, and also I had had negative experiences with lawyers many years before. I thought I knew that I had to defend myself, and that for a Non knew money is spent probably a waste of money would be. Sure, I would have called for a lawyer, if I would have felt guilty. but I was really in terms of allegations of Koschmann nothing

Wrong done and was convinced that the legal system of my country would not abandon me. Of course I knew better today: A number of prosecutors in the world require apparently every step of the control of lawyers. Only these control forces them not to be unprofessional or careless and not to over-string. "

"In terms of the allegations of Koschmann? What are you trying to say? They had not such a clear conscience? "

"I am a person who thinks highly prospective. Prospective thinking ability and instinct for Future is a prerequisite for business success, as well as for the stock market success. Already on the way to Mels, then again on the way to Zurich, I felt that something new was brewing. Something new that aggravated a dilemma abruptly. It threatened difficulty in Switzerland, I wanted to get back in the face of my weariness to the overseas countries. but how could I go back to what was to become of my customers? I could not and did not shake it, because I had long-term credit agreements with them and they were very close to my heart.

But since you are addressing the conscience, I will confess that also bothered me this. I had ten years used the infrastructure of poor Third World countries without paying taxes, without giving anything. As bad I also felt that I had for years signed from the already mentioned compulsion not truthfully filled out forms B. Although I had found an approach in the second half of the nineties in order to live up to the rules of content. I transferred all original money of customers in a non Swiss bank, which did not require the disclosure of customers and contented himself with a remark 'for account>. This creative solution, however, no authority had ever approved. Would it miraculously ever been able to make them sign off, so that would have certainly taken years.

of course, you think you are right that my pussyfooting had to reinforce the suspicion Kosch's against me. Once the interrogation approached the described sensitive points, I had probably insecure and gave the signal that I was hiding something. A situational constellation in which I was one accusing me argumentative not effectively counter, because I did not want to give food to all other allegations, I had already experienced with Hartmut Röseler 13 years ago. "(P 122)

"You are a child of fortune in the big line. On a small scale but they had

obviously bad luck. Even your offer to deposit CHF 450,000 as a security deposit, was probably a bad idea. This offer could occur as a recognition of guilt. "

"That's right. I explained Koschmann, I do this ad hoc under its controlling eyes to show him that 450,000 francs were a trifle for me and that I, in view of this fact to me alleged offense that indeed a bad end to a long, successful life would have drawn, could not have committed. This my encouragement was probably set too high in his case. She would have been one of those lightning clever investigators catchy, we know from good detective novels or television series. In the real prosecutors of here and now, the idealistic dreams of writers are now once rarely realized. These prosecutors are of limited wisdom and even more limited serendipity. "

"Once again the theme 'attorney>! That she was psychologically not sent the possibility of assistance by a lawyer Koschmann compared to not even mentioned. Koschmann it was used in <severe cases> like yours to see a lawyer. They believed that as a layman, to withstand the great criminologist, was for this but an insult. "

"Perhaps. However, I was in a situation in which I found myself deprived of my freedom, barely able to make such strategic considerations. "

Send "When me more sections of the fictitious diary? I need you to consider you that to date already beyond circumferentially the framework that defines a biography. Could you tighten and mention only what is truly essential in order to understand the processes? "

"I understand your concern. I will do my best. "

September 16, 2001

Three weeks ago, Kosch man had called me in Rio and asked me to come back to him in Solothurn. He owed my willingness as I'm doing him a favor.

I had Koschmann not written in the weeks after I had been interrogated in August 2000, about 40 pages letters in which I offered my help and so described the events as I have dealings with Ammann

had experienced. I tried to imagine what Ammann could have done wrong, and tried to show signs of wear. However as I was soon to find Koschmann not kept my letters for contributing to education, but rather for an attempt to make legends and to camouflage myself. He had prejudged me.

I traveled to Switzerland and came one morning at 8 am in the same post at the Werkhofstrasse to where I had been interrogated more than a year earlier. When I got to the top floor, I knocked on the wrong door and met with the assistant, whom I had once experienced as friendly and well understand more than Koschmann. I was pushed in front of the head as he greeted me very distant, not gave me his hand and turned away from me.

Kosch man put me in a hurry and without comment a form before I was supposed to sign. In my optimistic mood I wanted to be fussy, no questions asked and signed without thinking further to look or. Only at the end of the day I realized that the undersigned, was confirmation that I took note of my charge.

Now in the next two hours, I realized what was Kosch's difficulty. I had given my credit company Gold Zack AG, whose sole authorized signatory Ammann. Koschmann developed much back and forth the idea that I should have given the credit of the Pension Fund of Goldzack and should recognize that Ammann had embezzled whose securities. I should have guessed Ammann's evil intentions, which consisted of the loan proceeds of the pension value fonts to use for their own purposes.

In reality, I did not know what constitutes the essence of a Swiss pension fund, and that the constitution of pension funds malicious business owners is the possibility to steal and become criminals. I just did not realize how Koschmann could insinuate given my him in ground trains known biography I had had this knowledge. Later, and now I understand it: Kosch man lived in his narrow Swiss management world and could think of no one who lives in a different world in which knowledge about the constitution of a Swiss pension fund are superfluous.

After lunch Koschmann did something that I feel as perfidious today. Without me prepare the slightest, he confronted

should monitor me with a revision trustees, who had accompanied Amman's activities and would. These trustees I had four years earlier even seen in the company of Ammann - I saw him again right away. The wise over Koschmann probably hoped, turn to catch information with this surprise coup that could not be granted to him differently. A different and really supportive confrontation would have been long overdue, namely the proposed at the first hearing of me between me and Ammann (p 186). This would have brought to light important truths, including the one that I had been naive in mortgage lending and that Ammann had done everything possible to make this naivety advance.

As the confrontation conversation went haltingly, I rebelled, "Why is actually Mr. Ammann not here, why you have not summoned him?"

"But Ammann is dead!", The trustee, called "do not you know that?" I was thunderstruck. "No," I should have said, "neither the Public Prosecutor nor his assistant who told me this morning." I could not speak at the moment though.

That Koschmann now even more in order to move an inhumane strategy one death had (suicide) silent, I found nauseating. I later learned from files that the attorney of the trustee, who was affected in other ways by the same phenomenon, expressed abhorrence Koschmann and had considered a criminal action against him.

"I carry this guilt suicide?" I asked myself many months later. "If I had a different and act better? I would have with Ammann after starting this thing get in touch and ask him should just tell the truth and to ease his conscience? "I could do this, but that evoked a great danger. Everyone, but especially the blind judicial machinery would have considered such a contact transfer as an attempt to reach agreements and straighten the facts against the truth.

As the trustee had gone Koschmann took me in front again, "What do you think of him? Is he guilty?" I explained that I had already referred to its central role and its possible involvement in the case on my first hearing in Mels more than a year, but had never been observed. To what extent he is guilty, I can not judge. "It depends very strongly with it, he has to Ammann

helped forces! "Koschmann rumbled off. "You are, incidentally, not innocent, and you come off!"

Now it was out! All my attempts at justification had evidently brought nothing. The affability shown in the previous weeks of Koschmann had been only a mask.

Exxels comment can not long in coming:

"They talk, Mr. Buser, without rancor about René Ammann, who has given you so eingebrockt the problems. Heed the old saying 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum', <the dead is to say only good things?' "

"I have to because no effort! I see Ammann's suicide as the work of a ruthless and blind justice system. I have experienced myself how depressing it is to be left for months and years in the dark. I endured it because I knew myself innocent and because I had no long-term, fixed life world. Ammann was different. He knew he was guilty. He sat in a village in his home, surrounded by his neighbors, friends and acquaintances. "Who knows?" He may have been tortured there. "Who will know tomorrow? What they all think? When is the conviction when the prison, and what comes afterwards, when the good name is lost? "

"You talk about a ruthless system. Why not, since you want to be open yet, right from Koschmann? "

"I would have great concerns to condemn Koschmann here. he's probably just victims of a system that does not contrives to swiftly carry out the process and to make judgments. Deportations of criminal justice of this kind are branded vain everywhere for decades. Not only in Switzerland. "

"Another silence falls on yet. They speak of a <Revision trustee>. Why do not you call, as with other men the Na? "

I call the names of people, if I promise myself it better Across Bring a general message if I assume that my criticism of certain phenomena may be many other occasion for reflection or warning. That there are strong and weak, good and evil, we know either way. Evil people can be good people without having them damaged. Evil phenomena are only improved when she calls concise and exemplified. And to exemplify include the identification of bad or inadequate doer. "



August 10, 2002

On my return from Santo Domingo a few weeks ago I found the authored by Koschmann against me indictment. After the impending announcement a year ago I had now but found it at the urging of acquaintances necessary to find a lawyer. I turned to Dr. Lorenz Altenbach in Dornach, after I had learned that could represent me only a local lawyer.

Altenbach prophesied that I would have to reckon with an accusation, and told me the consequent legal procedure. "When is because now this indictment, and which will probably drinstehen there?" I urged several times. "We have to wait with patience," he said, "you try to make no head and make your everyday normal. An indictment is far from any condemnation. It will take, it can take a long time. "

The location was hard to bear, and I felt that it was beyond my powers increasingly to look after my still numerous customers. Therefore, it was almost a relief when I had the indictment in hands. It contained a number of false allegations and focused as expected on the accusation, I would have known or have to realize that I could borrow only the Pension Fund of Gold Zack AG and not the company directly announce. If I had chosen the borrowers correctly, said the text, I would have done this research and would Ammann's manipulations came on the ropes. I would have refused the loan and prevent misappropriation.

In the last three weeks I've finally done it! I have killed my decades-old partially clients. I gave each from an individual, invented partly statement, said that I was sick or that I would have happened something unspeakable that make me unreasonable as a contractor. By far the majority showed decency: you felt that I was in trouble and wanted to participate actively in spite of accepting the inconvenience of replacement of loans. Two widows visited me and wept. One said she had to promise her husband on his deathbed, to always work with me. Only two customers were perfidious and took advantage of the situation. After they had made a lot of stress, they demanded compensation which far exceeded the damage they could suffer maximum. They extorted me successful. One called for a six-digit dollar figure. I was too weak, they deny it.

Manser answers: "You were isolated, and it must have been hard for you. However, you also put away this setback. I see and hear you today fresh and alert. Were you now again the bounceback that Vanessa has even identified? "

"The male safe! I happened to read a report on the erotic scene in Cuba, explained that Fidel Castro had some trouble to get prostitution under control. I began to dream. Should Cuba be a kind of time now Czechoslovakia or East Germany? Was also to discover there on the part of femininity enthusiasm and joy for the evil capitalists? I flew in 2002 and 2003 several times to Havana and found out. "

"Even back as a prince life for you? And, although you were 66, an age at which men normally not necessarily butte terlinge in the belly feel. "

"No prince of life, but one bursting with excitement! In my walks in Havana I saw and heard of addressees that watchdogs observed the operations and sought to prevent contacts between women and tourists. When I invited pretty passers-by in the shopping, retail mile, they pushed me into the shady expenses and declared, "of there at the end of the road> care of and they could not sit down for a cup of coffee with me. but I felt spontaneous recog voltage that I was a sort of bold Ausnahmeflanierer. Most tourists talking in ministries such as Varadero and Trinidad, and they went out only in groups to Havana and refrained to feel its own pulse of the people. "

"Were these women prostitutes?"

"In no way! What do you have as good a married man always thought! There were girls and women who were curious about other experiences. "

"And the nightclubs? Was there hotels tryst? "" Ever. When I asked the elevator operator in the elegant Hotel Melia after my arrival, whether it was made as a bachelor for me, he looked at me with a knowing smile and shook his head. I discovered only in the course of weeks with the help of taxi drivers and freelance guides that there were semi-professional ladies, who allowed throw out the window at night by private homeowners key. The whole thing went on very low heat, demanding much lower remov-

preneurial spirit and patience. They warned me: 'For too lively girl, there are educational institutions where no joy there.>

I learned in one of the few tolerated discos, in <Amanecer> to know the young blonde Suzie, who was able to drive my embarrassing Koschmann at least temporarily from the head. I took her in town and around the area and set it to a secretary of the Swiss embassy, with whom I had become friends. Unlike probably many medieval Swiss home this lady accompanied my amorous intrigues with sympathy. She had apparently reconciled to the relevant looser Latino perspective. I wanted to invite to Switzerland Suzie, but made the silly mistake, concoct a cipher and to share with her in this secret writing mails from the Dominican Republic and Switzerland. When I came back after a break to Havana summoned me, my diplomatic girlfriend that Suzie had disappeared. She expressed the suspicion that she had been subjected to Disziplinierung, as they had been rumors sake met with an American friend. Again, this would, as I do not do what would have been expected well <top>, namely to report to the germeisteramt Büro and to express intention to marry there.

That the regime did not want to leave the scene out of hand, I understood by. Havana is not only a drug hell, but also a huge brothel of Americans had been under the Batista dictatorship, yes. Fidel Castro had cleaned up and wanted to get his country tidy.

Nevertheless, I received several indications that polygamous behavior of men of honor would have been quite tolerated. At that time, the United States enjoyed at beginning of the love affair between President Clinton and Monica Lewinski. When I saw the many posters on walls and facades, in which the US government was branded as perpetrators of genocide, I asked people, what do you mean in order to discredit not the history of the <immoral> Presidents would exploited for propaganda purposes. 'So nothing is' they said, 'Fidel is much worse than the honest Clinton. He never laid with different women quite a number of children, and has great importance to the legalization of relationships.>

For useful partners and businessmen, there were islands of freedom. Thanks to an indication of a hotel guest, I discovered a villa in the park area behind the Plaza de la Revolucion dominant José Martí Memorial, where

in terms of female company astonishingly large tolerance prevailed. The guest house was owned by a Spaniard who repeatedly welcomed me with many Verbeu conditions and courted my companions. His gestures betrayed me that he did not think the young beauty for my wives. In the entrance area of the villa a large room of worship Che Guevara and Fidel was dedicated - there were still adulation and more. The rooms were spacious and equipped with bombastic French beds. Even sophisticated bathing facilities for the pleasure for two was available.

I never used the amorous devices since the whole thing smelled too much for me regime. I would if I went there to connoisseurs, not abused one day? I would finally like to make the Spanish operator, one day before the kippers dictator? Something leaned on in me. It pushed me off by the fact that I looked more unappealing looking old men with girls there go in and out.

The pending in Solothurn prosecution was so far away during my Cuba- stays that I felt more comfortable and more comfortable and began to dream of buying a beautiful property in Havana along with the acquisition of a residence permit could be a violent solution to my problem be. <These accusations are unfair and ridiculous>, also told me friends. <In the worst case, if all the dams break, you send just the missing 4.5 million to Switzerland, even though you have nothing to do with her disappearance. Then Koschmann can triumph, disregard make his capitalists hate for once and probably without persecution. >>

I was in Cuba in a dictatorship, I experienced only in passing and in a rather amusing way. It was probably in the winter of 2003, when I was traveling with my rental car on 5th Avenue towards the city center. The <Quinta> is the connection to the airport and was the only road as a prestige-developed road Havana. I drove this road laid along, past the mansions of diplomats. Suddenly, I heard behind me on the limited distance of 50 kilometers per hour a shrill, long-lasting honking. <Simpleton Diploboy>, I thought, 'well you will now observe limit and not pushing me to the edge the pace.' I went on stubbornly slow.

At one point I looked to the side and watched as the girl who

accompanied me, pale and distraught, expressed in his seat. <Es mi comandante, es mi comandante> she choked out. I did not understand, but then gave way, an intuition following, but to the side. Since raced with great speed Ge vibrational an army car past me, shouting menacingly from the Uniformed and waving Kalashnikovs. Then came a heavy, black veiled sedan. And again a noisy army car with Kalashnikovs. It did not take long before I realized that I had stopped Fidel. A slight shiver ran down my spine. "

"But you flew always again back to Switzerland because you yes but knew that you had to defend yourself there. the wait for the process was not increasingly unbearable? "

"No, the opposite was the case. I had the burden of my clients no longer and developed more and more confidence. There were two hangers. First Koschmann gave the proceedings and transferred it for reasons that were related to the aforementioned trustees, to Basel. Secondly, I received good news from Liechtenstein. My long-time business partner Anton Gstöhl made me aware that my temporary presence on the basis of a legal provision could be made to feel welcome. "

"The process was moved to Basel? Was not fear perhaps than the rather provincial Solothurn? "

"You still do not quite understand, Danilo, I had me leave nothing to be guilty. Professionalism could therefore only be welcome. I was told that the prosecutor Catherine Villiger was responsible for me. I searched in the sequence in Basel a new defender and was finally able to find after failed attempts. The lawyers warned: <Villiger! But since we have to dress warmly.> They made me aware that this government servant had a sharp tongue and had two years ago brought the Swiss Paraplegic pioneer known Gui th A. Zäch condemning this, in a widely commented Criminal who held the Switzerland for weeks in suspense. "

"And what about Liechtenstein? You have mentioned several times that you were there relationships. "

"At the very beginning unpleasant, yes! In the event of a crisis in Schimmeister 1981. This had caused problems to me a lack of understanding of the essence of a Liechtenstein domiciliary company. Apart from Liechtenstein, besides also Austria, but always a positive experience was. They were fleeing countries, thanks to which I of possible persecution by jealous and

could escape malicious Swiss bank humans (81). In times of crisis, the Rhine bridges were almost been a kind of sky bridges to Liechtenstein and Austria: If I ran over towards the east, I was overcome with relief when I turned back to the west, grief and hardship. "

"What was because with the mentioned legal provision for an explanation?"

«Liechtensteinische provisions that allowed specialists to obtain temporary residence permits. A Specialist I was now become true in almost 50 years of successful work freelance. My business partner Anton Gstöhl, later other financial trustee, hired me as a consultant. "

"Just to Zurich you had can not go? You were there, so for 20 years lived before you wander test 1,991 overseas. "

"No, for reasons of bureaucracy once again! The Switzerland knew no temporary stays, not flexible demographic and fiscal provisions such as Liechtenstein. Especially after the work for the customer had slipped in painful manner me, I turned to more and more of the administration of my grown on a non unsightly million assets Capital assets. I had developed the 'Convertible Bond Arbitrage> strategy, which called for a variety verschiedenster Art and Technology daily transactions (p 207). to maintain a detailed accounting of these myriad of transactions, one can not be overcome bureaucratic ballast would have been. An Understanding of low Swiss tax inspector - there are those not in heaps? - would have required such affiliated with incalculable costs accounting from me. The result would have been that my elixir of life, the daily lively deeds and actions, even in the field of management in shareholders' equity would have been snatched away. "

"You had but your joy in music, in art, in literature and philosophy. And women there were in Switzerland. "

"Once you are infected by the virus exchange, he did not let go you. You have family virus. If you think you, you have to separate yourself overnight by your boys and your wife today, you can sensing, which would have meant abandoning the market for me. "

"I notice here the keyword <gambling>. This is more of evil. "

"Shame, Danilo! The other day you said that you impress theses of Nietzsche. And what Nietzsche says about the game? "

"The fact that it is next to fight a livelihood of the man I know. I play, but with my voice. I Jodle. "

"I play with my hands, namely piano. but that does not quench my desire to play. Also, you would have to search for other sources of gambling, if you wanted to be an excellent soldier of our philosopher. "

"If I were excellent, not like you're the only Excellent. I love to be your radical admirers and will you, Your Majesty, never question it. "

"Gentlemen, may I interrupt as biographer Salomon Exxel your rambling speeches and ask you not to be epic. What happened with your charges on, Mr. Buser? "

"In October 2004 I had taken me so far on the basis of the described positive experiences and prospects, but also comforting comments my new s lawyers, that I went on the offensive. I wrote Koschmann from the Dominican Republic an aggressive letter in which I accused him of arrogance and self-glorification. 'I have now seen the files on the case and found that you are the only one who accuses me. Here were at least six people witnessed the event. Some mention me not only neutral, but clearly positive. <The female monkey thinks their child is the most beautiful>, I scoffed. <They are obviously both in your complacency: Both the female monkey and her hopelessly overrated child. ' "

"Was that so bold, Mr. Buser? Koschmann yes was just then difficulties with his employer, the Solothurn Government. He was not re-elected after 20 years in office, so to speak dishonorably discharged. "

"I must speak pro domo and his little pride here again. I wrote this letter before I knew about Kosch's problems and before the prosecutor Villiger let adjust the charges against me. but I had an angel whispered to me things that I did not know and did not know well turn to my encouragement as in previous moments of my life (p.72). "

"What woman wrote Villiger?"

"That would set the charges against me for lack of evidence. I answered her, the prosecution would not be so adjusted because it

was no evidence, but because it is wrong and hurtful. One answer I received from her understandably. However, I heard that Koschmann could not help it to further describe myself in one his colleague mass regulating comment guilty. He needed it now time, to convince himself his own infallibility. People who constantly do that, there are a dime a dozen. "

"They judge hard. I give you to remember that you do not know enough Koschmann to be so categorically. He eluded you, too, as you marked several times. Perhaps would have given him more closeness seemed unprofessional. "

"I have 2,014 outstretched feelers about a mutual acquaintance and let ask him if we could meet for a conversation adjusted form. He said he was short of time and remember only vaguely to the case. "

"Although I have to push for efficiency, I want to stop off and ask a question that can not be left unanswered in this biography here. You have described four fiscal crises from 1981 to 2001, which actually have been caused by lack of knowledge or insufficient experience. What would you have to be equipped to make this million dollar crisis would not have happened? "

"Your question shows me that you want those things get to the bottom. but it is not made effective. If I answer it, I would probably give the first thing that I did not give me about the aggressive Lom bardierungsgeschäft inherent risks to the lender satisfactory accounts. My Offered for reasons of niche nursing model was suitable for market participants who operated disciplined and not maneuvered by an excess of greed in trouble. It was often observed that strongly verschuldende investors far above average earned during upswings, profits then falsely traced inherent talent on them and were blind in some way. If naturally arose also above-average losses in bear markets, there were these investors as the ass in front of the mountain. They panicked and sell pro-cyclical in the phases where it would have been worthwhile to show strength and perseverance. I saw some who ruined themselves properly as possible. "

"I wanted to know how you could have avoided the losses of millions."



"This question is pointless. If I had not had namely the described shortcoming of knowledge, I would have never even made those profits, which then allowed me to cope with losses. Had I gone to good coaches in 1980 rates, I would have fully recognized the extent of the inherent dangers Lombard business, would have been cautious and have the whole thing either left or so trimmed that there would have been no longer marketable. Only my relative naivete allowed me to kick off the thing at all. "

"She exaggerated though. I get the impression that you never ever asked someone and swung themselves on horseback without saddles. You experience it generally different: company founders are motivated partly even with government support, to find out details about the purposeful behavior and so pnen against conceivable traps wap ".

"It is what I suggested! People who inform themselves diligently and prepare long and minutely be no business pioneers. It takes the flame. You have the job of over the many questions that almost as many discouraging answers, be averse. Optimism is in demand. However, this optimism can muster only people who have experienced a strong and successful in important life situations and as a result have confidence. "

## The tamed Casino

"Let me go back again to 2003! They were hired by Liechtenstein trustees as a consultant. What was the content of this consultation? "

"My long-time business partner Anton Gstöhl, but other embedded in wealth management service ever complained as loudly and insistently about bad advisors in banks and management firms. <Now I work with this guy for ten years> wailed she "and he brings my clients anything. When I talk to him, he suggested I could be lucky that no losses were incurred. It is an intolerable situation. >>

The mourners ran an open door with me. I had seen many colleagues for 30 years, it shone in the first place to sell itself, but talent in truth and were unsuccessful. The entrance to the portfolio management service at the beginning of the seventies was me therefore succeeded brilliantly because many bank managers frolicked in the scene that had nothing ahead of even a beginner. I met investors who were grateful even for small profits on their deposits because they deserve nothing for many years or even had suffered losses.

I offered to organize a large-scale comparison of asset managers. The idea was to pit managers against each other and so to find out who has what and how much to bring. I founded the Gestio-circle that should conduct a competition, a <contest>, as managers of 2004. The administrators had periodically will report on a managed vault. I then worked the results statistically and let them comment and analyze regularly conducted meetings. "

"However, I read on the website of Gestio-circle that there were people who already did the same. You mention a contest of the host economy magazine 'Wirtschaftswoche' and a company <Firstfive> in Frankfurt. "

"They made the same inadequate, I would like to correct. We found in the circle out easily that the Wirtschaftswoche project a nachläs-

was sig supervised event where smart managers could smuggle products in model portfolios, their development they took effect. "

"What was to criticize it, it was unlawful?"

"Managers were playing with marked cards. You could push a position within that small investment volumes, which was required for participation in the contest with some use of money. For a larger clientele they had but this can not replicate. One of the basic requirements of such a contest has to be that you measure the quality of the manager's objective. What can count only in the measurement are those services that are reproducible in high volumes.

In First Five was pushing that not individuals but institutions were measured. Asset management can always just the matter of an individual, never be a team. It is a kind of art. Good pictures and good works of literature are not created by a number but by an individual.

Foolish and misleading to investors were recommendations that were issued by the Elite Report Munich. Here had the institute, which would be assessed to pay for the rating. To ensure that all fell providers who did not submit to this number dictates the outset out of the analysis. The procedure reminded of beauty contests in third world countries. There is often the case that failure is chosen among participants for the wealthy father paid a participation money. It seems likely that this the most beautiful of the country is in no way elected but merely, or at most a small group of the most beautiful. "

"They criticize three vendors in the past tense. How is it today? "" I have recently been looking after these things in 2012 intensive. The current status I can not judge. It is up to examine the individual investor, offers using the identified criteria. "

"Mr. Manser has imagined a Swiss asset manager, who did his full eight years of active circle activities at his own request. He said that you were not always happy. He had himself criticized for some time that you changed the rules for the contest several times and expanded. "

"That's right. I had just imagined the task of 2004. There were three things that were causing problems:

First, participants possessed only a limited intelligence. It was tedious in detail, bring over that a contest at all

was significant and could provide crucial clues for interested investors. Especially not autonomous employees from banks had learned the theory that managers had to specialize in particular sectors and then to focus on its claim to be proficient within this sector. <Mr. X makes gold, Mr. Y shares, but I Bonds, how can I be compared? Bonds ran poorly in recent years, since I can not be good the only one. ' "

"That makes sense actually a Mr. Buser."

"It may not be obvious to you, and it will not be obvious to you if you let me explain. The asset manager, which earned its name, has definitely not to choose a sole investment sector, but must also know all the canonical sectors and can activate at any time. It is flexible knows how to move. His job is only secondarily to choose the best product within a category. The primary and more important task is to choose the right time the right sector.

I counted the people again and again how much annual return could achieve a manager who is always the best at all times chose, for example, 10,000 conventional investment options. I said that this would one day well over a million percent with an average holding period, probably with an average holding period of 10 minutes already over a trillion percent. "

"But now you are raving! Why bring utopian numbers? "" Because utopia is essential to strive for a goal valabel. She calls the agent also remember that he is a little rounder and actually has reason to be modest. If he makes a strong currency on a regular basis for many years only a tiny fraction of the theoretically possible - perhaps seven or ten percent of regular annual return - he is already capable and recognizing its clients will reap.

Second: The second problem lay in the human. Many is offering managers announce to the public as long as their non-existing qualities until they believe in their existence itself. You might console themselves for half a lifetime with the idea, the next year will bring quite certain the power that they do not find it with the honest analysis of the past with him. They call investors success numbers they hope to achieve, and not those who they supported on past results

can expect and would call honestly. The contest revealed this false self-assessment relentlessly and led almost all participants after one or two years to dejection and disappointment. Since I announced repeated his least three years needed for a reasonably meaningful assessment of quality, disappointed wanted as early as possible to escape again and say goodbye with excuses. Sometimes there was no excuse: From the perspective of a shipwrecked I did not deserve such, I had therefore debt loaded on me because I had become for him the bearer of bad news.

In private conversation I often found another psychological mechanism that Solace was provided. Participants developed the idea that there is under serious and responsible managers no performance differences because of all above-average success is always random and would leveled again in the long timeline of perhaps 20 years. This was also a way to talk to the failure beautiful: to think, developing project of the performance differences are temporary, and it may be considered as a loser almost natural law of one day to be the winner again. The Fox, where the grapes hang too high, finds a myriad of interpretations, how the grapes are sour or do not exist.

Third circle participants from banks then caused special stress when their bosses were interfering in the affairs circles. Was the CEO of a bank in a meeting, he was often not informed of the findings and brought alleged problems at once, which were no more for the regular participants. Many hours were wasted like this. I would have to do with troublemakers short process, but it was not the indispensable politeness sake. I had to make every effort to keep the number of participants by means of flattery and adulation at least about ten, otherwise the contest had lost its right to exist. compare only three or five managers, no statistically significant results would come. "

"They let finish the experiment 2012th They were disappointed and realized that it had failed. "

"Not correct! I therefore did not continue because my time spent simply was too big. An idealistic gifted professional comrade could continue joyfully where I left off. He could inherit acquired with difficulty treasure of experiences. it would be the central insights

nis that one does not come alone with appeals to sacrifice and to the speed of Ehrlich industry comrades to their destination. Subsequently circle would have to impose the task of winning participants interested investors. He should gain a reputation in a well-stately number of years, to measure managers objective and exhaustive. Interested investors would proceed to send aggregated or eye already busy manager in the circle to a probation test. If the probation test is failed, other administrators should come to the train that have passed. In this way, the circle could make an important contribution to the improvement of the service.

From the circle disappointed I could also not be because he brought me a lot for my own education. I internalized what I already knew to some extent: That one fact must remain loyal to a method gained in experience. I experienced phases where I doubted my method, because I began to suspect a temporarily more successful participants was awesome and had a kind of secret recipe. My perseverance showed me then that his supposed superiority was ephemeral and soon proved to be random.

In 2012 I wanted to have leisure for other things, for example, for writing books. I had become 75 years of age. One is no longer with 75 in the juice like 20 you tired faster. "

"But yet still <something> in the juice, as tell me your current girlfriends Diobania and Yadira!" Now calls Manser. He listened as a third party without that I was aware of me.

"They say <juice> often with <force>! From both, I have almost as much as you, my young friend Danilo! "

"Is not my fault, but the fault of the young ladies. But wait! As a purist you'll correct me again and say it is not hot here <fault> but <Merit>. Crab and bean counters as you just hang me out to the neck.

But what use is it to you as yet to have benefited from the circle? You said yes ultimately in a melancholy hour, you now beherrschtest the profession, but could not make fully fruitful for third parties, for various reasons. Do you feel to consume you, or shows you a look at the statistics of the lifetimes that your perspective is narrowed? "

"The fact that I have mastered the profession today is so hopefully course. who in

50 years do not learn anything, but it must be quite limited. I have spent the last 20 to 25 years perfecting the system method 'Convertible Bond Arbitrage'. My own fortune I managed in the past decade exclusively and consistently Thode only after this Me. "

"Can you explain this course just for laymen?" Asks Exxel. "They seem to me a bit too! Who believes he can get everything on the tray, will learn nothing and know nothing. The success of the convertible arbitrage resulting from the utilization of positive profits or losses early terminate fluctuations. Quite schematically and therefore in theory and undifferentiated explains: You buy a convertible bond and selling the purchasable from this convertible bond share all or part of empty. the share price goes permanently up so you have a neutral position deserves nothing and loses nothing. Is the price of the shares sold short but down so it covers this at some time or a win. The obligation to retain possibly until the end of the term and then get the money back less.

"Until the end of the term? That may take a long time. "" I have stated that I represent a scheme! In practice, many variations arise. You have a chance, the process <short sale and roofing> multiple and flexible to play. The decisive factor is the fact that you can not lose the money use, because you get back at the end of this application by the debtor safe again. "

"If this debtor repayment capable."

"Naturally! One has to make sure that you select borrowers that will be repaid capable in all probability. However, you must in this respect his caution not to the extreme, otherwise you earn little or nothing. You have to have the willingness to see also the risk of possible insolvency of isolated debtors eye. It is important that you have a legitimate expectation to keep losses entering limits and compensated by gains elsewhere and overcompensate to. "

"You manage your own assets according to the described method. Why not the investors? "

"Because I do not expect me in view of the often mentioned suffocating regulation of the banking and asset management business

want. However, I have found two young dynamic managers in Europe a few years ago, which I accompany with advice and investing using this method for customers. Investors do I assign to these managers. For a foundation on which they put the money they sure can not lose and that puts them above-average returns with high probability. "

"Is not that something bold and cheap? Do not promise those people freedom from loss, which are fake? "

"I promise not only, I think. Individual private clients I can guarantee freedom from loss through hedging deposit or bank guarantee. However, such individuals must comply with a condition that is not generally to be found: You have to be sympathetic to me. I need to believe that they use their assets wisely and responsibly, that they are not spendthrifts and parasites. "

"Glutton and parasites? What do you mean by that?"

"The fact that it should afford in the face of poverty in the world no possessor to vegetate simply thoughtless and to consume."

"Malicious might insinuate you, you have become a moralist with age. Your remarks I understand as an advertisement for your indirect involvement in service. Can a investor in this Advertise given your age ever received when he has to be careful but to hire its asset manager for a long time? "

"The real work is performed by young, tested thoroughly and of course state-licensed asset managers. If I fail, this is a manageable disaster. The United chosen walter is independent and established. He makes just in case an unchanged first-class work to the best of ability. Incidentally, in view of the rich market supply of experienced managers each contractor is also replaceable without massive disadvantages for the investor. "

"And the stock guarantee of the assets that make the prospect?" "This guarantee is due if I fail, and on the account of the investor asset amount on the day of the failure at the very least created, which he has put at conclusion of the contract. »

"You mentioned poverty. Is not it strange that this case play in Central Europe is growing to where you could in the face of the work facilitating progress of technology have hope but that it decreases? "



"The increase in poverty in some countries is now often described by leftist theorists as the result of a conspiracy of the wealthy, an insidious secret consensus. This is nonsense. Worldwide, the poverty of the people has never been as low as in the present. However, there are effective and the perceived poverty. The materialism of the people has given the shrinkage of religiosity and the failure of experiments like communism assumed a degree that is questionable. It is measured by mostly created by simple-minded journalists <rich> and want their luxury and their alleged fullness of life (p 244). Who is constantly dissatisfied with his living conditions, because he does not get the nicer car or bigger house, feels rich and poor.

<Money can not buy happiness>, they say. One could study again how this statement is varied in the advertising industry today's societies and garbled. The tenor is: <Yes, money makes you happy, do not be stupid comments on a! Working and rushing from you! Also you is promised the happiness of money. ' "

"Say something positive! Make what you love: a didactic aphorism "!

"Who seeks unilaterally to spend money is a victim of its own. Discontent and bitterness accompany him to the grave."

"Now you're going elegiac" Manser heckling. "Are you saying that even the girls' aim> in your area?"

«<Girls are in grave distance> is the first trochee for you! Can you continue and make a beautiful verse? "

"If I could, of course, but I will not. When you understand that I'm a talented poet? "

"Never!"

Even a serious conversation has degenerated back into slapstick. My name is Salomon Exxel, and I will now be wise. I will ask Buser, to be satisfied with the description of two or three other episodes of his life. He should keep in check.

## Age fruits

Yesterday I asked him what was still indispensable. He pointed to Vanessa and said he would leave the choice to her. "It can not be wrong if we can again speak the love," he said.

I call Vanessa.

"I must conclude biography soon and would like to report on the most important two or three things from the past decade. What would you think? "

"Of course the Vienna Opera Ball and then ... yes, the story of prostitution! I have read the previous chapter titles and had a new one for you, Salo. The Swiss students from the Opera Ball, Peter yes' Our Master> wrote the funny poem in Vienna, which speaks of <fruit> once. So just say 'fruits of the Old>! "

probably she means "fruit of old age," I think, and there I noticed a piano pieces, which Rossini has given such a title. Seeking to YouTube and find "Péchés de vieillesse", ie "Age sins."

I call Buser:

«<Age sins> or <Age fruits> what do you like better?"

«<Age sins> goes up in <Age fruits>. All fruits that can be harvested in old age, are sins. Unless one is a withered old man who believes in it, works of art or of thought are fruits. "

Vanessa is back on track. She tells not, she gushes:

"Peter was at the time a little discouraged from 2008 and often almost depressed. He got polyneuropathy, a disease that weakened his foot peripheral nerves and made him difficult to walk. But in spring 2014, he was suddenly the old bounceback. He fell in Feldkirch in the 21-year-old Romanian dancer Maria Roșu and was in seventh raspberries

mel. The eternal perfectionist then was not enough for a love but. He wanted as it did in Brazil and the Dominican Republic, not a flower but a flower garden.



*Traute Viersamkeit. Peter with friends, the Dominican table dancers Yadira de la Rosa (left), Diobania Arias Saba (right) and Sandy Cuevas in winter , 2015.*

Peter loved the table dance bars and the women who did not worked there as a prostitute, but earned their money over animate and shows. In Switzerland and in Vorarlberg He went into brothels actually only to preach the prostitutes more respectable versions: the table dance or a decent job. He found the men to death here. Let the one hand husbands, he said, were too weak to say goodbye to unsatisfactory marriages: awkward guys who huddled fearfully in the corners. On the other singles without charisma that would not get partners in everyday life. Of old drunken he would not talk. The only people who he likes to see are immigrants,

In July 2014 Peter learned the Pasha club in Staad / Rorschach, the 22-year-

engined Romanian prostitute Alina F. know. He fell in love at first sight. He once confessed to me he may be somewhere a racist: Although he could enter into relations with exotics, but to have children with them, he would have reluctantly presented. Alina was now a white, a European girl. She was a girl from his home. He calls those girls like <Black Forest Girls>.

Peter was about to turn that Youtube video which takes place in August in Zurich Street Parade, which satirized the two major Swiss banks and he baptized later <ubscsshame>. It wanted to invite as an extra Alina, with her, the German prostitute Caro, he accounted for as a kind of protector of the little independent Alina. Caro told him at the first brothel visit: 'I'm happy, and I wish you luck. It is you not succeed.>

Peter wrote an invitation letter to <Evi>, which had been designated by the girls as boss. He offered compensation. When he was back in the brothel and Evi addressed, but this said it had received no letter. And also the girls should not get out. This was too dangerous, given the rampant crime in Switzerland.

Peter saw no other way than with Alina to negotiate directly. She promised, after their August vacation in Romania to come in order to better get to know each a few days to him. He gave her a new iPhone, so you could skype free.

already in early August Alina wrote her parents lived in constantly changing homes and often even on the street because they could not pay their rent. Her mother was ill and needed an operation. Peter offered money. When Alina refused and said she wanted Peter to prove their love in this way, Peter was even more motivated. He sent her a whole 4,000 euros to Romania.

For her birthday he also sent roses, this is not entirely without ulterior motives. For he wanted to see if he Alina had given their correct home address. Fleurop reported then to his delight that the roses had to be delivered in person.

Peter would not really have to be so skeptical. Alina invited him several times to credibly after Romania and said that she and her parents would have it there with him beautiful.

Four days before arriving in Zurich (Peter had worried a ticket), Alina wrote out of the blue that she could not visit Peter,

otherwise they problems <at work> get. The transition from tenderness to sober rejection was brutal. Peter believed Alina would be set in Romania under pressure and is at risk. He suggested that she turn on the Swiss police that could short-circuit with the Romanian. But this brought Alina up the wall: She made serious allegations Peter and asked how he could remember to harm her 'the with the police>.

When Alina end of August 2014 was back in the Pascha brothel, Peter called and wanted to know if he could come over. Evi took off the phone. After a short time he heard her ask Alina: <? Do you want him to come> As Alina denied Evi called imperative: 'You've heard it. is for you it quits now!>

I do not understand today how this woman could be so presumptuous. They underestimated Peter on culpable manner. Maybe she was used not only to direct women, but also in general to say as a weak-willed recognized suitors where it's at.

Peter had seen in the Paschal House how close the space was there and how unfree, the anschaffenden women moving. He first wrote an email to the police station Thal and demanded information on whether they gave out about the abuses accountable. The village police officer Corinne let him know that they need a formal complaint and otherwise could not do anything. When Peter protested, located centrally by the police of St. Gallen, the official reported Roman Bauer. 'That's my department,' he said, 'Do not talk to the local cop who is overwhelmed!>

Peter wanted to know about Bauer, who was responsible for Pascha brothel. He felt entitled to know this so that he might not deal with windmills. Bauer declined to information from strict. He would like to say it, he summoned, but prevented him the Privacy Act. Peters reminder, there must surely always be a responsible unnoticed data protection recognized shall where the public made a commercial offer, interested farmer does not.

Peter tried to find out via the Internet himself, who was in the Pasha. He came across the name Renate Hess Gückel and Eveline Rüggenmann. The latter had to be Evi, who was the former, however, as not difficult to see the real boss.

Peter wrote a letter to Renate and asked it for an opinion. This took a different position than it might have expected Peter. they procured

the police against Peter a ban: It was forbidden to enter the brothel or its surroundings. When Peter the policeman told Bauer from this ban, said this not without regret: 'She has the right to do so.>

After Renate had continued refused any dialogue, Peter help Third began to search. In order to give his request more emphatically, but also to protect themselves from possible further reprisals by the two women, Peter informed two journalists and sent copies of his other mails to government agencies and individuals, whom he believed to be able to expect interest. "

I interrupt the interview with Vanessa and call Buser.

"This seems to me Alina yet very ambivalent. You pretended you affection. When she had the money, they roped off with a cheap excuse. "

"I also had some time this impression and was disappointed. However, you will see from the further description of Vanessa's that I got the opportunity to end years to invite Alina to me and ask. I had to because my opinion change again. "

"Vanessa uses the word 'Escort> and speaks of reprisals> that you were afraid."

«<Escorting make> means in the language of pimps, <women to go outside of the brothel or to let go>, hotels, isolated in private homes. Escort is outsourcing of prostitution and relief of its own infrastructure. It alienated me with what Selbstverständ police expert Roman Bauer friendliness of the word brothel owners used. He straightened it almost like a shield in front of me.

As for the reprisals, so I leave this respect conceivable variations of your imagination. Imagine quiet all this time! Especially the medium-sized pimps and pimp are under in an often bitter rivalry. Who's there from the outside still work and effort making, has not necessarily to be expected conservation. "

A few days later I Vanessa back at the wire.

"After Peter had tumbled sharply with mails, the Trustee Joseph Karl Hirzel from Rheineck reported to him. He explained that he was acting in consultation with the police and would try to bring about a reconciliation between Renate and Peter. Peter had known him well

Pentecostals Buchs / St. Gallen informed about the process and asked whether they wanted to join him at that time. No one was ready for it.

Peter finally went with two interpreters on August 30, 2014 Hirzel to Rheineck, where he was expected Renate Hess, Alina and their alleged cousin Alexandra Christina. Now sit down, Salo, it'll be fun! Hirzel opened the meeting with rumbling and introduced himself as someone who represented the St. Gallen policy, in particular the organization here <Mary Magdalene> that have committed to the care of prostitutes. <The canton of St. Gallen has the most modern prostitution law of the world and our government President Hanselmann is most advanced, 'he was known. Then he asked in a commanding Alina whether she suffer if they'll suppressed. Alina's eyes darted between Peter and Renate back and forth, and she said no. <There you have it>, thundered been reared Hirzel,

<The present here woman Bosna has, however, at one point been guilty> Hirzel continued punishing faces. 'She has taken from you in Romania 4,000 euros and this not brought to taxation. I made sure that this money is taxed. The tax is paid at my instigation, and Mrs. Bosna will have abzuverdienen them.>

Peter is not the man who can with impunity shout. He yelled back. Probably in order to still be able to better roar, he asked his interpreter Lidia Ionescu to pull something out of the carried briefcase. All those present were perplexed when a bear mask appeared, the plated Peter. His roar was now louder and more inarticulate than that of Hirzel. Renate was appalled: 'Am I here in the madhouse, you're childish? You need a psychiatrist.>

<Even Shakespeare would have considered by the matrons of his century probably a psychiatrist used>, thought Peter. He felt good, because he had positioned himself and had finally come to the conclusion that nothing would happen to the target of Hirzel appeasement. At the end of the session, sentiment turned into joy. Hirzel felt left out and said: 'I've obviously contribute nothing here. I see have fun five figures. A rooster and four Hüh ner> The proud cock was Peter, among the cowering chickens also paying him Renate.

Before Hirzel renounced his mission, however, he wanted against Peter, he had on several occasions as not criticized age-appropriate and pushing its enthusiasm for Alina, occur as a model. He took out of his office table a photo of his wife, this Peter held under his nose and said proudly: '. You see, I'm on my part married faithfully for a long time, and this is my wife> Peter saw in the picture an attractive, younger lady and led the beautiful with a view of the sky and a murmur of praise to his lips. Hirzel recognized anger, and he showed difficulty keeping his fists in check. <I close, it leads to nothing, 'he snapped after he had breathed. "

I interrupted Vanessa and call Buser on.

"What was that with the bear mask? You had planned, you would not at all seriously negotiate. "

"Yes, the bear mask has a story! Alina called me already at the first meeting and then consistently <Ursulet>, which is Romanian for 'Teddy Bear>. I had bought the mask in a junk shop and Alina wanted to surprise after landing in Zurich in the lobby. It should be shot a video for YouTube: I was hoping to film the reactions of the audience, when I ran roaring coming from a hiding place through the crowd and hugged Alina as a bear and kissed. I even hoped the supervisory staff or the police could intervene if I were to be me enough time, and the whole thing would be for Alina to a kind Lobperformance.

Amorous men is now time mischief in the head. Amorous old men even more so

...

However sad and nigh upsetting is the thing with the arrears taxes for the gift of 4,000 euros. I would have to say about the initiative in this regard over Hirzel little flattering, but will restrain myself. It would be an interesting task for an ambitious lawyers, this tax improperly levied in every way by the canton of St. Gallen reclaim and Mass control of involved officials to demand. How would the law of the state justify this tax? He would argue that a prostitute has to pay tax on all the favors and gifts, as a result of their stay in the canton of St. Gallen come about. Also, for example, presents a Romanian friend or future husband, whom she met in Switzerland, or salaries,



Switzerland has learned something Microsoft Office or German? Where would the limits of this sneaky imbecility?

I only mention in passing that such an action course also strengthens the already obtained by other privileges power of the pimp. This is required by the state due to monitor all revenue of poverty prostitutes in their home country and report. How is that something in a bullied girl? But probably this: <My good and wise boss is commissioned directly from that country to the beautiful mountains. She is my queen and my lady that keeps me pay tribute to law. ' "

"What do you think because of St. Gallen's supposedly modern Prostitutionsgesetz and the acclaimed Hirzel <Mary Magdalene>?"

"Forgive me the words, a septic tank, the urgent need of evacuation! I have led this organization to me the day after the failed meeting in Hirzel to heart and was just appalled. The best I show you the letter that I have written on the matter on August 31, 2014 Heidi Hanselmann, President of the government of the canton of St. Gallen. "

*Mrs*

*Government President Heidi  
Hanselmann Oberer Graben  
32 CH - 9001 St. Gallen*

*Dear Mrs. President, Government*

*I had yesterday on behalf of our interest group conversation with Mr. Karl J. Hirzel in Thal, which - was recorded on tape - apparently on orders from Mr. Roman Bauer. My overall impression: The government of the canton of St. Gallen sleeps. It allows for the fact that prostituting girls are psychologically destroyed and triumph that pimp (inside).*

*I ask the following questions:*

- 1. Can yesterday's protocol for publication on the Internet to be released? Is the government prepared to employ a neutral psychologist who evaluates this protocol with me and commented on?*

2. *We are ready to cut the log on possible request of Mr. Hirzel out yet because it comes off very badly and I do not want to damage him economically. It must everyone be given the chance to learn.*
3. *So the government is not worried therefore also on the prevailing conditions because it has launched a few years ago the institution, "Maria Magdalena". However, this institution is a bad misdirected. Selbstver Naturally, the health of girls must be protected, allerdingst not that you it destroys their mental and psychological structure. The z. As propagated by the invited speakers of your government Ludwig Hasler doctrine "of our shoots are economized would" leads directly into the ground from. [...].*
4. *Mr. Hirzel boasts much of the Canton of St. Gallen would have in terms of prostitution, the best legislation. He leads, I remember right, you as a responsible woman. Do not you see that the thesis, prostitution is generally something normal, z. B. serves pimps to keep girls systematically principles unemployment and disorientation? Maybe you hire someone in this regard to analyze the log. I know more than a case where girls in the youngest age were even cut physically downright to serve in Europe. The latter is of course allowed when generalizing claims that prostitution is desirable or even glorify. Someone - why not the weakest - must then sacrifice themselves up.*
5. *We have "Prostitution in St. Gallen" already has a well-stocked documentation in the case. It turns out that Mr. Roman Bauer would like to do his job well, but can not. Apparently forbids him the government to think coherently and to act. He has not explained as being able to provide information about the owner of the shank Pasha clubs, Staad, information, and it was our arduous task, which is very great hiding pimp Renate Hess to identify.*
6. *Have perhaps ever thought about you or your government colleagues, what could it be the solution? Among other things, of course, a radical push back the influence of pimps. Only pimps meet the stringent criteria may receive a grant. If your government does not feel able in this respect to develop imagination, I like to come to you and will mediate some ideas.*

*More than unimaginative, it is well that the four ladies, "Mary Magdalene" thank the "operators" and "operators" for their "generous support". Do you feel when you read this, Madam President Government not to become great pleasure, pimp yourself?*

*7. For your group, "Mary Magdalene" I saw an additional valuable task. Why the girls are not educated in the brothels by flyer about the fact that there are far better working conditions in other parts of the country. [...]. But perhaps the canton of St. Gallen wants to document its independence even so, that he wants to make it his men even geo graphically very comfortable. A little way could indeed even cause the wife draws the dissolute husband or the head of the licentious workers accountable. but the unbridled freedom must, of course, limitless and easily be reached.*

*I ask you kindly least rudimentary take on this letter until 15 September position and could confirm as soon as possible to receive the benefit of our group.*

*Thank you for your attention and greet you politely. Dr. Peter Buser*

*PS. I must warn you that we reserve the right to publish together with all available material that letter.*

"They blame the government that it has paid a certain Ludwig Hasler lecture fees. Who is he?"

"You can see it in many videos on the Internet, where he sells exquisite. He acts as a wisely aufspielender wellness coach and Gaiety Prophet in terms of lifestyle, which can invite from institutions and companies as a speaker. I would call it a plant that thrives especially in rich Switzerland under Swiss lazy thinking. The Gallen in St. rulers in their time stretched their empty heads and curious hands under the leadership of their mentor, Roman libertine when he announced them under the command of the indispensable <evidence> that was Prostitutes ution a laudable and desirable part of the culture. Whatever went on in their hearts? "He knows a lot and we nothing>, the Wüst, Hansel's, Bamerts and others have said who. <We know

after all, that we need to be modern and that the lessons of the boring patron Gallus and his successors have given us, are obsolete. New and cheerful everything must be and pleasant and easily come along! Own reflection makes us most sad and could give us that we deserve but according to the will of the voters a comfortable life in the fun society, even to seduce, to be role models. ' "

"They preach against the preacher! Feel the Martin Luther in it? "" A little L  therchen safe! Luther must have had with others the merit of humanity in a renewed spirituality. His contribution can be overstated. "

"My esteemed Friedrich Nietzsche reproached Luther, however, and calls him contemptuously <a fatality of Monk>. Luther, as Nietzsche believes, reformed faith in God and humanity in the burgeoning renaissance prevented to escape the bondage of a non-existent God. "

"May I be so presumptuous as to project Nietzsche himself in the long timeline and provide a forecast? Among other things, the ZarathustraKapitel <From Voluntary Death> the philosopher formulated the bold thesis that Jesus Christ had rejected his doctrine of emulating charity, unless he sacrificed young, but lived longer had. I would venture to suggest that Nietzsche would reject his generalized hostility to the religion when he lived in the now with the experiences of bad last 120 years. He would tend to Voltaire, who wanted the continuation of the religion so that his farmers not steal the apples. Nietzsche would probably not despise the masses altogether if he could see how he was abused by the Nazis, and if he might know that it was the masses,

"Do not underestimate a little high the benefit of religion one?" "Probably a few sentient and sensitive people can be without the thought of a good and morally loving God. Most need a code that tells them what they are likely to be rewarded in the next life or punished. "

"Presented for the fear of the law not enough?"

"Unfortunately, no! The secular law books rooting missing in deeper reason. The belief that one can control all things by paragraph, is disastrous. "

"Now that you have the philosophy is: What is rooted Your Enraged campaign against prostitution? You're not a prude usual. "

"Striking said, because it destroys the soul of the woman. We know politically active women who want to punish Free in our countries. There was in the political broadcast <Arena> the Swiss television in April 2014 discussion on the importance of prostitution, in particular through a proposed Initiators Free punishment in Switzerland. I was amazed at their reasoning: Prostitution destroy the reputation which prostitutes tuierend, limiting their prospects in the partner market or humiliate women who had to submit to unappealing men wishes. The criticism remained on the surface. You could easily get the impression that the arguments put negatives founded on an old plait as a listener. If this is cut off, all problems would be solved. "

"Do you have to go because right as far as you and argue the pros titution destroy the soul of the woman? That sounds pretty old-fashioned. ".

"This attribute I will like to please me. So it reluctantly hear many modern: The woman experiences sexuality natural as anything other than the man. In contrast to the man's wife refuses extensive promiscuity. The woman's ex natura given the task of birth and rearing of the child. You must be careful when selecting a partner and protect themselves and their task. If she makes her sexual apparatus constantly and often new and not self-selected men for a long time available verwildert the protection mechanism, and degenerates the defense of the undesired. There is no independent body from the soul, the one depending on the situation on and off. The continuous improper meet actuated body can also perish what is called soul. The woman alone can not protect themselves. She needs protection and the respect of the man. The man's duty to protect is included in all cultures.

I suspect that feminism that took many women as a kind of fascination, to shy away from, to address the woman as too Beschützende. The Emanze wants to convince herself that she does not need to be protected, they want to live in the certainty of being able to protect themselves. It projects the perceived self ability to protect itself in all women, even in those who were not socialized in the lushness Zen traleuropas or the United States. It is hoped that the tension generated by this attitude not to einfrisst in coming decades much and rust generated. "

but "Protect can only protector. Where are these? "" Now you ask an embarrassing question, more than wise Solomon! You know that I must not call me a protector, and love to embarrass me. I watch at least that many men are willing to monogamy well, which is probably a condition for the protector status in today's culture of the First World. Just ask the women who have a monogamous or ask for one. They are, if you dig deep enough, even at very confident or rabid women encounter the joy of protector. "

"There are still not many women who protect the men? Not from evil invaders, but from themselves? "

"Unfortunately yes! I believe that has happened in the battle of the sexes in the last sixty years, perhaps something that is observed among other things, in the struggle between ethnic groups or ideologies. It includes the requirement that the other should begin with the goodness and that you will follow. Undoubtedly, many women were in the industrial society of the twentieth century neuzehnten and oppressed and sought from the sixties entitled to more participation. The men responded angrily: Instead of following improve the desire of women, she refused to. I had a distinctive experience in 1965 in this regard. One of my joy in Paris raged regularly when he spoke of his friend: 'What do I have to hold the door for her or help in the mantle, when they treated me like the last donkeys and everything himself knows better and can. Now I turn around, I treat them as a man. ' "

"The present state would be the result of a mutual is about making demands: They want to see the other as suppliers, and the result is that one descends towards. The intermediate goods in a difficult position: For example, to that today the real democratically elected governments inform the proliferating Erdogan, they would continue to support him unconditionally, so in the hope that he is good and kind and desist from its dismantling of democracy in Turkey ? ' "

"When world events, where to go at least the well-meaning to the existence of a free society, it is often well in fact impossible. In the private sector, especially in the partner relationship, but one could dare the experiment increased. The emancipated women I want to shout: 'Let the man be more of a man, and he will thank you!' "

«<Woman procure your husband's confidence that he is lovable for others (women)! He will love you>, write to <footnotes of punters. ' " "

"You have to bring some irony deducted here! The advice can of course be interpreted diverse. Each pair could negotiate and find his own interpretation. By the way, you can negotiate not only with their lips, but also with the eyes ... " "

"Return to your strongly worded letter to Heidi Hanselmann! What happened to that? " "

"Did not we say that Vanessa told? She knows the whole story. "" It would be my useful for the biography if I were the one who could deal with this but interspersed with a lot of jurisprudence section. Vanessa can indeed resume when it comes to your beloved Alina. " "

"The letter went unanswered. Only after repeated pressure towards eventually enlisted addiction prevention manager Herbert Bamert and said he had forwarded it to the appropriate law enforcement agency. " "

"To the police? Do not complained, the police had proved unable to act because it was dependent on government directives? " "

"This is obviously a trick so some officials and politicians that one around pushing a casus uncomfortable, hoping things would peter out. Unfortunately, there is an unambiguous indication that it has taken in St. Gallen my letter seriously. In a lawyer Fidel Cavelti, Herisau, against me on behalf of Renate Hess already on

2nd or 3rd September just three business days after the Hirzel session, formulated criminal action was namely, Herbert Bamert had expressed their explicit request, the prosecution would like to address my letter in confidence. It speaks volumes that he wanted a letter, which I had explained solely by the number of recipients of public interest to keep secret. Who should be ashamed wants only possible ashamed private. " "

"A criminal action! Send me the text that interests me! " "

After reading the text I recall action Buser.

"This makes Cavelti those dubious German errors that are typical unfortunately for quite a few representatives of our younger generation. The failing in recent decades pedagogy sends his regards. He has placed one of lies and distortions perfidious bursting with action. He wanted to kid the prosecution obviously. That he so

violent urges that there must be police anything be done for you at once, suggests that he was in touch with the St. Gallen policy. There was indeed a letter from you, who made a headache. "

"Maybe Cavelti is to forgive! Perhaps he has taken only the lies by Renate seriously and was about to earn his fee. To read more often that Swiss lawyers with little profile today have a hard time and mandates of all stripes need at all costs to survive. "

"In this lawsuit will of libel and defamation accused. Even the fact that you know Renate Hess as a pimp, shall be punishable. The implicit statement that they had sent their letters targeted by a hidden location would be infamous, if it were not obvious untruthfully and profoundly stupid. "

"I speak German, and <pimp> is the appropriate German word. However, supporters of hazelnut hedonism as the Health Secretary Roman libertine and probably his Discipula Heidi Hanselmann say, as is clear from paragraph 6 of the letter, dear <club owner>, <operator> and the like. "

"Hazelnut hedonism?"

"I have not looked up the etymology of <Hasler>, but suppose <Hasler> and <hazelnut> have something to do with each other. Hazelnuts are also sweet, and sheepishly at her frequent enjoyment. They can also help the empty head and empty heart to see the ugly and evil in a good light. "

"What happened because with the criminal action?"

"She was dismissed by the prosecution. It will hardly be possible in the functioning of democracy, to prevent abusive lawsuits. The private bodies of lawyers, however, should ensure that members who play constantly abuse branded, and will be closed if there is no improvement of the profession of. "

"From the criminal charges you only found out when they told you, this was rejected. Would you have continued their mission if the action had been upheld? "

"Certainly! I had complained against the prosecutor's office and accused her that she suppresses freedom of expression and discussion of important things for society hindered. I can in



Area addressed criticize only efficient when I call a spade a spade. Almost do me people like Renate Hess, Herbert Bamert, Roman libertine and Heidi Hanselmann sorry. I know not if I can keep them individually guilty. "

"You will pardon a Renate Hess, the ter against his better judgment the rich wanted to rush at you?"

"The term 'debt' I generally some problems. I believe that there are privileged by fate that require no effort to remain offense-free, on the other hand the fate of battered that fall victim to the crime almost without fault of their own. I do not believe in the self-interest of lower of himself out creating Ver breaker. "

not, "Do you want to thin out as the criminal law or even abolish?" "certainly! I am in favor of crime, so they can be clearly assigned to be sharper punished than is the case today. I would merely that we are aware that penalties imposed advance the self-protection of society and deterrence serve. Although one must say that he is guilty, but also allowed him to announce that has appointed him the fate to suffer to protect many of the criminals. "

"One last question! As the official Bamert knew actually so promptly that Renate Hess struggled criminal charges against you? "

"In addition I would rather not have to think if I do not want to lose confidence in the dignitaries of our state. It probably was a Gemauschel between Hirzel, libertine, Bamert and probably also the lawyer Cavelti and silence me a common motivation. The state coffers are full, and the nepotism flourishing. Hirzel probably had the special sympathy of the state organs and earned on this basis with its commitment to pimp a welcome extra income. Viva Maria! Viva Maria Magdalena! "

"Bamert wrote you that your letter does not deserve attention because he was too polemical. The matter came to nothing. They had to undertake a new effort, if they do not should simply doomed to oblivion. "

"I first tried to leave on a study of their friends from the St. Gallen Rhine Valley on Heidi Hanselmann, who had shown solidarity with my desire. They assailed <her Heidi> passionate, but also received no response. "

"A study girlfriend? You said you wanted to name all to illustrate your stories alive and believable. "

"I do not call the name because me this lady - has signaled that she felt the government-dependent and would not dare to criticize them publicly, it - it's official. It is not for me to force people to do or coercing to be brave. soon it offered to other help. During my research I came across on the Internet on one authored by the Zurich IFFForum for women memo for an anniversary celebration of Mary Magdalene on 19 November 2010. This was drawn by the President, Mrs Christa Stahel, and criticized the government involved people sharp. I joined briefly with her and had interesting conversations. Christa now turn wrote Heidi Hanselmann and asked, among other things, why that my letter had not been answered. They promptly got a reply. "

"These documents are available to me. Christa Stahel was just polite, and they had not been. you no longer reached with courtesy? "

"As a matter of fact! The Polite always have achieved a lot. Just remember that even William Tell and Napoleon Glacee wore gloves! "

"But now you grab quite high."

"You're right, I can not imagine too much. I did not know that 99.9 percent of people share my concern decent treatment of poverty prostitutes, so I would not venture out on the branches. "

"In reply Heidi Hanselmann says literally: '[...] due to the lack of transparency in the content of the letter (of Dr. Buser) it was decided not to include me in that matter, but it (the letter) to the competent service of the cantonal police to clarify forward.> Why do they need this ornate passive voice? "

"She slips away. She leaves it seem to decide what should come to her face the court jesters, and what not. Commenting on this letter, Christa Stahel turned on 30 November 2014 Internet to the women of their organization and wrote after the indignant exclamation <What about our authorities going on?>: <On January 12, 2012, we caught up with questions to Ms. Hanselmann turned answered unsatisfactorily until today [...]. Now I have turned back to Mrs. Hanselmann (after reading the complaints Buser), and came back an evasive answer [...] women go to a job that is supposed to be like any other allegedly broken. How much are women worth? ' "

"I'm seeing just a mail from Vanessa on my machine light up! She says she wanted to tell a winter wonderland. Maybe we let them! "

I call Vanessa and tell her that we talk a lot about the mistakes of politicians.

"Speak more about love, Salo! Even better, they might! Now I'll tell you something nice about Alina and Peter.

Mid-December 2014 called Alina Peter out of the blue. <May I come to you> she pleaded. They had landed in a brothel Excalibur in Zollikofen / Bern. She complained that she was exhausted and sick and have no money to fly back to Romania to their parents. In addition, their work permits run from. "

"And Buser listened to them? How could he? She had let him still hanging in the meeting with Hirzel, even merely asked. "

"We can provide all kinds of beautiful women, Salo! Peters love was not off course, especially since he had seen that Alina acted under the pressure of a pimp and a colleague. It let her pick up in Bern and spent four wonderful days with her. But that all ended sadly. All really nice stories end sadly.

Peter thought at first that he could get to the bottom and find the thing now, was under what assumptions Alina reclaimed on 4000 euros in August and then broken their promises. This did not happen but because the pigeon and the dove were busy with more important matters. When Peter Renate Hess mentioned, Alina said, 'What are you attacking them? She's my second mother to me and just want to do my best.>

Peter learned that Alina had already been deported with 17 to Spain in prostitution. If I <abducted> say, I do not mean that she was kidnapped or physically forced, although this is not excluded. She was motivated by one or more beneficiaries of the fact that she was told in the West she found money for their parents and a good life. This money is not put in an appearance, otherwise had their parents not yet rents for primitive dwellings can not pay three or four years after he began his career. When she was but once launched, she could not stop. What you did, and what will be her? Back into poverty? Admit that they have failed? adopt a low, well below paid work and this in an environment where other sub privi alloyed only to lurk,

"I was a bank. And worse "



*Winter 2014. Alina usurped Peters office chair.*

Love managed both good but a bit irritated Peter. He had to give an account that Alina spoke really no more language, much could write for. Peter speaks Spanish almost like German and can entertain Romanian also. He had to listen as Alina mixed their native language on with Spanish and gave gibberish of himself. This he alone would have to bear, as he would rather uneducated women in whom he can live out his educator and protector instinct. But what it increasingly demotivated and discouraged, was the observation that Alina was emotionally neglected: they had to boldly say it, no clear idea of good and evil more. She had learned exploitation. Many men should put their money - or better yet. One who wanted to live with her or marry her.

He had met in October in a bar in Grisons the 29-year-old Maria Lucia Timofte, who had used ironically in the same eastern Romanian city like Alina and still living. She struggled violently against going the easy way her step-sister as a prostitute in many Swiss brothels was traveling for years. The case of Lucia was special in that it had no integrated family background in Romania, it is isolated with her seriously ill mother lived to support it had made a self-evident duty. Peter gave Lucia some money, which was used, among other things, to finance their entry as a nurse in a government hospital. He was pleased that he had Lucia on a good web can bring. He led Alina ago as an example, perhaps unfairly. Lucia had in fact had gels tunity to train in Madrid for several years as a nurse, so she did not fate Alina had to share in Romania. I mean the fate of having to start at the lowest level with nothing and to be a chance.

The Skype minutes of both the January and February read increasingly prosaic. Alina was sad and outraged that Peter Lucia supposedly loved more than her. Peter suggested Alina could work and in Vorarlberg as table dancer so escape prostitution. Alina held, perhaps based on false information from the environment of their <second mother>, however, that she could not earn anything there. Closing Lich presented Alina Peter an ultimatum: She would go to purchase again in Italy, if they would not support or soon would get an invitation.

Peter was faced with a kind of blackmail that disgusted him. The love crumbled and disintegrated. "

I call Buser. What interests me now burning as it went on in St. Gallen. Before I ask him even to remarks by Vanessa:

"Vanessa said you had Lucia Timofte funded entry as a nurse in the Romanian hospital. What we have to imagine there? And something else, perhaps something abfordert them think and empathize: Had Alina law by saying that you loved Lucia more »?

"I was simply shocked me as Lucia figured she could only get a job in Romania when they abschlöße at their own expense an expensive professional indemnity insurance. The absence of any government Un ter support programs in Romania is outrageous. One would think that a company should be ready to help at least where it in no way comes to compassion, but simply about the inherent good of society. If the state is unable to ensure its proper functioning through meaningful-making aid to his future builder, he is bankrupt. A leadership which does not recognize the rudimentary promote blameless deprivilegierten young generation is either incredibly stupid or simply criminal. "

"We hear recently that Romania forces are at work, who want to put an end to widespread corruption and nepotism."

"These forces must be supported at all costs. Perhaps the exponents of working on their destruction European Union you will indeed give a positive signal times. Hope dies last.

Alina was quite right with her remark about love. Not because they are less attracted me, but because I had been given the opportunity at Lucia to love myself a little more. As a vain egomaniac, I was in the company of many, and I, I could be proud of when thinking about Lucia and my works to her on myself. Alina gives no pride, rather the opposite. "

"I was busy in January 2015 with the preparation of my appearance at the Vienna Opera Ball. However, this does not prevent me to make plans with Christa Stahel. I had joined her on a woman who was not satisfied with ranting, but had the clear ideas and wanted to realize this. Their fire inspired me. "

"The eternal feminine draws us on high?"

"The mature female" I venture to vary Goethe. "The young pulls us in all directions and at worst off."

"Why did not you go in the beautiful Vienna Opera Ball actually simple and forgot the little but amusing Sankt Gallen? Alina They had won, and this even ad nauseum. "

"I know that you are ironist! They satirize those which assumed it go me just for my belligerent actions about to find out or Alina to take cheap revenge. Some people (those can also be found in the previous dialog shown) do not want to imagine that someone does something outside its given at the moment Befrie ending greed itself. They therefore do not want it because they continue to feel nothing but this satisfaction greed in itself. They do not admit that others are not wading in the marsh, they felt on their feet.

We designed lists of requirements that we wanted to present the reborn as a mirage in Haselmann, libertine and Bamert Mary Magdalene and should mitigate the observed deficiencies. We agreed first to five points, but then limited ourselves to three that seemed more easily enforceable. These were things that were elsewhere in Switzerland and in the world has long taken for granted, but left sorely miss the Hirzel modern prostitution legislation:

- a. Responsible pimps should be encouraged to publicize their identity in attacks in the brothel.
- b. Pimps should assure that it employed women in contacts with the population did not prevent but ten such contacts begrüß and promoted.
- c. Visitors should under certain conditions access to the brothel bekom men. "

"With some justification replies Heidi Hanselmann that the executive authority not make laws and those also can not modify at will."

"It was not about to change laws, but to make recommendations. Of course rulers can express a will, for which they would otherwise be good? The Caustic was that Heidi Hanselmann and their Guard abstained each expression. That included officials is understandable to a certain degree. but that governors do not even express an opinion, I feel as outrageous. "

"Why do these leaders do not say anything?"

"Often, because, according to her lack of judgment even have no opinion and therefore can not comment. but often they also just afraid they could not state the views of the majority and thus reduce their electoral chances. They are cowardly, bitter cowardly. "

"It came on March 4, 2015 a meeting at the seat of government with Heidi Hanselmann, its general secretary Roman Wüst, the addiction commissioned Herbert Bamert and other officials. On your side of the IFF Vice President Elisabeth Camenzind and contributed Christa Stahel before. This meeting you have commented in the following letter to Heidi Hanselmann. "

*Heidi Hanselmann President  
Government of the Canton St.  
Gallen Unterer Graben 38  
CH-9000 St. Gallen*

*V session. March 4, 2015*

*Dear Mrs. Hanselmann*

*We (wife Christa Stahel, Mrs. Elisabeth Camenzind and I) had yesterday with you and five other members and officials of your government a session on "improving the living conditions of prostitutes". I can only tell you that I have hardly ever experienced bundled indifference and stupidity on the part of elected representatives so much in my life:*

- 1. We have made five suggestions, all of which could be implemented using a simple He let smoothly and easily. However, they have stated categorically that they were not responsible, even though they project the organization "Maria Magdalena", the conditions improved living of prostitutes-substituted to an end and the goal has.*
- 2. They had the coolness, the two Initiators and me (we have together well spent already to 1,000 hours for the treatment of the issue) to refer to "other entities" that you could not name, however. This after you already know our issues for months. Shame on you deeply!*
- 3. You have given the image of a woman who can be spoon-feed of hierarchically subordinate males and manipulate. Mr. Roman Wüst (est no-*



*men omen?) has especially excelled as your powerful manipulator.*

- 4. You have not only expressed their helplessness, but decided not to you humiliating way to do to put forward an opinion concerns known. The evil fortunes of poverty prostitutes do not care apparently. They themselves are so grown up in a country where "order prevails." The only probably important to you. And of course it is your credit that they do not like those guilty women were born in the Caribbean or desecrated places of Moldova in Switzerland.*
- 5. In the case of homicides in the hospital Wil you have held with you known bad facts behind the mountain and possible example (surely unwittingly!) Criminals facilitated the commission of their crimes. They have apologized later and told they should have been active earlier. They said literally, "they had learned."*
- 6. I'll tell you in no uncertain terms that you have not learned anything. They also know now that intolerable conditions prevail, and they in turn do nothing. You probably taught a yet very prosaic life to remain passive in doubt. You might as well, if you say something, are not in power. Crimes they commit: it you are proud of.*
- 7. Just think next time even a little about yourself to and explore your conscience! They will come to the conclusion that they are not up to your office. Give it up and make one or a better place!*

*I suspect that you will not respond again to this letter, perhaps because you're used to that letters be intercepted by your subordinate officers. I ask only this time that you write me a receipt. If I do not get these within 10 days, I have to send this letter with return receipt to your home address.*

*I'm on my part a man with many mistakes. I give you, of course, the opportunity to express their views, and secure with you that I would read with the greatest attention.*

*I greet you friendly. Dr.  
Peter Buser*

«What I get the feeling that this letter, which is ultimately is also your admission of defeat, do not say anything. They are not fallen on his head, and they had to Christa Stahel a strong running mate. Your opponents you have wisdom already therefore assume because they are going to have comfortable chairs and chairs can choose. Why it did not come to a compromise? Why you did not request further meetings? "

"I had carefully prepared with Christa Stahel the 3-point list of demands, and we had confidence that this would meet with a positive response in the face of its simplicity and plausibility. However, Elisabeth Camenzind shot across shortly after the beginning of the meeting and demanded that the government would have people present charges against Herbert Bamert criminal action for the promotion of prostitution. Then she said: '-Substituted The prostitutes have an unusually stressful job, and it must be introduced for the three-hour working day, so that they can recover> echoed As such, in the room, I felt in the government people sigh of relief and relief. Everyone was clear that this was unrealistic and were not justifiable desire. We were discredited as a group and not to be taken seriously. "

"Why was the desire of Elisabeth Camenzind because quixotic? The Swiss Penal Code, the promotion of prostitution a criminal offense. "

"Such a process would be very difficult because most of the judges requested proof that the individual pimps a clearly identifiable and mitklagende woman actively incited into prostitution, or worse, would have obliged. Better than that in the meeting recognized as a dependent subordinate officials Bamert a method would probably apply more representative of the Secretary-General Roman libertine or the noble philosopher Hasler. One would both like to imagine in such a context when the verdict than shoulder knocking gladiators. On their shields could be: <! Long live the health and culture promoting prostitution> I would make myself available for this purpose, to find a nice Latin abbreviation ". "

"She mocked. but why do not more women are working for the prostitutes fellow women? "

"With this question you get to the core! Christa Stahel complained several times to me that the topic <prostitution> their Mitsrei terinnen not met with sufficient interest and did not trigger the intended alarm. Especially young women are worrying indifferent said

you. I came to a conclusion that I formulate here at the risk of being attacked by women. I believe that many women give in the matter lip service, but are not ready to bring the coals from the fire. This is due to the fact that they believe to be spotted by the issue and advised regarding their motives under suspicion. More importantly in the case of Central Europe emancipated women that they hate to see the accompanying traditional roles women from Eastern Europe and overseas on the partnership and marriage market and are quite happy when someone connects and keeps. They know that more men prefer than desired such women. Many a proud standard-bearer of feminism had in her biography already disappointments with coveted men

<Confess!>, One might call women feminists Congresses. Would they follow the call, come in many kinds to light, which does not spring from the neutral analysis and the pursuit of the objective better, but the wounded subjective soul. "

"Let's answer Heidi Hanselmann in their letter of  
See March 5! It is formulated balanced. "

*Meeting on March 4, 2015*

*Dear Doctor. Buser,*

*Enclosed you will receive a confirmation of your mails on 5 March 2015. As at the hearing on 4 March 2015 in prospect, Mrs. Miriam Reber, Coordination Office Domestic violence is to announce the representatives of the IFF Forum which authorities based in the canton of the are legislative focal point for some of your concerns.*

*Your mail, I also understand that you do not understand our statements as they are meant and also to handle the law. one more reason to turn to the passages from our point of view, which are responsible for your concern. As mentioned Ms. Reber will help in this regard.*

*I ask you to deals that were made on our part not to be denied and thank you for taking note of welcome.*

*With kind regards*

*Heidi Hanselmann, Government President*

"Again we see that Heidi Hanselmann acts by familiar pattern. You-"

"It is enough now, Mr. Buser! Why do you heat up like that? "" I have to take back indeed! Emotions grab me too easily. I'm done so I regret that no woman leaves me cold. Even a hapless politician can ignite embers. "

"We have re-written almost an epic, and I wonder once again if this biography is not too lengthy. But still a question: Are you actually for a ban on prostitution? If not, what would be the best venue? What would be the good brothel? "

"I am against the exploitative to be named prostitution, this does that in today's world there are enormous economic krepanzen Dis. Women from poor and poor families come to rich men and sacrifice the most beautiful thing makes her femininity. Women from rich countries must be allowed to make, of course, as they choose. You may also despise her most beautiful and run after more convenient money. Best to have it probably the women who have not the beautiful and have never had. You are to be congratulated for being able to bring the men carefree wonderful experiences.

The ideal brothel? in Germany and Switzerland is observed through a movement to him. The operator of the establishment, I would not refer to exploitation as a pimp with a full waiver, represents only a welcoming infrastructure and consistently avoids any its cost promotional direct or indirect influence on girls and women. He is caring, not because he wants to bind the women in the brothel, but because he the good of the individual woman is a concern. He opens up the women that they are doing something that the vast majority of people condemn, and he's so intelligent and cultured, he can explain the reasons for this conviction and will call willingly.

I'm waiting for the first owner of a large brothel creates a space where the audience as in a restaurant has free access and where the prostitutes free to move naturally and discreetly dressed under consideration for the environment. In this space, individuals, groups, clubs and even churches could organize events and advertise for or against prostitution. Though there were probably many different spring-over läu

run in both directions. When Heidi Hanselmann high would consider the emblem of the enlarged hazelnut in their niche, they would probably have little inlet. Especially not when they are still wegradierte the N in their name out of respect for her mentor. "

"Why do not hit yet equal to an adjoining chapel before? There you might as well be Kaplan then. "

"I would be a scoundrel if I accepted this role! Nothing excites my senses more than inclined and believed Looking up girl. My confusion could easily be so great that I believed in the delusion that the bows and look up ARE APPLICABLE me. but I suggest Danilo Manser. If he'd hang the pictures of his family somewhere, nothing could challenge him. "

"Again, seriously! Can you summarize your criticism of the likes of the United under the unbiblical Mary Magdalene Ludwig Hasler, Roman Wüst, Renate Hess and Heidi Hanselmann? I see still not entirely clear. "

"These people have, probably with the exception of their guru Hasler, no clear ideas and serious gaps in their worldview. They mistake in judging of phenomena the categories <allow> and <good>, want to be called, they obey everything is allowed, for good. In this case the promotional materials of Mary Magdalene declare that prostitution is good or at least desirable to convey this with the intention of women through an appreciation of prostitution more self-pride, self-confidence and ultimately joy. Women should thus be happy that you titution the pros against the opinion of 99 percent of present and perhaps 200 developed generations of past violent nice talks.

I can give you two other phenomena for which the processing is also only the clear distinction between <allow> and <desirable> to help. I mean the abortion and smoking pot. We need to make a tradeoff in all three things: one should respect the individual freedom higher or the protection of the general public. It is known that many companies have decided in terms of abortion and pros titution the freedom to choose, in the case of drugs but the common good. It must everyone be free to also categorize different. There is the respectable opinion that all three negatives must be banned, but also the opposite respectable that will all three be allowed. "

"The more than clever St. Galler do so as clearly not Nachdenkende no difference between <allow> and <good>. And yet they have on prostitution, the theory of a tangled gurus what they should encourage actually to establish an organization or rename the existing Mary Magdalene. How could this mean? "

"They are primarily <Not thinking wills>. It's so hard to think even if one is careful advance to let it go well.

For the purpose of naming one might consider that several of prostitution Joyful aspirated vowels carry their names in initial position. Hasler, Ha (s) Selmann, Hess, Hirzel. How about <Hahahehi>? Since only Roman libertine missing, the yes directs the Ha and Hi and protects He. "

"Let ahead enthroned him, we free Mary Magdalene from the biblical loaded name! we recommend <Desert Hahahehi!>. "

"I have to laugh: Hahahaha!"

"Is still wrong! In the future, you are modern and laugh Hahahehi! "" My name is Salomon Exxel, and I must put an end! Which is your opinion about abortion, prostitution and drugs, Mr. Buser? "

"I have the opinion of many in my culture. When abortion and prostitution individual freedom is respected, and they must, though, be allowed frowned upon. When smoking pot, it is the opposite. "

"They have the opinion of the many? I'm not used to you! Lately it has drawn one of your young friends as Batman. The picture would agree. Even Batman is a fighter for good, and he understands the good as well as the majority "

Since Manser interrupts again:

"A Beautiful, which has rejected the attempted Peter, but commented that he was not a Batman, but a Bad Man. An ugly one, she said, even! "

"Who is this, Danilo? Please be fair! "

"I do not say! If you do beredest again violent and even touch, it threatens to tip over. You must continue to ease and may judge from its naturalness out. I see me through <your> Friedrich Nietzsche supported the issues identified also variously, the naturalness of girls and women should not be spoiled by theorizing men as priests and professors. "

"But you're doing nothing for the conservation of natural nature. You are, with one exception, so abstemious. "

"Do you notice actually not that you would preach abstinence, if you would not be a very large obstacle in the way?"

"Which one?" "You yourself!"

"We come now to the story of the Vienna Opera Ball, Mr. Buser! I formulate so because I associate with the beautiful waltz 'Tales from the Vienna Woods'. I leave that Vanessa field, which has far more expertise here. It is, as it has been reported to accept your invitation and take you to the snow melt in the Alps. She called as the date April 15, 2016 our year has the idea to dress according to the theme a ball gown. Take something warm with, at 2000 meters altitude it's still cool! "

The day has come and paint ostentatious sports car is lost in the still green loose mountains. Inside, the ball gown glimmering black and red. Vanessa asks, laughing and mocking:

"How did you come up with the idea to go with six companions to the Opera Ball? At least in the recent history of this ball so no one has done. You wanted to provoke? "

"I had seen reports on the Opera Ball in previous years on television and wondered more and more. The opera was born in the second half of the 18th century from Italy among others by Mozart to Vienna and was then more than a century, a genre in which the greatest of the greatest masterpieces written. From about 1870, including under Gustav Mahler, the current building was for decades a temple of beauty and High. When I looked at the people to me who played roles in this magnificent hall today, I was surprised. Most of the lush Dressed did not seem to know where they moved and what was the significance of the house, which was converted into an entertainment hall for them. I saw some funny and interesting, next to - a lot of riff-raff. Major Creative today,

I wanted to know more about what is going on there. It also attracted the opportunity to represent me. If one front in recent years

his death even begins to writers and a genius is, you can hardly be known and carry his opinions into people. The scandal at the Opera Ball helped there. Even if you want to be considered for women, it is advisable to present self-confident, humorous and even slightly peacock way. You see the result of the effort and suffering yes including: I must say that I am busy on the phone and abwehre admirers, who have become my stalkers you often. Women think that one must be a special, if one embraced by several of them surrounded by a blaze of glory and being kissed. "

"You had to recruit that yes, if they had properly-bourgeois professionals, had to take special leave six young women in January, 2015. That was exhausting? "

"The most difficult were the two of the six that are not going about a regular activity. Here I met again to the equity and profiteering from brothel owners, who so completely unrealistic demands and the <their girls> pleasure partout did not indulge. The four brave I was lucky: they found each other. One alone would Rather



*In the hours before the Vienna Opera Ball (12 February 2015) was Peter Buser at a press reception at the Hotel Le Meridien with its six uniformly perückierten attendants often filmed and snapped.*



come slightly reluctantly. In the company of friends, everything was easy and became a great pleasure. "

"Before the Ball you were indeed at a press reception together with the actor Helmut Berger player. How's that happen? "

"Finding a lodge tickets I came across the Vienna Event Manager Ro you Roznovsky. He offered me this opportunity and demanded a fair me appearing finder's fee. I was determined quickly. But the amusing on Google and YouTube video retrieved <buser berger> justified soon my decision. "

"But there were problems. You have been booked for disturbing the peace and accompanied by two police officers in traditional costume into the Hotel Bristol to passport control. "

"At the moment I suffered today I know that my Sensations worth only increased. I answer you best by showing the letter that I wrote the Vienna police after she requests justification of mine about two weeks behind the ball. "

*Landespolizeidirektion Vienna  
Helmut Bauer rogue German  
champions 3 A-1010 Vienna*

### Call for justification

*Dear rogue Bauer [...]*

- 1. To be able to comment, I need to know who is who. I can then explain how come about, among other following me some seriously offensive mistakes and errors in the presentation probably:*
- 2. Error A: I was never referenced the ball. Rather, I was already at the early arrival of the police on the occasion of my spontaneous understandable Erklärungen assured, I had to go back only to the identity control briefly to the hotel. At the exit, a member of the Opera Ball Commission was (the President?) Who made sure that I received a re-entry card. The identification at the hotel took about 10 minutes. I was until about 1 am, then again from about 1:45 to 3:30 tactile with my companions on the ball and*

*te welcome me there. [...] came under two times in the Lodge and apologized on behalf of the Vienna police and the State of Austria for the "narrow-minded overreaction". Especially after I had described to him the truth (that I had been the victim of an intrigue), he declared in the presence of at least four of my companions, he also suffered in Austria applications under Verleum and intrigue and therefore find myself very likeable.*

*3. Error B: I never incited women to something offensive. I can prove with the help of a number of credible witnesses that I was planning some kind of surreal immobile statue in the lodge, which was to criticize the current abuse of women as sex objects. In fact, the women should be obtained in slightly eccentric outfit (leather), but certainly never naked, occur. It was then most likely the sensation-seeking Viennese press (OE 24 could have been a pioneer), which perverted my intention in such a way that I [...] in a carefully planned behind my back scenario (even the police were victims of this scenario) in the box suddenly surprised that ball gown ripped from the body and tried to motivate myself to movements. Press tore into this second photo graphers the lodges door and flashed wildly. I had to make me just to throw Before that I did not raise my presence of mind at that second and tangibly put an end to the whole. Who ultimately is to blame here, could probably only find out a criminal judge on careful examination and multiple witnesses call. I see without being able to answer a definitive From say Austrian journalists as immoral and reckless instigators [...]*

*4. Error C: The statement I had from my "paid girls" talk is untrue and defamatory and probably under the in the falsehoods disseminated press river came about. 3 Be my moving terinnen were - as I dozens of times already declared Presseverleumdern - Swiss university graduates in higher semesters, one will soon professional officer.*

*5. Error D: Who woman Prempre (a certificate from a poor Thai ratios of 15 already operated TS) also experienced 5 minutes and a minimum of empathy, has noted that the allegation that she had an official by the offer of sex from prevent discharge of his duties attempts laughable nonsense. Woman Prempre has all the time been crying over violently because she is going on in any way*

*understood and believed only their stay in Austria could be illegal. I ask, not without feeling disgust: can the Austrian police not recruit officers who have eyes in the head, a brain and a heart?*

*6. I could name even one error E and F and more, but will let the matter rest for the time being at what is said there. You may think now, dear rogue Bauer, once a moment and wonder why your authority starts here in this almost objectionable manner to the wrong person. To attack to draw and responsibility would be the moral-less press. But my Mitjour nalists and colleagues tell me categorically was against this news not align, it is now a state within a state. Of credible side I hear that z. As the Austrian private ferns take a cash leads, with the expected bus sen are vorabgegolten from civil and criminal proceedings. We know that you will commit obscenities and provides for full purpose out that it does not hurt.*

*7. [...]*

*I greet you and thank you. Dr. Peter  
Buser*

*important slander*

*If a sequel to take place, I would all these operations probably publish all names also making note. It should even be done urgently a struggle against press abuses and the consequent impotence of the authorities in our countries.*

*[...]*

"You show me the letter in part. Want to protect yourself or spare someone? "

"I leave out things that are irrelevant or which might be suitable to put decent people in a false light. I had told the police that I would publish the names if the whole thing had an embarrassing for me stoppage. Since today (August 2016) no response has been made, I must renounce any case, conversely to the naming of names. but I am of course ready to show all the correspondence with the police anyone who makes a worthy interest. "

"You say that the police had been a victim of the journalists." "A sacrifice is the forgiving! The policemen of our countries have to do with the small and medium criminals enough. You would be overwhelmed if they still have to chase the biggest criminals, namely those from the sensationalism and money-hungry tabloids. What these people to ruin, is on me! But the false image that they spread over the elites of society is extremely harmful. They dumb down a stupid audience in addition to spread discontent and fears. If put to task, they say, they have to support their families and make the dirt job precisely. When speaking to those who pay them wages, they have the interests of shareholders to use. The shareholders in turn lead to their families,

I suggest to close editors that fall below a certain level of primitiveness and convert at the expense of those responsible in nurseries or coffee houses. "

"In some articles in the press was, you would have paid for a <paint and leather show> 60,000 euros."

"A primitive invention that will trigger outrage at a primitive audience! The worst thing is that apparently no one asks if it may be true something and how it could have come about. The journalistic criminals speculate with such a false report that the simple reader believes the <rich> had a kind of demonic Secretariat where they could buy things: every dirty trick, evil and perverse. This is where the worst of the conspiracy theories based on that set out to calm the little glorious people and comfort. <While You are a scoundrel>, can say who, 'but they are up there much larger rags. My goal must obviously be to be one of the great rags. ' "

"Your Swiss students have you not written in Vienna, the poem <Liebermeister> and therefore even shortened their shopping trip. Read it before please, but do not criticize! Waivers for once to being a complainer! "

"The verses are of concern bumpy ..."

"Stop! At least you but the content must enjoy. The three women need words like <Master> and <teacher>. They worship you very much. "

## Lieber Meister

Zwei Tage haben wir in Wien verbracht,  
und mit unserem Meister viel gelacht.

Die Ehre war unsererseits sehr gross,  
ihn an dem Opernball zu begleiten war famos!

Trotz vielen verschmutzten & frivolen Sprüchen,  
kam es teils zu philosophischen Wortausbrüchen.

Diese Mischung war konsternierend,  
aber immer wieder faszinierend.

Ein herrliches Dankeschön an unseren Lehrer,  
ein durch diesen Ball nun berühmten Frauenverehrer.

Im Flirten ist er zwar sehr fleissig,  
jedoch nur mit jenen unter dreissig.

Denn was er einer Frau schwer verzeiht,  
ist, wenn sie von einer Blüte zur Frucht gedeiht.

Trotz Skandal am Opernball,  
sehen wir uns ein nächstes Mal.

Victoria PRISCA Sabrina

"The three girls, like all Swiss, very emancipated. I'm just a temporary deputy, and their veneration for the interesting and strong men who they hope to find in life and who are good at the right love. "

"<Right Love> what is that? In one of your poems do you say about Marcia Bombom, they gave you indulged <sweet victories and halt>. Is that it?"

"Something like that. The real love is a war, a continuous discharge of passion. Victory and defeat undulate back and forth. "

"What are the weapons?"

"Say instead <Weapon> somewhat cumbersome <Production Inputs>! The woman beat the man with her body and the man's wife with his mind. Specifically: The man has defeated the woman in the right state of things, but the wife throws him constantly by her grace and her womanhood around and puts his victory. True love comes from the reign of the man who is incessantly by the woman broken and limited. "

"The man there, the woman triumphs. Is that it? "" You did hit! Fast you are a poet. "" Look me in the eye, and say it again! "

"You said the important thing, and you have more beautiful eyes. It is getting cold. Let's go down to the valley! "

## **An essay by Valentin Landmann**

Dr. Peter Buser is a Swiss banker at the age of 80 against which sometimes occurs as a Hollywood star and not much, or does not believe in political correctness. I regard this man as a prime example of good, traditional and pioneering Swiss banking. How so?

How do we react when stands out from a green, precise mowed lawn a red flower? we admire them? we cut them off, as it disturbs the uniform green of the lawn? Rain we looked at on their color and appearance? Such questions were raised when the life of Peter Buser we remember and get to know in all its aspects.

So what is really the essence of traditional and successful Swiss banking?

Switzerland lives in terms of their financial center, not just from banking secrecy. The decision taken by the "first strike" in the tax war with the US banker Konrad Hummler has carried out a long time ago in a much publicized speech and comments that do not secret the bank is the most essential; Rather, the typical Swiss Banking reasons fundamentally that the investor could expect at a Swiss bank in order to get back his pickled money again. He has made the essential point of the Swiss banking.

Legal certainty and frameworks that inspire confidence are essential for the Swiss financial center and its prosperity. There are many countries where uncertainty prevails: confiscations, expropriations and failures are commonplace. All this makes the investment banks to gamble. Even in Europe, the euro zone customers had to ultimately take losses into account.

For those who entrusted their money to a bank that safe conditions in a country are essential. Here Switzerland can, as I knew the great founding figures of the Swiss banking in the 19th century, offer much:

- Social stability: Social unstable countries, especially countries that are constantly involved in wars and revolutionary struggles, do not form a suitable ground for banks that are to convince the customer with their stability and security. Switzerland is riddled with its 200 years recognized neutrality "neutrality active New" only in recent times by the government through the use of so-called, has managed to stay out of two world wars. As far as the trust was not previously already very high, this fact has very significantly contributed to building trust with Swiss banks.
- Democratic legal system: democratic legal system alone still means very little. But democratic legal system in a country whose population does not tend to be hectic revolutionary steps, but rather slowly goes about changes is an additional guarantee for stability. A democratically-supported government, a democratically supported legal form an essential element of stability. Only in recent years, Switzerland has begun to sin and done steps that helped not democratically legitimized right to be valid. She joined in addition to their disadvantage a plethora of treaties and international institutions whose right to independently developed without the people had a say as supreme legislator. This "dynamic" development of law is a fundamentally undemocratic element that it intends to hold very in check. Concern is in particular that the Swiss Federal Court has rendered a fundamental decision in 2012, according to which any international law which Switzerland is connected, or any international agreement which is valid for Switzerland, is above the Swiss constitutional law. This means that the right is withdrawn completely democratic control of Switzerland and that even the most basic law, the Constitution, recedes in importance over any extraneous international treaty. It is characteristic of Swiss democracy, that here rapidly stirred reaction forces and next time the vote is to be expected on an initiative that would help the constitutional law from the normal international law again to break through. About the Constitution should only be the fundamental law according to this initiative.



Fortunately, getting the foreign bank customer who entrusts his money to a bank in Switzerland, such problems with the legal certainty and stability practically not. Otherwise, additional customer segments would break away.

- Functioning economy: Switzerland has a thriving economy in the core. Of course, she also is subject to economic fluctuations, however, is to state that she is doing very well for a very long time and that it has one of the lowest unemployment rates worldwide. This contributes to that with stability, which forms a basis of banking. Because social unrest arising from severe economic crises, such stability are harmful. The Swiss labor peace is essential. Streikerschütterte countries lose the stability of the economy and infrastructure quite quickly. Anyone who travels to Switzerland, who does business with Switzerland, can usually expect stable conditions.
- Functioning infrastructure: The infrastructure of Switzerland works relatively smoothly for a long time, at least in comparison to virtually all other countries. It is characteristic that even Swiss upset hugely smallest margins.
- Legal certainty: means legal certainty that the Bank customer can expect a stable legal system. Of course, it is possible in any democratic state that the legal system undergoes changes. These are but so far done in moderation in general and of course, were directed only to the future. A very great sin of Switzerland, and the Swiss financial center, was buckling before the blackmail scenario in the economic war with the United States. The Switzerland looked woefully legally prompted to introduce retroactive changes to banking secrecy ge. Retroactivity in legislative changes with regard to the confidence of the customers a bare disaster. Changes in the legal system should be mandatory, of course, relate only to the future. How far from today's perspective, the loss of confidence, which occurred by retroactive changes can make up for, is not to say. A full compensation will be hardly possible.
- Tradition in Geldaufbewahren: The Swiss financial market here has a more than 100-year tradition. The essence, the banker Hummler has expressed in the aforementioned speech, the customer was for many decades in Switzerland before: when money

docked with a Swiss bank, he could assume also elicit this again.

The Swiss tradition was also and is sometimes still used for confidence-handling ability for careful asset management, etc.

- Know-how: There is an abundance of trained professionals available to the bank customer is available. Here, too, Switzerland has continued to improve their skills for many decades. The expertise of Switzerland in the banking industry is profound, the standard of training of bankers generally high. The whole thing is supported by a certain Biederkeit acting also inspire confidence.

As before, the rocks are made in the surf. As before, the conditions in Switzerland for traditional banking are ideally suited. We would only have the grace to move forward to what we can do better than the others. Incidentally, this is an insight that have already had the founding fathers of the big banks over 100 years ago. The Bank journalist Dr. René Zeyer observes in one of his brilliant comments: "Unfortunately sinks this rock (the traditional Swiss banking) in the surf of an unimaginable hochschwappenden sea of stupidity." This stupidity is an influential banker like Peter Buser strange. I come back to him.

There was a big report from the Department of Finance of the Federation on the future of the Swiss financial center. Who was doing in a masochistic impulse to read the 300 pages, came to a sobering result: 295 pages deal with it that Switzerland to all EU regulations arias - whether they apply to Switzerland or not - must be subjected immediately to to have a chance to apply for participation in the EU's financial center. With completely uncertain chance of success. then about 5 sides negotiated by the increase in equity of the big banks, which is a reasonable approach, but sufficient in the current structure of these institutions, a variation of the values of a few percent, to bring about a desaströse indebtedness. The report also contained some thoughts on investor protection,

As to adapt to all the rules of the EU's financial center for better competitive position, I give to consider and ask: Is not there also Greek banks? Is not there also Spanish banks? are not they in EU countries? Why does these banks no better than the Swiss banks?

The size of the founding fathers of Swiss banks towards the end of 19th century and even at the beginning of the 20th century was not only committed to develop visionary ideas, but also just now is to do what we in Switzerland can do better than others and the environment in Switzerland fully in the to provide service of this goal. Of course, the early days contained an element of investment banking, such. As in the Gotthard financing, aufgleiste the founding father Alfred Escher. But the essence was and was the stability of the Swiss bank as guardian of assets. There was a long time a strong and reliable network of outstanding bankers and bank managers. It was not until the exploding financial market in the second half of the 20th year tury cavorted more and more Mediocre,

As mentioned earlier, there are many countries where total uncertainty in the financial market there. Seizures, Enteig now gen, bankruptcies make the facility with local banks at a lottery game, and government intervention to awaken expatriate family fortune the need to bring virtually in a country of asylum. Swiss banking secrecy has emerged as a response to the uncertainties in the surrounding states of Europe, expected expropriation, inflation and war EVENT nisse around 80 years ago. The protective offer made perfect sense. When it can no longer be politically maintained today, so that Switzerland can adapt their laws accordingly. Pronounced bad it if the country in safety its fundamental values such as the right is throwing overboard.

Sure there were early on the Swiss financial center sporadic signs of degeneration. From the 70s of the last century until the new millennium but banking secrecy lost the character of the protective function in a serious way. It came on business models based on

active assistance in tax evasion targeted. Dozens of major economic lawyers got rich by hundreds and dew sending of Customers who switched banks for the purpose of construction of off shore companies, this will still, as the construction of an off-shore company practically allowed no more secrecy. The Ge setzgebung looked so before soon that also documented in an offshore company the beneficial owner in each case in the bank and had to be available by the Authority.

Carefully manage the assets of the customer has now increasingly viewed as an asset. With misplaced incentives the banks meant that the trading, so the reaction of the client's capital, the main objective of the staff was. Who transposed most got in the end the most money. This period also saw another murky chapter of the Swiss banking falls: he was transferred in a delusion of globalization and internationalism increasingly on investment banking. Big banks investment banks bought overseas or even merged with such. Investment banking was now an area that no better dominated the Swiss than about the Americans, the English, the Singaporeans. If anything, much worse, the Swiss often recorded but the fact that they got at times,

Finally, the Swiss banks did with international trends that affected devastating. So they went for. As on special equipment with verwursteten real estate securities in the United States, where no one knew in the least what was available on liability substrate for invested money. The blatant failure of this practice is known. With the American banks that were excessively active in this field, including Swiss banks, especially large banks, were with drawn into the near-abyss. Such would be wise leading bankers, whether dung fathers the green, it was their successors, never happened.

In those years, in which the banks laid emphasis on investment banking, the biggest bonus excesses came about. Scale were banking on even the top foreign fees of bankers in investment that exceeded those of top bankers in Switzerland in traditional banking many times. Suddenly it came to compete biggest names in the global market on their very own areas. The service to the customer has been criminally neglected. Large mergers and acquisitions CONSULTANT mens led to gigantic structures that had become difficult to steer

and they had nothing in common with the image of proven Swiss bank. The names were suddenly internationally: instead of "sweat zerische Bankgesellschaft" it was called now "Union Bank of Switzer country" instead of "Credit Suisse" is launched "Credit Suisse / First Boston."

The profit-making principle was that simple: Let's do what we can and we do it better than others. Peter Buser is, as we shall see, followed this principle.

Switzerland, the really big sins in terms of stability and legal certainty committed from 2008 as part of the economic war with the United States regarding untaxed funds. Here the country buckled to all blackmail. And what was worse, the communication with the customer and the population remained out of or completely distorted. The customer had no idea that their banks were exposed to a deadly blackmail by the United States. No idea of the perfidy with which the extortion was carried forward. The room was namely that had terminate at a Conspiracy charges in the United States, all partner banks called ISDA master agreements with those taken targeted banks. The targeted bank has been cut off from all trade possibility, so to some extent lost arms and legs. The nightmare scenario played Uncle Sam on example of Bank Wegelin, St. Gallen, through to demonstrate that he was to be taken seriously. Nothing or very meager became public: Just wondering why the banks and the government wanted to bury banking secrecy abruptly after they had for decades referred to it as a non erschütterbaren rocks in the surf.

A pretty disastrous situation! The first big step in the wrong direction was the UBS Treaty of 2009. Here, in the delivery of thousands of bank customers to the US tax authorities, the tax declared ministry, if it were a contract, which, given its uniqueness not the referendum the Swiss people under stand. Later, the Federal Court held that no question of uniqueness could be and that the provisions of this Treaty would naturally forever valid.

Other sins followed in quick succession. One of the greatest sins of atmospheric Swiss banks has been to all of their employees and executives who had had to do with American customers, indicate the US authorities and to deliver it, the latter ironically under

Sparing people from the higher management floor. Each appeal of the wounded had to be late, since their extradition had already taken place.

I once an American attorney who worked within the whole financial dispute, asked: "Why just Switzerland? There are still plenty of other financial centers that would be interesting, "His answer was obvious." A Castle, ripe for attack shoots himself of them here, is a much more attractive target than a Castle, which is expected defends itself "Whether he. in this comparison, especially had the policy of our former finance minister in the eye, which was averse to banking secrecy from the beginning, is not known.

Over the many decades of the traditional Swiss banking a Comment of the occurrence of the staid bankers and bank manager has emerged. What is "comme il faut" not for a banker and bank managers and what? What the customer expects and what scares him off presumably? This Comment is specified in writing to some extent. It is easy to understand in the development of behavioral patterns the upper floor bankers.

What the customer certainly does not want is a shrill and indiscreet Holly wood-occurrence. I will come back to why Peter Buser could be an outstanding banker despite this regard deviant behavior and enough fully claims.

For bankers include a number of outward appearances that betray his high standard, but must not be excessive. The customer must not create the impression of bankers squandering the money entrusted to him.

How does a fine or even bankers banker occurs trustworthy and status according without waking the reluctance or excessive envy of the customer? It's actually quite simple. The bankers know it without you showed it to them in more detail. They are geared to their superiors:

- The suit is made according to their status in the Bank of the bar or to measure. The fabric is dark gray or gray. To avoid are striking fabrics like shiny silk. A matching waistcoat is perfectly displayed. The shirt is white and patterned. The tie does not carry any large-scale pattern. Subtle stripes and the like are fine, but not countries strips that could cause offense to a customer.

- The belt of a banker should be made of cowhide and not from crocodile leather. The buckle may u. U. in shape include the logo of a design labels. Oversized buckles are out of place.
- Cufflinks are in, but should be somewhat cautious. Precious metal is good, large stones should be avoided.
- The glasses should be selected discreetly. interfere shaded glasses. Sunglasses are totally out because they block the customer to look at the eyes of the banker. Only during the holidays different rules apply.
- The shoes are depending on the status of Bankers Standard or welted. May match also expensive English or Italian makes, under any circumstances but especially pointed in the sense of modern style excesses. Boots are also out. Very bad status betrayed shoes, in which the front part is bent up with some wrinkles. Such could indicate that the wearer puts on spanner care of the shoe with shoe no value. "He then Sets value to care in other Din gen?" Could be the anxious question of the customer. A single exception is for Prada shoes, of which seem comparatively design clearly go towards clown shoes me some with their wrinkles and hochgebogenem front part.
- White socks most of the Chairman can afford. Otherwise, the socks have to be gray or dark otherwise. Thick wool socks do not go, but only neat suit socks.
- Writing tool that is on the table of the banker, may well consist of standard pens of big companies. From advertising the bank ballpoint pens. But upscale banker also has a special brand pens, z. As a "Montblanc" with him, which must be individualized. Throughout upper class a fountain pen is still accessible. The screw can be so beautiful and ceremonial, and then use for a signature.
- Images in the office have to be discreet. Excessive images such. For example, those of friends of the banker, are just as undesirable as any erotic figure. Real works of art can the office of Director-General or VR President decorate, preferably those of Swiss Artist Al Rio learning of the present kind. Abstract according to the last cry of the New York auctions does not match the peaceful image of Swiss banking.
- The clock of Bankers should be a Swiss watch, not some design label fashion watch. Upscale Banker is a mostly mechanical

carry specific hours of a known Swiss watch and make as. Neither case provides upscale bankers a watch with Diamantenlunette on display. Good in all upper class platinum watches from well-known manufacturers, as they differ only on second glance of steel watches. Complicated products are then ok, if they can not be expose on first glance as works of art whose value corresponds to a one family house. If you prefer a metal band, wearing steel, perhaps white gold or platinum, because it is not noticeable. A striking watch is generally not for the upscale Bankers.

- The right car belongs of course to look. It may be an expensive car, but "comme il faut" is a silver-gray or black limousine in main banking floors possibly with rear tinted windows and uppermost floors possibly with thicker glass and light protective armor in the doors. Audi and Mercedes are ok, also VW Phaeton. We must give the customer not miss the taste of high life and excessive enjoyment of life. Sports cars, classic cars and similar vehicles, which have quite the Banker belong strictly in the private sector and be hidden from the public. Occurring conscious bankers never investigated such vehicles also possible places on to which he could meet his customers.
- Club membership: The top bankers and upscale Banker is a member of a suitable clubs, often a member of the guilds in Zurich. For the exponents at the very top Quartier guilds are hardly considered, but only the traditional guilds that have existed for the year 1336th Next completely "in" are service clubs like Rotary Club, Lions Club or Kiwanis Club that are already accessible for bankers of middle management. The relevant pin in his lapel is a welcome asset. Sometimes the result for the same Pinträger an additional basis for discussion with the customer, who may also be members is one of these service clubs in another country. Golf clubs and the like rather to private prestige and less in the business visible.

For the visibility of guild membership of the bankers can ensure by means of images, documents, etc.. They give opportunity to bank



customers who bring the Zurich customs and traditions and explained them. You feel it very much before.

Association membership and exposed positions in Bankers Association are at bankers of course, but not policy positions outside the industry affiliation. A banker who acted decidedly politically National Council would have a negative impact on those customers who are not his opinion. Fortunately, there are just lately but always bankers who violate this basic rule of gray Gnome and distinguish themselves in public. One for example is Thomas Matter, National Council of the Swiss People's Party.

Overall results from all these practices a very gray, uniform picture of the top bankers in Switzerland. The gray gnomes are at work that move huge sums in its low profile. Very few of them are striking, prominent figures.

Peter Buser made and makes many things differently from the classic gray gnome of Zurich. the performances of this extroverted and showy bankers is seen in with his entourage of young ladies, so would an initially much to mind, merely not to say that just he is a prime example of traditional Swiss banking at its high exhibitionist kind. And yet this is precisely the case. His entire education background, his professional background and not least his exemplary relationship with its customers clearly point in this direction.

we include first the eyes from original escapades with young ladies, something which repeatedly cause for headlines! Let us turn this exoticism that reveals a large and receptive heart, only at the end of this essays about!

His apartment and his house are not the staid retreats with exactly dossiertem expensive luxury that befit for those bankers who want to ask particularly good customer to his home once. Rather, its premises are like a mix of Hollywood staging and Batman Horst. Equipped they are safe at its best, but the pictures on the wall no anchor or Hodler, but large-scale and imaginatively framed pictures of his young friends and Join are run. His bathroom and his bedroom is the realization of all youthful dreams of a effusive director. The dome ceiling in the sleeping room, complex structural measures were needed to create them is,

filled with figures and sculptures that identify Peter Buser as a lover of beautiful young women in high heels. Exquisite materials used in wall sculptures whose erotic content are concealed in any way.

not at least today - - Peter Buser does not occur in the brave gray suit with the brave tie and black or dark brown loafers. He wears prefers a comfortable coach, to sneakers and a no-label sports watch that must sometimes strike or lose without having to bemoan her a big tear. Or you can find the same the complete opposite: Peter Buser loves the appearance in evening dress with turned up collars and fly on big occasions, and he looks tip top. Just the way you imagine the sovereign grand master. It is surrounded by at least four, usually six or more young ladies in baroque wig and Baroque clothes outfit. The observer rubs his eyes: Showy is not true.

Peter Buser manifests itself uncontrollably outspoken on social issues, politically incorrect to excess, thereby also refreshingly uninhibited and unclamped. His opinion on the role of women is based, as far as can be seen on wisdom of Friedrich Nietzsche. His opinion on prostitution could come from Alice Schwarzer, which is the only thing, perhaps, where it coincides with the feminist. Prostitution destroy the soul of the woman he says. She was defenseless gloomy figures such as pimps and pimps. It was not his at the beginning of their adult able to decide for themselves, since they did not even know what you flourish in prostitution. Beautiful as Peter Buser could not even formulate the relentless women's rights activist. I need not determine that my view on the matter far, far different from his own! But whatever? With an open and honest opinion put forward can always live better than with a jammed retained.

Something struck Peter Buser and appears to stand in his exalted behavior and his anti-feminist stance: The young women who accompany him on the big occasions or that are otherwise in his Gesell found Community, and consider it in any way as a rude ruler or even macho violent offenders , He has, even though he may not admit it, really heart and helps the young ladies of his entourage permanently with any problems. And he not only and not primarily supports them with money. He proves though not him, this is

a priori trusts, as a wise counselor and mentor. His female entourage calls him friend and teacher, not free or Lustgreis. It's him, amazingly, managed to build a friendly, loving relationship with a wide variety of ladies. It does not occur to them excessively close is pleased with them if they find the community or marriage to a young man who listens to her love problems.

A very interesting man and something completely different than what we know from the gray gnomes of Zurich!

I want to come back to them, "brave" in this horror! In all the bankers who always and primarily have their political correctness and its occurrence in the eye.

You have another important property, when I never know quite whether they imposed them the area or whether it comes from an inner Accord: Any particular sexual orientation, any aberration or even perversion - be it ever so easy and harmless - running completely in secret. More so than any other businessman who is intent on correct performance, the status-conscious bankers ensures that nothing penetrates his secret inclinations to the public or even to the air. Also any problems of family life remain entirely in the private sector, the yacht that has or bankers on the Mediterranean which lies in the French Alps vacation home. Nothing should interfere with the default occurs.

The gray mouse appears armored and strong. As it says in the adverts a well known Zurich Domina with aim towards the highest squads that make up a large part of their clientele recruited: "You have to be strong to be submissive to." And then it demands obedience and it is recommended for all what the strong and professionally dominant maximum squad banker can converge in the mouth water.

Peter Buser is completely different. What he likes what excites him what he enjoys as a luxury, it provides with amazing Unashamedly awareness on display. His Be relationships to various young ladies are an open book. Likewise, his preferences. There's nothing here verknorzt repressed anything. I am convinced that he has no need to spank in secret by a dominatrix ass or to change the diapers. I have, by the way, nothing against those who take to complete. It is allowed: any animals shall be his Pläsierchen.

When Peter Buser has fun in matters of love, he enters ostentatiously and

merrily, almost always accompanied by his feminine entourage. He never cowers before bid of political correctness. He elaborates on the relationship between man and woman, one wonders why is never an emancipated thinking lady violently overthrown him. The big heart of Peter Buser is opposed. His performances can not blame you him. And I hear some sigh: "How many of us would have liked to appear so, and how many do not dare for fear of losing their mask."

Maybe it's just the straightness and brazenness that Peter Buser has always prevented to join the excesses that have spread in banking in Switzerland and other countries. He was always decided one for the customer. For the customer level, which he adjourned to live with a straight, maybe eccentric figure like him as a consultant.

Safe: Peter Buser are the most powerful banking scandals of recent times, been spared in that he had already reduced its activities in the turbulent years of age. but it was always to resist the temptations and excesses of banking, and Peter Buser achieved this thanks to its good and healthy temperament. With him there was no bonus excesses. With him there was no through trading of securities accounts to accumulate as many trading kickbacks, not even the temptation to devote themselves to the active tax evasion. He was the cobbler of Swiss banking, and he remained to his last.

Peter Buser is an educated, multilingual man. In 1971 he earned a doctorate in Bern with summa cum laude. In 1970 he founded a management company first Börsenbera. A growing number of customers gave him scope of its asset management mandates in Swiss banks. And soon came the full breakthrough: As one of the very few he gained as an individual state permit for securities trading (Concession B) of the Canton of Zurich. He managed the opportunity to serve client funds in omnibus accounts and was practically as a person to the bank. He distinguished himself as a competitor of the banks and scored in the 80s journal subject to annual sales of 500 to 800 million francs.

His position allowed him to take collateral loans for interbank rate. He gave these loans then continue with only one half of one percent surcharge to customers. Normal business and administrative banks demanded about 3 percent in addition to the interbank rate. had so

the customers of Peter Buser a very substantial interest rate advantage. His company soon became popular.

And as for morality, it can be said: Peter Buser has driven not only his clients out of business. His action and work done for the benefit of its customers. He made none of those conflicts of interest between themselves and the customer, as elsewhere often rampant. The kommissionsjagende sales trading, in which not the customer's interest, but that of the bank was at the forefront, there was not.

Even on investment banking, Peter Buser never let one. He said quite simply: There is something that we can do better Swiss than others, and I do. I stay at my bar.

His business wisdom makes Peter Buser an outstanding exponent of Swiss banking. And I dare to believe that he had not been one of those who blinked first in the later large banking scandals and their employees and customers betrayed cowardly.

Outstanding figures such as Peter Buser can be uncomfortable, can even get on your nerves. But this Attractive for its customers was embodied by him traditional Swiss banking. we had more exponents who had carried this good in its purest form, would have been probably saved us a lot of problems.

Peter Buser has his money legally and never attained to the detriment of its customers. He deserves a lot and is not ashamed to show it. He may be those exponents of our economic model, which does not want to leave, to camouflage their income and their assets and hide.

Peter Buser is unique. If there were only Buser in Swiss banking, so it would be unbearable. But we need figures like him urgently. We need outstanding people who dare to say what they think. He has never had the ambition to be a great politician or commentator such as the excellent banker Konrad Hummler. He said, saying in clever modesty: "I know what I can do, I know what I enjoy. I'm the shoemaker of Swiss banking, and I stick to my last. "

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## Important keywords in books by or about Peter Buser

A = aphorisms and other Kurzweil, ISBN 3-8334-2898-8 F = footnotes of punters, ISBN 978-3-906276-23-6 B = biography "I was a bank. And worse ", ISBN 978-3-906276-61-8

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## About Peter Buser



He lulls women tenderly and pushes men brusquely.  
Wives and daughters are to be kept in the house when  
he's in the area.

*Dr. Bernhard Madörin, lawyer and novelist, Basel*

With voltage is observed the back and forth between  
two worlds.

*Prof. Fritz Oser, University of Friborg*

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