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Tiefenbrunn—Catholic, open-faced, flirtatious, and over twenty years his junior—it was the first. Dr. Göring, Protestant, grave, tedious, was a former judge like his father, Wilhelm. He already had five children by his first marriage and he would have five more by Fanny, with Hermann the second of her two sons.

Under Prince Otto von Bismarck, Heinrich had become a colonial governor. In 1884 the Iron Chancellor had launched Germany on a brief era of colonization in Africa, northern China, and the South Pacific. Bismarck had sent Dr. Göring to London to study the problems of colonial empire, then to German Southwest Africa (today's Namibia) as minister resident, or governor. He rendered the mineral-rich, beautiful colony safe for traders—there is a Göring Strasse in its German-speaking capital, Windhoek, to this day—struck up a friendship with Cecil Rhodes, the British imperial pioneer, then left with Fanny to a new posting as consul general in the disease-ridden former French colony of Haiti. Fanny produced their first child, Karl-Ernst, in 1885 and bore two daughters, Olga and Paula, before returning to Bavaria carrying Hermann in her womb.

It was in the Marienbad Sanatorium at Rosenheim that the remarkable subject of our story entered the world in January 1893. Six weeks later his mother returned to the Caribbean, leaving him to spend his infancy in the care of a friend of hers at Fürth near Nuremberg; this friend, Frau Graf, had two daughters, Erna and Fanny, some three years older than Hermann.

Three years later Dr. Göring brought Fanny back to Germany to retire. Hermann told one psychiatrist some months before his death that this was his earliest memory—as the lady introduced to him as his mother stooped to hug him, he pounded this stranger's face with both tiny fists.

In March 1895 a younger brother, Albert, had been born at Rosenheim. Albert remained the black sheep of the family. He became a thermodynamics engineer, fell out with Hermann as the Nazis came to power, and moved to Austria, where he applied for citizenship in the hope that this would put a safe frontier between himself and his domineering brother.

In 1896 Hermann's father retired from government service and they moved to Berlin. Göring told Nuremberg psychiatrist Paul L. Schroeder fifty years later that he recalled riding in a horse-drawn coach to Berlin—a passing farm cart broke one window, and he remembered seeing a man badly cut, with trickling blood. Three years old by then, he had only the vaguest memories of life in the pleasant Berlin suburb of Friedenau. His older sisters spoiled him, and his father indulged his whims as though he were the favorite; Hermann venerated rather than loved the old gentleman—there were sixty-four years between them, and his father was as old as the grandfathers of his friends.

As he grew up, Hermann noticed something else. In Africa Dr. Göring had befriended the corpulent, dark-haired doctor who attended Fanny's first confinement, Hermann von Epenstein; he had probably named Hermann after

this Austrian Jew. Epenstein had u favors, and prestige. He became may have imprinted on the young always wholesome—the conclusion everything, and a contempt for m

But it was Epenstein's castle Nuremberg—that left its most p towering jumble of castellated w years on the site of an old fortress. Castle had begun to decay during t crumbled on to four houses benea nessman Johann Stahl, decided t chaser. "Army physician Dr. Herm owner of Berlin," bought it for t 1897; over the next forty years, unt Hermann Göring on Christmas Eve, pour one and a half million marks its keep, its roof timbers, its inner a was the romantic setting for Herm had provided it to the Göring family former colonial governor, Dr. Göri openly as his mistress.

This bizarre triangle would pers was not without carnal purpose th for himself the finest of the cast Göring's comfortably appointed b cuckolded Papa, who was consign

It was altogether a rare experien of spirit would not have thrilled t dramatic mountain slopes and fore armor at age eight, Hermann woi have visions of Roman chariots a valley. "You must come and see V tell people in later years. "Then y

When he was five, his father had his father's military friends came t with their caps and swords in his be and buckler, jousting, crusading, tri

He was a robust child who suffi a young man he developed arthritis after his 1923 groin injury. The ex continued at Fürth in 1898; his coll Private Boys' School dated March

127?

Part II

Already in my new presentation of myself, I have told a lie. I was not present on the night that Adolf Hitler was conceived. It was another demon, a sub-demon of you will, who worked for me even as I am in the service of the Evil One.

If this presents any difficulties to your understanding, think of the corporate structure of any large modern organization in America — that can not only serve as a model for us, but, in turn, it is more accurate to say that the Corporation is patterned after our structure since we are at the least clearly more advanced and extensive in our designs.

For example, I did not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. Reasonable to take in the entire experience because the demon who was present ~~not~~ ~~only~~





not only works for me but is capable of  
and, indeed, on demand, must transmit to  
me the history of the event as he or she took  
it in, and ~~that~~ do it in so pure a  
fashion that I ~~can~~ can possess the confidence  
that indeed I might as well have been there.



### Waldviertel Lakes, Heath- and Moorlands

The Waldviertel is one of the most charming countrysides in Austria and still disposes of a high natural potential. The scenery of this region is characterized by intact parts of rivers, moors, and romantic lakes.





In this region, cultivated and developed by man in the course of several centuries, pisciculture has played an important role since the 13th century, and great importance is being attached to it also in the present.

The

secret for success regarding the conservation of the habitats and the unique variety of species in and around the 1,400 lakes is sustainable, extensive agriculture. In this way, the charm inherent in this area will be preserved.





**COUNCIL REGULATION (EEC) NO. 2081/92**  
**APPLICATION FOR REGISTRATION: Art. 5 ( ) Art. 17 (X)**  
**PDO (X) PGI ( )**  
**National application No: 1197-GR/95**

1. **Responsible department in Member State:**  
Name: Bundesministerium für wirtschaftliche Angelegenheiten,  
Referat für den  
gewerblichen Rechtsschutz  
Address: A-1014 Wien, Kohlmarkt 8-10  
Tel: 0222/53424-0 Fax: 0222/53424-520
2. **Applicant group:**  
(a) Name: Verein zur Förderung der Sonderkulturen im  
Waldviertel  
Contact: Gerhard Zinner  
Tel: 02826/7443  
(b) Address: A-3910 Edelfhof 3  
(c) Composition: Producer/processor (x) other ( )
3. **Name of product:** Waldviertler Graumohn
4. **Type of product:** (see list in Annex VI) 1.6: poppy
5. **Specification:** (summary of requirements under Art. 4(2))  
(a) name: Waldviertler Graumohn  
(b) description:  
The poppy seed is grey, kidney-shaped and relatively large in comparison with seed of other poppy varieties, at around 1 - 1,5 mm long and 0.7 - 1 mm wide. The surface appears criss-crossed with fine lines. Waldviertler Graumohn differs from blue poppy varieties through its delicate tegument and its oil content around 2-3% higher than average (between 43.4 and 48.4%). This gives the Waldviertler Graumohn a distinctive mild and nutty flavour. Waldviertler Graumohn contains an extremely high percentage of unsaturated fatty acids (ca 85%). Waldviertler Graumohn belongs to the opium poppy or white poppy variety (Papaver somniferum Linné); it exists in both open and closed capsule forms. Open capsule forms are currently cultivated on a large scale, although in future the closed capsule form might also be grown on a similar scale for technical reasons.  
(c) geographical area:  
The Waldviertler forms part of the Austrian Land of Niederösterreich; the border with the Czech Republic marks its northern boundary. Waldviertler Graumohn producing regions include the administrative districts of Zwettl, GmÜ, Waidhofen/Thaya, Horn, Krems/Land (north of the Danube) and Melk (north of the Danube).  
(d) proof of origin:  
Waldviertler Graumohn was probably introduced into the Waldviertel area by monasteries, since monks cultivated garden poppies from the early Middle Ages for their pain-killing and sleep-inducing properties. Evidence of this can be found in the earliest land register kept by the monastery of Zwettl, by Abbot Ebro in 1280. Poppy cultivation in the Waldviertler area is mentioned for the first time in tithe records (Zehentbüchern) kept in the second half of the 13th century. Agricultural statistics kept in the Austro-Hungarian Empire show that 1,200 ha of poppies were cultivated in 1912. After the Second World War

the poppies were gradually squeezed out by plants that were easier to grow since they required less manual work. The old tradition of poppy cultivation in the Waldviertler was only revived from around 1980 onwards thanks to initiatives to promote agricultural alternatives.

(e) method of production:

Poppy growing requires a great deal of care; the ground must be prepared as for horticultural purposes. Since poppies have low susceptibility to frost the seeds are planted in spring (between the beginning of March and the end of April) so that the developing plants can make full use of the winter soil moisture. The poppy plant needs warm temperatures during the main growing season.

Plant protection products have not yet been officially authorised for poppies. To counter weeds, a triple hoeing process is recommended. Dry harvesting weather conditions and rapid yet careful harvesting is crucial to the quality of the poppy and the seed case. Since, in contrast to other varieties, the Waldviertler Graumohn has a relatively high oil content and a delicate tegument, harvesting it with conventional combine harvesters would cause untold damage, crushing and spoiling it, thus badly affecting the quality of the harvest. For this reason the Verein zur Förderung von Sonderkulturen (Austrian association promoting specialised crops) has developed special poppy harvesting equipment.

(f) link:

The leaves of the Waldviertler Graumohn are softer than those of other poppy varieties, the edges of the leaves are slightly serrated and lobed and the stem is lightly covered with hairs. This helps Waldviertler Graumohn make use of the dew caused by the wide temperature fluctuations between day and night in the Waldviertel contributing towards optimum development. The barren soil of the Waldviertel means that Graumohn grows slowly, greatly enhancing the quality and quantity of the poppy oil. Poppy growing is extremely important to the Waldviertel agricultural economy, in which small farmers predominate. Its impact on the countryside is also increasingly important, especially for tourism. The red and white blooms attract a great many holiday-makers to the Waldviertel area each year. Poppies are also traditionally used in regional cookery.

(g) inspection body:

Name: Der Landeshauptmann von Niederösterreich  
Address: Herrengasse 11-13, A-1014, Wien

(h) labelling: Waldviertler Graumohn;

May be marketed directly by farmers or by the company Waldland Betriebsund Handels ges.m.b.H., A-3910 Edelhof. Upon collection each batch is labelled with a producer number. Separate storage and processing of the individual batches means that the producer can be traced at any time.

(i) national requirements: (if any)

EC No: G/AT/ 01463/950703



- Schloß Gobelsburg Brut
- Gobelsburger Messuvin<sup>®</sup>
- Allerheiligenstiftung
- Gobelsburger Steinsetz
- Kammerner Renner
- Ried Grub
- Ried Lamm
- Urgesteinsriesling
- Kammerner Gaisberg
- Zehinger Heiligenstein
- Riesling "Alte Reben"
- Zuvogelt
- Cuvée Bertrand
- Pinot Noir
- Merlot
- Index of the wines

## Gobelsburger Steinsetz – Grüner Veltliner

Situated on the Gobelsburg Plateau, this vineyard produces wine of great expression. Round stones, the size of a fist - after the last Ice Age deposited in great number from the Variz Range by the original River Kamp, (the Waldviertel today) - form the basic soil for this wine.



Jan 1893

## Göering File.

# I A TRIANGULAR AFFAIR

**H**ermann Göring—the Führer's chosen successor; last commander of the legendary Richtenhofen Squadron; commander of the storm troopers and of the German Air Force; speaker of the German Parliament, prime minister of Prussia, president of the Prussian State Council; Reich master of forestry and game; the Führer's special commissioner for the Four-Year Plan; chairman of the Reich Defense Council; Reichsmarschall of the Greater German Reich; chairman of the Scientific Research Council—Hermann Wilhelm Göring, holder of all these titles, styles and dignities, architect of the Gestapo, the concentration camp, and the giant industrial conglomerate bearing his name, was born in Bavaria on January 12, 1893.

His father was a haughty German colonial official, his mother a simple peasant girl, his godfather a Jew. Dutiful researchers would trace his ancestral line back to one Michael Christian Gering, who in 1659 was appointed economic controller (*commissarius loci*) to His Majesty, Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, and to Andreas Gering, who had been a pastor near Berlin a hundred years before that.

His parents had married in London in May 1885. For Dr. Heinrich Ernst Göring, then age fifty-six, it was the second marriage. For Franziska ("Fanny")



# Possible D.T. Essays,

On German

Satanic economy & corollary with D.K. angels

The D essay - sitting, nomenclature, technique, <sup>into pleasant</sup> <sup>most</sup> <sup>Trinity</sup> <sup>Process</sup>

The D.K. - dissing the D.K.

Crucifixion

Divine & dialectical techniques

Post D

Karma & unjust death

Divine econ.

Dream search & distribution of dream <sup>Market</sup> <sup>places of sleep.</sup>

Literature - Goethe, Milton, Dante

Alpha & Omega

Invention

Christ & the O.O.

war power

progression

market places of sleep

Narcissism

Causes

America

Epigraphs

Companion as a tool

Modes of entrance

Ego

Carnality & perversion

Occultists

Carriage & cowardice of demons

Hittler's cowardice

Prophecy

Ennobling a client

Jews & Anti-Semitism (Religion or blood)

Dovel technique

Omniscience

Urmula felt, Hoes file, Cobble, & Cooney

Marriage to a client

Falsi facts

Working in harmony

Kierkegaard

Galton

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Emmanuel

America

Victim in blindness

Geli Raubel

suicide

Wanted & suggestion

Adoration of language

Field of speech

Regulation

Justanti-Sumlan

Reversals

Ennobling a client

Verballen

Religion or blood

admission

Money, inflation

Mountain Chameleon

Art & technique

3-13

14.

**Most Reverend Episcopate:**

Those who with most humble devotion have appended their signatures below have decided upon marriage. But according to the enclosed family tree they are prevented by the canonical impediment of collateral affinity. They therefore make the humble request that the Most Reverend Episcopate will graciously secure for them a dispensation on the following grounds:

The bridegroom has been a widower since August 10<sup>th</sup> of this year, and he is the father of two minors, a boy of two and a half years (Alois) and a girl of one year and two months (Angela), and they both need the services of a nurse, all the more because he is a customs official away from home all day and often at night, and therefore in no position to supervise the education and upbringing of his children. The bride has been caring for these children ever since their mother's death, and they are very fond of her. Thus it may be justifiably assumed that they will be well brought up and the marriage will be a happy one. Moreover, the bride is without means, and it is unlikely that she will ever have another opportunity to make a good marriage.

For these reasons, the undersigned repeat their humble petition for a gracious procurement of dispensation from the



impediment of affinity.

Braunau am Inn, 27 October, 1884

Alois Hitler, Bridegroom

Klara Poelzl, Bride

Alois had become friends with Father Koestler's housekeeper, a plump middle-aged woman with a light in her eye.

With a light in his eye, he showed her the letter and said, "There is no mention of a very important reason for our marriage. The bride is pregnant."

"Oh, we know that," she said, "but it is not such a good idea to put this in the documents."

After a digestive pause, Alois said, "That is fine advice. It is well-seated," and he put his hand on her behind as if to test the center of her wisdom. She gave him a crack across the face.

"How could you do that?" he asked.

"Herr Hitler, don't you get slapped a lot?"

"Yes, but I also find women who are not so unwilling as you."

She laughed. She could not help herself. The cheeks of her face must be as red as the place where he had left his compliment. "Good luck with the Bishop of Linz," she said, "he is a timid fellow."

Word did not come back from Linz until a full month had passed. The Bishop of Linz would not grant the dispensation.

If Alois had had little liking for the Church, now he could despise it. "Churchmen wear black cassocks," he said to himself, "to cover their lily-white asses."

To Father Koestler, he asked respectfully, "What, then, Father, is the next step?"

"The letter containing your plea could be translated into Latin by the diocesan scholars in Linz. That would allow us to send it to Rome. I think the papal court will be more receptive. They usually are."

Yes, thought Alois, they will be far enough away not to worry about an Austrian man and woman. To the priest he said, "I thank you for your wisdom. I learn much from you, Father. I think in Rome they will see that the act of providing a decent mother for my two children will constitute good Catholic virtue. That is a virtue I seek to acquire."



His hints were not small. He was one sinner who might be ready to return to the mother fold.

Father Koestler was sufficiently pleased to offer up good economic advice. Since the translation into Latin could prove expensive, it might be wise to sign a Testimonium Pauperatis.

"That is, a declaration of poverty?" Alois sis not have to know any Latin to translate that for himself.

"It will remove the obligation, Herr Hitler, to pay for the translation."

Herr Hitler restrained himself from remarking that as an officer of the Crown, he considered himself well-to-do, thank you. Instead, he accepted the advice. He was not so removed from peasant wisdom as to wish to pay any debt one could avoid.

Three weeks later, close on Christmas, 1884, Rome granted the dispensation. But they still had to wait. No marriages could be solemnized until two weeks after the anniversary of the Holy Birth, a further delay that proved most difficult for Klara, since she would be close to four months pregnant by then.

"What a big fellow he will be," said Alois.

"I hope that is so," she said. What if the mother had been too far away from God on that night? Or, if the child did live, might it be marked? The thought would haunt her wedding.

Like many of the nuptials of Customs officials, it was divided into two parts. As Klara would say later, "We were standing by the altar at six in the morning, and by seven Uncle Alois was right out there on duty at his post. It was still dark when I came back to our rooms."

That night they had a reception at the Pommer Inn and Johann Nepomuk came from Spital to Braunau as well as Johanna Poelzl, one of Klara's two remaining sisters. She was a hunchback and this occasioned some corner-of-the-mouth humor between two of the Customs officials. "Yes," said one, "the question is whether Alois will think it is good luck or bad luck to rub her hump."

"Don't talk so loud," said the other. "I hear that this hunchback has a terrible temper."



There was music. An accordion was played, and Alois and Klara did their best to dance, but Alois was stiff-legged. To stand in one place for hours on a cold day did not make you an artist on the dance floor.

Others followed. Customs officials and their wives. One of them had a son old enough to dance a vigorous polka with the newly-hired maid for the newlyweds, a girl with crimson cheeks and merry eyes named Rosalie who had also prepared a roast leg of veal and a roast suckling pig for the center of the wedding feast.

She had also thrown too many logs on the fire and the rest of the dancers soon gave up. They had to because the room had become fearfully hot. Half in annoyance and half in exuberance, Alois kept teasing Rosalie, "Oh, you are the one who is in a hurry to burn up a man's goods, are you not?" and Rosalie would cover her cheeks with her hands and giggle.

Rosalie's eyes did open wide when she was teased. It was no big matter, but her breasts were undeniably full, and were still heaving in the aftermath of the polka. It did not even need that much to convince Klara that Alois was ready for his next diversion. She would remember this night for all the years to come, those years of sorrow when the child Gustav she was

carrying on this night and the two who were to follow, Ida and Otto, were all to die in the same year, Gustav at two, Ida at one, and Otto only a few weeks old.

Johann Nepomuk also noticed the warmth of the room and the look in Rosalie's eye. "Get rid of that maid," he whispered to Klara, but she did no more than shrug. "The next one could be worse," she whispered back.

Nepomuk had a terrible nightmare after the wedding party and his heart felt ready to burst. He could have died that night in his bed, but instead he lived for three more years. No material is more resistant to rupture than the hide of a tough old peasant. Nonetheless, he never felt the same, which is a cruel punishment each time such a change for the worse visits an old man, and his death, when it arrived at the age of eighty-one, was by the same epidemic that took away the children—diphtheria.



15.

Like the Black Death, had diphtheria come into their family.

Mucus welled up from the throat of the two-year-old and the one-year-old, an endless up-pouring that transmogrified into green phlegm, thicker, heavier, than the mud of Strones. Sounds rasped forth from the children, uttered with the tortured authority of an old man and an old woman working the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's width of passage. Gustav died first, Gustav, always sickly, a two-and-a-half-year-old who looked like the ghost of Klara's lost brothers and lost sisters, then Ida went, Ida, fifteen months old, certainly the image of Klara, going three weeks after Gustav. Both deaths lay upon the mother in the after-blow of Otto's death—Otto, three weeks old!--lost to a galloping colic that gutted him inside-out. The stench of a baby born to die in its first week of life settled upon Klara.

She had no doubt whose fault it was. Alois had been on terms with the Evil One—that, for certain!—before she had even been born. But such a matter she could understand. A boy in Vienna all alone and he always wanted so much. Of course! For herself, no excuse! She had desired a family where children did not die but grew to their full age, and yet she had been unfaithful to the Lord God Almighty on the night Gustav was conceived, yes, and that secret pleasure she still looked to find on nights when Alois chose to make love as a change in his diet from the present affair with the new cook at the Pommer Inn.

She hated him. But then, she also learned that this kind of hatred was treacherous to herself. It seemed to increase her desire. She told herself that this may have been a part of the torture for martyrs on the rack. On those rare nights when she felt a moment of love for Alois, all good life turned to ice below—he would grumble when the act was done even as she was kissing him in a fever to set things right.

“Your mouth gives promises you do not keep,” he would tell her.

It did not feel as if she were married. Anna Glassl and Fanni were always in her mind. If she had begun as a maid, then became a nurse to



Fanni's children, and then a stepmother, now, now, her own children were dead. Alois, Jr., and Angela had been sent to Spital when the diphtheria commenced, and they lived, they were back with her now, the Hitler family rooms at the Pommer Inn still redolent of the fumigation that followed each death—the odor lived on her clothes after the three separate days of the three services at the cemetery. She had known how small a coffin could be—she had learned as much from the losses in her own family—but the miniature coffins of her own three children had been equal to three slashes upon her heart. It aroused the love she had not dared to feel when her children were alive. She had been too terrified of the evil she could bring to those souls, so new-born, so unprotected. It was only after the death of Gustav that she realized she had loved him, so charming a little boy on those rare days when he was not feeling sickly—the hump on Johanna's back seemed more pronounced after Gustav was gone. Bitter, horrid-tempered, forever angry, Johanna, her sister, had loved the child even more than she did.

Klara had worked hard for those two children, had washed their swaddling clothes in the morning and again at night. The acts had served to

lift her disposition. Every stain bleached out by the force of her hands might be a small payment for the debt of her sins.

Alois, however, had decided not to forgive God. To his friends at the tavern near the Customs House, to the men he could drink with after duty, and to the newcomers, young Customs officials, he would speak with the authority of his three decades in the Finance Watch. "It is the Emperor who has the power to guide us," he would remark. "Real power is there. God does nothing but kill us off."

"Alois," said his oldest friend, "you speak as if you are not afraid of going upstairs."

"Upstairs or downstairs, the Big One comes in only at the end," said Alois. "What is important for me is Franz Josef. He is more important than God, yes!"

"And the Devil?"

"Forget the Devil. Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroads? Not God, not the Devil. Men!"

"You go too far," said his oldest friend.



By the time he reached home, Alois was usually in a bad mood. The beer wore off in a sour cloud. He would scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara. Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much these three deaths had taken from his vitality) he would look at Klara again as he had on their first night, and he would try to conceive of how to introduce her to specialites de maison. He did not speak French but he knew all he needed to know about those three words. One of the Customs Officers, a man hardly to be relied on for telling the truth about his personal life, would brag that he had been to Paris in his youth. There in a brothel, he claimed, he had learned more in two nights than from the rest of his life.

Alois refused to be impressed. Some of the details were not foreign to him. He had also indulged. Fanni, for one, liked to put her mouth all over the place, and Anna Glassl was no lady when you got down to it. And once in a while with one of the maids or the cooks, they would give him a surprise.

Now, he had this frightened bird whose body heat could scorch him even if her thighs were as cold as a snow bank. She made love, yes, when he could actually get all the way into her, she was as strong as the Hound, yes,

so much like bitches he had seen snarling and snapping at a male dog's genitals. Klara did not snarl or snap, she just jumped up on the altar, alone, alone, always alone, she was so private that he wanted to wet his mouth where she was most private, and then he would put the Hound in her mouth. He would show her where the real Church was located.

Yet on this night when he tried against the strength of her closed legs, pushing with all the force of his arms, there came a moment when his breath overtook him with a startling pang. For one mighty instant, he felt as if he had been felled by thunder. Was it his heart? Was he the next to die?

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to breathe again, all his wind going in and out with the terrible rasp of the two children struggling against their end.

"All right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. For she thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had come to her after Fanni's death was with her again. Now, astride him, she turned head to foot, her other mouth so full of sin down on his hard-breathing lips, and his old battering ram near her face was now as soft as a coil of excrement. Even as she said this to herself, she took it in her mouth with an



avidity that could come only from the Evil One himself—that she knew as she had known nothing before, there, the two of them, both heads in the wrong place, doing the two-backed beast, although not two were there, but three—the Evil One never closer, and by this time, the Hound had come to life right in her mouth, and Alois was stronger, and meaner and full revived, a man again, he told himself, and began to kiss Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of her second mouth still on his lips, how much was he ready at last to shit upon piety—damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and they could go on and on, never before a night like this, better than a storm at sea, and for one moment, and then for another, then another until it went on beyond all the moments, she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave herself over to the demon and was mad with that prime lust which would engorge the world, and I knew this, knew all of this, for I was with them in the caterwaul of coming together into the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, knew the moment within the moment of the quivering rings of time when new time is created, and I, too, now dare to speak, I was there for the Evil One, I was present at the conception of Adolf Hitler, yes, I can say that

even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah one historic night, so  
was I the agent of the Evil One on another.

Now, I am ready to reveal more of what I know.

End Part I



107

107-111

(Does not have to be returned  
until Monday afternoon)

double-speak

15.

Diphtheria had come into their rooms at the Pommer Inn like a spectre, <sup>the Black Death</sup>

from the Black Death.

A gray mucus welled forth from the throat of the two-year-old and the  
one-year-old, then it <sup>and</sup> ~~thickened~~ <sup>solidified</sup> into a green phlegm, <sup>heaven</sup> ~~summer~~

<sup>The children made</sup> ~~than the mud of Strones~~ Each child in turn had agonies breathing and the.

↓ <sup>with</sup> ~~rasped~~ <sup>rasping</sup> sounds that ~~rasped~~ forth had the tortured (authority of old people working in

the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's width of passage. Gustav went <sup>died</sup>

first, young <sup>(always anemic, always sickly)</sup> ~~Gustav~~ the two-and-a-half-year-old who had looked as if <sup>like</sup>

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the ghost of Klara's lost brothers and sisters, and then Ida went, <sup>(i.e. little)</sup>  
~~he would be the image of Alois, then the lovely Ida, fifteen months old, and~~

certainly the image of Klara, Ida dying <sup>going)</sup> ~~just three weeks after Gustav and~~  
~~passing from them~~

<sup>in the year after-shock)</sup>  
~~Both had these deaths to be endured after the shock of Otto's death—Otto three weeks~~

<sup>gone</sup> old!—~~from a galloping colic that killed him from the inside.~~ <sup>in out-out.</sup> The stench of

<sup>baby</sup> ~~his death had~~ settled upon Klara as the ~~fall~~ <sup>what came after.</sup> omen of worse to come.

She had <sup>no</sup> ~~no~~ doubt who was to blame. It was herself. <sup>must have</sup> Alois had ~~been on~~ <sup>some</sup>

~~his terms with the Evil One for more years than she could count since he had~~

~~probably gone over in his head~~ before she had even been born. That she

could understand. He had been ~~a~~ boy in Vienna <sup>From</sup> ~~who was~~ all alone and ~~he~~

<sup>Of course!</sup>  
 always wanted so much. <sup>For herself, however, there was no excuse.</sup> ~~All she~~

had desired ~~was~~ a family where children did not die but grew to their full age,

and yet she had been unfaithful to God on the night she conceived Gustav, <sup>was conceived</sup>

<sup>yes, she had taken</sup>  
~~She had dared to take~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~unholy pleasure at the death of Fanni, her friend and~~

~~still~~ <sup>something like that</sup>  
~~then,~~ continued to look for ~~that~~ pleasure against all the fear and caution that  
~~would~~ seize her on those nights <sup>when</sup> that Alois chose to make love.

She hated him for his affairs. ~~They were the most powerful habit in~~  
~~his existence,~~ she decided, but then she also learned (and that was because  
~~she had never been able to say goodbye to the Evil One after the night when,~~  
~~he had said hello~~) <sup>her</sup> that hatred could increase desire, and now she knew what  
<sup>could</sup> it must have been like for martyrs on the rack, since on those rare nights  
when she felt ~~some~~ <sup>settle</sup> love for Alois, her life turned to ice below and he would  
grumble when the act was done no matter how she kissed him in a fever to  
set things right but could not.

"Your mouth gives promises you do not keep," he would tell her.

It did not feel as if she were married. Anna Glassl and Fanni were  
always in her mind. <sup>In part, she</sup> ~~She and Alois were comfortable now in part from the~~



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~~dowries of both women. Alois had her dowry as well, but Fanni's father had~~

~~been a wealthier peasant than Johann Poelzl, and Alois had been in a foul~~

~~state after economic discussions with Klara's father~~ If she had begun as a

maid and ~~later~~ <sup>and</sup> became a nurse to Fanni's children, then a stepmother, Now,

now, her own children were dead ~~But~~ Alois, Jr., and Angela had been sent to Spital

and they lived, they were with her now, when the diphtheria commenced, ~~Then the rooms were fumigated and it was~~

~~the~~ <sup>after</sup> an odor ~~that~~ lived on her clothes on the three separate days of the three quiet

services at the cemetery. She had known how small a coffin could be—she

had learned as much <sup>from losses in her own family</sup> upon the early death of so many of her brothers and

sisters, but the sight of the miniature coffins of her own three children <sup>had been</sup> equal

to three slashes upon her heart, aroused <sup>It all</sup> the love she had not felt for them, <sup>claved to feel</sup> so

<sup>she had been too</sup> terrified ~~and she been~~ of the evil she could bring to their <sup>new-born</sup> young souls, so

<sup>so quickly</sup> unprotected, and it was <sup>only</sup> on the death of Gustav <sup>did</sup> that she realized <sup>that</sup> she had

all the in nursing a step  
mother. Fanni's full rebellion  
of the fumigation, I kept  
so loved each death—

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loved him, and was proud of him, so charming a little boy, <sup>on these rare days</sup> ~~it was as if the~~  
~~when he was not feeling sickly~~  
~~the~~ hump on Johanna's back <sup>(greenish)</sup> ~~became~~ more pronounced after he was gone. Bitter,

horrid-tempered, forever <sup>had</sup> angry Johanna, her sister, might have loved Gustav  
even more than herself. ~~she did.~~

Klara had worked hard for those <sup>two</sup> children, had washed their swaddling  
clothes in the morning and <sup>again</sup> at night, <sup>had been</sup> and the acts were able to lift her  
disposition. Every spot removed, every stain bleached out by the force of her  
<sup>hands</sup> fingers, was acceptable payment for the debt of her sins.

Alois, however, had decided never to forgive God. To his friends at  
the tavern, to the ones he had been drinking with for ten years, and to the  
newcomers, young Customs officials, he would speak with the authority of  
his ~~more than~~ three decades in the Finance Watch. "It is the Emperor who

has the power to guide our Destiny," he would remark. ~~All the~~ <sup>Real</sup> power is there. God <sup>does</sup> ~~can do~~ nothing but kill us off, old and young."

"Alois," said his oldest friend, "you speak as if you are not afraid of going upstairs," and he pointed at the ceiling.

"Upstairs or downstairs, they only come in at the end," said Alois.

"What is important ~~right~~ here is Franz Josef, what is important is ~~our~~

Hapsburg Empire—that is more important than God, <sup>yes, the Hapsburgs</sup> ~~are more important than God.~~

"And the Devil?"

"Yes, and the Devil too. ~~He is~~ <sup>He is</sup> ~~They are not as important as we are anymore.~~

Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroad? <sup>Men, not God, not the devil.</sup>

"Alois, <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~ go too far," said his oldest friend.

By the time he got home, Alois was <sup>usually</sup> ~~often~~ in a bad mood. He would

scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara.



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Now, <sup>no more often than</sup> only once a week (and he was <sup>surprised</sup> ~~angry~~ at how much <sup>these</sup> the three deaths had

taken from his vitality) he would ~~sit~~ <sup>again</sup> and look at Klara <sup>as he had on the night</sup> ~~when~~ <sup>few first</sup>

he ~~seduced her~~ and the could try to conceive of ~~how~~ <sup>how</sup> to introduce her to specialities de maison. He did not speak French, ~~but~~ but he knew what that meant. One of the Customs Officers who was kindly to ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> trusted for the truth about his personal life still ~~had~~ claimed that he had been once to Paris and then in a ~~bracket~~ <sup>bracket</sup>, he had learned more in one night than for the rest of his life, before and after.

Elvis refused to be impressed by good measure. Some of the details described were not so foreign to him after all. He had indulged. Fanny, for one, liked to put in months all over the place and among Glazil was no lady who you get down to it. And once in awhile with one of the maids or the cooks, they would just ~~come~~ <sup>come</sup> surprise.

Now, he had this frightened bird whose body heat could scorch him even if her thighs







to ~~make~~ and all breath going in and out (119)  
like the terrible rattle the two children who  
had died.

"I am all right, Yes. No," he said, and  
then she was on him. For she thought he was  
going to die, and the same fate, sharp <sup>as</sup>  
as a needle that had come to her after Fanny's  
death was with her again and <sup>so, too, was</sup> the Evil One  
was certainly with her <sup>again</sup> ~~more~~ and  
more than ever, so that she carried out  
the attack which had begun, and was outside  
him, the cold second manth so full of sin  
on his hard-breathing lips, and ~~his~~ the  
pride between his legs now as soft as a  
coil of excrement — so she saw it for that,  
now in her mouth and she sucked upon  
it with all the hunger that could come from  
the Evil One himself — that she knew as she  
had known nothing before, and they went  
on and on with the two ~~backed~~ two-backed  
beast, although not two presences were  
there, but three — the Evil One now closer  
and altogether in her soul, and by the time  
Alon and the Band had come to life, and he  
was himself again, which is to say that he



(116)

Self strong, and manner and more  
endlessly relieved them in a very long time  
a young man again, he told himself, and  
renewed his help and began to kiss  
Klara's mouth. Her first month, with  
all the juice of the second month, then on  
his lips, how much was he ready at last  
~~to shed and loose~~ to shed upon her  
piety - damn! damn! damn! damn!  
clutch! - he was going to give her all he  
had, he was back from the dead, some kind  
of miracle had rescued him, he was there  
and they went on and on, they had never  
had a night like this before, nor would  
they ever again, it was better than a storm  
at sea, and for one moment and then for  
another, ~~and another~~ <sup>day</sup> until it was their for  
all that hour of love, she - the ~~best~~ <sup>purest</sup>  
and most angelic woman in Germany -  
~~was~~ gave herself over to the leoness and  
was mad with that lust which is ready  
to engulf the world, and I knew all  
of this and was with both of them in the  
cascade and caterward of their coming

together with me into the womb of (117)  
Klara Poelzl Hitler, and knew the  
moment within the moment of the oscillating  
ring of time when a new time is created,  
and I, too, now due to speak, I was  
the honored representative of the First One  
who was present at the conception of  
Adolf Hitler, ~~also~~ (christened Adolfus  
Hitler) the fourth of the six children  
in the marriage of Alois and Klara, yes,  
I can say that I was more, much more  
than the godfather.

Yes, now I am ready to reveal a little  
of what I know.

(Judith - this will be the end  
of Part I)

Do, however, add this note: - a  
possible hint sent me for Part II.

If Adolf, however, proved whom I am to be  
as sickly a child as ~~bad~~ Gustav, Ida, and  
Otto.



Fixed on  
2/13/01

15.

It like the Black Death family  
had Diphtheria had come into their rooms like the Black Death.

Gray mucus welled <sup>up</sup> forth from the throat of the two-year-old and the  
(an endless uppouring) that transmogrified into  
one-year-old, and then solidified into a green phlegm, heavier than the mud

of Strones. The children made sounds that rasped forth from the children gathered  
an old man and an old woman  
authority of old people working in the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's

width of passage. Gustav died first, the first, young Gustav, always anemic, always

sickly, <sup>a</sup> the two-and-a-half-year-old who had looked like the ghost of Klara's

<sup>(lost)</sup> lost brothers and sisters, and then Ida went, Ida, fifteen months old, certainly

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the image of Klara, going ~~just~~ three weeks after Gustav. Both deaths ~~had to~~

lay upon the mother in the a ~~ster-blow~~  
~~he~~ endured in the ~~near~~ aftershock (of Otto's death—Otto, three weeks old!—

lost to) ~~was~~ gutted) a baby born  
 gone from a galloping colic that killed him inside-out. The stench of baby

to die in its first week ~~than, than,~~  
 death settled upon Klara as the ~~origin~~ of what came after

whose fault it ~~was~~ had  
 She had no doubt who was to blame. (Alois must have been on some

(—that, for certain!—) But ~~that~~ <sup>guilty</sup> a matter  
 terms with the Evil One before she had even been born. That she could

understand. A boy in Vienna all alone and <sup>he</sup> always wanted so much. Of

course! For herself, ~~however~~, no excuse! She had desired a family where

children did not die but grew to their full age, and yet she had been unfaithful

the Lord God Almighty <sup>altogether unfaithful</sup> at the death of Fanni;  
 to God on the night Gustav was conceived, yes, she had taken unholy

a secret <sup>a pleasure</sup> she looked to find again  
 (pleasure at the death of Fanni, and still continued to look for something like

that pleasure on nights when Alois chose to make love, as a change in  
 diet from his present affair with the new  
 Cook at the Bummer Inn,



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She hated him for his affairs. But then, she also learned that <sup>this kind of</sup> hatred <sup>could</sup> increase <sup>increase</sup> her desire. She told herself that now she might know <sup>could increase</sup> her desire. Now, she knew what it could have been like for <sup>a little of what it might have been like for</sup> martyrs on the rack. On those rare nights when she <sup>felt some love for Alois,</sup> <sup>a moment of</sup> <sup>all good</sup> her life turned to ice below—he would grumble when the act was done <sup>no even as if</sup> <sup>she was kissing</sup> matter how she kissed him in a fever to set things right.

“Your mouth gives promises you do not keep,” he would tell her.

It did not feel as if she were married. Anna Glassl and Fanni were always in her mind. If she had begun as a maid, became a nurse to Fanni's children, and then a stepmother, now, now, her own children were dead.

Alois, Jr., and Angela had been sent to Spital when the diphtheria

commenced, and they lived, they were <sup>back</sup> with her now, <sup>the bitter family</sup> all their rooms at the

Pommer Inn still redolent of the fumigation that followed each death—the odor lived on her clothes after the three separate days of the three services at

the cemetery. She had known how small a coffin could be—she had learned

as much from the losses in her own family. <sup>—but the</sup> The miniature coffins of her own

three children had been equal to three slashes upon her heart. It aroused ~~all~~

the love she had not dared to feel <sup>when her children were alive.</sup> ~~for them.~~ She had been too terrified of the

evil she could bring to <sup>those</sup> ~~their~~ newborn souls, <sup>so new-born,</sup> so unprotected, so sickly. ~~Only~~ <sup>It was</sup>

<sup>only after</sup> ~~of~~ the death of Gustav <sup>that</sup> ~~did~~ she realized that she <sup>had</sup> loved him, so charming a

little boy on those rare days when he was not feeling sickly—the hump on

Johanna's back seemed more pronounced after he <sup>Gustav</sup> ~~was~~ gone. Bitter, horrid-

tempered, forever angry, Johanna, her sister, had loved <sup>the child</sup> ~~Gustav~~ even more

than she did.

Klara had worked hard for those two children, had washed their

swaddling clothes in the morning and again at night. The acts had <sup>served</sup> ~~been able~~



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to lift her disposition. Every stain bleached out by the force of her hands <sup>seems good</sup> ~~was~~  
<sup>might be</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>a containing small</sup>  
 payment for the debt of her sins.

Alois, however, had decided <sup>not</sup> ~~never~~ to forgive God. To his friends at  
<sup>near the Customs House</sup> ~~the tavern~~ <sup>he drank with</sup> ~~to the ones he had been drinking with~~ <sup>after dinner</sup> for ten years, and to the  
<sup>men</sup>

newcomers, young Customs officials, he would speak with the authority of

his three decades in the Finance Watch. "It is the Emperor who has the

<sup>u.s.</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>4</sup> ~~Destiny~~," he would remark. "Real power is there. God

does nothing but kill us off, <sup>u</sup> ~~old and young~~

"Alois," said his oldest friend, "you speak as if you are not afraid of  
 going upstairs."

<sup>the Big One / Souley</sup>  
 "Upstairs or downstairs, they <sup>only</sup> come in at the end," said Alois.

<sup>me / Souley</sup> "What is important <sup>here</sup> is Franz Josef. Our <sup>He</sup> ~~Hapsburg Empire~~ that is more

important than God, yes, <sup>14</sup> ~~the Hapsburgs are more important than God~~ <sup>For us!</sup>

"And the Devil?"

*"Forget the /*  
"The Devil, too. Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroads?

Men, not God, not the Devil."

"You go too far," said his oldest friend.

By the time he *reached* home, Alois was usually in a bad mood. *The beer was* He would  
*off in a sour cloud. He would*  
scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara.

Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much

these three deaths had taken from his vitality) he would look at Klara again as

he had on their first night, and he would try to conceive of *how* her to introduce

her to *all about / three words* specialités de maison. He did not speak French but he knew *what that*

*a man* ~~man~~ One of the Customs Officers, *telling the* who ~~was~~ hardly to be trusted for the

truth about his personal life, still claimed that he had been ~~once~~ to Paris *and*



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<sup>he also claimed</sup> <sup>two</sup>  
there in a brothel, he had learned more in ~~one~~ night than for the rest of his  
life, before and after.

Alois refused to be impressed ~~beyond measure~~. Some of the details ~~described~~  
~~these details were not so~~ <sup>also</sup> foreign to him ~~after all~~. He had indulged. Fanni, for  
one, liked to put her mouth all over the place, and Anna Glassl was no lady  
when you got down to it. And once in a while with one of the maids or the  
cooks, they would give him a surprise.

Now, he had this frightened bird whose body heat could scorch him  
even if her thighs were as cold as a snow bank. She made love, yes, when he  
<sup>all the way there</sup> could actually get into her, she was as strong <sup>in her work</sup> as the Hound, yes, so much like  
bitches he had seen snarling and snapping at <sup>a</sup> ~~the poor~~ male dog's genitals.

Klara did not snarl or snap, she just jumped up on the altar, alone, alone,  
always alone, she was so private that he wanted to put his mouth where she

<sup>after</sup> <sup>he would</sup>  
 was (most private, and then put the Hound in her mouth—he would show her <sup>what and</sup>

~~and~~ where the real Church was <sup>located.</sup>

<sup>this when once again</sup>  
 Yet on the night <sup>(he tried, he pushed)</sup> against the strength of her closed

<sup>pushing</sup> legs with all the force of his arms and shoulders, <sup>bruising mouth</sup> and bruised her lips against

her closed teeth, there came a moment when his breath seized him with a

startling pang as if all his air wished to go in and out at once and he thought <sup>For that instant one mighty</sup>  
<sup>instant, he felt as if</sup> <sup>(thunder)</sup> <sup>the next one</sup>  
 he had been felled by a ~~mighty~~ blow. Was it his heart? Was he about to die?

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to

<sup>again</sup> breathe, <sup>and</sup> all his breath going in and out <sup>with</sup> the terrible rasp of the two  
<sup>struggling against</sup>  
 children, <sup>who had died</sup> ~~to gang~~ <sup>their end,</sup>

<sup>4</sup>  
 "I am all right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. For she

thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had

come to her after Fanni's death was with her again, <sup>and so</sup>, too, was the <sup>E</sup>vil



One with her again and more than ever, <sup>now</sup> so that she carried out the attack <sup>on the body</sup>

<sup>that</sup> (Alois had begun, and was astride him, <sup>her</sup> the <sup>(the bottom one)</sup> cold second mouth so full of sin <sup>was</sup>

on his hard-breathing lips, and the <sup>(cold battering ram)</sup> pride <sup>as</sup> between his legs now was soft as a

Even as she said this to <sup>her self</sup> herself, she took it <sup>and it was</sup>  
coil of excrement, <sup>so she saw it, as there, now</sup> in her mouth and she sucked

upon it with <sup>a</sup> <sup>only</sup> the hunger that could come from the Evil One himself—that

she knew as she had known nothing before, and <sup>there, the two</sup> they went on and on with the  
<sup>both heads in the other place, doing the</sup>  
<sup>of them down</sup> two-backed beast, although not two ~~persons~~ were there, but three—the Evil

One never closer <sup>thus</sup> and altogether in her soul, and by the time, ~~Elois and the~~  
<sup>there in her mouth, and Alois was</sup> ~~the~~ Hound had come to life, <sup>and he was himself again, which is to say that he</sup>

felt stronger, <sup>full</sup> and meaner and ~~more~~ <sup>endlessly</sup> revived ~~than in a very long time,~~

a young man again, he told himself, and <sup>reversed his body and</sup> began to kiss

Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice <sup>her</sup> of the <sup>still</sup> second mouth ~~there~~

on his lips, how much was he ready at last to shit upon her piety—damned

church<sup>moes</sup> woman, damned church!—~~he was going to give her all he got~~ he was

back from the dead, some kind of <sup>m</sup>iracle had rescued him, he was there and

they <sup>could go</sup> went on and on, they had never <sup>before</sup> had a night like this <sup>would</sup> before, nor would

they ever again, ~~it was~~ better than a storm at sea, and for one moment, and

then for another, then another until it was there <sup>went on beyond all the moments,</sup> for all that hour of love,

she—the finest and most angelic woman in Braunau—gave herself over to

the demon and was mad with that lust which <sup>always, would</sup> is ready to engorge the world,

and I knew all of this <sup>for I</sup> and was with both of them in the cascade and the

caterwaul of their coming together with me into the womb of Klara Poelzl

Hitler, and <sup>I</sup> knew the moment within the moment of the <sup>quivering</sup> oscillating rings of

time when <sup>out of the cascade</sup> a new time is created, and I, too, now dare to speak, I was ~~be~~

<sup>there for</sup> honored representative of the Evil One <sup>I</sup> who was present at the conception of

Adolf Hitler <sup>(to be)</sup> (christened Adolfus Hitler) the fourth of the six children in the



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marriage of Alois and Klara, yes, I can say that I was ~~more, much more than~~

the godfather, ~~I was~~ the Angel Gabriel of the Evil One  
on that historic night

Yes. Now I am ready to reveal ~~some~~ <sup>more</sup> of what I know.

End Part I

Note: possible first sentence for Part II

Adolf, however, proved when born to be as sickly a child as Gustav,

Ida and Otto.

God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

card 269

Nomenclature

Those angels who have attained some degree of objective perception will sometimes refer to the E.O. as the Second Omnipotence. Such angels still claim, despite their relative clear-mindedness, that the Dummkopf, by virtue of His seniority, is thereby the First Omnipotence. All this is, of course, a cosmic irony. Neither the First nor the Second can be omnipotent by virtue of the existence of the Other. But if we still call him the O.O., it is because he is our Omnipotence, or equally, the Other Omnipotence, which is one of our host of names for him, of which the most used are the E.O. and the Source. I will give examples of others before we are done, but let it be



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recognized that God is also known as the Almighty, the Lord, Supreme Being

and Jehevah, to name just a few.

Dummkopf <sup>is</sup> was invariably the word we <sup>are</sup> were encouraged to use when thinking

<sup>God</sup> of Him. While I am prepared to discuss this, let it suffice that the Maestro

sees the Lord as a mighty brute, creative to his fingertips, yet an absolute

fool: He has no sound notion of where He might be going or how It will all

turn out. Whereas our Source <sup>has</sup> does have a vision. He knows where to take us <sup>despite</sup> all obstacles, <sup>it knows when to go over or under</sup> or around us. (It is crucial to our morale to believe the Contest can be won.

It is true that the life-giving force belonged originally to the Dummkopf,

but so much else by now belongs to the EO. that it is fair to say, as far as I

can measure it, that our Master may also inhabit and control much of the life-

giving force. To a degree, <sup>then,</sup> ~~at any rate. More and more~~ I can relish calling

God the Dummkopf. To have all that power and do so little with it—our

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Own, our Second Omnipotence is well-named as the Source. He is much

more skillful than the D.K.

While  
(Did created even in His own image, ~~the~~ was true - that day) how many

after image but the Descending of Himself over the millions of years of

evolution? He was the Word that was in His own image, and the Presence

and the One. The world was, yes, His most beautiful creation, and

the very most perfect of ~~all~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~images~~ <sup>images</sup>. But all the while, He

remained the Word creator. He never became the gift of human destiny.

The Descending did the best He could but it is the Other Omnipotence, was

Oh, our Source, infinitely, who seeks to be the pilot.



God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

card 222

*While*  
(God created man in His own image, ~~That was true. But then~~ how many  
*other* images had the Dummkopf created of Himself over the millions of years of  
evolution? He was the Worm that was in His own image, and the Dinosaur  
and the Gorilla. Humankind was, yes, His most beautiful creation, and  
thereby ~~a vast~~ *an* improvement of ~~His own~~ *the* image. But all the while, He  
remained the brute creator. He never became the pilot of human destiny.  
The Dummkopf did the best He could but it is the Other Omnipotence, our  
O.O., our Source, ~~our E.O.~~, who seeks to be the pilot,

God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

card 167

The DK was at His best in what He managed to do before humankind appeared as His creation. While His clouds, His sunlight, His birds, His mountains, His moods of peace and storm at sea could hardly be improved upon, for what was He good in the present? Or so we were always informed by the E.O. What was God good for? How long could one thrive upon compositions of light and shadow, sun and sky and clouds? Our opposing function then became the project to create a final overcast. That much I had begun to divine. What would emerge from this overcast, we were not told.



God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

card 111

It was a fundamental premise of the Dummkopf to encourage every

possibility, no matter how strained or warped, that could be used for human,  
*animal and plant*  
~~and beastly~~ development. Every route, no matter how apparently impossible,

was to be left open. This was due, I expect, to the DK's own incapacities.

He could create and He could certainly make His mistakes—five million

years of Darwin's evolution was a small example of that! Yet he was

unabashed, He would create again! In effect, He moved forward while

lacking just about altogether that vivid sense of purpose which the Source

had begun to develop long ago. So, God gave us countless opportunities to

make better use than He could of the Creation.

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God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

card 261

It was the genius of the Church to pose a Trinity. The Holy Ghost <sup>was thereby</sup> enabled  
<sup>able</sup> them to smother many a spiritual reality <sup>that was cause for dissension among them,</sup> That amorphous, indefinable,

spectral Immanence still shrouds all profound questions with the ambiguity

of the concept, yes, the Holy Ghost intensifies the human inability to

comprehend the nature of the gods. I suspect there is a real Trinity but it

consists of the Father, the Son and the Other Son, ~~whom we know as the~~

E.O.; <sup>He is our</sup> ~~the Source. It is the~~ Source <sup>the</sup> who provides our only security. For it

comes to this: humans have a highly imperfect and often monomaniacal

Gott, their monumental Dummkopf, their Father, who naturally, given His

vanity, His blind furies, and His incapacity to steer the great vessel He once



created, would end, of course, with two sons, fully at whole and final odds

with each other—indeed the DK does not know any longer how to adjudicate

matters between Them, or whether He even has such power. Such is our true

Trinity.

## Techniques and tactics

card 284

If I recall correctly, our cohort was given in its early days an orientation on the Lord Jesus Christ. We are informed by the E.O. that He is not only Jehovah's creation but can be subtly employed as our tool! So, we often support the legend that Jesus died for men and women's sins. Thereby, we can use the presence of Jesus to induce a profound depression in good Christian hearts. A great number of churchgoing Christians live, after all, in a chronic downcast of spirit because they know they do not fulfill any real part of Jesus' teachings and actions, and so see themselves as petty and base.

(The test of our success with such people is when a particularly pious

Christian fears death.)

The E.O.'s hand is everywhere, that is true, but we know: He lies to us as well. There are some among us who see the belief that Jesus Christ died for the sins of men and women as, in fact, an inspiration derived from the Dummkopf's after-thoughts once He lost His Son to the Crucifixion. The Lord was obliged, after all, to account for how He did not have the foresight nor the power to save His own Son on the cross. Be it said, in that hour, when the Son was in dire suffering, He was encircled by so tight a clutch of demons and devils that no angel could come near—a military matter, a siege, powerfully maintained through Jesus' dying and into his death. But I cannot insist on this. These matters are beyond me, and tend to interfere with my work, I confess, if I speculate too long on Who was the creator of the legend,



God or Satan. Did the Son really die for the sins of humankind, or is it the most artful of the many cover-ups (to use a good American word) in all of spiritual history?

False or true, I have to bow before the consummate artistry of the concept. In our work, the story of Jesus is often the greatest obstacle we face. A petty monster who is ready to join us will suddenly refuse—he decides he cannot betray the Son! That is often the first of our frustrations.

Be certain—we are always hearing from the Source that the best reason to defeat the Dummkopf is that He is the greatest blight on all that is best in our existence. A transcendant victory for us would improve matters all over the place including such unique and godly elements as love, beauty, compassion and illumination through the world that is here and the world that is to come. First, however, we must do our best to destroy the world we do have. Only a complete transformation of all the forms of existence can begin to set things right. If this sounds like the <sup>nihilism</sup> ~~Bolshevism~~ <sup>last half of the</sup> of the first two decades <sup>Nineteenth Century</sup> ~~of the Twentieth Century~~, I can only remark that never was there a higher percentage <sup>than there</sup> (of men and women who were working for the angels <sup>and/or</sup> of the devils — how could they begin to know? — during ~~then~~ those years in Russia. (I might go so far as to declare that this mighty battle was won by us, but I hesitate—too often have we learned that quick

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conclusions concerning the intent of God and Satan betray us. Moreover,

*can be*  
they are ~~often~~ as quick as divinely talented wrestlers to convert a loss to a

win, a bad position to a better one, or, at worst, a grievous loss into a minor

*de Leath*  
~~one.~~ Right now, for example, I would be hard-put to say who is winning in

America.)



God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

card 335

I confess that I find it near to repugnant that whatever His prodigious lacks,  
the Dummkopf has created the immediate world we live in—which is to say,  
all of nature, the earth, the flora and fauna, our men and women. Whether  
His power extended out to our solar system, or conceivably beyond, <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~  
more than ~~wholly~~ <sup>known</sup> secret—I cannot swear that our Source ~~knew~~ <sup>knows</sup> for certain.  
But what <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ clear to all of Us <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ that power in this world <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ well-  
divided between Them.

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Techniques and tactics

*Miscellaneous P.T.*

card 334

Call me D.T. In German it stands for Der Teufel, and although I am no more than a subaltern of the Source, I am permitted to use the initials D.T. In English, it would be, of course, T.D., The Devil, in French, Le Diable, in Spanish, El Diablo, und so weiter. Given the terrain I do inhabit, I could claim to be a European devil, most active in France during the Revolution, the Directory, and the Imperium of Napoleon. In more recent times, I have been active, and very much so, in Germany. Let me, however, admit that I am not nearly as cultivated in relation to England, Italy, and Russia—to name

a few specific atmospheres where we work with intensity. And now that I  
am assigned to America, I have a good deal to learn.



At any rate, I can speak with confidence of Gilles de Rais and the Marquis de Sade. They were two of my clients who did even better than expected and I certainly encouraged Robespierre into some of his worst excesses toward the end. These three, for certain, I <sup>in 1794</sup> can name as achievements. With Lorenzo di Medici and Martin Luther, I had unsuccessful episodes, indeed, I was <sup>replaced</sup> ~~withdrawn~~ in the midst of each case and ~~replaced by another~~. Face to face with Goethe, I learned the nature of defeat. For his time, he wrote about us well, and his Mephistopheles in Part One of Faust cheers me with its charm—not accurate but witty, witty. All the same, <sup>for us, there</sup> I failed. ~~There was~~ something impregnable ~~to us~~ in Goethe's stout 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 by encouraging him to go on with all those Greeks and gorgons.

It is understandable that his Mephistopheles dwindled through Part II, and his

Faust became not much more than a name. Nonetheless, <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ Maestro saw it

as a defeat—Part I of Faust remained much in our way and we never

succeeded in getting Goethe to disgrace himself in one manner or another

(although we came close with some of his <sup>during dalliances.</sup> ~~women and girls.~~)

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Linz, 1905

X?

card 257

There is an old German proverb: only what a man is, can one get out of him.

At that, we were good. We could get a great deal more out of a man or a

woman than the Dummkopf or most of His angels—at least, that was our

belief in ourselves and was dinned into us by the E.O. much as if we were

children in a family that quivered with ambition.



Linz 1904-5, approx.

card 344

D.T. receives this report from underlings when Adolf is young: Self-pity, snobbery, indolence, concealment, self-praise, afraid of police, student prince, mother love, shy with women, lonely, to be great or to be nothing, self-love is bountiful: all tenderness, affection, friendliness is devoted to himself—each new face—a new task.

Linz 1904-5

card 18

I grew fascinated with these paradozes in AH. He was a terrible coward, and awfully timid. At the same time, he had a prodigious desire to be brave.

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## Card 183

DT speaking: I was delighted in my assignment. To work with Germans, to work with the German language—I enjoyed the tongue, it was close to my needs. French is a mask, and many a character can hide behind the same mask, whereas English is too direct, too much character is revealed and not enough spirit, but German contains the oaths of the body as well as the tenderness of sweet, flowing spirit. “. . . und ruhig fließt der Rhein”—gewaltig Melodei. “And quiet flows the Rhein”—wondrous melody. Yes. “gewaltig Melodei.”

For me, German came out of the Black Forest and I could enjoy in many a three-syllable word (of which there are so many in that tongue, more than in other languages, I would wager) a sense of an early hunter taking his road through unfamiliar foliage, the bending of the branch, the hold, then its



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release as he went by—but it also had as many one-syllable words as in English and so could reproduce every cry of a twig breaking, wo, wie, euh, zu, an, ab, viel, vier, zeit!

To the French, their language was a manner. It came from the Latin, it was not theirs, but they assumed it, they accepted the language of the foreigner. The Germans, however, took their language from the soil and the sound of their bodily functions, their throats, the ausfahrts, their grunts and whispers, the sound of their begetting, the cackle and bellow of their farms. So their language is like a body, buttocks naked before us. French is like a man or woman in elegant dress, an elegant move to one side of our senses. French speaks to the mind; German, to the gut. If this is overstated, so be it—our pride as devils is to seize the tiniest mote in the eye of meaning, or, equally, scan the skies of generalization.

**Card 192**

**Bedenkt, was gahn und stehen mag**

**Ich brauche wenigstens vierzehn Tag,**

**Nur die Gelegenheit auszuspueren.**

**Faust, Part I, lines 2639-2641**

**Think of how my might comes and goes.**

**I need at least two weeks**

**To find an opportunity for what you request.**

**We may as well start here. Mephistopheles needs two weeks to do the job.**

**He has his powers as a devil but they are not always instantaneous.**

Category 2, God, karma, the O.O., soul, spirit

discussion of soul and spirit

As spirits, we are able to take many forms. Coalesce with one another if

such cooperation is necessary to invest a given person. Or, to the contrary,

we can even on necessary occasions take human form for periods.

Nonetheless, we, as well as the angels loyal to the DK, are spirits and so

usually appear as thoughts or illuminations of deeper purpose. (Be it

understood that no matter the similarities of our respective powers as demons

and angels, we remain at dire odds with each other.)