

Epilogue, second draft

1/30/2006 PM

1

Judith - ~~Start~~ Start 5 lines
~~much lower down~~
 so that we end in
 the middle of page 9.

Epilogue

In the beginning I said that you may call me Dieter. It ^{is} was the name I

^(swelling) used when in the body and person of an SS man, and I chose to keep ^{to Dieter as an identity} the name
 all the way ^{through to the} ~~conclusion~~ ^{Second World War At that time}
 name at the end of the war when Dieter, in the course of Dieter's
~~Dieter, transformed to the person of~~ ^{in the course}
 impersonating another SS officer, a Nazi psychiatrist, ~~made his escape to~~ ^{escaped Berlin}

~~Bavaria from Berlin.~~ ^{in brief is} That, indeed, was how I came to be alone in a small

~~room~~ ^{outside where} at the edge of an uproar while outside a celebration was continuing

through the night in a concentration camp that had just been liberated by

American soldiers on the very last day of April, 1945.

of pretending to be another
 kind of SS officer, a
 Nazi psychiatrist, ^{to} I chose (escape)
~~to leave Berlin for Bavaria.~~

Talked to
 Judith
 2/2/06

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There, in~~In a most~~ modest cubicle, I was engaged in a long conversation with

another psychiatrist who was serving in the armed forces of the United States.

A pistol lay on the table between us. It belonged to ~~the~~ *the* American, ~~who~~*he* happened to be a young Jewish doctor, ~~a~~ *the* Captain in rank, assigned to ~~those~~*division which*
U.S. ~~forces who~~ had just reached the camp a few hours ago. Needless to say,

he was appalled by what he saw.

Despite his uniform, this Jewish officer, a pacifist by temperament, had

done his immediate best to withdraw from the worst of his immediate

surroundings which is equal to saying that the most offensive human odors

were in the air, an ongoing product of the collective emaciation of the camp

prisoners ~~(who, of course, were also unwashed.)~~ A hideous effluvia,~~therefore,~~ accompanied their pestilential cries of joy, indeed, it was

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sufficiently revolting for the American to order me, his de facto opposite number, to closet myself in this only available small office. There, after midnight, we began a conversation—call it an interrogation—that soon turned into a monologue by me.

In the course of this, as alone with each other as two souls on a mid-ocean rock not large enough for three, I confess that I played with his sentiments. It was a time of defeat for me. I was nearly out of games. The Maestro had just relieved me of intimate service. "Fend for yourself," he said. "Now that Adolf is kaput, we will be moving our operations to America. I will call on you again once I have come to a few determinations on what we are ready to do there."

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So I played a game with this Jewish psychiatrist. I pretended to explain the worldview of the Nazis among whom I had served. I expanded on the psychological ventures we Nazis had taken into uncharted regions. I spoke of Heinrich Himmler and his theories.

I can say that I was not without effect. This Dieter had been a charming SS man, tall, quick, blond, blue-eyed, witty. To give a further turn to the screw, I even suggested that I was troubled. I spoke with a whole counterfeit of genuine feeling concerning the damnable excesses that could also be found in our achievements. Outside the room, former inmates were rampaging up and down the parade field. Those who still had the strength to give voice were screaming in an unearthly manner. As the night went on, this Jewish Captain could no longer endure his situation. ^{Sequestered} ~~Dwelling~~ in the depths

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of the average pacifist—as one will invariably discover—~~exists~~^{resides} a killer. That is why the person has become a pacifist in the first place. Now, given my subtle assault upon what he believed were his human values, the American cocked his revolver and shot me.

Over the centuries, I have had to vacate a body more than once. So, I did move on. I travelled to America. I spoke to the Maestro long enough for him to say to me, "Yes, that Jewish Captain showed the way. Now, we will invest in the ~~Arabs~~^{Isamics} and the Israelis both!"

If the reader, having come up ~~to the point of~~^{with me through} Adolf Hitler's ~~early~~^{boyhood} ~~early childhood and early~~^{have you chosen} adolescence, would now ask, "Dieter, why ~~do you choose~~ this title, 'The Castle Forest'? ~~where is that~~^{where is that} in the Forest, ~~when there has hardly been a castle~~ (in your text?)" I would reply that The Castle in the Forest translated into German as Das Schloss im Wald.

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and that was the name given by the prisoners some years ago to the camp just

liberated. Schlossimwald
~~Das Schloss im Wald~~ sits on the empty plain of what was once a

potato field. Not many trees are in sight, nor any hint of a castle, nothing of

interest is on the horizon. So, Schlossimwald is the
~~Das Schloss im Wald was a title that the~~

appellation that the inmates gave
(brightest of the inmates of the camp would give) to their compound. One

pride was maintained to the end by the prisoners—at least among the best of

the few surviving German prisoners. It was that they had not lost all sense of

irony. Needless to say, the prisoners who came up with this piece of

nomenclature were from Berlin.

If you are German and possessed of lively intelligence, irony is, of

course, vital to speech. German came to us originally as the language of

simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen, tribal people. ever
~~Rare was any~~

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and the field
~~early German~~ not ready for the hunt. So, our language is full of the growls of the stomach and the wind in the bowels of hearty existence, the bellows of the lungs, the hiss of the windpipe, the cries of command that one issues to domesticated animals, even the roar that stirs in the throat at the sight of blood. Given, however, the demand required of this folk through the centuries—that they be ready to enter Western civilization before it grew away from them altogether—it should not prove surprising that many of the German bourgeoisie who graduated into city life from muddy barnyards, did their best to speak in voices as soft as the silk of a sleeve. Particularly, the ladies. I do not speak here of our long words which were a precursor to our technological spirit today, just the syrupy, more sentimental palatals,

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lachrymose sounds for a low-grade brain. To every sharp German fellow, particularly the Berliners, irony became the essential corrective.

Now, I recognize that this disquisition leads us even further away from the narrative we have just traversed. Of course, that is what I wish to do. It enables me to return to our beginning when Dieter was a member of Special Section IV-2a, directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Needless to remark, it is my hope that we have ~~indeed~~ come a long way since. If the act of betraying the Maestro does not consume me, perhaps I will be able to resume this account of my share of the early years of Adolf Hitler, up to, at least, the late 1920s and the beginning of the Thirties, because in that period, Adolf had the love affair of his life, and it was with Geli Raubel, who was Angela's daughter. She was an attractive young blonde and he adored her.



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How foul a remark with which to conclude, but it does seem as if even incest
has its own integrity.

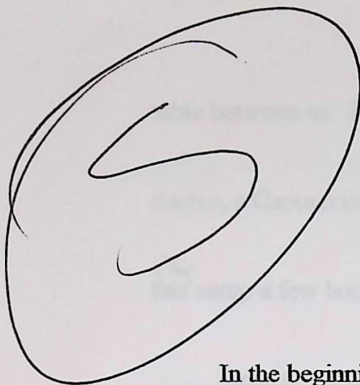
End

Read by JM
by D. T. J.
1/30/06

Epilogue

1/30/2006

1



Send back to Judith
 Triple - space

Epilogue

In the beginning I said that you may call me Dieter. It was the name I

used when in the body and person of an SS man, and I chose to keep the

(when Dieter, in the course of Dieter)
 name at the end of the war *while impersonating another SS officer who was a*
to Bavaria
Nazi made his escape *(from Berlin)*
a (psychiatrist) That, indeed, was how I came to be alone in a small room at the

outside
 edge of an uproar while *a* celebration was continuing *outside* through the

night in a concentration camp that had just been liberated *d/* by American soldiers

on the very last day of April, 1945.

a most modest cubicle
 In ~~this small office~~ I was engaged in a long conversation with *another*
who was serving in,
 psychiatrist ~~from~~ the armed forces of the United States. A pistol lay on the

Faxed to Jim
 by Dwyer
 1/30/06

Epiloguc

1/30/2006

2

happened to be
table between us. It belonged to the American who ~~was~~ a young Jewish
assigned to those who had just
doctor, a Captain in rank, who was with the U.S. forces when they reached
the
this camp a few hours ago. Needless to say, he was appalled by what he saw.

Despite his uniform, this Jewish officer, a pacifist by temperament, had
done his immediate best to withdraw from ^{the worst of} his immediate surroundings. ^{which is} The
equal to saying that the most ^{offensive} ~~repulsive~~
(~~worst~~) human odors were in the air, an ongoing product of the collective

emaciation of the camp prisoners (who, of course, were also unwashed.) So,
At hideous ^{therefore} ~~attempts~~ ^{their} ~~accompanied these~~
there was considerable hideousness in the pestilential cries of joy, ^{indeed} Yes, it is
- it was sufficiently ^{regarding the} ~~attempts~~
so bad that the American ^{to} ~~ordered~~ me, his de facto opposite number, to ^{close} ~~come~~
in this ^{only} ~~small~~ available ^{of small officers}
with him ^{in this small room} ~~in a small sentry room~~. There, after midnight, we had begun a
we began a
(conversation—call it an interrogation—that soon ^{turned} ~~turns~~ into a monologue by me,

~~me~~

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In the course of this, as alone with each other as two souls on ^{an island} ~~a mid-ocean rock~~ ^{his sentiments,} (not large enough for three, I confess that I played with ~~him~~. It was a time of

defeat for me. I was ^{nearly} ~~almost~~ out of games. The Maestro had just relieved me

of intimate service. "Fend for yourself ^{right now,}" he said. ^{"I know, that} ~~"We will be"~~

^{Adolf is kaput; we will be} (moving our operations to America ^{now that Adolf is kaput}. I will call on you

again once I have come to a few ^{on} ~~more~~ determinations ^{over what to do ~~in~~} ^{there, u}
^{we are ready to do & ever}

~~America~~. So I played a game with this Jewish psychiatrist. I pretended to

explain the worldview of the Nazis among whom I had served, ^{I expounded} ~~the~~

^{on the} (psychological ventures we Nazis had taken into uncharted regions. ^{I spoke}
^{of Heinrich Himmler and his theories}
^{I can say that effectively}
^{Moreover,} I was not without ~~charm~~ ^{charm}. (This Dieter had been a charming

SS man, tall, quick, blond, blue-eyed, witty. To give a further turn to the

screw, I even suggested that I was troubled. I spoke with a whole counterfeit

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of genuine feeling concerning the damnable excesses that could also be found

in our achievements. Outside the room, ~~the~~ ^{former} inmates were rampaging up and

down the parade field. ~~How they screamed~~ Those who still had the strength

~~to give voice~~ ^{were screaming in an unearthly manner,} As the night went on, this Jewish Captain could no longer

endure his situation. Dwelling in the depths of the average pacifist—as one

will invariably discover—~~lives~~ ^{exists} a killer. ~~The~~ ^{That} is why the person has become a

pacifist in the first place. Now, given my subtle assault upon ~~his~~

~~comprehension of what he~~ ^{had} believed were his human values, the American

cocked his revolver and shot me.

Over the centuries, I have had to vacate a body more than once. So, I ^{did}

^{move on.} ~~moved on~~ I travelled to America. I spoke to the Maestro long enough for

him to say to me, "Yes, that Jewish Captain showed the way. Now, we will invest in the Arabs and the Israelis both!"

If the reader, having come up to the point of Adolf Hitler's early adolescence, would now ask, "Dieter, why do you choose this title, 'The Castle

in the Forest,' when there has been ^{hardly a} no castle in your book?" I would reply that ^{text?"}

^{even good} the name has its irony ^{which} and that is a marrow for good devils. Bless irony! ^{the Castle} The Castle in the Forest translates into German as ^{in the Forest translates into German as} title in German is Das Schloss im Wald, and that was the name given by the

^{some years ago} prisoners to the camp just liberated. Das Schloss im Wald sits on the ^{empty} empty

plain of what was once a potato field. Not many trees are in sight, nor any

hint of a castle, nothing of interest is on the horizon. So, Das Schloss im Wald ^{was}

^{would be a title that} ~~Wald is just the kind of title~~ ^{brightest} the inmates of the camp ^{would} might give to their

compound. One pride was maintained to the end by the prisoners—at least

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among the best of the few surviving German prisoners. It was that they ~~have~~^{ten}

~~had~~^{have} not lost all sense of irony. Needless to say, the prisoners who ~~originated this~~^{came up with}

~~this~~ piece of nomenclature were ~~at~~ from Berlin.

If you are German and possessed of lively intelligence, irony is, of

course, vital to speech. German came to us originally as the language of

simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen, tribal people. Rare was ~~the~~^{any}

~~present~~ early German not ready for the hunt. So, our language is full of the growls of

the stomach and the wind in the bowels of hearty existence, the bellows of the

lungs, the hiss of the windpipe, the cries of command that one issues to

domesticated animals, even the roar that stirs in the throat at the sight of

blood. Given, however, the demand required of this folk through the

centuries—that they be ready to enter Western civilization before it grew

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~~altogether~~ away from them ^{altogether} it should not prove surprising that many of the

German bourgeoisie who graduated into city life from muddy barnyards, did

their best to speak in voices as soft as the silk of a sleeve. Particularly the

ladies. I do not speak here of our long words which were a precursor to our

technological spirit today, just the syrupy, more sentimental ^{palatable} sounds,

lachrymose sounds for a low-grade brain. To every sharp German fellow,

~~therefore~~, particularly the Berliners, irony ^{became} ~~becomes~~ the essential corrective.

Now, I recognize that this disquisition leads us even further away from the narrative we have just traversed. Of course, that is what I wish to do. It enables me to return to our beginning when Dieter was a member of Special Section IV-2a, directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Needless to remark, it is my hope that we have indeed come a long way since. If the

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act of betraying the Maestro does not consume me, perhaps I ^{will be able to} ~~may~~ resume ~~my~~

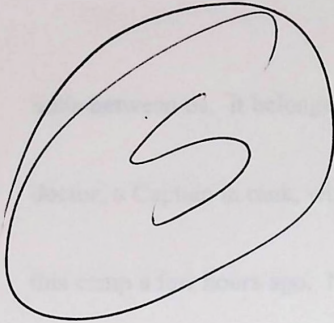
^{this} account of my share of the early years of Adolf Hitler, up to, at least, the late 1920s and the beginning of the Thirties, because in that period, Adolf had the love affair of his life, and it was with Geli Raubel, who was Angela's daughter. She was an attractive young blonde and he adored her. How foul a remark with which to conclude, but it does seem as if even incest has its own integrity.

End

Epiloguc

1/30/2006

1



Epilogue

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In this small office I was engaged in a long conversation with a psychiatrist from the armed forces of the United States. A pistol lay on the

table between us. It belonged to the American who was a young Jewish doctor, a Captain in rank, who was with the U.S. forces when they reached this camp a few hours ago. Needless to say, he was appalled by what he saw.

Despite his uniform, this Jewish officer, a pacifist by temperament, had done his immediate best to withdraw from his immediate surroundings. The worst human odors were in the air, an ongoing product of the collective emaciation of the camp prisoners (who, of course, were also unwashed.) So, there was considerable hideousness in the pestilential cries of joy. Yes, it is so bad that the American ordered me, his de facto opposite number, to come with him into a small sentry room. There, after midnight, we had begun a conversation—call it an interrogation—that soon turns into a monologue by me. I even suggested that I was troubled. I spoke with a wholehearted

In the course of this, as alone with each other as two souls on an island not large enough for three, I confess that I played with him. It was a time of defeat for me. I was almost out of games. The Maestro had just relieved me of intimate service. "Fend for yourself right now," he said. "We will be moving our operations to America now that Adolf is kaput. I will call on you again once I have come to a few more determinations over what to do in America." So I played a game with this Jewish psychiatrist. I pretended to explain the worldview of the Nazis among whom I had served, the psychological ventures we Nazis had taken into uncharted regions.

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End