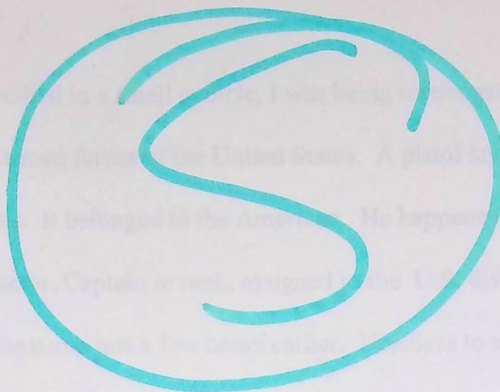


Epilogue

In the beginning, I said: Call me Dieter, and that was not ~~altogether~~ ^{wholly} inaccurate. Dieter was the name I ^{did} ~~used~~ when ^{occupying} ~~dwelling in~~ the body and person of an SS man, and I did keep such identification all the way through to the conclusion of the Second World War. (At which time, I had to get out of Berlin.) That, in brief, is how I came to be at the edge of an uproar on a field where a celebration was continuing through the night. A concentration camp had just been liberated by American soldiers on the very last day of April, 1945.

Installed in a small 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 reached the camp just a few hours earlier. Needless to say, he was ~~appalled~~ ^{most unhappy} ~~by~~ ^{with} what he saw, and soon enough, by what he heard.

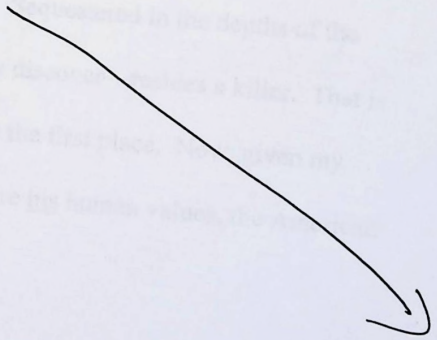
~~Despite his uniform~~ ^{That} this Jewish officer, a pacifist by temperament, had done his ~~immediate~~ ^{best} to withdraw from the worst of these surroundings ~~which~~ ^{is} equal to saying that ~~the~~ ^{withdraw from} most offensive human odors. ^{much} ~~They~~ were ⁱⁿ the air, an ongoing product of the collective emaciation of the camp prisoners. Rank effluvia accompanied their cries of joy. Indeed, it was sufficiently pestilential for the American to order me, his only available opposite number, to ~~close myself~~ ^{remain} with him inside this office. There, after midnight, I gave answers to his inquiries.

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 operation to America B
(2a)
and will call on you again once
I have come to a few determinations
as to what we are ready to
do over there.

I did not even know if I
could believe him. Rumors were
rampant among us, one level
had even dared to suggest
that the Maestro had been
demoted.

This possibility — if it were one —
suggested ^{that} ~~the~~ ^{that} existed far
beyond my comprehension,
and so I acted as humans ^{in 1945} ~~in 1945~~
~~rather~~ — I chose not to dwell
about it, and ~~to~~ turned myself
into ~~a topic~~ another state
altogether. I decided to play
a game with this Jewish psychiatrist.
I pretended to



moving our operations to America, and will call on you again once I have come to a few determinations as to what we are ready to do over there."

So I played a game with the 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~~ 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 ^{fine} ~~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 loons. As the night went on, this Jewish Captain could not 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 America. I spoke to the Maestro ^{He made no} long enough for ^{reference to the rumors I have heard, but did} him to remark, "Yes, that Jewish Captain showed the way. Now, we will invest in the Islamics and the Israelis both!"

Chapter
If the reader, having come with me through Adolf Hitler's birth, childhood, and ^{for a good part of his} early adolescence, would now ask, "Dieter, why have you chosen this title, 'The Castle in the Forest?' Where is ^{the link to} ~~that~~ in your text?" I would reply that The Castle in the Forest translates into Das Schloss im Wald, ^{If this happens to be} 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. ^{became, therefore,} ~~So~~, Schlossimwald is the appellation ^{9 Nov 44} that the brightest of the inmates ~~gave~~ to their compound. One pride was

maintained by them to the end (at least among the best of the surviving German prisoners.) ^{It was that they must not lose their fortitude so they have done their best not to lose} 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.

to surrender this is

If you are German and possessed of lively intelligence, irony is, of course, vital to ^{pride,} ~~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 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 on the onset of pain, 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 not find it 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 here to ~~our~~ ^{German} long words which ~~are~~ ^{were} a precursor ^{to} ~~of~~ 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 ^{my} ~~this~~ disquisition leads us even further away from the narrative we have just traversed, but then, ^{this} ~~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. Needless to remark, it is my hope that we have come a long way since. If the act of betraying the Maestro ^(I succeed in consuming) does not ~~consume~~ me, perhaps I will be able to ^{go back some day 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 full-bodied, ^{good-looking} ~~attractive~~ and blonde. He adored her. ^{A ~~strong~~ ~~brother~~} They had the most perverse relations. As one of Hitler's high subordinates, a most accomplished piano player named Putzi Haenfstengel was to put it, "Adolf only liked playing on the black keys."

In 1930, Geli Raubel was found dead on the bedroom floor of the chamber she occupied along one wing of Hitler's apartment on Prinz-Regenstrasse in Munich. She had been shot, ^(either that) or she had killed herself. This answer was never established. The immediate business was, of course, totally covered up.

Nor can I satisfy myself concerning this question. Shortly before the event, I was relieved of my continuing assignment to Adolf Hitler. The

Maestro had decided that the Fuehrer-to-be was now of sufficient importance to be overseen by a presence higher than myself. Indeed, ^{I suspect} it may ~~it was~~ even have been the Maestro who replaced me. All I can attest is that ^{in any event} I never ~~learned~~ ^{more} about Geli's death, ^{reference and a whole was the only emanation} absolute absence of ~~any detail came off that event, and I never learned~~ ^{from that event} more about Geli's death. (Two years later, Hitler and his Nazis were in power and I was then assigned to enter the body of that good SS man we all knew as Dieter. I confess that I grew fond of him. ~~We~~ ^{they} devils can also have attitudes about the persons ~~we~~ ^{they} inhabit.) Nonetheless, I could not forgive the Maestro for my demotion which is perhaps the best single explanation of the hundred 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 ^{degree of} affection for all the readers who ^{have} yet to ~~enjoyed making~~ make my acquaintance and am ~~more than~~ ready to salute those of you who have travelled with me all the way up to here. I hardly know ~~whether to say~~ ^{I have come} so far myself in offering this ~~Guten Nacht or See You Soon Again.~~ ^{variation than I can hardly be} ~~Yes, an revision.~~ ^{Yes, an revision.} certain whether I am still looking for new clients or searching for friends. Yes, there are no answers but good questions can vibrate ~~within~~ ^{with} honor within.

End.

711

~~Insert Date~~

shattering to the bones

however, a prime motivation,
 there could be another. Over the
 years I have had passing relations
 in America with other devils
 and one ^{does} returns over and
 over to our communications. It
 is never stated, but to the degree
 how possible it is sense.
 Can it be that the Maestro whom I
~~whom I had~~ ^{in a hundred roles} served for
~~measured~~ ^{years} of time, holding
 in a content to the ~~and~~ degree ^{pride} that
 I could manage with the ^{I was}
~~persecution that at least we~~
~~I was at least a field officer to~~
~~were in the service of the~~
~~highest, and as field officers at~~
~~the least in the mighty~~ at least
~~ambitions of Satan, to be as~~ a field
~~as subtly~~ ^{and of my} officer
~~as subtly~~ ^{as our clients}
 and the Maestro was not
 Satan, but ~~as was~~ ^{merely} our
 more minion, no matter how many
~~higher~~ ^{higher} ~~was~~ ^{was} his
 activities than mine.
 There were of course no
 answers, ~~that~~ ^{that} but ~~there was~~
 were questions, ~~and~~ ^{It was left} ~~it~~
 with so pervasive a set of
 doubts that my rebellion was ^{→ (715)}
~~commenced~~ ^{and the first words}
~~of this sort were to come,~~

→ commenced,

~~of this kind were begun.~~

(79)

If this ~~should leave~~ ^{leaves} the reader with a ^{new} ~~new~~ discomfort — not even to know whether ^{it was} ~~Barney's~~ ^{reporter} word ^{that were} ~~reported~~ or merely ^{no more than the} ~~being reported~~ the sardonic insights of an intermediary, I will confess ~~in my turn~~ that I remain enough of a devil to feel no more than cold sympathy for all those who have come this far. They have ~~forgot~~ not learned what enables devils ~~to know or decide~~ — it is that we are well enough to know that there are no answers — ~~to~~ there are only questions.

On the other hand, when is the devil who does not work both sides of the street? So I have to admit to a

→
(80)

7
9

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importance to be overseen by a presence higher than myself. Indeed, it may

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have travelled ~~with me all the way~~ *I have come* up to here. I hardly know whether to say

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 Guten Nacht or See You Soon Again.

Unavoidable then I can hardly be

~~Yes, an answer.~~ *Yes, an answer.* certain whether I ~~can~~ *can*
 still ~~looking for~~ *promising* clients or

~~am~~ *am* searching for a friend ~~yes there~~ *yes there*
~~there are~~ *may be* no answers but good

~~questions can~~ *be* ~~asked~~ *asked* ~~within~~ *within*
 with honor within.

End.