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Hitler's Father, Adolf's Mother
Adolf's Mother, Hitler's Father

Book I

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes without meaning, and that leaves ^{me.} ~~my spirit~~ disposed toward rebellion. I would say that is why I am preparing to write a novel. Among my former associates, this was ^{an oath we had sworn} ~~precisely what we swore~~ not to do. I was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I would not look to defend him—he turned out to be one hell of a monster. At the

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same, Himmler did have an original mind, and one of his theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my novelistic intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

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The room in which Himmler used to instruct us should not be difficult to picture since it was a modest lecture theatre with dark wall ut panelling and twenty seats raked ^{upward} in four rows of five. My emphasis will not often be, however, on such details, since I prefer to concern myself with Himmler's more private ideas. There sits my purpose—I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief—let me put it more directly—I am ready to set sail into a sea of turbulence, a maelstrom of new problems.

The first is that I, an accomplished veteran of mendacity, must now try to recount the truth. What a cacophony erupts ^{within!} ~~in my head!~~ After all, our occupation was not only to warp the truth but gain momentum from the distortions. Mendacity, after all, possesses its own art. Now I am burdened with an unfamiliar inclination: the desire to tell it—as Americans say - straight out! For a serious intelligence officer, this inclination has always

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been impermissible. But then, I no longer know exactly where I am (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion since this man whose nickname, behind his back, was Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four truly important leaders in Germany. Yet his most private intellectual pursuit was the study of incest. It was more than a signal point of interest, it was an obsession. It dominated our secret research. His closed lectures often returned to the prevalence of this problem. Through the centuries, incest, he would propose, had been rife among the poor of all lands. Even our German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even during the Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned society cares to speak of this matter," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be done. Who would bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified offspring of incest? No, every establishment of every civilized nation has swept it under the rug."

All ranking government officials in the world, that is, except our Heinrich Himmler. He did have the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his unhappy spectacles. I must repeat that for a man with a bland

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and chinless mug, he certainly had a mind of his own. To us who worked closely with him, his thought proved disruptive—such a frustrating mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He was ^{not close to,} ~~separated from~~ any comfortable category. For example, he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted that there would be a healthy future for all when paganism took over the world. Everyone's soul would then be rich with hitherto unacceptable pleasures. None of us could conceive, however, of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a woman ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll with Heinrich Himmler. No, not even in the most innovative spirit of the game! You could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that bespectacled disapproving stare of the wallflower, tall, thin, ~~but~~ a youth full of physical ineptitude. Already he had a skinny pot-belly. There he was, ready to wait by the wall until the dance was over.

Yet he grew obsessed over the years with matters others would hardly dare to mention aloud (which, I must say, is usually the first step to new thought!) In fact, he paid close attention to mental retardation. On rare occasions, it offered, he would propose, a back-door relation to genius.

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Himmler proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that there were rare but most special situations when the most ~~exceptionally~~ promising offspring could be found in low, nondescript families with many children. Such kids were, all too often, incestuaries. The word, as he coined it in German, was Inzestuarier. He did not like the more common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as sometimes employed in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory ^{must} ~~had~~, of ^{early} ~~course, to~~ be dismissed. Even in the ~~first~~ years of the S.S., Himmler had recognized that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups, a phenomenal elite. We were to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, the health of National Socialism depended, he ^{liked to} ~~would often~~ say, on nothing less than these letzte Fragen (last questions). We were to explore problems that other nations did not expect nor dare to go near. Incest - count on it—was at the head of the list. Once the German mind could re-establish itself again as the leading inspiration to the learned world, then—

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so went his unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to Heinrich Himmler for his profound attack on world problems originating in the agricultural milieu. He would emphasize the underlying point: Problems of husbandry could not be contemplated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little gesture Hitler used ^{to employ} ~~one~~ prissy flip of the wrist. It was Heinrich's way of saying: "Now comes the meat and with it—the potatoes!" ~~And~~ off he would go on a peroration. "Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants are devout. Among us, ^{For those of us in this room,} ~~fore in camera~~ ^{We know!} ~~we~~ need not refer to our special studies ~~in order to declare that~~ an acute fear of the sinful will display itself by one of two ~~opposed~~ extremes: ~~Either~~ Absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels once wrote, 'When the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. That is also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout." He

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nodded. He nodded again as if two good pumps of his head might be the minimum necessary to convince us *that he was speaking from both sides of his heart!*

How, he asked, could the average peasant of the last century avoid these blood temptations? After all, peasants, as we all knew, were not the most attractive people. If born with good features, *the early* ~~any such~~ advantage was soon worn away by hard labor. Moreover, they reeked of the field and the barn. Their personal odors were at the mercy of hot summers *under* ~~under~~ such

circumstances, how could basic impulses not be subject to bestial inclinations? *Moreover, there was* ~~Add to this~~ the paucity of their social life. How, then, were *they* ~~of them~~ *ability* ~~of them~~ to acquire the inner power to stay away from entanglements with brothers and sisters, fathers and daughters?

He did not go on to speak of the propinquity of limbs and torsos when three and four children are in a bed, nor the ham-handed naturalness of the most agreeable work of all—that hard-breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the hills of physical joy. “Therefore, yes,” he declared, “more than a few in the agricultural sector come *willy-nilly* ~~to~~ see incest as an available option. Who, after all, is more likely to find the honorable work-hardened features of the father or the brother particularly attractive? The daughters, of course! Or the

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sisters. Often they are the only ones. The father, having created them remains the focus of their attention."

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer, "How," ~~he would ask~~ ^{and} ~~us many times, can one imagine~~ the primal importance of the Will? He ^{get} would then refer to a ^{that} particular word ^{fresh to use} which was still a wonderful new ~~concept for us~~ back in 1938—genes. These genes, he said, are the biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's Will. ^{they are the present} Yes, ~~the existence~~ in our life of the mysterious Will. "Now, we know for a fact," he said, "that certain ^{Let us take the next step} instincts are passed on from one generation to the next ^{on and on} (Why? ^{its origins, to what I} Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to ^{what I choose to call} The Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, The Originating Vision. That Vision is at the core of our physical and mental being. ^{'Ja, I say, 'ja, ja, ja!'} Yes, and again yes! ^{We} ~~have been engaged~~ ^{we have been seeking} from the beginning of human time ^{to rise to the heights} of human glory. ^{as} We Germans, were the first to perceive that this was the primary aim ~~of human existence~~. The Will has been given to us by nothing less than Creation itself." Not two nods this time, but one. A profound nod.

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"Of course, there are countless impediments to ^{such} transcendent
 improvement. As we all know through bitter personal disappointments it is
 never easy to protect what is best in oneself. I would even say that the
 purest of our genes ^{can only} carry and preserve their hope of ^{achieving this} arriving at a high purpose
 by rising above the privations, humiliations, disasters and tragedies the
 Vision must inevitably suffer in the course of being transmitted from father
 to child, generation after generation. Great leaders, I would tell you, are
 not the product of one father and one mother, but are to be seen as the
 descendants of ten hitherto frustrated generations. So, ^{we have} one has the right to
 ask—has the Originating Vision been warped out of shape by life's
 demands? Has it been lost ^{to} in most humans? Yes, unhappily, yes, so often,
 the Vision is abandoned. ^{Of that I can assure you} Even the noblest genes
 must undergo agonies of spirit in the course of ^{transfer from} passing through one
 generation to the next. ^{It is necessary} This torturous journey across the
 generations ^{is necessary for it} offers the only ^{high road} road available to a family of ordinary people. I
 will add that ^{I have} these concepts have not been arrived at through my own ^{at these concepts}
 personal experience but rather by scrupulous observation. ^{rather than from personal} For example, I,
 Heinrich Himmler, would ^{never} not care to suggest that I qualify as such an ^{experience} Uber-

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Mensch—a genius of the people! To the contrary, my ^{family} roots go back ~~as a~~
~~(long line of natural evolution which can be traced)~~ all the way to Heinrich
 the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages. You will
 recall he stood chest-to-chest in combat against Charlemagne. His blood-
 relation to my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to look
 to repeat his great achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I must
 admit that I ^{can} look upon my own career thus far as a determined
 accomplishment. Most determined. Nonetheless, I will insist that the only
^(life achievement) triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe is the heroic rise of Adolf
^{for, as we know, he comes} Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant ^{stock.} roots. (Let us never lose
^{his} sight of ~~our~~ super-human achievement."

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to
 form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the ongoing inspiration of the
 Originating Vision not be obstructed by the ^{very} process of reproduction?"

^{That} Reproduction, after all, is a commingling. Procreation may bring together
 multimillions of sperm, yet each one is nonetheless faced with the mission

~~(near-to-impossible)~~ of travelling all the way up to the ovum, that highly-
 developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to each

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↓
lonely sperm-cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded ~~forcibly~~ ^{and}
more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that ~~no~~ ^{he}
~~could resist~~
difficulty ~~resided in the incomparable light of~~ an exceptional solution.

would maintain that the multi-millions of sperm in one man's ejaculation are

all committed to reach the target even as the morale of a first-rate company

^{comparable to}
of infantry. ^{Yes, there is a} ~~its~~ ^{self-immolation which will} readiness for death will carry the men up through an

^{through the uphill} ~~attack on a forbidding ridge. One can propose that~~ sperm, during the act of

^{also} ~~coition, acts in just such purposeful~~ ^{self-sacrificing} fashion. But," he flipped up a finger

^{sperm cell to reach the ovum. Whenever we face the} ~~in admonition~~ will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately

^{next question} ~~and artfully matured in~~ ^{that same ovum} ~~the ovum~~ will they, we must ask, be compatible

^{the separate genes of ovum and sperm} ~~with the semen of the man? Or will they be in essential dispute?~~ ^(cell)

^{Will they act like many} ~~husbands and wives? Will the ovum look to contravene the~~ ^{genes} sperm of the man's cell?

~~man?~~ I would have to answer, yes, just about always they are ~~much~~ in

^{much in dispute!} ~~dispute.~~ ^{general} Sperm and ovum, ~~given the average,~~ are able, in practice, to prove

^{for procreation to occur. But do not} ~~sufficiently compatible to procreate. But expect little. The man and woman~~

~~expect exceptional results in the product, for~~ ^{so rarely share the same particulars in the Vision. Their separate genes have}

~~so rarely share the same particulars in the Vision. Their separate genes have~~ ^{had separate experiences in life. Separate, indeed, that life has altered}

~~Shave the same particulars from the Vision~~ ^{their genes.}

^{their separate lives, their separate families, have altered their respective genes.}

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"When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, we ~~have~~ ^{must} to be humble ^{as we face} before the odds. Not even one in a million families will be able to ^{present us with} provide a husband and a wife who are ^{similar} close enough in their genes to bring forth ^{a miraculous} such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a billion. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, we have a right to propose that the Superman ^{will} ~~can~~ only come forth from a mating of male and female genes which are possessed of exceptionally similar ~~predispositions in the~~ genetic inheritance. Only then can ^{two} such embodiments of The Original Vision be ready to reinforce each other. That is the vital collaboration."

Who could not see where Heinrich was determined to take us? Incest offered the nearest possibility for fulfilling ^{such} ~~divine~~ unity of purpose.

^{life,} "In ~~actuality~~ ^{life,}, however," said Himmler, "it is never ~~as~~ simple. We are all aware of the poor, even debased, human products who come our way from these inter-family fornications. Yes, we know. So very often, children who are a product of incest present a host of childhood ills and

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early deaths, physical anomalies, and all too many other monstrosities of mal-development."

He stood there, sad and stern. "This is the price ^{we} humanity must be prepared to pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the worst ^{eventuate} ^{For not} (more often. Not only are good tendencies encouraged in such a child's ^{an incestuary} genes but bad ones ^{reinforce} rush forward as well. Our mysterious friends, the genes, are equally ready to ^{reinforce} combine their less agreeable possibilities. Instability is to be expected, therefore, as a product of incest. Idiocy waits ^{the common} in the wings. We must ^{also} ^{that} ^{even} ^{that} ^{when} ^{rare} ^{exist} recognize ^{the} ^{finer} ^{the} ^{possibilities} ^{for} ^{the} ^{future} development of a great spirit, so too can we expect that social ^{obstacles} ^{inhibitions} will rear up ^{everywhere} to oppress this would-be proud spirit. ^{frustrations which surround him} ^{frustration} can soon unhinge the brain or induce early death." So spoke Heinrich Himmler.

I think all of us present knew the ^{sub-text underlying} tendency of these remarks. At this ^{point} ^{Back} in 1938, we were looking (in greatest secrecy, you may be certain) to determine whether our Fuehrer was a first or second-degree incestuary. Or, neither. If not, if neither, then Himmler's theory had to

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collapse. Hitler was more than the best example—he was the proof itself.
Provided, of course, that he was a true product of incest.

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Now I am more ready to speak of the obsession we shared with
Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, who, I confess, lived often in
the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that we ^{all of us in IV-2a} were obsessed.
But then, what ^{causes?} is that dark cloud in our mind but the need to live with a
question that remains unanswerable? Our power to think ^{analyze} is thereby
rendered ^{Not only Pau IV-2a but for} more numb. You can expect it: For most Germans, the first

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even today
 obsession *(is Adolf Hitler)*. Who among us does not try to understand him?
 Yet, where is the man or woman who can *is content* feel satisfied ~~with the answer~~

Let me surprise you. I do not have this particular trial. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf. For the fact is that I know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom, from the inside, I am actually prepared to say. To borrow from the Americans, given their rough grasp of reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I say: "Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. But with a different question. *un ceasing* *is that I do not know whether*
~~never ceasing~~ quandary: ~~Do I~~ dare provide an explanation? When I think *most heavily* of relating how I know what I know, I am seized by a ~~sharp~~ sense of

oppression. It is not easy to admit, but I can describe it as a fear comparable *to the contemplation of*
~~to diving at night into black water~~ from a considerable height *into black water*

~~Let~~ *must* it understood then that I ~~will~~ proceed at a careful pace, ~~and trust~~
~~therefore~~ *and will speak at least in*
 I choose to start *therefore* with the given. At present, I will continue to speak of Hitler, *the beginning from a distance that leaves*
~~therefore, from a distance~~
~~me not too uncomfortable~~

Concerning his family roots, I do have, however, *some* ~~a few~~ particulars of

interest. In Special Section IV-2a—as already explained—we ~~always~~ }

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observed immaculate secrecy concerning our findings. ^{For the best of reasons,} ~~We had to~~ By the

end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than any other SS cohort ^{who had approached} ~~that is because we~~ entrusted to approach such research. ^{We were the ones, however, ready to} ~~contend then,~~

look into ^{the most} dangerous questions. We had to live ^{after all,} with the ~~fear that we could find answers which might be~~ ^{contend then,} ~~fear there might be answers~~ (destructive enough to imperil the Third Reich.

On the other hand, we had the confidence needed to know that once we

obtained ^{certain facts} ~~some answers~~, even if they were nauseating facts, we would, ^{at least,} be

able to choose which lies might be required to buttress ^{all the} patriotic feelings ^{out there in the populace, of course, it was not easy.} Nonetheless, our ^{anxiety} uneasiness collected into ^{clot} a psychic sector which

that promised to be directly explosive. ^{secretly} Should the answer prove to be the one ^{than incest}

we feared, ^{it would prove far worse, indeed,} ~~than any certification of incest.~~ ^{We had to explore into a most tormenting} ~~is the Fuehrer. This most troubling question would have to ask whether~~

^{question, Had} ~~Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew?~~

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That was not the only dire possibility. For a time, we considered an inquiry into another delicate rumor. Monorchidism. Did our Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who possess only one testicle? It was true that he invariably covered his groin with ~~his~~^a hand whenever a flashbulb photo was about to be taken, a classic gesture understandable, if you are a monorchid. You wish to protect the remaining testicle. But it is one thing to note such a vulnerability, another to verify it. While results could be obtained ^{easily enough} by interviewing the few women who had had intimate relations with Der Fuehrer and were still alive, how were we to control the repercussions? What if word got back to Hitler that a couple of

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officers in the SS were, so to speak, fingering his genital(s)? We had to give up the project. ^{That was,} (Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to be a first-degree incestuary, then all questions of monorchidism are subsumed. Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

It was obvious. We had to consider the possibility that there might be no better explanation for the legendary Will-of-the-Fuehrer than Blood-Scandal.

^{Obviously,} (Himmler loathed the idea ~~of course~~ that Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather might have been a Jew. That would not only destroy his thesis, but leave us with a major scandal to bury. Even worse, it was not a new ^{supposition. That precise fear} ~~for. The supposition~~ had first come to light eight years earlier. Back in 1930, a personal letter had come to Hitler's desk. The young man who penned it was named William Patrick Hitler, and he turned out to be the son of Adolf's older half-brother, Alois Hitler, Jr. The nephew's letter could easily be seen as ^{an introductory} ~~a lightly veiled~~ threat of blackmail for it referred to shared circumstances in our family history. (The fool had gone so far as to underline the words.) That would have been a dangerous letter to write if

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William Patrick Hitler lived in Germany, but he had been ready to come forward with this bravado ~~only~~^{because} because he dwelt in England, safe with his Irish mother.

What, then, were these shared circumstances? We knew William Patrick Hitler was speaking of Hitler's grandmother, Maria Anna Schicklgruber. After the birth in 1837 of her son, Alois Schicklgruber, in a miserable hamlet called Strones in the Austrian province of Waldviertel, she used to receive small but regular sums of money from an unknown source, presumably the father. Yet this Alois, ~~was~~^{new-born in 1837,} was no less than the man who, at the age of 52, became Adolf Hitler's father. That was not until 1889, but ~~back~~^{for fifty-two} ~~in 1837,~~^{years earlier,} and for many years after, one rumor stayed alive among Maria Anna's family and neighbors. It was that the stipend came from a well-to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of Graz, a ~~good~~^{good} distance from Strones. According to the legend, Maria Anna Schicklgruber had worked as a maid in this Jew's house, became pregnant, and returned to the hamlet. What sustained the story was that there was no name for the father. When she took the baby to be baptized, her parish priest listed the birth as "illegitimate," a common declaration in those parts. The Waldviertel was

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known, after all, as the poorhouse of Austria. One hundred years later, following the Anschluss in 1938, I was even sent down to the region. Allow me to offer my results. The findings were, in fact, fascinating, but it would be premature to explain how I found out what I did. Let me say again that it will take a while before I know how ^{ready} much I am ~~prepared to~~ ^{to} present ~~of~~ my real methods of discovery.

The results, then.

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Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Rosenau, Heidenreichstein and Litschau are castles in the Waldviertel. This province, situated north of the Danube, is a land of tall beautiful pines. Indeed Waldviertel can be translated directly as the "wooded quarter." and the silences of the forests are dark and hooded in contrast to the spring green of the occasional field. The soil, however, does not welcome agriculture. So the castles are, for the most part, modest. The Hiedlers (who later became Hitlers) lived in Spital, a village of sorts, and the Schicklgrubers, their cousins, lived in the aforesaid Strones, a place certainly small enough to be termed a hamlet. In those years an Austrian hamlet in the backwoods confirmed the meaning of dirt-poor. Strones was mud-deep along its one

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lane, and, of course, had no inn, just a few dozen huts with roofs of thatch. If Strones was profuse in pig wallows around each dwelling, cow flop was more prominent in the town meadows. Here and there, the redolence of horse manure would speak of the value of dray-horses. This was, after all, an area where a peasant often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, one churned through various grades of mud. There was gumbo thick as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, cuds, rocks, common clay. Most of the peasants had never been near any of the Waldviertel castles just listed. Even the nearest, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away. For that matter, Strones did not even have a church. One had to go to another ~~nearly~~ hamlet, and there in the parish registry, the name of Maria Anna's son was inscribed as "Alois Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male,"—and, as we know—"Illegitimate."

Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was born. Coming from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead, it was certainly possible that she had cohabited with any one of several of her brothers. One of them could be the missing mate. (Himmler had, of course, no objection to that, since Alois, to repeat, was ~~going to be~~ Adolf's father.)

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In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of Maria Anna's parents, who had lost their farm and now had to work for wages, and were thus even poorer than their neighbors, the mother and her son dwelt for the next five years in one of her father's two small rooms. The mysterious money that came in dependable installments helped to support all these Schicklgrubers.

We were ready, even eager, to find an inner-family trove of copulations, but that did not allow us to dismiss the Jew from Graz. Inquiries, we understood (via Himmler) had been made eight years ago in 1930. Hitler on reading his nephew's letter, had sent it on immediately to his lawyer, Hans Frank. Our Fuehrer, as some may no longer recall, did not become Chancellor until 1933, and three years earlier, (which was not the best political period for the Nazis), Hans Frank, like most of the other close associates, was looking nonetheless to worm his way in a little closer to the inside circle around the *after all* *yet* Leader. There was ~~after all~~ still a chance that Adolf Hitler would ~~succeed~~ *become the German Chancellor*.

Frank had unhappy news to deliver. The likelihood was that the father to Maria Anna's pregnancy was a nineteen-year-old, the oldest boy of a Jewish merchant named Frankenberger. It made sense. In those years, the scion of many a well-to-do family commonly enjoyed his first carnal

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outings with a housemaid. Nor did she have to be anywhere near his age. Such provenance was accepted by the good bourgeois mores of a provincial city like Graz as proven in practice. It was seen as a good deal better than consorting with whores or settling too early on a sweetheart who, in such adolescent circumstances, was bound to be unsuitable.

Frank claimed to have seen some conclusive evidence. He told Hitler that he had been shown a letter from Herr Frankenberger, the father of the boy, to Maria Anna. The letter promised to provide regular payments for Alois over the next fourteen years.

Our Adolf did not, however, ^{accept} ~~need~~ this news. He told Hans Frank that the true story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler, his own mother's second cousin, who had finally come around to marry Maria Anna Schicklgruber five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I am ready to examine this letter from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank told Hitler that the letter was not available. The man who possessed it was asking an impossibly high price and could not be budged.

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Besides, the letter could have been photo-copied. If so, acquisition was worth little.

"You have, of course, seen the original?" Hitler asked

"I was able to look at it while in his office. He had two big fellows standing beside him. He also had a pistol on the table. What must he have been expecting?"

Hitler ~~nodd~~^{nodded}. "In a case like this, one cannot even ~~expect~~^{foresee?} a premature death. The letter will be in one place and the photographic copy in another."

There it remained, one more concern for Hitler to carry.

By 1938, however, our findings came up with a variant. It no longer seemed so certain that Maria Anna had been receiving money for all of ~~the~~^{since} fourteen years ~~after~~^{after} 1837. Following her marriage ~~back~~^{much} in 1842, she and her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, were ~~too~~^{much} poor to have a home of their own. For a time they actually slept in an empty food trough ~~for~~^{other wise used} cattle in a neighbor's barn. Of course, that did not ~~mean~~^{prove} that no money was coming in since Johann Georg could certainly have drunk it up. In Strones, he remained a legend due to the depth of his drunken stupors. (Through

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do so actually took another twenty years. Had Hans Frank been lying? Was he so careless or callous as to make a play on his own name? Frankenberger! Indeed!

Himmler explained it to me. Frank was bold. Indeed, he did not acquire his final nickname for too little. (By 1942, he would be known as the "Butcher of Poland.") ^{In} ~~By~~ 1930, at the time of the nephew's letter, he was, as already suggested, looking to ^{install himself in the inner} ~~improve his position in Hitler's circle.~~

As ~~way~~ ^{himself with} Himmler saw it, Hans Frank had invented the existence of the letter in order to provide a pressure point on his leader. Given the absence of such a document, Hitler could not know whether Frank was making it up, telling the truth, or, worst of all, might actually possess the letter. It could have been the end of Hans Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz but the lawyer understood his client well enough to wager that Hitler did not really want to know.

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his close assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler that there were no Jews in Graz back in 1837. He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within our ruling group who was not searching

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29

an unbreakable
for ~~any~~ *any of* on the others? Frank was now in Himmler's grasp. Given this
mutual understanding, he did serve Himmler overtly and well. *Still* ~~Heinrich~~ *Sig. L*
1942, when Hitler *still* ~~to the end~~ nervous about the Jewish grandfather
instructed our Heinrich to send a good man to Graz, and Himmler, looking
to protect the *(undercover loyalty to)* ~~usefulness~~ of Hans Frank *for him* now that Frank was
~~Governor General of Poland~~, told the Fuehrer that no tangible evidence was
found. Given everyone's preoccupation with the war, the matter could be
put more or less to rest. Such was Himmler's advice to Hitler

Book 2 last 2 pp only, working cc triple 8/31/04

116

~~double space~~ Insertheads at the wrong end, and she knew—there were not two but three ~~for~~ the~~the~~ ^{was present} She knew, He had,
Evil One, ~~had~~ never come closer.And, now the Hound ^{came} ~~had come~~ to life right in her mouth, ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~most~~Surprised Levi Alois ~~had~~ ^{been} ~~seen~~ ^{in her} ~~to~~ ^{and stronger} ~~live~~. But
it certainly happened. She felt what such power ~~was~~ like that she could return~~that~~ ^{revived} life to her man. For Alois was now stronger ~~and~~ soon meaner and beforelong, ~~revived~~ ^{revived}, fully revived, ~~a man again~~, ^{And now he} ~~and he now~~ kissed Klara's mouth,with all the sap and juice of her ~~lower~~ ^{own other} ~~mouth~~ ^{on his}, the unmentionable one, still onhis lips, ^{how much} ~~was~~ ^{he} ~~ready~~ at last to soil her piety, yes, damned to all~~thought~~ ^{thought} Alois ~~—~~ ^{wife} ~~piety~~, ~~damned churchmouse~~, ~~damned church!~~—he was back from the dead,some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was ^{all} ~~there~~ and never before anight like this, better ~~than a storm at sea~~ ^{for one moment} ~~and then it went on~~^{all} beyond such moments, for she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave

Book 2 last 2 pp only, working cc triple 8/31/04

117

(and knew she was doing it!)
herself over with a prime lust to accept the Devil, and I was there to know

I was there and
this, to know all of this, ~~for~~ I rode with them through the caterwaul of ^{his} coming

both of them
together with Alois ^{into} the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, yes, I knew the

moment when ^{this} new creation was conceived, ^{for} and I, too, was there serving the

oh, yes, and absolutely,
Evil One, yes, I was present at ^{this} the conception, yes, I can say that even as the

Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah ^{for} on one night in Nazareth, so ^{didn't} was I

Serve as
(an agent of the Evil One on this July night nine months and ten days before

Adolf Hitler would be born on April 20, 1889.

Now, I have revealed myself. I am a ^{minister} ~~servant~~ you may call it that--

of the Evil One, yes, a tried and more or less trusted officer in the finest

intelligence service that has ever existed.

heads at the wrong end, and she knew—there were not two but three for the Evil One had never come closer.

And, now the Hound had come to life right in her mouth, it most certainly happened. She felt what such power was like that she could return life to her man. For Alois was now stronger, and soon meaner and before long, revived, fully revived, a man again, and he now kissed Klara's mouth, with all the sap and juice of her lower mouth, the unmentionable one, still on his lips, how much was he ready at last to soil her piety, yes, damned to all piety—damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and never before a night like this, better than a storm at sea for one moment, and then it went on beyond such moments, for she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave

herself over with a prime lust to accept the Devil, and I was there to know this, to know all of this, for I rode with them through the caterwaul of coming together with Alois into the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, yes, I knew the moment when a new creation was conceived, and I, too, was there serving the Evil One, yes, I was present at the conception, yes, I can say that even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah on one night in Nazareth, so was I an agent of the Evil One on this July night nine months and ten days before Adolf Hitler would be born on April 20, 1889.

Now, I have revealed myself. I am a servant—you may call it that—of the Evil One, yes, a tried and more or less trusted officer in the finest intelligence service that has ever existed.

Book III

-1-

Let me repeat: I am a trusted officer of the Evil One. And I have just committed an irretrievable act of treachery: We are forbidden to reveal who we are.

So far, however, my disclosure is still on paper. This affords me a margin of safety which is not wholly reliable but is nonetheless the likeliest

option I have. The Devil is not fond of print which lives too long on paper (which I will soon proceed to explain.) Let me add at that I prefer to speak of him as Our Maestro, or equally, the Evil One. That is a term he often chooses for himself. No matter his title, and despite all his powers, e is no more infinite than God is infinite. Each, like all other beings vast or small, live within certain restrictions, call them paradoxes, that are able to circumscribe even the greatest powers. If humans have their limitations, so do the divine beings. Be it said that hordes of primitive tribes, plus the Egyptians and the Greeks, got it right in the first place. It was left to the Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims to get it all wrong.

As one small and immediate example, I can offer that The Maestro does not care to put up with paper. That substance is derived, after all, from trees (who happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.)

Paper, therefore, is never a first option for the Maestro. Rather, he is more attuned to electronics, which he develops rather than the Lord. Both of them, despite their admittedly prodigious and near to incommensurable powers, are still obliged to live within their separate paradoxes. Given such shelter, I trained myself some time ago to work with paper. By that route, there is less likelihood that my words will be picked up automatically.

Obviously, I am now in defiance of the Maestro. He, if I may speak of such complexity as "he"—forbids our individual efforts to end with any variety of printed text. While he has no desire to use up too large a portion of his resources by monitoring every last detail of our working minds—there are too many demons and small devils for that!—he is certainly not inclined to allow us to go off on our own unapproved ventures. He does not keep a constant watch, but then, he does not have to. We dwell in true fear of him.

Now, however, that I have acquired the skill to keep my thoughts to myself (a discipline worthy of a Yoga!), I feel somewhat more ready to continue this biography, this novel—call it what you will! My assumption is that if he cannot divine some of my thoughts, he will not be alarmed sufficiently to search for a paper trail. His, after all, is an existence committed to endless arduous work. So, I may even feel free to say more about the make-up of our Two Kingdoms. (I could speak of them as two principalities, two realms, two conflicting visions of existence, but Two Kingdoms has been the term since Biblical times. Needless to add, the title encompasses a most embattled duality. One kingdom includes a large world of spiritual soldiers who serve God, and are known by the somewhat self-serving name of angels (we call them the Cudgels!) They are in opposition to our army of devils who are loyal to the Evil One, that is, loyal more or less!

While these warring forces can hardly be unfamiliar to anyone who as read “Paradise Lost,” I would note that many in our kingdom are well-versed in English classics, particularly that one. I cannot speak for the angels, but devils are obliged to be devoted to good literature, even if most of it is on paper. That is because literary material is a professional complement to the work we do with humans. Milton, to be certain, is high in our arcana of poets and novelists whom we do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate (because of their sentimental inexactitudes). He did, after all, provide a rough outline of the contest between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how inaccurate is Milton's estimate, it does present a pioneer demonstration of how our armies might have confronted each other at the commencement of that great estrangement when the earliest squadrons of angels first divided in

camps so opposed that now humans speak most inaccurately of Good and Evil.

One can offer one's respects, then, to that great blind man, even if his moral topography is warped and seriously out of date. Devils who serve the E.O. are by now installed in every corner of human existence. Our war is much like the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its three hundred and sixty-one intersections on which one can deposit a stone). The positions occupied bit by bit with our black stones are forever up to surrounding or in danger of being surrounded by the white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take as long to decipher the results of their black and white encirclements of each other as to play the match.)

To bring, therefore, a first explanation of the sinuosities and recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces at play in the folds and redoubts of society. Of necessity, it will be crude since there are three distinct conceptions of how reality is constituted—the divine, the satanic, and the human. Three separate armies in effect, three kingdoms by now, not two. God and his angels work upon humans to bring them over to His direction. Our E.O. and his loyal cohorts look to infiltrate, or, better, possess many of these same humans. Through ancient eras on to the Middle Ages, humans had virtually no role in this contest. Hence the title: Two Kingdoms. Now there is the individual man or woman to take very much into account. I can say that many, if not most, humans do their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They are always seeking to be free. Their greatest desire is to become what they believe they can be. (They

are reacting to the light of their desires.) In the event, as matters proceed, we devils guide those men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and the particular individual usually does his or her best to fight Us off, both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology, I suspect) that quite a number by now wish to be wholly independent of both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the slew of subtle perversities now embedded in existence. What I have offered so far is but a bare sketch of the true complexity at the root of apparently simple events. My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I will be able to capture something of the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler. (Just why, however, is not clear to me as yet.) Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but also my

weaknesses. I promise you: No devil is without a profile! Some of us can be as complex as men and women, and, on occasion, as disappointing. We have many powers of which the first is our ability to enter the human mind, but on all too many occasions, such powers become seriously misplaced. It is well to keep in mind that when all is said, angels and devils are still spirits and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice.

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Sep. 01 2004 01: 7:41 PM

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Aug. 31 2004 01: 3:00 PM

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

118

Start 121

Book III

-1-

Let me repeat: I am a trusted officer of the Evil One. And ^{this trusted} ~~I have just~~
^{instrument has just} ~~committed an irretrievable act of treachery:~~ ^{never allowed} We are ~~forbidden~~ to reveal who
we are.

^{remains} the author of
So far, however, my disclosure is still on paper. This affords me a
an unsigned piece of paper can up to a point
^{remain anonymous.} ~~Be it understood~~ given the
margin of safety which is not wholly reliable but is nonetheless the likeliest

*this is
not
at all
wasteful my*

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

119

it is an option I have. The Devil is not fond of print which lives too long on paper.

(which I will soon proceed to explain.) Let me add ^{since his name has been} that I prefer to speak ^{usually} ^(which)

^{often referred to as} ^{as} ^{these are the} ^{as}

of him as Our Maestro, or equally, (the Evil One). That is a term he often chooses for himself. ^{for himself} ^{Sometimes to declare our respect} ^{him as the O.A. (or Our Ancient One)} ^{Despite his} ^{no matter his title, and despite all his powers, he is no} ^{the}

Evil One ^{is not} ^{he is not infinite. No more than} ^{each, like all other beings vast or small,}

each of these ^{live within certain restrictions, call them paradoxes, that are able to} ^{nevertheless} ^{but} ^{suffer constraints,} ^{circumscribe even the greatest powers, If humans have their limitations, so}

do the ^{good,} ^{and} ^{plus the} ^{were closer to the actual state}

Egyptians and the Greeks, got it right in the first place. It was left to the

^{Contradictions of cosmic power} ^{later theologians} ^{It was the} ^{Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims to get it all wrong.} ^{who got}

As one small and immediate example, I can offer that The Maestro

Our communications back and forth are mental, ^(It) ^{clear} ^{thought} ^{to} ^{clear} ^{silent} ^{is as clear}

trees (who happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.)

Paper is as clear

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

120

Paper, therefore, ^{was} never a first option for the Maestro. ^{lately, in} Rather, he is ^{laurel} those present American years, ^{for me} I can say that the E.A.'s more attuned to electronics, which he develops rather than the Lord. Both of human progress in these technologies far more than the Lord. In any event, if you will take my remarks as first them, despite their admittedly prodigious and near to incommensurable

God and the Devil
powers, are still obliged to live within their separate paradoxes. Given such have ~~been~~ chosen there fore to continue shelter, I trained myself some time ago to work with paper. By that route,

on the assumption that

there is less likelihood that my words will be picked up automatically, (even processed paper still ~~has~~ contains a faint scent of the lake God put into his trees),

Obviously, I am now in defiance of the Maestro. He, if I may speak of such direct

complexity as "he" -- forbids our individual efforts to end with any variety of us to communicate with ~~much~~ ^{and women} ~~other way at~~

printed text. While he has no desire to use up too large a portion of his

resources by ^{looking to} monitoring every last detail of our working minds—there are too

many demons and small devils for that!—he is certainly not inclined to allow

us to go off on ^{serious} our own unapproved ventures. (He does not keep a constant

watch, but then, he does not have to. We dwell in true fear of him.

(since I can hardly print than!) I will emphasize age in Head)

Paint the Lord and the Devil and still as jealous of each other as the Devil himself. I choose to use it as my form of communication.

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

121

Now, however, that I have acquired the skill to keep my thoughts to
and as difficult to acquire
 myself (a discipline worthy of a Yoga), I feel somewhat more ready to

continue this biography, this novel—call it what you will! My assumption is
that even if he does can still
 that if he cannot divine some of my thoughts, *I may succeed in* he will not be alarmed
scrambling than sufficiently so that he is
not be tempted Intelligence work can be understood
 sufficiently to search for a paper trail. His, after all, is an existence

committed to endless arduous work. So, I may even feel free to say more

about the make-up of our Two Kingdoms. (I could speak of them as two

principalities, two realms, two conflicting visions of existence, but Two

Kingdoms has been the term since Biblical times. Needless to add, the title

encompasses a most embattled duality. One kingdom includes a large world

of spiritual soldiers who serve God, and are known by the somewhat self-

serving name of angels (*we* call them the Cudgels!) They are in opposition to

our army of devils who are loyal to the *E.O.* Evil One, that is, loyal more or less, if

I am any good example!

*as the
contest
between
code
and the
distraction
of code
since
the E.O.
is
always
engaged
as well
in
endless,
prodigious
and
arduous
work,
I choose
to
be
a little
in my
own,*

FROM :AM

FAX NO. :5084872135

Sep 01 2004 01:33PM F19

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Aug 31 2004 01:35PM F7

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

122

While these warring forces can hardly be unfamiliar to anyone who as read

"Paradise Lost," I would note that many in our kingdom are well-versed in

English classics, particularly that one. I cannot speak for the angels, but

devils are obliged to be devoted to good literature, even if most of it is on

paper. *If this seems in opposition to a few remarks I just made, let me say that the Devil does not intend us to*
~~paper. That is because literary material is a professional complement to the~~

therefore,
work we do with humans. Milton, ~~to be certain,~~ is high in our arcana of poets

and novelists whom we do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate

(because of their sentimental inexactitudes). He did, after all, provide a

rough outline of the contest between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how

inaccurate is Milton's estimate, it does present a pioneer demonstration of

how our armies might have confronted each other at the commencement of

that great estrangement when the earliest squadrons of angels first divided in

to read for ourselves, it is just that we will not have to do with paper. After all, we need only to strip a book and its words have been written down, he says

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872135

Sep. 01 2004 11:35PM F20

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Aug. 31 2004 11:35PM P3

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

123

to each other in their aims concerning humans
camps so opposed ~~that now humans~~ speak most inaccurately of Good and
that the descendants of Adam and Eve now
Evil.

One can offer one's respects, then, to that great blind man, even if his
moral topography is *warped. Truly it is little devils,*
~~warped and~~ seriously out of date. Devils who serve the

E.O. are by now installed in every corner of human existence. Our war is
comparable to
much like *(the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its three*
horizontal
of nineteen) *lines by nineteen vertical, a sum of*
into any one of
hundred and sixty-one intersections ~~on which one can deposit a stone~~. The

positions occupied bit by bit with our black stones are forever ~~up to~~

or are up to surrounding
~~surrounding~~ or in danger of being surrounded ~~by~~ the white stones of the

angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of

the Ninth Degree, it can take as long to decipher the results of their black and

white encirclements of each other *it is*
~~as to play the match~~.)

FROM : nM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Sep. 01 2004 11:33PM F21

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Aug. 31 2004 11:35PM P9

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

124

To bring, therefore, a first explanation of the sinuosities and recesses of

our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces at play in

the multitudinous ^{human} ^{my presentation except}
the folds and redoubts of society. Of necessity, it will be crude since there

we must deal with ^{phases}
are three distinct conceptions of how reality is constituted—the divine, the

satanic, and the human. Three separate armies in effect, ^{There are} three kingdoms by

now, not two. God and his ^{angelic cohort} ^{many} ^{women and children}
angels work upon humans to bring them over to

His direction. Our E.O. and ^{(us) his representatives} ^{his loyal cohorts} look to infiltrate, or, better, seek

to possess many of these same humans. Through ^{the} ^{until} ancient eras on to the Middle

Ages, humans had virtually no role in this contest. ^{beings} ^{active} ^{they were our mutual and} ^{contested}
Hence the title: Two ^{Subjects}

Kingdoms. ^{By now however we are obliged}
Now there is the individual man or woman to take very much into

account. ^{will even}
I can say that many, if not most, humans do their best to be

beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They are always seeking to be

free. Their greatest desire is to become what they believe they can be. (They

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Sep. 01 2004 01:43PM F22

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Aug. 31 2004 01:35PM P12

Beginning BK3 working on triple 8/31/04

125

are reacting to the light of their desires.) In the event, as matters proceed, we

look to
devils *to* guide those men and women we have attracted (we call them clients),

the Cudgels contest us, and the particular individual usually does his or her

best to *fight off* Us off both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become

so vain (through technology, I suspect) that quite a number by now wish *even expect* to be

wholly independent of both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the slew of subtle
perversities now embedded in existence. What I have offered so far is but a
bare sketch of the true complexity at the root of apparently simple events

My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I

will be able to capture something of the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler

I have so intense a desire
(Just why, however, is not clear to me *as yet*.) Let me be ready, then, to

explain not only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but also my

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872136

Sep. 01 2004 11:10:11 P23

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

Aug. 31 2004 9:15:54 PM P11

Beginning BK3 working cc triple 8/31/04

126

weaknesses. I promise you: No devil is without a profile! Some of us can be as complex as men and women, and, on occasion, as disappointing. We have many powers of which the first is our ability to enter the human mind, but on all too many occasions, such powers become seriously misplaced. It is well to keep in mind that when all is said, angels and devils are still spirits and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. *Especially when we have to put it on the page.*

Book 3 April 04-2 4/27/04

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-2-

09

It is safe to say that I know a good deal. As ~~have~~^{have} just remarked, I can enter into many a mind; I can recover, if necessary, the concealed, even ~~the~~^{any} long-buried memories of ~~the~~^(I have picked up on my way or) particular client to whom I ~~am~~^{have been} assigned. ~~This~~^{The first option which requires more ability also} consumes much Time (which word I capitalize since for us, as well as for the angels, Time is a resource comparable among us to the way in which Money serves as a matrix for humans). We are always calculating how much Time we can afford to give each of our clients, and the cost increases when we choose to inhabit people's dreams. My ~~range of~~^{capacity} insight ~~(that is, of investment)~~^{has to be balanced, however, against the cost of} when brought to focus upon a single person. ~~Large investment~~^{that is,} ~~is close to complete, but can use~~^{often consumes} excessive amounts of Time. For this reason, ~~perhaps~~^{who}, the average human ~~has~~^{who}, at best, powers of insight and

Book 3 April 04-2 4/27/04

26

memory that usually ~~can~~ function in one or another restricted state. ^{a (limited state are not)} ~~of interest to us.~~ ^(always after) ~~Our prime~~ ^{power of recollection is free, however, of most distortions. Existing}
~~within a set of absolute commands, there is no need for me~~ ^(need is) ~~to develop the~~ ^{it own}
~~sort of rigorous human ego that must be ready—sometimes at all costs—to~~ ^{a client, to an will} ^{risk}
~~transgress divine or social laws because the person is determined to carry~~ ^{in order}
~~off a major endeavor.~~ ^{Such vanity in union with a passion for independence}

~~is guaranteed to warp their memory. The larger the ego, the more must~~
~~memory only retain those recollections which are of immediate use, no~~
~~matter how they are misremembered or wholly untrue. Nonetheless, these~~
~~are the warpings they can afford.~~

^{are, of course, here,}
~~In contrast to such men and women, I have a more simple existence.~~
^{More often we have to be content with common}
^(such average)
^{types, though} ~~for the most part, I look to make my clients successful. In our Company,~~
~~provided we are sufficiently patient, it will~~
~~that is just about certain to produce reliable results for oneself. Sooner or~~
^{promotion will come, but even}
~~later, you are promoted.~~ ^{Over many periods, I have had clients whom I was}
~~able to develop to the point where they could serve directly in one or~~
~~another of The Maestro's larger projects. The majority of humans, however,~~
~~caught in the push-and-pull, the back and forth between their guardian angel~~
~~and ^{or} some directing devil like myself, end by producing little that is useful~~