

REVISION 3.16.06

Fixed
to 5m
3/28/06

and that was not altogether
inaccurate. Dieter was the name I

Epilogue

I said:
~~remembered~~

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

used when dwelling in the body and person of an SS man, and I kept this

such identification/
moniker

all the way through to the conclusion of the Second World War.

(At which time, I had to escape Berlin to the countryside.) That, in brief, is

is how I came to be at the edge of an uproar in a field where 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.

Installed in a ^{small} ~~modest~~ cubicle, I was being interrogated by a
psychiatrist from the armed forces of the United States. A pistol lay on the

table between us. It belonged to the American. He happened to be a young Jewish doctor, Captain in rank, assigned to the U.S. division which had ~~just~~ ^{just} reached the camp ^{earlier} a few hours ~~ago~~. Needless to say, he was appalled by what he saw ~~outside~~, and soon enough, by what he heard ~~inside~~.

Despite his uniform, this Jewish officer, a pacifist by temperament, had done his immediate best to withdraw from the worst of ~~his external~~ ^{these} 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 ^{Rank} whose ~~hideous~~ effluvia accompanied their cries of joy. Indeed, it was sufficiently ^{to} ~~pes~~sential for the American to order me, his only available opposite number, to closet myself with him inside this ~~small~~ office. There, after midnight, ^{I gave} ~~my~~ answers to his inquiries ~~often became 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. "For now, fend for yourself," he said. "I will be moving our operations to America, and will

call on you again once I have come to a few determinations ^{as to} on what we are ready to do ^{over} there."

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

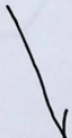
I can say that I was not without effect. ^{My} ~~This~~ Dieter had been a charming SS man, tall, quick, blond, blue-eyed, witty. To give a further turn to the screw, I even suggested that I was troubled. I spoke with a whole counterfeit of genuine feeling concerning the damnable excesses that could also 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 ^{like lions,} ~~in an unearthly manner~~. As the night went on, this Jewish Captain could ^{not} ~~no longer~~ endure his situation. Sequestered in the depths of the average pacifist—as one will invariably discover—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.

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

If the reader, having come with me through Adolf Hitler's birth, childhood, and early adolescence, would now ask, "Dieter, why have you chosen this title, 'The Castle in the Forest?' Where is that in your text?" I would reply that The Castle in the Forest translates into ~~German as~~ Das Schloss im Wald, and that was the name given by the prisoners some years ago to the camp just liberated. Schlossimwald 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 appellation that the brightest of the inmates gave to their compound. One pride was maintained by them to the end ⁹ ~~at~~ least among the best of the ~~Jews~~ 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 ready for the hunt and the field. So, our language is full of the growls of the stomach and the wind in the bowels of force-filled 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 ^{the amenities of} Western civilization before it grew away from them altogether—I ^{do find it} ~~it should not prove~~ surprising that many of the German bourgeoisie who migrated 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 ^{refer to} ~~refer to~~ speak here ^{are} ~~of~~ of our long words which ^{are} ~~were~~ were a precursor to our technological spirit today, just the syrupy, more sentimental palatals, 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, but then, that is what I wish to do.



~~tttt~~ ^{on} ~~the bedroom~~ ^{floor of the chamber} ~~she occupied along~~
~~one wing of Hitler's apartment~~

It enables me to return to our beginning when Dieter was a member of Special Section IV-2a. Needless to remark, it is my hope that we have 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 ^{full-bodied} and young blonde ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{They had the most perverse} adored her. How uncomfortable a remark with which ~~relations.~~ ^{As one of Hitler's high subordinates,} ~~to conclude, but it does seem as if incest has its own integrity.~~

~~In 1939,~~
 In any event, I must confound the reader one step further. In 1930 ~~J~~

~~Geli Raubel was found dead in her room in a large apartment rented by~~
~~Hitler for his use on Prinz-Regenstrasse in Munich. She had been shot by~~
~~someone else or had killed herself, and this answer was never established.~~

Nor could I provide the answer. ^{can I satisfy myself concerning this question?} Shortly before this event, I had been

I was relieved of my continuing assignment to Adolf Hitler. The Maestro had decided that he ^{the Fuehrer-to-be} was now of sufficient importance to be overseen by a ^{presence} devil higher than myself. Indeed, it may ^{even} have been the Maestro who replaced me. All I can attest is that an absolute absence of future detail came off that

~~xx~~ immediate business was, of course, totally covered up.

* a most accomplished piano player, named ~~Ernst~~ ^{Putzi} ~~Harenstengel~~ ^{was} to put it, "Adolf only liked playing on the black keys."

event, and I never learned ~~any~~ more about Geli's death. Two years later, Hitler and his Nazis were in power and I had been ^{was then} assigned to enter the body of that good SS man ^{all knew} ~~we all know~~ as Dieter. I confess that I grew fond of him ^{myself}. We devils ^{can} also have ~~our~~ attitudes about the persons we inhabit. Nonetheless, I could not forgive the ~~place~~ ^{place} for my demotion which is perhaps the best single explanation of the ~~hundred~~ ^{few} ~~plausible~~ motives which have led me to write this book,

It even occurs to me that I may not be a complete devil any longer since I now feel a most surprising affection for all the readers who are yet to make my acquaintance, ~~am ~~very~~ make them read to~~ and ~~so I would salute those~~ of you who have ~~read what I~~ ^{travell'd with me, & let the world off} ~~it have written here~~ ^{the way to here not knowing} up to here. I hardly know whether to say Guten Nacht or See You Soon Again. Yes, ~~As Revolt~~ an revolt.

58

March 9, 2006

X

Epilogue

In the beginning, I said that you may call me Dieter. It is the name I used when dwelling in the body and person of an SS man, and I kept ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{moniker} ~~name~~ ^{for my identity} all the way through to the conclusion of the Second World War. (At which time, I had to escape Berlin to the countryside.)

That, in brief, is how I came to be at the edge of an uproar in a field, ^{where} ~~There,~~ ^{the} ~~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.

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