

Hitler's Mother

Part I

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes void of stature for me, and that leaves my spirit so disposed toward rebellion that I am preparing to write a novel. Among my former associates, this was exactly what we did not do. I was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich

Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I would not look to defend him—he turned out to be one hell of a monster. All the same, Himmler did have an original mind, and one of his theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my novelistic intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

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2.

The room in which Himmler used to instruct us should not be difficult to picture since it was a modest lecture theatre with twenty seats and ~~old~~ ^{dark} walnut panelling. My emphasis will not often be, however, on such details, since I ^{prefer to} ~~would rather~~ concern myself with Himmler's more private ideas. There sits ~~the introduction to~~ ^{my} my purpose—I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief, or, to put it more directly, ^{I am ready to} ~~will~~ voyage into a sea of turbulence, a cacaphony of new problems.

The first is that I, a veteran artist of mendacity, must now try to recount what is true, ^{After all,} ~~when~~ the habit of our occupation was not only to ^{warp} ~~distort~~ the truth

but know how to pick up momentum from the lies we promulgated.

Mendacity, after all, is not without its own art. Now I am burdened with an unfamiliar inclination: the desire to tell it—as Americans say, straight out!

For a serious intelligence officer, this inclination is inadmissible. But then, I no longer know exactly where I am (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion since this man whose ~~inadvertant~~ nickname, ~~Emuek~~ behind his back ~~was~~ Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four or five most important leaders in Germany. Yet his most secret intellectual devotion was toward the study of incest. It was more than a signal point of interest, it was, indeed, an obsession. It dominated our secret research. His closed lectures often returned to the invasiveness of this problem. Through the centuries, incest, he would propose, had been prevalent among the poor of all lands. Even our own German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even through the Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned society cares to speak of this," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be

done. Who would bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified product of incest? No, every establishment has swept it under the rug. Ranking government officials still do the same all over the world."

All, that is, except our Heinrich Himmler. He did have the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his unhappy spectacles. For a man with a bland and chinless mug, I must repeat that he did have a mind of his own. To us who worked closely with him, his thought ~~invariably~~ proved disruptive in its mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He was that much out of category. For example, he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted that there would be a healthy and orgiastic future when paganism took over the world. Everyone's soul would then be rich. None of us could conceive, however, of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a woman ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll with Heinrich Himmler. No, not even in the most innovative spirit of the game! You could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that bespectacled disapproving stare of the wallflower, tall, thin, but embarrassed

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1

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a possible relation to genius. Himmler proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that on occasion the most exceptionally promising offspring could be found in low level families with many children. Such kids were ^{all go} often incestuous. The word, as he coined it in German, was Inzestuarier. He did not like the more common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as sometimes employed in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory was, of course, to be dismissed. Even in the first years of the S.S., Himmler had recognized that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups, an elite at one phenomenal level above the elite. We were to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, letzte Fragen—last questions. (The health of National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing less.) We were to explore problems that others ^{nations} did not expect to go near. Incest—count on it—was topping the list. Once the German mind could re-establish itself as the leading influence in the learned world, then—so went his unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to Heinrich Himmler for his

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profound attack on world problems originating in the agricultural milieu. He would emphasize the underlying point: Problems of husbandry could not be contemplated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little gesture Hitler used—one prissy flip of the wrist! It was Heinrich's way of saying: "Now comes the meat and potatoes!" And on he would proceed. "Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants are devout. We, here, need not refer to our special studies in order to declare that an acute fear of the sinful in oneself will manifest itself sooner or later by one of two opposed extremes: Either absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! Indeed, ^{Heinrich would go on, "I can} I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels ^{once} wrote ^{"When the} this: ~~Once the~~ Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. Also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout. I guarantee you: this was altogether true in the old days."

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are the only ones. The father, having created them, remains the focus of their attention. The young brother, so often, lives at night in the same bed with the sister. Sexual attraction can, of course, be described as: highly focussed attention."

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer's assertions on the primal importance of the Will. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about the genes—still a wonderful new word for us in 1938. These genes, he said, had to be a biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's mysterious Will. "We know," he said, "that certain instincts are passed on from one generation to the next. Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to what I call the Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, the Originating Vision. For we have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise from our Ur-depths to the heights of human glory. We Germans were the first to perceive that this was the aim of human existence. The Will embodied in our genes is the ~~direct~~ ^{given} presence of this Vision, ~~come~~ ^{by} to us ~~from~~ Creation itself.

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"Of course, there are countless impediments to such a transcendental development. It is never easy to protect what is best in oneself. ^{I would even say that} ~~Indeed~~ the purest of the genes were able to hold on to their hope of future power and high purpose only by rising above the privations, humiliations, disasters and tragedies the Vision will suffer in the course of being transmitted from father to child, generation after generation. Great leaders, I would tell you, are not the product of one father and one mother, but are to be seen as the descendants of ten frustrated generations. So, one has the right to ask—has the Originating Vision been warped out of shape by life's demands? ~~Worse,~~ ^{even} has it been lost? So often, the Vision is abandoned ^{altogether?} ~~altogether~~. I can assure you: The noblest genes undergo agonies of spirit ^{in the course of passing} ~~as they pass~~ from one generation to the next. Yet, this ^{tortuous, may be} ~~odyssey~~ is the only ^{road to deliver} ~~way to produce~~ a true prodigy ^{out of} ~~from~~ a family of ordinary people. I will add that ^{have not developed from personal experience} ~~I have developed~~ these concepts through scrupulous observation rather than from personal ~~experience~~ ^{such as that of scrupulous observation, for} ~~experience~~. Therefore, I, Heinrich Himmler, would not care to suggest that I ^{example, Super Mensch!} ~~qualify as such a person~~. To the contrary, my roots were given an early and most advanced development by Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages. You will recall he stood chest-to-chest in combat

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against Charlemagne. His blood-relation to my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his great and early family achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look ~~upon the work of my ancestor so far~~ upon that as a most determined accomplishment. Let all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe ~~and readiness for such elevation~~ is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? Reproduction is, after all, ~~commingling!~~ ^{must always be a way} Procreation ^{way} brings together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is faced with the mission near-to-impossible ^{nevertheless} of travelling right ^{all the way} up to the ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to each lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the ^{incomparable light} beauty of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million of sperm in one man's ejaculation can be imbued ~~throughout~~ ^{throughout} with the power of

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knowing absolute commitment

directedness toward the target even as the morale of a first-rate company of

infantry can be brought to bear on the need to capture a preassigned ridge.

One can propose that sperm, during the act of coition, is able to act in just

such purposeful fashion. But,"—he held up a hand—"will the genes within

the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we

must ask, be compatible with the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute?

Will they dicker over reductive details or even contravene the overall

objective within his sperm? I would have to answer, yes, just about always

they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can

sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more. The

man and woman so rarely share the same *necessities in* aspect of the Originating Vision.

They are now derived from life and death

The variety of their separate experience has already affected their genes.

When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, let us be

human be before he adds a set will be able to procreate
~~strikingly aware that not even one in a million families can present~~ a man and

woman who are close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to

bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred

million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a billion. In

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the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, we have a right to propose that the Superman can only come forth from a mating of male and female genes who are possessed of exceptional similarity. Only then can such genes be not only compatible but ~~able~~ ^{readily} to reinforce each other. That is the vital collaboration ~~which is~~ ^{we deem to be} altogether necessary if the genes are to carry out the aims of the Originating Vision."

Who could not see where Heinrich was ~~leading us?~~ ^{determined to take us?} (Incest offered the nearest ^{bringing together} clearest possibility for combining a striking similarity of purpose, ^{practicality however}

"However," said Himmler, "it is never so simple. We are all too aware of the poor human products that ^{who} usually come our way from ^{those} inter-family fornications. Yes, we know. ^{So very} All too often, children who are a product of incest present a host of childhood ills and early deaths, ^{whole families} of mental retardation, ^{all too many} physical anomalies, and various other monstrosities of mal-development."

He stood there, sad and stern. "This is the price humanity must pay. If ^{be prepared to} the best lies close to the worst, so does the worst occur ~~more often~~ ^{than most} ~~much~~ ^{more} often. Not only are good tendencies encouraged in such a child's

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genes ^{but} bad ones ^{must to} can be fused to each other. Our mysterious friends, the
genes, ^{are also ready to} then combine their less agreeable possibilities. Instability ^{is to} can be
expected, therefore, as a product of incest. Idiocy waits in the wings. We
must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of a
great spirit, so too can we expect that ^{social} excessive restlessness will be present
~~as well. Social~~ ^{with} inhibitions fear up everywhere to oppress this would-be
proud spirit. Vast frustration and ^{can soon} massive obstruction can, by early
~~childhood~~, unhinge the brain or ~~even~~ induce early death." So spoke Heinrich
Himmler.

I think all of us present knew the ultimate ^{tendency} objective of these remarks. At
this point, back in 1938, we were looking (in greatest secrecy, you may be
certain) to determine whether our Fuehrer was a first or second-degree
incestuary. Or, neither. If not, if neither, then Himmler's theory had to
collapse. Hitler was more than the best example—he was the proof itself.
Provided, of course, that he was a true product of incest.

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Now I am more ready to approach the obsession we shared with Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, whom, I confess, lived often in the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that we were obsessed. But then, what is an obsession but endless circling about a question that remains unanswerable? Our power to think is thereby rendered ~~a~~ ^{him} more numb. You can expect it: For most Germans, the first obsession is Adolf Hitler. Who among us does not try to understand him? Yet, where is the man or woman who can feel satisfied with the answer?

Let me surprise you. I do not have this particular trial. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf. For the fact is that I

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know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom, from the inside, I ~~can actually say~~ ^{am actually desperate to} say. To borrow from the Americans, given their rough grasp of

reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I say:

"Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. But with a different question. My never-
ceasing quandary is: Do I dare ^(provide such delineation?) delineate him? When I think of explaining
how I know what I do know, I am seized by a sharp sense of oppression. It is
not easy to admit, but I can describe it as a fear comparable to diving at night
into black water from ~~too great~~ ^{great} a height. ~~(True dread)~~

Be it understood then that I ^{will} ~~must~~ proceed at a careful pace and choose ^{must}
to start ~~therefore~~ ^{At present, I continue to} with the given. ~~At first~~ I will speak of Hitler from a
distance.

Concerning his family roots, I do have ^{has every} a few particulars, ^{at somewhat} and I can
^{never interest} present them. In Special Section IV-2a, our work, ~~as I have indicated~~ always
observed the greatest secrecy—our lives were collateral, after all, to such
precautions. Yet, by the end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than
any other cohort ^{entrusted to be Hitler's private} of researchers. We ~~did~~ ^{had to} look into the most dangerous
questions. We ^{were the ones to} lived with the fear there might be answers destructive enough

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to imperil the foundations of the Third Reich. On the other hand, ^{we had the} ~~once we~~
~~confidence to know that once we~~ ^{would}
had some answers, it would be ~~less~~ ^{not} demanding to ~~prevent~~ ^{check} the lies we might
need to buttress all those ~~historical~~ feelings of patriotism that live in fear of
nauseating facts. You could say our uneasiness collected about one question,
~~It~~ ^{II} that promised to be directly explosive. Should the answer prove to be the one
we feared, it would prove far worse, indeed, than any certification of incest.
This most troubling question would ask whether Adolf Hitler's paternal
grandfather had been a Jew.

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That was not ^{sure} the only dire possibility. ~~There were~~ minor ones we ~~re~~
~~also present that we could~~
~~could nonetheless~~ hardly ignore. For a time, we considered an inquiry into a
 most delicate rumor. Monorchidism. Did our Fuehrer belong to that group of
 unhappy and hyperactive men who only possess one testicle? It was true that
 he invariably covered his groin with his hands whenever a flashbulb photo

was about to be taken, a classic gesture, understandably, if you are a
~~monorchid.~~ ^{You do wish to protect the ~~one~~ remaining testicle,}
 But it is one thing to note such a vulnerability, another to ~~verify~~
~~proceed to verify~~ ^{after all} ~~it.~~ ^{while direct} The investigation ~~itself~~ would be at risk. ~~Direct~~ results could be obtained
 quickly by interviewing the few women who had had intimate relations with
~~him~~ ^{Der Fuehrer} ~~and were still alive,~~ ^{we were} ~~but~~ ^{still} how to control the repercussions? What if word

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got back to Hitler that a couple of ^{officers} ~~bodies~~ in the SS were, so to speak, fingering his genital(s)? We had to give up the project. ~~This was by~~ Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to be a first-degree incestuary, then all questions of monorchidism are subsumed. Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

Be assured. ~~Where he could, Himmler would return the inquiry to his~~ ^{like} cardinal theme, and ~~one~~ had to consider the possibility that ^{Himmler} ~~he~~ might be on to something. Could we find, after all, a better explanation for the legendary Will-of-the-Fuehrer than ^{intinacies} ~~precisely those reinforcements~~ of the Vision that might inhere to Blood-Scandal?

Conceive, then, how Himmler loathed the idea that Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather was a Jew. That would not only destroy his thesis, but present us with a major scandal. Nor was it that new a fear. The supposition had first come to light eight years earlier in 1930 when a personal letter came to Hitler's desk. The young man who had penned it was named William Patrick Hitler, and he turned out to be the son of Adolf's older half-brother, Alois Hitler, Jr. The nephew's letter could easily be seen as a lightly veiled threat of blackmail for it referred to shared circumstances in our family

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1

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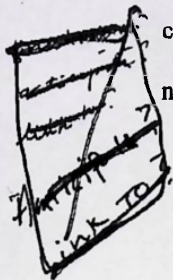
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truth and thereby gain additional ~~gain~~ ^{but}

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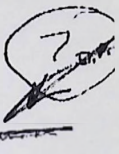
Resistance
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life's demands? Has it ever been lost? So often, the Vision is abandoned. I can assure you: The noblest genes undergo agonies of spirit in the course of passing from one generation to the next. Yet, this torturous ~~odyssey~~ ^{journey} may be the only road to ~~develop~~ ^{becoming} a true prodigy out of a family of ordinary people. I will add that these concepts have not developed from personal experience so much as through scrupulous observation. For example, I, Heinrich Himmler, would not care to suggest that I qualify as such a Super-Mensch! To the contrary, my roots were given a most advanced development by Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages. You will recall he stood chest-to-chest in combat against Charlemagne. His blood-relation to my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his great and early family achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look upon the work of my career so far as a most determined accomplishment. Let all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe and readiness for whole devotion is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

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Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? Reproduction, after all, must always be a commingling. Procreation may bring together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is nonetheless faced with the mission, near-to-impossible, of travelling ~~right~~ all the way up to the ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to each lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the incomparable light of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million of sperm in one man's ejaculation ~~can be~~ ^{are all nonetheless} ~~imbued with the power of knowing absolute commitment toward~~ ^{committed to reach} the target even as the morale of a first-rate company of infantry can be brought to bear on the need to capture a ^{given} ~~preassigned~~ ridge. One can propose that sperm, during the act of coition, ^{acts} ~~is able to act~~ in just such purposeful fashion. But,"—he ^{flipped} ~~held up~~ a hand—"will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we must ask, be compatible with

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Reproductive ? the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute? Will they dicker over ~~reproductive~~ ~~reproductive~~ details or even contravene the overall objective within his sperm? I would have to answer, yes, just about always they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more. The man and woman so rarely share the same necessities in the Originating Vision. They are now derived from their separate experience in life and that has already affected their genes. When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, let us be humble before the odds. Not even one in a million families will be able to provide us a man and woman who are close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a billion. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

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Now I am more ready to approach the obsession we shared with Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, whom, I confess, lived often in the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that we were obsessed. But then, what is an obsession but endless circling about a question that remains unanswerable? Our power to think is thereby rendered more numb. You can expect it: For most Germans, the first obsession is Adolf Hitler. Who among us does not try to understand him? Yet, where is the man or woman who can feel satisfied with the answer?

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Let me surprise you. I do not have this particular trial. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf. For the fact is that I know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom, from the inside. I am actually prepared to say. To borrow from the Americans, given their rough grasp of reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I say: "Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. But with a different question. My never-ceasing quandary is: Do I dare ~~to~~ provide such delineation? When I think of explaining how I know what I ~~do~~ know, I am seized by a sharp sense of oppression. It is not easy to admit, but I can describe it as a fear comparable to diving at night into black water from a great height.

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Concerning his family roots, I do have, however, a few particulars of somewhat new interest. In Special Section IV-2a, ~~our work~~ ^{we} always observed the greatest secrecy—our lives were collateral, after all, to such precautions.

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Yet, by the end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than any other cohort entrusted to be Hitler's private researchers. We were the ones to look into the most dangerous questions. We had to live, after all, with the fear there might be answers destructive enough to imperil the foundations of the Third Reich. On the other hand, we had the confidence to know that once we had some answers, ~~it would not be demanding~~ ^{to hold a line} to choose the lies ^{required} ~~we would~~ ^{be asked} need to buttress all those feelings of ~~paranoia~~ ^{paranoia} that lives in fear of nauseating facts. You could say our uneasiness collected about one question. It promised to be directly explosive. Should the answer prove to be the one we feared, it would prove far worse, indeed, than any certification of incest. This most troubling question would ask ^{have to ask} ~~whether~~ whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew. ~~ask~~

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Noted → ^{he} ~~that~~ ^{which} ~~that~~ we could hardly ignore. For a time, we considered an inquiry into a most delicate rumor. Monorchidism. Did our Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who only possess one testicle? It was true that he invariably covered his groin with his hands whenever a flashbulb photo was about to be taken, a classic gesture, understandably, if you are a monorchid. You ^{do} wish to protect the remaining testicle. But it is one thing to note such a vulnerability, another to proceed to verify it. The investigation would, after all, be at risk. While results could be obtained quickly by

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interviewing the few women who had had intimate relations with Der Fuehrer and were still alive, how were we to control all the repercussions?" What if word got back to Hitler that a couple of officers in the SS were, so to speak, fingering his genital(s)? We had to give up the project. Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to be a first-degree incestuary, then all questions of monorchidism are subsumed. Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

Be assured. We had to consider the possibility that Himmler might be on to something. Could we find, after all, a better explanation for the legendary Will-of-the-Fuehrer than those intimacies of the Vision that might adhere to Blood-Scandal?

Conceive, then, how Himmler loathed the idea that Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather was a Jew. That would not only destroy his thesis, but present us with a major scandal. Nor was it that new a fear. The supposition had first come to light eight years earlier in 1930 when a personal letter came to Hitler's desk. The young man who had penned it was named William Patrick Hitler, and he turned out to be the son of Adolf's older half-brother,

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Alois Hitler, Jr. The nephew's letter could easily be seen as a lightly veiled threat of blackmail for it referred to shared circumstances in our family history. That would have been a dangerous letter to write if William Patrick Hitler lived in Germany, but he had ~~only~~ ^{been ready to} come forward with this bravado ~~only~~ because he dwelt in England, safe with his Irish mother.

What, then, were these shared circumstances? We knew. William Patrick Hitler was speaking of Hitler's grandmother, Maria Anna Schicklgruber. After the birth in 1837 of her son, Alois Schicklgruber in a miserable hamlet called Strones in the province of Waldviertel, she used to receive small but regular sums of money from an unknown source. Yet this Alois was no less than the man who, at the age of 52, became Adolf Hitler's father. That was not until 1889, but back in 1837, and for many years after, one rumor stayed alive among Maria Anna's family and neighbors. It was that the stipend came from a well-to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of Graz, a good distance ~~away~~ from Strones. According to the legend, Maria Anna Schicklgruber had worked as a maid in this Jew's house, became pregnant, and returned to the hamlet. What sustained the story was that there

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absence of the purported document, Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was, one, making it up; two, telling the truth; or, three, might actually possess such a letter. It could have been the end for Hans Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer understood his client well enough to wager that Hitler did not really want to know.

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his close assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler ^{that} ~~how~~ there were no Jews in Graz ~~back~~ back in 1837. He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within our ruling group who was not searching for a grip on the others? Frank, ~~to an effective degree~~, was now in Himmler's grasp. Given that mutual understanding, he did serve Himmler overtly and well. Then, in 1942, when Hitler, nervous to the end about the Jewish grandfather—had he had a bad dream?—instructed our Heinrich to send a good man to Graz. Himmler, in turn, looking to protect the manifold usefulness of Hans Frank now that he was Governor-General of Poland, reported that no tangible evidence was found. What with the pressure of the

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I remember on the first morning after the Brown Shirts marched into Vienna, that a squad of them—beer-hall types with bellies above or below their belts—collected a group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing ~~street~~ ^{pavement} with toothbrushes. The Storm-Troopers laughed as they watched. ~~They drew to a crowd. It became an episode to create attention.~~ It became a public episode. Photographs of the event were featured on the front pages of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Next day, Himmler spoke to a few of us. "That was a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one of our SS men had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know this kind of action can lower morale among many of our best people. It will certainly encourage rowdiness here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject altogether the primitive instinct revealed by the act. For it was, I would say, after much reflection, a successful act of mockery." He paused. He did have our attention. "There is a curious, even, I would declare, a hidden sense of inferiority among many of our folk who feel that the Jews are capable of offering more concentration to a task than any of us—they do know how to study—and that is why so many

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not a fact, they will say, if the means by which it was obtained cannot be presented.)

I agree. Nonetheless, my real means are not yet to be revealed. Even the resources of Section IV-2a were not sufficient for me on that occasion. I did piece together an answer, however, and bent the evidence to please Himmler—I knew that if my end-product could support his case, he would accept it. The irony, however, is that my manufactured conclusion turned out to be correct. I will say it was acquired by exceptional methods of inquiry and employed certain ultra-secret personnel with whom I am allied. But this society within the SS extends to other endroits unknown even to Section IV-2a. I would say it is more than an intelligence group inasmuch as we are ready to dwell within every fold of society. Since this last remark ~~comes all~~ ^{is} ~~too close to sociological impenetrability~~, I can only repeat that I am not ready at this point to give a closer description of myself. For that matter, my name, I would remind you, is not really Dieter. (Although that is close enough.) I am tempted to add that I was never exactly and altogether in Section IV-2a. On the other hand, I was. Once again, I will apologize.

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made a point of visiting Strones, and went to the straw for his hour with Maria Anna. On that occasion, she conceived. Nepomuk could not question the news. The act had been out of the ordinary. Indeed, she told him ^{as} ~~so~~ soon ✓ as she regained her breath after climax, "You have given me a baby."

On the other hand, went our scenario, Johann Nepomuk loved his wife, he loved his three daughters, and he would never disrupt his home. Notwithstanding, he had to respect the matter from Maria Anna's point of view. He was a decent man. So, he went into collusion with her on a fable Money-received-from-Graz—altogether untrue. He simply gave her sums to take care of the boy. In a few years, he promised, he would do his best to bring Alois into his own home and raise him with his daughters.

Maria Anna put up with the situation, but how could she be happy? Five years elapsed, but then she declared her intention to expose Nepomuk. She was now forty-seven and it was humiliating, she told him, to be unmarried, and be obliged to face the women of Strones each time she left her door.

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Nepomuk proposed that his older brother Georg be installed in his place. Nepomuk did not like his brother, and Georg did not like Nepomuk, but a new source of money is as vital to a drunk as blood transfusion to a hemophiliac. I exaggerate, but not by much. Georg married Maria Anna for her stipend and enjoyed the knowledge that it came from Nepomuk who worked even harder in his fields to gather the extra kronen. For Georg, it was a rare pleasure to use the hard labor of a younger brother to support his dissipations. He did possess a fund of ugly spirit! A perfect fury full of failure!

Maria Anna, wed at last, wanted Georg to say he was Alois' father, but he was quick to tell her that she was interfering in a matter involving his personal honor. If he had managed in the course of many a spree to inform a couple of his drinking companions just why he had gotten married—for the money, dimwit!—he saw all the more reason to make no fool of himself by legitimizing this brat whom everyone knew was not his own. He might be a failure, but he was certainly not a cuckold. Let the bastard remain a bastard.

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This legend was what we presented to Himmler. It was buttressed by interviews we worked up with those few of the very old inhabitants of Strones who were born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857. It was, if examined closely, a dipalidated set of bridges on the way to a necessary destination, but Himmler was, of course, so busy most of the time with other matters that our conclusions held up. We had delivered a family history in which there was no Jew in the Fuehrer's bloodstream, and had established that the Fuehrer's own father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, were uncle and niece by blood, We had thereby succeeded in making Adolf Hitler a First Degree Incestuary One-step-removed.

Himmler had an epiphany. "This," he said, "more than anything else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude of the Fuehrer. As I have often pointed out, early death or serious malformation is the most likely prognostication for First-Degree Incestuaries, but once again the Fuehrer has shown us incomparable powers of perseverance. His brilliance and his Will, his unique properties of character and insight, derive from the intensification implicit in the state of First Degree. Now we are able to live with the

in
is

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triumphant result. His simple agrarian genes fortified through the generations found a triumphant metamorphosis in the end. This man, our Fuehrer, has transcendental virtues."

Here, Himmler closed his eyes, leaned back, and exhaled slowly. It was as if he must expel every errant spirit in order to be free of dread. "We will not speak of this often," he went on in a low voice, "but occasions of close incest are truly perilous. One has need of the Fuehrer's Will to succeed in such a situation." (I capitalize Will since he used the word with reverence.)

"It is my belief that in the world of numinous spirits which surround us, there are many elements we have the right to call malign. It is even possible that the worst of these spirits collect about a presence whom in earlier times we used to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to ~~give~~ ^{pay} great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree. For indeed, how could such a Satan not be ready to distort the exceptional possibilities that are ready to arise from the doubling of God-given genes, ~~are~~ ^{that are so} compatible in their near-symmetry of ~~that~~

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Vision. All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. As I came to discover by more extended means, we at IV-2a had been promulgating an irony rather than a legend. The story we believed we had concocted out of no more than feasible evidence happened to be true. It was Johann Nepomuk Heidler who did supply the money and Alois Schicklgruber was his secret child. Yet the irony within this irony was that the reality was more extreme than the verified legend. Hitler was not merely a First Degree Incestuary One-step- removed, but had been conceived in the very core of incest. He was a bona-fide case of First Degree Primus. As I came to discover, by these more private means, the niece, Klara Poelzl Hitler, Alois' third wife and Adolf Hitler's mother, was not only Alois' wife but his blood daughter. Of that relationship, I will be able to ^{say} ~~tell~~ quite a few things.

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golf
Reveal

Hitler's Mother

Part I

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is

✓ because time passes ^{without meaning?} (void of stature) for me, and that leaves my spirit disposed toward rebellion. I would say that is why I am preparing to write a novel.

Among my former associates, this was precisely what we ^{we swan @} ~~would~~ ^{Ston} not do. I

was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of

in that
style?
in that
dimension?

what are
sure not
to do?

Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I would not look to defend him—he turned out to be one hell of a monster. All the same, Himmler did have an original mind, and one of his theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my novelistic intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

forshadow?
anticipate?
link to?

2.

The room in which Himmler used to instruct us should not be difficult to picture since it was a modest lecture theatre with twenty seats and dark walnut panelling. My emphasis will not often be, however, on such details, since I prefer to concern myself with Himmler's more private ideas. There sits my purpose—I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief, or, to put it more directly, I am ready to voyage into a sea of turbulence, a cacaphony of new problems.

The first is that I, a veteran artist of mendacity, must now try to recount ^{the truth} what is true. After all, ^{our occupation} the habit of our occupation was not only to warp the

truth but know how to ^{Tam}pick-up momentum from ^{our}the lies we promulgated.

Mendacity, after all, is not without its own art. Now I am burdened with an unfamiliar inclination: the desire to tell it—as Americans say, straight out! For a serious intelligence officer, this inclination is inadmissable. But then, I no longer know exactly where I am (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion since this man whose nickname, behind his back, was Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four or five most important leaders in Germany. Yet his most secret intellectual ^{pursuit}devotion was [?]toward the study of incest. It was more than a signal point of interest, it was, ~~indeed~~, an obsession. It dominated our secret research. His closed lectures often ^{persistence? ubiquity?}returned to the ~~invasiveness~~ of this problem. Through the centuries, incest, he would propose, had been prevalent among the poor of all lands. Even our own German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even through the Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned society cares to speak of this," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be done. Who would

bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified product of incest? No, every establishment has swept it under the rug. Ranking government officials still do the same all over the world."

All, that is, except our Heinrich Himmler. He did have the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his unhappy spectacles. For a man with a bland and chinless mug, I must repeat that he did have a mind of his own. To us who worked closely with him, his thought proved disruptive in its mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He was that much out of category. For example, he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted that there would be a healthy and orgiastic future when paganism took over the world. Everyone's soul would then be rich. None of us could conceive, however, of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a woman ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll with Heinrich Himmler. No, not even in the most innovative spirit of the game! You could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that bespectacled disapproving stare of the wallflower, tall, thin, but embarrassed

life's demands? Has it ever been lost? So often, the Vision is abandoned. I can assure you: The noblest genes undergo agonies of spirit in the course of passing from one generation to the next. Yet, this torturous odyssey may be the only road to develop a true prodigy out of a family of ordinary people. I will add that these concepts have not developed from personal experience so much as through scrupulous observation. For example, I, Heinrich Himmler, would not care to suggest that I qualify as such a Super-Mensch! To the contrary, my roots were given a most advanced development by Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages. You will recall he stood chest-to-chest in combat against Charlemagne. His blood-relation to my family line obliged me, therefore, to make every effort to regenerate his great and early family achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I do look upon the work of my career so far as a most determined accomplishment. Let all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph to impress us to the point of absolute awe and readiness for whole devotion is the heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant roots.

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the preservation of the Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction itself? Reproduction, after all, must always be a commingling. Procreation may bring together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is nonetheless faced with the mission, near-to-impossible, of travelling ~~right~~ all the way up to the ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a battleship to each lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea." Now, he nodded forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as if to propose that in every difficulty resided the incomparable light of an exceptional solution. "I would maintain that the multi-million⁵ of sperm in one man's ejaculation can be ~~imbued with the power of knowing absolute commitment toward~~ ^{absolutely committed to} the target even as the morale of a first-rate company of infantry can be brought to bear on ~~the need to capture~~ a preassigned ridge. One can propose that sperm, during the act of coition, ~~is able to~~ ^{is} act in just such purposeful fashion.

see above But,"—he ~~held~~ ^{flipped} up a hand—"will the genes within the woman, those genes so separately installed in her ovum—will they, we must ask, be compatible with

the semen of the man? Or are they in dispute? Will they dicker over

^{me}reductive details or even contravene the overall objective within his sperm? I

would have to answer, yes, just about always they are much in dispute.

Sperm and ovum, in the average case, can sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly more. The man and woman so rarely share the same necessities in the Originating Vision. They are now derived from their separate experience in life and that has already affected their genes. When we begin to speak, therefore, of the creation of the Superman, let us be humble before the odds. Not even one in a million families will be able to provide us a man and woman who are close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to bring forth such a miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a billion. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, we have a right to propose that the Superman can only come forth from a mating of male and female genes ^{who} ~~who are possessed of~~ ^{will} exceptional ^{'7}similarity. Only then can such genes be not only compatible but

ready to reinforce each other. That is the vital collaboration we deem to be altogether necessary if the genes are to carry out the aims of the Originating Vision."

Who could not see where Heinrich was determined to take us? Incest offered the nearest possibility for bringing together ^{unity} similarity of purpose.

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back woods confirmed the meaning of dirt-poor. Strones was mud-deep along its one lane, and, of course, had no inn, just a few dozen huts with roofs of thatch. If Strones was profuse in pig wallows around each dwelling, cow flop was more prominent in the town meadows. Here and there, the redolence of horse manure would speak of the value of dray-horses. This was, after all, an area where a peasant often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, one slogged through various grades of mud. There was gumbo thick as lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, clods, rocks, common clay. Most of the peasants had never been near any of the Waldviertel castles just listed. The nearest, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away. For that matter, Strones did not even have a church. One went to the next hamlet, and there in the parish registry Maria Anna Schicklgruber had the name of her son inscribed as "Alois Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male,"—and, as we know—"Illegitimate."

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

Coming from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead, ^{it} *from*
^{She may very well have}
 was certainly possible ~~that she had~~ cohabited with any one of several of her

absence of the purported document, Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was, one, making it up; two, telling the truth; or, three, might actually possess such a letter. It could have been the end for Hans Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer understood his client well enough to wager that Hitler did not really want to know.

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his close assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler ^{that} ~~how~~ there were no Jews in Graz ^{for} back in 1837. He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within our ruling group who was not searching for a grip on the others? Frank, ~~to an effective degree~~, was now in Himmler's grasp. Given that mutual understanding, he did serve Himmler overtly and well. Then, in 1942, when Hitler, nervous to the end about the Jewish grandfather—had he had a bad dream?—instructed our Heinrich to send a good man to Graz. Himmler, in turn, looking to protect the manifold usefulness of Hans Frank now that he was Governor-General of Poland, reported that no tangible evidence was found. What with the pressure of the

I remember on the first morning after the Brown Shirts marched into Vienna, that a squad of them—beer-hall types with bellies above or below their belts—collected a group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing ~~street~~ ^{sidewalks} ~~pavement~~ with toothbrushes. The Storm-Troopers laughed as they watched. ^{They drew a crowd.} ~~It became an episode to create attention.~~ Photographs of the event were featured on the front pages of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Next day, Himmler spoke to a few of us. "That was a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one of our SS men had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know this kind of action can lower morale among many of our best people. It will certainly encourage rowdyism here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject altogether the primitive instinct revealed by the act. For it was, I would say, after much reflection, a successful act of mockery." He paused. He did have our attention. "There is a curious, even, I would declare, a hidden sense of inferiority among many of our folk who feel that the Jews are capable of offering more concentration to a task than any of us—they do know how to study—and that is why so many

not a fact, they will say, if the means by which it was obtained cannot be presented.)

I agree. Nonetheless, my real means are not yet to be revealed. Even the resources of Section IV-2a were not sufficient for me on that occasion. I did piece together an answer, however, and bent the evidence to please Himmler—I knew that if my end-product could support his case, he would accept it. The irony, however, is that my manufactured conclusion turned out to be correct. I will say it was acquired by exceptional methods of inquiry and employed certain ultra-secret personnel with whom I am allied. But this society within the SS extends to other endroits unknown even to Section IV-2a. I would say it is more than an intelligence group inasmuch as we are ready to dwell within every fold of society. Since this last remark ^{is} ~~comes~~ all too close to sociological impenetrability^e, I can only repeat that I am not ready at this point to give a closer description of myself. For that matter, my name, I would remind you, is not really Dieter. (Although that is close enough.) I am tempted to add that I was never exactly and altogether in Section IV-2a. On the other hand, I was. Once again, I will apologize.

made a point of visiting Strones, and went to the straw for his hour with Maria Anna. On that occasion, she conceived. Nepomuk could not question the news. The act had been out of the ordinary. Indeed, she told him ^{so}~~so~~ soon ✓ as she regained her breath after climax, "You have given me a baby."

On the other hand, went our scenario, Johann Nepomuk loved his wife, he loved his three daughters, and he would never disrupt his home. Notwithstanding, he had to respect the matter from Maria Anna's point of view. He was a decent man. So, he went into collusion with her on a fable. Money-received-from-Graz—altogether untrue. He simply gave her sums to take care of the boy. In a few years, he promised, he would do his best to bring Alois into his own home and raise him with his daughters.

Maria Anna put up with the situation, but how could she be happy? Five years elapsed, but then she declared her intention to expose Nepomuk. She was now forty-seven and it was humiliating, she told him, to be unmarried, and be obliged to face the women of Strones each time she left her door.

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Nepomuk proposed that his older brother Georg be installed in his place. Nepomuk did not like his brother, and Georg did not like Nepomuk, but a new source of money is as vital to a drunk as blood transfusion to a hemophiliac. I exaggerate, but not by much. Georg married Maria Anna for her stipend and enjoyed the knowledge that it came from Nepomuk who worked even harder in his fields to gather the extra kronen. For Georg, it was a rare pleasure to use the hard labor of a younger brother to support his dissipations. He did possess a fund of ugly spirit! A perfect fury full of failure!

Maria Anna, wed at last, wanted Georg to say he was Alois' father, but he was quick to tell her that she was interfering in a matter involving his personal honor. If he had managed in the course of many a spree to inform a couple of his drinking companions just why he had gotten married—for the money, dimwit!—he saw all the more reason to make no fool of himself by legitimizing this brat whom everyone knew was not his own. He might be a failure, but he was certainly not a cuckold. Let the bastard remain a bastard.

This legend was what we presented to Himmler. It was buttressed by interviews we worked up with those few of the very old inhabitants of Strones who were born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857. It was, if examined closely, a dilapidated set of bridges on the way to a necessary destination, but Himmler was, of course, so busy most of the time with other matters that our conclusions held up. We had delivered a family history in which there was no Jew in the Fuehrer's bloodstream, and had established that the Fuehrer's own father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, were uncle and niece by blood. We had thereby succeeded in making Adolf Hitler a First Degree Incestuary One-step-removed.

Himmler had an epiphany. "This," he said, "more than anything else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude of the Fuehrer. As I have often pointed out, early death or serious malformation is the most likely prognostication for First-Degree Incestuaries, but once again the Fuehrer has shown us incomparable powers of perseverance. His brilliance and his Will, his unique properties of character and insight, derive from the intensification implicit in the state of First Degree. Now we are able to live with the

triumphant result. His simple agrarian genes fortified through the generations found a triumphant metamorphosis in the end. This man, our Fuehrer, has transcendental virtues."

Here, Himmler closed his eyes, leaned back, and exhaled slowly. It was as if he must expel every errant spirit in order to be free of dread. "We will not speak of this often," he went on in a low voice, "but occasions of close incest are truly perilous. One has need of the Fuehrer's Will to succeed in such a situation." (I capitalize Will since he used the word with reverence.)

"It is my belief that in the world of numinous spirits which surround^s us, there are many elements we have the right to call malign. It is even possible that the worst of these spirits collect about a presence whom in earlier times we used to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to ~~give~~^{pay} great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree. For indeed, how could such a Satan not be ready to distort the exceptional possibilities that are ready to arise from the doubling of God-given genes, ^{but} are compatible in their near-symmetry of

Vision. All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. As I came to discover by more extended means, we at IV-2a had been promulgating an irony rather than a legend. The story we believed we had concocted out of no more than feasible evidence happened to be true. It was Johann Nepomuk Heidler who did supply the money and Alois Schicklgruber was his secret child. Yet the irony within this irony was that the reality was more extreme than the verified legend. Hitler was not merely a First Degree Incestuary One-step- removed, but had been conceived in the very core of incest. He was a bona-fide case of First Degree Primus. As I came to discover, by these more private means, the niece, Klara Poelzl Hitler, Alois' third wife and Adolf Hitler's mother, was not only Alois' wife but his blood daughter. Of that relationship, I will be able to tell quite a few ^{not too} _{soon?} things.