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For us to reach into the thoughts of a woman like Klara is not routine. Dealing with men and women who are well-protected by Guardian Angels, we take care not to approach for too little. We wait on openings. Sometimes, emotional crises offer their possibilities. Hysteria will often open the door. (That is because hysteria can prove bewildering to the Cudgels—their calming arts have, temporarily, failed.) But for the most part, we leave protected people alone. Prudence prevails (as does cost-accounting). Forced entrances are rarely attempted.

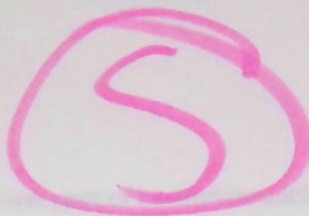
When, however, we must have an incursion, we wait for the Guardian Angel to be absent. At such times, a small raid is feasible. Many a devil can transform himself for a short period into an angelic presence. Since we are ersatz, we do not try to occupy a protected person's mind, but we can obtain a few gains so long as our presence is able to inspire a mood of beneficence in the target. The vulnerabilities of the heart can be divulged in a flood of laughter and happy words.

Moreover, Klara was hardly strange to us. Once, on the night that Adolf was conceived, she had been catapulted into a high state of concupiscence. So, a part of herself (usually concealed from herself) is still ready to engage in that fundamental rite of stinks and grunts and glories which does take place whenever representatives of God and the devil choose to sweat together in the swamp and paradise of sex. This may be why people who are notably ethical (and clean-smelling) usually do not offer any striking physical appeal. There is not enough of us to be found in them.

~~Enough. I do not know whether this is of significance, but the beauty of the spring day when Klara felt so happy holding Paula while talking to the~~

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But I am disrupting the reader's attention for a reason. That is because there are two protagonists in this account, not one. If young Adolf Hitler is the primary figure before us, the reason for this work, I have come to recognize that I am also a central element. Moreover, I will yet be his guide for much of the remaining fifty years of his life. (I must say that he did suffer the worst three years of his early manhood from 1909 through 19⁹12 while I was back in Russia again, occupied with the career of Rasputin.)

What may be crucial for the reader to understand is that devils do grow in wisdom and experience even as they develop better guidance for their best clients. Be it noted that this is true only for the most accomplished devils working with the most exceptional clients. (Afterward, we often lost what

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we have gained, and must wait in a lower state of intellection until another fine client is there to stimulate our powers.)

What is most to the point concerning Adolf is that his development was dependent, therefore, on mine as well. While I was, on the whole, effective for those early years in Hafeld, and again, certainly, when I returned, I have to declare that it was my eight months in Russia from late 1895 to the early summer of 1896 that proved in the end to be of considerable value in later years for Adolf since I had grown in understanding of events and disasters as well as coming near to the strengths and weaknesses of the Russian nobility.

Hitler would have little to do with German nobility during his rise to power, yet some of his greatest skills would appear when dealing with German tycoons, and I was the bridge to conduct his percipience all the way over

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from a Russian Grand Duke to an economic genius like Hjalmar Schaat, a conversion of skills, if you will, that I could not have offered him without my experience at the Coronation.

Even more valuable was what I learned about the blind will of the people and of their nearness to crowd madness when exceptional conditions prevail. That would prove of inestimable use when it came time for Hitler to build the Nazi party.

These are some of the reasons why I would ask the reader to accept this interruption from the immediate occurrences in the Hitler family's life at Hafeld. While I must admit that not all of my experiences in Russia would prove of direct use later to Adolf, nonetheless, I also maintain that only a well-rounded guide like myself could have the confidence to inspire him to

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such bold moves as the burning of the Reichstag, or the occupation of the Ruhr. I do not think I would have been able to accomplish so much without the knowledge I had gained through our attempts to wreck the peasants' festival that followed the Coronation.

Here, I can make a promise. By the time I come back to Hafeld, these potentialities will be installed in young Adolf through some of my most skillful dream etchings. Much of it would not come to fruition until World War II, but by then I had dared, given these first eight months in Russia, as well as all I had learned since about God's strengths and weaknesses, to advise Adolf when it came time to command the extermination camps that he could feel free to go ahead. God would not be equipped to deny him.

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animals all! Poor Alix will need every bit of the fortitude we have implanted in her!"

Carrington catered to Victoria's family pride when he described the Bride:

... simply magnificent—on her head she wore a circlet of diamonds with a diamond top which made it into a crown, a splendid necklace, and an enormous mantle of cloth of gold lined with ermine. She was the perfection of what one would imagine an Empress of Russia on her way to the altar would be and moved along quite simply and with great dignity. She makes very marked bows with her head when she greets anyone, and this is much noted and appreciated.

Our devils, not in the least generous about such matters (~~except when protecting a client~~) remarked that this bobbing of her head was reminiscent of the pouter pigeon!

The ring was placed on the Bride and Bridegrooms' fingers, and then they walked 3 times around the altar, and knelt in front of it--gold crowns being held over

Special file

**their head the whole time. The Bride was proclaimed
Empress at five minutes past one.**

I now had a slightly better notion of why the D.K. had so committed

Himself to Russia. How these Russians believed in Him! I had to worry
~~all over again that these Russians would not be easy~~
~~that Russians were not for me.~~ They were ~~a~~ much more intense than the

Germans and Austrians with whom, of late, I had been familiar. ~~In contrast,~~

~~I could hardly understand that nuptial ceremony when Nicky and Alix
circled the altar three times. Were they paying homage to the great beasts
who prowl through Russian dreams?~~

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keener appreciation of the flaws of men and women, ~~then the Dummkopf,~~

God, like many another creative artist, had His own vanities in this respect.

Doubtless, He would have argued,—if debate between the Maestro and Himself were possible—that the history of human nature had been improved by the brilliant advent of Jesus Christ into the daily life of the world masses.

We were ready to disagree. We saw Christ's immediate efforts as ending in failure even if the Maestro had to respect the brilliance exercised by the D.K. in the aftermath. It was incontestable that the Lord recovered quickly enough to claim credit for the very crucifixion that the Maestro claims He had certainly wanted to avoid. "God," our Maestro was always ready to inform us, "proceeded to cheat. He traduced His own Game! Free Will for humans becomes meaningless once there is divine intervention. But leave it to the Old Goat! Secretly—blind even to His own motive—He was determined to establish His Kingdom on earth. In the most literal sense! He wanted a Kingdom with His Son on the throne. He most certainly was not anticipating the disaster that befell. Oh, our poor brother Jesus!" And the Maestro laughed. (He had a rich, self-pleasuring laugh whenever he made a remark corrosive enough to leave a scar on Scripture.)

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Nonetheless, I was now harboring a conviction that this abrupt

transfer of so many of our forces over to Russia had put the Dummkopf into a state of some disturbance.

For that, I ^{may} ~~can~~ only offer my own set of explanations. While I cannot guarantee their dependability, I will say I have long suspected that our mighty antagonist, the D.K., is critically dissatisfied with the state of all the formal religions who claim to be serving exclusively in His name. (This, of course, must exclude reference to Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, and any other sects or faiths not based on texts dictated—so goes the ^{dependable} claim—by God.)

No, I would assume He is unhappy with the strictures of the Catholics, the Protestants, the Orthodox Jews, the Sunnis and the Shi'ites, most unhappy that He was unable to control the development of these forms of worship. Humans—many of the worst sort—are now the overlords in most halls of Godly worship. Given the tenacity of the priests, reverends, rabbis and imams who have attached themselves to these concentrations of power (and given their lust to control human behavior) these leaders of organized hysteria have succeeded over the centuries in installing

Do not screw
this batch.
Do not screw it

themselves into the mind of half of humankind. Thereby, they have succeeded in keeping God at a distance from His humans. I could only suppose that He resented it. But if so, why was He generating any special hopes for this Coronation?

For many centuries the Maestro has been an incisive critic of the D.K. We have certainly done our best to enlarge the sum of emotional dissatisfaction in men and women. Over the last two thousand years, one of our more effective methods had been to encourage the more humorless varieties of religiosity. Everywhere fine men and women are locked into a mosque, a synagogue, or a church, all clinging to what is virtually the same oxymoron. Despite every other difference, they are attached to the obtuse belief that God is not only All-Good but All-Powerful. This premise, so removed from all the existing evidence of history (which is to say that immaculate compendium of male and female perversity) offers no service to the human mind. The contradictions are so mind-boggling! All-Good and All-Powerful is a concept to stupefy the instincts God had installed for human development. By promoting exactly this concept—All-Good and All-Powerful—we have succeeded, century after century, in locking the best

minds of humankind onto a bed of Procrustes. All-Good and All-Powerful.

Indeed! Yes, we looked to encourage every fundamentalist we could find, every Islamist, Born-Again, or unyielding nun—we didn't give a damn.

["Come to us," became our creed, "come, all of you who are in need of rock-hard faith and anchored certainties! Be born again into total mental security, yes, we are here for that!" How ready they were to believe they were serving God even as they commenced to work for us in ways they could never imagine.]

Now, whatever advantage we had obtained by 1895 was due in part to God's own inability to decide on which direction He would look to steer His human creatures. (Should He encourage their powers of Free Will to turn Left or Right?—God could not make up His Mind.) His strength (as the Maestro will be the first to acknowledge) is that He can beget a plenitude of fine forms throughout the natural world. God is an Artist, and some of His Forms are dazzling (the butterfly, the rose), some are so useful. Some are relatively successful. (The honey-bee might be one example.) And some were most improperly designed. (The dinosaur, the horse-fly, the mosquito—failures and excesses come to mind.)

But, by the time the Lord had raised primates to the level of humans, He had become much too proud of this ~~creative~~ achievement. ~~(He saw this human animal as His finest work.)~~ Indeed, ~~He felt so expansive that He~~ even provided men and women with memory, passion, and sufficient reason to exercise Free Will. ~~He encouraged them to develop speech.~~ In the beginning, He was prepared to allow this creation to be free even of Himself. (At least on most occasions!) Just so confident was His belief in His Powers of Anticipation. He had no fear that humans would burst the limits He had supposed would be enough for them.

This miscalculation proved calamitous. It was equal to raising a dog who turns on his master. Men and women soon gave every indication that, once left entirely to themselves, they would depose Him. (The first tendencies are even visible in Adam and Eve.) So He gave up the heartfelt notion of engaging in an open partnership with this highest form of His Creation. Instead, He now looked to frighten men and women back into obedience. He felt it necessary to return to earlier modes, to tyrannical judgments, to His Embodiment as Jehovah. He would terrify humans once more. ~~"Obey Me and Fear Me. I am All Good. I am All Powerful." The~~

The message that He had wished to transmit through His Son—"Love each other
 and you will share in My love" ^{soon} was converted by St. Paul and his crew of
 minions into "Fear Me, ^{a vol} Respect Me, ^{and} on occasion, I will answer your
 prayers." (I suspect that the Lord could not recover from the blow to His
 Hopes occasioned by the Crucifixion.)

God's great retreat opened territories to the Maestro. Since our
 purpose is to lower the vitality of what is, admittedly, the most exceptional
 creature developed by the D.K., we look to activate ^{the kernel} forms of religiosity that
^{is} are mindless. ~~Warp the brains of men and women, and~~ corruption of
 human emotion will soon follow. (Yes, ^{Imbalance} is the beginning of rot.)
~~The Maestro is there to remind us that~~ Once we accomplish our job, we may
 be able to subsume His Creation into Our System.

This has been the ongoing intention of the Maestro through many an
 age, and our activities now look everywhere. We look to charm atheists,
 philosophers, entertainers, and any number of highly independent
 individuals who have been turning bitter at the edges. Through the
 Nineteenth Century, this did work reasonably well for us. Yet, by the
 approach of the 20th Century, the Maestro seemed to be contemplating a

major change in our procedures. Was he preparing to usurp the throne of the Prime Creator?

I could not conceive of what this shift might require of me. Perhaps I was too mired in our dependable Austrian tactics. So, this new adventure in Russia did arouse much uneasiness. For who could know more about the pestilence and slovenliness of human nature than those of us who have worked through the centuries to inflame all that has proved misbegotten in the calculations of God? We are there to sniff all the harsh residue of all the unfocused animal rage He left in His human beings, even as He kept investing more and more heedless if Godly enthusiasm into this most advanced form of His Creation! Given His Desire to provide a level of life that would be able to survive through unforeseeable conditions of heat, cold, flood and forest fire, the D.K. had had to endow man and woman with a sense of self-importance. ~~He had decided that that would be crucial to their survival.~~ ^{But (human)} ~~But, once again, His creative balance was impaired.~~ ^{Human} ^{— "I am} self-righteousness, (so necessary to meeting the demands of survival) "I am important—I deserve to survive!") soon produced envy as its first by-product, ~~and that worked dependably in our favor.~~ The D.K.'s powers to

fashion new varieties of Creation might be encyclopedic, but His skills as an engineer were—by the measure of the Cosmos—^{gaping} ~~ridged~~ with fault. His design of the earth's tectonic plates proved open to earthquake. ~~Even~~ ^{still} Without our presence, His problems would ^{present} have been ~~many~~. Over the eons of evolution, His endless refashioning of His own works by way of trial and error, (and His endless re-designings of works-in-progress) even His readiness to live with His mistakes until such time as He could correct them, His outsize rages as a younger god!, His frenzies as Jehovah!, had ^{by now} compounded a multitude of slashes, scars, open wounds, and spiritual amputations in the body of human history. Now, I could wonder how the Maestro would begin to reshape such a boggled Creation. We would even have to deal with the disarray left by our work. I was worried. Yes.

As one small example, let me return to my passing remark that the Maestro does not encourage us to use paper. We are often instructed to do our best to eschew it. Paper is derived, after all, from trees and they happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.

I recognize I am offering a great deal to the reader for so early a moment in this biographical endeavor. Yet if I, at this instant, inhabiting an America I can barely comprehend, seem to consist of no more to myself than the withdrawn spirit of a devil without an assignment, I also sense that I must keep to the last confidence that I possess. It is that an account of the life of my most important client will re-establish my footing on some long-lost terrain, and I will then be able to begin to search for the remaining oddments of what may once have been my soul.

I have chosen, therefore, to write on paper—my assumption is that there is less likelihood my words will be picked up as quickly by the Maestro. (Even processed paper still contains an ineluctable hint of the tenderness God put into His trees.) Since the Lord and the Devil remain as jealous of each other as beautiful women attracted to the same man, it takes no more than a blank piece of paper to remind the Maestro of the power of his adversary rather than the intoxications of his own strength. So I dare to use paper as my mode of communication. While the Maestro has no desire to use up any part of his resources by monitoring all of our acts—there are too many demons and small devils for that!—he is also not inclined to let us go on ventures he has not selected. While he does not keep a constant watch, he does not have to. We dwell in fear of his displeasure.

Now, this profound if most mysterious urge to share my insights to men and women I do not know directly (unseen readers!) has to be part of the same strange force that is behind what seems to be my incontestable readiness to betray the E.O., but then, I believe I understand why I am engaging such risk. Profound experience when it is not communicated to anyone else can scourge the soul. I, who have lived so long in the belief that I am no more and no less than a spirit—a presence void of soul—may have to face a serious disruption of this sense of my personal condition. Somewhere within, there seem to be remnants of something much like a soul, comparable, perhaps, to nerves still attached to an amputated limb. How they insist that this limb will yet grow again! Such is the force of that thought in me.