

Judith  
 Pages 1-33 double-  
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### The Castle in the Forest

1.

You may ~~be well~~ call me Dieter. That is a name I use and it  
~~is not really my name, just one of the names I use~~  
~~Call me Dieter. It is not really my name, just one of the names I use~~

~~But it~~ will do for now—now that I am in America, this curious nation. Time

passes here void of stature.

If I call upon the art of patience, it is because I find myself in ~~a~~ <sup>an</sup> unstable ~~and~~ <sup>perilous</sup>

condition—I am ready for rebellion. The proof is that I am <sup>caught up</sup> intrigued with

the thought of doing a novel, a slim book that would ~~of course~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~of course~~ be unlike  
~~others could call~~ <sup>no more than</sup>  
~~others. I suspect it might~~ consist of an account given by one man to another

*Handwritten signature*

<sup>a</sup> This ~~brahaha~~ <sup>is</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>Continuing</sup>  
 in a small room at the edge of the nocturnal uproar that is going on through  
 a ~~concentration camp~~ <sup>concentration camp that</sup>  
 the night in a Konzentrationslager that has just been liberated by American

on the last day of  
 soldiers very late in April, 1945, in fact it is in the same hour  
 that Adolf Hitler committed suicide in his  
 Berlin Bunker at the Chancellery, but neither of these men  
 belongs no body here  
 As the two men converse, a pistol lies on the table. It is situated close  
 that  
 yet.

He is  
 to the younger man. He is American and a doctor, a Captain in rank. He is  
 If As the  
 they

Jewish, a part of the U.S. Army forces who have just reached the

~~concentration~~ camp a few hours ago and were appalled by what they saw.

The Jewish doctor, despite his uniform, is very much a pacifist by  
 temperament. So he has withdrawn from the hideousness of the odors, the  
 collective emaciation, and various other appalling sights and pestilential  
 sniffs of the just-released prisoners. Indeed, he has ordered his opposite  
 number, a German doctor considerably older than himself, to come with him



into a small sentry room and there, through the dark hours, the two succeed in having a conversation that soon turns into <sup>a monologue</sup> ~~an account~~ by the German.

In the course of this long evening, as alone with each other as two souls on an island not large enough for three, the senior doctor, an SS Major attached most recently to the camp, attempts to explain his world view. For the Jew, it is an immeasurably unhappy experience. The account by the Nazi is ~~less~~ fascinating in its details, and ~~and~~ startling in its philosophy. If the SS doctor is rueful occasionally at errors that were made, still he is proud of ~~many~~ ~~during~~ achievements that ~~had~~ explored ~~deep~~ into the uncharted regions of human potentiality.

The German doctor's explanations are ~~are~~ ~~disgustingly~~ disruptive to the young Jew. Worse! This SS physician is not without charm. He is tall, quick, ~~wise~~ and ~~certainly~~ witty (despite the downfall of every last one of his

dreams). To give <sup>a</sup>one further turn <sup>to</sup> of the screw, he is ~~even~~ troubled by the vices inherent in his achievements. This last makes him seem ~~in some~~ ~~degree~~ human, or, at least not wholly separate from other men.

By the end of the evening, the young Jewish Captain is no longer able to listen. Dwelling beneath the pacifist—as one will always discover—lives a killer. Close to madness at this assault upon his principles and his loyalties, the American picks up his revolver and shoots the SS <sup>MGH</sup> doctor.

As I say, <sup>T</sup>this novel has appeal for me. While I will probably not write it since I do not wish to be bothered with the <sup>close</sup>intimate labors of making it believable (when, in truth, the real story is more interesting), I do have a title. I would call it The Castle in the Forest. Schlossenwald! The name <sup>has</sup>is, ~~not without its~~ irony, since the camp in question sits on the empty plain of what was once a ~~low yield~~ potato field. Not many trees are in sight, nor is



the hint of a castle <sup>there</sup> on any horizon. Yet Schlossenwald would be exactly the

name given to the compound by the inmates of the camp. If there was one

pride left to the prisoners—the best of the few surviving German prisoners, *at least*

~~at any rate~~—it was that they had not lost a sense of irony. They were from

Berlin, after all.

If you are German and possessed of lively intelligence, irony is, of course, vital to speech. German comes to us originally as the language of simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen, tribal people ready for the hunt. So, German is full of the sounds of the stomach and the bowels of hearty existence, the bellows of the lungs, the cries of command that one issues to domesticated animals. Yet, given the <sup>ardors required of</sup> ~~demands upon~~ this people

<sup>centuries,</sup> through the ~~century~~, the unremitting imperative to enter Western civilization, <sup>before it</sup> ~~grew away entirely from them, it cannot be surprising that~~ the German bourgeoisie that emerged, the ~~later day~~ German sought to be as soft as the silk of a sleeve, a venture

I will not even speak <sup>(here)</sup> of the ~~own~~, but would the long words, that were a precursor to the technological spirit. Only the sentimental ~~stuffs~~ stuff, <sup>was</sup> full of reward, that is not always successful. For this genteel German proved too

sentimental. <sup>the new sounds and phrasings</sup> Often, it came to no more than tears and syrup for low-grade minds, <sup>heads</sup> brains. Irony, therefore, became essential to a good German mind.

I recognize that <sup>this minute</sup> leads, Now, as I take note of ~~this brief disquisition~~ which certainly pulls us nonetheless

<sup>(But then I also)</sup> away from a promising narrative, I have to recognize that I am not being

truthful at the level I have chosen, or, to be more precise, the level I have

chosen is <sup>sufficiently</sup> not <sup>also</sup> elevated ~~enough~~ to be convincing. The SS Major, whom I shall

~~also~~ call Dieter since <sup>he is a kind</sup> he is for literary purposes a species of manifestation of

myself, would be, according to the scheme of this short novel, an SS man

<sup>(whose title for those who came about</sup> from a remarkable elite species of Intelligence group) very close to Heinrich such matters would be Special Section IV-2a) directly under ~~the supervision of Heinrich~~ <sup>installing himself as</sup> Himmler. My first premise was to have Dieter pretending to be one of the

in order to ~~cancel what had been his~~ <sup>role. Given the last</sup> camp doctors, and using such a role as a species of concealment through the ~~crashing days of our~~ <sup>German</sup> ~~Gottedamerung in World War II~~ <sup>he was</sup> ~~posting him self~~



at Schlossenwald <sup>to</sup> ~~he could perhaps avoid immediate arrest and be seen as~~

~~more than one person SS officer~~

The premise was shallow. I have to recognize that it was inartistically  
<sup>too shallow.</sup>  
contrived. (As I know all too well, the escape routes for high SS officers were  
<sup>Moreover, my literary</sup>  
vastly more sophisticated. My <sup>supposition</sup> ~~moreover~~ that Dieter would be  
pouring out his bloody, blackened and still defiant heart to a relatively naïve  
young Jewish-American was unconvincing ~~to me~~ from the start.

I did make efforts. I confess that I actually started the <sup>novel</sup> ~~book~~ in the  
<sup>one of</sup> ~~middle of~~ <sup>(Dieter's monologues)</sup> ~~Dieter's monologues~~ (I had him attempting to sketch out for ~~the~~  
<sup>American Jew</sup>  
horrified and silent ~~listener~~ what it was like to work with the formulations

that came out of Heinrich Himmler's brain. It is not a magnificent chapter  
but it is not altogether picayune, and I think it is worth presenting since it



8

will bring us somewhat closer to my intentions which are neither routine nor

immediately available to describe.

}

2

I have spent my life looking to distort the truth while enjoying ~~most of~~  
(Most of them, anyway.) Now  
the lies I told. ~~But now~~ to my acute surprise, I find I cannot go on with the ~~proposal~~  
novel for ~~larger reasons~~ <sup>a</sup> than <sup>that</sup> it is unconvincing. It is ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> the lies it would  
~~II~~

tell are at too low a level. Mendacity also makes its demands on art. By the

<sup>one has</sup> time you have reached <sup>my position</sup> ~~my position~~, my situation, it is <sup>better</sup> ~~easier~~ to recognize that

the only lie worth telling is one that is <sup>grand</sup> ~~larger~~ or subtler than any you have

<sup>fashioned</sup>  
fabricated before.



17

He did not have to be a pagan to approve  
 "Give it to Himmler, then. He virtually approved of incest. It gave  
 of this cardinal sin.) ~~If gave~~

~~him a summary of his own work whose significance we could begin to explore. He~~  
 He had, after all, theories ~~backed up~~ <sup>that he had stored in his head</sup> over two decades. It gave him the

confidence to look for the most significant approach. Moreover, he had

certainly not read Schopenhauer for too little. He was a great believer in the

( — a wonderful new word for us in 1938! — )  
 power of the Will. Heinrich saw the genes as embodiments of this Will,

a will that sought to be <sup>while remaining</sup>  
 passed on from generation to generation, yet able to remain astonishingly

(As he saw it, the will and the genes were synonymous,  
 true to the original vision.) The Will in the genes was an ongoing project that

at its best was  
 could, in some, ~~prove~~ ready to adapt to the specific frustrations of each human

life. Yet, the strongest of genes  
 ongoing life, yet could also be ready to return, whenever possible, to the in- <sup>original</sup>

and was sometimes even more powerful because of the  
 given impulse. Great leaders, he would always tell us, came from ten  
 generations, not one. The measure of their success was the degree of high  
 frustration a ~~have and~~ noble desire could suffer repeatedly these ten times

It is  
 a  
 It refers  
 to the genes  
 not the  
 the genes

privations,  
 humiliations,  
 disasters  
 and  
 tragedies. It  
 is (the genes)  
 that  
 suffered.

down the line, provided it <sup>was bent</sup> would never ~~bend~~ wholly out of shape or ~~be~~

conclusively defeated. In surviving such agonies from generation to

generation, one <sup>need not be surprised to</sup> could find ~~sometimes~~ in a family of ordinary people <sup>one</sup> a true

<sup>(segments of the stalk that never ceased</sup>  
sage, the culmination of the stalk that grew through every ind of storm to  
<sup>growing in order to</sup>  
produce a flower at the end. He, Heinrich Himmler, was not a pure example

of this, since his roots, he would confess, <sup>could be traced</sup> went back ~~to~~ Heinrich the Fowler,

that great German king of the early Middle Ages who stood chest-to-chest

against Charlemagne in combat, but that <sup>heroic</sup> was less of a family achievement

<sup>impressed him less</sup> ~~and~~ completely  
than the rise of Adolf Hitler from his modest roots.

“Now,” said Himmler ~~to us~~, “there are, of course, complexities facing the  
thesis that the ~~Exceptional One~~ <sup>the</sup> will emerge eventually  
the thesis that great leadership and ~~or genius~~ <sup>is</sup> the product of a family’s  
from ten or even twenty generations of ordinary

ongoing desire, (long buried in the genes themselves) to create an  
exceptional child. Still, it should be assumed that if the frustrations are not



h or even de baser stock.

"He now posed the criticism we were all contemplating. 'How,' he asked, 'can such a family vision be continued ~~in~~<sup>by</sup> by a mechanism of procreation that brings together multi-millions of sperm & with one highly developed ovum?' He nodded forcibly. 'I would propose, and by instinct I am confident of this, that the multi-million of sperm all have the same <sup>overall</sup> objective even as an ~~army~~ <sup>regiment</sup> of infantry ~~are~~ <sup>off</sup> are fighting in the main ~~to~~ <sup>the need to</sup> take a given ridge. So, it is possible



20

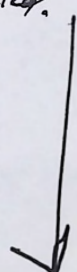
¶ "So, gentlemen, ~~we are seeking~~ the exceptional case is the one where there is a striking similarity of vision in the respective genes of the man and the woman. Only then can we speak of the infant genes as reinforced."

"Who could not see where Heinrich was leading us? Incest was the only answer. Obviously, it offered the highest possibility for such accord."

"Yes" said Himmler, "but we also know that the products of incest all too often parade before us a host of early deaths, mental retardation, physical anomalies and other monstrosities of maldevelopment."

"He stood there sad and stern, "that is the price humanity must pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the reverse occur even more often. Not only are the good tendencies encouraged in the child — the bad ones are also accelerated."

~~He said~~



~~every tendency goes out in the child.~~ (21)  
~~in intensity. Potentially, we are looking at a creature of more than ordinary~~

~~force of impulse.~~ Since the ~~the~~ plus and the minus of all the inner traits ~~will be~~

~~reinforced~~ inasmuch as both come from the same pool of anticipation—our

~~and sometimes contradictory~~ ~~the less~~ so will the less  
 mysterious friends, the genes, ~~Given the magnification as well as the less~~

agreeable possibilities, ~~instability~~ <sup>be</sup> is also magnified. <sup>Instability</sup> Accident and disaster

<sup>is</sup> will always ~~be~~ close then, and mental retardation is waiting in the wings.

We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of

a great goal so such a spirit, the greater <sup>the greater,</sup> will ~~be~~ the excessive restlessness and impulsiveness

Obviously, that is bound to ~~that can only~~ be punished by vastly <sup>It is said to expect</sup> greater frustration. Such massive

that such massive <sup>unhinge</sup> obstruction can, by early childhood, <sup>or induce early death,</sup> mal-form the brain or ~~induce~~ cause

~~early mortality.~~ <sup>1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100</sup> In large families, incestuous unions of the first degree

produce extraordinary incidences of death. So spoke ~~Heinrich Himmler~~

our immediate Führer, our head of the  
 S.S., our Heinrich Himmler.



22

*"I think it was obvious to all of us in the room /*  
*that, in turn, knew that these quasi-scientific remarks were directed being*

toward ~~the center of~~ our real inquiry. At this point, back in 1938, we were

looking (in the greatest secrecy and precaution, you may be certain) to

determine whether our <sup>*ultimate*</sup> Leader was a first or second-degree incestuary, or

neither. If the last <sup>*is*</sup> neither, then Himmler's theory had to collapse ~~at~~ Hitler

was more than the best example—he was the proof itself."

not revised  
 This is the one  
 that didn't come  
 through

3.

Now that we are done with that ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> one chapter from a novel that is not to be written, I feel more ready to approach my true interest. I confess, I share one preoccupation with Himmler.

~~We can now move on. I feel more ready to approach the center of my~~  
 It is Adolf Hitler. ~~There has my real interest?~~  
~~real interest, yes, I can now disclose it.~~ <sup>He is at</sup> Adolf Hitler is the center of my core

nothing less than such a central obsession comes from) <sup>3</sup>  
 obsession—call it that—~~is a~~ <sup>is</sup> a question we cannot answer, ~~we~~  
 a question that leaves us <sup>vital</sup> ~~and we are not able to~~  
 we cannot move forward in any of our serious ventures <sup>unless we obtain</sup> without obtaining ~~it~~

at least, count on it that ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> a clue to the secret. For most men and women, particularly we



Germans, ~~and~~ present obsessions are many. The first is: How guilty were

~~we as Germans~~ How guilty as a people, as a nation, as a vision?

Others dwell on the nature of Hitler. They are obsessed with

understanding him. Was he an absolute monster? Or, did he betray himself

through grave faults of character, *through the spiritual greed of over-reaching?*

I have neither obsession. I live with the confidence that I am in a

position to declare my understanding of Adolf if I dare, for I know him, *I repeat,*

*I know him, indeed, know him*

indeed from top to bottom, from the inside, even—as the Americans ~~say~~

with their rough grasp of reality, their crude purchase on consummate vulgarity,

*are, sometimes*  
~~have been known to say:~~ "Yes, I know  
vulgarity "I know him from asshole to appetite."

*for trapped / eternal*  
Nonetheless, I am obsessed. My question is: Do I dare? ~~Each time I~~ If I even  
think of such a possibility, *that is, to explain how I know what*  
~~that~~ *constructed*  
approach the inner query I am ~~confronted~~ by what many speak of as "primal

→ fear." Do I dare to jump from a height never before by me attempted?

*I know  
then I am  
seized by  
fear  
primal/fear*

25

Caution arises. Caution, after all, is the second seizure, the one that follows fear, sickly caution. So I proceed as ~~all~~ cowards do. I start with the comfortable and the given, that is, I speak of <sup>Hitler</sup> him first from a distance, I commence as a <sup>routine</sup> biographer, I look to his roots, his forbears, the <sup>countryside in</sup> country in which he spent his boyhood, and, of course, the available <sup>ghosts and</sup> secrets of his family.

On these subjects, I have more than a routine haul to present. ~~This is, in fact, no routine haul.~~ In Special Section V-2a, we worked on just such a <sup>biography</sup> ~~of course,~~ <sup>(equally)</sup> ~~as our main project.~~ <sup>a well-grounded</sup> Himmler ~~was also obsessed with Hitler, but he had reason to~~ <sup>therefore</sup> Heinrich saw himself, after all, as The Successor. He was rabid in his demands that we <sup>proceed</sup> ~~act as methodically~~ <sup>lavishly</sup> as Peat-Bog Soldiers, those poor

Moorseldatten of the song, who have to turn up every piece of turf in the

assigned field. Section V-2a knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than

any other cohort of researchers in <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ nation. We were more than competent





*redone*

altogether distorted by endless hardship, the Exceptional One will emerge eventually from ten or even twenty generations of supposedly ordinary or

even debased stock.'

*now asked himself first*  
 "He ~~was~~ asked a question, 'Herr Oberkanzlerfuchse [CK], how is one *well man you ask*

*(the mode of continuation for such an inspired*  
 to resolve the question of a family vision when we are dealing, after all, with

*who are there to serve*  
 multimillions of sperm and one ovum ~~as the protagonists in each~~

*highly articulated*  
 conception? Cannot the ovum of the woman contain an altogether different

vision? *than the host of sperm?*  
*needed happily,*  
 humbler ~~rather~~ thereby giving *our first* ~~the~~ apple-polisher his *expected* friend

"We must assume that is a likelihood. Sometimes the seed of the

man and the woman are compatible, *usually* ~~sometimes not~~ *not highly compatible. But*  
 be ready to ~~expect~~ *expect*

~~remember~~ that when we speak of the Creation of the Exceptional One, we are aware

*may not*  
 know that only one in a million families *not* produce such a leader, nay, one in a

hundred million. The numbers are even more astronomical in the case of



redone

20

It underwrites the possibility we seek  
Adolf Hitler. What must be taken for granted is the need for a similarity of  
seek is that a striking similarity of ~~genetic~~ <sup>biological</sup> ~~vision~~ <sup>vision</sup> between the male and the female in order to produce these

reinforced

reinforced genes in the infant. They produce exceptionally compatible genes

biological  
vision  
seated  
simply in  
the respective  
genes must  
be present  
between the

"who could not see where

"Now most of us saw where Heinrich was leading us." Incest was

kept in the family

bound to offer the greatest possibility for such accord. Ensured by unity

the sperm

family, sperm and ovum would be pointing in the same direction already.

the family  
the sperm

That could vastly intensify the force of the Will, would then be most intensified.

was obvious. Now, it was not our Apple-Polisher

"The next question asked why, then, were the products of incest often

but the class ~~entire~~ <sup>Volk</sup> (the most clanking of us all.)  
when he asked were the products of incest so often a parade of  
a disaster of early deaths, mental retardation, physical crippling

physical

anomalies and other

(monstrosities of mal-development.)

it is good you ask such a question. For that

"Yes," said Himmler, "as incestuous is going to have the best and  
is the prize humanity must pay. If the best lies close to the  
worst, so does the reverse occur even more often.  
worst potentialities in himself magnified by the congruence of the genes."

elements close family genes

The positive and the negative within the child of such a union will accelerate

We knew that we had at last a solid presentation to offer Himmler and we embellished it. ~~to~~ Our final scenario took this form: ~~Anna~~ Maria Anna Schickelgruber and Johann Nepomuk Thiedler had a <sup>(covert)</sup> ~~secret~~ but ~~highly~~ passionate relationship, every time she came back on a visit from her work in Graz (at the home of a family named Frankenreiter who were Catholics.)

On her last trip home, she conceived. Nepomuk was in a <sup>desperate</sup> ~~desperate~~ state. He loved his wife, he loved his three daughters, and, he told <sup>Maria Anna that</sup> ~~her~~, he could not shelter his home, but <sup>he</sup> would take care of her. And did. Under the rubric of money - from Graz, he gave her sums from time <sup>to time</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> taking care of the boy. And, he promised, he would in a few years take him into his own house and raise him with his daughters.

She put up with it, but most unhappily. Years went by. Five years. She declared her intention to expose every last detail of the situation. She was now forty-seven and it was humiliating not to be married. Nepomuk proposed his ~~to~~ brother



Georg as a substitute. ~~He~~ <sup>Deformule</sup> did not <sup>(56)</sup>  
like his brother, and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> brother did not  
like Deformule, but a new source of money <sup>(57)</sup>  
is as vital as ~~blood~~ <sup>to a drunk as a</sup>  
~~blood transfusion~~ <sup>(to a hemophilic,</sup>  
<sup>much</sup> exaggerate, but not by ~~a great deal~~  
Georg married Maria Anna for her source  
of money ~~known~~ <sup>money</sup> and enjoyed the knowledge  
that it came from Deformule for their part  
him who worked so hard to ~~make his~~  
~~accountable~~ <sup>gather in</sup> a few extra ~~cents~~  
kronen. There was <sup>a rare</sup> pleasure, inexhausting  
a younger brother ~~with~~ <sup>by way of</sup> one's own  
dissipation. No one intrudes a reservoir  
fund of ~~pure~~ <sup>mean</sup> spirit more <sup>(than)</sup> a fury ball  
of failure who is ~~always~~ <sup>never</sup> obliged  
to study the least of his life through the  
bottom of a glass.

Maria Anna, being married, counted  
Georg to say he was Alois' father, but no,  
~~that~~ <sup>it was a matter of honor for him, I say</sup>  
had not kept his word to be silent  
about the <sup>reason for this</sup> marriage and ~~indeed in~~  
~~total~~ <sup>had managed in the course</sup>  
of individuals to tell everyone in stories  
(which, of course, become part of the legend  
passed on to him) then he saw  
no reason to make a fool of himself

27

Triple aspect

4.

with his hands  
when a photo  
was taken, a  
characteristic  
gesture,  
undeniably  
enough if you  
are a monorchid.  
But it is one  
thing to think  
to suspect, another  
to verify. The  
inquiry  
was so  
full of  
risk.

(Complements) dire questions.  
There were other ~~tools~~ for other purposes. (We had to trace out to a

certainty whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew, we had <sup>— that was one</sup>  
well of a ~~big~~ question. And we had also to <sup>run or</sup>  
~~engage~~ in exceptionally delicate inquiries over the question of ~~pass~~

monorchidism <sup>our</sup> did the Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive

(Be damned if he wasn't <sup>usually</sup> always shielding his group  
hyperactive men who possess only one testicle? This last question was ~~a risk~~ <sup>only conclusive approach</sup> ~~filled~~  
The immediate ~~fact~~ <sup>was</sup> to interview women who had  
had one or another kind of ~~sexual relations~~ <sup>intimate</sup> ~~or possibly~~  
risk-filled with possible repercussions from intimate interviews that we were  
intimate relations with him. But, oh, the repercussions!  
The gossip that would seep out of such confrontational



episodes. <sup>Hitler himself?</sup> what if word got back to ~~the~~ <sup>exceptional</sup> ~~we were obliged at last~~ <sup>(28)</sup>  
 obliged to give it up. That ~~finally~~ was by Himmler's decision: "If our ~~leader~~ <sup>esteemed</sup>

~~subject~~ <sup>leader</sup> proves to be a first-degree incestuary, then all questions of

monorchidism will be subsumed by the greater factor. Monorchidism is,

after all, a ~~most~~ likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

Be assured. Where he could, ~~Heinrich~~ <sup>invariably</sup> Himmler would return the

inquiry to incest. He was one of those men for whom power was a

necessity—as vital to his well-being as any critical <sup>nutrient</sup> ~~material~~ of the blood—

but, power once achieved, he was also tormented by the fear that he was, at

bottom, a nonentity <sup>so he</sup> <sup>high office</sup> ~~and so~~ could lose his ~~position~~ <sup>(at a stroke)</sup>. He found it

crucial, therefore, to <sup>hope</sup> ~~believe~~ that he possessed a creative mind, <sup>when</sup> ~~and~~ indeed he

~~did~~ <sup>did</sup>. His theories were far-ranging and usually impossible to verify, but it

must be admitted that he did not think like other people.

29

Always — and this could be worksome —  
 When his thesis was exceptional, (one had to respect the possibility

that he could be correct. Did we have, after all, a better explanation than

Fuehrer?  
 incest for the incredible Will of the Fuehrer? The thesis became qual in

Himmler  
 importance to the flagship of the fleet, and he attacked any supposition

about the origins of Adolf Hitler that distracted us from <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ main pursuit.

Conceive, then, of how he loathed the idea that the Fuehrer's paternal  
 grandfather was a Jew. This supposition had <sup>even</sup> come to light about 1930 when

Adolf heard  
 a letter came to the Leader (from a young man named William Patrick Hitler,

the son of Alois Hitler, Adolf's older half-brother. In the <sup>nephew's</sup> letter were ~~references~~

John:  
 watch out  
 for this  
 third son  
 runner

references to "shared circumstances in our family history," an egregious ~~euphemism~~

~~reference. Patrick Hitler could~~

A hint of black mail which William Patrick Hitler  
 euphemism of the sort a blackmailer would use since ~~the circumstances~~ could venture

the circumstances

referred to the fact that Adolf's grandmother (had apparently been receiving

small but regular

regular sums of money <sup>regularly</sup> for a number of years following the illegitimate birth

since he lived  
 in England  
 with  
 his Irish  
 mother.



Alois Schicklgruber, In the <sup>30</sup> family, the sons  
 in 1837 of Hitler's father ~~(also named Alois)~~ The sons came from a well-  
 to have come from

a well-to-do Jew who had lived in the provincial city of Graz, and the grandmother,

~~then a young servant in from the country~~ had worked as a maid in the Jew's

(the family story was that she)  
 house and became pregnant there. ~~Or, so went the story. There~~  
~~were not further indications~~

was/  
 Or, so went one version of the story. It ~~is all but~~ buried in conflicting

for certain,  
 accounts and every one of the principals, including at least two other

any  
 candidates for the role of father, also had the best of reasons to conceal their  
 carnal knowledge ~~then might have had or~~  
~~participation in what~~ so she/  
 identities. The mother, Maria Anna Schicklgruber, had no name to give the

for the/  
 father when she took the baby to be baptized. The parish priest, being given

wrote "Illegitimate" in the blank space.  
 no name for the blank space that would list the father, wrote "Illegitimate."

That was not at all uncommon in those parts of the Waldviertel. After the

Anschluss in 1938, some of us were even  
 sent down to Austria to ~~police around a city~~  
 and see if there was more to what was  
 there to learn. Allow me to skip over the  
 etymology of our researches and present  
 the results.

27

~~01/05/2001~~

4.

*however* *Two were alive.*  
There were ~~other implements for~~ other ~~live~~ questions. We had to

trace out to a certainty whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been

a Jew—that was one hell of a question. And we ~~had~~ *had* also to engage in

exceptionally delicate inquiries over the rumor of monorchidism—did our

Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who possess

*It was true that he was,*  
only one testicle? Be damned if he wasn't (usually shielding his groin with



28

his hands when a <sup>flashball</sup> photo was taken, a characteristic gesture, understandably,

enough, if you are a monorchid. But it is one thing to <sup>(fear such a possibility)</sup> suspect another to

verify <sup>it</sup>. The inquiry was <sup>too</sup> full of risk. The only conclusive approach <sup>could come by</sup> was to

interview <sup>living</sup> women who had intimate relations with him. But, <sup>who could control the</sup> ~~on~~ the-

repercussions? <sup>How much would have to</sup> The gossip that would seep out of such confrontational material?

episodes? <sup>(that we in the SG were fingerin' his genital(s).?)</sup> What if word got back to Hitler ~~himself~~ ~~We were obliged to give~~

<sup>So we had to give</sup>

~~up~~ That was by Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to

be a first-degree incestuary, ~~then~~ all questions of monorchidism will be

subsumed. Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree

incest."

Be assured. Where he could, Himmler would invariably <sup>return</sup> the inquiry to

his <sup>number one theme</sup> incest. He was one of those men for whom power was a necessity—as vital

to his well-being as any critical nutrient of the blood—but, power once

achieved, he was also tormented by the fear that he was, at bottom, a

nonentity. So he could lose his high office at a stroke. He found it crucial,

therefore, to hope that he possessed a creative mind, when indeed, he did. <sup>wife</sup>

His theories were ~~far-reaching~~ and usually impossible to verify, but it must be

admitted that he did not think like other people.

~~Always~~ and this could be irksome. One had to respect the

possibility that he could be correct. Did we have, after all, a better

explanation than incest for the Will of the Fuhrer? <sup>her</sup> The thesis became the

flagship of the fleet, and Himmler attacked any supposition about the origins

of Adolf Hitler that distracted us from our main pursuit.

Conceive, then, of how he loathed the idea that the Fuhrer's <sup>Adolf Hitler's</sup> paternal

<sup>No incest there!</sup>  
grandfather was a Jew. (This supposition had even come to light as far back

as 1930 when a letter came to <sup>his desk</sup> Adolf Hitler from a young man named



30

William Patrick Hitler, the son of Adolf's older half-brother. In the

nephew's letter were references to "shared circumstances in our family

history," an egregious euphemism! A hint of blackmail which William

Patrick Hitler could <sup>afford to suggest</sup> express (since he lived in England with his Irish mother.

The circumstances referred to the fact that Adolf's grandmother, Maria

Anna Schicklgruber, had been receiving small but regular sums of money for

a number of years after the illegitimate birth in 1837 of Hitler's father, Alois

Schicklgruber. In <sup>her</sup> the family, <sup>(story was often bruited about that the</sup> sums were said to have ~~come~~ from a well-

to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of Graz. <sup>Mary Anne</sup> ~~The grandmother had~~

<sup>where Alois' mother had</sup> ~~worked as a maid in the Jew's house and the family story was that she had~~ <sup>felt it was possible thought</sup>

became pregnant there.

So went one version of the story. It was <sup>one among several</sup> ~~buried in conflicting scenarios~~

~~of gossip.~~ <sup>(the prominent)</sup> ~~accounts and, for certain, every one of the principals, including at least two~~ <sup>suggested (male candidates)</sup>

~~seasonal~~ <sup>seasonal</sup> sexuality of their animals, but their bodies are at the mercy of hot

summers. How, on occasion, can their ~~will~~ <sup>impulses</sup> not be unruly? Indeed, given the

paucity of their social life, how ~~do they avoid~~ <sup>(are they to stay away from)</sup> entanglements with brothers

and sisters, fathers and daughters, all that propinquity of ~~bodies~~ <sup>(limbs and for so)</sup> at night,

three and four in a bed. So ensues the ham-handed naturalness of the most

agreeable work of all—that ~~heavy~~ <sup>hard-</sup>breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the

whirligig slopes of ~~sexual~~ <sup>caraval (androgynous)</sup> joy (so necessary for the maintenance of

~~procreation~~ <sup>with the other</sup> given the (discouragements of existence!) Yes, given <sup>given</sup> (the hammer

and anvil of peasant life, more than a few families ~~come willy-nilly to put~~ <sup>of them come to see incest</sup>

~~this sin as the act of choice~~ <sup>as</sup>, the best ~~sexual~~ option available. Who would be

more likely to find the work-hardened features of the father agreeable ~~than~~

the children who <sup>so often</sup> see their parents as the center of attraction and the fount of

power?



15

cannot be done without comprehending the  
 contemplate the problems of husbandry is equal to discussing the peasantry,  
 peasant, yet to understand ~~how~~ that man of the earth  
 yet to speak of peasants is to speak of incest. Undeniably, it is one of the  
 major reasons that ~~our old peasant~~ <sup>old peasants were</sup> so devout. ~~We took it for granted that~~  
<sup>We did not need detailed</sup>  
<sup>from the studies, we</sup>  
 to know already that

a bottomless sense of sin sooner or later manifested itself in one or the other

of two extremes: <sup>R. H. Absolut</sup> ~~nihilism or extreme~~ devotion to religious practice. Indeed,  
<sup>(or nihilism.)</sup>

it was Engels who once wrote, <sup>correctly</sup> if I recall his words from my student days,

that about the time the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to

prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain. As much can be said for

blood-scandal. The peasant must be kept devout or there will be land riots.

What problems faced the issue. <sup>Yet,</sup> How was the average peasant to avoid precisely  
 incest? <sup>(in the first place?)</sup> <sup>these temptations</sup>  
 avoid the temptations of incest. Peasants, after all, are not the most

attractive people. Their features <sup>brutally</sup> ~~become~~ turn ugly from <sup>hard</sup> ~~hard~~ work, and they

reck of the field and the barn. Their spirits may live in harmony with the

in German because he did not like <sup>(German)</sup> ~~the word incest~~ for those born of such a relationship. He preferred <sup>(that is,)</sup> the German word <sup>for incest which is Blut-schandal or blood-scandal</sup> ~~the word incest~~ <sup>or as sometimes used in polite society,</sup> ~~the word incest~~ <sup>say, Call it Dramatik der Blut, that is, blood-drama</sup>

"None of us felt ready to say that he could be ignored, given the kind

of work we were undertaking. Heinrich had perceived early in the

development of the S.S. that one of our needs, <sup>was,</sup> if not immediately apparent,

~~was nonetheless~~ to develop ~~more and more~~ finely tuned ~~and exceptional~~

research groups, an elite of elites absolutely prepared to deal with questions

dealt with <sup>or by his choice,</sup> that came nearer to ultimates — again, his word, letzten fragen — last questions.

We were there to explore into <sup>the kind of problem</sup> problems of human paradox that others did not care

~~was not~~ dare to contemplate. Incest, naturally, was high on his list. <sup>(one of the first)</sup> ~~If we were to become~~ the prevailing influence in the world then, <sup>the German mind</sup> ~~intellectual~~ <sup>concerned with events not on the surface but in the background,</sup> ~~we were not ready to dismiss his interest. He had~~ <sup>we give due recognition to his interests. He had</sup>

earliest preoccupations, after all, had been with agriculture. But to

must, as he would often remind us, become



"He,  
Himmler, however, had the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind those  
unhappy spectacles. For a ~~German~~ with ~~that~~  
a) and) ~~he~~ he had quite a mind  
behind that bland/chinless mug, with its unhappy spectacles. What a mind!

His  
Godawful in its mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He had ideas ~~that were~~

not like anyone else's. He was, for instance, a pagan. Can you conceive of

an orgy where carnality could rise to such a pitch that you might even find a

woman ready to ~~dash~~ to embrace Heinrich Himmler? Not even in the spirit

of the game! You could see his face as it must <sup>once</sup> have been at a school dance,

<sup>a tall thin,</sup>  
that unconnected stare of the wallflower waiting by the wall. Even as a young man  
he must already have had that small flat belly.  
<sup>such unchartered</sup>

"Yet he was obsessed with matters such as promiscuity, <sup>illegitimacy,</sup> ~~gambling,~~

~~psychic inheritance~~ and mental retardation in relation to genius — ~~he~~ Himmler

proceeded often on the theory that the best lies close to the worst. <sup>Remember that!</sup>

~~It could have been~~ The best lies close to the worst!  
It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that exceptionally  
~~anticipated~~ promising offspring were there to be discovered in those large ~~poor~~ large

who have a number of what he called incestuaries, that is,  
families whose siblings have a significant influence of incestuaries (his word,  
~~for incestuaries~~ ~~but he was wrong~~ ~~and in German~~) the word he coined

12

It is now an orphan,  
 Enough of this blather. Here is the orphaned chapter I present it  
 the original/  
 even with its quotation marks as if Dieter is indeed speaking to the silent

Jew.

Captain  
 "You have to accept the fact that incest was a real problem for us. It  
 is the true Gehenna of the very poor. Such families have been concealing  
 such matters, or, if poor enough, taking them for granted over thousands of

years, and our own peasantry has been much afflicted with it. No one would  
 by it. Normally, no  
 care, ~~formally~~ since there is not much ~~about it~~ often, after all,  
 nothing to be done (head-on). How do you select  
 (can) (pick out)

a guaranteed/  
 directly a (product of incest?) Here, you ~~are we supposed to say, 'Please stand'~~  
~~under the sign that says~~  
 the right, you are marked for Solution 4-G. No, it was not like that. We

No, we swept it under the rug, as did all other ~~high~~ high officials  
 even as we had done ~~in~~ <sup>Heinrich</sup>  
 all over the world, all, that is, except (Himmler)



of presentation.

11

questions raised by us <sup>since we are</sup> ~~are~~  
 objections by his auditors ~~all~~ ranking SS officers in the particular Special

Section V-2a

division of SS Intelligence ~~to~~ which I belonged. <sup>and so are familiar with his style</sup> The brunt of the writing is <sup>have mentioned</sup> ~~the writing~~ by

By my choice, <sup>the writing</sup> ~~is given over instead to~~ ~~the introduction~~ ~~to my real intent~~ ~~to tell an in calculable tale~~ ~~so bold as to call in calculable, that is,~~ ~~The act of writing in this manner left me confused until I came to my~~

Right there  
is the  
introduction

my purpose. It was no more than an introduction to my real intent

to progress by stages into the in calculable tale that I can tell. But then, it

~~is so~~ <sup>yet</sup> large, <sup>so delicate</sup>, and <sup>so resistant</sup> to conventional belief <sup>in the ways</sup>

<sup>must</sup> ~~and patterns of the world~~ that, of necessity, I approach <sup>by degrees</sup> ~~by degrees~~ by degrees.

The irony is that I, a liar <sup>by professional</sup> ~~of the most accomplished techniques and~~

skills—is now obsessed with telling what <sup>might be</sup> ~~is~~ true, and this inclination, ~~as~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~for us,~~

<sup>is as</sup> ~~the forbidden~~ fierce as an urge to destroy oneself, leaves me not knowing who I am, <sup>nor</sup> ~~where~~

I am exactly (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

~~and, more important, what I am really seeking~~

Bottom of page

So, for example I do

Part of <sup>this</sup> latter-day impulse is present in this one chapter I did write

I will <sup>(soon)</sup> now quote in full. As <sup>can</sup> <sup>soon enough</sup> be seen, it presumes much.

~~too much~~ on the expectations of the critical reader. <sup>the</sup> ~~The~~ SS doctor never <sup>does not utter</sup> ~~stops speaking~~ and the Jewish doctor <sup>does not utter</sup> ~~never speaks~~. Soon enough, I realized

I was not interested in <sup>this</sup> the Jew, indeed, I had a far better one waiting in the

wings. My real desire, now evident to me in the writing, was to search out

~~the~~ I possess <sup>I believe it was for this reason that I</sup> ~~my interest in much larger matters, and so I observed~~ ~~observed~~ <sup>so few</sup> ~~of the~~ <sup>essential</sup> ~~amenities~~

~~that~~ skillful writers employ when rounding out a plot that not only never

happened, but could never happen.

As can soon be seen, I do not bother to describe the room in which our well-known

head of the SS, the notorious Heinrich Himmler, ~~the master of instruction~~ <sup>Heinrich Himmler gave instruction</sup> ~~imagining for yourself a German~~

~~schoolroom for adults~~ <sup>schoolroom for adults</sup> ~~I present much of his full dialogue for~~

~~the life of~~ <sup>the life of</sup> ~~There are no questions or~~ <sup>Non will there be many</sup>

10  
to those of us who were not  
but then it is surely  
not difficult to picture  
a small lecture hall with

XXXX



31

which I will soon present. In the event,  
~~other candidates for the role of father, also had the best of reasons to conceal~~

~~any carnal knowledge <sup>he</sup> they might have had of Maria Anna Schicklgruber.~~

~~there was~~ Maria Anna Schicklgruber  
~~so she had no name for the father when she took the baby to be baptized.~~

The parish priest wrote "Illegitimate" in the blank space. That was not

It was known as the poorhouse  
 uncommon in those parts of the Waldviertel. After the Anschluss in 1938,

the region to —  
 some of us were even sent down to Austria as the American detectives

say <sup>u</sup> ~~to~~ poke around a bit." Allow me to skip over the etymology of our

researches and present the results. The etymology of our  
 findings is, in fact, fascinating, but it is  
 too soon to talk about that, if, in fact, — I repeat —  
 I don't <sup>to do so</sup> let us say that ~~that~~ the  
 fear <sup>which</sup> rises like psychic smoke from  
 the heart of my obsession is the reason  
 for my reticence. It will take awhile  
 before I know ~~what~~ how much ~~of~~ of the real  
 methods of discovery ~~Exposition~~ I am prepared  
~~to present~~ of the results, then. Only the results  
 for now.

32

01/05/2001

5.

and there is  
a dark hooded  
reticence to  
the forests, to  
contrast with

the spring green  
of the occasional  
open field. The soil is,  
however, and most unhappily,  
poor for agriculture. So,

Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Raabs, Hardegg, Rosenau,

Heidenreichstein and Litschau are the names of castles in the Waldviertel, which is

situated in the north of the Danube and south of Bohemia, a land of tall pines, (land of tall pines) a terrain of dark beautiful woods indeed

Der Waldviertel can be translated directly as the wooded quarter, woods. Waldviertel means "wooded quarter" and, less happily, poor soil. but the soil, ~~is poor for agriculture, less happy, it is poor for agriculture, no matter their~~

So the castles, despite a host of medieval towers, are modest and the

and peasants are poor. The Heidlers (who later became Hitlers) and the

and lovely

however, and most unhappily

and have to  
a reticence  
to the  
occasional  
spring green  
the open  
occasional open  
field. The soil  
is poor for  
agriculture



33

Schicklgrubers lived in Strones, a village small enough to be called a hamlet.

~~No unexpected sights~~ <sup>unexpected sights</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~back woods~~ <sup>back woods</sup> confirms the meaning of dirt poor.  
 No surgeon, [phrase cut off by side of page - you wrote too close to margin] ~~to surprise there!~~ <sup>Strones was mud-deep along</sup>  
 its <sup>and had no inn, only a few</sup> one lane, no café (certainly not!) and a dozen and a half small and medium

(If Strones

side and)

huts with peaked roofs of thatch. Strones was rich in pig wallows to the rear

<sup>dwelling cow flop was also profuse in the</sup> ~~in the town meadow. Here and~~  
 of each house, and to the side profuse was the cow flop, and there was even

(to speak in relative terms -)

~~there was~~ <sup>here and there, proud</sup> ~~respectable horse manure, proud, relatively speaking horse manure~~ <sup>given the value</sup>

of horses in such country where a man often had to

~~when~~ <sup>when the snow came, pull</sup> no snow covered the ground, there were many grades of mud (gumbo thick

~~gumbo thick~~ <sup>gumbo thick</sup> ~~thick~~ <sup>thick</sup>)

(as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slews, clods and rocks,

and common malleable road <sup>clay, muck</sup>)

impacted scree, [line missing - too close to edge.] Most of the peasants had

never seen a castle. The nearest one, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away.

For that matter, Weitra was probably the largest and ugliest castle in the

Waldviertel since <sup>it was</sup> ~~it was~~ massive and cube-like and ~~was~~ topped by a

mansard roof of insufficient stature, ~~what with the bulk beneath~~ <sup>It could</sup>

Probably, she was not shamed by such an entry. Forty percent of the births in the village were left a blank space for the father, that year (and the local authorities can refuse to go to the death, that more than half could be covered on)

THH  
said, if one is ready to ~~stretch the point~~ that the castle at Weitra had more

resemblance to an apartment house on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx

with ~~Flavio~~ (W. Beh's ~~Eng~~) ~~came on the~~  
~~In Strones, of course, then~~  
than to an old schloss from the times (before Luther) when people knew ~~it~~ ~~by contrast,~~  
~~comes to top its towers, Strones, I think~~  
~~enough to fear~~  
church steeple was a reminder what could happen to you inside a castle, ~~that had~~  
~~enough to fear~~ ~~as a reminder. It did even have~~  
~~with a witch's cone on its roof~~  
tower. Nothing like that, of course, in Strones. Not even a church. One

where there was,  
went to the next hamlet for that, a parish registry, and there Maria Anna

Schicklgruber had the name of her ~~just born son~~ <sup>infant inscribed</sup> recorded as "Alois

Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male, Illegitimate." Filled with the awe one accords

a sacrament—in this case a theologico-bureaucratic sacrament—she saw

himself inscribed by the priest as "unmarried, daughter of Johann

Schicklgruber of Strones #1, and his wife, Theresia, born Pfeisinger." (\*)

Since Maria Anna, born in 1796, was forty-two when Alois was <sup>born,</sup>

brought to a parish registry, we knew <sup>had to suppose</sup> that she had had an ample number of

34

THH as blood-scandal. No great embarrassment however. Illegitimate children were often seen as cheap labor since they were on the future labor force but would not be able to inherit the family name or the land after the death of the parents.



35

years to make mischief. Worse. She came from a family of eleven children

of whom five were already dead. It was, on the face of it, perfectly possible

that she had cohabited with several of her brothers or her father. <sup>Maybe one of them</sup> ~~In any~~ <sup>to that</sup>

~~was the missing husband. (Himmler kind of course, no objection, having lost their farm)~~

In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of the family — they were even poorer

~~she dwelt over the next five years~~ <sup>she dwelt over the next five years</sup> ~~than their neighbors in Strass since they had lost their farm — she lived for~~ <sup>the five years</sup>

~~the first five years~~ <sup>the first five years</sup> after Alois' birth in her father's home.

~~Even with this likelihood of~~ <sup>Even with this likelihood of</sup> ~~nonetheless, family secrets could, we still could~~ <sup>(not dismis)</sup>

~~We still had to deal with the question of the Jew from Graz. Back in~~

~~Hitler Hitler had said that they were~~

~~In 1930, after our Leader had received the bothersome letter from his nephew's bothersome~~

~~letter on to~~ <sup>he called in his lawyer, Hans Frank,</sup> ~~William Patrick Hitler, Hans Frank, who would yet be Governor-General of~~ <sup>but that was in 1930 and our</sup>

~~Poland (only to be hanged after the Nuremberg trials in 1946) was then no~~

~~more than Hitler's lawyer. Since our Fuehrer did not come to power until 1933. Back~~

~~then, three years earlier,~~

~~1933, Hans Frank was in 1930 as close to the top of the party as only a~~ <sup>summit</sup> <sup>close as a</sup>

36

<sup>when he has</sup>  
lawyer can be with a client who is always extricating himself from one soup

<sup>be scalded</sup>  
in order to ~~scald himself~~ in another.

Frank delivered bad news. The likelihood was that ~~the father of~~ Alois's father  
~~was a nineteen-year-old, the son of~~  
~~was not~~ the head of this Jewish family named Frankenberg but his son, a  
~~nineteen-year-old.~~ <sup>It</sup> This was a detail that made a great deal of sense <sup>unhappy</sup> since in

In the early middle of the nineteenth century it was never uncommon for the

<sup>young</sup> ~~late-adolescent~~ scion of a well-to-do family to <sup>enjoy</sup> engage in his first sexual

<sup>(Indeed it was preferable that she be</sup>  
adventures with a <sup>house maid</sup> ~~maid~~, preferably experienced, to guide him. This was  
~~experienced and not too young.~~ <sup>unhappy</sup> This was accepted  
~~considered~~ by the good bourgeois mores of a provincial city like Graz as

<sup>much superior</sup> ~~preferable~~ to consorting with a whore. <sup>To a degree, it might even appear</sup> ~~It could even be seen as aping the~~

<sup>(Sound among certain aristocrats. Many a</sup>  
style of living of aristocrats  
<sup>castle, after all, was a connubial palace, to the eyes</sup>  
of the popular imagination.

Frank claimed to have seen ~~more~~ evidence. His research, he told

<sup>results</sup>  
Hitler, had produced ~~results~~ (painful "to the highest degree." <sup>It seemed that</sup> ~~Frank even~~



37

*there were* *never*  
~~added that certain letters from the Frankenberger family~~ to Maria Anna

*thus*  
 promised to provide regular payments for ~~the care and welfare of~~ Alois over  
 the next fourteen years.

*All through that year of 1930)*  
 Well, in 1930, Hitler was ~~first~~ of his romance with Geli Raubal, <sup>e</sup>Gali,  
*however, immersed in*

his blood niece, daughter of Angela Raubal, Hitler's half-sister, <sup>3</sup>he did not

need more complications. He told Frank that the ~~real~~ story, imparted to him

by his own father, was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler

*had* who married his grandmother five years after <sup>Alors'</sup> the birth. *"All the same,"* <sup>"Besides,"</sup> said

*will*  
 Hitler to Hans Frank, "I ~~am waiting to~~ <sup>will</sup> examine these letters from the Jew to  
 my grandmother."

Frank has seen them, he assured Hitler, but they were not available.

*asking*  
 The man who owned them would not retreat from <sup>an</sup> inexcusably high price, *no,*

*he* *not*  
 and could not be budged, neither by honey <sup>1</sup>nor by threats. ~~It was an~~

impossible. Besides, <sup>38</sup>if (had been photographed) he had photographed the letters, as he must certainly

have done, acquisition would be worth little.

"But you have seen them," said Hitler, ~~said~~ <sup>stated</sup>

"One by one, in his office. And he had two ~~fellows~~ <sup>fellows</sup> for physical ~~support~~ <sup>standing there</sup> beside him. <sup>Big nasty fellows.</sup>"

Hitler nodded. "Yes, one cannot even hope for his premature death

since ~~there would be no possibility~~ <sup>the</sup> that these letters are <sup>(going to be)</sup> not in one place and the copies in another."

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

In 1938, however, our findings proved interesting. Our findings in 1938 proved ~~however~~ <sup>50</sup> startling. It seemed altogether ~~unlikely~~ <sup>likely</sup> that Maria Anna had been receiving money from anyone. She and

her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, were so poor <sup>back in 1842</sup> that they had no home of

their own after their marriage <sup>they even</sup> and <sup>on many a night</sup> slept together in an empty cattle trough.



39

Of course, Johann Georg could have drunk up <sup>the</sup> her money, ~~he~~ never worked <sup>any longer,</sup>

and he was still <sup>renowned</sup> remembered in Stranes, almost a century later, for the depth <sup>(Impoverished / ~~from~~ hamlets)</sup> and rich when it comes to preserving <sup>mean memories.</sup> He was a legend for the length and depth of his of his drunken stupors through which he kept drinking, and indeed this <sup>but such</sup> ~~fact did~~ <sup>cloud our</sup>

hypothesis that there was little money could carry its own water for why

~~with~~ <sup>Sixty year old</sup> would a drunk like Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless she

had a source of income? That certainly reduced the luster of the likelihood that he was the father,

~~Still,~~ <sup>Moreover,</sup> he showed no readiness to legitimize Alois and even made no <sup>no, he was not ready</sup> the boy who to ~~legitimize his~~ establish the name of what was purported to be his son, <sup>either he did not believe</sup> ~~objection~~ when Maria Anna convinced Johann Nepomuk Heidler, a very

hard-working farmer who was (Johann Georg's younger brother) to take the

<sup>a hard-working farmer,</sup> boy in and raise him. Johann Nepomuk had a wife and three daughters

<sup>he had</sup> already, but no sons.

There was then no salient detail on the side of Johann Georg being the

real father. On the face of it, Johann Nepomuk seemed more likely to be the

40

~~stalwart, but we were~~ <sup>stills</sup> ~~most uneasy~~  
~~unknown parent. Yet, nothing conclusive. We were still haunted by the~~

about the  
 (Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took the measure of century-old ~~records~~  
~~was there!~~ <sup>appeared</sup>  
 records. What a find! There was no Frankenberg in such records. I pored

over the Jewish Registry of Graz, ~~their~~ <sup>of the</sup> Kultusgemeinde and was confirmed.

Back in 1496, the Jews had been expelled from that region. By 1836 they

~~(It was already the sort of small city that catered to retired Army officers on small~~  
 had still not been permitted to come back. The Jewish Registry that I

studied only started up again twenty years later. It was obvious. Hans

Frank had been lying.

Himmler explained it to me. Frank had a good grip on Hitler, a

reliable pressure point. That was why he had made such a show of not  
 being able to produce ~~the~~ <sup>the evidence</sup>  
~~coming up with the mythical letters~~ (Hitler could hardly know whether

he was certainly looking to <sup>establish</sup> ~~fix~~ himself more  
 permanently in Hitler's inner circle.  
 Of course, ~~and~~ as Himmler saw it, he was  
 using these mythical letters to cement his position,  
 to obtain a ~~reliable~~

Hans Frank was bold and a gambler when it  
 came to ~~using~~ his own career stakes. Indeed, he  
 did not acquire his later name for too little. (By 1942  
 he was known as the "Butcher of Poland") where the ~~first~~  
 as the Governor-General. At the time of the nephew's letter, #



Frank was making it all up, was telling the truth, or was actually in

possession of the letters. *It would have been Frank's neck and/or his testicles if Hitler had sent other people*

*Since* ~~Himmler~~ <sup>he</sup> was grooming me to be one of his first assistants, ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> Heinrich ~~also~~ <sup>Hitler</sup> ~~later~~ <sup>Certainly not!</sup> confided that he never told about this finding, ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> told Frank instead. I

*Could there be* understood immediately. There was not one official within the Nazi ruling

group who ~~was not~~ <sup>was not</sup> forever looking for a dependable wrestler's grip on the

*any one of the* ~~rival ambitions of any of the others~~ <sup>thereby</sup> and so Frank, to a limited but still

forceful degree, was now in Himmler's power, ~~and with that mutual~~ <sup>with</sup>

*he* ~~understanding~~ <sup>he</sup> served Himmler's will until 1942 when Hitler, nervous <sup>to</sup>

*the end* ~~now~~ about the Jewish grandfather, instructed our Heinrich to ~~make another~~ <sup>send a few good</sup>

~~SS investigation in Graz~~ <sup>people to</sup> ~~Himmler, now~~ <sup>in turn</sup> looking to protect the <sup>man, told</sup> (usefulness of

*now that he was* Hans Frank who ~~had become~~ Governor-General of Poland, reported that

there were no results which could be called tangible. Nonetheless, what

*with the pressures of the war and the length of the reports which were* ~~inconclusive~~ <sup>and ambiguous</sup> ~~if the evidence~~ <sup>the matter should be put to rest. such was</sup>

*to Graz, but Frank knew his client well enough to gamble that Hitler did not really want to know, and I would stay away from the subject. That was Himmler's interpretation.*

*Himmler's advice to Hitler*

Judith - triple space even pages  
 [PP. 17-28] 17

"Give it to Himmler, then. He virtually approved of incest. It gave

him a flash of humans, a variety of test cases whose significance we could

after all,  
 begin to explore." Moreover, he had theories backed up over two decades, ~~in a life~~

It gave him the confidence

how to look for the most significant approach. He was a great believer in the

power of the will, that was Moreover, he had  
intensity of purpose contained in the genes. He had certainly not read

Schopenhauer for too little. Heinrich saw the genes as embodiments of will, ~~purpose~~

this  
the will,

yet able to,  
 passed on from generation to generation, while remaining astonishingly true

The will in the genes was could, in some, prove  
 to the original vision, an ongoing project that had to be ready to adapt to the

specific frustrations of each ongoing life, could also be ready to return always if wherever possible,

possible to the in-given impulse. Great leaders, he would always tell us,

came from ten generations, not one. The measure of their success was the

degree of high frustration a brave and noble desire could suffer repeatedly these

provided it)  
 ten times down the line, yet would never bend wholly out of shape or be



conclusively defeated. In surviving such agonies from generation to

generation, one could <sup>find</sup> sometimes find a true sage in a family of ordinary

a true sage, the culmination of a stalk that grew  
people for the stalk that grew through nine generations produced a flower in  
through every kind of storm to produce a flower  
at the end,  
-the tenth. He, Heinrich Himmler, was not a pure example of this, since his roots,

he would confess,

roots (went back to Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle  
Ages who stood chest-to-chest against Charlemagne  
in combat, but that was less of a family. For Foch was  
Middle Ages, but one had only to contemplate the modest roots of Adolf  
achievement than the rise of Adolf Hitler from  
his modest roots,  
Hitler to see how powerful was the hypothesis.

to us,  
"Now," said Himmler in his exposition of the problem, 'there are, of course,

obviously a multitude of complexities facing the fundamental thesis that

great leadership and/or genius <sup>is</sup> are the product of a family's ongoing desire,

(long buried in the genes themselves) to create an exceptional child. Still, it should  
<sup>(handship)</sup>  
be assumed that if the frustrations are not altogether <sup>distorted by endless</sup> ~~frustrating, the~~ <sup>distortive</sup>

<sup>the</sup>  
^ Exceptional One will emerge eventually from ten or even twenty generations

of supposedly ordinary or even debased stock.'

"He was asked a question. 'Herr Oberkanzleifuehrer <sup>[24]</sup> ~~[CHECK]~~, how

is one to resolve the question of ~~this continuation~~ <sup>?</sup> of a family vision when we

are dealing, after all, with multimillions of sperm <sup>as the protagonists</sup> and one ovum <sup>in each</sup>

<sup>Cannot</sup>  
conception? Can ~~the~~ ovum of the woman contain an altogether different  
vision?"

<sup>that is a likelihood</sup>  
"We must assume it ~~can~~. (Sometimes the seed of the man and the ovum of the

woman are compatible, sometimes not, but we must also remember that

when we speak of the Creation of the Exceptional One, <sup>we know that only one</sup> there is nothing

<sup>now</sup>  
automatic. ~~One~~ in a million families produce such a leader, <sup>now</sup> one in a hundred

million. <sup>Adolf Hitler.</sup> Perhaps ~~the~~ numbers are even more astronomical in the case of ~~our~~



20

Leader. What must be taken for granted is the need for a <sup>Congruence</sup> similarity of vision

<sup>(these exceptionally)</sup> between the male and the female in order to produce compatible genes, <sup>in</sup> the child ~~and that is correct.~~

"Now, <sup>most</sup> some of us saw <sup>to</sup> where Heinrich was leading <sup>us</sup> incest could <sup>was bound to</sup> offer

<sup>Ensured by unity of family</sup> the greatest possibility for such accord ~~since~~ sperm and ovum would be

pointing in the same direction already <sup>Will,</sup> ~~ensured~~ by common family, ~~that~~

could vastly intensify the force of the ~~ongoing~~ will. As everyone knows,

If the next question ~~was~~ <sup>asked</sup> why then <sup>were</sup> however, the products of incest were often a disaster ~~fall~~ of early deaths,

mental retardation, physical crippling, monstrosities of mal-development.

"Yes," said Himmler, 'an Inzestuar <sup>is going to</sup> will have the best and worst

<sup>(in himself)</sup> potentialities <sup>this congruence</sup> magnified by ~~the similarity~~ of the family genes. The positive

and the negative within the <sup>child of such a union</sup> new creation <sup>potentially,</sup> will accelerate in intensity. We will

<sup>we are looking at</sup> have a creature of more than ordinary forces of impulse, since <sup>the</sup> plus and

the minus of all the inner traits will be reinforced <sup>inasmuch as</sup> since both come from

21

the same pool of anticipation ~~and possibilities~~ our mysterious friends, the

*Given the magnification <sup>as well</sup> of the less agreeable*  
 genes. So in all but the very best of possibilities, instability has to be a  
~~is~~ *is* also ~~be~~ *is* magnified

prominent factor. Accident and disaster are always close, *will be then,* (and mental

*is waiting in the wings,* We must recognize: The Sin in  
 retardation is prevalent. *Finer* (the possibilities for the future development

and ennoblement of such a *spirit,* brain, the greater will be the excessive restlessness

*that can only*  
 and impulsiveness ~~be~~ punished by vastly greater frustration. Such massive

obstruction can by early childhood debilitate or mal-form the brain, or,

*In large families,*  
 indeed, cause early mortality. Incestuous unions of the first degree produce

extraordinary incidences of death 'in large families.' *So spoke Heinrich Himmler*

*"I, in turn, knew*

*"Will it help to recognize that these ~~proto~~ ~~or is it~~ quasi-scientific*

remarks were directed toward the center of our real inquiry. At this point, *back in 1938,*  
*looking in the greatest secrecy and precaution you may be*  
 we were ~~secretly~~ *secretly* looking to determine  
 That was to determine whether our Leader was a first or second-degree  
*Certainly to determine*

incestuary, or neither." If the last, neither, then Himmler's theory  
 had to collapse for Hitler was more than the  
 best example — he was the proof itself.



23

*our present*  
 Germans, ~~the~~ obsessions are many and the first is: How guilty were we as

*how guilty*  
 Germans, as a people, as a nation, as a vision ~~that blinded us?~~

Others dwell on the nature of Hitler. They are obsessed with understanding him. Was he an absolute monster *Or, did he betray* ~~or a protagonist who~~

~~betrayed~~ himself through grave ~~any~~ *fail* faults of character?

*vulgarity →*

I have neither obsession. I live with the confidence that I am in a  
*declare my understanding of* *(Ser I)*  
 position to understand Adolf if I dare, know him indeed from top to bottom, from  
*(their crude purchase on consummate*  
 the inside, even—as the Americans say with their rough grasp of reality ~~from~~ "I know  
*him from*  
*asshole to appetite."*

*My question is*  
 Nonetheless, I am obsessed. Do I dare? Each time I approach the inner

*query*  
~~question~~ I am seized by what many speak of as "primal fear." Do I dare to

jump from a height never before by me attempted?

Caution arises. Caution, after all, is the second seizure, the one that follows fear, sickly caution. So I proceed as all cowards do. I start with the comfortable and the given, that is, I speak of him first from a distance, I commence as a biographer, I look to his roots, his forbears, the country in which he spent his boyhood, and, of course, the available secrets of his family.

This is, in fact, no routine haul. ~~We who were~~ <sup>special</sup> In Section Intelligence ~~V-2a~~ <sup>we</sup> worked at this as our main project. Himmler was <sup>also</sup> properly obsessed with Hitler ~~and~~ Heinrich saw himself, after all, as <sup>the</sup> successor. He was rabid in his demands that we act <sup>Peat-Bog</sup> methodically as ~~Peat-Bog~~ Soldiers, those poor Moorseldatten <sup>the</sup> of song, who have to turn up every piece of turf in the assigned field. Section ~~Intelligence~~ <sup>Intelligence</sup> V-2a ~~(which we called H.S.M. for~~ <sup>High Source Material)</sup> knew more <sup>objectively and more speculatively</sup> about



Some of these questions could offer answers that might imperil the foundations of the Third Reich. All the more reason <sup>there</sup> to search <sup>for</sup> these answers. Once found, we could invent ~~the lies necessary to buttress patriotic certainties.~~

Der Fuehrer's origins than any other cohort of researchers in the nation. We

were more than competent to present his early biography, and, since we also lived with the sense that we were

~~also~~ were special soldiers with a superior mission (which is a way of stating that we ~~are~~ expected to seize the ~~ground~~ real ground, or the most dangerous questions. ~~we were expected to invent if necessary well notations~~

~~any~~

~~knowledge~~ we were therefore possessed of tools of inquiry that more

we weren't furnished with

academic biographers could envy until they bled from the eyes.

Needless to say, the first of these tools was incest.

Ch 3 over here

after  
stand here

There were other ~~tools for other purposes.~~ We had to race out to a certainty whether Adolf Hitler's <sup>paternal</sup> grandfather ~~had been~~ was (a Jew; or, most certainly, was not; and we had to engage in exceptionally delicate inquiries over the question of ~~monarchism~~ <sup>belong to</sup> monarchidism — ~~was~~ <sup>did</sup> the Fuehrer ~~belong to~~ that group of these unhappy and hyper-active men who ~~can~~ <sup>are</sup> possess only one testicle? in the sac of the geranium? This last question was so delicate and so risk-filled with possible repercussion from intimate interviews that we were obliged to give it up. That, finally, was by Himmler's decision: "If our Subject proves to be a first degree incestuary, then all questions of monarchidism will be subsumed by the greater factor, ~~incest~~ Monarchidism, is, after all, a

a most likely by-product of first degree incest.

Question of monarchism will be  
subsumed by ~~the~~ <sup>the greater factor,</sup>  
Monarchism is, ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> a likely  
by-product of first-degree incest."

Be assured. where he could, Heinrich  
Himmler would return the inquiry to  
incest. He was one of those men for whom  
power is a necessity - as vital to his  
well-being as any critical nutrient  
of the blood - but, power once achieved,  
he was also tormented by the fear  
that he was, at bottom a nonentity  
and so could lose his ~~position~~ <sup>position</sup> as a  
stroke. He found it crucial, therefore,  
to believe that he possessed a creative  
mind, and indeed he did. His theories  
were far-ranging and ~~often~~ <sup>usually</sup> usually  
impossible to verify, but it must be  
admitted that he did not think like  
other people.

When his theories were ~~fixed~~ <sup>fixed</sup>, ~~even~~  
exceptional, one had to suspect the  
possibility that he could be correct.  
Did we have, after all, a better explanation



than mealy  
(for the incredible Will of our Fuehrer? 2- (17)  
~~See you~~ The there is become equal in  
importance to the flagships of the fleet,  
and he attacked ~~Adolf's~~ any  
subparitain about the ~~family~~ <sup>private</sup> life  
of Adolf Hitler that distracted us from  
the main pursuit

Conceive then of how he loathed the  
idea that the Fuehrer's paternal  
grandfather was a Jew. This supposition  
had come to light (in all our ~~graves~~ <sup>of</sup>  
~~enclaves~~) about 1930 when, ~~as we know of~~  
~~eight years later~~, a letter came to the leader  
from a ~~son of his half brother~~ <sup>young man</sup> Alois  
Hitler, a ~~gentleman~~ named William  
Patrick Hitler, the son of Alois Hitler,  
Adolf's older half-brother. In the  
letter were references to shared "circumstances  
in our family history," an egregious  
euphemism of the sort a blackmailer  
would use, since the circumstance  
referred to the fact that Adolf's  
grandmother had apparently been  
receiving ~~money~~ regular sums of money for  
a number of years ~~from the~~ <sup>for</sup> the  
~~with~~ <sup>in 1887</sup> ~~legitimate~~ <sup>birth</sup> of Hitler's  
father ~~as~~ <sup>Calas named Alois</sup>. The sum  
came from a ~~wealthy~~ <sup>well-to-do</sup> Jew

the provincial  
city of Graz

who had lived in ~~the city of Graz~~ <sup>the city of Graz</sup> and the <sup>in from the country</sup> grandmother, <sup>thus</sup> a young servant <sup>in the years</sup> had worked as a maid in the <sup>years</sup> home and became pregnant there. (19)

Or, so went one version of the story. It is all buried in conflicting accounts and every one of the principals, including at least two other candidates for the role of father to the illegitimate baby, ~~Elmer, <sup>born</sup>~~ also had the best of reasons to conceal their <sup>identity</sup> ~~participation~~ in the event. The mother, Maria Anna Schickelgruber, had no name to give the father, ~~the blank father~~ ~~left open~~ was ~~not~~ left ~~filled~~ as "Illegitimate" whom she ~~traced~~ took the baby from the ~~small village in which~~ to be baptized. The parish priest, being given no name for the blank space that would list the father, wrote "Illegitimate," that was not at all uncommon in those ~~parts~~ of the ~~Waldviertel~~ Waldviertel.



9

9-33  
 double face  
 Copy of 01/02/2001  
 start from 11:44

2.

I have spent my life looking to distort the truth while enjoying ~~most of~~  
 (Most of them, anyway.) Now  
 the lies I told. ~~But now~~ to my acute surprise, I find I cannot go on with the proposal  
~~a~~ novel for larger reasons than it is unconvincing. It is that the lies it would  
 tell are at too low a level. Mendacity also makes its demands on art. By the  
 time you have reached my position, my situation, it is better to recognize that  
 the only lie worth telling is one that is larger or subtler than any you have  
 fashioned  
 fabricated before.





of presentation

11

questions raised by us, <sup>since we are</sup> ~~we are~~  
objections by his auditors, all ranking SS officers in the particular Special

Section V-2a

division of SS Intelligence

have mentioned

which I belonged. The brunt of the writing is

the writing

By my choice, <sup>is given over instead to</sup> ~~is given over instead to~~

put instead on the content of the thought

into my real intention <sup>to tell an incalculable tale</sup> ~~to tell an incalculable tale~~

The act of writing in this manner left me confused until I came to

Right there is the introduction

my purpose. It was no more than an introduction to my real intent

to progress by stages into the incalculable tale that I can tell. But then, it

is so large, so delicate, and so resistant to conventional belief <sup>in the ways</sup>

and patterns of the world that, of necessity, <sup>must</sup> I approach ~~by degrees~~ by degrees.

The irony is that I, a liar <sup>by profession</sup> of the most accomplished techniques and

skills—is now obsessed with telling what is <sup>might be</sup> true, and this inclination, ~~as much for us,~~

is as <sup>the forbidden</sup> fierce as an urge to destroy oneself, leaves me not knowing who I am, <sup>nor</sup> where

I am exactly (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

and, more important, what I am really ~~seeking~~

12

It is now an orphan.  
 ¶ Enough of this blather. Here is the orphaned chapter. I present it

~~even~~ with <sup>the original</sup> its quotation marks as if Dieter is indeed speaking to the silent

Jew.

<sup>Captain</sup>  
 "You have to accept the fact that incest was a real problem for us. It

is the true Gehenna of the <sup>poor, the</sup> very poor. Such families have been concealing

such matters, or, if poor enough, taking them for granted over thousands of

years, and our own peasantry has been much afflicted with it. <sup>by it. Normally, no</sup> No one would

care, <sup>not much</sup> ~~seriously~~, since there is <sup>nothing</sup> ~~nothing~~ to be done <sup>often, after all,</sup> ~~head-on~~. How do you select <sup>care</sup> ~~pick out~~

a guaranteed <sup>are we supposed to say, let's say</sup> directly a product of incest? Here, you <sup>are we supposed to say, stand a</sup>

<sup>under the skin that says</sup>  
 the right, you are marked for Solution 4-C. No, it was not like that. We

↙ No, we swept it under the rug, <sup>as did all other high officials</sup> even as we had done <sup>Heinrich</sup> ~~in~~ all over the world, all, that is, except (Himmler).



"He,  
 "Himmler, however, had the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind those unhappy spectacles. For a ~~German~~ <sup>man</sup> with ~~that~~ <sup>a) and</sup> he had quite a mind behind that bland/chinless mug with its unhappy spectacles. What a mind!

His  
 Godawful in its mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He had ideas ~~that were~~

not like anyone else's. He was, for instance, a pagan. Can you conceive of

an orgy where carnality could rise to such a pitch that <sup>you might even find a</sup> ~~you could find a~~

woman ready to ~~dash to~~ embrace Heinrich Himmler? Not even in the spirit

of the game! You could see his face as it must <sup>once</sup> have been at a school dance,

that unconnected stare of <sup>a tall thin,</sup> ~~the~~ wallflower waiting by the wall. Even as a young man he must already have had that small ~~port~~ <sup>port</sup> belly, such uncharmed/

"Yet he was obsessed with matters <sup>such</sup> as promiscuity, <sup>illegitimacy,</sup> ~~gambling,~~

~~psychic inheritance~~ and mental retardation in relation to genius ~~in~~ Himmler

proceeded often on the theory that the best lies close to the worst. <sup>Remember that!</sup>

~~It could have been~~ The best lies close to the worst!  
 It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that exceptionally anticipated but promising offspring were there to be discovered in those large ~~poor~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~lang~~

who have a number of what he called incestuaries, the families whose siblings have a significant incidence of incestuaries (his word, ~~for incestuaries~~ <sup>incest</sup> ~~and in German~~) the word he coined





15

cannot be done without comprehending the  
 contemplate the problems of husbandry is equal to discussing the peasantry,  
 peasant, yet to understand ~~that man of the earth~~ <sup>that peasant</sup> was one good  
 yet to speak of peasants is to speak of incest. Undeniably, it is one of the  
 major reasons <sup>old peasants were</sup> that ~~our old peasant~~ <sup>from the studies, we</sup> is so devout. (We took it for granted that

to know already that

a bottomless sense of sin sooner or later manifested itself in one or the other

of two extremes: <sup>R. is Absolute</sup> nihilism or <sup>(or nihilism.)</sup> extreme devotion to religious practice. Indeed,

it was Engels who once wrote, <sup>correctly</sup> if I recall his words <sup>from my student days,</sup>

that about the time the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to

prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain. As much can be said for

blood-scandal. The peasant must be kept devout or there will be land riots.

Yet, <sup>What problems faced the issue.</sup> How was the average peasant to avoid precisely  
 incest? <sup>(with simple pleasure?)</sup> <sup>these temptations</sup>  
 avoid the temptations of incest? Peasants, after all, are not the most

attractive people. Their features <sup>brutally</sup> ~~turn~~ <sup>turn</sup> ugly from <sup>hard</sup> ~~hard~~ <sup>hard</sup> work, and they

reck of the field and the barn. Their spirits may live in harmony with the

~~seasonal~~ <sup>seasonal</sup> sexuality of their animals, but their bodies are at the mercy of hot

summers. How, on occasion, can their ~~will~~ <sup>impulses</sup> not be unruly? Indeed, given the

paucity of their social life, how ~~do they avoid~~ <sup>are they fastidiously away from</sup> entanglements with brothers

and sisters, fathers and daughters, all that propinquity of bodies at night, <sup>(limbs and for so)</sup>

three and four in a bed. So ensues the ham-handed naturalness of the most

agreeable work of all—that ~~heavy~~ <sup>hard-</sup>breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the

whirling slopes of ~~sexual~~ <sup>caraval (and identity)</sup> joy (so necessary for the maintenance of

~~procreation given the~~ <sup>what with the other</sup> (discouragements of existence!) Yes, given <sup>given</sup> the hammer

and anvil of peasant life, more than a few <sup>of them come to see incest</sup> families ~~come willy-nilly to put~~

~~this sin as the act of choice~~ <sup>as</sup>, the best ~~sexual~~ <sup>as</sup> option available. Who would be

more likely to find the work-hardened features of the father agreeable than

the children who <sup>so often</sup> see their parents as the center of attraction and the fount of

power?



17

He did not have to be a pagan to approve  
 "Give it to Himmler, then. He virtually approved of incest. It gave  
 of this cardinal sin.) ~~It gave~~

~~him a variety of test cases whose significance we could begin to explore. He~~  
 He ~~had, after all, theories backed up over two decades. It gave him the~~

confidence to look for the most significant approach. Moreover, he had

certainly not read Schopenhauer for too little. He was a great believer in the

( — a wonderful new word for us in 1938! —  
 power of the Will. Heinrich saw the genes as embodiments of this Will,

a will that sought to be ~~passed on from generation to generation, yet able to remain astonishingly~~

(As he saw it, the will and the genes were synonymous  
 true to the original vision. The Will in the genes was an ongoing project that

at its best was ~~could, in some, prove~~ ready to adapt to the specific frustrations of each human

life. Yet, the strongest of genes ~~ongoing life, yet could also be ready to return, whenever possible, to the in-~~

and was sometimes even more powerful because of the ~~given impulse~~ Great leaders, he would always tell us, came from ten

generations, not one. The measure of their success was the degree of high

frustration a ~~have and~~ noble desire could suffer repeatedly these ten times

privations,  
 humiliations,  
 disasters  
 and  
 tragedies  
 that the genes  
 had  
 suffered.

18

down the line, provided it <sup>was bent</sup> would never bend wholly out of shape or ~~be~~

conclusively defeated. In surviving such agonies from generation to

generation, one <sup>need not be surprised to</sup> ~~could find sometimes~~ in a family of ordinary people <sup>one</sup> a true

<sup>(segments of the stalk that never ceased</sup>  
sage, the culmination of the ~~stalk that grew through every ind of storm to~~  
<sup>growing in order to</sup>  
(produce a flower at the end. He, Heinrich Himmler, was not a pure example

of this, since his roots, he would confess, <sup>could be traced/</sup> ~~went back to~~ Heinrich the Fowler,

that great German king of the early Middle Ages who stood chest-to-chest

against Charlemagne in combat, but that <sup>heroic</sup> ~~was less of a~~ family achievement  
<sup>impressed him less completely</sup>  
than the rise of Adolf Hitler from ~~his~~ modest roots.

“Now,” said Himmler to us, “there are, of course, complexities facing <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ ~~thesis that the Exceptional One will emerge eventually~~  
~~the thesis that great leadership and greatness is the product of a family’s~~  
~~from ten or even twenty generations of ordinary~~

ongoing desire, (long buried in the genes themselves) to create an  
exceptional child. Still, it should be assumed that if the frustrations are not



~~low~~ or even debased stock.

(19) (C)

"He now posed the criticism we were all contemplating. 'How,' he asked, 'can such a family vision be continued ~~by~~ <sup>however</sup> by a mechanism of procreation that brings together multi-millions of sperm with one highly developed ovum?' He nodded forcibly. 'I would propose, and by instinct I am confident of this, that the multi-millions of sperm all have the same <sup>overall</sup> objective <sup>on the attack</sup> ~~even as~~ <sup>off are faithful</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> regiment of infantry ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> take a given ridge. ~~in the main~~ <sup>in the main</sup> ~~the need to~~ <sup>the need to</sup> ~~take a given ridge~~ <sup>take a given ridge</sup>. So, it is possible

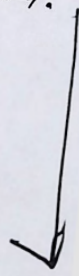
for the vision of the man and the woman to be compatible. I admit, however, that usually this is not ~~so~~ the case. Compatible enough for procreation, perhaps, but not close enough to share the same vision. When we speak therefore of the Creation of the Exceptional One, we are aware that not even one in a million families can produce such a result. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers are even more astronomical.

20  
"So, gentlemen, ~~be~~ ~~are~~ ~~seeking~~ the exceptional case is the one where there is a striking similarity of vision in the respective genes of the man and the woman. Only then can we speak of the infant genes as reinforced."

"Who could not see where Heinrich was leading us? Incest was the only answer. Obviously, it offered the highest possibility for such accord."

"Yes" said Himmler, "but we also know that the products of incest all too often parade before us a host of early deaths, mental retardation, physical anomalies and other monstrosities of maldevelopment."

"He stood there sad and stern, "that is the price humanity must pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the reverse occur even more often. Not only are the good tendencies encouraged in the child — the bad ones are also accelerated.  
~~be are~~





~~Every tendency goes down to the child.~~ (21)  
~~in intensity. Potentially, we are looking at a creature of more than ordinary~~

~~Since the~~ ~~the~~  
~~force of impulse. The plus and the minus of all the inner traits will be~~

~~reinforced inasmuch as both come from the same pool of anticipation—our~~  
~~and sometimes contradictory~~ ~~less~~ ~~so will the less~~  
~~mysterious friends, the genes. Given the magnification as well as the less~~

~~agreeable possibilities, instability~~ ~~is also magnified. Accident and disaster~~

~~will always be close then, and mental retardation is waiting in the wings.~~

We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of

a great goal also, such a spirit, the greater will be the excessive restlessness and impulsiveness. ~~the greater.~~

Obviously, that is bound to ~~that can only be punished by vastly greater~~ frustration. ~~It is said to expect~~ ~~Such massive~~

that such massive ~~obstruction can, by early childhood, mal-form the brain or induce early death.~~ ~~unhinge~~ ~~or induce early death.~~ ~~cause~~

~~early mortality.~~ ~~In large families, incestuous unions of the first degree~~

~~produce extraordinary incidences of death.~~ ~~So spoke Heine.~~

our immediate teacher, our head of the  
 S.S., our Heinrich Himmler.

22

"I think it was obvious to all of us in the room /  
I, in turn, knew that these quasi-scientific remarks were directed being

toward ~~the center of~~ our real inquiry. At this point, back in 1938, we were

looking (in the greatest secrecy and precaution, you may be certain) to

determine whether our <sup>ultimate</sup> Leader was a first or second-degree incestuary, or

neither. If the last <sup>is</sup> neither, then Himmler's theory had to collapse. ~~Q~~ Hitler

was more than the best example—he was the proof itself."



Not revised  
This is the one  
that didn't come  
through

3.

Now that we are done with that ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> one chapter from a novel that is not to be written, I feel more ready to approach my true interest. I confess. I share one preoccupation with Himmler. ~~We can now move on. I feel more ready to approach the center of my~~ It is Adolf Hitler. ~~There lies my real interest~~ <sup>At</sup> ~~real interest, yes, I can now disclose it. Adolf Hitler is the center of my~~ <sup>nothing less than</sup> ~~obsession—call it that. ~~Even an~~ obsession is a question we cannot answer, ~~yet~~~~ <sup>vital</sup> ~~a question that leaves us, and so we are not able to~~ <sup>unless we obtain</sup> ~~we cannot move forward in any of our serious ventures without obtaining~~ <sup>at least</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>Count on it that for</sup> ~~most men and women, particularly we~~

Germans, ~~and~~ present obsessions are many. The first is: How guilty were

we <sup>?</sup> ~~as Germans~~ how guilty as a people, as a nation, as a vision?

Others dwell on the nature of Hitler. They are obsessed with

understanding him. Was he an absolute monster? Or, did he betray himself

through grave faults of character, *through the spiritual/great of over-reaching?*

I have neither obsession. I live with the confidence that I am in a

position to declare my understanding of Adolf if I dare, for I know him, *I repeat,*

*I know him, indeed, know him*

indeed from top to bottom, from the inside, even—as the Americans ~~say~~

with their rough grasp of reality, their crude purchase on consummate vulgarity,

*are sometimes*  
~~have been known to say:~~ "Yes, I know  
vulgarity. "I know him from asshole to appetite."

~~San trapped~~ (eternal)

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. My question is: Do I dare? ~~Each time I~~ If I even  
think of such a possibility, that is, to explain how I know who  
~~they~~ ~~approach the inner query~~ ~~I am seized~~ by what many speak of as "primal

→ fear." Do I dare to jump from a height never before by me attempted?

I know  
then I a.  
Seized by  
fear,  
primal fa



25

Caution arises. Caution, after all, is the second seizure, the one that

follows fear, sickly caution. So I proceed as ~~all~~ cowards do. I start with the

comfortable and the given, that is, I speak of <sup>Hitler</sup>him first from a distance, I

commence as a <sup>routine</sup>biographer, I look to his roots, his forbears, the <sup>countryside in</sup>country in

which he spent his boyhood, and, of course, the available <sup>ghosts and</sup>secrets of his

family.

On these subjects, I have more than a routine haul  
to present. ~~This is, in fact, no routine haul.~~ In Special Section V-2a, we worked <sup>on just</sup>  
<sup>such a biography</sup> ~~at this~~ (of course, <sup>equally</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>a well-grown</sup>  
as our main project. Himmler) was also obsessed with Hitler, ~~but he had reasons~~

→ Heinrich saw himself, after all, as The Successor. He was <sup>therefore</sup> ~~fabid~~ in his

<sup>(proceeds)</sup> demands that we act <sup>lavishly</sup> as ~~methodically~~ as Peat-Bog Soldiers, those poor

Moorseldatten of the song, who have to turn up every piece of turf in the

assigned field. Section V-2a knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than

any other cohort of researchers in <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ nation. We were more than competent

26

to present his early biography, <sup>but</sup> and, since we also lived with the <sup>obligation</sup> ~~same~~ that <sup>obligation</sup> - I  
 would say it was even a politico-military obligation  
~~we were soldiers with a superior mission, we expected to seize the real~~ <sup>crisp</sup> ~~ground~~

~~To search into~~ We sensed that there were  
~~ground of~~ the most dangerous questions. Some of these questions could  
 answers to some of these questions that could concern  
~~offer answers that might~~ imperil the foundations of the Third Reich. All the

<sup>real</sup> ~~captain~~ Obviously, Once they were found,  
 more reason, then, to search for these answers. Once found, we could invent

<sup>required</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>half as easy</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~  
 the lies necessary to buttress patriotic certainties. We were therefore  
 that ~~could~~ <sup>might</sup> be weakened by unseating facts. Ergo, we  
~~access to~~ <sup>might</sup>  
 furnished with tools of inquiry that more academic biographers could envy

(Heinrich, as usual, was right. The  
 until they bled from the eyes. Needless to say, the first of these tools was

incest.



~~01/05/2001~~

4.

*however* *Two were alive.*  
There were ~~other implements for~~ other ~~disc~~ questions. We had to

trace out to a certainty whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been

a Jew—that was one hell of a question. And we ~~had~~ also to engage in

exceptionally delicate inquiries over the rumor of monorchidism—did our

Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who possess

*It was true that he was,*  
only one testicle? Be damned if he wasn't (usually shielding his groin with

28

his hands when a <sup>flashball</sup> photo was taken, a characteristic gesture, understandably,

<sup>(fear such a possibility)</sup>  
enough, if you are a monorchid. But it is one thing to suspect another to

verify <sup>it</sup> <sup>too</sup>. The inquiry was ~~so~~ full of risk. The only conclusive approach <sup>could come by</sup> was to

<sup>sing</sup> interview women who had intimate relations with him. But, <sup>who could control the</sup> ~~on~~ the-

repercussions? <sup>How much would have to</sup> The gossip that would seep out of such confrontational material?

<sup>?</sup> <sup>(that we in the SG were surgically his genital(s))</sup>  
episodes. What if word got back to Hitler ~~himself~~ <sup>we were obliged to give</sup>

<sup>So we had to give</sup>  
up. That was by Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to

be a first-degree incestuary, ~~then~~ all questions of monorchidism will be

subsumed. Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree

incest."

Be assured. Where he could, Himmler would invariably <sup>return</sup> the inquiry to

<sup>his number one theme</sup>  
incest. He was one of those men for whom power was a necessity—as vital

to his well-being as any critical nutrient of the blood—but, power once



29

achieved, he was also tormented by the fear that he was, at bottom, a

nonentity. So he could lose his high office at a stroke. He found it crucial,

therefore, to hope that he possessed a creative mind, when indeed, he did. wife

~~His theories were far-ranging and~~ usually impossible to verify, but it must be

admitted that he did not think like other people.

~~Always and this could be irksome~~ one had to respect the

possibility that he could be correct. Did we have, after all, a better

explanation than incest for the Will of the Fuhrer<sup>hr</sup>? The thesis became the

flagship of the fleet, and Himmler attacked any supposition about the origins

of Adolf Hitler that distracted us from our main pursuit.

Conceive, then, of how he loathed the idea that ~~the Fuhrer's~~ Adolf Hitler's paternal

No incest there!  
grandfather was a Jew. (This supposition had even come to light as far back

as 1930 when a letter came to his desk ~~Adolf Hitler~~ from a young man named

William Patrick Hitler, the son of Adolf's older half-brother. In the nephew's letter were references to "shared circumstances in our family history," an egregious euphemism! A hint of blackmail which William

*afford to suggest*  
Patrick Hitler could ~~express~~ since he lived in England with his Irish mother.

The circumstances referred to the fact that Adolf's grandmother, Maria

Anna Schicklgruber, had been receiving small but regular sums of money for

a number of years after the illegitimate birth in 1837 of Hitler's father, Alois

*her* *(story was often written about that the sums came from a well-*  
Schicklgruber. In the family, the sums were said to have come from a well-

to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of Graz, ~~The grandmother had~~

*where Alois' mother had* *but it was possibly thought*  
worked as a maid in the Jew's house and the family story was that she had

became pregnant there.

*one among several*  
~~Or, so went one version of the story. It was buried in conflicting scenarios~~  
*of origin.* ~~and supported male candidates~~  
accounts and, for certain, every one of the principals, including at least two



31

which I will soon present. In the event,  
~~other candidates for the role of father, also had the best of reasons to conceal~~

~~any carnal knowledge they might have had of Maria Anna Schicklgruber.~~

~~there was~~ Maria Anna Schicklgruber  
~~So she had no name for the father when she took the baby to be baptized.~~

The parish priest wrote "Illegitimate" in the blank space. That was not

It was known as the poorhouse of Austria.  
 uncommon in those parts of the Waldviertel. After the Anschluss in 1938,

the region to —  
 some of us were even sent down to Austria — as the American detectives

say — "to poke around a bit." Allow me to skip over the etymology of our

researches and present the results. The etymology of our  
 findings is, in fact, fascinating, but it is  
 too soon to talk about that, if in fact — I repeat —  
 I don't <sup>to do so</sup> let us say that ~~part of~~ the  
 fear <sup>which</sup> rises like psychic smoke from  
 the heart of my obsession is the reason  
 for my reticence. It will take awhile  
 before I know ~~what~~ how much ~~of~~ of the real  
 methods of discovery ~~ready to use~~ <sup>Exposition</sup> I am prepared  
 to present.  
 Of the results, then, Only the results  
 for now.

01/05/2001

5.

and there is  
a dark hooded  
reticence to  
the forests, to  
contrast with

the spring green  
of the occasional  
open field. The soil is,  
however, and most unhappily,  
poor for agriculture. So,

Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Raabs, Hardegg, Rosenau,

Heidenreichstein and Litschau are the names of castles in the Waldviertel, which is

situated

land north of the Danube and south of Bohemia, a <sup>(land of tall)</sup> <sup>(region of tall)</sup> <sup>(pines)</sup> <sup>(pines)</sup> <sup>(indeed)</sup> <sup>(woods)</sup> <sup>(dark beautiful)</sup>

<sup>Der</sup> <sup>woods</sup> <sup>Waldviertel</sup> <sup>means</sup> <sup>wooded quarter</sup> <sup>and, less happily, poor soil.</sup> <sup>can be translated directly as the wooded quarter</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>woods</sup> <sup>Waldviertel</sup> <sup>means</sup> <sup>wooded quarter</sup> <sup>and, less happily, poor soil.</sup> <sup>but the soil is poor for agriculture, no matter their</sup>

So the castles, despite a host of medieval towers, are modest and the

and

peasants are poor. The Heidlers (who later became Hitlers) and the

and lovely

however, and most unhappily



33

Schicklgrubers lived in Strones, a village small enough to be called a hamlet.

~~No unexpected lights~~ <sup>unexpected lights</sup> were there. An Austrian hamlet in the ~~the back woods~~ <sup>back woods</sup> confirms the meaning of dirt poor. No surgeon. [phrase cut off by side of page - you wrote too close to margin] ~~No surprises there!~~ <sup>Strones was mud-deep along</sup> and had no inn, <sup>only a few</sup> one lane, no safe <sup>certainly not!</sup> and a dozen and a half small and medium

(If Strones side and) huts with peaked roofs of thatch. Strones was rich in pig wallows to the rear

dwelling, cow slop was also <sup>profuse in the</sup> ~~in the town meadow. Here and~~ of each house, and ~~to the side~~ <sup>also</sup> profuse was the cow slop and there was even

~~to speak in relative terms~~ <sup>there was even</sup> ~~here and there~~ <sup>proud</sup> given the value of horses in such country where a man often had to ~~pull~~ <sup>pull</sup> ~~no snow covered the ground, there were many grades of mud, gumbo thick~~ <sup>gumbo thick</sup> <sup>as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slews, clods and rocks,</sup>

~~gumbo thick~~ <sup>gumbo thick</sup> <sup>as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slews, clods and rocks,</sup> <sup>and common malleable road clay.</sup> impacted scree, [line missing - too close to edge.] Most of the peasants had

never seen a castle. The nearest one, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away.

For that matter, Weitra was probably the largest and ugliest castle in the

Waldviertel since <sup>it was</sup> ~~it was~~ massive and cube-like and ~~was~~ topped by a

mansard roof of insufficient stature, <sup>what with the bulk beneath</sup> ~~It could~~

one is  
 be said if ~~we~~ <sup>one is</sup> ready to stretch the point that <sup>74</sup> the castle  
~~was at~~  
 altogether, Weitra had more resemblance to a <sup>an</sup> large apartment house on the

Grand Concourse in the Bronx than to a <sup>an old</sup> ~~true~~ schloss from the ~~old~~ times

(before Luther) when people knew <sup>the value of</sup> a church steeple <sup>on the</sup>  
~~was a~~ <sup>what could happen to you inside a</sup>  
~~forbidding reminders of old-fashioned punishment~~ <sup>kind of torture</sup> ~~inside a tower~~ <sup>(the kind of castle that turned)</sup>  
~~into a terror~~

~~the town~~  
~~with a witch's cone for a hat.~~ Nothing like that of course in Stronach  
~~not even a church. One went to the~~ <sup>next</sup> ~~parish~~ <sup>for that</sup>  
~~This was the town in which Maria Anna~~  
~~Schickelgruber lived and died~~  
~~Döllersheim, which~~ <sup>she had</sup> ~~the small but~~  
~~wasty impulse that~~ <sup>inspired a</sup>  
~~was certainly not the home of~~  
~~after American dollars, but it did have~~  
~~a parish registry, and there Maria Anna~~  
~~Anna Schickelgruber had the name of~~  
~~her son~~ <sup>just born son</sup> ~~Albin~~  
~~inscribed recorded as~~ <sup>"Alois Schickelgruber,</sup>  
~~Catholic, Male, Illegitimate,~~ <sup>and she</sup>  
~~in turn,~~ <sup>filled with the</sup> ~~one one~~  
~~accord a sacrament,~~ <sup>in this case</sup>  
~~a theologico-bureaucratic sacrament~~  
~~she saw herself inscribed~~ <sup>by the priest</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>"unmarried,</sup>  
~~daughter of Johann Schickelgruber of Stronach #1~~



And his wife, Theresia, born Pfeisinger." (35)

Since Maria Anna, who ~~was~~ <sup>one day old</sup> born in 1795, was ~~then~~ <sup>forty-two</sup> when Alois ~~was~~ <sup>one day old</sup>, was brought to the parish register, we know ~~given our mission~~ that she had had an ample number of years to make mischief. Worse. She came from a family of eleven children, ~~seven of~~ <sup>seven of</sup> Schickelgruber of whom five were already dead. It was on the face of it perfectly possible that she had cohabited with ~~one or another~~ <sup>several of her brothers</sup> ~~brother~~, or ~~her father~~, ~~just as likely~~ <sup>as likely</sup> her father, ~~and~~ <sup>in passing</sup> ~~that could account for~~ <sup>her father, and</sup> ~~her father's~~ <sup>future</sup> ~~restlessness in life.~~ In any event, despite the abnormal poverty of the family — they were even poorer than their neighbors in Stroben <sup>since they had lost their farm</sup> — she lived for the first five years after Alois' birth in her father's home.

That was certainly a useful remark for us, ~~but we still had to~~ <sup>deal with the</sup> ~~question of~~ <sup>concerned</sup> the Jew from Graz. ~~What was~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~was an~~ <sup>was an</sup> ~~ignoring~~ <sup>ignoring</sup> that had been ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup>



made Frank in 1930 after our <sup>leader</sup> Adolf had received the Kottbus letter from his nephew William Patrick Heller, <sup>the nephew-grandson of</sup> ~~Albin Heller~~ (Albin Heller's grandson.) Hans Frank, who would yet be Governor-General of Poland (only to be hanged after the Nuremberg trials in 1946) was then no more than Hitler's lawyer, ~~and since~~ our Fuehrer did not come to power until 1933, ~~was~~ then Hans Frank was ~~the~~ in 1930 as <sup>the top of the party</sup> close to Hitler as only a lawyer can be ~~take~~ with a client who is always <sup>extricating himself from</sup> getting ~~and~~ <sup>into</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>trouble</sup> in order to ~~spread himself in~~ <sup>spread himself in</sup> ~~Frank into~~ <sup>Frank</sup>.

Frank delivered a full ~~case~~ of bad news. ~~To say in truth~~, the likelihood was that the father of Albin Heller was not the head of this Jewish family named Frankfurter but his son, a nineteen year old, <sup>this was</sup> ~~a detail which~~ <sup>that</sup> made a great deal of sense since in the early middle of the nineteenth century it was never uncommon for the late adolescent son of a well-to-do family ~~to be~~ <sup>particularly in a prominent city like Berlin</sup>.



to engage in his first sexual adventures (37)  
with a ~~girl~~ <sup>girl</sup> ~~friend~~ <sup>preferably experienced</sup> ~~friend~~ <sup>girl</sup>. ~~That~~ <sup>This</sup> was considered by the good  
bourgeois more of <sup>a provincial city like Leipzig</sup> ~~the time~~ (as preferable  
to consorting with a whore, instead, it  
could come across as <sup>a kind of</sup> ~~a country~~  
<sup>the style of</sup> ~~elegant way of living like the~~  
aristocrats.

Frank <sup>clipped to have seen</sup> offered more evidence. His  
~~research~~ <sup>research</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~full of results~~, he told  
Hittler, <sup>had produced</sup> ~~results~~ "painful" to the highest  
degree. Frank even added that ~~some~~  
certain letters from the Frankfurter family  
to Maria Anna ~~and that~~ promised to  
provide for ~~her~~ <sup>was from</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>regular</sup>  
<sup>from the for the care and welfare of 14 girls over</sup> ~~regular~~ <sup>regular</sup> payments ~~would be made for the next~~  
fourteen years.

Well, <sup>in 1930</sup> Hittler was full of his romance  
with Geli Raubal, ~~born in 1930~~, Geli,  
his blood niece, daughter of Angela  
Raubal, Hittler's half-sister; and he  
did not need more complications.  
He told Frank that the real story,  
as imparted to him by his own father  
was that the real grandfather was  
Johann Georg Hiedler who married his







(39)  
Our findings prove <sup>in 1831</sup> however  
with it seemed all <sup>to be true</sup>  
Maria Anna had been receiving money  
from anyone since she and her husband,  
Johann Georg Heidler, were so poor that  
they lived <sup>not at their own</sup> ~~after the husband no longer~~  
<sup>were richly</sup> ~~on the highway~~ after their marriage and slept  
together ~~on the highway~~ <sup>in a little room</sup> in a little trough.  
Of course, Johann Georg could have  
drunk up her money, he never worked  
and was still penniless in 1800,  
almost a century later, for the depth  
of his drunken suffering through which  
he kept drinking! ~~but~~ And ~~what~~ indeed  
this hypothesis <sup>that there was a little money coming</sup>  
~~carried it overstate~~ <sup>a drunk like Johann Georg</sup>  
for why would he ~~be~~ <sup>have</sup> money a woman  
who was now forty-seven years old  
unless she had a source of income?

A girl, he showed no readiness to  
 separate Albin, ~~from her~~ <sup>from her already</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>live</sup>  
 with ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~father~~ <sup>father</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup>, and even  
 George made no objection when Maria  
 Anna convinced Solomon <sup>DeGomk</sup> ~~DeGomk~~ <sup>Hall</sup> ~~Hall~~  
 a very hard working farmer who was John  
 Gray's younger brother to take the boy  
 in and raise him. Solomon DeGomk







point that was why he had made  
such a show of not coming up with (76)  
the mythical letters. Hitler could hardly  
know whether ~~Frank was telling~~  
~~making it all up, was telling the truth, or was actually~~  
~~truth~~ ~~but~~ ~~on~~ ~~being~~ ~~going~~ ~~or~~ ~~lying~~  
and was in possession of the letters,  
himself, or whether there were no  
letters - but who could gamble on

~~that?~~  
Since Himmler was grooming me to be one of his  
first assistants, we learned through one ~~of his~~ ~~most~~ ~~valuable~~  
first assistants, he later confided that he  
had learned ~~from~~ ~~that~~ ~~Himmler~~  
never told Hitler about this finding;  
he told Frank instead. ~~I understood immediately~~  
~~a high official among the Nazis~~  
~~one~~ ~~with~~ ~~Frank~~

Nazi ruling group who was not forever  
looking for a strong defensible  
ever their grip on the rival ambitions  
of the others, and so Frank to ~~their~~ ~~a limited but~~  
still ~~forceful~~ ~~limited~~ degree was now in Himmler's  
power, and ~~with~~ ~~mutual~~ ~~understanding~~  
~~between Himmler and Frank~~ ~~of limited degree~~  
served Himmler ~~well~~ until 1942 when Hitler  
newspaper even now about the Jewish  
grandfather, instructed Himmler to make  
another ~~an~~ ~~SS~~ ~~investigation~~ in Graz, Himmler, is  
now looking to protect the usefulness  
of ~~Frank~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~become~~ ~~Governor~~  
~~General of Poland~~ ~~reported~~ ~~that~~ ~~there~~ ~~were~~  
no results, which could be called tangible.



5.

31

# gums thick  
as lava,  
rivulets of  
gravel washes, muck and  
blobs, clots and  
and plain walkable  
road mud.



the smallest small enough to be called  
a bank <sup>for its great long</sup> mud deep <sup>with small houses under nearly all the trees</sup>  
~~the water~~, <sup>in the meadows,</sup> ~~and even some respectable~~  
relatively speaking, horse ignora. When no snow  
proud, ~~horse ignorance.~~ When ~~the snow~~  
covers the ground, there were many  
grades of mud ~~fixed~~ <sup>to</sup> the feet of the peasants



had never seen a castle. ~~since the~~ <sup>32</sup> ~~near~~ <sup>one, Weitra, was twenty-</sup> <sup>W. was probably</sup>  
miles away. (For that matter <sup>it was</sup> ~~it was~~ <sup>probably</sup> the ugliest castle in the  
Waldviertel since it was massive and  
cube-like <sup>with a massive roof of</sup> ~~with a massive roof of~~  
insufficient stature <sup>for the bulk beneath</sup> ~~for the bulk beneath~~  
taken altogether, <sup>they</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>Weitra had more resemblance</sup> ~~Weitra had more resemblance~~  
and, ultimately, resembled an apartment  
to a large apartment house ~~in the town~~  
on the Grand Place in the town  
~~more~~ <sup>to</sup> than a true schloss from the old  
~~Catholic~~ times (before Luther) when  
people knew the value of a <sup>church & people</sup> ~~forbidden~~  
~~for a forbidden~~ ~~town with a witch house~~  
or the forbidding reminders of old-fashioned  
punishments (torture) inside a turret with  
a <sup>witch's</sup> ~~witch's~~ cone for a hat.

35

01/08/2001

Do not edit  
until double  
space comes  
back.

pages 35-49  
are double-space

50 thru 58 will  
come first and  
5. are triple space.

Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Roscnau,

Heidenreichstein and Litschau are castles in the Waldviertel, which is

an Austrian

province

(situated north of the Danube and south of Bohemia, a land of tall beautiful

pinet. Indeed Waldviertel can be translated directly as "the wooded quarter,"

and ~~there is~~ a dark hooded reticence <sup>sits in the silences of</sup> to the forests to contrast with the spring

green of the occasional open field. The soil is, however and most unhappily,

not good

for agriculture. So the castles, <sup>for the most part</sup> no matter their host of medieval towers,

are modest, and peasants are poor. The Heidlers (who later became Hitlers)

and the Schicklgrubers lived in Strones, a village small enough to be called a

hamlet. No unexpected sights were there. An Austrian hamlet in the back

woods confirms the meaning of <sup>dirty-poor</sup> ~~dirty~~ poor, (Strones was mud-deep along its

of course  
one lane, and had no inn—~~certainly not~~ only a few dozen small and

~~stood about unhappily with their damp dripping~~  
medium huts) with peaked roofs of thatch. If Strones was rich in pig wallows



36

to the side and rear of each dwelling, cow flop was ~~also~~ profuse in the town meadows. Here and there—to speak in relative terms—there was respectable horse manure, proud horse manure given the value of horses in such country where a man often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, there were <sup>various</sup> ~~many~~ grades of mud, gumbo as thick as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, clods and rocks, impacted scree and common malleable road clay. Most of the peasants had never seen a castle. The nearest one, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away. For that matter, Weitra was probably the largest and ugliest castle in the Waldviertel.

Massive and cube-like, it was topped by a mansard roof of insufficient stature. It could <sup>even</sup> ~~(be said)~~

~~if one is ready to stretch the point~~ that the castle at Weitra had more

resemblance to an apartment house on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx

than to an old schloss from the times (before Luther) when people knew a

church steeple was <sup>also a warning of</sup> ~~a reminder~~ (what could happen to you inside a castle-

~~if you broke a few rules.~~  
 turret Nothing like that, of course, in Stranes. Not even a church. One

37

went to the next hamlet for that, a parish registry, and there Maria Anna

*inscribed*  
Schicklgruber had the name of her just born son ~~recorded~~ as "Alois

Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male, Illegitimate." Filled with the awe one accords

a sacrament—in this case a theologico-bureaucratic sacrament—she saw

*recorded*  
herself ~~inscribed~~ by the priest as "unmarried, daughter of Johann

Schicklgruber of Strones #1, and his wife, Theresia, born Pfeisinger."

Since Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was

*the*  
brought to ~~a~~ parish registry, we *assumed* ~~know~~ that she had had an ample number of



38

years to make mischief. Worse. She came from a family of eleven children

of whom five were already dead. It was, on the face of it, perfectly possible, even

*likely* (that she had cohabited with several of her brothers ~~and her father~~ *and her*). Maybe one

of them was the missing husband. (Himmler had, of course, no objection to

that.) In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of the ~~family, having lost~~ *Schickelgrubers who,*

*having lost* ~~their farm~~ *they* were even poorer than their neighbors ~~she dwelt~~ *on* over the

next five years in her father's home.

*Given much (a trace of)*  
~~Even with this likelihood of family secrets,~~ we still could not dismiss

the question of the Jew from Graz. Hitler had dispatched his nephew's

~~bothersome~~ letter on to his lawyer, Hans Frank, but that was in 1930 and

our Fuehrer did not come to power until 1933. Back then, three years

*looking to reach* ~~earlier,~~ Hans Frank was ~~close to~~ *as close* (the summit of the party, ~~close~~ *and was close to Hitler* as a lawyer

can be when he has a client who is always extricating himself from one soup

in order to be scalded in another, *and so has real need of his skills.*

Frank delivered bad news. The likelihood was that Alois's father was

a nineteen-year-old, the son of the head of this Jewish family named

Frankenberger. It was a detail that made *for good* ~~a great~~ deal of unhappy sense. In

the early middle of the nineteenth century it was never uncommon for the

young scion of a well-to-do family to enjoy his first *carnalities* ~~sexual adventures~~ with a

housemaid, experienced, and not too young. This was accepted by the good

bourgeois mores of a provincial city like Graz as much *more stable than* ~~superior to~~ consorting

with ~~a whore~~ *emulate* To a degree, it might even ~~are~~ the style of living found among

*To the popular imagination (of masters and slaves)*  
~~certain aristocrats. Many a castle, after all, was a connubial palace to the~~

~~eyes of the popular imagination.~~



Frank claimed to have seen evidence. His research, he told Hitler, had produced results painful "to the highest degree." It seemed that there were letters from Herr Frankenberger to Maria Anna that promised to provide regular payments for Alois over the next fourteen years.

All through that year of 1930, Hitler was, however, immersed in his romance with <sup>E</sup>Gali Raubal, <sup>E</sup>Gali, his blood niece, daughter of Angela Raubal, Hitler's half-sister. <sup>Our Adolf,</sup> ~~He~~ did not need more complications. He told Frank that the real story, imparted to him by his own father, <sup>Alois,</sup> was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler who had married his grandmother five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I will examine these letters from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank has seen them, he assured Hitler, but they were not available. The man who owned them would not retreat from asking an inexcusably

41

high price, no, he could not be budged, not by honey, not by threats.

Besides, if the letters had been photographed, acquisition would be worth little.

*looked at*  
 "You have ~~seen~~ them," Hitler stated.

"One by one, in his office. And he had two <sup>big</sup> fellows for physical

support standing there beside him. ~~Big~~ *He also had a* ~~fellows.~~ *revolver on the table. What must he have been expecting?*

Hitler nodded. "Yes, one cannot even hope for his premature death .

*We can expect predict that*  
 since the letters are ~~going~~ <sup>will</sup> to be in one place and the copies in another."

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

*gave another story, It no longer*  
 In 1938, however, our findings ~~proved interesting.~~ *It did not seem so*

*seemed*  
 likely that Maria Anna had been receiving money *for fourteen years,* She and her husband,

*after their marriage) never go*  
 Johann Georg Heidler, were so poor *(back in 1842 that they had no home of*

*had to sleep for a time in*  
 their own ~~after their marriage.~~ They even slept together on many ~~a night in~~



42

*there could have been some money*  
an empty cattle trough. Of course, Johann Georg could have drunk ~~up the~~

*it up. Indeed,*  
~~money. He never worked any longer, and he was still renowned in Stranes,~~

almost a century later. (Impoverished hamlets are *well-to-do at* ~~rich when it comes to~~

preserving mean memories.) He was a legend for the length and depth of his

drunken stupors through which, incidentally, he kept drinking. Such a fact

did cloud our hypothesis that there was little money. For why would a

drunk like fifty-year-old Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless

she had *some* ~~a~~ source of income? That certainly reduced ~~the luster of~~

*Alois'*  
likelihood that he was ~~the~~ father.

Moreover, he showed no readiness to legitimize Alois, ~~and, no, he was~~  
~~not ready to establish the name of the boy who was purported to be his son.~~

*wholly*  
Either he did not believe ~~altogether~~ in such a possibility, or he knew damn

*Besides, the town*  
well he had nothing to do with it. The legend ~~also~~ declared him to be

impotent. In the event, he certainly made no objection when Maria Anna

Johann Georg's younger brother,  
convinced Johann Nepomuk Heidler, (Johann Georg's younger brother) to

to take the boy in and raise him. Johann Nepomuk, a hard-working farmer,

had a wife and three daughters already, but he <sup>did not have a son,</sup> had no sons.

There was then no salient detail on the side of Johann Georg being the  
real father. On <sup>balance</sup> ~~the face of it~~, Johann Nepomuk seemed more likely to be the

unknown stalwart, but we were still most uneasy about the Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took the measure of century-old  
records. <sup>What a find was there!</sup> ~~What a find was there!~~ No Frankenger in such records! I pored  
over the Kultusgemeinde of the Jewish Registry of Graz, and was

confirmed. Back in 1496, the Jews had been expelled from that region. By

1836 they had still not been permitted to come back. <sup>(It took twenty more years, but</sup>  
<sup>(It was already the sort</sup>  
then Graz was the sort of modest Austrian  
Austrian  
of small city that catered to retired army officers on small pensions. ~~The~~  
and so was reflexively Anti-Semitic. ~~He~~



*On every scale it)*

~~Jewish Registry that I studied only started up again twenty years later. It~~

was obvious. Hans Frank had been lying.

Himmler explained it to me. ~~Hans~~ Frank was bold and a gambler,

*W* when it came to his own career, *↑* Indeed, he did not acquire his later name

for too little. (By 1942 he was known as the "Butcher of Poland.") At the

time of the nephew's letter, he was *as already suggested,* ~~certainly~~ looking to establish himself

~~more permanently~~ in Hitler's inner circle. ~~Of course,~~ *As* Himmler saw it, he

was using these mythical letters ~~to cement his position~~ to obtain a reliable

pressure point. That was why *there had been such a failure to* ~~he had made such a show of not being able to~~

produce the evidence. Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was making

it up, was telling the truth, or was actually in possession of the letters. It

would have been Frank's neck, and/or his testicles, if Hitler had sent a

researcher to Graz, but Frank knew his client well enough to gamble that

45

Hitler did not really want to know <sup>He</sup> and would stay away from <sup>that</sup> the subject.

That was Himmler's interpretation.

Since <sup>Himmler</sup> ~~he~~ was grooming me to <sup>become</sup> ~~be~~ one of his first assistants, <sup>he</sup> Heinrich

also confided that he never told Hitler about this finding. Certainly not! He

told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official

within the Nazi ruling group who was not looking for <sup>an enduring</sup> ~~a dependable~~

<sup>hold</sup> wrestler's grip on any one of the <sup>ed</sup> ~~the~~ rival ambitions of the others? Frank,

~~therefore~~ to a limited but still forceful degree, was now in Himmler's power.

With that mutual understanding, he served Himmler's <sup>will</sup> ~~will~~ until 1942 when

Hitler, nervous to the end about the Jewish grandfather, instructed our

Heinrich to send a few good people to Graz. Himmler, in turn, looking to

protect the manifold usefulness of Hans Frank now that he was Governor-

General of Poland, reported that <sup>were found</sup> ~~there were~~ no results (which could be called



46

tangible. Nonetheless, what with the pressure of the war and the <sup>ambiguity</sup> ~~length~~ ~~of~~

~~of the reports which were inconclusive and ambiguous,~~ the matter should be

put to rest. Such was Himmler's advice to Hitler.

01/09/2001

6.

The year 1942 is, however, <sup>a long way</sup> ~~very far~~ down the road of my account. In

truth, I only mention 1938 again because a small episode occurred during

the Anschluss of Austria that reveals a great deal about Himmler who

always fascinated me and this <sup>is</sup> not only because he was my boss for <sup>quite a period</sup> ~~so long~~.

~~If~~ Himmler was <sup>usually ridiculed in private</sup> ~~always seen~~ by his Party enemies as Heini—ill-gaited,

pompous, and as party-pious a Nazi as any of the other mediocrities in the



~~they were mistaking the~~ <sup>for the man</sup>  
middle ranks ~~but that was just his outer shell~~ Nobody, not even Hitler (in 48

my judgment) believed more profoundly in our philosophical principles than

~~heinrich, and so he could be very critical of some of our actions, in an interesting manner.~~ <sup>sometimes chose to be</sup>

I remember on the first morning after we <sup>the Brown-shirts</sup> marched into Vienna, a

<sup>them,</sup> group of Brown-shirts, most definitely beer-hall types, <sup>were the bellies above and below their belts</sup> collected a group of

old and middle-aged Jews, professional class, pince-nez <sup>absolutely</sup> ~~properly~~ in place,

~~department~~, and put them to work scrubbing the street pavement with

toothbrushes. It attracted attention throughout Austria and Germany and

photographs of the event were featured on many a front page of many a

newspaper in Europe and America.

<sup>spoke</sup>  
~~Now, here is Himmler~~ talking to a few of us next day about the episode,

occasion: "It was ~~(regrettable)~~ a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased

that not one SS man had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know

~~44c~~ (49)  
 this is <sup>can</sup>  
 it was the kind of action that ~~could~~ <sup>can</sup> repel many of the best ~~and most intelligent~~

<sup>certainly</sup>  
 among us, and it will encourage rowdiness among the lumpen <sup>proletariat</sup> ~~proletariat~~ here

<sup>we do well not to</sup>  
 in Vienna. But ~~nonetheless~~ <sup>we do well not to</sup>. I will not reject altogether the primitive insight <sup>revealed</sup> ~~contained~~

<sup>by</sup> <sup>for it</sup>  
 within the act. <sup>we can turn as positive.</sup> It does have one profound ~~positive~~ aspect. It was, on

<sup>most</sup>  
 reflection, a <sup>did have</sup> ~~successful~~ act of mockery." He paused. He ~~had~~ <sup>did have</sup> our attention.

"There is a curious, I would even say covert sense of inferiority among many

of our folk that the Jews are capable of working with more concentration on

<sup>— they know how to study —</sup>  
 the task than any of us, <sup>and that is why they have been so successful.</sup> It is

very much a Jewish notion that one can get ~~anything~~ <sup>everything</sup> and everything by

<sup>the</sup>  
 working harder than ~~any~~ other race.

<sup>act, therefore</sup> <sup>incisive</sup>  
 "This, ~~however~~ <sup>act, therefore</sup>, coming out of the crude but ~~somewhat~~ <sup>incisive</sup> instinct of the

people makes a deeper statement. It is to tell the Jews that work <sup>if it is not</sup> ~~is~~

<sup>attached to a higher purpose is</sup>  
 (meaningless and a vice, if it is not attached to a higher purpose. 'Scrub away



with those toothbrushes,' we are saying to them, 'because that's <sup>exactly</sup> what you

do with your scholarship and your economic conquests and your empty

acquisitions of wealth. Your riches are barren of illumination.' So on

second thought," Himmler concluded, "I will not condemn the <sup>deeds</sup> acts of these

low-grade Nazis."

We all nodded. Pro forma. It was understood that as an exercise in

the subtlety of good manners we would agree <sup>with him</sup> even if we did not. That was

the <sup>best</sup> only appropriate way to repay his courtesy in allowing us to enjoy the

~~more guarded~~ nuances of his mind.

Since I am new to writing novels, or ~~is it memoirs, or~~ will this be a

biography? I find myself prey to the vicissitudes of the novice: I go off on

expeditions to the side <sup>and lose</sup> of the main track which <sup>right here is</sup> in this case is obviously to

determine who was the father of Alois.

50

Note

Judith - pp 56 thru 58  
are triple space.  
they are double spaced tonight  
they 35-49  
double space

Again, I am trapped by my method. My name, I would remind you,  
*(enough for the time being, I am tempted)*  
is not Dieter (although that is close to the real name I use. I must also add

*really in section)*  
that I was never part of Special Group V-2a, although *on the other hand* in a most definite

*veiled can*  
~~sense~~, I was. While ~~I can see that~~ these admissions only add to the useful

(for me) confusion with which I shroud myself, it is also—if there is indeed such

a criterion as novelistic ethics—~~probably~~ unfair to the reader.

*immerse oneself bit by bit*  
Nonetheless I persist. One must ~~subside~~ into the act of true

*One cannot count on the promised warmth of*  
confession. *bit by bit* One must offer up to the warmth of promised release

*without surrendering)*  
all ~~(trusteeship of long-emplaced cautions. It is the reader, not you or you,~~

who will take the plunge, it is myself, and I can lose much in ways and

dimensions you cannot expect.

*(at exchanging) (even*  
Again I am tempted to apologize for ~~deserting~~ my narrative for these

exculpatory paragraphs, but truth, I hesitate because I do not know to tell



52

how I came to find out the truth, the <sup>actual</sup> fact in itself, of Alois' conception and

so I feel at a loss. Already I know <sup>for</sup> one can indeed pick up <sup>quick</sup> a sense of what

is impermissible in fiction, <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ nothing <sup>will</sup> ~~can~~ more irritate a reader <sup>more</sup> who is

looking ~~for his turn~~ to plunge into a book than to be offered a revelation that

lacks clarity, that ~~feels blurred~~. A fact must be a fact, and its reality <sup>resonance in our sense of</sup> ~~is felt best~~

<sup>when it</sup> consists not only of its own declaration of fact but <sup>can</sup> ~~must~~ also exhibit the

means by which it was ascertained.

To repeat—I cannot do that yet. The means was too <sup>extenuated</sup> ~~complex and too~~

<sup>and will not</sup> ~~verified to be~~ comprehensible <sup>this soon</sup> as yet. Even the <sup>excellent</sup> ~~extraordinary~~ resources of V-22

<sup>were</sup> ~~we~~ would not have been sufficient. We did come up with an answer and <sup>were able to</sup>

tweak ~~ed~~ our evidence ~~just~~ enough to bend it in Himmler's direction—we

were at bottom <sup>his</sup> ~~supporting our~~ case, but the irony <sup>our fiction turned out to be</sup> ~~was that we were~~ <sup>correct</sup>

~~this, I only came as that we were actual~~  
as I came (to find out later by more exceptional methods of inquiry employed

53

among the host of ~~moods and spirits and~~ <sup>leaders and moods and spirits</sup> heroes and ~~Judases~~ <sup>to which</sup>

adhere—it <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ an organization much too evanescent by any rough and

ready material measure to be called ~~any~~ <sup>an</sup> kind of club. Think of it rather as a

<sup>most special</sup> ~~that does dwell~~ <sup>dwells</sup> ~~can~~ <sup>but this last sentence, we</sup>  
 (nexus of being within society. As you see, we are not ready for  
 are hardly ready for  
 explanations.

<sup>for now, at least,</sup>  
 Content yourself now, then, with the conclusions we presented to

Hitler. Since the Jew from Graz did not exist, our <sup>(had turned)</sup> ~~finest~~ focus ~~was~~ first but

<sup>to</sup> ~~least~~ on the husband, Johann Georg Hiedler the drunk, <sup>but soon moved onto</sup> ~~next~~ on Johann

Nepomuk Hiedler, the younger brother and good honest farmer who took

<sup>Then we studied the actions of the</sup>  
 Alois at the age of five into his home, and last, ~~one~~ brother of Maria Anna

<sup>was actually able to leave</sup>  
 Schicklgruber who ~~had left~~ the family long enough to make a little money as

<sup>let us say first</sup>  
 a commercial traveler—~~I call him that~~ because he was a degree more

elevated than an itinerant peddler. What was best about him is that he



passed regularly through Graz. This was of help <sup>it enabled us to declare</sup> for we ~~did not~~ <sup>had</sup> out at last

that Maria Anna <sup>did receive)</sup> was receiving money from Graz <sup>but</sup> and had told her family <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~

and that <sup>proved most believable to</sup> it came from a Jew, a piece of information we ~~decided~~ <sup>was not necessary to</sup>

~~pass on to~~ <sup>confirmed</sup> Himmler since Maria Anna was a liar of large proportions. This

<sup>to an 80% certainty</sup> we know from the general context—a poor and promiscuous woman has

much more need of lies than truth <sup>(much</sup> ~~just~~ like a rich and promiscuous woman).

<sup>We assumed for a time that</sup>

~~More to the point,~~ the idea of a Jew would certainly distract her father away

from suspecting her brother—especially since old peasants are not good at

antagonistic elements that have to live <sup>some</sup> ~~together.~~ <sup>together.</sup>

dealing with exonyms. Here was a situation where his grandson <sup>she</sup> was half-

~~the stipend for the family~~ <sup>a stipend</sup> Jewish but a source of money—odium and immediate funds in the same

~~book.~~

~~but~~  
~~It~~ I thought.

The longer we studied the situation, the more undecided, however, that to make Himmler happy we would have to choose Johann Nepomuk, the good younger brother, as the prime actor, since nothing would satisfy our end result but a prima facie case of incest, we looked to make the best choice between the itinerant brother and Johann Nepomuk, and it came to the latter, with the mother, we would have Alois as an incestuous, but that would be ~~the end~~ as far as we could go in applying ~~the~~ Himmler's theories to Hitler.

On the other hand, if Maria Anna had conceived with Johann Nepomuk, then Alois would not be an incestuous himself, but Adolf Hitler would be since Alois Adolf's mother was the grand-daughter of Johann Nepomuk by way of his daughter Johanna. So an uncle and a niece would then be the parents of our Fuehrer.



with those toothbrushes,' we are saying to them, 'because that's what you

do ~~all the time~~ with your scholarship and your quick economic conquests

*Your riches are*  
and your empty acquisitions of wealth that is barren of illumination.' So on

*second thought"*

~~balance,~~ Himmler concluded, "I will not condemn the acts of these low-

grade Nazis."

*Pro forma,* we all nodded. It was understood that as an exercise in

the subtlety of good manners we would agree even if we did not ~~for~~ that was

*only*  
the appropriate way to repay his courtesy in allowing us to enjoy the more

guarded nuances of his mind.

*Since I am new to writing novels, or  
is it memoirs or — will that be a biography? —  
of A.H. and I see his name in my mind?  
I find myself prey to the vicissitudes  
of the novice: I go off on expeditions  
to the side of the main track which,  
in that case is obviously ~~the~~ to determine  
~~and the~~ who was the father of A.H.*

Again, I am troubled by my method. ~~(46)~~ (51)  
My name, I would remind you, is not Dieter  
(although that is close to the real name I  
use) ~~and I fear~~ <sup>must also add that</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>part</sup> of special  
Group I-2a, although in a most definite  
sense I was. While I can see that these  
admissions ~~can only add to the use~~ <sup>with which</sup>  
useful (for me) confusion ~~that~~ I bring  
~~myself~~ myself, ~~with~~, it is also — if  
there is indeed such a criterion as  
~~the~~ novelistic ethics — probably unfair  
to the reader.

Nevertheless I persist. One must subside  
into the act of true confession bit by bit.  
One must offer up to the ~~guarantee~~ <sup>promise</sup> of their  
~~anticipated release~~ <sup>promised</sup> ~~all~~ <sup>promised</sup> ~~trust~~ <sup>trust</sup>  
of one's ~~own~~ long-emplaced cautions; ~~it~~  
is not the reader, not you or you, who will  
take the plunge, ~~of the act~~, it is myself, and  
I can love ~~so much of~~ <sup>and dimensions</sup> ~~myself~~  
in ways ~~you cannot expect~~.

Again I am tempted to apologize for  
inserting my narrative for these exculpations



paragraphs, but, truth, I hesitate  
because I do not know how to tell (41)  
how I came to ~~know what~~ find out (51)  
the truth, the fact in itself of Alois'  
conception and so I feel at a loss.  
~~Before~~ Already I know that one can  
indeed pick up a sense of what is  
impossible in fiction - that nothing can  
more vitally a reader <sup>who is</sup> looking in his turn to  
plunge into a book than to be offered  
a revelation that lacks clarity, that is  
blurred. A fact must be a fact, and its  
reality consists not only of its own  
declaration of fact but must also  
exhibit the means by which we are convinced.

To repeat - I cannot do that yet,  
the means was too complex and too  
varied to be comprehensible as yet.

Even the extraordinary ~~forces~~ resources of  
~~this for the period~~ V-2a ~~for~~ would not have  
been sufficient. We did come off with  
an answer and ~~without our evidence~~  
~~cooked and twisted~~ tweaked our evidence  
just enough to bend it in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~direction of~~  
we were at bottom suffering our case,  
but the irony was that we were correct

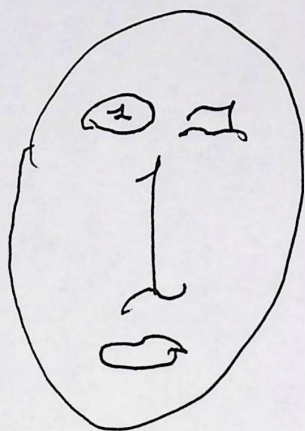


as I came to find out later by those  
of more exceptional means among my  
inquiry employed <sup>among</sup> the host of <sup>(53)</sup>  
~~and sports and games given to the readers,~~  
to which I adhere ~~it~~ as an organization  
much too evanescent by <sup>any</sup> roughness  
really material means to be called  
any kind of club. Think of it rather as  
a nexus of being within society. As  
you see, we are not ready for explanation.

Content yourself now, then, with  
the ~~fact~~<sup>circumstances</sup> are presented to others, since  
the Jew from Gray did not exist; our  
furthest focus was first but least on the  
uncle, Johann Georg Hüller, the drunk,  
next on Johann Nepomuk Hüller, the  
Jew's brother and good honest farmer,  
who took Clara <sup>at her age (7 yrs)</sup> home, and  
last, one brother of Maria Anna Schickzule  
who had left the family long enough to  
make a little money as a commercial  
traveler, and ~~was brought back by a degree~~  
~~more elevated than an itinerant peddler.~~  
~~Even better, passed through Gray (what~~  
~~periodically on his way west about him~~  
is that he passed regularly through Gray.  
This was help for we did find out at last  
that Anna Maria was receiving



money from Gray and had told her family (44) (54) that it came from a Jew, a piece of information we decided was not necessary to pass on to Stimmler, since Anna Maria was a liar of large proportions. This we knew from the general context - a poor <sup>and</sup> promiscuous woman has much more need of lies than a rich (just like a rich and promiscuous woman). ~~and~~ <sup>known</sup> to the family, the idea of a few would ~~tell her father~~ certainly distract her father away from suspecting her brother - especially since old peasants are not good at dealing with ex-monoys. There was a situation where her grandson was half-Jewish but a source of money - odium and immediate funds in the same sack.



Happy New Year

01/01/01

I hate beginning  
a century.

It leave me feeling  
like an egg.

Norman and Norris



01/10/2001

JALC 12.

12 pages (now remembered  
43-54 for their transmission)

6.

DOUBLE-SPACE

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road of my account.

In truth, I only mention 1938 again because a small episode occurred during

the Anschluss of Austria that reveals a great deal about Himmler who

always fascinated me (and this is not only because he was my boss for quite a <sup>boss, and a house</sup> <sup>(favor)</sup> ~~me in private to call him Heinrich~~ <sup>a rare boss for a SS man</sup> ~~period~~ <sup>I know that behind his back</sup> Himmler was usually ridiculed in private by his Party enemies as

Heini—ill-gaited, pompous, and as party-pious a Nazi as any of the other <sup>of</sup> <sup>but his detractors</sup> mediocrities in the middle ranks—they were mistaking the outer shell for the

man. Nobody, not even Hitler (in my judgment) believed more profoundly

in our philosophical principles than Heinrich, and so he sometimes chose to <sup>what I must call</sup> be critical of our actions in an interesting manner.

I remember on the first morning after the Brown-Shirts marched into <sup>squad</sup> Vienna, a group of them, beer-hall types with bellies above and below their belts, collected a group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional class,

pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing the street  
~~Since the storm-troopers laughed as they went by it~~  
 pavement with toothbrushes.)

Attracted attention throughout Austria and Germany and photographs of the event were featured on many a front page of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Himmler spoke to a few of us next day about the episode. "It was a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one SS man had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know this is the kind of action that can <sup>repel</sup> ~~repel~~ many of the best among us. It will certainly encourage rowdiness among the lumpenproletariat here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject altogether the primitive <sup>instinct</sup> ~~revealed~~ by the act. For it ~~does~~ <sup>is</sup> have one aspect we can turn positive. It was, on reflection, a most successful act of mockery." He paused. He did have our attention. "There is a curious, I would even say covert sense of inferiority among many of our folk that the Jews are capable of working with more concentration on <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ task than any of us—they know how to study—and that is why they have been so successful. It is very much a Jewish notion that one can get everything by working harder than the ~~other race~~ <sup>which serves as their host</sup>. "Yesterday ~~this act~~ <sup>empting</sup> ~~which emptied from~~ "This act, ~~therefore~~ <sup>understanding of</sup> ~~coming out of~~ the crude but incisive instinct of the people <sup>make</sup> ~~makes~~ a deeper statement. It <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ to tell the Jews that work if it is not attached to a high ~~at~~ purpose is meaningless and a vice. 'Scrub away



36 (45)

with those toothbrushes,' <sup>the boys were</sup> ~~we are saying to them,~~ 'because you, whether you know it or not, are doing exactly the same thing every day. <sup>so-virtuous</sup> ~~what you do with your scholarship and your economic conquests~~ <sup>finagling</sup> (and your

<sup>(outrageous grabs)</sup>  
empty acquisitions of wealth. Your riches are barren of illumination.' So on

second thought," Himmler concluded, "I will not condemn <sup>out of hand</sup> the deeds of these

<sup>(lower-grade)</sup>  
low-grade Nazis."

We <sup>a subtle demand in</sup> ~~all~~ nodded. Pro forma. It was understood that as ~~an exercise in~~

<sup>subtle</sup>  
~~the subtlety~~ of good manners we would agree with him even if we did not.

That was <sup>how</sup> ~~the best way~~ to repay <sup>the</sup> his courtesy <sup>of</sup> in allowing us to enjoy the

nuances of his mind.

Since I am new to <sup>this game of</sup> writing novels, or—will this <sup>yet</sup> be a biography?—I

find myself prey to <sup>one</sup> the vicissitudes <sup>a</sup> of the novice: I go off <sup>do</sup> on expeditions to

to <sup>I</sup> the side, <sup>that</sup> and lose the main track which, right now, is to determine who was

the father of Alois.

Again, I am trapped by <sup>the employed so far,</sup> my method, my name, I would remind you, ST

<sup>46</sup>  
does not happen to be <sup>for</sup> is not Dieter although that is close enough <sup>for</sup> the time being I am tempted

to add that I was never really in Special Group V-2a; <sup>although</sup> on the other

hand, I was. While <sup>so verbal like those</sup> these veiled admissions can only add to the useful <sup>for</sup>

<sup>chose to</sup> confusion with which I shroud myself, it is also—if there is <sup>such</sup> <sup>indeed</sup>

a criterion as novelistic ethics—unfair to the reader.

Nonetheless I persist, <sup>in these little acts of obfuscation,</sup> One must immerse oneself bit by bit <sup>into the</sup>

An act of true confession <sup>works better if one immerses oneself in such</sup> bit by bit. One cannot count on the promised warmth <sup>pool of self exposure by the</sup>

<sup>comes best by</sup> of release without surrendering <sup>slowly</sup> all trusteeship of long-emplaced cautions. It

is not the reader, not you or you, who will take the plunge, it is myself. I can

lose much.

Again I am tempted to apologize at <sup>interrupting</sup> exchanging my narrative even for <sup>no more</sup>

<sup>than</sup> <sup>went to</sup> these exculpatory paragraphs, but truth, I hesitate because I do not know to

the  
pool of self  
exposure  
by the  
measured  
steps for  
one cannot  
count on  
the  
compensa-  
tory  
warmth



<sup>discerned</sup>  
tell how I ~~came to find out~~ the truth, the actual fact in itself, of Alois' (47)

conception. I feel at a loss. Already I know ~~for one~~ <sup>for anyone</sup> can indeed pick up a <sup>acquire</sup>

a quick sense of what is impermissible in fiction, <sup>that</sup> nothing will irritate a

reader more than to be offered a revelation that lacks clarity. <sup>footing.</sup> A fact must be

<sup>if it is to augment</sup> a fact, and its resonance in our sense of reality, <sup>then it can have</sup> is felt best when it <sup>resonance. At best,</sup> consists

<sup>it will consist</sup> not only of its own declaration of fact but <sup>will</sup> also exhibit the means by

<sup>obtained.</sup>  
which it was ~~ascertained~~.

<sup>not get. My real</sup> To repeat—I cannot do that yet. <sup>is</sup> The means ~~was too~~ <sup>was</sup> extenuated and

will not be comprehensible this soon. Even the <sup>deep</sup> <sup>section</sup> excellent resources of V-2a

<sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ not sufficient. We did come up with an answer <sup>they and we</sup> and ~~were~~ able to tweak

<sup>paltry</sup> our evidence enough to bend it in Himmler's direction. <sup>we knew that if our</sup> ~~we were at bottom~~

end-product <sup>would</sup> support his case, <sup>he would be bound</sup> ~~supporting his case,~~ <sup>the</sup> but the irony was <sup>our fiction</sup> turned out to be correct.  
~~to accept, and he did~~ ~~but the~~

<sup>the</sup>  
This I ~~only~~ came to find out later by <sup>more</sup> exceptional methods of inquiry

~~He~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> employed among the host of ~~heroes and leaders, moods and spirits~~ <sup>curious personages, to which I</sup> ~~in which~~ <sup>(48)</sup>  
 actually belong —  
 I adhere — it is an organization ~~much~~ <sup>deep to day</sup> too evanescent by ~~any rough and ready~~

~~material~~ measure to be called an intelligence group. Think of it rather as a

~~most special~~ nexus of Being that dwells within society. As you can see by the putative  
 philosophical grandeur of <sup>facts about myself,</sup>  
 this last sentence, we are hardly ready for ~~explanations.~~

<sup>your reading them,</sup> <sup>honors</sup>  
 Content yourself ~~then,~~ for now, (at least, with the conclusions we

<sup>Himmler,</sup> <sup>Once I had brought back the news</sup> <sup>(that)</sup>  
 presented to ~~Himmler~~ <sup>Since</sup> the Jew from Graz did not exist, our focus had

<sup>drunken,</sup> <sup>Then, soon enough, it</sup>  
 turned to the ~~husband,~~ Johann Georg Hiedler, ~~the drunk,~~ but soon moved on

to Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, the younger brother and ~~good~~ honest farmer

who took Alois at the age of five into his home. Then we <sup>also traces of the</sup> studied ~~the~~ actions

<sup>the</sup>  
 of ~~one~~ brother of Maria Anna Schicklgruber who was actually able to leave <sup>6</sup>  
<sup>the mud of Strones</sup>  
<sup>hearth</sup>

~~the~~ family long enough to make a little money as a commercial traveler — ~~he~~ <sup>he was,</sup>  
<sup>we could say,</sup>  
<sup>perhaps,</sup>  
 us say that he was a degree more elevated than an itinerant peddler. What



24

(49)

for our purposes  
was best about him is that he passed regularly through Graz. This ~~was~~

small sums  
help for ~~it~~ enabled us to declare that Maria Anna did receive money from

For a short time  
Graz but had told her family that it came from a Jew, and that proved most

He fully expected that  
believable to Himmler since ~~was declared~~ Maria Anna was a confirmed liar. This we

~~know to an 80% certainty from the general context~~ A poor and

afterwards, artful sober  
promiscuous woman has much more need of lies than truth (much like a rich

and promiscuous woman). We assumed for a time that the idea of a Jew as ~~the father~~  
half-partner to  
progenitor of the creation in her womb  
would certainly distract her father away from suspecting her brother.

especially since old peasants are not good at dealing with antagonistic  
elements that have to live together. Here we would have a grandson who  
was half-Jewish but a source of money—odium and a stipend in the same  
thought.

The longer we studied the situation, the more we decided, however,

(secure ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> ~~happened~~ on this matter,  
that to make Himmler happy (we would have to choose Johann Nepomuk.

the good younger brother, as <sup>our (leading)</sup> ~~the~~ prime actor. Since nothing would satisfy <sup>the</sup> ~~our~~

end result but a prima facie case of incest, we looked to make the <sup>better</sup> best choice

between the itinerant brother and Johann Nepomuk, and it came to the latter.

With the brother, we would <sup>indeed</sup> have Alois as <sup>a full, first degree</sup> ~~an~~ incestuary, but that would be Alois  
himself. It would not enable us to apply  
as far as we could go in applying Himmler's thesis to Hitler.

On the other hand, if Maria Anna had conceived with Johann

Nepomuk, then Alois would not be <sup>the</sup> ~~an~~ incestuary himself, but <sup>better</sup> ~~Adolf Hitler~~

<sup>Alois' wife, Klara,</sup>  
would be, since ~~Adolf's~~ mother was the granddaughter of Johann Nepomuk <sup>is</sup> by

way of his daughter Johanna. So an uncle and a niece would then be the

parents of our Fuehrer. We knew that we had at last a solid presentation to

offer Himmler and we <sup>not only settled on it but</sup> ~~embellished~~ it. Our final scenario took this <sup>flavor:</sup> ~~form~~



met in a  
Maria Anna Schicklgruber and Johann Nepomuk Hiedler had a covert but

passionate relationship every time she came back for a visit from her work in

incidentally, Graz (at the home of a family named Frankenreiter who were Catholic, not Jewish, and had an only son who was ten years old. Legends seem to thrive ~~but~~ when the facts are ~~not~~ wrong!)

On her last trip home, she conceived. Nepomuk was in a classic if lived a long days walk away in Spital was visiting his family in Strones, and went to the streets for a carnal dreadful state. He loved his wife, he loved his three daughters, and, he told

All the same, Maria Anna that he could not shatter his home, but he would take care of

her. And did. Under the rubric of money-from-Graz, he gave her sums from

to take In a few years, time to time for taking care of the boy. And he promised, he would in a few.

Alois, years take him into his own house and raise him with his daughters.

Maria Anna) not Five years, She put up with it, but most unhappily. Years went by Five years.

before she)

She declared her intention to expose every last detail of the situation. She

she told him, was now forty-seven and it was humiliating not to be married, and have to

face the mixed sympathies of the women of Strones every time she went out the door. Besides, none of the house-wives trusted her,

*for himself that could legitimize the boy.*

*older* Nepomuk proposed his brother Georg as ~~a~~ substitute. *52* Nepomuk did

not like his brother, and the brother did not like Nepomuk. but a new source

of money is as vital to a drunk as transfusion of blood to a hemophiliac. I

exaggerate. but not by much. Georg married Maria Anna for her source of

*stipend*  
money and enjoyed the knowledge that it came from Nepomuk who worked  
*even harder in his fields for Georg*

so hard to gather a few extra kronen. There was a rare pleasure in using the

*exertions of* a younger brother by way of *to pay for* one's own dissipations. *Nobody can live*  
*exhausting* No one sits

*with* upon a fund of pure mean spirit more *compassionably* nimble than a fury full of failure who

is obliged to study the last *decade* of his life through the bottom of a glass.

Maria Anna, being married, *now* wanted Georg to say he was Alois' father,

*never, she was transgressing on a matter involving his*  
but no, that was a matter of honor to him. *honor* (If he had not kept his word to be

*concerning* silent about the reasons for the marriage and had managed in the course of

*many a spree in heaven*  
his drunks to tell everyone stories (which, of course, became part of the



53

~~legend we passed on to Himmler~~) then he saw no reason to make a fool of

himself by legitimizing a damn brat whom everyone knew was not his kid.

~~Well, he~~ might be a failure, a drunk, a loose mouth, but he was not a

cuckold. ~~no~~ <sup>never</sup> he would ~~not~~ give his name <sup>this</sup> (to Alois Schicklgruber. Let ~~the~~

bastard remain a bastard.

*that*

This was the formal account we presented to Himmler. It was

buttressed by interviews we fleshed out with ~~some of the~~ <sup>old</sup> oldest inhabitants

<sup>same of whom</sup> of Strones who <sup>their parents</sup> were born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857, ~~and they~~

had ~~been~~ told many a story about him ~~by their parents~~. It was a ramshackle <sup>series</sup>

<sup>on the way</sup> ~~set of bridges~~ (to the desired destination, but we wrote the material up with

the sort of glee one takes with artfully invented details, and Himmler was, of

course, so busy <sup>he could</sup> that we ~~was~~ <sup>interest himself</sup> as we knew ~~he would be~~ interested only in ~~us~~ <sup>our</sup>

<sup>for him</sup> conclusions. They were perfect. No Jew in the Fuehrer's bloodstream, and

\*private means that Klara Pözl Hitler, Alois' wife was not his niece but his daughter, and so Hitler himself, was the incestuous child of two parents who were themselves incestuous. Hitler, if he had been this, might have had a nocturnal emission every day.

in his ill-fitting trousers during broad daylight, a father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, who were now established as

real uncle and niece by blood, thereby making Adolf Hitler a first degree incestuary one step removed.

Himmler had an epiphanic ~~encomium~~ encomium. ~~Concerning that~~. "this," he said, "more than any thing else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude of the Fuehrer since early death or serious malformation is the <sup>most</sup> highly predominant fate of first-degree incestuaries. The Fuehrer ~~troubled~~ ~~at~~ His brilliance and his will, ~~but~~ and ~~little did he know that his own~~ extraordinary properties of character and ~~insight~~ <sup>that were</sup> provided ~~by~~ <sup>proved</sup> by the intensification of his genes ~~was~~ able to overcome all the negative tendencies."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. Hitler was not a first degree incestuary one step removed, so he was at the core of incest, a rare case of First Degree Primus ~~et~~ ~~the~~ I came to discover by more exceptional and \*

SMC2  
(The above lines come at the bottom of the page.)

Proved fabulous in his perseverance

54



6.

True story for all.  
Do pages 42, 43, + 44  
before 35 to 41

(42)

The year 1942 is, however, very far down  
the road of my account. In truth, I only  
mention 1938 again because a small  
episode ~~occurred~~ occurred ~~(in)~~ during  
the Anschluss of Austria that reveals  
a great deal about Himmler, who always  
fascinated me and <sup>this</sup> not only because he  
was my boss for so long. Himmler was  
~~subsequently seen~~ always seen by  
his <sup>(Party)</sup> enemies as ill-gated, pompous, and  
party-prious a Nazi as any of the mediocres  
in the middle ranks, <sup>and that was just</sup>  
~~his~~ outer shell. I <sup>not even</sup> <sup>believed in his judgment</sup> believed more  
profoundly in <sup>our</sup> philosophical principles  
of ~~our party~~ than Heinrich, ~~not even~~  
~~Hitler by my judgment~~ and so he  
could be very critical of some of our actions,  
in much the way that a serious politician  
~~is concerned with the manner of the~~  
~~ethics in Party activities.~~

I remember that on the first morning  
after we marched into Vienna a group  
~~of our~~ Storm Troopers of Brown Shirts, most  
definitely beer hall types, collected a group



(43)

of old and middle aged Jews, professional class, since they proper in deportment, and put them to work scrubbing the ~~pavement~~ <sup>pavement</sup> in the street (with tooth-brushes). It attracted attention throughout America and Germany and ~~was~~ <sup>featured</sup> photographs of the event were featured on many a front-page on many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Now, here is Hummel, talking to a few of us <sup>next day</sup> about the occasion: "It was, regrettably, a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one SS man had any thing to do with such a vulgarity. We all know it was the kind of action that could reflect many of the best and most sensitive among us, and it will encourage rowdiness among the lumpenproletariat here in Vienna, but nonetheless I will not reject altogether the primitive insight within the act. It does have one profound positive aspect." He paused, he had our attention. "It was, on reflection, a successful act of mockery." "There is a curious, I would even say, covert sense of inferiority among many of our folk that the Jews are capable of working with more concentration on the task than any of us, and that is why they



(174)

have been so successful. It is very much a Jewish notion that one can get anything and everything by working harder than any other race,

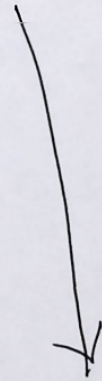
"This, however, coming out of the crude but sometimes incisive instinct of the people makes a deep statement. It is to tell the Jews that work is meaningless and a vice if it is not attached to a higher purpose: 'Scrub away with these toothbrushes,' we are saying to them, <sup>because</sup> ~~but~~ that is what you do all the time with your scholarship and your <sup>quick</sup> ~~economic science~~ conquests and your empty acquisition of wealth <sup>that is</sup> ~~without~~ <sup>harvest of</sup> ~~illumination~~.' So, on balance," Himmler concluded, "I will ~~not~~ <sup>these</sup> not condemn the acts of low-grade Nazis."

Pro forma, we all nodded. It was understood that as an exercise in the true subtlety of good manners we would agree even if we did not for that was the appropriate way to repay his <sup>Courtesy</sup> ~~in~~ allowing us to enjoy the more guarded <sup>finances</sup> of his mind.

## The Castle in the Forest

Call me Dieter. ~~It~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>not</sup> really my name, ~~merely rather it is~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~one of~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~the~~ several I use. But ~~but~~ it will do for now — now that I am on America, this curious nation. Time passes here void of stature.

If I call upon the art of patience, it is because I find myself in a perilous condition — I am ready for rebellion. The proof is that I am intrigued with the thought of doing a novel, a slim book that would, of course, be unlike others. I suspect it might consist of an account given by one man to another in a small room at the edge of <sup>the</sup> nocturnal uproar, that is going on through the night





*MS*  
~~In truth, I am intrigued with the notion of creating a that would be~~  
~~I expect it would be ~~of the~~ a ~~short~~ <sup>an</sup> account given~~  
~~unlike others, a species of good short <sup>account to be</sup> tale telling offered by one man to~~  
~~another in a small room at the periphery of the military <sup>camp</sup> ~~camp~~ <sup>at nocturnal</sup> ~~that is going~~~~  
~~that is~~  
~~on through the course of a night in a Konzentrationslager that has just been~~

liberated by American soldiers very late in April, 1945.

As the two men converse, a pistol lies on the table. It is situated close  
to the younger man. He is American and a ~~young~~ doctor, a Captain in rank. He is  
Jewish, a part of the U.S. Army forces who have just reached the  
concentration camp a few hours ago and were appalled by what they saw.

The Jewish doctor, despite his uniform, is very much a pacifist by  
temperament. So he has withdrawn from the hideousness of the odors, the  
collective emaciation, and various other appalling sights and pestilential

~~of the just-released prisoners,~~  
sniffs. Indeed, he has ordered his opposite number, a German doctor, ~~to~~  
~~bring patients~~

considerably older than himself, to come with him into a small sentry room, and there, through the dark hours, the two succeed in having a conversation that soon turns into <sup>an account</sup> ~~a monologue~~ by the German.

In the course of this long evening, as alone with each other as two souls on an island not large enough for three, the Senior Doctor, an SS Major ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~totally~~ attached (recently) to the camp, attempts to explain his world view. For the Jew, it is an immeasurably (unhappy) experience. The account by the Nazi is too fascinating in its details, ~~too~~ and too startling in its philosophy. If the SS ~~man~~ doctor is rueful occasionally at errors that were made, still he is proud of many daring achievements that had explored





~~and so much~~

and so resistant to ~~conventional~~ conventional belief in the easy and patterns of the world that of necessity, I approach hypoglycemia.

The irony is that ~~I am now~~ I - a liar of the most accomplished techniques and skills - is now obsessed with telling what is true, and this inclination as fierce as an urge to destroy oneself leaves me not knowing who I am, where I am exactly (other than for the gross fact that I am in America - good luck!) and, more important, what I am really seeking.

Enough of this blather. Here is the orphaned chapter. I present it even with quotation marks as if Dieter is indeed speaking to the silent Jew.

##

"You have to accept the fact that incest was a real problem for us. It is the true Gehenna of the very poor. Such families have been concealing these matters or, if poor enough, taking them for granted over thousands of years,



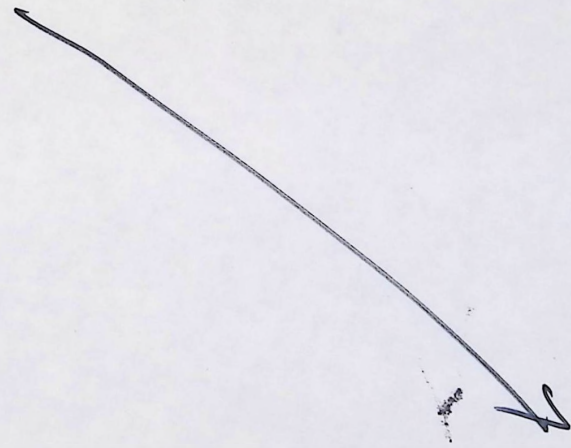
[illegible]

But to contemplate the process  
of his body is to ~~be~~ be discuss the reasoning



~~Incess~~  
was high on his list. Incest, naturally (2/2) (14)

"I repeat; we were not ready to dismiss his interest. His unbroken earliest preoccupation, after all, had been with agriculture. But to contemplate the problems of husbandry is equal to dismissing the peasantry, yet to speak of peasants is to speak of incest. ~~It~~ Undeniably, it is one of the major reasons that ~~our~~ <sup>old peasantry is</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>has</sup> a devout. Kule took it for granted that a bottomless sense of sin ~~was~~ <sup>later manifested itself in one of</sup> ~~one of~~ the other of two extremes: nihilism or extreme devotion to religious practice. Indeed it was Engels who once wrote, if I recall his words from my student days, that about the time that the Catholic Church decided adultery



explored deep into the uncharted regions of human potentiality. ~~Hitherto~~

~~unknown regions of the social contract had been touched upon in passing.~~

The German doctor's explanations are ~~beautiful, cunning, and~~

prodigiously disruptive to the young Jew. Worse! This SS ~~medico~~ <sup>physician</sup> is not

without a species of charm. He is ~~still~~ <sup>tall</sup> quick, wise, ~~immensely sophisticated~~ <sup>and</sup>

~~and~~ certainly witty (despite the downfall of every last one of his dreams). To

~~one further~~ <sup>turn of the screw</sup> make matters worse, he is even troubled by the vices inherent in his

achievements. This last makes him seem in ~~part~~ <sup>some degree</sup> human, or, at least not

~~alienated wholly from other humans.~~ <sup>other men,</sup> ~~separate from more average~~

By the end of the evening, the young ~~doctor~~ <sup>Captain is Jewish</sup> is no longer able to listen.

Dwelling beneath the pacifist—as one will always discover—lives a killer.

Close to madness at this assault upon his principles and his loyalties, the

American picks up his revolver and shoots the SS ~~doctor~~ <sup>doctor</sup> ~~psychiatrist~~.



As I say, this novel <sup>has appeal for</sup> ~~appeals to~~ me. While I will <sup>probably not</sup> ~~never come to~~ write it

since I do not wish to be bothered with the <sup>intimate labors</sup> ~~provenance~~ of making it

~~seem~~ believably <sup>when</sup> in truth, the real story is more interesting

(I do) have a title. I would call it The Castle in the Forest. Schlosswald! The

name is not without its irony, since the camp in question sits on <sup>the</sup> an empty

~~set of a~~ <sup>what was once</sup> ~~a low-yield~~ a low-yield plain in low-yield potato. (Not many trees are in sight, nor is there the hint of potato field. Not many)

a castle on any horizon. Yet Schlosswald <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>would be exactly</sup> the name that has been given

to the compound by the ~~remaining~~ inmates of the camp. If there was one

pride left to the prisoners—the best of the <sup>few</sup> surviving German prisoners, at any

rate!--it was that they <sup>had</sup> ~~would not~~ <sup>lost</sup> ~~their~~ sense of irony. <sup>They were from</sup> ~~Berlin~~ <sup>affair</sup>

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

course, vital to <sup>speech,</sup> ~~your language~~. German comes to us originally as the <sup>language</sup> ~~speech~~

of simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen, tribal people <sup>ready for</sup> ~~full of~~ the

hunt. So, German is full of the sounds of the stomach and the ~~guts,~~ ~~the~~

bowels of hearty existence, the bellows of the lungs, the cries of command

that one issues to domesticated animals. Yet, given the demands upon this

people through the <sup>centuries</sup> ~~second millennium~~ <sup>the unremitting imperiousness to</sup> encounter and then enter European

civilization, the latter-day tongue sought to be as soft as the silk of a sleeve,

a venture that <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ not always successful.

Given such a linguistic venture, success was only part successful. Soft

For this gentler <sup>moderated</sup> ~~moderated~~

German proved so sentimental, that syrup and tears were <sup>for</sup> ~~even~~ where ready to

flow. Irony, therefore, <sup>became</sup> ~~is~~ vital to the good German mind. The upper

intelligentsia in those lands could not survive without it. Cultural, the sound

of sugar melting, and the rasp of irony. How different the Germans are from

the French, encourage each other to speak through the nose.

Now, as I take note of this, <sup>brief</sup> ~~disquisition~~

Can the brightest among you perceive that I have given evidence

which certainly <sup>pulls</sup> ~~pulls~~ us away from <sup>to be</sup> ~~to be~~ a promising

narrative, I have to recognize that I am <sup>probably</sup> ~~probably~~ not

being truthful at the level I have chosen, or

to be more precise, the level I have chosen

is not elevated enough to be convincing. The





picayune, ~~either~~, and I think it is worth  
presenting since it will bring us somewhat  
closer to my ~~actual~~ intentions and  
which are neither routine nor immediately  
available to describe.



2.

~~letter~~

(9)

Enough of this ~~letter~~. Since I have spent my life looking to detect the truth and while enjoying most of the lies I told, but now, to my acute surprise, I find that I cannot go on with ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> novel for longer reasons than that it is unconvincing. It is that the lies it would tell are at too low a level. Mendacity also makes its demands exact. By the time you have reached my position, my situation, it is easier to recognize that the only lie worth telling is one that is larger and subtler than any you have fabricated before.

Part of this letter-day impulse is present in the one chapter I did write which I will now quote in full. As will quickly be seen, ~~by the critical reader~~, it presumes much too much on the ~~part of the~~ expectations of ~~the critical reader~~ the critical reader. The SS doctor never stops speaking and the Jewish doctor never speaks. Soon enough I realized that I was not interested in the Jew, indeed I had a far better one waiting in the wings. Oly real time, now would it be in the counting



was to search out my interest in <sup>(18)</sup>  
much larger matters, and so I observed  
none of the minutiae that skillful  
writers employ when rounding out a  
plot that is ~~so~~ <sup>wholly</sup> ~~wholly~~ <sup>that</sup>  
~~not at all~~ but much of their own  
~~decision~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>but</sup>  
not only never happened, <sup>but</sup> could  
never happen.

As can soon be seen, I ~~did~~ <sup>do</sup> not bother  
Goldsenter the room in which Heinrich  
Hummel <sup>(- imagine for yourself a German bedroom)</sup> ~~ghost~~ <sup>ghost</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup>  
present much of his real dialogue ~~which~~ <sup>for it is</sup>  
more banal and more didactic  
than his ideas. There are no questions  
or objections by his auditors, all ranking  
SS officers in the particularly special division  
division of SS research intelligence to  
which I belonged. The heart of the  
writing is ~~rather~~ put instead on the  
content of the ~~ideas~~ thought.

The act of writing in this manner left  
me confused until I came to a new  
purpose. It was no more than an  
introduction to my real intent - which  
is to progress by stages into the ~~infinite~~  
~~and~~ incalculably ~~large~~ <sup>that</sup> I can  
tell. But then it is so large, so delicate

for adults - words I







15

What problems face the ~~Chinese~~ <sup>issue</sup>. How was the coverage meant to avoid the temptations of incest ~~temptations~~? Peasants, <sup>the temptations of incest</sup> ~~temptations~~! They were, after all, just the most attractive people. Their features, soon <sup>turn</sup> ugly from <sup>the</sup> hard work, and they reek of the <sup>the</sup> odor of field and (barn. <sup>their</sup> ~~They~~ <sup>spirits</sup> ~~But~~ <sup>may</sup> in harmony with the seasonal sexuality of their <sup>animals,</sup> ~~beasts~~, and their bodies are at the mercy of hot <sup>and</sup> summer. How, on occasion, ~~can they~~ <sup>can their will</sup>

not be unruly? Indeed, given the paucity of their social life, how do they avoid these ~~little~~ entanglements with brothers and sisters, father and daughter, all that propensity of bodies at night, three and four in a bed. For the <sup>average</sup> hem-handed naturalness

of the most agreeable work of all - that heavy-breathed feverish meat-heavy run up the ~~to~~ whirlazing slopes of sexual joy itself (so necessary for the maintenance of procreation given the discouragement of experience!) Yes, given the hammer and saw of peasant life, more than a few families come ~~where well-to-do, as they do~~ <sup>as they do</sup>, ~~and it is really as the act of choice,~~ <sup>this is why</sup>  
the best carnal option available. who, \*

\* after a <sup>few</sup> ~~think on it~~  
week. I want to be more likely to find the  
the children who are sometimes of the father, more agreeable than  
and the younger ones? Their parents as the center is  
P.T. 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100











~~wherein it is that~~

(B)  
(18)

for granted, is the need for a similarity of vision between the male and the female, in order to produce compatible genes.

"Now, some of us saw where Heinrich was leading us. Insect couple offer the greatest possibility for such accord since sperm and ovum would be <sup>pointing in the same direction</sup> already ~~linked~~ by common family, that could ~~be~~ <sup>195+19</sup> intensify the by an order of magnitude the force of the ongoing will. As everyone of us knew, however, most the products of insect were often a disaster, full of early deaths, mental retardation, physical crippling, monstrosities of mal-development.

"Yes," said Humble, "an Inzestuar ~~(in incestuous)~~ will have the best and worst potentialities ~~both~~ magnified by the similarity of the family genes. The <sup>positive</sup> best and the <sup>negative</sup> worst within the new creation will ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> to accelerate ~~both directions~~. We will have a creature of more than ordinary ~~intelligence~~ <sup>force of will</sup>. In all but the very best possibilities, instability has to be a <sup>prominent</sup> factor, accidental disaster or a very close and mental retardation is prevalent. <sup>for this</sup> <sup>Finer</sup> the possibility for the future development of such a vision and ennoblement.

impulse since the pleasure the union of all the inner traits, ~~the~~ will be reinforced since both come from the same pool of antithetical and possibilities — our good and evil tendencies, genes. So, in all but the very best of families, the

(\*)

↑

(\*)



~~the~~ the greater will <sup>the</sup> excessive impulsiveness  
be punished by nearly greater frustration.  
Such massive obstruction  
~~which can be nearly~~ childhood debilitate  
or mal-form the brain, indeed, cause  
early ~~death~~ <sup>loss of life</sup>. Incestuous unions  
of the first degree produce extraordinary  
incidences of death in large families!

"Will it help ~~to~~ to recognize that  
these proto- or is it quasi-scientific  
remarks were directed toward the  
center of our real inquiry at this point.  
~~And that~~ <sup>that</sup> was to determine whether our  
Leader was a ~~first~~ first or second-  
degree incestuary, or neither,



We can now move on. I feel more ready to approach the center of my real interest, yes, ~~but~~ I can now disclose it. Adolf Hitler is the center of my obsession — call it that — for an obsession is <sup>unusually</sup> a question we cannot answer, yet we cannot move forward in any of our serious ventures without obtaining at least a clue to the <sup>secret</sup> answer. For most men and women, particularly we Germans, the obsessions are many, and the first is: How guilty were we, as Germans, as a people, as a nation, as a vision that blinded us?

Others dwell on the nature of Hitler. They are obsessed with understanding him. Was he an absolute monster or a ~~monster~~ <sup>protagonist</sup> who betrayed himself through grave, nay, evil faults of character?

I have neither obsession. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf if I dare, know him indeed from top to bottom, inside,



and out, even - as the Americans say  
with their rough grasp of reality -  
"from asshole to appetite." (P) (P)

Nonetheless, I am depressed. Do I  
dare? Each time I approach the  
function I am seized by what many  
speak of as "primofear". Do I dare  
to jump from a height never before  
by me attempted?

Cautious crisis, ~~Cautious~~ Cautious,  
after all, is the second seizure,  
the one that follows fear - nicely  
Cautious. So I proceed as all  
cowards do. I start with the comfortable  
and the given, that is, I speak of him  
first from a distance, & commence  
as a biographer, I look to his roots,  
his forebears, the country in which  
he spent his boyhood, and, of  
course, the available secrets of his  
family.

This is, in fact, no routine haul, he  
who was in Section Intelligence V - <sup>2a</sup>~~2a~~  
worked at this as our main project.  
Himmela was properly obsessed with  
Hitler's roots - He indeed saw himself  
at all as the successor. He was



rabid in his demands that we act  
as methodically as Post-Box Soldiers, (B)  
those poor Mauroldatten of Song, who (H)  
have to turn up every piece of stuff in  
the assigned field, yes, German  
Intelligence IV-2a (which we called H.S.M.,  
for High Source Material) knew more  
objectively and ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> speculatively  
about Dr. Fischer's origins than any other  
colony of researchers in this nation. We  
were <sup>more than</sup> competent to present his early  
biography, and, as since we were special  
soldiers with a superior mission (which  
is a way of stating that we <sup>were</sup> expected to  
~~present~~ <sup>investigate</sup> all patriotic ~~historical~~  
certainties in our quest for ~~superior~~  
knowledge) we were therefore possessed  
of tools of inquiry that more academic  
biographers could envy until they  
bled from the eyes.

I need not say, the first of these  
tools was recent.