



to the truck, where I watch frozen as the rifle butts thud into their bodies, where I do nothing, where I do not die, where I live...

It is true, of course. If I had died, this world, this reality about me could live on. I do not really hate even Hitler; it is hatred for myself that moves me. What greater horror is there than survival? The lucky ones all died. They were sucked into the earth of Europe, spewed into its darkening skies. The great voracious machine that was the Third Reich devoured their thousand component parts; the bones and juices were melted down like a turkey after Christmas dinner, the hair sheared off to stuff the *herrenvolk's* mattresses, the gold plucked from the teeth. A million flowers bloom from their flesh across Czechoslovakia, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Poland... And a few of us left, rejects from the charnel house, Kaspar Hausers thrust into a world grown alien, wandering across the face of the moon with dead eyes, echoing hearts. Nothing left but the impotence of hate, the iron despair of existence. And I alone, at last, can do something, can change it all...can bring them back, resurrect them, watch the lips of six million graves open to kiss the sky, fashion another world, another life for them. The power of God in the hands of a ghost. I am empty, and I cannot even remember Rachel's face.

Everyone has left, and I am going into the laboratory.

November 18, 1959.

Dr. Jaacov Rappaport  
Maimonides Hospital  
24 Herzl Street  
Haifa, Republic of Israel

Dear Dr. Rappaport:

I am enclosing the attached document for your *private* consideration. As you know, for some time Stacchmann and myself have been working on an official history of the *Institut fur Neuro-patologie*. In a recent examination of some of Freud's unpublished notes, mainly fragments and memos to Lossman, I came upon the following piece of paper, apparently an extract from a journal or working notebook. Several things about it lead me to ask your advice. For one thing, it is signed Dr. Karl Hirsch, apparently the same Hirsch responsible for *The*

*Foundations of Social Therapy*. I know of his post-war work with you, and I was grieved to learn of his recent death. Furthermore, the note purports to be written in 1913; and indeed, the quality of the paper and the state of the ink indicate it is not of recent origin. However, the message refers to *Adolf Hitler*. It is addressed to Freud, but there is a notation on it that appears to be in the handwriting of Jung. I can only assume the whole thing is some kind of elaborate fraud, perhaps initiated by a graduate student here who read of Dr. Hirsch's death. But it somehow disturbs me. The papers among which this extract was found have been under lock and key in the University archives; and what is more, I have been studying them intensively for several weeks, and am conversant with every item in the file. The enclosed seems to have sprung out of thin air. This is obviously some kind of hoax, but I find the whole affair perplexing. Can you shed any light on it?

In any case, I look forward to seeing you at the Brussels Conference.

Fraternally,  
Gabriel Berman

November 24, 1959.

Dr. Lev Zirin  
Hebrew University  
Jerusalem

Lev:

What on earth do you make of the enclosed? And how old was Hirsch in 1913? I will be in Jerusalem next week and I wish you would fill me in on your initial doubts about Hirsch and his last project. Didn't he die after experimenting on himself? And if the old man did go crackers at the end, did his mania encompass long-distance forgery? Keep this to yourself in any event.

Yours,  
Yaacov

Enclosure (for your eyes only):

Vienna, January 26, 1913.

Vienna, January 26, 1913. Not a date, but an epitaph. May God forgive me.

It worked, beautifully, smoothly, inexorably, as I knew it would, as it had to. It worked, because time could not be changed.

How long I can keep on writing this I do not know. If I finish, I will send it

to the one man who deserves it, Sigmund Freud. My teacher. In this world he is a man of fifty-seven, just blossoming into fame. Yes, let him have this, and if he doesn't throw it away perhaps years later it will strike a chord. A peculiar form of revenge, I suppose. Fitting.

These lines are not written by my hand. The fingers that hold the pen are long, sensitive. An artist's hand, graceful. The hand of Adolf Hitler.

It should have been obvious. In my obsession, I never gave serious thought to the most vital element of the entire equation: *how* had Miriam killed her uncle? Granted the ability of the mind to transcend time, it must remain a disembodied entity in that other-when, an observer, not an actor. Then how to manipulate material objects, move the razor to the throat, the gun to the temple? So obvious, and I never thought of it. Miriam's mind traveled back and entered the *mind* of her uncle; the force of her hate wedded her consciousness to his, and gave her possession. Possession. Perhaps this accounts for the countless tales throughout history or demons that seize the mind, of satanic forces wresting for the souls of men. Perhaps others have traveled back, without my alchemist's kit of science, entering the brains of their victims, possessing them. As I have. As I almost have. Miriam's uncle was not murdered, at least not in the technical sense of the word. He committed suicide.

I do not know how long I stayed in trance before the moment of contact was made. I awoke to a sudden blinding flash of awareness, a brilliant throb of life. I could feel the tendrils of my consciousness expanding, forcing themselves through a fog of blurred thoughts, ink-blotting out across my host mind. And suddenly I was looking out through the windows of his eyes. The world of 1913 was before me, and the remnants of Adolf Hitler's consciousness were locked, cowering, in the inner recesses of his brain. I knew at once what had happened, for Hitler's thoughts were now part of mine, weakened, beaten down, but there. No army had conquered as thoroughly as mine. I had occupied the enemy camp, the very mind of my foe.

I have never experienced such pure exhilaration. I played with his body like a child's toy. I ordered his fingers to move, and they did. I commanded

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