

Miscellaneous MS 1

titles + First chapter (provisional)

Early writings of First Chapter
plus list of possible titles
Also Document + Part D
(Pre D is in 1900-1904)

Title File cards 3/17/00

Long beginning

~~Best version~~

Best version

Titie File cards 3/11/00

*Additional material
for Dr. Laker*

1 misc

At any rate, I could speak with confidence of Gilles de Rais and the Marquis

de Sade for they were two of my clients who did ^{some what} even better than expected — by our
measure, ~~readers to say~~ I would remind you —
and I certainly ^{stimulated} indulged Robespierre in some of his worst impulses — yes,

these three ^{them} I can name as achievements but I ^{my penetration of} had unsuccessful episodes with

Lorenzo de Medici and Martin Luther, ^{was not as successful; indeed} indeed, I was withdrawn in each case

(from my seat of influence and was replaced by others. Face to face with

^{encountered the bottomless nature of whole de feat}
Goethe, I learned the nature of defeat. For his time, he wrote about us very

well and his Mephistopheles in Part One of Faust ^{: his Mephistopheles} cheers me with its

^{élan}
likeness — not accurate but witty, so witty. All the same, I failed, ^{with Goethe} There was

something impregnable in Goethe's ^{his subtle} stout spirit. ^{My} I can only lay claim ^{to} to achievement
in ^{his} ^{quarter} is that I did impair ^{I will}
injuring much of the readability of Faust, Part II, and can probably take some

credit for confusing ^{this author's} the great man's mind about what he really wished to

~~has~~ As with most writers, his ^{best aims} could be showed
accomplish. I certainly led him into the swamps of distraction with all those

by his vanity.

Greeks and gorgons, and ~~his~~ Mephistopheles dwindled through Part II ~~this~~

while

(Faust became not much more than a name. Nonetheless, the Maestro saw it

as a defeat—Part I was certainly there, and it stayed ~~remained much~~ in our way.

Short beginning

It's dreadful, but could be used
later in one of D.T.'s ~~explanations~~
explanations, too stiff and
stilted now, however

Begin to enden? see end of 1959 folder

-type this note

~~Correct~~ (IV) in title above

Keep I, II, & III in the file, but leave them as is.

-1-

In the course of many an arduous venture, ^a ~~I sometimes found it~~ ^{I can find it}

agreeable to amuse myself (in those uncommon hours when I ^{am} ~~was~~ not at

work) with ^{taking} a look at ~~one or another~~ ^a novel. ~~Soon, It was~~ ^{It is} evident that there

^{is} ~~was~~ no trick to securing interest. The successful writer ^{can always} ~~could~~ ^{find} ~~the~~

a reader's ^{traverses a} ~~attention~~ by presenting an exceptional character who dwelt in a

^{with some success.} realm of mystery that ~~allowed itself to be clarified only in the final chapter.~~

^{the substantiality of this} Given such a dependable premise, I foresee no difficulties ^{in should I} ~~if I now~~

attempt a narration of my own. I possess, after all, ~~a few~~ formidable

2

advantages ^{and they} which may as well be described from the outset, in order not to

^{too early} produce a surfeit of mystery. For you see, I am neither a man nor a woman.

Rather, I exist on familiar terms with a host of exalted and modest creatures

and persons ^{who are sometimes} and so can be described as a variety of spirit. ^(one or another) Many call me a ^{men and women} those ^(also) are without a sense of nuance would call me a demon, although I prefer the synonym Daimon ^{for} since it can also ~~be used to~~ ^{denote}

^{In any event, my} signify a minor god, or, at least, an elevated presence, ^{whose} consummate

duty is to serve the Only One, sometimes known as the Other One. ^{I am truly} I can also

^{his} say that I in this Service, have exercised ^{special} some influence on events in ^{critical} areas of the world.

areas of the world.

^{even as I set} Yet by the act of setting down these words, I ^{have to recognize that I} am now seemingly ready ^{am ready, apparently} ^{our} to break the first of the sacrosanct Rules ^{after all,} which is: What we do, we do in

secret. No one of our acts is ~~there~~ to be revealed, unless ~~or until~~ the O.O. so

orders. Indeed, it is one of our primary missions to convince the world, or at

least the majority within it, that there is no such entity as our leader and ~~most certainly~~

~~absolutely~~ nothing like an immaculate and hierarchical order of demons.

To this degree, then, my mystery is also

My proposed mystery, is, then, in this degree, ~~(obscure to me.~~ For I do

not grasp as yet what impels this impulse to ~~commence~~ a record of my long

and intimate dealings with one of the most uncharacterizable humans of the

century. Needless to say, he was also all-too-human ^{if} ~~(I assume)~~, it will be

— that how we may see sequel — can often
agreed, that the average human ~~often possesses large~~ and sometimes

possess large)

~~unmanageable~~ (funds of the inhumane.) *Moreover, over a period of*

a gentleman

(whose heart I could comprehend better than my own (if I may speak of

myself as possessing such an entity as a heart). I certainly did inhabit his case

He was an incredible specimen, a rare quiz of human behavior.
for many years. ~~(indeed, he was no one less than the leader of the German~~

and that gave him
nation for more than a decade, ~~time enough to become the scourge of the~~

century, this Adolf Hitler, whom I belittled for much too long as "Little

Adolf, yes, "Little Adolf with the big ideas," but then I also knew him in the

years when his family still called the boy Adi, and he was ^{only} nine years old.

Possible opening, but the style is still without tone.

-1-

In the course of many a venture, I find it agreeable to amuse myself

(in those uncommon hours when I am not at work) with ~~taking a look at a~~ *reading one or another*

novel. It is evident that there is no trick to securing interest. The successful

writer can always ~~give~~ *attach to himself* a reader by presenting an exceptional character who *navigates* ~~traverses~~ *through* a realm of mystery with some success.

Given the substantiality of this premise, I foresee no difficulties should

I attempt a narration of my own. I possess, after all, formidable advantages

~~which~~ *which* and they may as well be described from the outset, in order not to produce

~~too early~~ a surfeit of mystery. For you see, I am neither a man nor a woman.

Rather, I exist on familiar terms with a host of exalted and modest creatures

and persons who are sometimes described as one or another variety of spirit.

Those ~~men and women who are~~ ^{might} without a sense of nuance would call me a

demon, although I prefer the synonym Daimon for it can also denote a minor

god, or, at least, an elevated presence. In any event, my consummate duty is

to serve the Only One, ^{invariably} sometimes known as the Other One. ~~I am~~ ^I truly in ~~His~~ ^{some}

Service, ^I have exercised ^{some} special influence on events in critical areas of the

world.

Yet even as I set down these words, I ~~have to~~ recognize that I am
ready, ~~apparently~~ to break the first of our sacrosanct Rules. What we do, we
do, after all, in secret. No one of our acts is to be revealed, unless the O.O.
so orders. Indeed, it is one of our primary missions to convince the world, or

at least the majority within it, that there is no such entity as our leader and most certainly nothing like an immaculate and hierarchical order of demons.

To this degree, then, my mystery, is also obscure to me. For I do not grasp as yet what impels this impulse to record my long and intimate dealings with ^{perhaps, a} ~~one of the most~~ ^(significant if) ~~uncharacterizable humans~~ of the century. Needless to

say, he was also all-too-human, if, it will be agreed, that the average

human ~~that homme moyen sensuel~~ ^{can often} possesses large funds of the

inhumane. Moreover, my client became a gentleman whose heart I could

comprehend better than my own (if I ^{choose to} ~~may~~ speak of myself as possessing ~~such~~

~~an entity as a heart.~~) I certainly did inhabit his case for many years. ^{and} He was

^{thus} ~~an~~ incredible specimen, ^{thus} ~~a~~ rara avis of human behavior. Indeed, he was no

one less than the leader of the German nation for more than a decade, and

that gave him time enough to become the scourge of the century, this Adolf

Hitler, whom I belittled for much too long as "Little Adolf," yes, "Little

Adolf with the big ideas," but then I also knew him in the years when his

family still called the boy Adi, and he was only nine years old.

Begin to answer? see end of 1939 folder - type this note

~~Keep~~ Concise (IV) in title above (IV)
Keep I, II, & III in the file, but leave them as is.

-1-

In the course of many an arduous venture, ^a ~~sometimes found it~~ ^{I can find it}

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^Y ~~a~~ reader's attention by presenting an exceptional character who dwelt in ^{traverses a} ~~the~~

^{with some success.} ~~realm of mystery that allowed itself to be clarified only in the final chapter.~~

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2

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produce a surfeit of mystery. For you see, I am neither a man nor a woman.

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^{who are sometimes} and persons and so can be described as a variety of spirit. ^(one or another) Many of ^{men and women} them ^{these} are without a sense of conscience ^{would call me a} demon, although I prefer the synonym Daimon since it can also ^{for} be used to denote

^{In any event, may}
signify a minor god, or, at least, an elevated presence, whose consummate

^{I am truly}
duty is to serve the Only One, sometimes known as the Other One. ~~I can also~~

^{special}
^{his} say that in this Service, have exercised some influence on events in ^{critical}

areas of the world.

^{even as I sit}
Yet by the act of setting down these words, I ^{have to recognize that I} am now seemingly ready

^{am really, apparently} ^{our} ^{after all}
to break the first of the sacrosanct Rules, which is: What we do, we do in

secret. No one of our acts is ~~there~~ to be revealed, unless ~~even~~ until the O.O. so

orders. Indeed, it is one of our primary missions to convince the world, or at

3

least the majority within it, that there is no such entity as our leader and *most certainly*

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To this degree, then, my mystery is also

My proposed mystery, is, then, in this degree, (obscure to me. For I do

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century. Needless to say, he was also all-too-human ^{if} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~assumed~~, it will be

—that humane men several— can often
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(My client became, in time, a

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4

Adolf, yes, "Little Adolf with the big ideas," but then I also knew him in the

years when his family still called the boy Adi, and he was ^{only} nine years old.

The Castle in the Forest

Now that I am in America and have been assigned, for the moment, several clients not equal to my experience, time passes, ⁶⁷~~as it were~~, void of stature. ^I~~It~~ call upon the fine art of patience, it is because I find myself in the ~~most~~ perilous condition of ~~them all~~ ^{rebellion}.

While I am who I am, that does not mean I feel myself removed from all forms of human effort. I am intrigued, for an instance, with the thought of doing a novel. That might be sport!

In truth, I am intrigued with the notion of creating a ^{book} that would be unlike others, a species of good short tale-telling offered by one man to another in a small room at the periphery of the military uproar that is going 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 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 sniffs. Indeed, he has ordered his opposite number, a German doctor,

considerably older than himself, (fifty, let us say, as opposed to his thirty-odd years) into a small sentry room near one of the barbed-wire enclosures of the camp, and there, through the dark hours, the two succeed in having a conversation, which is to say, a monologue by the German with occasional interjections by the Jew.

The older doctor has conducted some exceptional (that is to say, unspeakable) experiments on camp prisoners, and now 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, who is a Nazi, of course, indeed, an SS man, attempts to explain his worldview. The unhappy fact is that it is still very much there, fascinating in its details, positive in its philosophy, rueful at errors that were made, yet still proud of many daring achievements that had

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 is not without a species of charm. He is still quick, wise, immensely sophisticated and certainly witty (despite the downfall of every last one of his dreams). To make matters worse, he is even troubled by the vices inherent in his achievements. This last makes him seem in part human, or, at-least not alienated wholly from other humans.

By the end of the evening, the young doctor 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.

As I say, this novel appeals to me. While I will never come to write it since I do not wish to be bothered with the provenance of its publication, I do have a title. I would call it The Castle in the Forest. Schlossenwald! The name is not without its irony, since the camp in question sits on an empty plain in low-yield ^{fields} potato. Not many trees are in sight, nor is there the hint of a castle on any horizon. Yet Schlossenwald is 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 surviving German prisoners, ~~at any rate~~ it was that they would not lose their sense of irony.

If you are German and possessed of lively intelligence, then irony is, of course, vital to your language. German comes to us originally as the speech of simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen, tribal people 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 second Millenium to encounter and then enter European

civilization, the latter-day tongue ^{was overlaid with new sounds that} sought to be as soft as the silk of a sleeve.

Given such a linguistic venture, success was only part successful. Soft

German proved so sentimental, that ~~syrup~~ ^{could be served with} and tears ~~were everywhere ready to~~

^{the syrup.} ^{silent} "And ~~great~~ ^{glows} the Rhine."

flow. Irony, therefore, is vital to the good German mind. The upper

intelligentsia in those lands could not ^{not have} ~~survive~~ without it. Gutturals, the sound

of sugar melting, and the rasp of irony. How different the Germans are from

the French ^{who} encourage each other to speak through the nose.

Can the brightest among you perceive that I have given evidence

already of not being sufficiently interested in Schlossenwald to embark on

such a book? I certainly seem less interested in the dramatic than the speculative. occupy.

Still, it is a loss. I know a great deal. More than ~~any~~ ^{just about all} of you who will read this. I can, for instance, enter into many a mind. I can recover the past experience of any client I am assigned. My memory, when focused upon a single person, is close to absolute. We can doubtless agree that the average human has, at best, a critically impaired memory which manages to function in one or another impaired state, whereas my sense of recollection, being free of the needs of human ego, does not need to sacrifice its store of nuance. Indeed, I have no need of ego. I exist, after all, under near to absolute command. That has taught me over the span of my working existence that success with my clients produces agreeable results. One is given a higher ~~positions~~ in the structure. Over many periods, I have had many clients, and

some of these men and women have flourished in the exfoliation of our ongoing project. Some, of course, ended by producing little but dire results.

On ^{those} ~~such~~ occasions, my career suffered. I was left to languish with a few more secondary figures, and was even punished (in the name of the need for greater seasoning). For long periods I was assigned clients of petty origin and less than modest achievement. I worked, for instance, with waitresses and housemaids who broke up dull marriages and thereby ruined the amorous head of a half-happy household, I encouraged common soldiers to hurt the morale of their company by desertion, I served workers who rose in their union and turned corrupt, I knew a few mayors in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, I served petty barons and counts who gambled away ancestral holdings, and I could list petty suicides, petty thieves, fallen priests, drunken killers, unfaithful wives, the flotsam and jetsam of human disarray, I

had indeed a horde of clients all at once, for only a few were there to present a problem to my accumulated skills. What I lacked in male or female projects of interesting complexity or obdurate resistance to my counsel, I could more than match with the vast number of now nameless men and women who were born out of little and proceeded to amount to less. It could have been cause for despair since grand projects appealed to me as profoundly as recognition from the social summits gives real life to a snob. While I could never know whether the Maestro was using me for too little, or preparing me for more, I did hear from him on occasion. He had not lost his eye concerning me, and told me once that I was still among his favorites and a mightier task than any of the Company had been engaged in since the first three centuries of the Church in Rome, might yet be there for me if I would keep the faith, pay attention to the minor wretches and bullying thugs and

drunks who were my present day fodder, a, yes, magnificent and mighty time

might be coming. I learned then that he had selected a client for me whose

potentialities might be immense. Insignificant was this person at present,

social!
and the ~~worth~~ of his family ~~was~~ not worth measuring, but *it was a family mixed in those* faults which

are
happened to be full of the intoxicating stink of blood scandal. (Blut-schandal

is, by the way, the German word for incest). The boy in question, now a

young man, was stricken with timidity, had quit school too early, was an

avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read,

failed to particularly when he could not understand *some of the subtler nuances of the argument,* it, was, in addition, lazy, prone to

temper tantrums, and ~~was~~ possessed of an ego comparable to the size of a

swollen belly. All the same, he was desperately afraid of almost all meetings

with other humans. Yes, this boy was an absolute and unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not hide my reactions from the Maestro any more than any of my clients could conceal the smallest thoughts from me. At once he added: Why this boy? Is it because he has an ambition I find attractive? He happens to possess the largest ambition one could possibly ~~has ever~~ encounter in a human being who is not already insane. So I would like you to take him on. It's a project. Could be hopeless. He will need endless instruction and his empty terrors must be bolstered with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him. In time, if he develops promise, he could become your only client. This is stated as a sign of my committment to this boy as a project worthy of a long continuing effort.

And if I fail?

Too many of our projects fail. We are exactly like the Dummkopf in that regard. ~~Dum~~^Mkopf was invariably the word he encouraged us to use when thinking of Him. I am prepared to discuss this later, but for now, suffice it that the Maestro sees the Lord as a mighty brute, creative to his fingertips, but an absolute fool with no sound notion of where He is going or how It will turn out. Whereas our Arch One, our Other One, does have a vision ~~at least~~ of how the Contest can yet be won.

I was depressed, however. The new project sounded far away from fulfillment and prodigiously difficult en route. It would be, therefore, much in need of good luck—which is to say, favorable times, favorably historical times. I did not know yet that the boy was named Adolf Hitler. The First World War and the disasters of lost pride that fell upon Germany afterward had not yet occurred. There was no sign of favorable times for a venture so

much in need of successive magnifications of possibility. My role, therefore, was putting me in as jockey on a horse ^{with} ~~of~~ unbelievably long odds, worse, the horse had been entered into too important a race. After my client and I had failed, I could foresee further demotions.

All that, now, is neither here nor there. We know, after all, what happened to the horse. And I who rode the boy (with occasional help from the Master) and rode him all the way up the steps to human glory (and down again—which is half the tale, the other half being ^{how} ~~why~~ I now dare to tell the tale) can at least explain why the short novel I contemplated writing about the SS doctor and the Jewish doctor lost my interest about the time I recognized that it was too small. I knew more. If I would break the first of the rules of our Company by revealing even the smallest of our procedures, then it was certainly incumbent upon me to explore much further into what I knew.

~~SECRET~~

START

To be corrected and returned in triple space

The Castle in the Forest

~~I~~ Now that I am situated in the United States
and have been a resident for some time, for the moment ~~(as it were)~~ ^{says so} I ~~am not~~ ^{clients}
not equal to my experience, and stature, time
passes as if it were void of stature. If I call
upon the ^{time} of patience, it is because I find
myself in the most perilous state of them all -
rebellion.

The Castle in the Forest

The Castle in the Forest

while,

I am who I am ~~but~~ that does not mean I feel myself ~~above~~ all forms of

human effort. For an instance, I am intrigued with the ~~notion of writing a~~ ^{for an instance} thought of doing a

novel. That is sport! (Even the gods know how to amuse themselves with

~~novels. Indeed they have been known to descend into the minds of authors~~

~~when looking for a vehicle by which to express themselves~~

~~I would not be part of such a venture, however. The writer and~~

~~chooses can be undependable. Rather,~~ I am more intrigued with the notion of

~~writing a novel (an historical novel?) that would be altogether unlike others, a~~

species of good short ^{take-telling} ~~work, a sustained piece of storytelling~~ offered by one

man to another over the course of a night in a small room at the periphery of

^{military} the uproar that is going on ^{through the course of a night} ~~(in a Konzentrationslager~~ that has just been

^{liberated} ~~captured~~ 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} ~~who~~ is American and ~~is~~ a 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} ~~and have, of course, been~~ appalled by

what they saw. ^{German} ~~Indeed, a few German~~ ^{at the spot.}

The Jewish doctor, despite his uniform, is very much a pacifist by

temperament. So he has withdrawn from the ~~uproar, and the~~ hideousness of

the odors, the collective emaciation, and ^{at the} ~~the~~ various other appalling sights

and pestilential sniffs. Indeed, he has ordered his opposite number, a German

doctor, considerably older than himself, (fifty, let us say, as opposed to his thirty-odd years) into a small sentry room near one of the barbed-wire enclosures of the camp, and there, through the dark hours, the two succeed in having a conversation, which is to say, a monologue by the German with occasional interjections by the Jew.

The older doctor has conducted some exceptional (that is to say, ^{unspeakable} ~~amoral~~) experiments on camp prisoners, and now 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, who is a Nazi, of course, indeed, an SS man, attempts to explain his worldview, ^{The unhappy fact is that it is still very much that} ~~which is immense~~, fascinating in its details, positive in its philosophy, ^{still} ~~most~~ rueful at ^{the} errors that were made, yet ~~most~~ ^{so many} painfully proud of ~~the~~ daring achievements that ^{had explored} ~~was undertaken~~ deep into the uncharted regions of human potentiality, ^{and the unknown regions} ~~the human and social unknown~~ of the social contract, ^{had been touched upon} in passing.

the German doctor's.

4

~~His~~ ^{are} ~~The~~ explanations ^{are} beautiful, cunning, and prodigiously disruptive to

^{Worse!} the young Jew, for this SS ^{malice} doctor is not without a species of charm, ^{he is still} and is, ~~in~~

^{certainly} addition, quick, wise, immensely sophisticated and witty (despite the

downfall of every last one of his dreams). To make matters worse, of course,

he is even troubled by the vices inherent in his achievements. This last

^{in part} ~~seem~~ human, or, at least not alienated ^{wholly} makes him ~~all too human~~.

~~So~~ from other humans

By the end of the evening, ~~therefore~~, the young doctor is ^{no longer able} unable to

^{Dazzling beneath} listen. Beneath (the pacifist—as one will always discover—^{lives} there is a killer. ^{Close}

^{to madness at this assault upon his principles and} ~~loyalties, the American~~ ^{he} picks up his revolver and shoots the SS doctor.

^{This is} This is, as I say, ^{come to} a novel that appeals to me. While I will never write it

since I do not wish to be bothered with the provenance of its publication, I ^{do}

have ~~nonetheless~~ a fine title. I would call it The Castle in the Forest. ~~Yes~~

Schlosswald! ^{The} ^{is not without its irony, since} It is an ironic name for the camp in question sits on an

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empty plain in ~~the~~ ^{low-yield} ~~relatively unproductive~~ potato fields of ~~the eastern German~~

~~Not many~~ ^{nor is there even} ~~lands~~. No trees are in sight, or the hint of a castle on any horizon. Yet

Schlossswald is the name that has been given to the compound by the

^{minutes of} remaining German prisoners in the camp. If there was one pride left to the

^(of the still surviving German prisoners) prisoners—the best of them—at any rate!—it was that they would not lose their

sense of irony.

^{is} If you are German, and possessed of lively intelligence, then
irony, of course, ^{your} ~~is~~ vital to the German language. German, ^{came to us} ~~after all,~~ is

^{as} originally the speech of simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen,

^{full of the} ~~tribal~~ ^{So, German is} people ready to hunt, and so full of the sounds of the stomachs and the

guts, the bowels of hearty existences, ~~and~~ the bellows of the lungs, the cries

^{domesticated} Yet, given the demands upon
of command that one issues to animals. ~~Given latter-day civilization, German~~

^{this people through} ~~the German~~ ^{the second millennium to enter} European
civilization, the ~~language~~ ^{later-day tongue sought to}

^{also seeks to be as soft as the silk of a sleeve, and only in sentimental terms}
Given such a linguistic venture, ^{was only partially successful}
soft German ^{proved} ~~was~~ so sentimental, that ~~Europe~~ ^{and tears}
were everywhere ready to flow. ^{good}

6

mind.
~~-tongue.~~ The upper intelligentsia ^(in those lands) of the ~~deprived~~ could not survive without it.
Cultural, the sounds of sugar melting, and the
resp of irony. (the Germans)
 How different ~~they~~ are from the French who believe that manner precedes

~~existence and so~~ encourage each other to speak through the nose.

Can the brightest among you
~~One can~~ perceive that I have given evidence already of not being

sufficiently interested in Schlossenwald to embark on such a book. I

seem less interested in the ~~have forsaken the interesting and dramatic~~ *than* for the speculative. But

then, minor entities know too much to restrict themselves to that cossetting of form that is the novel. (If there is deficiency in apprehending what is meant by minor entities, think rather of small gods and lesser devils, of angels good and diabolical. In such a set of categories, (although the reality is richer and more various than the word demon) can be found the portion of space and time I choose—or have been chosen—to occupy. (Even a devil is obliged to

confess that the roots of existence are no more defined for us, the petty gods
and fallen gods, than they are perceived by men and women.)

Still, it is a loss.

Still, I know a great deal. ~~More~~ ^{More} more than any of you who will read

this. I can, for instance, enter into many a mind ^{I can} and recover the past

experience of ^{any client I am assigned} the person I inhabit. Indeed, I can know it with greater

intimacy and definition ^{when focussed upon a single person} than they can. My memory is close to absolute. ~~The~~ ^{We}

can doubtless agree that the

average human has, at best, a critically impaired memory that is still able to

function ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ one or another impaired state, ^{which manages} ~~whereas~~ ^{being free of} the needs ^{of} ~~but~~ my sense of recollection does not have to sacrifice its riches and ^{human ego}

its store of nuance ~~in order to fortify my ego.~~ ^{Angels, demons and devils}

Indeed, I

I exist,

~~have~~ ^{that has taught me} no need of ego. They are, after all, under ~~the~~ ^{near to absolute command} and

of one or the other of the two divine and wholly opposed Masters who

intervene with many men, women, and children over the course of that greatly

fragmented war we call the course of human history.

I cannot speak for the angels—we see or feel them rarely (except as they appear occasionally in the memory of some of our subjects)—but we, who are perceived as some of the dark presences around you, are not unlike humans in one vital fashion. While we do not live in such a way that we must die (although, of course, any entity, angel or demon, can be exhausted by his respective Master after after centuries, or eons, or terminal years, or never) our similarity to humans is that we succeed or fail in our ventures, and

~~have come to learn that success with my clients,~~
~~success, especially ~~chronic~~ success,~~ produces agreeable results. ~~We are~~

Over many periods,
One is a given higher positions in the structure. (I have had many clients, ~~men and~~

of these men and women / our our ongoing projects
 women, and some have flourished in the exfoliation of ~~our design~~, and some
some, of course, ended by producing little but dire results
~~produced dire results.~~ (We could claim that we were ambushed by angels,

although it takes more than a few of those clear spirits to equal one well-established and highly coordinated demon.)

Mephistopheles certainly dwindled as did his Faust, but Goethe was with.

On such occasions
angels when he died, and my career suffered as a result. I was left to

a few more
languish with some of the secondary figures of history whom, doubtless, I

~~will have cause to mention later~~, and I was even punished *(in* the name of

the for ~~For long periods I was~~
~~being in need of greater seasoning~~, and so had numerous clients of petty

assured clients of petty I worked, for instance, with)
(origin and less than modest achievement, ~~serving girls who broke up dull~~
waitresses and house maids)

who broke up dull
(~~marriages and thereby ruined the amorous head of household~~, common
(a half-lazy) married I encourage

to soldiers who hurt the morale of their company by desertion, *I served* workers who

their union rose in the factory, and turned corrupt, *I know a few* in
the mayors of small towns who got

I served
into trouble with little boys, petty barons and counts who gambled away

and I could list fallen priests,
ancestral holdings, petty suicides, petty thieves, (drunken killers, unfaithful

the or human disasters, I had indeed
wives, flotsam and jetsam, a horde of clients all at once, for few there were to
only a few were there to to my accumulated skills.
present a problem, and rare was the putative malefactor who had an angel to

~~guide him or her.~~ What I lacked in male or female projects of interesting

complexity or obdurate resistance to my ~~presence~~ ^(could) and counsel, ^(more than)

matched with the vast number of ^{now} ~~of virtually~~ nameless men and women who

were born out of little and ^{proceeded to} ~~usually~~ amounted to less, and I would have

despaired ^{as} since grand projects appealed to me ^{as recognition from} profoundly, ^{but the Maestro,}

~~the social summit gives real life to a snob.~~

~~the Arch One, the Over Ruler, the Black Lord of our domain was still ready~~

to speak to me upon occasion and while I could never know whether ^{the Maestro} he was

using me for too little ^{or preparing me for more,} ~~or was truly sincere,~~ nonetheless I did hear from him

on occasion ~~in the secret-most center of my hearing that~~ he had not lost his

^{told me once that I was still among his favorites}
eye concerning me, and ~~that all this was in preparation for what might be they~~

~~and a mightier task than any of us the Company~~
~~mightiest task any of us had been engaged in since the first three centuries of~~

^{might yet be there for me}
the Church in Rome, yes, no less a venture than ~~that~~ if I would keep the

faith, pay attention to the minor wretches and bullying thugs and drunks who

12

^{Sadder,} ^{yes,} ^{might be}
were my present day clients, for, yes, a magnificent and mighty time ~~was~~

I feared ~~than~~ that he ~~had selected~~
coming, and he thought he might even have a client for me whose

~~potentialities might be~~
potentialities were immense. Crude, unformed, insignificant was this person
at present and ~~his family was not worth measuring but~~ the worth
of his ~~family~~ was not worth measuring but ~~Sancti~~
at present but the family history was full of the intoxicating stink of blood
~~which happened to happen to be~~

(Blutschand ^{i.e. by the way,}
scandal, ~~blut-schanda being~~ the German word for incest). The boy in

^{stricken with timidity,}
question, now a young man, was ~~timid~~ terrified of humans, had quit school

^{hopelessly superior to what}
too early, was an avaricious reader who remained ignorant of most of what
he read, particularly when he could not understand it,
and was, in addition, ^{and was possessed of}
he read, was lazy, prone to temper tantrums, had an ego comparable to the

^{All the same, he}
size of a swollen belly, and yet was desperately afraid of almost all ^{meetings} ~~situations~~
^{with other humans,}
including himself, and so had to support an immense but wholly useless and

inefficient ego, ^{and} yes, this boy was an absolute unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course ^I could not hide ^{my reactions} one's thoughts from

^{the maestro}
~~any~~ more than any of my clients could conceal the smallest ^{thought} ~~whim~~ from

13

At once,
me. ~~So~~ he added: Why this boy? *Is it* ~~his~~ because he has an ambition I find

attractive. *He* ~~It~~ happens to *possess* be the largest ambition one *could possibly* ~~has ever~~ encountered in

a ~~any~~ human being who is not already insane. So I *would like* ~~went~~ you to take him on.

It's a project. Could be hopeless

and He will need endless instruction and ~~bolstering~~, his empty terrors must be

bolstered

filled with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him, *in time,* ~~his~~

if he develops promise, he could become
~~dreams must be able to realize there is a real ground waiting for them. He~~

This is stated as,
~~will be~~ your only client. ~~That is~~ a sign of my commitment to this boy as a

project ~~worthy~~ *project* worthy of a long continuing effort.

And if I fail?

Too many of

~~Most of~~ our projects fail. We are exactly like the ^MDumkopf in that

regard. Dumkopf was ~~the~~ invariably the word he encouraged us to use when

thinking of Him. Yes, for those who can feel confused, I can state ~~that the~~

Dumb One, His Fool, the Idiot, are three of the names given by the Devil to

14

I am prepared to / ~~say~~. We can discuss this later, but for now, suffice it that ~~he~~ ^{the Maestro / (the Lord)} sees ~~him~~ as a

mighty brute, creative to his fingertips, but an absolute fool ^{with} who has no sound

notion of where He is going or how It (the Creation) will turn out. Whereas

~~our~~ ^{Other One, at least} ~~the Arch One, our Black Lord, has a fine idea of how it will all end~~ ^{at least} ~~he~~ ^{does have a vision of how it can} ~~the Earliest can be a magnificent yet~~ ^{however} ~~he won.~~ ^{new}

This was preface to my assignment. I was depressed, (The project ^{en route} sounded far away from fulfillment and prodigiously difficult) sounded prodigiously difficult, and therefore much in need of good luck—
It would be,

^{favorable historical times,} which is to say, favorable times, I did not know yet that the boy was named

~~Adolf Hitler, but if I did, I would not have been unduly worried. The First~~ ^{Now did I know at the so} ^{Every the name}

^{The First} ^{of lost pride} (World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany right afterward had not

yet occurred. So there was no sign of favorable times for this project, ^{a venture so much in need of} ^{requiring so much of a} ~~need of successive magnifications of possibility.~~ ^{my role was putting me in as} ~~myself therefore as a species of jockey on a horse of unbelievably long odds, worse~~

~~the horse had been~~ ^{too important a} ~~who was being entered into a big race. After we failed, I could foresee~~ ^{my client and I had}

further demotions.

All that, now, is

~~All that is now~~ neither here nor there. We know, after all, what

happened to ~~that~~ ^{the} horse. And I who rode the boy (with occasional help from

~~the Master~~) ^{and violation} all the way up the steps to human glory (and down again—which

is half the tale, the other half being why I ^{now} dare to tell the tale) can at least

~~convince you that~~ ^{explain why} the short novel I ^{contemplated} considered writing about the SS doctor

and the Jewish doctor lost my interest about the time I recognized that it was

If I would break the
too small ~~for me~~. I knew more. ~~It was incumbent on me to tell it~~
First of the rules of our company by
revealing even ~~that~~ the smallest
of our procedures, then it was certainly
incumbent upon me to explore much
further into what I knew.

1 misc/

At any rate, I could speak with confidence of Gilles de Rais and the Marquis de Sade for they were two of my clients who did even better than expected and I certainly indulged Robespierre in some of his worst impulses—yes, these three I can name as achievements but I had unsuccessful episodes with Lorenzo de Medici and Martin Luther, indeed, I was withdrawn in each case from my seat of influence and was replaced by others. Face to face with Goethe, I learned the nature of defeat. For his time, he wrote about us very well and his Mephistopheles in Part One of Faust cheers me with its likeness—not accurate but witty, so witty. All the same, I failed. There was something impregnable in Goethe's ~~steat~~ ^{describable} spirit. I can only lay claim to injuring much of the readability of Faust, Part II, and can probably take some credit for confusing the great man's mind about what he really wished to accomplish. I certainly led him into the swamps of distraction with all those

2 misc 1

Greeks and gorgons, and his Mephistopheles dwindled through Part II; his

Faust became not much more than a name. Nonetheless, the Maestro saw it

as a defeat—Part I remained much in our way.

December 8, 1999

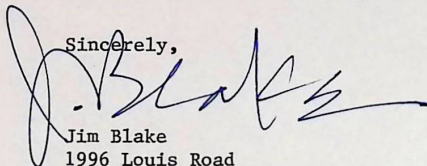
Dear Mr. Mailer,

In the event that you haven't checked your Provincetown mail recently, I have enclosed a pre-press copy of the book on Cubism that we have been discussing intermittently for the past few years.

I was wondering if it is at a point where you would write a few words for the back cover. As you will see, the scope expanded a bit in my effort to make clear the real impact of Cubism. Your challenge to write a book was certainly a great catalyst in my life to do a lot of reading and thinking.

I hope you are doing well this holiday season.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Jim Blake", with a large, stylized flourish extending to the right.

Jim Blake
1996 Louis Road
Palo Alto, CA 94303

Strathmore
PURE COTTON

Title File

loose cards

3/17/00

Titles for the book and for the O.S.

Title File cards 3/17/00

Titles

card 193

Faust, 1582 Allweisen bin ict nicht, viel ist mir bewusst

Omniscient I am not, but much is known to me.

The economy of foresight

Also look at Faust 1641-1648 Mephisto: such delights can be yours

1740, 1972-79 (Hanfstaengel gives it to Hitler who likes it, uses it against the

Jews.

2370-2377 Patience plays a part

2373 Time puts strength into the brew

2448-9, 2497-8. 2565-6, 2639-2641, 2809-10, 3372-2, p. 402-3, a world's

murder.

Titles

card 501

Leichen-schmaus—corpse-feast, wake

Staub-sauger durst-sucher vacuum cleaner

Zusammenstoss Together-shove, collision

Blutschande blood scandal, incest

Ehrefucht honor-fear, proper family attitude

seins Strame abgeben-- his voice to give—to vote

den Strick laufen to run the line—to be a streetwalker

des abend landes evening lands—the west

titles

card 46

DT:

The Arch One, the World Prince, the Arch Genius, the Arch Director, the

Superior One, the Arch Guide

the Coordinator

the Prince

Lord of Thrones and Powers

the Maestro

Our Maestro - the O.M.

titles

card 4

Adversary

Slanderer

Prince of Darkness

Abbadon

Apollyon

Asmodeus

Baal

Beelzebub

Belial

Demon

Dragon-Deus

card 4, p. 2

Leviathan

Lucifer

Meflustoflucher

Sammael

Serpent

Baku

The Stoker

Poker

Tempter

Old Hairy

Old Horny

card4, p. 3

Deceiver

Archfiend

Dark Prince

Black Jack

Accase

Gentleman Jack

Black Dog

Prince of the Pit

Potentate of the Pit

Arch Deus

The Good Fellow

card4, p. 4

King of Shadows

His Arch Cleverness

Duke of the Dominions

Prince of the Principalities

The Wise Gent

The Divine Archon

The Evil Ear (America)

The Master as I was head of the German Division. The Arch Master had

divided us by language on the firm conviction that each language required a

devil whose understanding of the language was profound.

titles, DT

card 180

there was TD (English)

LD (French)

DT (German)

ED (Spanish)

ID (Italian)

et cetera S(atan) (America)

DT meant that I was head of the German division. The Arch Master had

divided us by language on the firm conviction that each language required a

devil whose understanding of the language was profound.

DT titles

card 199

names for Lucifer:

The Maestro

the Illustrious Maestro

The I.M.

the Adversary, the Arch Adversary

the Dark Incarnate

the Master of Pandemonium

DT titles

card 241

The Demon, the Arch Demon

the Fiend, the Arch Fiend

the Tempter, the Arch Tempter

the Evil One

the Adversary, the Arch Adversary

the Dark Incarnate

the Master of Pandemonium

DT titles

card 287

among the names for S.O. are the Royal One, the Most High Royal One—

MHRO

the Other, the DM—the Dark Master

the Monarch

the Dark Monarch

the Monarch of Mind (M.M.)

His Majesty (H.M.)

the Lord Disbeliever (L.D.)

the Subterranean Evidence (S.E.)

DT titles

card 297

Our Own—O.O.

the Second Omnipotence—S.O.

the Arch Prince

the Arch One—A.O.

the Prince of Demons

the Monarch of Mind (M.M.)

His Magnificence (H.M.)

the Lord Diabolical (L.D.)

the Subterranean Eminence (S.E)

card 297, p. 2

Given the welter of all these initials, it is safe to assume that I speak of what you call the Devil whenever the following letters appear—O.O., A.O., M.M., H.M., L.D., and S.E.

God's names are simpler: Jehovah, Adonai, the Lord, the Creator, and of course, the Dummkopf, known to us as DK

DT titles

card 317

names:

Prince of Darkness

the High Minions (demons)

the Archfiend

the Prince of Woe

the Rebel Legions

DT titles

card 323

Another name for the Devil:

the Ice Monarch

aka the I.M. or the I Am

DT—a titla (U)

card 231

The Master of the Deep

the Angels of the Deep

the Emperor and the Monarch

the Saint and the Psychopath

DT title (U)

card 278

Faustdich (fist tirsch)

as in eine faustdiche Lüge—a crude lie (barefaced lie), a gross lie

DT possible title (U)

card 322

The Hitler Novel

DT (U)

card 338

titles

End-Time

Shatterhand

Shatterhand in End-Time

*which suggests
that our world
is reborn*

DT titles (U)

card 346

The Womb of the Unknown

AH's phrase for death, the womb of the unknown, the eternal unknown

Other titles:

End-Time

Old Shatterhand

Shatterhand in End-Time

*which suggests
that one will
be reborn.*

DT title (U)

card 353

The Root of the Soul

The Monster

The Monster of Massenorden