

Torquemada, the chief inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition, when that institution was in full bloom was known as the world's greatest torturer. The methods and all of the instruments that he used to inflict torture on other human beings were all very ingenious, but they were very crude compared to those in use today.

I have been to Spain and while there I have visited their museums and big cathedrals where some of those old time implements were on view. I looked 'em all over. I have read many books which told of the methods then in use. The rack, the wheel, red hot irons to burn out the eyes, pinchers to pull off parts of the body, fire to burn and water to drown. I have seen and read of them all.

Everything I have ever seen or read on this subject makes me convinced that, though time and methods have changed, men are the same and the actual results are the same.

Torture, pain and agony is a relative thing.

When pain reaches a certain point, then it has reached the limit and can be no worse.

The history of mankind goes back for only a few thousand years but men lived and died on this earth for uncounted thousands of years before the dawn of history as men know it today. Yet in all these thousands of years men have learned little. The men of the world today are doing the same things that their ancestors done ages ago. Men have always had intelligence which never has increased--only knowledge has kept advancing.

The knowledge that men have gained by observing the different kinds of torture used by different men in different times and places have all gone into the making of what I believe to be the last word in the fine art of putting men to torture. The absolute quintessence and supreme acme of an old and fine art. ^t The Humming-Bird

This bird is not a bird and yet this bird is a bird. This isn't the kind of a bird that has feathers and flies through the air enjoying life and freedom as nature made it and intended that it should.

This bird is a bird that was conceived in the mind of another bird. That one was a human bird, a buzzard of the human species. He sure must have been to figure out a device that would inflict the maximum of corporal

corporal punishment with the minimum of harm to himself and the most exquisite anguish on the victim of the Humming Bird.

This bird wasn't made of any feathers full of the spirit of life. It was made of steel, water, wire, a sponge and a little electricity. Yet it was alive. That doesn't sound as though it held such a hell of torture as it did.

First, an ordinary steel bathtub in which was 4 or 5 inches of ice cold water. The victim is layed down in that and there chained hand and foot. Then the chief torturer enters the scene. He is dressed in his ordinary clothes and has only a rubber slicker and a pair of rubber gloves on his hands. In his hands he holds a common sponge. This sponge is connected to an electric battery by wires. The switch is turned on and the torturer advances on his victim. He first begins on the soles of the feet by gently rubbing the charged sponge there, and then gradually working his way up the body to the head. The sensation of the victim are that there seems to be millions of red hot needles sticking into him. The agony is intense. Two or three minutes of this and the victim is then all ready for either the grave or ~~the~~ mad-house. Yet there is not a single mark or bruise on his whole body.

A physician stands beside the victim and every few seconds feels the pulse and examines him. When he judges that the victim is exactly on the verge of madness or death, he gives the signal to switch off the current. Then the victim is taken out of the bathtub and thrown into a cell where he is left for a few days or weeks. At the end of that time he is either a helpless and hopeless idiot or a raving maniac.

There are hundreds of men in the world today who have undergone this form of torture. Most of them are in their graves, some are in madhouses, some in prisons or jails and hospitals, and some are out walking the streets today.

This system of torture was practiced for many years and all that time there were a lot of people who heard of it and investigated and tried to stop it. When they first began to investigate the rumors, they had heard they were met at the gate by a big, fine, prosperous, benevolent-looking gentleman who at once told them what a fine prison he had and ~~what~~ a wonderful place it was. Oh yes, he was a very religious man and a very law-abiding citizen. On the surface everything looked rosy and very fine. The food the committee saw was very good. The prisoners made

no complaints or very few. The doctor would prove that he also was a very fine fellow and that anyone who said different was crazy and not to be believed. It is the nature to be deceived very easily by those who wish and have the power and the intelligence to do so. People believe what they want to believe. Truth isn't liked.

I don't feel much like doing any writing just at this time. I am still a little bit dizzy from that last beating and the torture at the post. *This is true HPL*

I have a lot of things on my mind just at this time to think about. I am pretty well upset and any writing that I do now will probably be pretty well muddled up but later on when I feel better and the conditions for thinking and putting my thoughts in writing, I shall oblige you to the best of my feeble ability by writing the true facts of my life history.

And the worst is yet to come,
A little meaner and meaner,
Every day in every way.

During the past few weeks there have been about a dozen newspaper reporters around here wanting to talk to me but I wouldn't talk to any of them. They done me plenty of harm and none of them ever done me any good. I don't care to talk to them but I would like to give them this what I have written and see if they will publish this the truth instead of a lot of hot air and guess work as they have been doing lately.

Carl Panzram

The Humming Bird died in Ohio where it was born but before it died it hatched out another bird and that is the electric chair.

Time goes on, customs change but men remain the same and the final results are the same today as they were ages ago.

This world I don't like and would like to leave it and see if the other is better or worse.

This whole joint seems to be upset today. Everybody up in the air on their ears. First some bug started whistling and cursing the preacher at church time. Then some other nut tried to burn the joint down. Then the Bug Doctor came here and examined me to see if I was nuts. The screws have been hopping around all day putting guys in the cooler and chaining 'em to the post. This dam joint is so full of nuts that I am thinking they are all nuts except me. Anyway, I can't do any writing or any real thinking. Wait until I can get a lot of things off my mind and then I'll write some more.

Read for work

This whole system was all exposed and stopped years ago in the Ohio State Prison and other places by Miss Ida Tarbell of Oklahoma. She was a writer who specialized in that kind of writing for years but she was finally bull-dozed and bribed into writing for the conservative press and the orthodox people.

? Mr. Upton Sinclair is another writer whose writing along those lines caused him so much trouble by the people that he exposed that he was driven out of this country and now lives abroad except for short and infrequent visits to this, his ~~XXXXX~~ own country, and while here he goes around with body guards, The people don't like to be told the truth. *Did he ever live abroad? ask someone who might know*

Right today, not last year or a hundred years ago, there are many, many places and many many people whose sole business in life is to torture and mistreat other men.

Men taught me all I know, and what they done to me I done to them.

Might makes right.

This being the case, then we are today what we were a million years ago.

I was going to write a lot more of this but I cut it short for several reasons.

Today I was notified to get myself ready for trial on the 12th. Today a couple more coppers came to me looking for a lost murder from Rhode Island. They must look somewhere else for him.

Today my eyes are getting worse.

Today my right hand is hurting me too much to write .

Today I am weary and all through.

During the past few weeks I have made several confessions. Each one about a separate case. All of these different confessions are parts of one complete series of acts. You have the only full and complete confession I have ever made.

If you check up on the lot, you will find that everything I have written down is the full truth.

You probably will never check up on all of it but if will just check up on one bit of short time--those 36 days I was free before I got pinched this time and when I was released from Dannemora, July 6, 1928, until August 13, 1928.

You will find that I committed sodomy about 25 times; burglary 12 times; murder 1 time.

And I was just getting all set to do a wholesale business in all these lines.

Maybe I am wrong but I think that if these words that I have written should ever be handled by the right people in the right way, something would sure pop. Maybe my neck and maybe more.

I do know that there are a hell of a lot of people in this world who would give a lot to see what I have written. The D. A. for one. The newspapers and magazines for another. Some of those newspaper reporters who have been after me would sure be glad to get their hooks and eyes on it. You better make yourself a copy quick.