

## BOOK SEVEN: PLANETARY CONJUNCTION

The murder of the old man, who would have died shortly anyway, as it highlighted the conspiracy that the enemy tried to cover, came almost eighteen years after their attack on Hess's stomach, so he had a real Christmas, in the hospital, the year I was born, with four large yellow candles, and four small pine cones, surrounded by a green wreath, tied with a red ribbon while he drank brandy, along with a jug of milk and a jug of orange juice by his bed, good for his heart but not his belly, before his family came to visit, as the drink loosened his tongue so he formed a new relationship with Colonel Bird.

It was Christmas Eve, when his wife and son travelled in their Mercedes through the slushy streets of the city, while neither had seen him in person for almost thirty years. Ilse Hess wore a camel-hair overcoat, with a scarf around her head, while her son wore a dark topcoat over his suit, which was brightened by a red tie. She carried an expensive and large bouquet of flowers through the winter weather, but the Russians confiscated her gift before the reunion even occurred. Still, it was a happy time, while the younger but still old prisoner stood up from his chair to salute his wife, by touching his hand, palm inwards, to his forehead, and they talked as a family, although they were denied bodily contact.

Hess had embraced homeopathy, and folk remedies, for most of his life. He refused to take prescribed medicines, hiding and destroying pills that were given him, while in jail, and he asked so many questions of his doctor in the hospital, regarding medications, that the man snapped,

Just you do what I want you to do  
and stop questioning me!

But now he joked about his blood transfusion, which made him half-English, given its source, as it turned out that modern medicine was good for something after all.

Other visits would come, once a month, as the highlight of the prisoner's life, now that the ice was broken, while his wife entrusted his other presents to the American colonel who would write a book about his prisoner, called The Loneliest Man in the World. These, which he opened on the next day, consisted of a sandalwood box of lavender soap, some light blue pyjamas, and a record, so he could listen to Schubert, who was his favorite composer, along with Beethoven and Mozart, although he also expressed fondness for the Beatles. One of the doctors dressed up like Santa Claus to give him a package from the Red Cross before he enjoyed a bottle of champagne with his supper, followed by iced cream, while earlier in the day he had felt overjoyed to see the sun reflected off the snow-covered tops of trees—a view unavailable in his prison castle.

There he would walk in the garden, where his fellow prisoner, Albert Speer, who had planned to build the new city of Germania, worked to make benches, paths, and borders, while the architect had earlier journeyed on an imaginary trip around the world, converting the two hundred and fifteen steps it took to stride completely around the yard into meters, and kilometers, so, over the years, he went from Berlin to Prague, down to Vienna and the Black Sea, using maps, along with geography and

history books, from the library to trace his route, as he plodded across Turkey to Baghdad, Isfahan, Tehran, Samarkand, and Delhi, then on to Mandalay, Peking, and Vladivostok, consulting with the Russians about ice conditions, and the frozen sea waters, while he kept his intellect sharp with mathematics, keeping track of the distances, and he learned about each of the landmarks that he saw in his mind.

The Pan-American jet that flew over the prison garden would continue its passage, after it took Speer away to Heidelberg, while Rudolf Hess would partake in his own different wanderings, playing with a pair of walnuts that he kept in the pocket of an old khaki raincoat, by the tall lilac bushes, the white bendy birches, the plums flowering in pinks, and, of course, the dozen trees, heavy with hundreds of bumpy green-rinded nuts, the brothers and sisters of those whose hard kernels nestled in the prisoner's pocket, veined and crusted with black, in the beginning fall, while earlier sunflowers would rise in umbers, oranges, and yellows, with marigolds sharing the colors lower down, and dangly clumps of comfrey blooming at middle height, violet bells set off against their jagged broad leaves, alternating with towers of lupines rising in strange elongated clusters of a million blues.

A little potting shed provided a place to start seeds, which would be moved into the kitchen garden to make, in different years, potatos, leeks, onions, kohlrabi, turnips, radishes, and carrots, rooted underground, with clumps of cauliflowers, cabbages, spinaches, kales, lettuces, and endives, stalky green celery, stringy beans, and dangling peas,

with scented trees of tomatos, growing over the low-lying vines of cucumbers, strawberries, and pumpkins.

Once alone, Hess ate the same meals as the directors, large and luxurious, with hors d'œuvres, even lobster, and sliced and cured meats, a variety of soups, and salads, followed by a main course of chicken or pork, with several desserts from which to choose, while the Chinese, Spanish, Balkan, and Turkish chefs strove to outdo each other, as the prisoner, who did not like to eat meat, preferring a vegetarian diet, with garden produce, also enjoyed his breakfasts of strong black coffee, cold milk, bread, butter, and apricot jam, seasonal plumcake made from the garden, along with fresh fruit and iced cream—not to mention sometimes a soft-boiled egg just like I used to eat, on the student exchange, in West Germany.

Eating meat troubled him, since he did not want someone to die for his supper, just as these compunctions, along with a better knowledge of nutrition, led me to go vegetarian more than five years ago, as I eliminated, over decades, first baby cows and lambs, then intelligent and gentle octopodes, finally brave and mistreated pigs, and ultimately any animal, while I learned the truth of carnivore propaganda put out by the farmers who abuse animals even when nominally free range.

In the Gurdjieff Work, I would learn to chew my grace, with full attention to the texture and taste of the food, while I put my mind into the muscles, bones, and tendons of my arm as I raised the cup, or glass, to my mouth, often remembering, if not saying, the prayer put forth by John Godolphin Bennett:

*All life is sacred ~ humans, animals, and plants.*

*All must eat and be eaten.*

*We remember the lives who died so we may eat.*

*Let us eat consciously, so that, by acquiring energy,*

*We may work to repay the debt of our existence.*

That is a debt I repaid long ago, while I rejoice in doing more, helping others who deserve my help while I constantly destroy the enemies of everything that breathes, plant and animal, with no special distinction, except in the negative, for humans.

Just as I take extra lengths not to kill insects, tricking them with light whither they instinctively fly, or dark whence they flee, to lead them to a door, and shooing them out—although I am not above turning on an outdoor light to draw them to the hunting toads—all the while taking especial care with beautifully brave bees, the pollinators who give us honey, with adorable spotted ladybugs who munch the leaves of my zucchini into lace, or with fuzzily fragile moths, the enemies of my clothes, when not in my closets, even catching arachnids in a glass, sliding paper beneath, to move them outside, so the ex-pilot felt the same, not having the heart to kill a spider, whom he would gently move out of the way, by her thread, in order that he could take his bath in the prison.

The Deputy Führer stretched in his cell, squatting into deep-knee bends, arching and stretching his back, doing push-ups and

calisthenics, breathing deep, while he believed in the healing powers of sunlight, and fresh air, leaving his window open, and the heat off, whenever possible, as he read four newspapers a day and thousands of books, often two per diem, everything from popular novels to world literature, along with history, geography, and travel, taking notes as he read, writing letters to his family, which he could send and receive once every week, and listening for hours to recorded music that reminded him of concerts he had attended with his wife, while he moved to a larger cell, formerly the chapel, in which he had never attended services.

Walking outside, in the private park of his prison, the nature lover communed with the fearful furry rabbits, hopping and looking, the mean hooded crows, squawking and bullying, the pompous oriental pheasants, bobbing and strutting, the sociable mottled doves, cooing and billing, and the brave winged sparrows, flapping and flying, but his favorites were the striped and combed ducks, whom he found so beautiful that he simply could not imagine anyone shooting the strangely colored mandarins of his country.

Twice a day, Hess would hurry out to see his friends, just as I relate to the deer who wander grazing, the foxes who run sneaky, and the hawks who soar in my garden, while I was recently delighted to see a tiny chipmunk sitting upright by the large stone that marks the grave of our family dog, Ogden, using both her little paws to hold a single cherry she was nibbling after its drop, onto the lawn, from the overhanging tree.

Cramming his pockets with crumbs from the kitchen, he would go out, wearing his old weathered raincoat, waxy waterproof, holding the inner offspring, broken loose from the bumpy yellow-green walnuts, now tanly ridged and grooved with shadows, earlier variegated with inky blacks and staining browns, that he carried to manipulate with his restless fingers, bonily strong but increasingly frail, as he thought of other things, so the intelligent avians would cluster around the familiar scarecrow, a lanky, dark, caveman-looking person, who appeared like a mad saint, to sow his feed before the birds, including seagulls, blown in from the Baltic, who fearlessly patrolled the yard, flying patrols, or who comfortably circled down, from the trees, parents of his spherical playthings, where, high up, perched and safe, they awaited his coming to receive their eucharist from his hands.

Shyly seeing a duck, who nested under one of the leafy bushes in his lonesome garden, the man who had once held the second highest position in Nazi Germany watched the young mother, as she laid a clutch of eggs, with the result that soon, in the spring, there were seven baby ducklings, hatching one at a time, from their elliptical calcium shells, broken jagged jade, plied with membranes of inner pearl, crushed into their nest of twigs, leaves, grass, and moss, ultimately forming a flock of anatidæ, to whom the hermit lovingly tended in his careful ministry.

Still, the fluffy fellows needed a pond, so they were herded from the garden, out of his sight, through the gates of the castle, while a warder held up traffic, to protect the family, as it crossed the street. The

children had almost made it to the other side when the last one toppled down, beneath a steel trap, over a storm drain. The cover was removed, but the baby was stuck, so they called the Berlin Fire Brigade, which sent an engine, to rescue the straggler. After a mild delay, and a minor descent to the underworld, beneath the surface of the city, the parade of downy ducklings and watchful warders continued its course to the new home of the comically colored mandarin birds. They safely settled on a body of water less than a mile from the prison, but the mother, or one of her daughters, would always return to Hess's backyard, where she would bear a new brood. And, so, the walk of web-footed waddlers, protected by soldiers, became an annual tradition covered in the local newspapers and on the television.

When Hess had to go to the hospital, leading to his own family reunion, after his own trip to the underworld, when his heart stopped multiple times, the man was concerned that his ducks continue to be fed, so his family at the jail took them into their care, in his stead, since he was murdered not by them but by strangers, as a guard scattered crumbs in the prisoner's absence, and he was reassured by the colonel who became a kind of friend.

Hess vowed never again to keep a bird in a cage if he ever saw freedom, and he hoped one day to follow the custom of the East, where the Japanese, or the Chinese, when they wish to show gratitude for good fortune, will go to the market to buy captives so they can set them loose, to fly free, into the sky.

He had been a pilot himself, having learned in the Great War, where, despite his privileged background, the patriot had enlisted as a volunteer, before adulthood, in the Bavarian Field Artillery. Thence he was transferred to the infantry and sent into the trenches, so he earned the Iron Cross, Second Class, being wounded twice, with a rifle bullet penetrating his left lung, so he spent time in a military hospital, where, like Hitler, who later served in military intelligence, while he employed different speaking voices, depending on his cybernetic interlocutors, and he seemed possessed, sometimes full of fire, and others utterly nondescript, Hess was undoubtedly brainwashed. Like my dad, who came up through the ranks in four years of peace time, to become a warrant officer, Hess rose to corporal, and then to lieutenant, where he got his first taste of flying, before he went on, following the bankruptcy of his father's company, and the confiscation of their property, goods, and accounts by the English, to study geopolitics under Professor General Haushofer.

And so, fewer than fifteen years after the Wright Brothers made their first official flight of almost a minute, over eight hundred and fifty-two feet, at Kill Devil Hills, in an aeroplane that used a three-axis control system, developed from their earlier ownership of a bicycle shop, just as I would build, in part, a replica from balsam wood, immediately before I bicycled past the very spot, near to where I saw the naked lady in the beautiful outdoor shower, and I ogled the jockey, Ruth Guerri, in Playboy Magazine, Rudolf Hess would learn to fly in open aircraft that would make the hot air balloon in which my daughter and I adventured along the

Virginia Piedmont, the Robinson R44 in which we choppered up to Holgate Glacier, and the Piper Cub in which we flew over the Everglades look safe by comparison, while the pilots we met in Talkeetna, who took us out in a fancier craft, to helihike, so we picked blueberries in the Alaska Bush, played around their hangar with a unicycle, just as a smidgeon more than a century earlier, the credited inventors moved from a craze in one contraption to develop the prototypes of another.

The open aircraft, whose fuselage frames, like their wingspars, were sawn from spruce, for its incredible strength-to-weight ratio, with ribwebs, capstrips, and steam-bent tips of wings shaped from lime, so the whole thing could be covered with linen, loomed from flax, before the fabric was stretched tight, doped and painted with cellulose lacquer, parts strung together with piano wire, for extra security, before they were replaced with more modern materials like steel and aluminum, looked only slightly less dangerous, or was it more, than the faster machines that took their place.

So, after Hess went to prison with Hitler, in Landsberg, overlooking the River Lech, which flows, wild and free, shaping and reshaping its bed, as it wanders through the Austrian Tyrol, into the Free State of Bavaria, whence it spills into the Blue Danube, passing first the jail where he helped the Führer write Mein Kampf, as his private secretary, before he became Deputy Führer, and Reichsminister without Portfolio, the political prisoner later, at his friend's insistence, promised that he would not fly for a period of an entire year, in order not to risk his life.

Still, once things got started, he requested to go to the front, in World War Two, as an officer in the Luftwaffe, but, just as my uncle was forbidden to fight in Việt Nam because of the intelligence he carried in his head, lest he be captured by the enemy, Hess was not allowed to move into harm's way during the exciting days of the Blitzkrieg.

Between the wars, Hess would convince his party's newspaper, Völkischer Beobachter, to buy a special monoplane, with the journal's name written in large letters across the side, so, just like Ernst Udet, who had flown with the Red Baron, he had his very own Messerschmitt M23, which could seat two people, flying a range barely beyond six hundred miles, at speeds just over one hundred miles per hour, while it stood seven and a half feet tall, with a length of twenty feet, and a wingspan of thirty-eight feet, weighing less than a single ton.

It was one of Hess's few indulgences since he lived a modest life, serving his country, while he told his financiers that the craft would be good for publicity purposes and his party that it would save time for him to fly to meetings, as he won second and, two years later, first prize, in amateur races around Germany's highest mountain, flanked with glaciers, as the Zugspitze stood, at almost ten thousand feet, on the border of Austria.

It was during a massive heat wave, but cooler in the lovely mountains, where herds of chamois, furry and fat, stood sideways on the slope, keeping an eye peeled for the royal eagles, who might swoop and steal their bleating young, or the hoppity mountain hares, or the marmots,

cousins to our groundhogs, sunbathing on flat rocks, so to keep cool, larger than the adorable hazel dormice, who sleep through the day, after their long hibernation, when not climbing through the evergreen forest, or building shredded nests of honeysuckle bark, choice leaves, and fragrant grasses above the beautiful beds of countless flowers, while craig martins flew acrobatic, catching bugs on the fly, the black choughs, who mate for life, cackled and cawed, kin to our crows, and snowfinches splashed in the crystalline powder that gives them their name, as hikers clad in embroidered lederhosen, wearing hats with feathered cockades, and holding alpenstocks, might sip a light spring wine, a cold wheat beer, or a Radler, Germany's answer to shandy, watered down with sparkling lemonade, while the crazy pilots roared, high above, in their flying machines.

Hess loved to hike, so he spent roughly twenty-five years of his life, on and off, before his imprisonment, in the vicinity of the mountains. He always kept his window open, when possible, as he believed the healthiest practice was to go barefoot, and that people needed sunshine. Otherwise, he danced for joy like a Red Indian upon the birth of his son, and every Gauleiter was required to send a jar of earth from the Gau he governed, so the boy his parents named Wolf, without a christening, could have soil, under his cradle, from every part of the Fatherland. Rudolf and his wife, Ilse, belonged to the German-Austrian foot-touring club, and they would go on hikes for up to three days, trekking from hut to hut in the Alps.

These could not have been formed if not for episodes that began three hundred million years ago, leading to the fragmentation of the supercontinent, Pangaea, when vast swampy tropical forests formed massive amounts of lumpy shiny coal, after atmospheric oxygen surged to thirty percent, significantly more than what we are breathing now. The first amphibians developed lungs to breathe the element, whose earlier release into our atmosphere, by cyanobacteria, the parent of plants, after they were engulfed alive, and enslaved in eukaryotic cells, had earlier killed nine tenths of all life in the Great Oxygenation Event. Gasping, they grew the organs that complement their gills from the flotation bladders that allowed their grandparents, as fish, to control their buoyancy, while some went on to change into reptiles, who lost their ancestors' ability to breathe water. That happened before the dry-out of the Carboniferous Rainforest Collapse, caused by a mysterious global climate change, where another mass extinction took out nasty beasts, like the arthropleura, a giant millipede that could grow to more than six feet in length. And, in the same way, I have absolute faith that the next great extinction, the sixth to follow the one that created the plant kingdom, and therefore all animals, will at best eliminate but at worst alter our species, of humanity, who are nothing but shit-throwing monkeys. But, first, through evolution, driven by natural selection, based on genetic mutation, as it connected to geological cataclysm, through the survival of the fittest, the reptiles displaced the amphibians to pave the way for the dinosaurs.

After the African and the Eurasian tectonic plates began to crash into each other, only sixty-five million years ago, to begin the formation of the Alps, hiked by the beautiful Nazis, who rightly loved the Earth, the Arabian Plate divided the Tethys Ocean, in a process taking twenty million years, after the extinction of the dinosaurs, so what became the Mediterranean first began to desiccate, in a later drying-out, through the Messinian Salinity Crisis, a mere six million years ago, when what is now a massive sea was turning into a scorching salt desert, before, only five million years ago, the Atlantic surged into the basin, refilling the area in less than two years, with the ocean falling down a drop of more than three thousand feet, to rush at up to three and half billion cubic feet of water, every second, at more than five hundred times the current flow of the Amazon, to cause the Zanclean Deluge.

The Alps have looked the way they look today for only the last two million years, while five different ice ages remodelled the area through the flow of glaciers, rolling erratic boulders along their beds, after the creating forces of these young mountains, from the uplift and folding of marine sedimentary rocks, slowly formed underwater in layer after layer, after drifting and shifting layer, from the skeletal remains of megalodontic mussels, feathery crinoids, and single-celled foraminifera, trapped in microbial mats and mucus, along with stacked coral forests, and calcareous algæ, pressed by tons of water above, before they were pushed thousands of feet into the sky, made them roughly what they are today as early as forty million years ago, and as late as ten million years ago—before they

were shaped, and reshaped, by the ice rivers—all as part of a larger ongoing process that is still building the Himalayas, so the Alpidic Belt stretches from the Rock of Gibraltar, through a series of ranges, almost eight thousand miles, to the catastrophic volcanos of Java and the earthquakes of Sumatra.

In the middle, standing fifteen thousand feet above sea level, in the heart of the Caucasus Mountains, which divide Europe and Asia, stands Ushba, or უშბა, in Georgia, or Sakartvelo, which, just as the saddle of the mountain sits between its twin peaks, lies between the Black and the Caspian Seas.

This country of barbarians gave birth to the homicidal maniac, Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, or იოსებ ბესარიონის ძე ჯუღაშვილი, who took the name of Steel, or Stalin, rendered in his mother tongue as სტალინი, so he killed twice as many people as his enemy, Adolf Hitler, who led the forces of National Socialism against those of International Communism.

Stalin committed these atrocities with the help of his countryman, Lavrentiy Beria, known in the same dialect, which is not related to any language spoken on our planet, as ლავრენტი ბერია, a disgusting serial rapist who gave bunches of flowers to his victims, supposedly indicating their consent to his depravities, like the Hershey bars given by American soldiers to the German women they violated, when he did not strangle them outright, while he served as the chief of secret police in the People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs, or NKVD, so

he organized the Katyn Massacre of twenty-two thousand officers and intelligentsia in Poland, after the Soviet Union invaded the Second Republic, concurrently with Nazi Germany, under the Non-Aggression Pact, going on to deport hundreds of thousands of Poles, Balts, and Roumanians to the Gulags, when he purged the Red Army, before he really moved on to ethnic cleansing, and to genocide, through the deportation of millions of ethnic minorities from the Caucasus, so, with the world of enemies that his kind always creates, Beria was eventually arrested, tried for treason, and executed, in the Soviet Union, since the subhuman criminal was beyond ghastly even by the standards of Russian Marxists.

Before the Nazis moved on to attack the communist hordes, run by the bankers, beginning OPERATION BARBAROSSA on the Summer Solstice, only to be defeated by the winter, drastically exacerbated by a weather weapon, the Resonant Cavity Magnetron, shot from the Chain Home Array, in the Fens of East Anglia, Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess sought to make peace with England, whose ongoing fight made absolutely no sense, as it declared war against Germany but not against Russia, upon the invasion of Poland, which it later betrayed to the Soviet Union, while it thwarted the suggestion of the Nazis to evacuate the Jews under the Madagascar Plan, and it rejected the more than generous peace terms of a victorious Fatherland, which saw the destiny of Germany as the rulership of Continental Europe and the destiny of their fellow Aryans, in the United Kingdom, as the continued rulership of the British Empire.

Rudolf Hess wanted to save people's lives, as he opposed Communism, and he did the right thing for his country, so he took a daring chance, in what he hoped would be a game changer, seeking to speak face-to-face with his enemy, for, essentially, he rode across the dangerous empty space between the armies, under a flag of truce, as a parlementar, only to find himself immediately arrested by the English, while the enemy deliberately manipulated this noble person through his desire to do good, his love of flying, and his poetic bravery, not to mention his belief in mystical forces, in order to take him out of the game, because they are always looking to isolate the people they control, and he was the only person who could talk sense to Adolf Hitler.

Hess and Hitler had tried to overthrow the government, in the Beer Hall Putsch, after an earlier coup effected by the Communists, in Germany, through the November Revolution, which led to the Bavarian Soviet Republic. There the Marxists had executed aristocrats belonging to the Thule Society, including Gustav, Prince of Thurn and Taxis, and Heila, Countess of Westarp, on the Eve of Walpurgisnacht, Beltane, or May Day, one of the eight luciferian sabbats, which celebrates International Communism, while this is the day on which the freemason, George Washington, was inaugurated as the first President of the United States following the ratification of the Constitution on the following sabbat of the Summer Solstice. So, one day later, in 1919, the Thulists organized a citizens' uprising to put an end to the Bavarian Soviet Republic, while their mystical organization would later be officially banned, like the fencing

fraternities, by the Nazis. And, four years later, as the political and economic instability continued, because of the unjust terms of the Versailles Treaty, following the defeat of Imperial Germany, in World War One, which ended on the Eleventh Day of the Eleventh Month, or 11/11, at 11:11 a.m., since Jewish Communists had arranged earlier labor strikes in an attempt to set off a revolution exactly like what occurred in Bavaria and also Russia, the Nazis made their own attempt at a coup d'état in Munich because they were inspired by Benito Mussolini's March on Rome.

While the Italian got to become *il Duce*, the Austrian had to wait another ten years to become *der Führer*, after Adolf Hitler first disciplined his soldiers, severely, because they raided a delicatessen owned by Jews. So, after his try failed, Hess went on the run, with the result that, before his arrest, he sought help from, and was given shelter by, his old teacher of geopolitics at the university, Professor General Karl Haushofer, who had invented the concept of *Lebensraum*.

Professor General Haushofer was married to a Half-Jewess, Martha, who kept pet leopards, while their children were Viertel Mischlings, with one-quarter Jew Blood, so they would have been otherwise subject to the Nuremberg Laws, which, exactly like the laws of modern Israel, forbade the marriage of Jews with Gentiles, but Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess felt he owed the Haushofers, so they were excluded from persecution, as they enjoyed positions of power and privilege, just like many other people of mixed race, including the grandfather of my

classmate, Lilith von Foerster, a nobleman who worked as a cyberneticist for the Nazis, the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency.

In fact, the Nazis had considered a more liberal approach to the Jews, whom they associated with International Communism, to grandfather in large groups of the tribe whose families had lived for significant periods in the Fatherland, or who had done military service to defend the Empire in World War One, but they settled instead on a personal exemption system for the half million Jews who lived in Germany, while those numbers have mysteriously risen to a death toll of six million in the overhyped, misunderstood, and nonetheless horrible atrocities driven by hidden conspirators, and corporate co-partners, during the Holocaust.

The Haushofers could have easily left Nazi Germany, but they preferred to run their own independent think tank, with associated intelligence and diplomatic operations, as they manipulated their simple and good-hearted patron, whom they called in their coded letters Tomodachi, so the father, who had long been famous in his own right, served as the President of the Volksbund für das Deutschtum im Ausland, while he was granted a private audience with Adolf Hitler, to discuss his ideas on Lebensraum, advocating the retaking of colonies in Africa, and his younger son, Heinz, commanded a platoon of cavalry stormtroopers in the Sturm-Abteilung, or SA, before he was given a job as an agricultural expert in the foreign service, and his elder son, Albrecht, connected to the Red Orchestra, which supplied intelligence to Germany's enemies in the Soviet

Union, and the Wednesday Society, a right-wing group that opposed Hitler, as he spoke at Chatham House—while, because of Hess’s patronage, he held a series of jobs, including in the foreign affairs bureau, and in the geographic society, leading him to travel to Poland, and to go on personal missions for Hitler, so his reports were submitted through Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler at the Schutz Staffel.

The Nazis had successfully conquered all of Western Europe, so with the people he saw as his friends, assuming, like him, that they acted for reasons of good faith, and a sincere desire to save the world from bloodshed, stopping the needless deaths of millions of people, not to mention a common-sense recognition of the evils of bolshevism, and a self-interested, if not patriotic, desire to promote the welfare of their own country, Rudolf Hess hatched a plot, to risk his skin, in a daring bid to make peace with England, while this connected directly to the international machinations of the Haushofer Family.

The Haushofers had played up their connections with the Duke of Hamilton, whose wedding Albrecht attended, and whose houseguest he had been, addressing him as “My Dear Douglo,” in his personal letters, and he had earlier impressed Lord Hamilton’s German-speaking brother, David Douglas-Hamilton, who had attended the hotbed of child molestation, disgusting rape, and horrible secrets known as the Gordonstoun School, and connected to the English Royal Family of Windsor, restyled following the First World War from their true name of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, not counting the marriage of Queen Elizabeth II to her

cousin, Philip Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, while this institution was founded by the German Jew, Doctor Kurt Hahn, whose name means cockerel, or rooster, and the school is associated with Clan Gordon, who are celebrated in a song coded with obscenity called “The Cock of the North”—although these connections have been downplayed, or simply unacknowledged, in a self-serving book, by the peer’s son, entitled The Truth about Rudolf Hess.

Hess had recommended that Albrecht Haushofer meet Lord Hamilton in the neutral countries of Switzerland, Portugal, or Spain, but the Haushofers, who were taking all kinds of chances, involved with all sorts of plots, while they did not care about peace at all, said they thought it was too risky, so Deputy Führer Hess proposed that he liaise with Hamilton himself in Switzerland, but this was also something that the Haushofers were either unwilling or unable to deliver. Therefore, Hess suggested another possible course in the plot that would lead to his imprisonment to be followed by his conviction for life by an international tribunal not for Crimes against Humanity but rather for Crimes against Peace.

Hess put forward the idea that they should work through Violet Roberts, who was the daughter-in-law of the former Viceroy of India, with her to act as an intermediary through the sending of an encoded message, so Albrecht Haushofer backdated a letter, which he delayed posting, for reasons known only to himself, while Mrs. Roberts sent the letter on to Lord Hamilton through the postal services of Messrs. Cook, but

the letter was intercepted by the British Secret Service on November 2, 1940, as it made its way from Lisbon to London, before they mysteriously waited more than four months to confront the intended recipient, when Lord Hamilton was summoned to the British Air Ministry, to be informed of the peace proposal, by Group Captain Stammers from the Secret Intelligence Service of the Royal Air Force.

Hess was haunted by visions of countless widows and orphans, so he was undeterred in his heroic quest to reach out to his enemy, thinking in part that the lack of a response might indicate that Hamilton did not trust the Haushofers, at least enough to believe they spoke for the Nazi leadership, so he determined to fly himself, solo, through the war zone, to speak in person with the top leaders on the other side, particularly the King of England, after he crashlanded a special plane, built for the purpose, in the lowlands of Scotland.

Meanwhile, Albrecht Haushofer did find time to go to Geneva, in Switzerland, since it was apparently no longer so risky, to meet with Carl Jacob Burckhardt, who had served as Commissioner for the League of Nations in Danzig, as to which ownership was disputed by Germany and Poland, while he also served as the Vice President of the International Red Cross, which had supported the Russian Revolution, so this character said that he had received a feeler from Britain regarding a potential peace agreement with Germany.

Still, this was not the only thing that drove Hess, who held a deep belief in spiritual forces, guiding his life, as he sought to do the right

thing, while, although true to himself, and his dream, he was manipulated by the luciferian conspiracy, for it always seeks to use mysticism, like religion, in order to destroy everything in sight.

Hess walked for three hours with his old teacher, Professor General Haushofer, as they communed with nature, away from prying eyes, in the Grunewald Forest, whose more than seven thousand acres are full of birches and conifers, which provide a home to herds of startling deer and snorting boar along with digging badgers, sneaking foxes, and climbing martens, while red kites soar overhead, white egrets fish the lakes, and green woodpeckers thump the trees, so the older man told him of his dreams, where, when he slumbered, he had seen his student striding through the tapestried halls of English castles to bring peace between the wrongly warring peoples of Britain and Germany.

Hess believed in dreams, so, years later, he wrote to his son, as to how they could provide inspiration to people of genius:

**What riddles are intuition and inspiration!**

*A scientist is visited by a brilliant idea when he is still half asleep in the early morning; and an engineer so suddenly conceives the idea for a great invention. Johann Sebastian Bach sought for days to find the right end for a composition—but in vain. Then one morning he woke up with the whole thing in his mind down to the last note.*

*Perhaps you have heard one or another of the very beautiful songs of Hugo Wolf. (Dumy was particularly fond of*

the one beginning "Wanderer der vom höchsten Berg in der Weite sein Deutschland grüßt.") He was accustomed before he went to sleep to read through the text of his songs, certain that when he woke up he would hit on the right melody, and he always did: he just got up and wrote it down—the divine spark had struck fire.

There is only one explanation possible for these things: there is an unknown power, call it what you will, God, if you like, which sends us the capacity to feel beauty, a conscience that we may do what is right and good, which created and still creates systems of stars from primeval gases, causes electrons to revolve around the cores of atoms, following laws like those proper to the planets, and governs all biological development with a purposeful hand. It must be a power that rules over the whole realm of science as we know it and over much that we do not know, always furthering its omnipotent design and translating it into deeds.

These are noble contemplations, beautifully given by a father to his son, just as my dad wrote similar thoughts, in blue ink penned with his round handwriting, simple, confident, and strong, cleanly absorbed by Crane's cotton paper, heavy thirty-two pound, looping letters flying through, across, and over the bumpy laid and chain lines of the high quality stationery, as they were printed by a mechanical engineer who disregarded the rules of a different form of graph paper, unlike what he used at Spring Garden Institute, and his earlier plants at DuPont, now become a businessman, a salesman, and a technical adviser, before Daddy sealed his

letter to me, affixing two stamps for the double weight, each at 25¢, so he could post it cross country, thirty-six years ago, back when I was twenty—and he was only a couple years younger than Hess's son, Wolf, remembering his own father's respect for Ludendorff.

General Ludendorff, who was killed on the sabbat of Longest Night, on which my cousin, the inventor and executive, Peter Kirlin, was born, several winter solstices later, would found the Tannenbergbund, named for the Blue Hills, the site of his great military victory, in the first month of World War One, as the group correctly saw a three-way alliance of the Jew, the Jesuit, and the Freemason, combined to form the Deep State, while it required its members to abandon Christianity and to return to the gods, and goddesses, of the North, and particularly the mythologized historical figure, Odin, from whom my daughter descends, through Rollo, the Conqueror of Paris, and the First Duke of Normandy, not to mention his descendant, the first cousin to William the Conqueror, Roger the Great of Montgomery.

Erich von Ludendorff would disassociate himself from Hitler, so he warned the man with whom he had won his famous victory, each acting as a general, and working together, on the army's staff, in a letter to Paul von Hindenburg, who had become the new war-hero protector of the little corporal with the funny moustache, as Hindenburg became President of the Weimar Republic, with Hitler as Chancellor, only to seize power in a classic false flag through the Reichstag Fire.

Daddy expressed his theme on the beautiful paper with a handsome fountain pen made by Mont Blanc, precious resin encircled with scrolly gold and platinum, nib chevroned, also gold, overlaid with a chromium arrow, hard point tipped with iridium, and black stick crested on its other side with a white snowcap to evoke, as it gave the altitude of its namesake, in a magically inscribed number, the highest mountain in western Europe, which forms a natural boundary, to beget racial, linguistic, and state boundaries, among the Swiss, French, and Italian Alps.

James Shelley had a correct sense of pride, accomplishment, and sacrifice, while, in between flying first class all over the world, wining and dining customers in the finest restaurants, and playing clumsy golf on middling local courses, my dad sat in his own prison, at his corporate office park, eating lunch on the picnic table outside, surrounded by the Canadian geese, wearing a power tie and loud braces, starched cotton shirt by Brooks Brothers, pin-striped suit by Gieves & Hawkes, and feet comfortably encased in cordovan wingtips, shined to a high gloss, benchmade with full leather soles and heels, often replaced on his Florsheim Imperials.

Then I felt similar things, fueled in part by my experiences with psychedelics, in California, listening to compositions like Ormandy's arrangement of Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring, Menuhin's rendition of the Double Concerto, or Heifetz's performance of the Third Partita, not to mention the spooky Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, before and after my time in England, with my girlfriend, Charlotte, of whom my father, James, thoroughly approved when we went to vespers at King's Chapel, and we

supped under the sign of the Pickerel, at Cambridge University, so I feel proud to portray a real human being both in my father and in Rudolf Hess.

But these ideas, tied to classical music, which was used in mind control sessions, under PROJECT MK-ULTRA, are also misconceptions of mesmerism, gone awry, dependent on lethargic feel-good, because we are attacked in our sleep by satanic trash that try to destroy us using not only the drugs that the political prisoner rejected, as did my father—barely drinking alcohol, while he smoked his beautiful briar and meerschaum pipes, accompanied by a selection of teas by Twinings—but the enemy also employs neurostrike technologies, as described in the appendices to this book, in order to stimulate, so very foully, the glands in our bodies, which release particular combinations of chemicals and hormones for us to experience as emotions.

My father told me how he awoke, from his slumbers, in which he was a great composer working on a magnificent symphony, to remember he was only an international salesman, selling polymer films, so he wept in the arms of his wife at the apparent waste of his very existence, because the enemy had gotten into his head, while, in reality, his steadfast work at a corporate job enabled our lifestyle, and my education, so, in a very real sense, as his quotation begins this volume, James Shelley is the patron who enabled the masterpiece you are now reading while this forms only part of the equally great, independent, and beholden Mk-Ultra Series.

Hess was being manipulated through dreams, just like the inventors I have described, to whom secret technologies were relayed, as

imprisoned musicians chained to keyboards put musical phrases into the heads of composers like Bach, who had eye surgery and mood swings, Mozart, who giggled maniacally while he associated with freemasons, and Rachmaninoff, who used a hypnotist in his efforts to generate ideas, while, like Nikola Tesla, who saw his inventions fully formed in a flash, talking to people no one could see, Brian Wilson heard voices in his head, as he saw staves of notes appear in his visual cortex, setting forth amazing harmonies, chords, and progressions, when he lived down the road from the hippy music scene of Laurel Canyon, with the equally unusual musical structures of David Crosby or Joni Mitchell, all driven not only by their own genius but also by the Air Force Base at Lookout Mountain.

It's not telepathy, or clairvoyance, while even intuition should be viewed askance, but rather we experience interference by scum, who try to take credit for preserving, or creating, the very things they seek to destroy, at every cost to themselves, while they lie, so we can easily spot their moves, and fight satanic forces, always on guard against thrills, and emotions, which are neither good nor bad, but only useful or not useful, when we feel we are in love, or inspiration comes, or things just seem to line up.

A dream attack was experienced by the private secretary of the shitdog, Winston Churchill, who arranged the gang rape of women by police officers on Black Friday, while he engineered the starvation of three million people in the Bengal Famine, and he killed more than twenty thousand others in the Fire Bombing of Dresden, which he did, as a sick

joke, on Valentine's Day, before he gave Eastern Europe, which England said it was defending from the Nazis, into the hands of the Russian Communists.

When Hess arrived, heroically flying solo, and then by parachute, on the heaviest night of the Blitz, in the Kingdom of Scotland, where he asked to be received by the Duke of Hamilton, Jack Colville had a curiously vivid dream centering on a book, written one year earlier, called The Flying Visit, by Peter Fleming, as it imagines Adolf Hitler landing by parachute in Britain, to promote peace, only to be met with an awkward diplomatic situation, while this combined, in his mind, with reports that Hermann Göring, who led the Luftwaffe, was flying overhead to witness the destruction caused by his bombs, which were falling all over London.

Colville, too, believed in his dream, so he asked the Duke of Hamilton, who had just met with Rudolf Hess, in the Border Country,

*Has somebody arrived?*

But Hamilton could only say something extraordinary had happened, while he declined to describe, over the telephone, the nature of the event.

Still, before he arrived in Britain, Hess was driven by more than practical considerations, humanitarian desires, and flying skill because his belief in destiny, and spiritual guidance, derived not only from the perceived wisdom of dreams but also from the supposed influence of heavenly bodies as to which he also took a scientific interest.

While this manifested in the pilot's later life, through his engrossment in space exploration, along with his earlier love of flight, providing him with a perspective from the higher atmosphere, beyond the vistas of the mountains, it began when he saw Daniel's Comet. When Hess was thirteen years old, this visitor streaked across the heavens, so it was visible to the naked eye for two months. Hess saw the icy fireball just before the sun arose, as its tail shimmered across a full third of the sky. Every night he got up to observe its rapid flight and its changing form, along with its wake of cosmic dust, so, from that summer on, he never lost interest in the stars.

The Nazi's view of these matters was not merely scientific but also poetic, as he wondered whether lunar craters were the remnants of volcanos or the results of meteor showers, envisioning the moon as a sly old fellow who faithfully and continually follows our clod of earth, and who might, one day, come crashing down upon our heads, in a decaying orbit, or a disrupted fall, struck by another astral object, since it was formed by the collision of Theia with the Earth, while he queried why only one side faced our view, not knowing, at least in his early imprisonment, of the tidal locking through which its spin is perfectly synchronized with its orbit.

Star-gazing connected in particular to his childhood in Egypt, then nominally part of the Ottoman Empire but unofficially a British Protectorate, where he grew up speaking French, English, and German, as the son of a prosperous businessman, who owned an imposing property and a beautiful garden on the Mediterranean Coast, so he spent his

summers at their place in the mediæval village of Reicholdsgrün, nestled between the Fichtel Mountains and the Franconian Forest.

The young dreamer was impressed not only with the stars but also with the organic shapes, the colorful blooms, and the perfumed scents of the Ibrahimich Gardens, and, while he never mentions Ancient Egypt, which lay in the background of his childhood home in Alexandria, he was deeply struck by the natural experiences of the area, in contradistinction to those of his racial homeland, which include the fiercely hot wind, not fazing the flowers, as the Khamsin blows at speeds above eighty miles per hour, drawing humidity, from the air, to levels below five percent, so, driven by southerly pressure systems, the weather phenomenon sweeps millions of tons of fine desert dust from the Sahara across the Mediterranean.

These strike the Island of Crete, where, later, as Hess sulked lonesome in his prison castle, but after his joyful reunion with his beloved family, Joni Mitchell would be kept up, by the wind from Africa, as she tossed, and turned, deprived of dreams, in the hippy caves of Matala, south of the Minoan Palace at Knossos, with its bull-leaping and its blue dolphin frescos, overseen by the famous snake goddess, more than three thousand years ago, in the Bronze Age. There she played bohemian, not knowing, as she was drugged and hypnotized, that the cave system in which she lived backed up to a deep underground military base, in the dictatorship run by the Regime of Colonels, led by Georgios Papadopoulos, and supported by the Central Intelligence Agency, against the Communists. So, since guitars

were banned, as subversive, although music could be dangerously picked up, full of static interference, on a transistor radio, the adventuress wrote a farewell song for her ginger lover, on her mountain dulcimer—less than a year from my birth, and only months before she was filmed by my friend's father, Murray Lerner, along with the Who, the Doors, and Jimi Hendrix, at the Isle of Wight.

The wind is in from Africa: last night I couldn't sleep.  
You know it sure is hard to leave here, but it's really not my home.

My fingernails are filthy. I got beach tar on my feet,  
And I miss my clean white linen and my fancy french cologne.

Carey, get out your cane, and I'll put on some silver.  
You're a mean old daddy, but I like you!

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Come on down to the Mermaid Cafe, and I will buy you a bottle of wine.  
And we'll laugh and toast to nothing and smash our empty glasses down.

Let's have a round for these freaks and these soldiers!  
A round for these friends of mine!  
Let's have another round for the bright red devil  
Who keeps me in this tourist town.

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Maybe I'll go to Amsterdam, or maybe I'll go to Rome,  
And rent me a grand piano & put some flowers 'round my room.

But let's not talk about fare-thee-wells now:  
The night is a starry dome  
And they're playing that scratchy rock-and-roll  
Beneath the Matala Moon.

Where she sang, the prehistoric caves in the sandstone cliffs, dressed up in the classical past, protect the Red Beach, whose earthy pinks, oranges, and browns feel hot in contrast to the cold turquoise waters, blown by shimmering breezes, and blazing with solar fire, so hikers who have earned the privilege, or sailors who approach the cove, swim traditionally naked. And, on the other side, the cliffs overlook the coastal village where Matala Beach, with its slinky harbor cats, fat on fish scraps, lies below, whither, according to legend, All-Mighty Zeus, in the form of a white bull, ravished Europa, broad of face, the alloyed daughter of golden Phoenix, through silver Argiope, from Rocky Tyre, so he rode the princess prized in the crashing surf, salt on their skin, as they lay in the sand, before he showered her with magical presents, later to celebrate, and to record, their union, in the stars, through the Constellation Taurus.

So, Hess grew up, indelibly impressed not only with the fierce sandstorms, seasonal to the spring, but feeling the cool ocean air laden with salty fragrance, brushed by the winter winds, when the sea was filled with the white crests of waves far out to the horizon, and listening to the high

cry of gulls break the dull rhythm of the rolling waves that would haunt him with their melody as he drifted off to sleep.

Hess would sit in the desert night, while his mother explained the greatest fire-burners, giving names to all, from Vega, who served as the northern polestar fourteen thousand years ago, and will be so again, in another twelve thousand years—because the earth wobbles on its axis—to Cassiopeia, sitting on the *W* of her chair, where Tycho Brahe spotted a supernova from Herrevad Abbey, before he built his observatory at Uraniborg, whence he would track the Great Comet of 1577, and, from among so many others, to Aldeberan, the Watcher of the East, who burns as the eye of the bull, Fomalhaut, the Watcher of the South, who lights the mouth of the fish, Antares, the Watcher of the West, who sits in Scorpio, and Regulus, the Watcher of the North, who forms the lion's heart, used by astronomers to mark the cardinal directions, and to track the seasons, in the days of ancient Persia and of Babylon.

These experiences were not limited to Egypt, but naturally Hess watched the stars, as a child, from his summer home in Bavaria. Just as my friends and I would stay up late, in our twenties, to watch the Perseids, following the Dog Days of August, which bear witness to the heliacal rising of Sirius, when we would play badminton and drink iced tea, or the Leonids, smoking that year's harvest of reefer, before the Cheshire Hounds kicked off their meet at Thanksgiving, or the Geminids, when Orion would appear at Christmas, moving into the morning with brandy, coffee, and french toast, so the young German watched not merely meteor showers but

even meteor storms, as their streaming tails swept, one after the other, and sometimes several together. And, for all these reasons, it would have been impossible for the pilot not to have noticed what happened on the night of his flight to Great Britain.

As Hess flew solo, through the evening sky, on his mission of peace, there was an amazing quadruple conjunction of Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, and Ouranos, which, although barely visible because of its proximity to the Sun, was heavily discussed in astrological circles, while, when the Nazis had earlier spoken of cracking down on astrologers, as frauds on the public, or even agents of foreign powers, Rudolf Hess had expressed qualified agreement, for he acknowledged the improper use of astrology, saying, however, that, of course, future restrictions should not apply to scientific astrology, since he regarded astrology as many regard the practice of medicine—something that could be done correctly, with real benefit, but that was vulnerable to quackery.

Many intelligent people hold this sort of belief, so, when I was an undergraduate, everyone read Robertson Davies, who was used to promote Jungian psychology, alchemy, solar angels, guardian spirits, or dæmons, spirit animals, and astrology, while he also entertained the notion of a fool's saint, and carnivalesque trickery, where people think they see supernatural forces at work but they are mistaken, as many of these beliefs, combined with Arthurian mythology, and, in other books, moving toward rape and perversion, related also to banking and spycraft, not to mention

art and forgery, in What's Bred in the Bone, which, for me, contributed to my study at Cambridge University.

The Central Intelligence Agency, with their affiliates in Canada and England, promoted post-Jungian belief systems, through their control of publishing houses and popular beliefs, in well documented psychological operations, which tied to völkisch neo-paganism, originally an anti-Catholic movement, called **Los von Rom**, furthered by Guido von List, who wrote his own wildly popular book series, along with plays, as these described the conflict between the ancient Germanic peoples and the Roman invaders whom they decisively defeated through the leadership of Arminius, at the Battle of Teutoburg Forest, destroying three legions, and taking their eagles, on the ninth day of the ninth month, with the culmination on September Eleventh, in the Year Nine.

And so the luciferian conspiracy signalled its endorsement of the northern peoples, aligning itself with their arranged victory, just as today it signals, through astrological, numerological, and calendrical semafor, its support of the Iranians, whose country of Iran, or **אַרַיַאן**, in its native tongue means the Land of the Aryans—or the noble, honorable, and free people—so, more than two thousand years ago, King Darius called himself in the Behistun Inscription,

A PERSIAN, SON OF A PERSIAN,

AN ARYAN OF ARYAN DESCENT.

And the Zoroastrian AVĒSTA refers to their ancestral homeland as the AIRYANĒM VAĒJAH, or the Expanse of the Aryans, while, during the Sasanian Period, the empire was called ĒRĀNŠAHĒR, or the Realm of the Aryans.

The Germans beat off the Romans, and the Romans managed to establish only a toehold at the edge of their empire in Great Britain, where the heroic queen, Boadicea, killed more than seventy thousand Mediterraneans, as she fought the slaves of the subhuman emperor, Nero, burning the City of Londinium, in revenge, after her daughters were raped, she was beaten, and their property was stolen by disgusting dagos, so, upon the fall of the Roman Empire, the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles easily moved into the power vacuum, fighting the Latinized Celts, led by King Arthur, about whom you never would have heard had his story not been bruited by Norman writers like Chrétien de Troyes, as my ancestors left Denmark to subjugate Paris, taking the Duchy of Normandy, and then the Kingdom of England, only for the Norman Conquest to fail, for cultural reasons, as we intermarried with the Saxons, following the Rape of Sussex, so you are reading this book, today, not in a form of French, where the people became a province of Rome, but rather in a language that is Germanic.

Guido von List identified a different cultural conquest that contradicted military conquest in that the Romans succeeded in spreading their obscene Jewish religion, bringing Catholicism to the North, after their army's attack had failed absolutely. Over time, they cut down the sacred

trees, and killed the wise women, calling them witches, as the homosexual trash continue to dominate England.

There the Protestant Reformation never ran its course, or, at minimum, it lost ground following the Interregnum, and, later, because of the wrongheaded but goodhearted openmindedness of the Iron Duke, Lord Wellington, who was the dear friend of my distant cousins, Sir John and Lady Shelley, as they failed to perceive a plot that drove them from Michelgrove, so I was astonished, when I studied at Cambridge, to hear my lovely English girlfriend, Charlotte Carty, née Large, an educated person whose ancestors fought as Puritans under the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, repeat the received opinion, offhand, as though it were nothing, that the Church of England was not a protestant church.

The Burning Time caused my branch of my family's departure almost five hundred years ago, so we became the ultimate Americans, religious freedom pioneers who came from exile in the Lowlands of Holland, the appropriately named Friesland, and the Mountains of Switzerland, like the Massachusetts Pilgrims, to buy one thousand acres from the proprietor of Penn's Forest. As the foundational Pennsylvania Germans, one of forty-six families to petition the colonial legislature, three hundred years ago, for recognition as English subjects, sometimes called the Pennsylvania Dutch, to avoid persecution driven by xenophobic hysteria, we led the brain drain, which built the worthless British Empire, and continued the Viking Diaspora, with the Long Man carved as a protest symbol above our ancestral home on the Sussex Downs.

Guido von List called for a return to völkisch heathenry, hiking in the woods, building bonfires, and writing plays to feature his beautiful wife, Anna Witteck, while he embraced alternative religions, with anything, anything at all, as better than Catholicism, so this informal movement became associated with the symbol of the swastika, from Hinduism and Buddhism, not to mention Jainism and Zoroastrianism, as List, immediately following his eye surgery, when he was plainly implanted with some form of cybernetics, began to hear voices, and experience visions, doubtless broadcast from the Eiffel Tower, or a similar transmitter, using the technologies described in the appendices to this book, so he suffered a personality change, and his work took a different direction, for he thought he was channelling the Norse God Odin.

The Roman Catholics, led by the Jesuits, and the Black Pope, saw this happening in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, back when Hitler was a nobody—hanging wallpaper, sleeping on park benches, and hoping to sell his paintings—so they determined to redirect the movement, turning it from anti-Catholicism, to anti-Jewry, as they gave these people a new enemy, and a new dream, through what is still promoted in the films of the child molester, Steven Spielberg, for they feature objects like the Holy Grail and the Ark of the Covenant, which the Central Intelligence Agency says it tried to find, using psychics, under PROJECT SUN STREAK.

The Indiana Jones franchise gives you some idea of the anthropological projects run by the Ancestral Heritage Institute, which was founded by the creepy weakling who actually engineered the Holocaust,

Heinrich Himmler, with its veneration of the Spear of Longinus and the Holy Grail—all because the Catholics who controlled the Nazis corrupted the original vision of the swastika, so they worked to change an organic spirituality into a hierarchical religion, obsessed with archæological artifacts and holy relics, rather than centering on the simple enjoyment of the wonders of nature, through which all the peoples of the earth can reconnect to their essential being, constantly obscured by conspirators, as the manufactured belief system found its home, not outdoors but indoors, and behind closed doors, like any secret society, in Wewelsburg, the vomitous castle of the Schutz-Staffel, or SS, led by the failed chicken farmer, Heinrich Himmler, which had earlier been home to perverted witch trials, with its inquisition room in the cellar, while this connected to the Bishopric of Paderborn, which formed part of the Holy Roman Empire.

One agent to effect this guided transformation, from healthy paganism to degenerate satanism, was Adolf Josef Lanz, who restyled himself as Jörg Lanz von Liebenfels, after he started off as a monk in the Cistercian Order, living at the Heiligenkreuz Abbey, where he claimed to have become enlightened upon his discovery of the tombstone of a Knight Templar, following his childhood, in which he was fascinated by King Arthur, the Knights of the Round Table, and the Holy Grail, going on to publish books like Catholicism versus Jesuitism, Regarding the Theology of the Gothic Bible, Bibliomystikon, or the Secret Bible of the Initiated, The Book of Teutonic Psalms, The Practical-Empirical Handbook of Ariosophic Astrology, and Theozoology, or the Science of the Sodomite-Apelings and

the Divine Electron, not to mention journals like Ostara, named for a luciferian sabbat, while he fantasized about sexual relations between a wanton demon and the nude mother of our species, as her lascivious couplings begat associated subspecies, €V€, from the Hebrew Book of Genesis, imagining who knows what about the Virgin Mary, Holy Mother, and the Romans who had raped his Christ, so he founded the Order of the New Templars, modelled on the catholic military association of that name, with a top-down structure based on the monastic group where he started, while it expressed itself, in Latin, as Ordo Novi Templi.

It's exactly the same move that they try to lead practitioners from folksy Wicca, with its freeform imagination of nature, to the stilted rituals, ridiculous outfits, and manmade objects of High Magick, but these movements connect not to German but to Irish Nationalism, with broader gestures toward the Celts, who, like the Krauts, are the historical enemies of the Romans, and the whole damned thing is being run behind the scenes not by the kosher-keeping Jews but by the wafer-munching Catholics, who, as they swallow and digest the body of their god, are not allowed to drink the magical wine of his blood, from its fancy goblet, reserved for the faggot priests, who molest their children, as they parade in dresses, necklaces, and collars.

When they were trying to promote related material to me, at Pomona College, named for the Goddess of the Harvest, in the Eighties, after we gave a degree to an earlier undergraduate, Lynn Forester, restyled as Lady Rothschild, who hails from Oradell, which was rated the sixty-

eight best place to live in New Jersey, I remember talking with a friendly fellow who believed in astrology, while he drew a strong distinction between nativity charts, describing events in the sky, and cryptic suggestions placed in the horoscope columns of vulgar newspapers, which say you will meet an interesting stranger, or to beware of a business opportunity, as the enemy works to manipulate particular idiots through their control of the media, which was well documented by the Church Committee of the United States Senate, when, in my boyhood, it exposed OPERATION MOCKINGBIRD, run by the CIA—so the joke is that the letters of this three-letter agency secretly stand for Catholics In Action.

It's the same move, as the enemy works to manipulate people through astrological events, to which earthly happenings are engineered to correspond, only targeted at different individuals, but the higher sort are blinded to their own superstition, failing to use their discernment for introspection because their intelligence is directed outward, while things can further progress to a viewpoint I once held that solar storms, and coronal mass ejections, could influence human behavior, and my own thoughts and feelings, as well as moments of mass hysteria, because we absorb strange energies from the Sun.

Rudolf Hess, like Hermann Hesse, who won the Nobel Prize, one year after World War Two, while he had nothing to do with Nazis, as a Swiss Wandervogel, but he kept a vegetarian diet, like Adolf Hitler, was associated with these kinds of ideas, in an unpolluted form, and this intellectual tradition has also given birth to the Waldorf Schools, through

Rudolf Steiner, without being hateful, or nasty, or any of the things that black-jacketed scum, with whom the brown-jacketed leader, working to achieve peace, between warring nations, had nothing to do, just as blue-jacketed flyers had no association with the ʘʘ, and its double-sig runes, accompanying death's heads, which appear on the crest of Skull and Bones, where they dine on china owned by Hitler, nor did the grey-jacketed officers of the Wehrmacht—because it stands to reason that, just as among any group, any country, or any race, there will be all sorts of different people, high and low, good and bad, just as there were in Nazi Germany.

As Rudolf Hess was ironically convicted by a criminal judge, from Soviet Russia, of Crimes Against Peace, and Conspiracy, but acquitted of Crimes Against Humanity, because he had nothing to do with the Holocaust, the Deputy Führer knew something about the real conspiracy that moves behind the scenes, while he remarked that two world wars had led to the increase of the power of the Jews, and the associated Bolsheviks, marking the rise of International Communism, which is now called globalism, while it shares the same platform, and that a third world war, such as we have begun to enter, would involve the further clash of the Anglo-Saxons with the Russians in the Great Game.

Some of his knowledge came from his interrogation with hexobarbital, a hypnotic sedative. So, just as I was able to beat similar drugs throughout my life in attempts at mind control made by the enemy, Hess had perfect recall of the session where he controlled his answers to questions. This he later demonstrated to his doctors, repeating his earlier

responses, in the same sleepy tone, along with their accompanying queries, as he mocked them. Two hundred different psychiatrists examined him over the course of his imprisonment, as they all said different things, and rejoiced at the confoundment of each other. Caught in petty personal spats, rivals to each other in their fraud, the immature losers made up diagnoses, phrased in pompous verbiage. Paid by the state, the white-jacketed priests of the new religion were happy to judge the teutonic warrior, and his people, as each disparaged every one of the other practitioners of their shared pseudoscience, whom they insisted were quacks and hacks, as they sought to undercut each other, and they demonstrated the complete non-objectivity of this sort of nonsense.

While Carl Jung had the sense to break with the reductive perversion of his former teacher, and his people had nothing to do with this, the other psychiatrists followed the lead of their Jewish prophet, **Sigismund Schlomo Freud**, with his appellation changed to the snappier Sigmund, as he dropped his middle name, and his mother, whom he wanted to fuck, because of his Oedipal Complex, bragged to her friends over coffee, knishes, and kvetching, of her son, the doctor, following his earlier schemes to get rich quick through the promotion of cocaine and hypnosis, as his movement destroyed the lives of millions, stupid enough to pay for couches, in their therapy, the father of psychoanalysis hailed from the Austro-Hungarian Empire of the Roman Catholic Hapsburgs, so he actually got things right, as to the minds of the papists, in his explication of their splitting through the Madonna-Whore Complex.

One of the witch doctors who examined Hess was Major Douglas Kelley, a potato-eating Irishman, who would kill himself, with a cyanide capsule, in front of his own family, on New Year's Day, twelve years later, but he had earlier opined on the sanity of others before a tribunal that absurdly claimed to have a moral right, despite its obvious crimes and hypocrisies, at the Nuremberg Trials.

While Hitler felt concern that the British might drug Hess and place him in front of a radio to make an embarrassing broadcast, Hess saw his interrogation with truth serum as additional proof that people can be put into a hypnotic state, where they lose their memories, and their will to resist, through what he called an unknown means, secret forces, and evil influences, so he believed that an international conspiracy had manipulated both sides in the war, causing even honorable men to commit horrible crimes, and to judge others in ways that would conceal what had happened, through an external coercive agent.

This he said occurred not only at his own trial, but in the crimes of other Nazis, who were strangely manipulated, while he noticed the same demeanor in his captors, who had glassy and dreamlike eyes, with the result that he believed they had been drugged, and he said, as did many others, that Hitler did not appear to be the same person, growing insane and cruel, in a way he had never been, even before Hess left Germany.

It seems obvious that Hitler, an obscure corporal who strangely rose to power, in a land of terrible snobs, was under mind control. He spent time in a military hospital, and he worked for military intelligence,

after his lost years before the First World War. Everyone thought he seemed possessed, but then vacant, as something came over him but left him hollow. He used various speaking voices, as a result of cybernetic hive mind, so different recordings do not even sound like the same person. As doctors failed to help with real symptoms, the Bavarian with the funny moustache experienced strange neuralgic pains that were plainly caused by neurostrike.

And Germany itself experienced symptoms, since it went from the world's most Jew-friendly country, far more so than the United States—where Jews were barred from restricted hotels, restaurants, and clubs, as they were kept from real estate ownership through restrictive covenants—to the sudden pogroms of the Night of Broken Glass, under the planetary conjunction of Venus, as Lucifer, shining bright, with fire, as it rose over Mercury, a thief and a liar who gives his name to mercenary activities, followed by the computer-driven atrocities of the Holocaust, managed by Watson Business Machines, a wholly owned subsidiary of IBM, but then the real shame felt by the Germans who wondered what came over them, as the very same question was picked up worldwide by historians and psychologists.

The enemy always wants to lead people to do bad things, about which they lie, and then to offer false solutions of redemption, and blame, while every one of these events happened during the time that my classmate's grandfather, Heinz von Foerster, worked on mind control, short-wave radio, and plasma projects for the Nazis—prior to his later

work for the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency, while he established the Biological Computer Laboratory and he played a vital rôle in the Macy's Cybernetics Conferences, after his immigration through OPERATION PAPERCLIP, leading to PROJECT MK-ULTRA.

Nuclear weapons had already been developed and used through the explosion at Tunguska, where, after exactly nothing streaked across the sky and no crater was left, an enormous blast mysteriously flattened eighty million trees, as it radiated from a central point, in a pattern that mirrored the one caused by the Australian Army, when it simulated the effects of a nuclear weapon on a forest in OPERATION BLOWDOWN, while to the east, in Yakutia, lies the Valley of Death, rich in strange folklore, surrounded by a land full of shamans, who are clearly suffering from microwave harassment, hearing voices and seeing visions, where underground bunkers give the symptoms of radiation poisoning to anyone foolish enough to take shelter inside, and strange grass, the height of man, grows around what must have been a related observation complex.

Since deep state technology is far beyond what most people imagine, not only now but also then, the luciferian conspiracy likes to show off, removing any doubt as to their arrangement of history, through cabalistic numerology to mark their crimes, so the beyond suspicious explosion in the middle of nowhere, which would have levelled any civilized place, happened exactly at 7:17 a.m. on the Seventeenth Day of the Seventh Month (7/17) in the Hebrew Calendar, which contained the Thirteenth Month of Adar in 1908, to solve the problem of Leap Year in

Russia, before the First World War, with Rosh Chodesh Adar I, in the year of the Tunguska Event, surrounding the luciferian sabbat of Imbolc, Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, on the Second Day of the Second Month (2/2), and Rosh Chodesh Adar II, in the year of the Tunguska Event, surrounding the Third Day of the Third Month (3/3), while, meanwhile, Richard von Schirach and Rudolf Brunngraber would write about secret nuclear programs before and during World War Two.

Weather weapons were deployed to cause the coldest winter in recorded history, which just so happened to coincide with Hitler's invasion of Russia, on the Summer Solstice, through the firing of the Resonant Cavity Magnetron, from the Chain Home Array, whence an unusual track of cyclones was shown to emanate, in a scholarly paper published by Harald Lejenäs from the Arrhenius Laboratory at the Department of Meteorology of the University of Stockholm, "The Severe Winter in Europe 1941-42: The Large-scale Circulation, Cut-off Lows, and Blocking," while the technology was revealed through the release of classified documents regarding PROJECT CIRRUS, and PROJECT STORMFURY, where it was used while Rudolf Hess was in the Spandau Prison, and it was later forbidden by the United Nations Convention on the Prohibition of Military or Any Other Hostile Use of Environmental Modification Techniques, or ENMOD, during the same time period, while it was further described before the death of Hess, through a public filing, United States Patent N<sup>o</sup>. 4,686,605, entitled a "Method and Apparatus for Altering a Region in the Earth's Atmosphere, Ionosphere, and/or Magnetosphere," invented by

Bernard J. Eastlund, as held by APTI, Inc., a corporate affiliate of the Rockefellers' Atlantic Richfield Company, which built the plaything of HAARP, as it sponsored the brainwashing of my grandfather, by Doctor Josef Mengele, in the United States.

Likewise, mind control, which connects to plasma and radio involved in weather control, is heavily documented in conventional history immediately after the Second World War, by Nazi scientists who were brought to Randolph Air Force Base under OPERATION PAPERCLIP, through P.O. BOX 1142, a secret facility, outside Washington, D.C., run by Military Intelligence Service, based at Fort Hunt, and fed by Camp Ritchie, to run PROJECT MK-ULTRA, following the rise of military psychiatry in the First World War, so the satanic conspirators, as they had done at Tunguska, as they would do with the flight of Hess, and as they have recently done with the War against Iran, signalled their control over the theater, which was dependent upon mind control, through the arrangement of significant events, marked with gangsigns, on what they view as magic days.

OPERATION OVERLORD is particularly interesting, since the enemy used numerological signalling to indicate its obsessive micromanagement of the end of World War Two. The English and the Americans could have easily launched a counterinvasion in 1943, which the Russians demanded they do, while the Slavs engaged in horrific fighting against the Germans on the Eastern Front. But the Anglo-Saxon Allies refused to do this, as they took their best field general, George Patton,

offline, claiming that they had to remove him from command because he slapped an enlisted soldier and they could not control the news coverage in the military paper of Stars and Stripes. They waited a full year, and then they waited past dawn, needlessly burning sunlight on the launching day, while they jeopardized their chances to take the beach, so the Normandy Invasion left England at exactly half past six in the morning, when soldiers' watches pointed with their little and their big hands to the number six, on the sixth day, of the sixth month (666), on June 6, 1944, and sunrise at their departure point occurred at exactly 4:46 a.m. on 6.6.44 to make numbers that could otherwise be expressed in the following pattern:

44 | 666 | 44.

So, three years before, back when Doctor Carl Jung heard voices in his own head, and he conversed with what he saw as parts of himself, while he was manipulated by dreams, and spoke of his different personalities, believing that Adolf Hitler was channelling the Norse god, Odin, so he was taken by his own propaganda, making the world's most effective salesperson, as I met him in The Manticore by Robertson Davies, and in Man and his Symbols, there is no way that the taking of Hess's flight at exactly the same time as a Grand Conjunction of the Planets was a coincidence, for it even fell under the Full Moon, but rather it plainly indicates that the heroic German was manipulated through enemy action, while Carl Jung, who ran psychological operations against the Nazis, only to be vilified by the Jews, worked as Agent 488, for the Office of Strategic

Services, or the OSS, which became the CIA, and he lectured at the Tavistock Institute, so he may well have played a part in manipulating the Deputy Führer.

The monster, Joseph Stalin, himself thought the whole thing was a set-up, to isolate Hitler, removing a positive, wholesome, and oddly commonsensical influence, so he proposed a toast to the British Secret Service for arranging the Hess Affair when the shitdog, Winston Churchill, visited Moscow.

After his promise not to fly for one year had expired, Hess put himself in training, telling a select group of others that he wished to surprize Hitler, asking for permission to go to the front to fly against the enemy, now that he had been politically sidelined, so he could remain useful while he fought with honor.

So, Hess was able to get his own brand new Messerschmitt 110 E-1/N (serial number 3869), a two-seater that allowed a more experienced pilot to accompany him as an instructor, then moving on to solo flights, for a total of twenty, while his kite was equipped with extra fuel tanks, sitting in the wings, with each to carry an extra seven hundred liters, so the range was drastically improved, to just over twenty-six hundred miles, for ten flying hours, with the twin propeller engines totalling fourteen hundred horsepower, to give his craft a cruising speed of two hundred and sixty miles per hour, so he could easily make the Scottish Coast in a mere four hours, and fly back, if successful, while he acquired special charts, and meteorological reports, along with a radio for his home.

Behind closed doors, in his work room, Hess listened to foreign broadcasts, while he set up a special guiding signal for his planned flight, asking a station in Kalundborg to play a favorite song at regular intervals, and he drilled himself on maps and landmarks, planning the flight in his mind, so many times, that could have done it in his sleep.

Knowing he might never see his son again, the humanitarian patriot spent extra time with the three-year-old, just as I did with my daughter, during my custody fight, so together the two spent long hours by the Isar River, and lengthy visits to the nearby zoo, playing with trains on the floor of his study—sitting, squatting, and crawling on toddler level—and in mysterious games, from which the loving wife and mother was politely excluded, since Hess was determined, like me, that his child remember the real influence and identity of his father.

I would set up Montessori stations in different parts of our room at House Mountain Inn, with painted animal blocks, with different tops and bottoms, along with plain wooden frames, rectangular surrounds for sheets of colored plastic, holding slanty sand or bubbly liquid, which would shift when turned, and a handheld chute, crafted from cherry, through which a different set of blocks could slide, in the corner by deck with our hot tub—animal flashcards, with a library of board books, picture books, texture books, and pop-ups in the corner by the fireplace—physical toys toward the door with painted roly dogs, or a clacky alligator, led by a string, and a felt feathered parrot, on a stick, named Papagallo, not to mention the big purple ball and a tin jack-in-the-box, with its crank, and its

metal lid—with the final corner holding music in the form of a pentatonic glockenspiel, a totemic plastic drum, and computer-driven animals who played snippets of classical music by Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart—all so my infant crawler, who became my preverbal toddler, would have an array of choices, as I continued this approach through my daughter's childhood, providing her with a world of opportunities, with absolutely no pressure, knowing that some things would take, and others not, and others later.

And, in exactly the same way, Rudolf Hess was a good father who put his child first, hoping that the boy would grow into a poet or a musician, but happy to accept, later, without effort, that Wolf's gifts lay in the direction of technical science, while neither his son nor my daughter would be baptized as a Christian.

The Deputy Führer did not value worldly success, believing one must only be true to oneself, which he admittedly viewed as spirited possession, through impassioned ardor, which are symptoms of mind control, not giving a damn what other people thought, prizing nonconformity, and completely unconcerned with formal schooling, so, like me, his focus was on emotional, physical, and social intelligence, not shallow skills, along with strength of character, as he valued free time, expressed in ski races, and in soccer, arguing strongly, as an advocate of free children, for the banning of homework.

Like me, Hess had absolute faith in his child's ability to act independently, as a grown-up, without his assistance, not clinging, and not encouraging clinging, while Wolf's earliest memories included his father's

worried face, as he pulled the boy from the garden pond, rescuing him from drowning, and his comforting voice as he removed a bat caught in the toddler's hair, gently cupping the fluttering animal in his large hands, and walking it to the window where he released the furry chiropteron to fly, using leathery wings, into the night.

This parenting style resulted in a civil engineer who won an international prize for his design of an airport, while he wrote a book to promote the worldwide supported release of his father, and he got into trouble because he refused military service, saying, correctly, that his father's crimes against peace, for which he served life in prison, largely constituted the signing of a law that required conscription into the army, as he grew up in a country where it was illegal to raise a heil salute, only years after a time the law required such a salute, and where everyone had been a Nazi but his father was one of the very few who had to serve a life sentence.

Hess would leave a letter for his wife among his son's toys, letting her know his plan, while he sent a separate letter to Adolf Hitler, with whom he had earlier done jail time, telling his formal friend and patriotic colleague that absolutely no one else had known of his scheme, and no one should be blamed, while, if it didn't work, the government should say that he had gone crazy, shifting the burden onto the now-rogue Deputy Führer, who had spoken earlier to his beloved about the Military Orders of Maria Theresa and of Max Josef, which could only be won by defying orders and winning—and he later noted that he could have

succeeded in England, only to return to Germany, and be shot, for he bravely hazarded everything in a way he would repeat one thousand times if given the opportunity.

So, one Saturday, the big chap said good-bye to his wife and his sleeping son, during the afternoon nap, them not knowing his purpose, as she noted with pleasure that he had donned the light blue shirt she had chosen for him, with the matching dark blue tie, which she had asked him so many times to wear, but he never did, except now, as he said, to make her happy, so he kissed her hand to bid farewell, telling her not to worry, and he looked so handsome, while his long legs were clad in bluish-grey britches, tucked into his riding boots, because he wore the uniform of an officer in the Luftwaffe.

It was the fiercest night of the Great London Raid, when hundreds of German bombers dropped over seven hundred tons of high explosives, and thousands of incendiaries, killing more than one thousand civilians, destroying the chamber of the House of Commons, and damaging Westminster Abbey, the Royal Mint, and the Tower of London, where Hess would briefly be imprisoned, upon his arrival, in a place that had held Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Walter Raleigh, and my own cousin, long ago, Sir John Shelley, a stubborn catholic imprisoned for his independence, and dispossessed of his lands, by Elizabeth Tudor, forebear and namesake to the later friend of the Iron Duke, the Savior of Nations, who had stopped the bloodthirsty maniac, Napoleone di Buonaparte, after the Corsican who led the French killed as many as six million people in his homicidal wars of

aggression, at the Battle of Waterloo, not to mention Protestant Queens, like Anne Boleyn and Jane Grey, whose memory lives in The Book of Martyrs.

At the airfield, Hess reviewed the weather reports before he put on a leather flightsuit, and heavy fur boots, over his clothes, to stay warm on his trip, where he could fly up to thirty thousand feet into the air, reaching an altitude of twenty thousand in the first ten minutes, crossing the runway to shake hands with the ground crew before he handed a sealed envelope to his adjutant. As he sat surrounded by canopy, lifting his hand to wave goodbye, the mechanics started each of the three-bladed variable pitch propellers, while they removed the cabled chocks needed to hold the wheels, and therefore the entire aircraft in place, since the pneumatic brakes were notoriously unreliable, leading the plane to shudder slightly as it slowly began to move, and he taxied out to the take-off point, going through the various tests and opening up his engines to full throttle, so he accelerated along the grass and left the earth.

After four hundred miles, he reached the North Sea, magnificent in its loneliness, the sun not yet set, as a beautiful evening light, from the northern latitude, lengthening his usual day, lit the sky with millions of vermillions, above the blue ocean, with little clouds below, at a ceiling of sixteen hundred feet, floating like frozen icefloes, so, now, the Deputy Führer was totally exposed, flying a battleplane with black bar crosses painted on its sides, and under its wings, as a swastika marked each of its tails, in the middle of a war zone, without the solid cloud cover that had been promised.

Flying forward, he reached the Scottish Coast, where he noticed a lingering haze, trapped by temperature inversion layers, reflecting the evening sun—shining scarlet, crimson, and maroon—so, descending, he circled offshore, hiding in the fog, partially obscured, until the dusk fell, softly grey, fading through shades of blue, indigo, and violet, into what would be black, if not for the moon, when he was picked up by a patrol of two Spitfires. Then he dived at full throttle, engines screaming thunder at four hundred and sixty miles per hour, from ten thousand feet toward the land, so he lost the unwanted escort just south of a tiny group of recognizable islands.

It was at Lindisfarne, which began the Viking Age, where dragonboats had flown over the waves to bring not peace but violence in a surprise attack that destroyed a local monastery, smashing a religious stronghold, full of stolen riches, taken from the gullible, who needed them more, or who thought they had bought a place in heaven, just as scum like Charlemagne had destroyed the beautiful sacred trees of our pagan ancestors, showing no respect for other people's beliefs but astounded that others did not respect their own, so, in their ridiculous superstition and self-importance, the Christians believed they were being punished by their Hebrew God.

Thanks to the Vikings, whose blood I proudly carry, as does my daughter's mother, while we play their game of chess, our language, which is world-dominant, with the greatest literature, and the largest vocabulary, lost many of its inflections, and its strong verbs, from the friendly collision

of Old Norse with Old English, because one Danish invasion succeeded another, later to be succeeded by still a third, so my ancestors, the Normans, who had taken a detour through France, intermarried with the first group, the Saxons, and the Danes' legal system gave us common-law marriage, to make good to women the false promises of seducers, monetary compensation, to give us a private right for redress of grievances, and trial by jury, to protect people from the whims of tyrannical judges—not to mention decentralized government, with community assemblies, to form the basis of federalism and states' rights in America.

So, we keep the jolly winter holidays, with Santa Claus to take the place of Odin the Yulefather, who loves riddles, speaks in poetry, and drinks only wine, while his wife, Frigg, always wins the bets he foolishly makes, and he feeds his wolves, Geri and Freki, meat under the table, as his ravens, Huginn and Muninn, fly to oversee the world, helping him to compile his naughty list, but he gives presents to all, as eight tiny caribou draw his magic sleigh to take the place of the octahooved Sleipnir the Horse, while they are now led by Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer, but, back then, a different Rudolf was flying a different mission, on a magic night, with not the Christmas Star, but the Great Conjunction, to bring peace, spreading goodwill, between the Aryan nations of England and Germany.

Just as the one-eyed jack is often called wild in games of chance, while it, too, draws on my daughter's ancestor, the Joy of Frigg, the Shouter, who delights in Battle, since he gave his eye to drink from the Well

of Wyrð, so he might bring the runes to gods and men, after he hung on the world tree, Yggdrasil, Hess was taking a big gamble, himself a wild card, hoping to swing the game, by risking it all, so it read on his grave, which was later destroyed by the Germans,

**Ich hab's gewagt!!!**

✈ ✈ ✈

The Holy Island is topped by its greenswarded castle, with the ancient Pilgrims Way marked by a line of rough wooden poles, twenty feet high, spaced close together, to guide travellers across the shifting sands and mud, through the treacherous shifts of tides, with its surrounds rising in black prehistoric towers, strangely cracked and broken, home to thousands of squawking seabirds, diving terns, and colorful puffins, waters swimming with seals, who birth their pups on haul-outs every fall, while pure limestone rocks, once quarried for quicklime, contain fossils of fan-shelled brachiopods and stripey orthocones, caught in the Alston Formation from the Carboniferous Period, as the Pinnacles were formed from the igneous intrusion of tiny particles of sparkly quartz introduced into the surrounding rock when fiery magma welled up, like bubbling porridge, through cracks in the earth's crust, three hundred million years ago, to form the Whin Sill.

Flying below the Farne Islands, Hess avoided a flotilla of ships, convoyed by three destroyers, lest they hit him with the horrific ACK-ACK-ACK of their anti-aircraft guns, with the smoke visible in puffs,

before the sound of their explosions—since light travels faster to the eye, something my father showed me as a child, and obvious to anyone who has ever counted the time between a flash of lightning and a thunder-rumble, one after the other, in the firefly summer, lying in bed, to listen to a storm cross the horizon.

The German pilot hit the country mainland, hedgehopping, scaring villagers out of their wits, as he held to a low altitude, roughly sixteen feet, over houses, trees, and cows, uphill, downhill, tracing the contours of the earth, keeping an eye on the extinct stratovolcano of Hangingstone Hill, or Cairn Hill West Top, next to the Cheviot, which had been his landmark on the North Sea, before he sailed on past Saint Mary's Loch, and the Peak of Broadlaw, at the Anglo-Scots Border.

The daring man flew through the night to the Atlantic, on the other side of Great Britain, circling around to doublecheck his location, so he recognized the little railway with its curve, by the lake south of the county seat, and the road leading past, before he prepared for his first-ever parachute jump, which would take him to Dungavel House, where, arriving at the door, he planned to present the calling card of Albrecht Haushofer to the butler who served the Duke of Hamilton.

Hess spiralled up to reach the height of sixty-five hundred feet, when he switched off the ignition, so he would not be chopped to bits by the propellers, only for one of the engines, which had overheated, because of his mad dash, to stubbornly keep turning, reigniting its fuel, before, finally, to his relief, it came to a stop, but his troubles were not over.

After all that careful planning, he had never contemplated his own exit from the deathtrap, so when he unstrapped himself, opened the canopy, and tried to get out, the surrounding airflow pushed him back into his seat, since he had forgotten to lower the wingflaps, with the result that he was gliding way too fast, but then, only then, he luckily remembered a trick of which he had once heard, from a more seasoned pilot, turning his plane upside down, so he fell out.

The Messerschmitt crashed on Bonnyton Moor, while part is kept today in the Imperial War Museum, and the Nazi got a sporting write-up in Airman's International, of which he sometimes bragged, as he told his funny story, but first he passed out, twice, only to wake just in time to pull the ripcord on his parachute, floating peacefully to the ground, under the beautiful face of the full moon, a very short distance from the spot he had chosen, before, in his uniform, as an emissary of peace, he hiked to a nearby farmhouse. After a glass of milk, which must have tasted good, he was delivered to the Duke of Hamilton, who was the first person to fly over Mount Everest, so, after a short debriefing, the greatest peer in Scotland flew urgently south, in his own fighter, a Hurricane, at more than three hundred miles per hour, to give the news of Deputy Führer Hess to Prime Minister Churchill.

This person, so revered in the movies, and on television, and in history, was spending a drunken evening with his homosexual boyfriends, having earlier arranged the gang rape of suffragists in the streets of England, by police officers, but now about to watch a comedy film,

featuring the western stylings of Groucho, Harpo, and Chico, along with characters like Crystal Palace Bartender Joe, not to mention Halfbreed Indian Pete—and so the half-Jew jokingly said, in one of his lesser known one-liners,

*Well, Hess or no Hess,  
I'm going to see the Marx Brothers.*