The CIA Covenant

Nazis in Washington

Acknowledgement:

The author would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Robert Wolfe, once a custodian of Captured German Records for the National Archives and subsequently a member of the Interagency Working Group (IWG) dealing with the U.S. employment of top Nazis, for his creative confidences and advices. Without these, it would be entirely safe to say, this work would never have been undertaken or brought to a successful conclusion. To Robert Wolfe in his retirement home in Alexandria, Virginia, I extend a warm accolade.

The Author

Foreword

After the German surrender on May 9, 1945, there was a wild witch-hunt in that conquered country to discover and prosecute as many of Hitler's leading followers who had survived the finial days of the war.

Allied propaganda had portrayed the German SS and, most especially, the dread Gestapo or Secret State Police, as engines of evil and their members were to be rigorously sought out, tried by military courts and imprisoned or executed.

Times change, they say, and we must change with them, so very soon, the United States began to find useful employment for many of their former enemies.

This led to the employment of many German SS, Gestapo and *Sicherheitsdienst* personnel by both the United States Army intelligence organs and, after its founding in 1948, the new Central Intelligence Agency.

The employment of these once-detested and persecuted Nazis was a matter of great and ongoing secrecy. Official files were searched for incriminating postwar documents and these papers were either removed and destroyed or redacted with strong prohibitions against their ever seeing the light of day.

In the early 1980s, a file on former SS General and concentration camp head, Odlio Globocnik surfaced in the hands of John Costello, an English researcher and historical writer. Costello had obtained this file, and other explosive papers, from Robert T. Crowley, once Deputy Director of the CIA's Clandestine Operations Division.

Because the contents were considered by the finder as too controversial for him to deal with in print, it was passed on to one Gregory Douglas, another researcher who was digging into the post-war history of Heinrich Müller.In 1988, a copy of this file was sent to Gitta Sereny, an American of Hungarian origin who had written a book on Stangl, one of Globocnik's camp commanders. It first appeared in 1974 and was entitled *Into That Darkness*. This work purports to be based on an interview with Franz Stangl, an SS officer who ran a camp in occupied Poland during the war where many prisoners were later stated to have been gassed. The book contains a lengthy section quoting Stangl, who according to Sereny's version, fully admits his part in the purported killings and asks for forgiveness from God and his victims. The balance of the work consists of various supplementary testimonies from former associates and family members, all attesting to the evil nature of Stangl's activities and all clearly acknowledging his willing cooperation in a state-sponsored program of genocide.

Sereny, it should be noted, has made a comfortable living writing books and articles dealing with holocaust killings. But this particular book shows with great clarity the pitfalls that occur when a journalist, as opposed to a legitimate academic historian, produces a work which is not only entirely anecdotal in content, but ideological in thrust. There is no documentation, whatsoever, in this work which relies almost entirely on the author's purported interviews with various people. Stangl died on the day following Sereny's visit to him in prison where he was appealing his life sentence.

Herein lies the key to the questionability of the entire book. Stangl had been sentenced to a life term in prison as the result of his easily-foreseen conviction as a camp commander. He, through his attorneys, was appealing this sentence. It is highly doubtful if either Stangl or his attorneys would permit such a damaging interview to take place and to permit Sereny, whose extremist views were well known, free and unfettered access to the prisoner. There would appear to be no question that Sereny and her photographer husband, Don Honeyman, did indeed visit the prison and did see Stangl. Sereny's husband took several photographs of him, photographs which are extensively reproduced in the book. The published pictures, however, do not support statements alleged to have been made by the former Austrian SS officer, but merely prove that he permitted himself to be photographed by his visitors. By making such incriminating statements as Sereny placed, *post mortem*, in his mouth, Stangl would have irrevocably destroyed any chance he might have had in his pending appeal before the German courts.

It is beyond reasonable belief that such statements were made under the circumstances indicated. A dead Stangl, however, could comfortably be alleged to have made any statement that the author chose to put into his mouth, and without the possible embarrassment to her or her publisher of an instant denial or possible legal proceedings.

A careful reading of the book not only disclosed the author's prejudice towards Stangl and the system he served, but also is entirely devoid of any facts to support her thesis. She notes that a number of witnesses died before the book was published, of course including her main source, Stangl. Much of the anecdotal material Sereny has put together to support her case is of such a nature as to preclude its ever being introduced in a court of law. Several examples are set forth as illustration.

In one, Sereny claims that Stangl's wife wrote her a letter following an interview Sereny had with the wife in Brazil. In this letter, which is not reproduced, Frau Stangl allegedly states that in 1945 she was interviewed by two members of the U.S. Army's Counter Intelligence agency, and that they knew of her husband's whereabouts in an American jail. "I examined their papers," she is quoted as writing, "I have no doubt whatever that they were genuine." The flaw in this scenario is obvious. It is simply not believable that the wife of an obscure SS officer would have the slightest idea what "genuine" U.S. CIC identification papers looked like. But Sereny states that the woman would have no reason to invent the incident. Perhaps the invention did not originate with Stangl's wife, but with the author herself.

At another point, Sereny introduced "Franciszek Zabecki" who she alleges was a Polish railroad worker, stationed in the vicinity of the Concentration Camp at Treblinka in German-occupied Poland. Sereny has this man counting all the trains carrying prisoners to the camp, standing outside in all kinds of weather and at all hours for a period of two full years. From his unrecorded and highly questionable comments, "Zabecki" states categorically that 1.2 million persons were killed in Treblinka during that time.

It is anecdotal and imaginative material, at charitable best, that suffuses and supports the entire untenable structure of this work. Unfortunately, a large proportion of what purports to be important historical studies are based either on entirely faked documents or on the wishful thinking of mendacious and ideological journalists. Generations must pass before the fictive is eventually weeded out from the factual, and in the meantime an appellation which has been applied to the Sereny book, *Dialogs with the Dead*, could well be applied to other mendacious creative writing essays herein studied.

Sereny found the contents of sufficient concern to bring them to the attention of a major British newspaper who duly commissioned her to write an article on the papers. Before progressing further with this subject, seven important pages are transcribed so that their impact can be better understood.

These papers are US Army Counter Intelligence (CIC) reports. They are dated November 30,1948 and were prepared in the CIC Region VIII headquarters located in Berlin. The author of the initial report was one Severin F. Wallach, a CIC Special Agent and a Viennese-born Jew who specialized in interrogations of German sources. Note: A facsimile of these papers will be found in the Appendix.)

The cover sheet of the report is marked WD 341/1 Jun 47 and is a standard War Department report form. It is headed "Agent Report" and was originally classified as "Secret", a classification subsequently removed. Portions of this report are heavily censored and a full copy can be found in the Appendix.

The subject is: "Former SS Generals MUELLER and GLOBOCNIK/ RE: Soviet Investigations/ RE: Project UEBERSEE/3. The file number is 'VIII-12203'.

- 1. Recent investigations by special teams of Soviet agents in the Western Zones seeking definitive information about the possible whereabouts of former SS Generals Heinrich MUELLER and Odilo GLOBOCNIK have apparently uncovered sufficient information to justify increased activity.
- 2.Allegedly the Soviets have uncovered leads which cause them to suspect that the two above named subjects were not killed at the end of the war. This is part of their ongoing probings in re(ference) the possible possession of the West of high level Nazi leaders wanted by the Soviets either for trial or possible intelligence use by their agencies.
- 3. Up to this point in time, Soviet efforts have been directed towards discovering the whereabouts of HITLER, BORMANN and former SS General FEGELEIN. The Soviet view that these leaders fled from Berlin in April/May of 1945 and are being harbored in the West has been officially and strongly denied by careful coordination of all Western agencies concerned.
- 4. As former chief of the GESTAPO, MUELLER is an especially attractive target for the Soviets but GLOBOCNIK, because of his connections with the concentration camp system in Poland is considered to be a more valuable propaganda target.
- 5. MUELLER's value to Western intelligence is beyond doubt but continued protection of GLOBOCNIK might prove to be an extreme embarrassment. British intelligence, because of their cooperation in the transfer of GLOBOCNIK, has become increasingly insistent that GLOBOCNIK either be terminated at once or relocated in such a manner as to totally remove him from Soviet investigators areas of search. (Here is a handwritten comment: 'approved' and the initials 'JST')
- 6. GLOBOCNIK's value as an expert on partisan warfare has proven to be less than useful. The current projects he is involved in do not appear to be supplying the desired information or is the Historical Section (of the US Army) pleased with the quality of his information.
- 7. Copies of British requests are attached herewith as are joint in-depth evaluations of the probability of Soviet discovery of UEBERSEE 2 and 3. It should be noted that Soviet probes in Spain are of necessity, extremely clandestine in nature, due to the hostility of the Spanish Government but it has been

observed that the Soviets have been concentrating their activities in the BARCELONA (underlined with the notation "ck" for "check") area in recent months.

- 8. Cash assets (underlined) belonging to GLOBOCNIK, now being held in trust, could easily be transferred should the decision be made to relocate him in the Western Hemisphere. A full accounting of these funds is also attached herewith. (There is a notation "OK" and the initials "JST").
 - 9. A complete reevaluation of UEBERSEE might well be indicated." (Paragraph 10 has been totally censored.)
- 11. For a more detailed exposition of the UBERSEE I situation and its involvement with HITLER and other top Nazi leaders, see the previously mentioned report of former Oberstabzahlmeister (a German military administration rank equivalent to Captain) FRANZBACH (underlined) of KO Spanien, Gr. III. (encircled). This should make the current apprehensions fully clear. The Spanish port...(from this point the balance of paragraph 11 has been censored).
- 12. If UEBERSEE II and III are to be at least partially continued, funding is certainly indicated. Special funds now...(censored)... and under the control of Untersturmfuehrer Gross of RSHA:, Amt VI/D4³ can...(censored)... and also from the former Max Heillger Konto of the Reichsbank..." This was a secret SS bank account later taken over by the US for intelligence funding. The balance of Paragraph 12 is censored.
- 13. The utilization of RM and British Pound notes from these sources is counter indicated for the above reasons and the use of US dollars is strictly prohibited because the...(censored) ...gold and platinum should be refined first. ("approved" with an illegible initial).
- 14. Original appraisals of former SS personnel with unsavory backgrounds such as GLOBOCNIK and WIRTH should certainly be reconsidered, whereas the obvious value of MUELLER and SKORZENY are self-evident and are clearly in line with the policy recently set... (the balance of paragraph 14 and all of paragraphs 15 and 16 are censored).
- 17. Anticipated objections by the HALDER group over the use of MUELLER..."Censored...."HPA Chef can be circumvented by establishing a separate sub-unit within the...(censored)...so that it will be possible to officially refute..." (the balance of paragraph 17 and all of paragraph 18 are censored).⁴
- 19. A full report by...(censored)...on the results of his review of Soviet agents under his command see...(censored)...will be the determining factor in...(censored). AGENT'S NOTES: A careful review of Annex "A" will present a much clearer view of the ongoing situation as regards Operation...(censored)...The concerns of the P...(censored. Although a phrase is

¹ The discovery and removal of millions of dollars worth of Globocnik's buried concentration camp gold by others, using data supplied by Douglas, is covered in the appendix.

² KO Spanien" was the title of the Army Intelligence (Abwehr) organization in Spain. Franzbach was head of Group III or counterintelligence. His specialty was the distribution of foreign currency and passport matters. His headquarters was located in Barcelona. *A.A.:Pol I M 30: Abwehr, KO Spanien: September 1940-August 1944: Band 1:282343-49.* This section was taken over by Müller on February 12, 1944

³ Group D4 of the RSHA-SD was run by Gross according to the January 1945 table of organization of the SD. This Group dealt with South America. OKH:H2/114: 9 Januar 1945.

⁴ The Halder referred to here is Franz Halder (1884-1972). As Colonel General, Halder was Chief of the Army General Staff from September 1, 1939 until September 24, 1942 when he was dismissed from his post by Hitler. After the war, Halder worked for the United States Army Historical Branch as head of a group of former senior German officers engaged in writing military history. The HPA Chef referred to could only be General Wilhelm Burgdorf. Burgdorf had been head of the HPA (*Heeres Personal Amt*), or Army Personnel Office, from October 10, 1944. The only other such officer to head this office was General Schmundt who died in October of 1944 as the result of injuries received in the July 20, 1944 attempt on Hitler's life. The significance of Burgdorf's appearance here in a post-war context is that he was in the <u>Führerbunker</u> in Berlin in the month of April, 1945, and has repeatedly been stated to have died there. No body was ever recovered and the reason for this is now evident.

partially lined out, it appears the censored part reads "President and the Chief of Staff")...can be directly addressed in the final paragraph of Annex "A"."

Severin F. Wallach (signature)

Special Agent CIC

APPROVED: Andrew L. Venters (signature)

ANDREW L. VENTERS

Special Agent CIC

Operations Officer

The attached Annex, or supplement, was originally classified 'Secret' and declassified at a later point in time.

ANNEX "A"- The Development and Usage of Former Senior SS Officers

Subject: Former SS Generals GLOBOCNIK and MUELLER

- 1. With the evident intentions of the Soviet powers to force a military solution upon the Western Powers in the immediate future, it has become evident that the Germans will be called upon to assist in the defense of their country as well as the other countries of Europe.
- 2. The Western Powers are sadly lacking in meaningful intelligence concerning the strengths and weaknesses of the Soviets and that only the body of military technicians with recent and valuable experience are the Germans.
- 3. The decision to rebuild the German Armed Forces under the aegis of the Western Powers has already been taken and is now in train. Study and Historical groups composed of former German military personnel with direct strategic and tactical experience in dealing with the Soviet military are rapidly achieving the goals set for them.
- 4. Parallel with the development of military structures is the construction of intelligence gathering agencies, again composed of experienced German military personnel. These former Wehrmacht members have indicated considerable willingness to cooperate with the Western Powers.
- 5. Following the 20th of July attempt on HITLER's life, the SS took over the functions of the Abwehr. Both the Gestapo under General MUELLER and the SD under General Kaltenbrunner finally controlled nearly all the incoming flow of intelligence. German Army intelligence was under the control of the Chief of the General Staff and directed by General GEHLEN of Foreign Armies East.
- 6. The great majority of former Wehrmacht personnel of field grade and higher are strongly anti-Nazi, were often involved in anti-HITLER plots and lived in fear of HIMMLER and his SS. Therefore, ongoing cooperation between the former Wehrmacht members and former SS members would be difficult in the extreme.
- 7. Also considered is the loyalty of the SS to HITLER. The army was not loyal to HITLER but the SS was his private army and swore an oath of loyalty to him alone. Most surviving SS members are not aware of HITLER's departure from Berlin and assume he died in the defense of the city. Their immediate loyalty is certainly not to the Western Powers. As SS men are accustomed to a totalitarian state, many have sought out cooperation with the Soviets, the closest to their former system. Individual SS men can certainly be used but must be carefully watched. In the event of a Soviet invasion of Europe, their assistance might well swing over to the Soviets.
- 8. As the reemergence of HITLER on the international scene, even in the event of a renewal of hostilities with the Soviets, is completely unthinkable, the use of his elite troops in combat or intelligence gathering is not forseen at present.
- 9. The transfer of vast sums of money abroad by BORMANN during the last years of the war has proven to be of considerable use to the Western Powers. Former Nazis have agreed to relinquish a portion of their funds to aid the United States in its attempts to defend Europe against Soviet military adventures. Furthermore, a considerable body of extremely valuable information has been made available to US intelligence agencies. Former SS General MUELLER has proven to be of genuine worth and his intelligence files of tremendous value.
- 10. MUELLER himself is certainly not a Nazi, having joined the Party very late. As a former member of the Bavarian State Police whose duty it was to neutralize the early Nazi movement, he feels that his survival and promotion was "a miracle" and he fully expected to be arrested in 1933. MUELLER is a professional police officer who specializes in internal political affairs and is well known as being strongly anti-Communist. His cooperation has proved to be of the greatest value. As soon as MUELLER's transfer to the United States has been approved, he will be flown out of Berlin along with his entire collection of files. These files have been stored under conditions of extraordinary security at Wolzogenstrasse 15, Region VII Headquarters.

- 11. While former SS General Odlio GLOBOCNIK does not have the expertise that MUELLER does and is extremely unpleasant to deal with, nevertheless, he has abilities which might well fit in with joint British-US Middle East concerns. In the event of military action on the part of the Soviets, it is anticipated that attacks will be made on the oil producing centers of the Middle East. The recent emergence of a highly radical Zionist State in Palestine has caused considerable apprehension in the West. It is felt that many of the Zionist leaders are former Russian citizens and have been and are engaging in acts of terrorism. The assassination of such men as Lord Moyne in Cairo and others as well as a particularly vicious campaign of deadly terrorism directed against the British in Palestine has led to the belief that the Soviets might well establish dangerous links which would certainly be exploited in the event of their moving into the Middle East. Also, vital oil-producing Arab states are expressing extreme concern over the establishment of a Zionist state.
- 12. In the event it should prove necessary for the Western Powers to take military action against the Zionists, the use of former SS men like GLOBOCNIK has been repeatedly put forward by the British. As it would be impossible to maintain such persons in a protective setting in the United States, it has been suggested that they be set up in Syria in the event they are needed as specialists in detaining and coping with dissident elements.
- 13. GLOBOCNIK has repeatedly expressed considerable determination in the matter of the recovery of monies concealed in certain areas of Austria. Some of these assets have been recovered by British Intelligence units and a portion thereof was turned over to us at the time GLOBOCNIK passed into American custody. 1
- 14. GLOBOCNIK has been advised that these funds, which he claims were part of some "special German government project" but which appear in truth to be loot from his death camps, are being held in a form of trust for him until some future time.
- 15. It would appear that these missing items consist of cash, precious metals and jewels and that British units have not been successful in making anywhere near a full recovery.
- 16. GLOBOCNIK indicates that he will give us exact locations of these caches which he alleges have a very large value, providing that he personally be given 50% of all recovered funds and that specified members of his family receive an additional 25% of the total.
- 17. It has been pointed out to GLOBOCNIK that he has been most fortunate in his treatment in view of his past record and that continued importuning on his part could well result in probably terminal unpleasantness for himself. The British had similar problems and a report is appended.
- 18. It should be noted that these caches apparently contain no documents of importance other than Reichsbank receipts for deposits of specie.
- 19. GLOBOCNIK also strongly objects to being earmarked for the Syrian project. He claims that he "does not hate Jews" and only wants to enjoy a peaceful retirement.
- 20. It is suggested that GLOBOCNIK be supplied with legitimate papers from Yugoslav sources. Since the TITO break with Moscow earlier this year, the Yugoslavs have made numerous approaches to the Western Powers in the matter of possible military assistance in the event of a Soviet invasion. One of the benefits of this attitude is the cooperation of Yugoslav intelligence units with Western units. As GLOBOCNIK originated in Trieste, it is felt that he can be given a legal Yugoslav identity and sent to Canada under the care of ...(censored).... Later, transfer to the Miami area can be done with a view to sending him to Syria via our transfer point...(censored.)

Andrew L. Venters (signature)

Special Agent CIC

Operations Officer

When she read over these documents, Gitta Sereny was horrified at the implications contained in them. As a journalist specializing in Nazi-hunting and a person with a long history of cooperation with British intelligence organs, she viewed the use by both England and America of Müller and Globocnik as an outrage. Because of the gravity of the material, it was imperative that she use extreme care in establishing the authenticity of the papers. She quickly contacted Robert Wolfe, at that time of the US National Archives, Captured German Records Section, and a recognized expert on German military papers. These papers were American and post-war but Wolfe indicated he would do his best to assist Sereny. He personally was shocked by the contents of the papers which he also found outrageous but because of the recent Klaus Barbie scandal, the documents might well be genuine.

Wolfe took the papers to the US Army Intelligence and Security Command at Ft. George Meade, Maryland which contains the archives of US Military Intelligence and where originals of these papers

would be found. When he showed the papers to Colonel Walsh, the director, Walsh felt that aside from a missing declassification stamp, not unusual to find missing, the documents looked authentic. With the director's assurances that he would have the archives searched for anything relating to the subject, Wolfe conducted his own investigation in his National Archives files. There he discovered an original file with the signature of Severin Wallach and this signature matched the one on the Sereny file. It also established that Wallach was attached to the Berlin CIC at the time in question.

After a considerable silence from Ft. Meade, Wolfe finally wrote a formal request to Colonel Walsh for all material in their files on Heinrich Müller and Odilo Globocnik. Several days later, Wolfe received word that the Meade repository had no files on either Globocnik or Müller. Since Müller was a major player in the intelligence game, the lack of any information was unbelievable to Wolfe.

Sereny found this so upsetting that she came to Washington in person where she decided to contact the OSI for their assistance. This agency, the Office of Special Investigations, is a small branch of the Justice Department established to track down possible ex-Nazis who had slipped into the United States by making false statements to the Immigration service. They had considerable investigative authority and Sereny hoped that they could search the files at Meade for confirmation. In a meeting held with top level OSI officials, it was mutually agreed that the documents in question contained potentially serious problems for both Britain and the United States and that any investigation had to be carried out thoroughly and promptly.

It came as no surprise that the special team of OSI investigators were able to locate a file on Müller and also on Globocnik in the Meade records. They did not give copies of these documents to either Wolfe or Sereny but advised them that the file on Globocnik was very small indeed, while the one on Müller was only 40-plus pages and indicated that he was suspected of working for the Russians.

In point of fact, the file on Heinrich Müller runs to over 130 pages as the author discovered when he received a copy in September of 1993. Fifty eight pages of the file, which is numbered XE 235539 WJ., were withheld because the staff at Meade decided that they were currently and properly classified as Secret and Confidential and the release of these pages could "reasonably be expected to cause serious damage to the national security." Some of the material withheld appears to be concerned with an extensive correspondence between the German Federal Prosecutor's Office concerning their apprehensions that the Americans might know where Müller was. The German requests for information, which are withheld in their entirety from the Meade file, and the American answers, which do exist but which are heavily censored, tally exactly.

The only mention in the entire file of a possible Russian employment is a brief report of March, 1951 wherein a German informer named Dr. Wilhelm H. Schmitz claimed that he believed that Müller might be working for Czech intelligence. There is no mention made of Russia but perhaps the OSI was confused.

The OSI turned copies of the Sereny file over to the FBI for detailed forensic investigation. The FBI checked the typewritten material and stated that the typewriters and the typefaces were correct to the period. They also ran the text of the papers through a computer system to check the style of writing with known original reports of both Wallach and Venters. The reports indicated that the writing styles were identical.

Various sections of the Justice Department checked with former CIC agents who knew both men and who verified the styles of writing used by both men. Sereny later located a former CIC officer who knew both men very well and was told "It is extraordinary....The format is right, the methodology is correct, and given the personalities of the two people who allegedly wrote this, even the tone and the breadth of the concept fits."

Instead of resolving the issue, these disclosures only created more problems. No one wished to comment further upon the CIC file in general or on General Heinrich Müller in particular. His Meade file is filled with references to his escape, references that are reinforced by reviewing the post-war German attempts to locate him. The final word from official Washington came from Robert Wolfe who had had the opportunity of witnessing the frenzied activities of terrified bureaucrats to hide historical cat boxes. When formally queried about his own opinions on the authenticity of the Sereny file he stated in a signed letter of August 19, 1993 on U.S. National Archives stationary... "based on all the internal evidence, the documents would appear to be authentic."

As to what actually exists in the Meade records, no one outside of that institution knows. The fact that they believe certain papers relating to Müller bear directly on current national security might tend to indicate that the Sereny file represents the tip of a very dangerous iceberg. In attempting to research the postwar career of Heinrich Müller, the author wrote to numerous official agencies both in the United States

and Europe. The responses varied from prompt and helpful to delayed and nonsensical. One US agency stated that it would be necessary for Heinrich Müller to sign a notarized statement giving permission for material on him to be released. Other agencies declined to answer at all.

Because Müller's 1948 interview was, according to the cover pages, conducted by the CIA, a request for information under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) was made to the CIA in September 1993. A very prompt answer by the CIA was sent on September 27 stating that they had had another request for information on Müller's records and were processing it.

On January 11, 1995, the CIA FOIA office responded by stating that they had finally reviewed the files; that these files were to be denied in their entirety on the basis of specific exemptions. The first exemption was that the material was 'properly classified pursuant to an Executive order in the interest of national defense or foreign policy. The second exemption consisted of the 'Director's statutory obligations to protect from disclosure intelligence sources and methods, as well as the organization, functions, names, official titles, salaries or numbers of *personnel employed by the Agency*, in accord with the National Security Act of 1947 and the CIA Act of 1949, respectively.' (Emphasis added - facsimile of document in the Appendix)

The forbidden files run to a total of slightly over fifty pages and exist, not only in the CIA archives but also are part of the Ft. Meade files. One report is under date of December 18, 1959 and the other file, consisting of various sections, is undated. Requests for information on Müller were made only under his real name and not the two known cover names Müller used after the war. FOIA requests in that area might generate even more interesting paperwork.

One man who might have been able to address this issue would be Dr. David Marwell who, as an investigator for the OSI, reviewed the Müller files at Ft. Meade. As the CIA reports are currently a part of this file, Dr. Marwell might possibly be able to shed some light on their contents. As Director of the Berlin Document Center, Dr. Marwell proved to be most helpful in disproving the existence of two of Trevor-Roper's key witnesses and no doubt he might wish to address the Müller files. Dr. Marwell later was the head of the Presidential Commission investigating the assassination of President Kennedy.

The person who obtained the Venters papers was Gregory Douglas, a California-based amateur historian who had far more interest in the German armored forces of the second world war than the upper levels of German political and military intelligence.

When the American authorities discovered his existence, they obviously became highly agitated lest, in his ignorance of the explosive nature of his findings, he accidentally committed indiscretions that could have grave repercussions.

Because government agencies, most especially the American agencies, are incapable of either reason or subtlety, Douglas was the target of veiled threats and disruptive behavior aimed at discouraging him from following up his new interest.

Douglas proved to be far more stubborn than his antagonists had reckoned upon and he eventually obtained enough material to proceed with a series of books on one Heinrich Müller, once the head of Hitler's Gestapo.

In 1995, Douglas published his first book on the subject and was contacted by Robert T. Crowley. Crowley, once deputy head of the CIA's Clandestine Operations Division, had known Müller and his CIA handler, James Critchfield. Angry with his former employers because of their rough treatment of his long-time friend James Angleton, once head of the CIA's Counterintelligence division, Crowley gave Douglas reams of documents from his files concerning not only Müller but many other Nazis employed by the United States and even more files on the CIA men who dealt with them.

Since the publication of the first Gregory Douglas book on Heinrich Müller in 1995, the posture of the CIA has been to maintain a stony public silence. To private or official inquiries about the allegations that their agency employed not only the head of the Gestapo but many other top Third Reich intelligence officials, the CIA simply refused to discuss the matter stating, in private, that Gregory Douglas was probably mad and should not be encouraged by any means whatsoever.

In September of 1996, Colonel James Critchfield, the retired head of the CIA-controlled Gehlen organization (that later became the official German *Bundesnachrichtendienst* or BND) wrote to Douglas, under the misapprehension that he had been a member of the CIA, and discussed his, and the CIA's employment of Müller and others. When Critchfield discovered that Gregory Douglas was not a former CIA agent, (the misrepresentation was deliberate but generated by others to embarrass Critchfield) he became vitriolic, demanding the return of his correspondence immediately and forbidding, under threat of vague Federal prosecution for violations of what he termed "national security," any mention of Critchfield, the Gehlen Organization and their connection with Heinrich Müller.

Critchfield and his former employers, however, were fighting a losing battle as more and more bits of information concerning Gestapo Müller's postwar employment began to leak out.

In June of 1998, the CIA became alarmed at the thought that Douglas was in possession of documents that could prove that not only the dreaded the Gestapo Chief but other top Nazis had been in their employ. There also existed photographs of Müller in the White House at an official function and photographed by the U.S. Army Signal Corps, American driver's license information, military membership papers, including photo identification, family post war records and other pieces of distinctly unwelcome paperwork.

Since threats seemed to have no effect, the next round bordered on the slapstick and ended up costing the U.S. government several hundred thousand dollars but without any results whatsoever..

The first approach was made to Douglas by a Ted Landreth of Los Angeles. He put himself forward as a former news director at CBS who owned a small television production company and was deeply interested in doing a story on Müller's U.S. government employment. In actuality, Landreth had once been a CBS News director but now was reduced to running a Los Angeles soup kitchen for street people, retired prostitutes and hungry winos. Projected very large sums of money as payment were lightly thrown about and eventually, Landreth met with Gregory Douglas upon several occasions.

In spite of the fact that Heinrich Müller was a man whose files, in Douglas's possession, showed him to be a major player in the German intelligence community, all Landreth was interested in was learning as much as he could about the Gestapo chief's connections with the CIA.

Landreth advised Douglas that he and an unnamed "associate" had gone to Mainz, Germany, and opened negotiations with ZDF (*Zweiten Deutschen Fernsehen*), the State-owned television network. Landreth claimed he had met with top officials of ZDF and was prepared to work with them in producing what he called a "blockbuster" television exposé on the subject.

Jim Willworth, a Los Angeles-based reporter from TIME magazine and a friend of Landreth, informed Douglas that he would appear on the cover of that magazine and be "really world-famous!"

As if that stunning accolade were not enough, the second approach was made by a representative of ZDF, a certain Herr Holger Hillesheim, who was to be flown to the United States for a personal meeting with Douglas both in Washington and later in a suburb of Chicago where Gregory Douglas resides.

Before the arrival of the German ZDF representative, Landreth hastily prepared a contract, signed it and sent it by fax to Gregory Douglas for his immediate signature. It was a fairly brief document filled with a number of misused legal terminology scattered about but in his haste to obtain a signature, Landreth had made a number of typographical errors.

Douglas informed Landreth that certain alterations would have to be made, mostly, Landreth was assured, of a purely cosmetic nature.

Misspellings and grammatical errors were duly corrected and a few words altered.

The corrected copy was quickly faxed back to Landreth who immediately made all the changes requested and returned the document, signed by himself, to Gregory Douglas.

The contract stated that once the contract was signed, payment would be made and the contract would then be operative.

The funds, in a certified check, arrived and were deposited in Gregory Douglas's bank. Immediately after this, a frantic Landreth made numerous calls to determine if the money had arrived and, discovering that it had, then announced in a somewhat different tone of voice that he would be sending a courier to pick up all of the CIA postwar material.

Up to this point in time, the Los Angeles television producer *cum* soup kitchen executive had always been polite to the point of obsequiousness but now that he possessed a signed contract, which, he assumed, gave him control over the controversial and dangerous post-war CIA documents, he became far more businesslike and even demanding.

When the subject of a courier being sent to obtain the CIA papers was broached, it was suggested, gently, to Mr. Landreth that perhaps he might be better served if he read over the contract signed by Douglas. His attention was specifically drawn to the clause discussing the documents in question.

Landreth initially read from his first copy of the contract but when it was pointed out to him that the operative document that Douglas had signed was the one to read, it took him some time to locate it.

Finally, he read the paragraph which stated that immediately upon the execution of the contract, the party of the second part, Douglas, "shall give to the party of the first part (Landreth) all of the below-listed documents." Thereupon followed a long list of CIA post-war documents pertaining specifically to Müller's employment by that agency. He apparently was still reading from the initial copy and when his attention was specifically drawn to the final version of the contract, he became highly enraged. The

improved version read..." may give to the party of the first part" and it had to be pointed out to the Harvard graduate that the word "may" is permissive.

He did not get the documents in question.

What Gregory Douglas neglected to inform him was that several months before, a friendly former CIC operative living in New York had passed along the information that the Landreth family were all CIA. His father, Edward, lived on the very wealthy upper east side of New York City and before he retired, had run the Sterling Chemical Company in Havana, Cuba. This company was a CIA front, and Landreth, Sr. was the CIA station chief in Havana. Also, a Landreth niece was still employed by the agency and Landreth himself had even more and stronger connections with Langley.

Forewarned is always forearmed and Douglas was guided accordingly.

In spite of these revelations, Landreth's money was gratefully received, however, regardless from where it might have originated, probably from the privy purse of the CIA because Landreth was not a wealthy man and, in fact, soup kitchens in Los Angeles are not considered profitable ventures.

Mr. Landreth had absolutely no interest in any of the wartime Müller papers but shortly after regretting his grammatical alterations, he had a long conversation and, it later emerged, a long personal visit, with various government officials in Germany. As a direct result of this visit, Douglas was then approached by the German State Television network, the ZDF who expressed an eager hope that they could work with Gregory Douglas in preparing a script based on the papers of one Heinrich Müller. This was supposedly to be part of a series called "Hitler's Helpers" that was being produced by the network.

The individual in charge of the Müller project was one Holger Hillesheim and he flew, along with his wife, to meet with Gregory Douglas at his home outside of Chicago in July of 1998.

Hillesheim was reasonably conversant in English but seemed to have absolutely no knowledge of the persona or activities of Heinrich Müller. Acting, as he said, on behalf of the Direction of ZDF, owned entirely by the German government, he was prepared to offer the sum of \$30,000 in four equal payments of \$7,500 each in return for any important documents prepared by Müller during his tenure as Chief of the Gestapo.

This offer was made in the presence of a number of other persons but when Hillesheim was able to speak to Gregory Douglas in private, he added, confidentially, that actually what ZDF wanted were the CIA papers which, he explained, would be the central point of their Müller documentary.

Would these be available? He understood that there had been an earlier problem with Mr. Landreth but it was now agreed that ZDF would take over where Landreth had left off.

Douglas advised Hillesheim that any and all documents would be available when a proper contract was prepared but until such an event occurred, he would be unable to permit Hillesheim to photo copy the CIA papers.

ZDF required a listing of Müller documents available for use and Douglas willingly obliged with a list of over 17,000 pages of wartime Gestapo documents available. There was no problem obtaining this listing because an extensive catalog existed of such documents, located in the U.S. National Archives and supplied willingly by Robert Wolfe of that institution and this catalog was sitting on Douglas's writing desk under a Lenbach portrait of Bismarck while Hillesheim was negotiating.

A list of twenty-five subjects was subsequently prepared from this index for the senior management of ZDF and duly faxed to them. Although many of the subjects had no bearing on Müller's personal career, they were immediately accepted by the television entity, a contract was drawn up and signed by a Herr Hans-Joachim Hübner. In an accompanying letter, Herr Hübner stated "By the way, please discuss all matters of the material direct with Holger."

It was interesting to note that the contract contained no mention of any postwar CIA documentation.

The Germans must have been satisfied because on August 11, 1998, the sum of \$11,180.18 was forwarded to Gregory Douglas's account in Paris. In return, Herr Hillesheim was sent 991 pages of the complete records of one Walter Schellenberg, 287 pages of classified RSHA telegrams sent by Himmler, Müller, Schellenberg and Wolff from August 1941 through January 1943 and a 185 page report on the 1939 bomb attack on Hitler. All of these were on microfilm at the National Archives but since the Germans demanded paper copies, these had to be made from the microfilms.

In this shipment of interesting documentation there were no CIA documents included, which would explain the fax from Hillesheim of September 21, 1998. Among other things, Hillesheim said: "Please don't let us forget about the <u>other things</u> we talked when we met last time in Freeport. You promised to show me the <u>originals</u> of the M-material. Just me in person; no accompanying people, no photographs or anything else. We talked about the after-war photographs from you, from Mr. Bender, from

the other guy. (These were pictures of Müller in America after 1948: Müller in a U.S. Army Colonel's uniform; Müller at a White House function and an old driver's license with a postwar picture of the former Gestapo chief.) We talked about the American name...why don't you tell it to Bob Wolfe?' (This was the new name the CIA had given Müller when he was sent to the United States. Wolfe later admitted to working for the CIA in what proved to be a vain attempt to wrest incriminating papers away from Douglas.)

No such material was sent to Hillesheim because it was not specified in the contract.

Douglas then called ZDF offices in Mainz, Germany about future shipments, and payments, but was informed that only Hillesheim could address this and further, that he was not actually an employee of ZDF but a contract worker.

Since the postwar Müller CIA papers were not forthcoming, the payments abruptly stopped. On December 15, 1998, Gregory Douglas sent the following fax to Hillesheim:

'To: Holger Hillesheim ZDF Historical Division

From: Gregory Douglas Fax No.: 608 325-2316 Date: 15. XII 1998

Dear Holger:

I am forwarding to you via fax another selection of the documents you have contracted for. With reference to my fax of 9. November last, the markings on these are not legible and should, therefore, prove not to present ZDF any trouble.

I have spoken with Mr. Wolfe about these and he has advised me that he no longer has any interest in this project, i.e., the ZDF documentary on Heinrich Müller.

I have had no answer to my last three faxes to you concerning these papers so I would greatly appreciate hearing from you as soon as possible about the following specific points:

- ZDF has indicated that it wishes only copies of the microfilms and does not wish printed copies. Please confirm this as soon as possible by fax.
- 2. I have received from you the Federal Express Shipping Account number for ZDF. Am I still to use this number or does your company wish another form of transmittal. Please confirm this as soon as possible by fax.
- 3. There is a balance of \$22,500 coming to me upon your receipt of these microfilms.

I have already given you some microfilmed material and the current fax sending is a sample of some of the contracted documents.

Will the payments be made in increments as we agreed and if so, please list each shipment of documents you require from the contract and in the order in which your firm wishes to receive it.

Please note that although I have moved, my bank account has remained the same and I assume that payment will be made by direct wire as was the last payment.

I would like to conclude this venture as soon as conveniently possible so I would request that you respond to my specific questions as set forth above in the text of this message.

I will be traveling after the first of the year and would greatly like to have you expedite this at your earliest possible convenience.

Sincerely,"

There was no answer to this fax and a subsequent telephone call to Hillesheim indicated that his phone had been disconnected. Another call to ZDF in Mainz disclosed that Hillesheim was no longer in the employ of ZDF and further, ZDF was no longer interested in either Gregory Douglas, any existing contract or documents he might have.

Apparently, Hillesheim was only a temporary employee of ZDF and when the CIA papers were not forthcoming, because they were not included in the contract, the entire operation was disconnected and shut down.

This, however, did not take ZDF off the hook on the contract and on November 1, 1999, a civil suit [1:99CVO2901] against ZDF and the Federal Republic of Germany was filed in U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia by Gregory Douglas' attorney.

ZDF and its controlling agency, the German government, were charged with fraud and breach of contract.

Up to this point in time, *someone* had paid out over \$15,000 to Douglas in order to obtain the CIA papers and had received nothing concerning the CIA's postwar employment of Müller, for their generosity with the U.S. taxpayer's money.

Upon being served with papers, ZDF and its law firms fought back in the courts. Their basic contention was that as ZDF was an organ of the German government, it had sovereign immunity and could not be sued. This matter was thrashed out in the courts with the result that a court ruling was obtained stating that both ZDF and the German government were to be held liable for their actions and the case was permitted to proceed in the Federal court system.

Once this determination had been made, ZDF at once opened settlement negotiations with the plaintiff's attorney. One stipulation was that the German government be dropped as a party defendant and the wrangling went on for a number of tedious years. Finally, an agreement was hammered out between the parties in which ZDF would pay the balance of the contract and all of the plaintiff's legal fees in return for the balance of the documents listed in the contract.

The settlement fees were placed in escrow and Douglas then made 17,000 paper copies of all the documents requested, from the National Archive microfilms.

At one point in the negotiations, the question of authenticity arose and Douglas suggested that since most of the captured German records existed in copies in the American National Archives, it was to be agreed by both parties that if a document's authenticity was questioned, its current existence in the National Archives would constitute proof of authenticity.

Since all of the documents in question existed on microfilm in the Archive findings, this was an entirely safe offer to make and apparently the defendants agreed with it because it was accepted and became a part of the settlement agreement.

The Germans received over 30 reams of printed document copies, which satisfied the settlement agreement.

These were certainly valuable historical documents and no one knows exactly what their final cost was but it would appear to be well in excess of a hundred thousand dollars, if various legal fees, transportation costs for several German experts, courier fees and other expenses were taken into account.

The microfilms involved in this project cost less than four hundred dollars to purchase as microfilm, the printing of the documents cost another two hundred and fifty and the shipping costs to Washington by UPS no more than a hundred.

At the end of these financial debacles the famous CIA post war employment papers still had not been neutralized and if the Agency had been behind the simplistic manipulations, they apparently had learned a very expensive lesson and no additional attempts were made to lure Gregory Douglas into further business ventures.

Gregory Douglas turned out to be a far more dangerous adversary than the CIA had reckoned upon, had made fools of a number of them and extracted a good deal of money out of them in return for nothing. Considering the CIA's terrible reputation, this behavior on Douglas' part is probably the most entertaining part of this entire drama.

It should be fairly evident that if the CIA's current statements that, according to their long-held intelligence files, Müller must have died in 1945, are true, *someone* had spent a very large amount of taxpayer's money for nothing.

It is to be hoped that ZDF enjoyed their 17,000 page treasure trove of secret Third Reich documents as much as Gregory Douglas enjoyed his pleasant new home in Normandy.

There is a saying that sums all of this up very cogently:

Do not teach grandmother to suck eggs.

The Gestapo Chief in Washington

At the beginning of December, 1948, a German national arrived in Washington, D.C. to take up an important position with the newly-formed CIA. He was a specialist on almost every aspect of Soviet intelligence and had actively fought them, both in his native Bavaria where he was head of the political police in Munich and later in Berlin as head of Amt IV of the State Security Office.

His name was Heinrich Müller.

Even as a young man, Heini Müller had kept daily journals of his activities, journals that covered his military service as a pilot in the Imperial German air arm and an apprentice policeman in Munich. He continued these journals throughout the war and while employed by the top CIA leadership in Washington, continued his daily notations.

This work is a complete translation of his journals from December of 1948 through September of 1951.

When Heinrich Müller was hired by the CIAs Allan Welch Dulles and James Critchfield, head of the Gehlen Organization in Pullach, Germany and then extensively interviewed by James Speyer Kronthal, the CIA station chief in Bern, Switzerland in 1948, he had misgivings about working for his former enemies but pragmatism and the lure of large amounts of money won him over to what he considered to be merely an extension of his life-work against the agents of the Comintern. What he discovered after living and working in official Washington for four years was that the nation's capital was, in truth, what he once humorously claimed sounded like a cross between a zoo and a lunatic asylum. His journals, in addition to personal letters, various reports and other personal material, give a very clear, but not particularly flattering, view of the inmates of both the zoo and the asylum.

Müller moved, albeit very carefully, in the rarefied atmosphere of senior policy personnel, military leaders, heads of various intelligence agencies and the White House itself. He was a very observant, quick-witted person who took copious notes of what he saw. This was not a departure from his earlier habits because Heinrich Müller had always kept a journal, even when he was a lowly Bavarian police officer, and his comments about personalities and events in the Third Reich are just as pungent and entertaining as the ones he made while in America.

The reason for publishing this phase of his eventful life is that so many agencies in the United States and their supporters do not want to believe that a man of Müller's position could ever have been employed by their country in general or their agency in specific.

Mueller, Heinrich: The official biography

1901-1945? Head of Amt IV in the Reich Main Security Office (RSHA) from 1939, and one of the most influential officials of the SS involved directly in the extermination of European Jewry. Served in the air force during World War I where he won the Iron Cross, 1st Class.. After the war he served in the Bavarian political police where he developed expertise in surveillance of communists and other potentially subversive groups, including the NSDAP. Brought to Berlin by Reinhard Heydrich, he was initially in charge of the Secret Political Police, Dept II, with responsibilities for surveillance and control of communists, Marxists, oppositional groups, Austrian affairs, and the concentration camps. He was, according to Padfield, "an archetypal middle-rank official: of limited imagination, non-political, non-ideological, his only fanaticism lay in an inner drive to perfection in his profession and his duty to the state-which in his mind were one. That the state happened to be Hitler's Third Reich was a matter of circumstance". (pp.144-45). This is borne out by the viewpoint expressed by Bayarian Gau headquarters that he would have served any master with the same degree of dedication and enthusiasm so long as his career aspirations could be advanced. (Höhne, pp.162-63) He rose rapidly. In 1939 he assumed control of Amt IV, the Gestapo. He moved in rank from SS Colonel in 1937 to SS Lieutenant-General and Police Chief in November 1941. His enthusiasm for carrying out a task thoroughly was reflected in his commitment to the solution of the Jewish problem. As Wistrich notes, he was more directly involved in their extermination programme than either Himmler or Heydrich: "He signed the circulating order requiring the immediate delivery to Auschwitz by 31 January 1943 of 45,000 Jews for extermination and countless other documents of the same tenor, which reveal his zeal in carrying out orders. In the summer of 1943 he was sent to Rome to pressurize the Italians, who were proving singularly inefficient and unenthusiastic in arresting Jews. ...In his hands, mass murder became an automatic administrative procedure."(p.174) He was also directly involved in the notorious roundup and execution of British and Dominion air force officers who had escaped from Stalag Luft III, fifty of whom were executed on capture. His last known whereabouts was the Führer bunker, on 17 May 1945. Like many others who escaped judicial accountability, he was rumored to have been seen in various countries subsequently.

Sources: R Wistrich/Who's Who in Nazi Germany; H Höhne/The Order of the Death's Head; M M Boatner III/The Biographical Dictionary of World War II; P Padfield/Himmler: Reichsführer SS.

Introduction

In the early morning hours of September 25, 1963, a grave was opened in the West Berlin Kreuzberg military cemetery and the contents removed for forensic examination. The marker indicated that the occupant of the grave was Heinrich Müller, born April 28, 1900, and killed in the street fighting in Berlin in 1945 when the Soviet Army seized the German capital. The memorial stone did not indicate that Müller had been an *SS-Gruppenführer* and a Lieutenant General in the German Police and that since 1935, was the head of the German Gestapo or the Secret State Police.

The exhumation had been requested by the West German Ludwigsburg Center that dealt with ex-Nazis sought for prosecution. This Center had information that Müller was not dead and was, in fact, gainfully employed by a foreign government. One of the first steps in proving this was to ascertain whether the corpse in the grave was that of Heinrich Müller, who had been issued a death certificate from the Death Bureau of Berlin-Center numbered 11 706/45.

A subsequent pathological examination proved that there were the remains of three different men in the grave, none of whom were Heinrich Müller.

The man being sought was the son of a minor official, had completed a primary school education, had taken technical training in aircraft engines and in June of 1917 had joined the German Army. Because of his background, after his preliminary training, Müller was assigned to *Flieger Ausbildung Abteilung 287* in April of 1918. In the seven months remaining before the war ended, Müller was promoted to NCO in August of 1918 and won the Iron Crosses First and Second Class. He was also awarded the Bavarian pilot's badge and after injuring his leg in an aircraft accident, the retired Bavarian pilot's badge. Müller served on the Western Front throughout the war.

When the war was over, Müller joined the Munich Police in 1919 as a junior assistant. He passed his entrance examination and became a police officer. He was promoted to Police Secretary in 1929 and was in Section VI of the Bavarian State Police, a unit that dealt with Communist activity. In 1934, Müller and a number of his associates were transferred to the Gestapo in Berlin and joined the SS as a *Sturmführer* on April 20, 1934. In 1935, Müller was head of Department II (Gestapo). In 1936, he was head of the Gestapo division of the headquarters of the Security Police (*Sicherheitspolizei*). In 1937, he was promoted to senior police official (*Kriminalrat*) and in 1939, to the rank of *Reichskriminaldirektor* or Director of Police.

His SS promotions were:

SS-Obersturmführer on July 1, 1934,

SS-Sturmhauptführer on January 30, 1935,

SS-Sturmbannführer on April 20, 1936,

SS-Obersturmbannführer on November 9, 1936.

SS-Standartenführer on January 30, 1937, SS-Oberführer on April 20, 1939,

SS-Brigadeführer und Generalmajor der deutschen Polizei on December 12, 1940 and

SS-Gruppenführer und Generalleutnant der deutschen Polizei on November 9,1941. 1

The organization that Müller controlled, the Secret State Police, had been instituted by Hermann Göring as Minister President of Prussia in 1933 but was acquired by Heinrich Himmler as part of his empire building. The numerous changes, additions, absorptions and expansions of the Gestapo during the course of its existence would fill a volume, because like Himmler, Müller was also an empire builder.

Although on Müller's orders, most of the Gestapo records were destroyed in 1945, it can be approximated that the entire personnel roster of the Gestapo numbered 25,000 with a much larger but undetermined number, of V agents or *Vertrauensleute*, voluntary and paid informers. In 1943, when the army Intelligence system, the *Abwehr*, was broken up due to its poor performance, Müller managed to acquire its counter-intelligence department. Although Hitler had ordered in June 1941 that the army was to be the sole radio interception agency, Müller moved into this field as well and by the end of the war, was running an extensive radio intelligence department that specialized in "playback" or the turning of enemy agents to feed their former employers false information and locate other agents arriving or in place.

The Gestapo was renowned for its excellent filing system which permitted very close observation of the population. The Germans have always required the use of internal passports and required its citizens to register their current addresses and their places of employment so the Gestapo had less difficulty maintaining its control. The Gestapo also maintained telephone interdiction facilities and watched the mails. These methods are not unique to Germany or the Gestapo but were more prevalent and pervasive

than in other western countries. Müller's men did not have the modern American technology of using privately owned television sets connected to the universal cable systems as a means of listening to private conversations, mainly because the television set was not in use in Germany at that period. Almost any other conceivable form of observation was in use and after the war, the victors expressed considerable professional interest in the Gestapo's methods and techniques.

Heinrich Müller married Sophie Dischner in 1924. Her father published a right wing Bavarian newspaper that was opposed to Hitler. A son, Reinhard, was born January 4, 1927, and a daughter, Elizabeth, on September 9, 1936. He eventually became estranged from his wife and had a lengthy relationship with his private secretary, Barbara Hellmuth. Müller and his wife were devout Catholics and even as a high-ranking SS officer, Müller refused to leave the church. He only joined the NSDAP very late when he was compelled to do so. In fact, Müller had been known to the Party as a strong opponent when they were struggling for power in the Munich of the 1920s and early 1930s. Party members were shocked when Müller and the men of his bureau were taken into the SS and put in charge of the Gestapo, and never ceased complaining about what they felt was ideological outrage. Müller owed his continued career and subsequent advancements to his intelligence, drive and ruthlessness. He was a self-effacing man, photographs of whom are rare. His putative superior, Ernst Kaltenbrunner, was extensively interrogated by US authorities after the war when they were seeking Müller. Excerpts from the comments of a man who disliked Müller and was not only disliked in return but also virtually ignored, are interesting. This quote is from the interrogation:

"MÜLLER'S influence in forming the Stapo staff was manifest not only in its foundation; later all posts in Amt IV were occupied by persons selected by him, including the Police Attachés...MÜLLER was unhappily married, had two children, one a boy of 17 called up for service just before the end of the war. The second child was much younger. The latter child had pronounced Mongolian features, and it is believed that on this account, MÜLLER avoided all social intercourse between friends and neighbors. MÜLLER spent practically all his time in his office on account of his unpleasant conditions at home. Most of his social life was confined to such officials as HUBER, PIFFRADER, GEISLER, MEISINGER and GOTTHALMSEDER.
...When I met him for the first time, I did not notice any peculiarities. He had a remarkably small figure, a piercing look in his dark eyes and there was, in his appearance, nothing frank and kind but rather 'luring'. He was, however, polite ("korrekt") but perhaps too modest...MÜLLER had a remarkable memory and knew every person who had ever crossed his path and all events. He was a living encyclopedia for HIMMLER....He always wanted to do everything for himself, and gave his associates no chance for independent development; in fact this bad habit had been criticized even by HIMMLER."

There exist very few descriptions of Müller engaged in the art of interrogation, something he was very skilled at. Müller was persistent and would take hours over these sessions. With his remarkable memory, he was almost always able to extract the truth. The only surviving account comes from the writings of captured British intelligence agent Captain Best. Kidnapped in Holland after the November, 1939 bomb attempt on Hitler's life, Best was brought before Müller and questioned.

"Müller was a dapper, exceptionally good-looking little man, dressed in imitation of Adolf Hitler, in a gray uniform jacket, black riding breeches and top boots. He started his 'snort' immediately when he entered, and as he walked towards me, increased the pitch and the volume of his voice with great virtuosity. He managed to get right up close to me before his vocal chords tore into shreds. 'You are in the hands of the Gestapo. Don't imagine that we shall show you the slightest consideration. The Führer has already shown the world that he is invincible and soon he will come and liberate the people of England from the Jews and Plutocrats such as you. You are in the greatest danger and if you want to live another day must be very careful.' Then he sat down on a chair in front of me and drew it up as close as possible, apparently with the intention of performing some mesmerizing trick. He had rather funny eyes which he could flicker from side to side with the greatest rapidity and I suppose that this was supposed to strike terror into the heart of the beholder." Best then encountered Heydrich who shouted to him: "So far you have been treated as an officer and a gentleman, but don't think that this will go on if you don't behave better than you have done. You have two hours left in which to confess everything. If you don't, I

shall hand you over to the Gestapo, who are used to dealing with such gangsters and criminals—you won't enjoy their methods a bit."

"I turned to Müller, who was standing at my side and asked: 'Who is this excitable young officer?' At this Heydrich really went off the deep end and literally foamed at the mouth; at all events, he sprayed me liberally with saliva. Müller quickly pushed me out of the room and into my own. Later on he came in again and told me I must not take the matter too seriously: 'Soup is never eaten as hot as it is cooked.'"

Best concluded his description of Müller by saying: "In my experience, I always found Müller a very decent little man." ⁵

Heinrich Müller was five feet seven inches, strongly built, with dark brown hair, cut high on the sides and good features. He had a small, tight mouth and rarely smiled but his face, and in fact his entire persona, was dominated by a pair of hooded brown eyes that fixed themselves on people with great intensity. He walked with a slight limp as a result of a wartime injury. Müller was descended from Germans living in Alsace and he went to some trouble to conceal the family French connections because of Hitler's strong dislike of the French.

Given the position Müller occupied in the Third Reich and the role he played during its course, the question arises as to why no writer or historian has made any attempt to produce an in depth work on the head of the Gestapo. Aside from several pages in two of Heinz Höhne's books and some material in Aronson, there is almost nothing in print about Heinrich Müller, and much of that is extremely superficial or inaccurate. Although considerable information does exist in official files in archives, Müller has fallen through the cracks for several reasons.

Primarily, Heinrich Müller was a man who neither sought nor encouraged publicity. Unlike many of Hitler's satraps, Müller disliked public display and was rarely photographed. Also, Müller was devoted to hard work and results, and preferred to work in private.

Secondarily, writers are drawn to the dramatic and the flamboyant, not the cold and secretive. Most treatments of historical personages consist, in the main, of wholesale filchings from previous writers, gotten up in new clothing but without substance. In the academic world, this is not called plagiarism, which it is, but instead labeled as research, which it is not.

Thirdly, U.S. intelligence agencies give every appearance of being singularly displeased by *any* mention of the name of Heinrich Müller.

In 1973, West German authorities issued a warrant for the arrest of Heinrich Müller, having good reason to believe that he did not die in Berlin in 1945. Correspondence, still classified in US files, between German legal agencies and their US counterparts indicates unhappiness, frustration and growing displeasure on the part of the Germans and classic stonewalling on the part of the Americans. Portions of Müller's US CIC files now in Ft. Meade, Maryland, have been censored. None of the documents refused to researchers deal with immediate postwar searches for Müller but cover a much later period. The reasons given for continued classification is that their release would adversely affect US national security.

A US Counter Intelligence report dated June 4, 1946 and concerning Heinrich Müller, states in paragraph three that: "Reports from the Russian Zone of Berlin, seem to indicate that MUELLER shot himself, his wife and three other children on 27 April, 1946." This date has been circled with a question mark and is very obviously a typographical error. Another CIC report of May 8, 1961 states that:... "SUBJ was killed or committed suicide close WWII and buried at *Standort-Freidhof*, Lilllienthalstr, 35, Berlin Nuekoellin. Allegedly SUBJ body subsequently exhumed for positive identification by allied authorities." On the same page of the CIC file on Müller found at Fort George Meade in Maryland, additional information is given on Müller that answers a number of puzzling questions about his purported death. Given as his date of birth are both April 28, 1900 and June 7, 1896. Also given is a home address of Prag Street 10 in Berlin.

The Chief of the Gestapo was born in Munich on April 28, 1900 and lived at Cornelius Street 22 in Berlin-Lankwitz. However, there was *another* Heinrich Müller in the RSHA, *also* an *SS-Gruppenführer* but this Heinrich Müller was Doctor Müller and had once been a high-ranking NSDAP official in the state of Hessen in 1933. He was a friend of Dr. Werner Best whom he invited to be Police Chief in that state. When Best went into the SS, he brought his friend Dr. Heinrich Müller with him. It was to avoid confusion that Heinrich Müller was called "Gestapo" Müller.

⁵ Best, S.Payne, "The Venlo Incident," London, 1950.

Dr. Müller did kill himself just before the war ended and his body was subsequently found by the Soviets. The papers discovered on the body indicated that the owner was an SS General named Heinrich Müller from the RSHA, with the date of birth and home address which are both indicated in the CIC file and in the SS personnel records of the Berlin Document Center.

Heinrich Müller's son indicated in an interview with the author that his family had been notified by German authorities that the body of SS General Heinrich Müller had been buried and that papers found on the corpse identified it. Müller stated that he had been told that this body had been dug up, examined and reburied in another area. No papers were ever shown to the family and have never surfaced in the intervening years. The purported grave of "Gestapo" Müller was opened in 1963 and parts of three other people were found in it, not a reburied corpse of a single person.

Aside from considerable activity on the part of German authorities to locate Müller for prosecution, nothing was heard about the former Gestapo Chief until a tabloid article appeared in the German magazine *Focus* in late 1995. It described how Müller had fled to the Argentine, was discovered by Czech intelligence agents, drugged, kidnapped, flown to Moscow and shot. Müller's son was supposed to have assisted in this, a statement greeted by the son with a mixture of humor, contempt and an emphatic denial of the claim.

Another important Third Reich personality has been subjected to a far greater flood of tabloid journalism over the years but in the case of Martin Bormann, the overall body of writing sounds as if it were part of a therapy program in an asylum.

It might be instructive to consider, briefly, the post-war career of Bormann, the former *Reichsleiter* and powerful Secretary to the *Führer*, because it can serve as a comparison between historical writing and journalism. Creative writers assertions to the contrary, the two are not the same and the latter merely obscures the former. The basic facts concerning the fate of Martin Bormann are that on May 1, 1945, those persons remaining in the Chancellery bunker complex made an attempt to escape the underground confines of Hitler's last headquarters. Among these were Bormann, Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger, Hitler's last doctor, Artur Axmann, leader of the Hitler Youth and others.

They emerged from the relative safety of the bunkers to witness Soviet troops fighting the defenders of Berlin. The two Soviet generals leading this attack, Marshals Konev and Chukov, had both been charged by Stalin with the task of conquering the capital, but instead, attacked each other to impress Stalin. The streets were littered with rubble, the corpses of German and Soviet military personnel, and civilians who had tried to venture out of their hiding places in search of better shelter and food.

The escape party broke into smaller groups; one consisted of Dr. Stumpfegger and Martin Bormann. Sometime around midnight, Axmann came across the corpses of both men lying by the railroad bridge at the Invaliden Street. Neither man showed any sign of violence, but Axmann had no time to conduct a thorough investigation. After the cessation of hostilities, the Soviets had German civilians remove the corpses in the streets and bury them as quickly as possible. A number of persons came forward later to state that the bodies of Stumpfegger and Bormann were buried on the grounds of an exhibition hall near the railroad bridge. Searches were conducted but no bodies were located.

Bormann was charged, tried at Nuremberg and sentenced to death *in absentia* and in the ensuing years, a great manhunt for Bormann was conducted, mainly in the media.

Cataloging the various sightings of Bormann would assume epic proportions; but suffice it to say that the missing *Reichsleiter* was seen in Munich, Rome, Moscow, Syria, Lebanon, Egypt, Argentina, Paraguay, Brazil, Chile, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal, Japan and Panama. He was disguised as a farmer, a Franciscan monk, an export businessman and the owner of a bowling alley in Buenos Aires. He escaped from the ruins of Berlin on foot, in a helicopter, in a boat, a floatplane and possibly even on a donkey. He fled to Denmark or the Bavarian Alps at the same time and from there began his world cruise that so occupied various persons over the years.

Dr. Fritz Bauer, a Jewish attorney and former concentration camp inmate, became the postwar Attorney General for the State of Hesse and launched a campaign to track down and punish his former jailers. Bauer was successful in locating a number of minor players but the famous Bormann was always just one step ahead of him. His favorite phrase, given at numerous press conferences was, "We are now closing in on Bormann and will have him in custody soon!"

As the police will testify, whenever a particularly notorious murder has been committed, there are always a number of individuals with weak minds who come forward and confess. This is why the police always keep some details from their press releases and these details simply are not known to the spurious killers. A number of such individuals came forward from time to time to enrich the Sunday supplements and encourage writers like Ladislas Farago who claimed to have original postwar photographs of Bormann.

When these proved to be fakes, Farago went on to other projects, leaving the field to Dr. Bauer and Simon Wiesenthal, an Austrian engineer who had also been incarcerated in a camp because he had the misfortune to be Jewish. Like the Attorney General, Wiesenthal was always just one step behind Bormann, but, the elusive man was constantly moving around, hidden in underground bunkers built by Nazi escapees deep inside various South American countries which these gentlemen claimed held more Third Reich leaders than the Nuremberg Party rallies.

Bauer and Wiesenthal were both motivated by a desire for revenge, but Bauer wished to try Bormann, and Wiesenthal was apparently far more interested in publicity and fund-raising. In the end, both they and a legion of tabloid journalists were to be disappointed. They never found a living Bormann, and their publishers, who would cheerfully print a street map of the lost continent of Atlantis with a perfectly straight face, began to look for other subjects such as flying saucer landings, plots by Martians to kill President Kennedy and Global Warming.

Although a living Bormann was never found, a dead one certainly was. On December 7/8, 1972, excavations at the site of the former exhibition hall uncovered two skeletons. They were located in the approximate area where the German gravediggers claimed they had put them in 1945. The remains were subjected to thorough testing by government pathologists and the final report indicated that without a doubt, these were the remains of Dr. Ludwig Stumpfegger and Martin Bormann. Quite naturally, journalists and other individuals with heavy investments in time or money were most unhappy about this closure of what had been a low-grade money machine.

The question arises that if Bormann had indeed been dead since May 1, 1945, who was running around the world in various guises, and positively identified by hundreds of absolutely trustworthy witnesses? Perhaps a simple explanation may be found in Douglas' acid comments about witnesses that could be located through the medium of a cart full of cigarettes or perhaps the person seeking his few moments of fame and bribed with a bad dinner and cheap wine at a Buenos Aires restaurant.

Although Bormann has fallen off of the stage, rumors, backed up by more trustworthy witnesses have it that Bormann was rescued by a British intelligence team who were acting on the orders of Winston Churchill. Living safely in the English countryside, Bormann died several years ago and was buried in a secret, unknown grave in England. Martin Bormann now finds himself in good company, along with Lord Kitchener, Amelia Earhart, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Russia, John Wilkes Booth and Elvis Presley, all of whom have been seen at various places, long after their deaths, by absolutely trustworthy witnesses.

Historical Background

Living comfortably in Switzerland under the name of Schwartzer after the end of the Second World War, as an intelligence resource of the Swiss government, Heinrich Müller was contacted in 1948 by his onetime deputy in the Gestapo, SS-*Oberführer* Willi Krichbaum. Krichbaum, a long-time personal acquaintance of Müller, had been a senior Gestapo official in the Southeastern *Grenz-Polizei* or Border Police and had headed the *Geheime Feld Polizei*, the investigative body of the *Abwehr* since September of 1939.

After the war, Krichbaum had been recruited by former Major General Reinhard Gehlen and in 1946 was Gehlen's chief agent recruiter stationed in Bad Reichenhall. Krichbaum was responsible for locating former Gestapo and SD agents and securing positions for them inside the Gehlen Organization.

This organization, located at the former Nazi official complex at Pullach southeast of Munich, became affiliated with the CIA when that organization was officially founded in 1948. According to Müller's papers, Krichbaum had been in touch with his former chief through ex-Gestapo personnel living in Switzerland and opened discussions with the Americans about the possibility of employing Müller.

The head of this organization, Lt Colonel James Critchfield of the CIA, had heard rumors that the head of the Gestapo had fled to Switzerland and was working with Swiss intelligence. Through the services of former *SS-Oberführer* Krichbaum. Critchfield made contact with Müller in early 1948.

During the course of that year, a number of CIA luminaries, including Alan Welch Dulles, alter head of the CIA and Frank Gardner Wisner, later head of the CIA's Clandestine Operations, were in Italy along with James Jesus Angleton to disrupt the Italian general elections. Dulles had known Müllw during the war when the former was OSS station chief in Bern, Switzerland.

Because of Müller's knowledge and expertise in matters concerning Soviet intelligence, backed with archival material that the former head of the Gestapo had hidden in Berlin and Switzerland, the CIA expressed an immediate and intense interest in recruiting Müller. Krichbaum acted as a go-between in the negotiations with his former superior who was chafing at his comfortable but boring retirement and the CIA controlled Gehlen Organization under Colonel James Critchfield.⁶

It was never a question of the Americans threatening Müller with exposure if he did not cooperate, but more a question if Müller was willing to work for a former enemy. In the event, because of his detestation of communism and the perceived opportunity to do further damage to this system, Müller had little difficulty in working for American intelligence.

⁶ "The American Army even recruited and evacuated the head of the Gestapo, Heinrich Mueller. To prevent later accusations that the United States government was employing the notorious Mueller, the Americans used Gehlen's organization to finance his work." Trento, Joseph, "The Secret History of the CIA" New York, 2001, p29.

Müller and His Journals

As a young man, Heinrich Müller began to keep a brief record of his daily activities, a practice that he maintained throughout his life. There were times during the *Sturm und Drang* of his life when he was unable to maintain his entries, but these gaps were generally filled in when he had the opportunity.

In the beginning, Müller only noted down how much he had paid for something or a brief record of a trip or a chance meeting with an attractive woman, generally including her address and other such important information. When he was a young mechanic at the BMW aircraft engine plant, he kept notes on various engines he worked on, with occasional comments about the progress of the First World War that erupted when he was fourteen years old. Once Müller joined the army in 1917 and was assigned to a flying unit, his notes became more personal and began to cover his flights, actions and a host of other incidents that were far more interesting than the day-to-day drudgery of factory work.

He met his future wife at a Munich bus stop and was careful to note down the time and place of the meeting as well as her address and the fact that her father published a newspaper for the Bavarian People¹s Party (BVP). After the war, Müller joined the Bavarian Political Police and was heavily involved in activities against both the communists and Nazis and his earlier journals were now eclipsed by locally momentous events. The Hitler Putsch of 1923 was one event which got considerable coverage as well as the aftermath of the earlier communist seizure of power in Munich and its eventual overthrow by units of the *Freikorps*, the army, and police.

As Müller advanced in the Bavarian police, his notebooks are filled with observations on the political scene of the late 1920s and the eventual rise to power of Hitler and the National Socialists. Thinking he would be removed from his post when Hitler became Chancellor and the NSDAP came to power in Bavaria in 1933, Müller, who was always an ambitious man, began to prepare a flood of well-researched papers on his struggles with the communists in Bavaria and his observations on how they could best be countered by the new state.

These reports came into the hands of Heinrich Himmler who turned them over to Reinhard Heydrich, head of the SS intelligence service. Heydrich then decided to overlook Müller's persecution of the Nazi movement as well as his adherence to the Catholic-oriented conservative Bavarian People's Party and put him in charge of the Gestapo. This agency was a Prussian state entity, not very large in size and certainly not particularly influential. Müller, ever using his ambition as a goad and his intelligence as a weapon, began to develop this small group of professional police officials into a huge agency that at its height had over fifty thousand agents, sub agents and informers. Müller developed card files on nearly everyone in Germany and his organizational skills increased not only the size, but also the effectiveness of the Gestapo.

This agency dealt mainly with internal subversion and was in essence a police counter-intelligence group. Many of Müller's associates were professional police officers and many were not members of the Nazi Party. Müller himself did not join the Party until 1939, at which time he was awarded the Blood Order, one of the most prestigious Party decorations, ironically intended for members of the NSDAP who had been involved with the 1923 Putsch in Munich. Since Müller was involved in the crushing of this uprising, his award of the Blood Order, plus his membership in the SS, infuriated loyal Party officials in Munich who bombarded their superiors with loud complaints about Müller's new plumage, as they termed it. During this time, Müller kept his journals up but as the war approached, their pages were no longer filled with women's addresses or telephone numbers or how much he had paid for a sausage and beer in the local restaurant. Instead of bratwurst, the pages were filled with high-level material on internal matters, often affairs that were never reported in the German press and certainly not outside the country.

It would be entirely safe to say that Heinrich Müller with his telephone taps, legions of informers, mail surveillance departments, radio interception teams and millions of index cards, knew more about the internal workings of Hitler's Third Reich than anyone else. Müller wrote much of this fascinating but little-known historical material down on a daily or weekly basis. When working on his journals at home, Müller taught himself to write backwards so his ever curious and always disapproving wife, Sophie, could not read his acid and often secret remarks.

After the war and his resettlement in Switzerland, Müller resumed keeping his journals and he brought these with him to the United States in 1948. Heinrich Müller's journals were certainly never intended for publication or justification. They are always brutally frank, cynical, highly informative and at least for some readers, entertaining. Müller did not suffer fools gladly and even though he had to work with his former enemies, there was no reason for him not to perform private literary surgery on their overweight, alcoholic bodies and flabby personalities.

In his journals, Müller emerges early on as a womanizer, a cynical and very often amoral man, consumed with ambition and tolerating no one who attempted to stand in his way.

His wartime Swiss acquaintance, Allan Dules, offered Müller a job. He took it and used his position to ingratiate himself with the President of the United States and the Director of the FBI as well as to marry into a wealthy and influential Washington family. He had no hesitation in exchanging information and confidences with a high-level Soviet agent although his raison d¹etre was to assist his new employers in tracking down and exposing the same people. At one time, he had the same agent to dinner with two of the senior members of the CIA and, from his notes, thoroughly enjoyed the irony of the situation. In fact, it could be said that Müller always seemed to enjoy the ironical side of his work, took nothing seriously and filled his journals with comments and asides which the complaisant and conventional view with genuine horror and, more often than not, great disgust.

In Washington, Müller lost no time in climbing the social ladder and filling his Georgetown home with a fortune in art stolen by the Germans during the war. Some of this art, which included portions of the famed Amber Room, he sold off for the private purses of his co-workers in the CIA. He once gave a small, very private dinner for the President to which Müller wore all of his Third Reich and Imperial decorations and while sitting across from President Truman, discussed the activities of Senator Joseph McCarthy, a man to whom Müller was supplying inside information to aid him in his reign of terror.

Müller had known the British-Soviet spy, Harold "Kim" Philby who worked for everyone from the Nazis to the communists, before the war and renewed his acquaintance when Philby was sent to Washington as British liaison to the FBI and CIA.

There are several instances where Müller, Philby and Viktor, his NKVD friend, and occasionally, Allan Dulles, would sit in the refined atmosphere of Washington's highly exclusive Metropolitan Club library and discuss all manner of highly classified information. In return for his hospitality, Müller was given an equal amount of highly classified Soviet and British information that his CIA employers found of great value. This high level information trading between putative enemies is typical of the intelligence communities of all nations and is certainly the rule, not the exception.

Initially, when Müller came to Washington in 1948, he was not fluent in English and was certainly a stranger, but he quickly adapted. From trivia about his water pipes and the weather, Müller's journals quickly expand into detailed, highly opinionated, coverage of the Red spy hunts, the internecine fighting in the nation's capital, open warfare between the FBI and the CIA, and Müller's negative and often highly entertaining views on the top levels of the CIA. It is in these passages that Müller wields the knife as well as the bludgeon.

Although happily married, Müller had no problem conducting brief but intense affairs with the bored and unsatisfied wives of his closest co-workers, affairs which he had no problem entering in his journals, along with any significant pillow talk he gleaned from his romps in a Gretna Green hotel bedroom.

Becoming a friend of Sothenes Behn, wealthy and powerful head of IT&T, Müller took a great interest in the American stock market and with the advent of the Korean War, began to buy stock in companies dealing with the Pentagon. He obtained highly secret, inside information on contracts to be let by the American military and he and his Soviet spy friend began to invest heavily in the market.

In his relations with his personal staff, Müller clearly emerges as a kind and very considerate man but outside of his inner circle, he was entertaining, pleasant... and utterly ruthless. He kept at least one assassin on his staff and had no qualms when this man dispatched people who Müller felt might have identified him as the former head of the Gestapo. At the same time, Müller encouraged romances among his staff members, gave extensive financial support to the family of one assistant and certainly was very kind and affectionate to his dog.

Frederick the Great once said that the more he saw of humanity, the more he loved his dogs, and Müller, by his actions and personal views, certainly agreed with the Prussian King's commentary.

Although it is doubtful if Müller could have added valuable medical knowledge to his other attributes, nevertheless, he instructed his CIA co-workers in various methods of giving unwanted people sudden heart attacks.

When he first came to Washington, Müller noted that a number of inconvenient people, to include James Forrestal, were being thrown out of upper floor windows to their deaths on the pavement below. He suggested that an induced heart attack was far less dangerous to people passing by on the sidewalk beneath the victim.

One of the criticisms of the series on, and by, Heinrich Müller is that the tenor of the conversations held between American government officials and the former chief of the Gestapo is

outrageously cynical, manipulative and amoral on the part of all parties involved. There seems to be an image fixed in the minds of a few which has all leading members of a government in general and the CIA in particular, participants in an elegant and refined tableau reminiscent of a dinner at Thomas Jefferson's Montecello where serious matters of state were debated by high-minded gentlemen over port and a pipe of fine Virginia tobacco. In reality, the days when gentlemen were to be found in government are long over and forgotten with only the memory lingering on to uplift the spirits of the hopeful and trusting. Pragmatism and ruthlessness have replaced manners and morals so that the private discussions of Presidents, Congressmen, Cabinet members and heads of intelligence agencies sound far more like a sit-down in a Brooklyn clam house between Mafia dons than an eighteenth century literary salon. As Müller himself often said, morals and ethics are excellent norms but not very effective techniques.

Nearly all of the historical events depicted in these books run counter to the history which has been taught in the schools or depicted in an endless flood of works on the Second World War and the years subsequent. In the main, this is because the propaganda of those eras has been codified by the participants themselves and embroidered by a following legion of obedient court historians, poured into literary concrete and pointed to with great pride by their creators.

No government or leader has ever admitted being wrong, as witness the complete reluctance to absolve Admiral Husband Kimmel and General Walter Short of culpability in the lack of preparation at Pearl Harbor in 1941. It is now generally believed by the majority of interested Americans that President Franklin Roosevelt, and his immediate cohorts, had ample pre-knowledge of the pending Japanese attack but in spite of this widespread belief, no administration will ever admit to the errors of another administration, even sixty years after the fact.

The survival and employment by the United States of Heinrich Müller and a significant number of his former agents is contained in American archives but for reasons that are entirely obvious, these papers are still sealed with the highest security classifications. Even though all the participants in this event are long dead, governments, like corporations, are living entities and the sins of the fathers are not to be visited upon their children.

The journals of Heinrich Müller are by their very nature, revisionistic in the extreme and because of this revision of favorite myths and legends, abhorrent to the orthodox as well as those who chance to be employed by the same agencies that Müller so brutally scores. In order to refute his ugly depictions of national icons, legions of historians, government officials and ubiquitous academics have been improving their shining hours by frantic and extensive searches in various archives and official records on two continents. The sole purpose of their labors is to attempt to disprove the myriad allegations of ignorance, idleness and vice expressed by the former head of Hitler's secret police in his private journals. The sum and total of all this wasted labor can be found in such unhappy comments as are found in a British intelligence journal which states with shrill authority that because there were two typographical errors in three volumes, the contents of all of them have no historical value whatsoever.

Less substantive objections generally center on the fact that the reader's sensibilities and beliefs have been badly shaken; that the material simply cannot be true because the reader believes something else which, because he believes it, means it must be the personification of truth itself. At the end of the twentieth century one finds hope, trust and idealism residing in adjoining cots at a cut rate nursing home while waiting for the lights to go out.

Müller's journals did not begin in 1948 nor end in 1952 but they represent an important era in American history and present views of an insider who was privy to the most intimate secrets of the United States government and its senior members at the beginning of the Cold War, a campaign whose long-term effects are still being felt throughout the world.

The Müller Journals

translated by Gregory Douglas and Dr. Charles B. Burdick

Monday, 6 December 1948

The first week in Washington. I think I would have preferred to go to the tropics but it appears not to be. Impressive white buildings in one part of the city and terrible Negro slums in the rest. Contrasts are indicative of the attitude towards the social position of the former slaves. Ignore them. On the 8th the President will be talking to the President of Cuba about nothing but I am to see him as soon as my new chiefs of office will allow it. To begin to work on background material as soon as we have selected a proper house. Not considered a good idea for me to work in a regular office but at home.

Wednesday, 8 December 1948

Will move into a pleasant house in the Georgetown area. It is for sale but the government will rent it for me. It is an older house, more of a villa than a small house, but with a few servants and much better furniture, it will suffice. Thick piles of papers on the Chambers business to go over as well as preparing some material for the Justice Department based on my own papers. I will interview Colonel Hoover soon enough. It will be interesting to meet my opposite number, especially since I know a great deal about him but he knows almost nothing about me. Advantages are always better if you have them. Winter is not as bad here as it was in Munich but there are no mountains to hike in although they tell me that "out West" there are more than enough. I will have to wait on that.

Sunday, 12 December 1948

I went to Mass this morning. Should take up where I left off and establish my good relations with the Church. Three of my people will arrive here tomorrow. The State Department spy ring is far more extensive than I would have thought. Apparently, Roosevelt was fully aware of the penetration by communists and permitted it. The entire agency is filled from cellar to attic with Lenin-lovers. Typical pseudo-intellectual assholes; they are everywhere in Washington. Totally ignorant but well-born fools or intelligent radicals. I have no choice...I have to associate with the former and destroy the latter. The lease is signed, money paid and I am now awaiting the furniture. The crated paintings are safe enough here. Insisting on bringing them with me prevented some official thief from taking them home with him. The money situation is not at all bad but we must be careful not to let the idiots know how much I have or they will try to reduce my salary. Most of them don't know the difference between an original Raphael and a Klee so I am more or less safe there although I cannot hang anything where it can be seen. The new place is bigger than the one in Geneva but I know there is a cemetery nearby. Well, we all end up in one sooner or later.

Oakhill Cemetery lies on the edge of Georgetown. Müller had a large and very expensive collection of rare art, much of which had been looted during the war by the Germans and after the war by the OSS and the CIA. He supplemented his income by dealing in such art, both for himself and his American friends.

Monday, 13 December 1948

The arrival of my staff people has been delayed for a week, making things rather difficult. Typical military stupidity. Someone obviously couldn't read the papers correctly. I have set up a camp bed in the best bedroom and brought over all of my paintings. Even if I can't hang them yet, it is pleasant enough to look at the crates. I have told T. (Truman, ed.) that there is no doubt at all that Hiss is the one the Soviets called 'Alexi' at least in the reports I have. He fits all the points very well. Such unhappiness.

I am told the President is not happy about the amount of espionage we have uncovered here. He thinks that by firing Wallace and closing down the OSS (which T. says stands for "Oh So Social" because it was full of socially prominent fools) he can clean up the Roosevelt sewer. I think not. I will have to talk to him about this...that is if they ever let me see him. I am told he is curious. Also that I must play the piano for him like a street musician's pet monkey! Well, I can play a little Strauss and perhaps some simple Chopin.

This Chambers is a fat homosexual idiot but he put everyone right into the fire with his papers. Now they tell me that even before the war, he told the State Department about high-level espionage in the State Department but that Berle shut him up. When I told them that Berle worked with the Soviets, there was much head scratching and long faces.

We knew all their diplomatic codes were broken before the war by us, the British and the Soviets. That's why I never liked to send coded messages and I refused to use our telephone system because it was like an old garden hose. Too many leaks. They tell me Hoover listens to everyone, or used to. Truman hates him and considers him to be a debased timeserver and informer. Who isn't? Truman did not receive a majority in the election, only 49% but he did win which is important. I remember a conversation with Ribbentrop once about hunting. He said he had missed an elk by "just a centimeter" but he did miss and the distance isn't important.

FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover, is called "Colonel" by Müller. Hoover was offered this rank by Roosevelt during the war but declined the honor, expecting to be made a General at least. Hoover, at Roosevelt's instruction, tapped the telephones of official Washington and rushed the results to Roosevelt. He attempted to do this with Truman but was ordered to cease this practice at once and Truman refused to have any dealings with Hoover. Adolf Berle, Jr. was one of the "Brain Trusters" of Roosevelt's New Deal and Undersecretary of State under Hull. He has been identified as a Soviet source.

Friday, 17 December 1948

Two of my people have arrived at last and I was able to get some decent furniture into the house. In cleaning out a closet, I found some old newspapers talking about Wilson's death. Old newspapers, dripping faucets and dead flies on the window ledges are being cleaned out. My family is doing well enough, I understand, but I can do very little now. The Amis are still looking for me and I have been told to be very careful because they are watching everyone in Pasing. Small, discreet assistance is being rendered.

I have turned nearly all of my State Department material over to the Justice people and also have had my first unofficial guest, Msgr. S. (Spellman, ed.). We make progress to save our souls. A bit of pleasant information for him. Pius hates the communists worse than I do so at least I have some friends left. Christmas is always a bad time when one is away from family but we will make do. The Americans cook turkey (*Trauthahn*) here and celebrate on Christmas Day instead of Christmas Eve. We shall keep to the old customs and have goose and ham. A tree with candles too but I am told that electric lights are considered safer.

After the war, Müller's wife and daughter returned to the old family home in Pasing, a suburb of Munich. They were later joined by his son who had been in a prisoner of war camp as a tank driver in the elite Adolf Hitler Leibstandarte Armored Division. The American CIC as well as Soviet intelligence closely watched the family and it was eventually discovered that Müller had contact with his wife but nothing could be done about this because CIC reports were not acted upon. Müller was a nominal Catholic who officially had to leave the Church at Himmler's request. In 1948, Pope Pius XII who, as Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli had been Nuncio to Germany, had a deep and abiding hatred of communism, having seen its terroristic actions at the end of the First World War.

Wednesday, 22 December 1948

Interesting news this morning. The dining room is much the way I want it with fresh paint, new draperies and much of the furniture from Geneva in place. At breakfast I had a visitor who was much excited. When the servants had left, he closed the door in a most conspiratorial manner and rushed over to tell me the news! Mr. Duggan had accidentally fallen out of his office window last night! Such a tragedy and so soon before the holidays too. Well, I suppose if he had lived, he would have been up before the courts and might have said something. Of course I have not been here long enough to have helped him and I have only been through New York, but my fellow workers seem to be more than capable in this field. We all share such common interests.

My informant, who kept trying to eat my fresh rolls, told me that the matter is to be kept quiet. I wonder when a man falls sixteen floors to the street how this can be kept quiet? Did he come down on somebody, I wonder? How do you explain the brains on a car parked on the street? He had a bad headache and his head exploded suddenly?

I am supposed to talk to a Mr. Nixon either today or tomorrow about some of this. Not to mention the fake suicide at all. He doesn't know and ought not to but is considered a very good ally. Now it seems I will not see the President until after the holidays because he has gone home to his farm. It gives me more time to polish my English. One of the water pipes broke last night but fortunately there was nothing in the cellar and everything has been fixed. The neighborhood is pleasant and there are some excellent parks here. I shall make a visit to the art museum as soon as I can, that is if I get through the mountains of files that

they keep dumping on me. The new secretary is not as pretty as the last one but is very accommodating. The question is whether or not she stays in the house or lives elsewhere. We will see how we get along. It is good to have the regular cook back. He knows exactly what I want and when I want it. It is a terrible trouble to break in new servants. I used to let my wife do that but now it is my job. More trouble in Berlin but that is to be expected. Mundt is supposed to stop over this afternoon and perhaps we can settle a few things.

There was great tension in Soviet-blockaded Berlin but this did not materialize into open warfare as the militant U.S. war party so often and loudly predicted. Karl Mundt, a conservative Congressman from South Dakota, had been elected in 1946 along with Senator Joseph McCarthy from Wisconsin. The American Congress was, by 1948, extremely conservative, mainly as the result of a grassroots movement against the rampant liberalism of the Roosevelt era.

Friday, 24 December 1948

Hiss claims that all are lies. We know better. Pot boiling over the Duggan "accident." Nixon is sure the man killed himself rather than face "the music" but we know better here. The rest of the staff is here and about half of the house is ready for use. My bedroom is finally finished and last night I personally hung my treasures up. One does get used to the same mattress and while the windows do not give me the view I used to have, still, the effect is soothing and restful. Herta is not as pleasant as Barbara or Anna but, all in all, gives promise. I told her to stop eating so much! She is used to the very poor food in Europe after all. If she starts to get fat, I will have to replace her. Krieger will come over in January and if H. doesn't work out, at least I know where I am with my loyal stenographer.

The Duggan referred to here is Laurence H. Duggan, who had been accused by Whittaker Chambers of being a communist spy. Duggan had attended Harvard University where he knew Alger Hiss, also an accused State Department spy (later convicted). Duggan joined the Department of State in 1930 and became a political affairs advisor, leaving the Department in 1944. At the time of his death, Duggan was connected with the Rockefeller interests. After being accused by former communist agent Chambers, Duggan either jumped, fell, or, as now seems most likely, was pushed from his office window in New York. His friends in the government subsequently lauded him and the matter was shelved. Subsequent deciphering of Soviet secret messages, called Venona by U.S. intelligence, revealed that Duggan was indeed an agent. Müller was already aware of this fact because the Germans had intercepted Soviet intelligence messages sent from Ottawa, Canada, in a code that like the codes used by the NKVD in Australia, could be easily broken.

Saturday, 25 December 1948

Christmas this evening. An excellent goose which I bought myself and in the very large drawing room a very fine tree. I decided not to put electric lights on it and I put it into the stand that revolves and plays songs on the apparatus inside. The candles make my staff feel at home. The gifts are ready to hand out and the staff got me a very nice watch that I will have to wear to keep them happy.

The President's people have said that Duggan was not a spy and was the victim of an accident, not a suicide. How do you define an accident? He was accidentally standing by an open window in the middle of winter when some thoughtless secretary shoved him out because he bit her breasts the night before? That awful Roosevelt woman says that press accounts of the high-flying Duggan were terrible. I can write better English than she can but we at least have similar interests...women.

I have discovered that Washington is, like the boiler in the cellar, not unlike Berlin. Gossip, chatter, innuendo, deep thrusts into the back by good friends, greed and, above all, total ignorance of almost everything but how to acquire money and most of all, importance.

I am learning to be very awe-inspired when I have to listen to people like General Smith who is a very small-minded man. He is near-sighted and stares intently at people, impressing them with the brilliance of his mind. If he wore glasses, he would be less impressive. When he was in England with Eisenhower, he chased hotel maids from morning to night. Of course Eisenhower had an affair with his driver, female I must say. Well, I can't condemn them for such activities but I would never have chased old English women around with my pants open. Smith is now busy practicing his expertise on the Russians but it is rumored that he may return here permanently. They seem to like military personages running their various agencies.

The Admiral was at Pearl Harbor when it came under attack. For some reason, I have neglected to enlighten him about certain facts concerning that episode, facts which would no doubt meet with the

disbelief the orthodox display when confronted with uncomfortable truths. I may have to go to New York after all when the Grand Jury comes back next month. It will be interesting to go to the Metropolitan Museum at least. Perhaps I will have the chance to see the President before then. I will have to go downstairs soon so I will wish my family and myself a very Happy Christmas and a Fortunate New Year!

Tuesday, 28 December 1948

I see that Truman will be receiving a nice increase in his pay soon. Too early for me to consider such a thing. Christmas was as expected, sad but very pleasant in the new country. No longer hear German in the streets, although in Geneva it was more often French. Some prominent USA trade union people are being investigated by the legislature now. I have always maintained that next to university professors, the trade unions conceal the worst communists.

I will see the President sometime just after the New Year.

Now that the house is in order, I am having the wine cellar filled and I am expected to have some of my fellow workers over for a New Year party.

More strange stories to relate. The former deputy Secretary of State, Welles, was found lying unconscious in the snow at his estate near here on the day after Christmas. Robert told me that Welles, who was once the real Secretary (I keep wanting to write Minister here) of State was an old fairy who liked sailors, especially black ones. Could one of them have beaten him up? This does happen but no one wants to talk about it. He is alive but has frostbite. The Stalingrad sickness. We used to call the East Medal the Frozen Meat Order for just that reason.

General Truscott told me an extremely funny story about General Smith. He does not like him at all and I will put this down in case I need it later on.

The General, who was Chief of Staff to Eisenhower, was in Sicily during the campaign there and apparently was late for a conference with General Patton (probably the best the Americans had). They sent a staff car to see why he was late and found his car parked on the edge of a road. This was near an American artillery battery and when Smith heard the guns firing, he was sure they were Germans and fled, screaming like a girl, from his car and ran down into the bushes. It took three officers, including a General, to convince him that it was safe to return but everyone was terribly embarrassed to discover that Smith had shit his pants full! Someone had to put down a briefcase for him to sit on so he didn't mess the car!

They say Patton enjoyed this very much.

The next time I have to deal with Smith, I will remember the story but I do not think I will bring it up to him. I understand he will be in Washington officially on Tuesday. He will see the President. Wants to be let out of the Ambassadorship and am told he has had someone write a book for him.

The story about Walter Bedell Smith is quite true and can be found today in the papers of General George Patton. From 1946 through 1949, Smith was U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union and after this, head of the CIA. According to his files, Müller's initial contact with Smith and several others came about while he was being considered for employment.

Sumner Welles, who had once been the defacto Secretary of State and a close personal friend of Roosevelt, had left the government in 1943 as the result of a scandal involving a homosexual incident with a black Pullman porter on an official trip. He later began to drink heavily and was found unconscious on the grounds of his Maryland estate under circumstances that have never been explained.

Sunday, 2 January 1949

We have had very bad weather here, all across the eastern part of the continent. Very cold and much snow. Not unfamiliar to me. If Americans have a few centimeters of snow on the ground, they go quite mad with apprehension. The press is always filled with amusing stories. In Canada, some politician, out for a walk in the bad snowstorm, lost his way, fell into a river and drowned.

We had a decent little party last night and only one senior officer got drunk and threw up in the pantry. None of them know the difference between vinegar and prime vintage so I served them terrible domestic wine and champagne in expensive bottles. Soldiers who spend their wars in canteens or safely behind desks are so boastful with a few ounces of alcohol in them.

I recall a talk I had recently with Thayer and that obnoxious Russian, Pash. He is a hard-faced man with glasses who used to be a gymnastics teacher, hates all communists, Jews and Japanese. He was bragging to us how he pushed a General Dewitt into locking all the Japanese-Americans away in concentration camps at the beginning of their war. He took positive delight in this and then went on to discuss, in front of Thayer who had pretensions of gentility, the way he had Togliatti shot in Rome last

July. I quote him exactly "We shot the ginny (?) in the head and he still lived. The next time we can stick a grenade up his wop ass." After Thayer looked like he might enjoy throwing up privately, Pash went on to discuss how he and the Wisner gang of assassins were once going to shoot Wallace! He was very bitter that he was talked out of this little program! Marvelous what kind of lunatics we have to deal with. Suppose he didn't like the President's piano playing and fired a Panzerfaust into his ear?

Wallace needs to be attended to but not by Pash and I think a heart attack would be most beneficial. When I said this, Thayer looked at me as if I were mad and then excused himself. He probably did vomit into the bushes outside. At any rate, he did me the disservice by leaving me with the lunatic Pash who revealed a plot to me about poisoning some leftwing newspaper reporter he hated.

I will have to go to New York at once and can see the President when I come back. After him, I will be honored to visit with Colonel Hoover and, of course, the Admiral once again. I use the excuse of my work to avoid most of these idiots and assholes but sometimes, I have a duty to perform. This is not much different from the old days, after all.

Boris T. Pash was born Boris Pashkovski in Russia. His father was the Metropolitan Theophilus Pashkovski. Boris shortened his name in 1932. He was a refugee who came to this country after the October Revolution. He was a gym teacher in Los Angeles and held a rank in the National Guard of California. He was instrumental in persuading General De Witt to endorse a program of deportation and imprisonment of all Japanese-Americans after Pearl Harbor. Pash was later chief of security for the Manhattan atomic program and while there, incurred Roosevelt's wrath by attempting to arrest a number of communist agents engaged in work on the project. He later became head of the U.S. Army's Counterintelligence Corps (CIC) in San Francisco.

After the war, he was in charge of the 'Alsos Project' in which Pash and a team of military police went around conquered Germany rounding up German atomic scientists and shipping them to the United States. Later, he became involved with the new CIA and worked with Frank Wisner, head of the CIA's clandestine operations. Pash was a strong anti-communist and became involved in various assassination projects such as the attempted murder of Italian communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti on 14 July, 1948, in Rome. The assassination attempt was a failure.

The Thayer mentioned was Charles Thayer who had been OSS chief in Vienna after the war. He became head of the Voice of America in 1947. He died in 1969 during a heart operation. Thayer was a strong proponent of the use of former Third Reich officials to combat communism but was viewed as too liberal by the hard-line conservatives who were bent on purging any element from government that they did not view as strongly anti-Soviet. Thayer's problem was that he adopted a more moderate course of action and eventually was forced out of government service.

Thursday, 6 January 1949

New York. Bad weather in Washington when I left. Cold and instead of snow, it rained! Excellent rooms at the Hotel Plaza and a fine view from my windows of the great park. Much like the English Garden.

A shipment arrived for me here on the Los Angeles out of Antwerp. Must supervise the disposition of my material.

While the Grand Jury is sitting here, I am involved in work on the witnesses and the individuals being heard. Max Bedacht, whom I know of from my Munich days, is a witness. A known communist for certain but one who has changed his allegiance. A brief conversation with him and we talked about Weiss Ferdl and a pub he knew in Schwabing. Get on their good side, always.

Levine, the writer, talks to me about the communists for over three hours. He once said he knew about the late Duggan being a communist agent but now recants somewhat. He is getting pressure from the Administration here that, on the one hand, wants to clean out the communists (mostly because the people want them to) but on the other do not want to disrupt the image of the Roosevelt Administration and their communistic New Deal. They wish to have it both ways and they cannot.

I had to talk to Chambers who is a fat, untidy and very emotional man, filled with guilt about his communism and his homosexuality. Basically, he is trying to tell the truth and often does but he is so emotionally involved that he often goes far afield.

New York is a very interesting city. The famous "skyscrapers" are impressive and I spent part of yesterday morning at the Metropolitan Museum, which is splendid and can be walked to from the hotel although my security people do not like the idea. I will have to come back again or at least spin out my stay here and see more of it. Also, visited a dozen very good antique galleries and made some purchases. In

one, I found a complete set of silver service for twelve. German, mid-19th century and obviously stolen by a GI after the war. But cheap enough and the initial matches my own new name so I had to buy the set. Two heavy boxes that my man carried out to the taxicab. The drivers of these vehicles are quite interesting characters. Also bought two miniatures, Elizabethan English, which show a man and his wife. Good frames and good techniques.

More work with the Grand Jury people. Levine very strongly exposes extensive communist networks here, in Mexico and Canada. At least some of what he produced as evidence makes complete sense and I will have to check it out. He thinks I am Swiss and asked me where he could buy a good cuckoo clock! I told him that these were German and he made a great face and said bad things about the Germans. These encounters are entertaining because I wonder what Levine would do if he discovered that he had lunch in the hotel suite of the head of the Gestapo! He even mentioned my old agency and went into some entirely inaccurate history. It was all I could do to keep from laughing in his very serious, pedantic face!

Colonel Hoover now claims he has "investigated" over two million US officials and found that only about seven thousand were "suspicious." First, I cannot believe he has investigated so many and my own percentages are far higher. I am looking forward to my interview with him. It would be better to interview him at my home in Washington. He can sit down while I stand up with the window behind me. That way, I will have the physical and psychological advantage over him. I am told to keep my secretary away from him because attractive women tend to annoy him. A very proper man but, according to my background information, a savage anti-communist who ruthlessly persecuted thousands both during and after the 1914 war. Terrible legal troubles later over this but one can see just how he thinks. When Wilson was hidden in the White House (syphilis or stroke?) and no one ran the country, Hoover and his people ran amok (a word I learned from Hewel).

Americans tend to be either one way or the other. One day they embrace you and the next, beat you to death with a piece of metal pipe. This mindless chatter will go on for weeks but I have no reason to go back to Washington as long as I can impress people here. This is where the activity is, after all.

Perhaps I can get to a concert at the Metropolitan Opera. Is it true that they have a gold curtain there? Perhaps someday the Americans might reconstitute the Berlin Philharmonic but I doubt if Furtwängler will ever be allowed to conduct it. After all, he dared to conduct the orchestra when Hitler was present and this makes him a dangerous and evil Nazi although all he thought of was skiing, women and music. I understand F. was to conduct in Chicago but the Jews in the orchestra there made such a fuss that he will probably not come.

The American Army board has recommended clemency for most of the Peiper men from the Ardennes battle. If they didn't need us so badly to fight the Russians, they would have hanged a lot more of us

Ambassador Walther Hewel was Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop's permanent representative at Hitler's military headquarters. As a young student at the Munich University, Hewel had been with Hitler in his abortive putsch in 1923 and later went to Java where he learned to speak the local language. He vanished at the end of the war and is reputed to have escaped from embattled Berlin.

It was 1951 before Wilhelm Furtwängler, former conductor of the famous Berlin Philharmonic was permitted to conduct in public again.

Thursday, 20 January 1949

Today, Truman is to be inaugurated here at a great ceremony. I was invited to attend but have made my excuses. From what I have seen of American parades, compared with German ceremonies, they always seem very amateurish. Besides, I have to go over literally thousands of pages of paper, some mine and some theirs, dealing with communists and I simply cannot spare the time.

There was also a large official function last evening, also to which I did not go although one of my General friends offered to get me a ticket. I have no interest in meeting with famous Americans at this point and besides, my English is not so good yet. Perhaps later when I learn to speak with less accent. I am hiring a speech teacher who thinks I am a Swiss national, which in fact I suppose I am although the German is certainly not the same.

Cold, very clear and windy. I took a pleasant walk through the streets of Georgetown and noticed all of the very old red brick buildings, built like Dutch houses, almost up to the street and very narrow. Attractive enough and how interesting to compare these old and historic buildings with the awful Negro slums in other parts of town. We would never have permitted such disgusting living areas in Germany but this is a democracy, as I am constantly being told, and people can largely do as they like.

A little later, I heard the roar of military aircraft over the city and went up on the roof just to be certain that the Russians weren't attacking. American planes, part of the ceremony. It takes a very long time to get the sound of bombers directly overhead out of one's mind.

Friday, 4 February 1949

Our dear friend Comrade Josef does not want to come to visit Truman in the United States because his doctor won't allow him to! No one dares tell Stalin what to do. I understand that he wishes to meet Truman in Czechoslovakia instead. Two reasons for this: One, Stalin dares not leave Russia because he is terrified of a coup and second, he hates Truman who has consistently thwarted his expansionist plans and will make some kind of an attempt to kill him in the safety of one of his slave countries. Probably blame it on priests or the Benes faction. I have given my own opinion on this where it should do some good but have been told that Truman detests Stalin, sees him for what he is, a lunatic murderer, and will not go.

Weather has been cold and very clear. There is a garden here that has gone to seed and perhaps in the spring, something creative can be done. I should have Papa come over and work in it but that certainly will not be. Things seem to be going as well as can be expected at home. The family is still being bothered by the Amis but I think they can survive. They are looking in the wrong place for me after all. Do these idiots think I am hiding in the attic or creep into the house disguised in a wig and false beard?

After the war, Müller's family all lived in a small house in the Munich suburb of Pasing. His father, wife, daughter and son, a recently released prisoner of war, were quite poor and ostracized because of Müller's position in the Gestapo. Müller's father, Alois, had never been a great success in life, having tried his hand at a number of occupations; policeman, church restorer and professional gardener. He failed at all of these projects and certainly instilled a greatly heightened sense of ambition in his only son.

Thursday, 10 February 1949

More paperwork, endless paperwork. I was given a fine shepherd dog today as a guard animal. A male, about a year old, black and tan and very intelligent. He has some enormously long name on his papers but I will call him Maxl. My wife hated dogs but I do not and I think we will get along very well indeed. Well-trained, just like Hitler's favorite bitch was. Schopenhauer was right about people and dogs. On the other hand, Herta is still stuffing herself like a sausage and the cook is complaining that she invades his kitchen at all hours and disrupts his planned meals. I have spoken with H. about this eating problem several times and I will have to get rid of her if she does not stop. I do not like people to ignore my suggestions and her problem is not physical. Also, I do not like fat women and she is moving quickly in that direction.

Irmgard has arrived, is not happy with my domestic arrangement and I assured her it would change soon. My excuse was that H. had been assigned to me!

After finally meeting the President, some of my impressions. I never knew Roosevelt but this one must be a welcome change. A dynamic man, friendly but also firm. Not well versed in European politics and very suspicious of the military. He understands domestic politics very well, having been a legislator for some years. I think basically an honest man and I can see why Stalin loathes him. Truman comes directly to the point and cuts through the diplomatic nonsense. As I thought, he is of two minds about the communist business, also a little frightened about its extent and probably would like to push it aside. We talked about Duggan and he does not feel he was a communist and said "poor man" several times. He asked me what I thought about Hitler and so on. Intelligent questions. He will officially hear nothing bad about Roosevelt but in private does not speak well of him. This is a small town farmer in thought and the sophistication of the American intellectual establishment very much annoys him. They, of course, hate him because they all loved Roosevelt and his ways. Truman said that Roosevelt had to "put him on the ticket" because he was forced to...that R. wanted crazy Wallace but couldn't get him. In revenge, R. never told Truman anything at all and completely ignored him! And this when R, knew he was dying! T, also said Roosevelt "couldn't tell the truth to save his soul." That I can believe. He also told me that the White House was "a pigsty" when he moved in and that Mrs. Roosevelt and the family lived like "poor white trash" in what he called the People's House.

Mrs. R. used to bring her lady friends into the building, even when the President was there, but refused to allow him to bring any of his lady friends around. And Truman said the cook belonged in the kitchen of a penitentiary and that State dinners were avoided like the Black Death.

Another historical footnote: When R. died, his old friend (who I know hated him) Churchill, refused to attend the funeral. I told T. that C. was a drunken, fat little fairy and I actually got the President to laugh. He told me that he heard I liked to play the piano and that I must visit with him at home and we could play duets! My God, I will have to fortify myself with schnapps first! They tell me his unattractive daughter thinks she is a wonderful singer but sounds like a cat was being run over by a truck. That will be an evening I could do without, believe me. The term "monkey love" is often very applicable.

The wall hangings have come down from New York and I will have them put up over the weekend. They will join the Goeblens already in the hall. Every time I see these, I recall them hanging in the new Chancellery. The Vienna Museum is no doubt still looking for them. If Peiner had finished his projected pieces, they would have been returned to Vienna and I would have bare places on my walls.

I am to have some of my associates in for dinner next week. Someone told me that I am supposed to have a "wonderful wine cellar," but this was from someone who was at the New Year's party and drank the swill! (The same General who threw up in the pantry). I am supposed to have lunch with Wisner but I will put it off as long as I can. I cannot abide him; he drinks far too much, is terribly arrogant without any visible reason for it and appears to me to be more than half-mad. I mentioned my opinions of him to the President but he is not sufficiently in control to do much about such assholes as Pash and Wisner.

The tapestries mentioned were on loan to Hitler from the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna while Werner Peiner, a German artist, was working on an original series of hangings, which depicted scenes from German military history. This series was never finished and the old tapestries vanished at the end of the war.

Monday, 14 February 1949

I need to devote more time to these personal records but the amount of work I have laid out for myself makes it difficult. For obvious reasons, I cannot have my secretary transcribe them (I think I have found a job for her at the Treasury Department.) She hates Maxl, who now sleeps in my room, and he detests her in turn. Dogs always know about such things. Herta is available but too difficult. She said last week that either the dog goes or she does. She leaves next week and Irmgard will take her place. If I am careful about what I say, I might be able to get I. to write up these notes.

Interesting situation here with Agnes Smedly, a communist agent, and Anna Strong, another one. Meisinger exposed the Sorge ring in Japan during the war and Smedly was involved. Just recently, MacArthur released some background material on the ring and Smedly threatens to sue! This seems to be the standard communist tactic. First, deny everything and then sue anyone who even hints that they were an agent. This works with weak people and makes them retract but has become very obvious as a legal tactic and we ought to find ways to circumvent their legal remedies. Now to more interesting comments.

Have finally met with Colonel Hoover! He wouldn't come here so we met on neutral ground. He insisted on bringing three men with him so I countered with six! The result was that we went off privately and had a surprisingly amiable conversation. He is angry because he doesn't really know who I am and keeps hinting that he has "certain information" about me. I know I have real information about him but since I have to work with him, I kept my mouth shut. I was fully warned and was properly pro-American and very laudatory of his efforts, "even from the earliest days" to alert America to the "Red Menace" as he calls it. He is a strict disciplinarian and seems to be very competent but is the sort which is either highly dictatorial or very subservient. In my case, he poked around to see if I was a potential rival. I convinced him that I was not although he occupies the same position in this country that I did in Germany. I confess I would like his job but he has been in place for years and the game would not be worth the candle.

We fenced with each other for nearly two hours but it was not unprofitable for either one of us and I am sure we can work together. One always has to defer to him but not out of ignorance or weakness. He will exploit both. He knows Truman doesn't like him so I made him happy when I told him that I had praised him to the President and hoped that he would achieve the recognition from the new leader which he once had from the last, great one. I must say that he didn't like Roosevelt either and told me at least ten really terrible anecdotes about the man.

Better to be a live dog than a dead lion.

I will invite Mr. or better, *Director* Hoover over for dinner one of these days. I don't know if he is a fairy or not; I suspect not. He lives with his mother, they tell me, and is very pure of thought and deed. Probably asexual which in the end gives him more energy to direct to his work. He made a sly reference to my secretary going to the Treasury and I told him, in all innocence, that I would send her to work for him if he wished. I stopped short of mentioning some of her attributes because he made a very sour face. At least

she could get fat and he wouldn't care. The problem is to get Hoover to cooperate by sharing his files. The President told me he could order this but I prefer to have it voluntary. I see several ways to accomplish this in a friendly way so we will follow that path and see where it goes.

There will be a very high-level strategy meeting next week and I would like Hoover to attend. The President will either come or send a top aide. The question: How far are we to go? Hoover says that the State Department people are heavily infiltrated with "Reds" and cites Harry Dexter White. I made him happy when I told him all I knew about White, who was a Russian-born communist. I told Hoover that it was unfortunate that White had a fatal heart attack last year, or we could use him to extract more of Hoover's "Reds" from the department. I made a tentative comment about heart attacks and how easy they were to achieve and he did become very interested! More on this for him later.

Like many of the officials here, Hoover is quite anti-Semitic and comments often about how many of the known (and proven) traitors were Jews. He claims that all the communists are Jews but I did not find this so in Germany. In this matter, Hoover is almost as brutal as Wisner who would have fit in well in Germany. I would never have allowed W. inside the Gestapo but Schellenberg could have put him to use. I never permitted any of my people in sensitive positions to drink like Wisner does. One warning and out they went!

Harry Dexter White was born in the United States but his parents were Russian in origin. White was one of the top aides for Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau. White was the man who conceived the basis of the so-called "Morgenthau Plan," heartily endorsed by General George Marshall and President Roosevelt, to reduce both the population and production of a conquered Germany to a series of small, pastoral states. Truman shelved this savage program after he became President and White was later exposed as an active Soviet agent. He died of a sudden heart attack after having been accused of espionage. As this happened before Müller came to the United States, he cannot be held to account. Neither was he involved in the rapid descent of Laurence Duggan from his office window to the pavement below.

Frank Wisner, Sr. (Junior was U.S. Ambassador to India during the Clinton Administration and had been rumored as designate Director of the CIA) head of the CIA's clandestine operations, drank to excess, and was fond of using Eastern Europeans with histories of barbaric behavior. He filled the ranks of CIA operatives with such people who were also found in astonishing number in the CIA-controlled Gehlen organization.

Wednesday, 23 February 1949

Some public talk about German nerve gasses which the papers here call "death sprays." This is either Tabun, Sarin or Soman, who knows? An American officer now claims that the U.S. found over a hundred tons of it in a cave somewhere and it was destroyed.

What should have been said was that the gasses were sealed in artillery rounds and were dumped into the Baltic. Such stupid people! The shell casings will eventually rust through and that will be the end of everyone in the Baltic States. Since Comrade Josef has either slaughtered most of the Balts, deported the others to Siberia and left only the pro-communists in place, it will be no great loss. As I told Director Hoover, a good communist is a dead communist. He responded that in America they say that a good nigger is a dead nigger. I have heard the same thing about Red Indians and Germans. The CIA has been running fast boats into the Baltic, landing agents there. Much anti-Russian partisan activity there as well as in the Ukraine. Should make Wisner happy. It certainly improves my day when I read the very secret reports about all this. Imagine that here I am, living in great comfort in the very center of power of my late enemies, reading, with permission, some of their most closely guarded secrets! Who would have thought it in April of 1945 with Berlin in ruins and the entire country virtually dead?

Anna Strong, a writer who worships Stalin and his system, is being kicked out of Russia. No one knows the reasons for this but she must have made the Red God mad. Surprising he didn't have someone stick a pickaxe in her thick head. Now she will come here and perhaps we can get an investigation going although she is supposed to be senile and no one wants to bother.

We had the same problem, albeit with different factors, in the business of Gerstein. There was a man that was totally mad, running around talking about gassing tens of thousands of Jews a day and Hitler watching in glee. Himmler wanted him killed but we decided to put him into a lunatic asylum where he belonged. Now we read books by feeble-minded pseudo-historians who have gotten their hands on a great mass of completely faked papers by G. and write about him as if he were a "great Christian hero" of some vast, mysterious and non-existent resistance. I wonder what happened to the stories about the factories

making tons of hand soap out of dead Jews? Or the lampshade business? I suppose wars open up the sewers which underlie so much of humanity and the apes rule for a few months. I believe the Strong woman should have a heart attack. Of course here, they shove them out of windows that shows a lack of professional finesse, not to mention a greater lack of concern for those down below.

Saturday, 5 March 1949

Yesterday I was advised that a major arrest would be made involving a member of the Justice Department and a Soviet diplomat. Today it has happened. One Miss Coplon of the Justice Department and a V.A. Gubitchev were bagged by the FBI in New York. The woman, who was having an affair with the Russian, had compromising documents on her at the time of the arrest. Also, yesterday, (Judge) Medina ruled that the case against eleven major communists could proceed. I have met Medina twice now and aside from looking like a French waiter, he is a man of great patience who is determined not to let the attorneys from the other side wear him down. The communists' lawyers claim that the juries are filled with pro-government witnesses and that Negroes and Jews are being excluded from these juries along with women, other communists, child molesters, the criminally insane, prostitutes and monkeys from the zoo. I believe the attorneys feel that juries made up of these assholes would certainly be in complete sympathy with their accused friends and would let them go free.

Sunday, 6 March 1949

Very lengthy conversation today with Arthur about some of my new superiors. Interesting material although I already knew a good deal of it from the earlier days.

A warning for me not under any circumstances to acknowledge possession of any material in my papers that could be anti-British, nor should I ever make any kind of anti-British remarks to the OSS Dulles, Wisner or Angleton. The other Dulles I am not to worry about at this point...yet. Why? I find that all of these men are in the pay of the British intelligence and that they will give the British anything that might be of use to them, no matter how damaging it might be to this country. Germany no longer counts as far as the British are concerned, and they now concentrate their fishing in troubled waters in Washington, not Berlin. Of course they want their empire back again and they want this country to get it for them. That will never happen. T. said that Roosevelt was anti-colonial and that he, too, had no intentions of helping Britannia rule anything but a pond for geese.

The Dulles brothers have been Anglophiles since they were children. Their uncle was Lansing, once a Secretary of State under Wilson. We knew him as the man whom Whitehall paid to push America into the war on their side. The nephews were influenced by their uncle and apparently have no problem with taking bribes. Here, being pro-British is a mark of refinement and one finds all kinds of British supporters in what passes for the American aristocracy. They used to take speech lessons so they could talk like an Englishman! I heard Dulles, speaking of Ambassador Kennedy whom he has been alleging was a German agent (because the British hated him), that "all Irish were nothing but a pack of damned bogtrotters." I had to have this explained to me and Arthur, who is Irish in ancestry, thought it was funny! The Irish have quite a sense of humor. Especially in view of the reign of terror the British turned loose there after the 1916 business.

It is doubtful if England will ever instigate another major war and get the Americans to pull their coals from the fire one more time but the real danger here is the Soviet connection. We knew in Germany long ago, and knew very well, that Stalin had many very important agents in England, many in the intelligence area. I am sure that most of them are still in place now. Hoover also thinks so and like me, he simply does not trust any of them.

Anything that might reflect badly on the British, and there is so much, from assassinations to the instigation of wars of extermination, cannot be given to their American foils at all. If I expressed my own views on the British, it would ruin any chances I might have for both the safety of myself and the success of my work.

There is then a problem. Of course not to let these men find out anything but at the same time, should not the President be warned about the treachery of his people? I know from what he and others have said, that T. does not trust either the CIA or the British. Hoover does not and neither do a number of my colleagues. Of course many of them are not of the social level to be pro-British.

The British detest the Jews and the Irish and the Roosevelt administration was full of both and most are still in place. The British government is also filled with an army of ideological communists and, given their detestation and envy of the United States, are very serious menaces to our security in America.

If we are to root out and dispose of the Soviet agents and helpers here, as T. has stated very firmly he wants, the British must not get wind of this program or the information would go straight to Moscow and all of our work would be undone in a minute.

Comrade Josef would at once retrieve all of his pet rats and just put more in place and we would be right back at the beginning. A very sensitive area and one that calls for the greatest caution. I have done this before. When I began with the Gestapo, my worst enemies were our pro-Soviet people in the Foreign Office and the Army.

Just as well we cleaned that shithouse out but it took a bomb under Hitler's legs to really finish the job. A few may have survived but we got more than our share. Down in Bern, Dulles had a whole stable full of them working for him. Such a stupid, self-righteous asshole after all! I am quickly getting the same attitude towards my American pseudo-aristos as I did towards our von und zu Scheisshaufens. (Piles of shit, Ed.) At least the German nobility can trace its ancestry back to something more significant than bigoted religious fanatics who burned their neighbors alive and London's deported criminals. Not to say much, but a difference.

Monday, 7 March 1949

To Mass early because I missed it yesterday and in the afternoon, discussions about a forthcoming piece of legislation about communists. It is necessary to have this in place before arrests and prosecutions can begin. Irmgard has managed to make friends with Maxl and sometimes can be persuaded to take him for walks when I am very busy. I prefer to take him myself but time does not often permit this. I. seems to be working out very well, especially when I enlightened her as to why the other one departed. My food bill is less now and at present, all seems to be harmonious. Very nice drawings coming up for auction in New York soon and as I have to go up there again for the hearings, I might look in on the bidding. It is not a question of money at this point but actually one of space. This is a large house but there are just so many square feet of wall space and the tapestries have taken up more than I would have wanted.

Tuesday, 8 March 1949

Nixon introduced the legislation I spoke about today. It will be a great setback for the communists here and is sure to stir up an outcry. Nixon said that the Coplon case, especially as it involved a Soviet government agent, is enough to keep the Roosevelt people quiet. Always strike while the iron is hot as Arthur has said, time and time again. He should really find other interesting folk sayings. Once is enough. I suggested the death penalty for those taken in espionage but am told that there is such a penalty but it is seldom enforced. A few examples would do wonders for the rest.

The legislation Müller mentions consisted of two bills presented to Congress, using the case of Judith Coplon, a Justice Department employee who gave secrets to one Valentin Gubitchev, a Soviet agent. The bills were introduced by Republican Congressman Richard Nixon of California and Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota and another, nearly identical one introduced by Senator Homer Ferguson, Republican from Michigan. These bills required all communists and their front organizations to register with the U.S. government with severe penalties for failure to do so. There was a stipulated fine of \$10,000 and 10 years in prison for violators. Also, all of their propaganda had to be clearly listed as communist in nature. Other punishments were the denial of passports to communists and a prohibition against their holding any U.S. civil service job. This sort of legislation could never have been contemplated during the Roosevelt era, and only after the accession of Harry Truman could such legislation have been introduced in either house.

Thursday, 10 March 1949

The trial of the communist leaders began in New York on Monday. It promises to be a long circus. We should simply remove these individuals from society and reeducate them in a work camp. At least they would do honest work for a change. Typical responses from those accused of communist membership. Truman is now discriminating against Negroes and Jews because so many of them have been communists. I doubt if this will make any difference and the American public has its own opinions on the matter. After all, they had from 1933 to 1945 to see what was going on and the screeches of a few leftwing lawyers and sympathizers with Stalin won't make much of a dent.

I am supposed to prepare an overview of the Soviet infiltration into the American government for my religious friend who intends to give it to Senator McCarthy. He views him as much more valuable than Nixon because the latter is not given to excesses. From what I have heard of the Senator, I have no real

interest in meeting with him except for his support of Peiper. My son was in his unit and I suppose that it would be a good idea to establish some kind of a connection with the Senator for the future. But not, I am urgently advised, too close a connection. We could meet at Georgetown University in some place probably over a weekend.

He is not to come here.

T. sent most of the known and active Soviet agents which Roosevelt allowed into the now-disbanded OSS over to the State Department so they could be fired from there. It could be something to pursue since that department is filled with perverts and left-wing chickens. We can put a fox in with them and see how he does.

Joseph McCarthy, who was to spearhead the anti-communist drive in America, had little regard for diplomacy and would prove to be a terrible thorn in the side of the liberal movement in the United States. Stunned by the death of their champion, Roosevelt, the active liberals and communists now found themselves under a mounting attack from the American right. Their position was not helped by the beginning of the Cold War in which the once-admired and supported Stalin was being cast as an enemy by the American war party.

Investigations into Roosevelt's left-wing activists both inside and out of the government was causing a great deal of anxiety in the faculty clubs of most American universities as well as in the headquarters of labor unions and in the Hollywood movie industry.

The strong and growing reaction to a decade of aggressive pro-Soviet liberalism was only just manifesting its revenge.

The business about Peiper refers to SS Lt. Colonel Joachim Peiper of the 1st SS-Panzer-Division "Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler." During the course of the Ardennes battle in late 1944, men of his armored unit were advancing against the Americans when they encountered a mass of disarmed American prisoners of war. Firing broke out and a considerable number of prisoners were killed, some when fleeing. Their bodies were neatly stacked in a nearby field so as to clear the road.

Later, the Americans claimed the SS had murdered them and the Germans countered that the incident was typical of mobile warfare and that their troops thought they had encountered an advancing enemy.

Many of the German officers involved in the episode had been tortured while prisoners of war to extort confessions. When this information was later made public, those who had been later convicted at a "War Crimes" trial were pardoned. Müller's son had served in the Peiper unit but after the Ardennes battle when the unit was in Hungary. In any case, McCarthy took up the defense of the Germans to the fury of liberal elements.

The Republican Senator from Wisconsin was known to drink and was also well known for his intemperate behavior, hence Müller's reluctance to allow him into his home.

When McCarthy accused the State Department of sheltering over eighty known communists, he was entirely correct but he erred in his implications that these individuals were in any way connected with State Department diplomatic affairs.

After the end of the Second World War, there was an official movement in the U.S. government to reduce the size of the bureaucracy in general and to weed out what were viewed as rabid communists by many senior officials.

The primary nesting places of these individuals was the Office of Strategic Services or OSS and the Office of War Information or OWI. Both agencies had knowingly recruited communists during the course of the war. In the case of the former, the purpose was to primarily block anti-Soviet partisan movements in an Eastern Europe that Stalin wished to completely control after the war. In the case of the latter, this agency was designed to manufacture and broadcast official American propaganda to the public during the war and most especially to put forward the goals of the Soviet dictator in an acceptable light.

The Senator had been shown lists of these OSS and OWI rejects but was not allowed to copy them so his future conduct in refusing to present proof of what were completely accurate statements was not based on his invention of the claim but because he was unable to lay his hands on the relevant documentation.

Left-wing attackers of McCarthy, who have assumed epic proportions in the hagiology of American liberals, have made a great deal of his refusal to present actual proof of his sensationalistic charges but as the original list had come from the White House, those who leaked it to the Senator deemed it inadvisable to reveal their sources.

Tuesday, 15 March 1949

The Soviet agent, G.(ubitchev, ed.) refuses an attorney but will be tried probably within a month. He has been refused diplomatic immunity because he is connected with the United Nations and not the Soviet Embassy. The Coplon woman was sleeping with him and is supposed to have admitted everything. The Russians are the world's greatest exploiters of sex as a weapon to lure possible agents. People often are very lonely in their empty lives and the genitals with which so many people think have no reasoning power.

As part of my program to become an authentic American, I have been reading a great deal on the history of my new country.

Lincoln, the President who freed the slaves made a comment about the common people but I have rewritten it from my own experience. God must love stupid people because He has made so many of them.

We opened two brothels in Berlin, Kitty and the other one, to trap diplomats and they worked very well with both sexes. Some of my early superiors enjoyed listening to the recordings but I did not. I was never one to enjoy watching dogs fuck in the streets but I can't speak about the motives of others. All of them, victims and victimizers, are gone now and I am enjoying my new status with absolutely no regrets.

Angleton went on about a coup attempt against Roosevelt in 1934. He had no part in it and I don't know whether or not to believe him. I shall have to bring this up to Hoover one of these days to see how much he knows about it.

As it was told to me, the American businessmen and especially the banks were absolutely terrified of Roosevelt's total financial ineptness in his attempts to solve the problems of the economic collapse here in the early 1930s. He was not an especially intelligent man but liked to pose as one. He hired a train full of very left-wing people from the universities to give him ideas but these ideas were basically either purely communist or dealt with the planned economy, neither of which worked then nor work now.

The financial situation was precarious and because Roosevelt was such an utter imbecile about this, many people in power determined to remove him.

I was told that the prime movers behind this coup were the Morgan Bank, the chemical company of DuPont, Bernard Baruch and the American Army which was represented by MacArthur. This general, of whom Roosevelt was genuinely terrified, now is the de facto Emperor of Japan but R. managed to get him out of the country and make him head of the so-called Army of the Philippines. He was given a large salary and the title of Field Marshal but he had to stay out of this country.

The plot, as Angleton told it to me, was to have the Army arrest Roosevelt, put him in custody and appoint a ruling council with MacArthur running it and the big bankers supporting him, but in private. I think the General would have loved this but instead they picked another General to be the figurehead. MacArthur was the Chief of Staff and a serving officer so they chose an old officer with a splendid military record and not a great deal of sense.

This was not a well-kept secret in Washington, if one even breaks wind; news of this immediately spreads all over the capital within minutes. There are no secrets here, believe me.

This was discovered by Hoover, I am told, and he rushed to Roosevelt with it and scared yesterday's dinner out of him. This was very clever because this coup probably would not have succeeded anyway but it was a real plan and Hoover could prove it. The old general admitted that he had been approached but actually wished no part of it. He said he had not reported it because he really didn't believe it but also wanted to gather more information.

This sort of deception I ran into in Germany after July 20. Fromm, for instance, had no real part in the plot but knew about it and hoped it would succeed. Hitler had him shot but only after Fromm had shot Stauffenberg. That I objected to because I would much rather have had S. alive and singing loudly in my office.

The result of this plot was nothing. MacArthur was bribed to leave the country and R. later had him paid a huge sum of money through the Philippine government not to defend that country when the Japanese invaded. A. said that MacArthur refused to order his heavy bombers to attack the Japanese after their attack on America in 1941 and kept these planes on the ground where the Japanese promptly obliterated them. I think MacArthur got his million dollars after this and Roosevelt specifically had him and his staff evacuated by boat. No one else.

A. says R. was terrified of the general. I said that we shot such persons with very little difficulty. R. was quite a coward. A man who lied to everyone, pretended to be everyone's dear friend and then betrayed all like a Borgia. R. would have made a superb Byzantine Emperor.

The plotters were never punished but this attempt had the disastrous effect of driving Roosevelt straight into the protective arms of the communists whom he saw as men who could protect him against any further such plots.

The plot Müller speaks of actually existed but accurate descriptions of it do not. Several writers, among them Charles Higham1 have been terribly outraged that American business actually had financial dealings with the Germans. Higham says that the figurehead General, Smedly Butler, a winner of the Medal of Honor and former Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, had indeed been approached but was horrified and told Roosevelt at once. Higham also claims that the U.S. banking and major industrial interests financed a huge neo-Nazi movement in the United States, which was designed to nullify the truly wondrous programs of Mr. Roosevelt.

The President indeed had absolutely no idea of even basic economics and his cure for the Depression was to acquire enormous sums of money from a frightened Congress and buy legions of unemployed voters with it. Roosevelt detested businessmen and spent much of his reign attacking them with a series of restrictive decrees coupled with occasional threats of total governmental regulatory control.

The Fromm mentioned was Colonel General Friedrich Fromm, head of the German Reserve Army. Stauffenberg worked under him and while Fromm had no active part in the plot to murder Hitler, he was doubtlessly aware of it and was reported to be in sympathy with its aims.

1Higham, Charles, "Trading with the Enemy," New York, 1983, pp. 162-165.

Friday, 18 March 1949

Early this morning two large brown trucks from the American Army came up to my house and a number of soldiers in full uniform began to unload the contents. It had to be explained to them that all of the cargo had to go into the back. We cannot have people tracking into the main hall after all.

What arrived was the second shipment of art from Antwerp that had come down here from New York. It came as special cargo and passed through customs without being opened, which was most convenient. I had everything taken up to the second floor and put into one of the big bedrooms there. The cellar is too damp and in the summer, I believe the attic is too hot.

I put on my Lederhosen and an old shirt and spent a very happy day opening the crates and either stacking the contents onto various tables I had the foresight to put into the room, or in a number of cases, leaving the art where it was because it was going out again to be sold.

I ate my lunch right in the room and told the servants I was not to be disturbed unless the President called personally! Not even a call from his lovely daughter could get through. (I have not yet met her...a pity.)

Almost all of the pictures will be for resale but I have kept a few. The Botticelli study of a young man from the Guttman collection is very obviously a worthless fake. At least it is obvious to me and was so to Bode quite a time ago. These pretenders to culture are so easy to swindle. "Oh, I *must* have a Botticelli to impress my friends," and the dealers smile like sharks.

Old Duveen (British art dealer of questionable reputation, ed.) was the very worst of the lot. I wouldn't even touch a piece that had passed through his hands. He did so much "retouching" that the piece is virtually ruined. He had no taste whatsoever but his clients had less.

Rich businessmen like Guttman liked to impress their equally ignorant friends with their good taste. D. had Berenson working for him, which showed good sense. B. knows what he is about but is not averse to "authenticating" a complete fake for the fee. I met him once during the war and was impressed with his feel for the real pieces. I think B. was afraid I would shove him into a camp but things do not work that way with me.

So what we have here are many pictures of the period before the beginning of the 1914 war and continuing up until the 1930s.

There is a really awful Matisse of a woman wearing red trousers and lying bare breasted on a couch. Face like a Lenten mask. That one was in the Bernheim collection and next week it will be hanging in the home of an Assistant Secretary of State who has been dribbling spit all over my carpets. He has no idea who I really am and I entertained him with a story about how I escaped into Switzerland with the nasty Gestapo chasing me!

I should buy one of those skullcaps to make these customers feel more at home!

Another atrocity, by Manet and from the same source as the mess above, showing a deformed woman with a silly smirk on her proletarian face. Also bare to the waist.

Frankly, lumpy dugs do not excite me. She looks like a bitch dog with pups and stretched teats.

Maybe Maxl will wet the carpet looking at her but I certainly won't.

A Vuillard that is worse than both of the above but ought to fetch a few dollars up at the New York outlet.

I should trade the Fragonard drawings, in the series, and the Vuillard for the parcel gilt cup I took a liking to. There are five different cartoons of the same scene in ink and I will keep the largest one for my library. These came from Weill who has much better taste than Guttman although Göring told me that some of the junk in this collection was so bad it had to be burned. Hitler did have the right idea after all when it came to the absolutely rotten produce of the degenerative years.

A very nice small crate with some beautiful Greek gold ornaments, cups, plates and so on. From Russia. I much delight in getting my hands on as much "acquired art" from Stalin's sewer rats as I can. The items are packed between manuscripts of Tchaikovski that are in good condition. I have put them into the press and when they look a little better, I will have them sold to one of the directors of the National Gallery here who delights in such things. A bit of deaccessioning on his part might actually take place.

A manuscript of Chekov, quite intact in the bottom of a smaller, second crate. Thank God the U.S. Army people don't bother to look in these crates because there was a M-32 (Mauser 7.63mm Model 1932 selective fire pistol, ed.) machine pistol and stock and six boxes of ammunition wrapped up in a tapestry in another crate. I still have my Walther that Himmler gave me but the bigger Mauser will be nice to keep around the bedroom in case of burglars. If they get past the Army guards and the alarms, I will put three or four into their bellies and chuck them down into the garden so they won't bleed to death on my nice parquet floors. These took three weeks to refinish and I don't want to use the back stairs again.

Some of the old frames, while spectacular in execution, have suffered some minor damage. David tells me he knows of a restorer who works for the Metropolitan in New York who can make them "as good as new."

I prefer the old frames after all.

One of the gold Greek necklaces is quite an understated beauty and I will give it to Irmgard for her favors. She has no idea what I have up here but we can't have her going to the films wearing a diamond choker.

Also, most delighted to get some lovely enamels that once came from the Rothschilds. So many of the really nice pieces in my collection, including my chess set, came from both branches. I would have to say that the Rothschilds had excellent taste in wine. I have three crates of their wine in the cellar and I have nothing but good thoughts about them when I drink it.

I didn't finish up until it began to get dark and I stopped work as soon as the light really faded. I like to appraise pieces in natural light and the rest can wait until morning. Besides, my back is stiff, my knee sore and my fingers full of splinters. I will give Irmgard the privilege of pulling out all the splinters before giving her the necklace.

Saturday, 19 March 1949

Up with the sun, quick breakfast, looking through the various papers that have come in and then back to work upstairs. Forrestal went out as Secretary of Defense and one Louis Johnson will take his place. Forrestal reminds me of Hess. He has that harried, distracted look about him and Truman was becoming very displeased with F's inability to deal with serious matters. Johnson will be no problem to me and I will have to pay my compliments soon.

I have put all the pieces I want to keep in the second bedroom at the back and readied the others for shipment to various outlets. We can let them out a few at a time.

I have had a call made to get some of the frames touched up and there will be someone calling for these, one at a time of course so as not to excite the restorer in New York.

He is told that these are new acquisitions for the National Gallery instead of my property. I have to pay him but there is no objection on my part considering the value of my new acquisitions.

There is an excellent set of dinnerware from Sèvres made for Napoleon. Certainly enough for a full coffee and tea service but only to be used for a very few people or most probably put into one of the cases in the dining room.

I have taken out three pictures, small ones so as not to be ostentatious, which I wish to present to the President, my immediate superior, and my religious friend at Georgetown.

I have no use for the Bellini after all so he can have that as a token of my esteem. I will replace it with two Tiepolo cartoons and a study for a ceiling, all of a religious nature.

That way I can cement my relationships and still show a religious facade for the right visitors here.

It has been suggested by people at the museum that I wax my suits of armor because Washington becomes very damp in the summer.

Money to the family via the Swiss bank. All well there as I am told.

Although Müller had never had any academic instruction in fine art, he developed a strong personal interest in it, and as he did in so many other fields, began to study the area with great diligence. He was aided in this by the fact that he worked very closely with various U.S. and Swiss sources in selling and exchanging works of art that had been looted by the Germans during the course of the war. While the majority of the well known works of stolen art had been located and eventually returned after the war, the lesser known pieces or works which had not been stored in extensive facilities overrun by Allied troops were easily accessible to the right individuals after the war.

Müller's career in this area shows that fortunes could and would be made dealing in looted art. His catalogs show thousands of examples of paintings, tapestries, bronzes, enamels, silver and gold work, historical artifacts, rare coins, jewelry, manuscripts, carpets, furniture and a host of other objects which passed through his hands during his lifetime. If Heinrich Müller had kept everything he dealt in since the end of the war, his art collection would dwarf in quantity any other private art collection in existence and would rival that of many smaller museums. The Bode mentioned in the March 18th entry was Dr. Wilhelm von Bode, who had been director of the prestigious Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin and an expert on Botticelli.

Müller kept in touch with his family as his own files and recently uncovered German law enforcement records show. His survival and his contact with his family was certainly well-enough known to prompt the Israeli Mossad to break into Müller's wife's Munich home in 1968 for the purpose of searching for incriminating correspondence and to plant telephone taps in order to locate the former Chief of the Gestapo. They were unsuccessful and those whose collections were looted have been equally unsuccessful in determining the fate of most of their former holdings.

In both cases, the major barrier has, and is, institutional protectiveness and that is a process that is nearly impossible to undo or circumvent. Müller and his associates were a tremendous intelligence asset to the United States, who, once they had engaged their services, must of necessity protect their sources. Art dealers, collectors and museums who have acquired very expensive art objects with muddied pasts have a tremendous financial interest in thwarting any attempt at recovery, no matter how tenuous, or legitimate these attempts might be.

The word "cartoon" as used in this account means a preliminary sketch by an artist for a larger, finished painting.

Tuesday, 22 March 1949

The President would like to make major structural repairs to the White House, which, as I have seen, is not in good condition. When Truman said that the former occupants had left it in a mess and lived like "trash," he was quite correct. It has been put discreetly to me that perhaps I might wish to contribute to this project. I have no objections.

I gave an excellent original painting to Truman last week through the usual channels and have a very nice note from him. I am told he had it appraised and knows just what it is worth. I have a connection now in Philadelphia with access to what is called the Federal School of American Art and in return for a Giorgone and some ink drawings of various Italians, will agree to give me a quantity of mirrors, carpets, silver and the like.

These I can donate to Truman's project with a clean conscience because the Giorgone is a fake, but a very good one, and the people at the National Gallery will back me on its authenticity, especially after one of them got the Russian musical scores. This is the way things are accomplished, after all.

I have looked at statements by a man named Philbrick who was underground with the communists for over ten years. He will be testifying at the beginning of next month.

I must say that Lenin and Stalin had one major goal in mind and that was to get control of developed, industrialized nations. Russians are absolutely not an industrialized country. Having been servitors for so many generations, they have no initiative and very little actual skill. Hence the desire, in the 1920s, to grab up Germany with her very highly developed technical skills. Of course communism was very active here long before that.

The flight of Jewish radicals from the Czar's police starting in the late 80s of the last century filled this country, and Germany, with violent dissidents. Once communism came to power, these dissidents

immediately got connected with Moscow and then their work was aimed at control both here and in Germany.

It was only through my efforts after 1935 that we broke the back of the Soviet rings in Germany, smashed their apparatus and identified their sympathizers. I would say it was only by 1938 that we really had these mongrels stuffed into cages and the good work still went on throughout the war.

In America, the communists had two factors that permitted their very rapid growth. One was the great economic collapse of the early 30s and the other was the election of Roosevelt to power in 1932. Economic disasters always breed dictatorships as witness Italy, Germany, Russia and now, the United States.

Roosevelt was a very vain, shallow and weak man. He was a mother's darling who demanded much and got much. His crippling disease made him very dependent on others so he began to expand on a duplicitous nature he had learned early in order to curry favor with and obtain benefits from his imperious mother

When in power, he had no idea of how to get out of the problems and sought the aid of communists with their usual lunatic economic and social theories. Was Roosevelt a communist? No, he was far too stupid, but he loved power and adulation so much that he saw in them a vehicle for continuation of his power and adulation.

He openly encouraged and aided them in their attempts to secure a firm foothold in this country. He appointed them to every office, high and low, and supported any aim they wanted. Roosevelt immediately (diplomatically, ed.) recognized Soviet Russia and did all he could to aid them.

When he was told, as Hoover told me he often was, that this or that U.S. official reported to Moscow, he not only refused to take any action whatsoever to at least remove that official, but also found ways to warn them. Harry White was an excellent example of this.

This Lattimore asshole is typical. He was in sympathy with the Soviets, was an expert on China which had a dangerous communist movement and was close to Roosevelt and his people like Service and Currie. We know the last two (and, of course, Hopkins as well) were paid Soviet agents but Lattimore falls into a different category. White was a paid spy but Lattimore was a man who guided, advised and assisted without making any direct contact with real spies.

The Soviets have many people like that and we are now going over all of my intercepts from Canada to see how many of these vermin we can locate. It is the President's desire to remove them from sensitive positions so that they can no longer aid Moscow. However, many of them are old-line New Deal (or communist front movement) people and very popular or well known, and since the Roosevelt legend is still in force, they cannot be directly attacked.

I have my doubt about McCarthy because he is quite undependable, emotional, boastful and inclined to drink to excess. He is also bold, assertive and could well be very effective if directed properly.

I have said before that if the American people ever realize that their country came within a heartbeat of falling into the communist camp, there would be very violent reactions.

I refer here, naturally, to Wallace. R. knew he was a dying man...absolutely knew that his days were strictly limited. His doctors told him that almost daily. R. wanted Wallace to succeed him, knowing very well that Wallace was, and is, a willing and even eager tool of Stalin and his party. Hoover told him, as did many others.

It took an internal revolt in 1944 from inside his own party to force him to accept Truman. T. knows this and is very bitter about it but puts on a good face because he is now the President and I must say, the best antidote to the Roosevelt sickness one could find. T. has many excellent characteristics including stubbornness, courage and a surprising amount of integrity for a professional politician. I must confess I actually like and respect him. One can talk very directly with him as I have found out.

R. was treacherous, duplicitous and without any kind of a rational or firm policy but T. knows just what he wants and tries to get it. He does not trust any of the people I know...the CIA or the Army...and detests Hoover as a sneak and timeserver all of which shows T's character. R. loved such people and used them for his own ends while T. will not. T. said "He who touches pitch shall be defiled," and of course he is right.

Unfortunately, I have pitch up to my elbows.

Sunday, 3 April 1949

A scandal about Forrestal. It has been decided "at the highest level" that F. has become dangerously mad and must be removed from Washington. He goes to Florida with guards and doctors. He believes that the Russians are after him. Why? No answer yet. But out of sight. A keeper of secrets but

which ones? T. is supposed to be "highly concerned" about Forrestal's breakdown. The rumor is that F. might say something he should not.

Received a bank draft for \$6,500 for one of the paintings in the last shipment and we can cash that and put the money in the safe along with other things.

A response from Pasing. Everything is as expected.

Müller's family lived in Pasing, a suburb of Munich. The breakdown of Forrestal was to have a bizarre and very tragic ending in the next month.

Wednesday, 6 April 1949

The Philbrick evidence is being introduced today. He will testify that the communists here were ordered to prepare for violent actions after it was obvious that the U.S. was planning to confront Stalin in Europe. The diversification of the party membership is also to be highlighted. Just as it was in Germany. Important men were never allowed to express sympathy for communist causes and could never be members of the party.

That dubious privilege was reserved for the idiots alone. The aircraft industry was a target then (about a year ago) and indicates Stalin's interest in gaining technical information the Russians could never develop and then prepare for sabotage in case a war breaks out.

Bundez, once a very active party member, is scheduled to reveal more negative information from a prominent insider. Understand he has things to say about Lattimore, Service and several others. Naturally, he will be discredited and verbally abused by the left wing here. Their usual tactics are to vilify anyone who could make trouble for them.

They like to strike first and start rumors, lies and general slanders about their victims. They generally don't kill them like Krivitski but then one never knows.

In the event that assassinations occur, I have strongly suggested that two can play at that game and a great death dance can proceed behind the curtains that keep the public from knowing anything more than it needs to. They don't have the complete press control we did but there are severe restraints anyway. A docile, obedient and cooperative press is useful but only to the party in power.

Hearst has been mentioned as a valuable resource for getting public acceptance for our attacks on the communists here as well as McCormick who publishes the paper in Chicago which revealed Roosevelt's secret war plans in 1941.

Herbert Philbrick, born in 1916, resided in Massachusetts and had been a member of the American Communist Party since 1944 and involved with various left wing causes since he was 24. Philbrick had volunteered his services to the FBI and supplied them with valuable information. A number of those whom he accused immediately denied everything. Louis Budenz later gave information about Owen Lattimore who also immediately denied any communist connections. Walter Krivitsky was a Soviet GRU operator who defected in 1937. Soviet agents murdered him in a hotel room on February 10, 1941 as a punishment for his defection. The murder was never solved because there was official reluctance to press the matter.

Friday, 8 April 1949

Today I weeded out all my pieces that I plan to sell off. I have nearly forty items acquired by various people after the Degenerate Art business. What did not go to Lucerne in 1939 stayed safely in Germany. Göring kept more than his share but what with Hitler's views, no one dared to display any of the artists involved so they were relatively easy to pick up. Three Braques, eight Noldes, a Barlach, two very early Picassos, a Gauguin, eight Chagalls, three Dixs, eighteen Klees, a Van Gough and a collection of over a hundred Klees which he had prepared as a statement against the NS people and had hidden with a friend before fleeing to Switzerland and so on.

I personally dislike all of these pieces and the Van Gough is obviously the product of a very disordered mind. Still, this sort of crude daubing is very popular here in the United States and my connection in New York is absolutely delighted to get his hands on the collection.

I shall get perhaps \$10,000 from him plus several very nice watercolors by Turner and an excellent Richter work that has sentimental value for me. It is a view of the Watzmann which I have climbed several times and which could be seen from the terrace of the Berghof. Looted by a GI I believe. The cash is always helpful here and I will have now retired my debt of \$25,000 with his firm.

Everyone worries and complains about their income taxes but this is a worry I do not have. All of my payments now are in cash and I keep everything in my safe in the bedroom. No bank accounts or cancelled checks for me.

I told a joke yesterday to someone that I ought to write down. What does one call an abortion in Prag? A cancelled Czech of course! Americans have no sense of humor and their military have less. While Americans are worrying about how much to pay the government, I sleep well at night secure in the fact that the government here gets not one *pfennig* from me.

Tuesday, 12 April 1949

Objections in the Congress about the DP (Displaced Persons, ed.) laws here. More immigration is wanted. I have warned that many Soviet agents can creep into the country unless a very careful series of controls are put in place and implemented. Americans are very softhearted and have no idea at all what dangers they face from infiltrating agents.

Thursday, 14 April 1949

More witnesses to appear in the New York trials. Three, perhaps four former communists will tell their tales to the Grand Jury there.

Considerable very high-level concern about Forrestal who is now in the lunatic ward of the Naval hospital in Maryland. He apparently has gone quite mad and is raving about all kinds of matters that those in charge here wish he would not talk about. Even assuming that most of what he says is delusional, if any of it were actually true, and F. was in a position to know certain matters, it would not do for it to become public.

Washington is not a city to keep its secrets after all.

Tuesday, 19 April 1949

Tomorrow will be the Chief's (Hitler's, ed.) birthday. He would have been sixty. Well, that was a time for all of us and if it were not for him, I would still be a policeman in Munich living at home with little privacy and less money. We will celebrate the day here, of course.

My entire staff will participate and one of my new friends from the Pentagon, who knows who I am, wants to come as well because he says he is a "true supporter" of the Chief and also says, often and very heatedly, that, "Hitler was right after all."

Americans have no idea at all about German history; most of them don't even know about their own history. I am constantly amazed by the staff officers who praise Hitler to me. Amazing indeed! Of course only a few at the very top know who I am but I do have an accent, although they are all told it is Swiss, and they assume an accent means I am a secret Nazi.

I never was a practicing Nazi but we cannot discuss that either because a number of my superiors are secret sympathizers and that would not impress them at all. I am now a true Party member and fighter against communism!

It seems that the best way to get hired by the Americans these days is to have a terrible, black record. Gehlen is filled with the very worst people. I must confess in good humor I was responsible for his hiring most of them. G. is such a pompous ass and Willi (Krichbaum, ed.) does like to pull their legs. He tells me the CIA people there are stupid as posts and God alone knows how many former RSHA people they have given employment to. Well, we must all take care of our friends after all.

And the uproarious thing is that the Army is still looking for Hitler!

Wednesday, 20 April 1949

I am actually writing this about noon on 21 April because I was in no condition to write anything last night. There was quite a party here, I can say in all truth. The dustbin out in the kitchen is full of bottles and the whole house smells of alcohol and tobacco fumes. It is being aired out now.

Naturally, my American friend got really drunk and went around the table giving everyone the Hitler salute before going to sleep on a couch in the hall. Thank God he didn't spew on the carpet.

It went very well with three wines, two boxes of Cuban cigars, countless packets of good American cigarettes, eight courses of excellent food and I later ended up playing all kinds of our old patriotic songs on the piano in the music room while everyone sang at the top of their lungs.

It must have sounded like an early Party rally in the *Hofbräuhaus*!

In Germany today one would be arrested by the Americans for such a display, but here their senior officers join in the singing.

Friday, 22 April 1949

I am running out of time to work on this but I need to keep it up because there is far too much coming in to remember all of it, even though my memory is certainly adequate.

Encountered (Louis A., ed.) Johnson (Secretary of Defense, ed.) while I was at the Pentagon and we had a very long talk about the problem with Israel and the Arabs.

J. started out by telling me that the President wanted to have a "little talk" with me about this new situation and he then gave me a file on the matter that I took a short time to look over. I find my English is improving day by day.

The business here is that the Israeli authorities have a plan to invade both Syria and Saudi Arabia as soon as they can build up enough strength. Their idea is to neutralize their northern neighbor whom they see as a staging ground for Arab commandos or as a base for Arabs whom they chased out of Jerusalem and the rest of the country before, and after, they became a state.

It is really shocking, even to me, to see how they behaved towards the Arabs who were mostly stupid peasants with no military significance at all.

If they gain control of an oil-producing area, they can then begin to dictate towards both the United States, whom they view as a source of money and support, and England, whom they hate because of the Mandate business.

J. told me that the President will not permit any such adventures on their part and has asked for contingency plans for military action to be drawn up in the Pentagon. These plans foresee an immediate U.S. military intervention to prevent either invasion, or incursion.

Truman had been one of the early supporters of the new Jewish state, partly because his former business partner, a Jacobson, was Jewish and was acting as an agent for the Zionists with the President.

T. later told J. that he had no idea about the strictly terroristic nature of the nationalists and had later done everything he could to prevent the sale of arms to them from this country. J. said that if he had it to do over once more, knowing what he does now, Truman would not have been actively supportive. Positive statements, as opposed to active support, sound good to the masses but are not substantive.

I suggested that if these plans were drawn up (which they are now doing), this should not come to the attention of the public. I pointed out that Bernadotte was murdered precisely because he attempted to prevent the savage Zionist pogroms against the Arabs in Jerusalem and that if T. sent American military units against Israel, he would risk the very probable threat of assassination.

The conversation, which lasted for over three hours with a nice lunch in the middle, then turned to my work on the communist trials. I had sent a comprehensive list of all the known spies and traitors to the White House (note: I am to keep strictly away from (Clark, ed.) Clifford, advisor to Truman, who is suspected of being in the pay of Tel Aviv just as Hopkins was in the pay of Stalin) and Truman, according to J. "was stunned" when he noticed that about 90% of these agents were Jewish.

I strongly suggested that this matter not be addressed in public because it would cause far more trouble than it was worth.

I am certain that Wisner would make a good deal of this because of his rampant anti-Semitism but the overall effect would have serious repercussions. I reminded J. of the troubles Germany had because of their own Jewish persecutions and suggested that identified traitors and spies not be identified by their religious affiliations.

Of course one can say that they are trade union leaders, film producers or university professors (which most of the leading ones are) but the government must strictly stay away from public anti-Semitism. That game is certainly not worth the candle.

A nice phrase I read in a book recently.

I hope not to be involved in such businesses again but if an invasion of Arabia does happen, then T. will have little choice.

No one takes numbers into account. The Arabs outnumber the Jews by at least 20 to 1 and the only ones to benefit from wars in that area would be Stalin and his vultures.

As Napoleon said, one must wash one's dirty linen in strict privacy.

J. also told me that his predecessor (Forrestal, ed.) was becoming a "terrible burden" to the President with his loud statements. Fortunately, F. is kept away from the public but then the asylum attendants also have to be watched. I carefully mentioned the benefits of the politically convenient heart attack but J. appeared to be genuinely shocked so I merely made a jest out of it and went on to other things.

I believe I can say that the Americans I have met in high military and intelligence positions are far worse anti-Semites than anyone I ever encountered in the comparable German agencies.

Sunday, 24 April 1949

An interesting report from New York about the Soviets trying to instigate rebellion among the Negroes. One (William O., ed.) Nowell gave some testimony about this. He claimed that Russia was planning to make a Negro Republic from Virginia to New Orleans after they had made their revolution here. This was from the 1930s but additional information, not included in the trial because of its sensitivity, backs this up entirely and goes further in proving the communists were playing on the frustrations and second-class status of Negroes up to the edge.

Most of these black people are not very intelligent and willing to listen to any such opium dreams but the real truth is that this group could represent a very great danger for this country at some future point if their numbers increase and they demand more than the whites are prepared to give.

One of the main thrusts of the testimony is Soviet determination to foment a revolution here before the war...and of course now they have had their wings cut so they cannot.

I know from being involved that some of this provocative information has been "developed" by the government lawyers but much of it is based entirely on true matters.

The (Judith, ed.) Coplon trial is to begin tomorrow right here in Washington. I might stop by the courthouse at some point and have a look at the people involved. (Valentin, ed.) Gubitchev was allowed to go free on cash security posted by their embassy.

He will probably escape, something the Americans hope for.

Everyone is accusing his neighbor or co-worker of being a communist during the reign of the Divine Franklin. Unfortunately, these malicious attacks do much to conceal the real depth of the infiltration but we all do so much behind the curtains. Several accidental deaths recently, all assisted. Better to do things that way than to have long, involved trials. The public cannot follow all of this and a dead spy is soon forgotten.

I have managed to convince my overlords that I am entirely caught up on my paperwork and would like to take a small vacation for a week or so. Complaints that someone might recognize me on my trip. Guards would have to be assigned, and so on. I point out that I have my own guards whom I trust and whom I pay (of course with their money).

I do not need permission to travel, naturally, and I do not see that a brief absence from Washington will cost me anything. My position is most secure now, especially since I have established a very good connection with the President.

Truman does not trust either the generals or the CIA and I have been feeding this by seeing to it that he gets a report or two from me every so often.

One must be both very discreet and very accurate. T. keeps his mouth shut because at his level, he is almost as much a stranger as I am. He was, after all, never an insider with the Roosevelt gang and was treated with contempt by them. I, on the other hand, know exactly how to treat the President and he responds as if on a cue. He would be entirely predictable in a chess game, believe me.

Sunday, 1 May 1949

Now this will have to go into the safe for two weeks as I am taking a vacation from this town for that long. By sleeper train to Chicago and a change of trains for Colorado where I at least hope to get some time in the mountains.

It is a little late in the year but perhaps I can find some skiing area I can use. I wish myself a pleasant vacation. In the earlier days, when I was poor, I had to sit up at night in the train and it is hard to sleep sitting up. Now, I have a private room and bath and intend to enjoy myself doing nothing.

Two boxes of Upmanns and two bottles of Cognac plus a dozen books should keep the journey light. Besides, I have never seen this country except for a few trips to New York and I look forward to that. I will perhaps get to see a cowboy or two along the way.

Tuesday, 17 May 1948

Back at work again after a really wonderful rest. No newspapers, no radio and nothing to do but to observe this enormous country. And of course the mountains.

The service on the trains is excellent, as good as Mitropa, and the rooms were good. I took two staff members along but they were of no problem and enjoyed the trip as much as I did.

The country is immense and sparsely populated in many places with a number of small towns interspersed between large cities. A wait in Chicago that is neither as large nor impressive as New York. My train west stopped in Denver and then I got off and there was time to stay at the Brown Hotel there

before taking a car up over the mountains which rise up like a great wall to the west of town. I could have gotten off along the way but I was interested in seeing Denver and to stretch my legs a bit.

Colorado is beautiful but compared with Germany and Switzerland, almost raw and unfinished in places. We can expect that from a new country.

Maxl was overjoyed to see me again. Horst tells me he whined and made a terrible fuss when I was gone. I find this very flattering. On the other hand, Irmgard wondered what sort of a gift I brought her (none) and made noises about a new spring wardrobe. She takes good dictation so I am not eager to lose her services just yet.

Much paperwork has piled up in my absence and a number of calls which I will take care of tomorrow.

While I was gone, the blockade of Berlin ended...finally. The Germans can thank God that Truman was President and not Roosevelt. He would have given the city to his dear friend Josef just like he and that fat pervert Churchill gave away Poland.

It was costly and there was a loss of life, especially among the pilots, but Stalin lost and now the de facto war is on in earnest.

Now we will have to tolerate that stupid Adenauer who is nothing but an American puppet and watch his trained rats pretend to be a sovereign state. Better that, I suppose, than a Germany occupied by Stalin.

Now it will be back into the fight again and I am told that summer here is intolerable. Well, perhaps I can go back to Colorado again sometime soon.

A vacation is good once in a while.

Sunday, 22 May 1949

Went to Mass early before breakfast and when I got back, much of great interest greeted me.

It seems that Forrestal got involved in some kind of a gravity experiment and like the high-flying Duggan, went out of the window on the 16th floor of the Navy hospital (Bethesda, ed.) early this morning. Landed on the roof below with a rope around his neck! Such a lack of finesse after all!

Well, I have had two visitors today who tell different stories about the descent but it is generally agreed that like Duggan and (Jan, ed.) Masaryk (Czech politician, ed.) who suffered the second Defenstration of Prague only last year (the Russians threw him out his window and a source told me he shit all over them before he went), Forrestal was undoubtedly assisted in his downward journey.

One wonders who did this? Possibly Pash or some asshole like him. I know that Truman was very upset about F. and his threats to expose certain matters but from what I have come to know about T., I doubt strongly that he had anything to do with it. Unless someone confesses, I doubt if we will ever know.

Of course Truman might have done what Henry II did and ask who would rid him of this cursed priest but I have heard nothing like that. Only that the President was deeply concerned about the business.

I have no idea at all why they don't adopt the heart attack method that I perfected years ago. No trace and no brains or inner organs splattered all over the street. There ought to be some delicacy about murdering prominent people.

If another one, Wallace for example, does the same thing, people will begin to ask ugly questions. I suppose they will put F. back together again and have a grand state funeral for him. We did that so well that perhaps I can make a suggestion or two.

It is not that people want to talk about this ugly business. On the contrary, they most especially do not want to talk about it. A man from the CIA who came by, made the most contorted efforts to avoid the issue. I finally brought it up and he at once began to try to change the subject.

Those people on E Street (the early CIA headquarters, ed.) are capable of any kind of filthy business and someone from there might well have done the deed. Hoover is too proper to get into such business. He would listen to telephone conversations and arrest someone for having a red kerchief in their clothes press but murder is not his forte.

It would be marvelous if (Clark, ed.) Clifford were the guilty party. That man is such a boring, self-inflated ass as to make me want to throw up on his lap. Truman likes him but no one else does. I do not trust people like that and it wouldn't surprise me if he kept a bitch dog in his cellar for sexual reasons or stole money out of the offering plate at church on Sunday.

A row with Irmgard about her clothes allowance. She gets more money from me than I lived on for a whole year when I was her age. One has to be sharp once in a while or they will wear your testicles for ear decorations. I met this Colonel last month who is so controlled by his wife that he won't defecate unless she tells him where and when.

To me, allowing any kind of a woman to dominate you is without redemption. Sophie (Müller's wife, ed.) was not easy to live with but I made do. My God, I recall when I brought her to Berlin. I had been living there by myself quite comfortably when Himmler started gobbling that the Führer liked to see family men around him. Think of Goebbels and his endless array of opportunistic tarts. So I had to bring the lot up from Munich. S. of course, had no idea about how to conduct herself in the rarified atmosphere of the upper circles of the SS and I had to keep her at home.

Reinhard (Müller's son, ed.) became a pleasure to me after a time but the rest of them were a nuisance. S. made such a fuss about leaving Berlin at the last. I got special seats on the train for her and Elizabeth (Müller's daughter, ed.) and she kept coming back. We finally got her out but what a problem for me!

Poor Anni S. (Anni Schmidt was Müller's favorite mistress, ed.) was far more upset about my disappearing act than Sophie but then I cared far more about A. than Sophie. Women cannot be dispensed with and it is almost impossible to live with most of them.

If I find another one, better than Irmgard, I will have to see what can be done. I., after all, is a good secretary (if too demanding) and she knows a great deal. Well, there are always solutions. I. wanted to type up these notes but I think not.

A check for \$9.683 for the sale of some of the paintings. Always welcome, money is.

Tuesday, 24 May 1949

Germany is now a new state with old (Konrad, ed.) Adenauer in charge of the shop. Not much left of the country now and last year was a disaster as far as partial famine was concerned. Thank God Truman did something about that. He does not hate Germans the way Eisenhower does but then Truman is not Jewish. If it weren't for Truman, Eisenhower would have let all our prisoners of war starve to death and as it is, nearly a hundred thousand were either murdered in cold blood or allowed to starve.

Eisenhower did exactly what he accused us of. Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue.

The bringing of democratic culture to the benighted Germans certainly cost America a great deal. There were over three hundred American Negro soldiers hung for murder and rape, a figure no one wants to talk about. At least the Americans took time out from their looting to revert to type. I wonder if the execution party wore white sheets?

By the way, Truman dislikes Eisenhower very much and as Truman has this attitude, I gave him a photocopy of my file on E., suitably embellished and translated for his reading. I am told he was very entertained.

I have nothing at all on Truman which would cover more than three pages and none of that bad. I heard a very decent story about T. In 1945, when he was Vice President, his old patron, Mr. Pendergast, died. P. was a typical American political "boss" who had offended the wrong people and was put in prison. The man died alone and in poverty and the only one who went to his funeral was T. Much criticism at the time but that does show the man's character. I doubt if I will mention it to him the next time I see him. Character is the most important thing, after all.

Forrestal will be buried at the Arlington cemetery tomorrow and I have been asked to attend as a mourner. I detest public shows but my general friends would like me along to meet others. The Swiss clock maker triumphant at last!

Up early in the morning, take Maxl for his walk and then into fancy clothes for the services. Car will be by for me no later than nine.

Wednesday, 25 May 1949

A great and solemn ceremony at Arlington, the Invaliden Cemetery of the Americans. (The Invaliden Cemetery in Berlin was where all the notable German military figures were buried. ed.)

There were two loges, a green marquee, all manner of important people including former President Hoover, Truman, his Vice President (Alben Barkley, ed.) and a number of Generals including Bradley, the Army Chief of Staff and Vandenberg, the Air Force Chief of Staff.

I sat in the box with the military because of my honorary rank and had the interesting experience of watching the President and his cabinet during the entire service.

A full artillery salute about an hour later and at about fifteen minutes to noon it was all over. Forrestal's grave had a simple temporary marker identifying him not as the Secretary of Defense but only as a naval lieutenant.

The cemetery is quite beautiful in the spring and I ought to take the time to come back and look at the mansion which once belonged to General Lee, the Southern leader and, from my readings at least, one

of the very best men the history of this country has yet produced. Given the American lust for vengeance, I am surprised that he wasn't hanged after their Civil War.

Truman, it is said, is very upset about F's death and has been telling everyone that he had no choice but to dismiss him because he was becoming dangerously insane. No one blames T. but the rumors about F's purported suicide being murder are very strong and can be heard everywhere.

Thursday, 2 June 1949

(Whittaker, ed.) Chambers will be testifying today. The left wing hates him because they view him as an apostate and a man who has exposed one of Stalin's top agents in this country. I have personally read over the evidence against Hiss and I have no doubt at all that the man was a spy. I have much material in my own files concerning Soviet spies in America and both Hiss and his brother are mentioned...and all this from strictly Soviet sources.

C. made a direct contact between H. and Bykov, one of their top controllers in this country. This in 1937. Hiss reported directly to B. and was, as I understand it, given a top Soviet award by Stalin but of course, in secret. We cannot prove this but I believe it to be quite true. (See Charles Higham, Trading with the Enemy, New York, 1983, pps 162-165.)

Monday, 6 June 1949

The judge in the New York trial (Harold Medina, ed.) has had to put several of the communists on trial in prison because they refused to cooperate with the court. They are to go to prison for thirty days. They go to court in the day and at night, back to the jail. Of course we now have to hear from Wallace who is outraged at such bad treatment of his fellow communists.

Some discussion in circles here about Ickes, former Interior Minister (Secretary, ed.) under Roosevelt. Information has come out in the Coplon trial that one Gruber, Ickes' secretary, was in direct contact with someone named Gerenin at the Soviet Embassy here. Probably Gerchekov who was with the GRU. Loud denials from Ickes as well as Gruber. Why send your secretary to the Embassy when you can go yourself? Everyone knows how close Ickes was with their Ambassador.

A very strange man, Ickes. A mean-spirited and thoroughly vicious man with a very odd family background. His son died under what they call "peculiar circumstances" and his first wife was killed in a car crash. He married a woman much younger. While he was vindictive to everyone else, he had his head stuck well up Roosevelt's ass throughout the reign. When he wasn't licking around Roosevelt, he was doing the same to the Soviet Ambassador.

What is it, I wonder, that makes Americans with a good social background and in possession of some money, so eager to sell their flabby bodies to Stalin? Money? Dissatisfaction with their government? A lunatic urge to be important? Younger women? Was Ickes acting on Roosevelt's orders or is he just another Wallace? Hoover thinks the former.

Material taken from Coplon when she was arrested, lists of very secret FBI files into their investigations concerning top communists. The prosecution is of two minds about this. They, of course, do not want secrets revealed but they also want as much as possible to emerge about the extent of communist penetration.

Many prominent names. Of course, most of these assholes were not members of the communist party and can claim with great indignation that they were not communists. They are only liberal activists or supporters of the New Deal, or lovers of Negroes or worshippers of the Roosevelts, husband and....what can I call her? A wife? Not a husband but certainly not a practicing woman.

You can say what you like about Hitler, and many do, but at least his lady friend wasn't an old dyke (the word Müller actually used was "*Tunte*" which translates into "fairy," ed.). Imagine, R. let his wife's lover live in the White House and even sleep in her bed and not a sound from him. She, on the other hand, threatened to leave him if he kept up an affair with her own secretary (whom she fired when she found out). Such scandals and so unimportant but it is just such disgusting behavior that often can seriously affect world history.

Also, some testimony about former Secretary of State (James, ed.) Byrnes who allegedly blocked any FBI investigation into a Soviet spy. Standard denials from Byrnes.

The spy was Schevencko who is in my lists.

Saturday, 11 June 1949

Much coming into public view about communists. Ugly scene in Congress yesterday when (Senator James O., Dem. Mississippi, ed.) East-land, whom I have met and who is a man of some strong

character, went after Wallace's party secretary (Progressive Party, ed.) and they cursed at each other in a public hearing.

Such mixed feelings here about all of this communist business which is accelerating in a most satisfactory manner. Loyal Democrats wish not to smear the sainted image of Franklin R.; loyal Republicans wish to do exactly that. Now we have some Democrats attacking the communists in public and this is causing anguish in Hollywood, New York and, yes, right here in Washington.

More conversations with McCarthy and a friend about various matters. It is necessary to brief him without appearing to do so. He can get anonymous reports, as he does, and I certainly can deny being the source. Entertaining talking with M. He boasts constantly about his war record, which wasn't much and when he found out I had been a pilot in the (First World, ed.) war; he went on about his exploits in the Pacific. His confidential file, which is locked up in the top drawer of my writing desk, indicates that M. is not well acquainted with the truth and will say, or do, almost anything to get attention. Other Congressmen are more stable, (Millard, Dem. Maryland, ed.) Tydings for example, but M. can be counted on to shout out all kinds of ugly truths at the top of his voice. Such people are often very useful, but to others, not themselves.

I have seen the Hiss material many times and there is no doubt that he will be convicted. Usually these agents are more careful. H. should have killed Chambers when he could. C. has told me that he was terrified that Hiss or one of his sub-agents would have him murdered and I believe that C. had legitimate fears. Now, H. lawyers are trying to make C. out to be a lunatic. They will not expose him as a homosexual. Too many other prominent people in that room, such as (William C., ed.) Bullitt (close Roosevelt friend and former Ambassador to Russia, ed.) and his terrible "friend" (Carmel, ed.) Offie, (Sumner, ed.) Welles and about half the staff at the Department of State.

Carmel Offie, a civil servant, was born of Italian immigrants and was well known as a homosexual in some State Department circles. He became acquainted with William Bullitt when the latter was Ambassador to the Soviet Union and they developed what can discreetly be termed a very close relationship.

When Bullitt left the government, Offie stayed in the Department of State and joined the new CIA in 1947, and in 1948, became deputy head of the Office of Policy Coordination and a confidant of Frank Wisner, Sr.

Offie was involved with Operation Bloodstone, the transfer to the United States and the use by the CIA of various former Nazi officials.

In 1953, Offie was arrested by D.C. police for "gross acts of immorality" in a public lavatory and left the CIA.

Tuesday, 14 June 1949

A visit to the CIA offices on "E" Street. I walked a distance and took one of the streetcars and then more walking. The streetcars do not have wires overhead which is visually acceptable. They have some care about such things here. I am bothered with the hot weather because it is so damp and one's clothes tend to stick to the seats but that is the least of my worries.

I must say that Truman is entirely right about the CIA. He is afraid he created a monster one day and the next, after they have stroked him with some pet project they know he likes, not so sure once more. As a professional, I am not influenced by stroking but by actions and deeds.

Here we have a congregation of pseudo-intellectual elitists, mostly Protestant and almost all graduates of either Harvard or Yale, all lawyers from the same firms and all as ignorant of the actualities of global realpolitik as a Pasing schoolgirl. Dulles from Switzerland is hovering around with his pipe and there is, of course, Wisner who runs around being very important

If these idiots do not like someone, they decide how to kill them, with what kind of poison or rifle bullet or how to overthrow the government in some small, harmless country, which might be flirting with the Russians. And Truman has absolutely no control over them whatsoever!

Hillenkoether is only a sham leader. He is a decent Navy man with combat experience who is tricked and lied to by the club members on a daily basis. They lie to everyone including the Admiral and the President and are embarked on a career of empire building that has no real goal other than to indulge their spy fantasies and their monumental egos. I predict nothing but trouble from these people and I warned Hoover that they would be moving into his house next if he wasn't careful. I suggested that he spy on them just as they are spying on him.

I don't think one needs to tell Hoover how to protect his back but I made my point just the same. We seem to get on after a fashion and we will see where it goes.

The CIA people are not happy with all the publicity we are giving to communist infiltrators. They would rather turn them than expose them. They do not realize that our aim is to inform the American people just how dangerous the infiltration had been and at what high levels.

If Wallace had been Vice President, there is no doubt that the red flag would be flying over the "People's Republic of North America" at this moment. A very close thing and in order to crush communist activity, we must get the approval of the public. We can only get that if the people are actually aware of the seriousness of the menace. And it still exists today.

The CIA is not so much counterintelligence more than policy-setting intelligence. They do not seek to identify and destroy internal enemies, but in my view, are well on their way of becoming the same thing!

I must spend more time at the Library of Congress as they have a truly incredible fund of books and it helps to improve my English and my mind.

There is a small chess club in town and I will be taken there later this week as the guest of a member. Everything is a club here, one has to know this or that prominent person to go anywhere or meet anyone of importance. Still, while I loathe that kind of crap, I will put up with it.

Friday, 17 June 1949

The Coplon woman has all kinds of amusing tales to tell about her relationship with G.(ubitchev, ed.). She claims that the FBI papers she had in her possession when she was arrested were "for a book" she was writing and that she had only given her Soviet spy lover a box of cakes and a necktie!

I certainly know what he gave her and it wasn't a box of cakes. More like a Minsk sausage. These plain, desperate women (and I suppose men as well) are such tempting targets and the Soviets are so good at their sexual games. Of course in some cases, it must be a terrible chore to make love to an ugly woman. A few glasses of schnapps helps out a lot, I am told. It would take a barrel of schnapps to get me in the mood for the Roosevelt woman, let me say right here.

The Ickes creature was also a witness, stating that the FBI were wrong and that the (Ruth, ed.) Gruber woman "was never" his secretary. Of course she was not. She was a lover who posed as a secretary. No one wants to talk about that. I am curious to know what a withered and vicious old man like that can do with a younger woman? Perhaps she whips him while he is wearing women's clothes. A British diplomat here does that sort of thing, according to Hoover. Maybe Ickes should get together with him and the smacks can be heard the next street over.

The government case against Hiss has finished. The judge will not dismiss the case and it is wagered here that Hiss will end very badly. His usefulness has long gone but the Secretary of State (Dean Acheson, ed.) simply worships H. and is furious that he is even suspected of being a spy. If I had anything to do with it, A. would go down the laundry chute into the cellar of political oblivion.

Such a pompous ass! He wears English clothes, speaks with a very fake British accent and ought to go and live in London and eat their vile food. One of my Pentagon friends just returned from London and says the food there, even in the best restaurants, is filthy and not fit for human consumption. Are they still rationing in England?

I will arrange for another shipment of good food, including hams, cheeses and so on, to Pasing. (Müller's family lived in Pasing after the war and documents released by the U.S. government in 1998 show that it was strongly believed by both American and German intelligence agencies that Müller had been in contact with and had also been of financial assistance to his family. ed.) They can eat well while the British starve. And just think, the CIC (Counterintelligence Corps) will make the delivery right to the door!

A note from Willi (Krichbaum, Müller's former chief deputy in the Gestapo and later Gehlen's chief recruiter, ed.) about problems with Gehlen. Gehlen is a lightweight but certainly far better than the idiot who controls him. A packet of reports from W. shows me that G. has no idea at all what he is up to. Gehlen's American overlord has gotten wind of the fact that I am living in Switzerland and ran shrieking to his superiors. The evil Heini Müller is eating Swiss chocolate!

They'll put a rocket up his ass and now we can find out who told him and we can send that one off to visit Baby Jesus with a big piece missing from the top of his head. I suggested they send the overlord off as well but am told he is "useful," whatever that means. Pliant is more likely.

The British are landing agents in the Baltic areas and no doubt all of their blockheaded agents are rounded up by the NKVD before the sand has dried on their boots.

Perhaps someone should go to a local lunatic asylum and get out a few inmates. I am certain they could do a far better job than the ones now in place.

More paintings, these from the Weill collection in Paris, have sold and a packet of money will be delivered here on the weekend. Two of the pictures with damaged frames have been returned by my new friend at the National Gallery. A really magnificent restoration job I must say. One cannot detect where the original gesso left off and the new repairs began. I gave my friend a little scribble by Picasso that had him moist with joy. Some people are so easily pleased after all!

Saturday, 25 June 1949

The Coplon woman is obviously some kind of a mental case. Yesterday she claimed that she was never a communist and blamed everyone around her for making false statements about her. It came out that she had slept with someone from the Justice Department but she swore they were both fully clothed at all times. That does not preclude having a sexual encounter although I imagine it would make the act less enjoyable. Unless, of course, they were at the North Pole. I will have to travel to New York the first part of next month. No escaping the hot weather there either.

Friday, 1 July 1949

Coplon received a ten-year jail sentence on Thursday. Still hysterical, she thinks she was falsely accused. I think she misses G. who is slated to be tried later this month. Quite warm today but the sky is overcast. (John, ed.) McCloy will be the new High Commissioner for Germany. I do not think there will be any trouble with him because Truman says that McCloy will "be reasonable" when dealing with the Germans and is expected, from private knowledge here, to grant some mercy to a number of people, including many of the SS.

Leaving tomorrow by train for New York City where I will stay at the Plaza again. The same suite with the view of the Park. I will go to a number of entertainments while I am there. More when I get to New York.

John J. McCloy, whom Truman appointed as High Commissioner to Germany did indeed prove to be very sympathetic to the Germans, especially to many who had been convicted of various actions during the war. He granted amnesty to many, some of whom immediately went to work for the United States, either directly or with the U.S.-controlled Gehlen organization in Pullach. By 1949, it had been decided in the United States and at the highest levels that a war with Soviet Russia might well transpire and that former SS and Police officials could be of great value in this war.

Witness, obviously, the fact that the Chief of the dreaded Gestapo was now living in great comfort in the capital of his former enemy and beginning to formulate policy matters with complete impunity and a great deal of official approval.

Times change and we must change with them. Müller certainly did

Saturday, 2 July through Wednesday, 6 July 1949

Very hot and often violent weather in New York. On Saturday I stayed at the Plaza and in the evening went to the Radio City Music Hall where they had a stage show called "Flying Colors" in the evening. Some youngish women with very nice legs that I do appreciate. I went with a U.S. Attorney who is working on the trials and he seemed to enjoy the flesh almost as much as I did. Truman, I see in the newspapers, is out on the Potomac River in his yacht, trying to keep cool in the heat.

Later in the evening, the attorney and one of his friends and I went to a lounge and there I was fortunate to encounter another very attractive young woman with even nicer legs than the ones on the stage. A few drinks, mostly Cognac, for both of us and a cigar for me, and she finally decided to "have a nightcap" in my room. I was introduced as a Swiss working for the government (after all, that's what almost everyone else thinks) and she at once asked me about gold watches.

I assume she thought I carried a trunk of them around with me to pass out as favors. She drank too much and I had to sober her up somewhat. I do not like sleeping with corpses after all. In truth, it was a pleasant evening and I am supposed to take her, (her name is Eunice) to a concert tomorrow night. Iturbi will conduct Brahms and Mozart. I can take the one but not the other, and afterwards we can ride one of those carriages around the park and then back to the hotel. E. works as a technician at the Museum here and we had an interesting conversation, after our encounters, about Manet. She seems to know something about him but fortunately, nothing about me.

The concert was acceptable and the evening even more so. I am afraid we splashed a good deal of water around in the bathroom as we began matters in a tub full of hot water. It does make one a little tired but that is not a bad thing.

The Fourth of July is the great American holiday. Explosives and rockets are set off, small children blow off their fingers or put out their eyes with fireworks and it was very hot here indeed. The Americans use the Fahrenheit scale and it was over 100 marks up. Very hot and the entire area is in a state of drought. The papers say that hundreds are dead from the heat. Eunice has to go and see her family in New Jersey today so I will take a small trip down to the water and visit a navy display. The attorney and his wife, a woman as thin as a pole with enormous teeth which looked like china plates and legs that were bowed outwards at an outrageous (at least to me) angle. And two whimpering children who did not like either the heat or ships. Husband and wife spent most of their time quarrelling about her mother who I learn is visiting them and spending all of her time locked in their only lavatory. I was left with the children. Kindly Uncle Heini, the Swiss chocolate baron. I gave both of them some chocolate which promptly melted in the heat and dripped all over both of them. Not that the parents noticed much. I told funny stories to the children who seemed to enjoy them until their mother saw the messes on their clothes and began to screech at them. Family life can be so rewarding.

We visited the carriers *Roosevelt* and *Leyte* and went on board with special papers at about one in the afternoon. I keep thinking 1300 but here we use Fahrenheit and a different time system. Also, women here shave their legs and many other parts of their bodies which is somewhat of a novelty. I remember one lady in Rome with legs which were so covered with dense hair that she reminded me of an Argentine soccer player they arrested in the *Tiergarten* (Berlin park, ed.) quite naked and covered with some kind of blue paint. I encountered this vision because someone thought he was a Russian spy and as I recall, they had quite a time getting up the paint from the floor.

Some American habits are not to be laughed at. In Italy the women spend more time shaving their moustaches than their legs!

After spending several uncomfortable hours in the heat, accompanied by an unhappy family, I finally finished my naval tour and returned to the hotel to take a cold shower. Afterwards, later in the day, I decided to take a short walk into the park before having a pleasant dinner. I took one of my guards with me...both of them were not happy that I had evaded them yesterday and today, but I am certain they found pleasant things to do in my absence. Soldiers, even in civilian clothes, always manage to get by.

I went out just before four and the heat struck me when I walked through the front door. I almost cancelled the walk but then decided to proceed and we walked down into the park, which is quite pleasant although I am told is somewhat dangerous at night.

A little after four, while we were walking along a broad path and both of us admiring the young ladies, and some not so young, taking the sun on the grass, a sudden very strong wind came up and I was certain it was an American tornado. Clothing, food containers, dust, branches from the trees, and leaves roared through the air. My guard grabbed me, knocked me to the ground and fell on top of me as a large tree limb flew overhead. I doubt if it would have hit me but I appreciated his zeal. Of course it got grass stains all over my nice white trousers which took the hotel staff several hours to remove and I lost my very expensive Panama hat. God knows what happened to it. It's probably somewhere out in the river by now along with various paper plates, bras, stockings, sunglasses and newspapers.

The wind was still blowing when we decided to leave the pastoral joys of the park and get back to the safety of the hotel. We must have looked like the victims of a robbery but we certainly were not alone. It looked like a battlefield when we crossed the road to the hotel.

I put on a light-weight suit and treated the guard, whose name is Henry something or other but is called "Hank" to his friends, to a very elegant dinner as a token of my esteem. He kept apologizing for knocking me down but I assured him that I did not object and agreed that the small tree would have crushed all of us if he hadn't been so diligent.

Just as I thought, he confessed that he had managed to find female companionship last night and hoped I wouldn't tell anyone. I agreed to say that neither he nor his other military companion (not the woman) had never left me out of their sight.

Amazing what a few drinks will do. He has no idea who I am and spent the rest of the dinner telling me droll and rather obscene stories about his sexual exploits.

After dinner, I introduced him to an excellent Cognac and gave him one of my Upmanns. He told me he is used to beer and whiskey but liked the Cognac very much and said the cigar was very good.

I did not reciprocate the obscene stories but when we finished, I wished him good night and he shook my hand several times and then patted me on the back in a familiar manner.

There is no problem with this and he seems to be a decent sort with very good reflexes. I will have Felix replaced with him when we get back to Washington because he is more acceptable. Felix lies a good deal and "Hank" is transparently honest. He is of German background and comes from Iowa where his father has a farm and is very poor.

We must look after our own after all!

I find many Americans, certainly not the bosses, to be very straightforward, quite decent, very badly educated and rather likeable. This guard is an excellent illustration of my views. I find I have to be very basic when dealing with the average citizen here but I find these people much more simpatico than the conniving and treacherous lizards in Washington which I have to deal with day in and day out. I exclude the President from this judgment because I like him as a person.

Back to Washington by car on Wednesday because something has come up which I have to attend to at once and the train is very slow. This was certainly not a pleasant vacation, unlike my visit to Colorado.

Perhaps I can go to California next or Yellowstone Park and watch the steam eruptions. Eunice, whose name and address were written on a paper napkin and left on the bedside table (and put into the toilet and flushed away to join my hat as soon as she had left), told me about Yosemite Park in California that is very beautiful and the Grand Canyon.

The Hiss trial is coming to an end and there is a rumor that if he is convicted and jailed, the Soviets will seize one of our diplomats as a spy and attempt to use him to bargain for H's release from jail. This has to be headed off very quickly and the Soviet Ambassador is to be told that any such attempt would result in "critical responses" from us.

They do understand force and that is all. It will be pointed out that his wife might be run over by a taxicab if this sort of thing is even discussed.

Saturday, 9 July 1949

The Hiss jury was "hung" (which Hiss ought to be) and most were in favor of convicting him. This will go to another trial and Hiss is free on a surety. It is hoped that he will flee to Moscow and avoid another very expensive trial.

The Americans ought to set up some sort of detention camp system and put people like Hiss and others into protective custody. I had some idiot tell me yesterday that all of our camps were filled with Jews who we gassed by the millions and then turned into lampshades, ladies gloves and hand soap! I have no idea where they get such shit but I imagine the American press makes it up for political reasons. The camps were never designed for Jews and we did not gas millions of them or make soap out of their remains. The camps were mostly for professional criminals and communists. About 75% of all camp inmates at any one given time were political prisoners and the rest divided up between criminals, spies and Jews. The worst error Himmler ever made was to put Russian prisoners into the camps because this brought typhus that killed off thousands of prisoners. The pictures often shown here of stacks of emaciated corpses are not pictures of dead Jews but pictures of typhus victims. And gas chambers at Dachau with sixty thousand gassed Jews there! I have visited Dachau on several occasions and no one was *ever* gassed there. Pictures of ovens with titles that "in these ovens, tens of thousands of murdered Jews were cremated" is more nonsense. All prisoners who died in jail were cremated and their ashes sent home. And especially with the typhus epidemics raging everywhere.

Well, I can say nothing about it so on to other matters.

I have read two books this week that have greatly impressed me. One is by the British former communist, George Orwell called "Animal Farm" and the other is by an American named Eric Hoffer called the "True Believer." The first is a biting and very truthful satire on communism. How delightful that the fictional Bolsheviks are depicted as swine!

Hoffer, whom I would greatly like to meet, lives in San Francisco and works as a dockhand, unloading ships! Such a brilliant insight into the psychology of the members, motivations and history of mass movements. It is said that the author educated himself and I can easily understand this because this book is totally devoid of the usual academic thefts, prattling and general self-serving nonsense which one finds in such works as (those of, ed.) Eric Fromm and others. A true pleasure to read both and I am getting copies of these to pass out to various people here. I shall see that the President gets the Orwell book and possibly even the Hoffer one.

As I said, I have gotten rid of Felix, my chief guard here, and had him replaced with Henry, or "Hank," the one from the New York adventure. Felix was a terrible liar and in the old days, I would have given him a dose of the cells to improve his attitude but instead, he will be sent to Germany to work in the

occupation army. Who knows, with his ability to deny every one of his errors, he is a logical candidate for the State Department but I doubt if he is a fairy. At least he has one set of characteristics that would recommend him.

After all, no one who is German and has the same name as I do can be all bad. We need to educate this one and see where he goes then.

Tomorrow, after Mass, I will be meeting with several people with an eye to developing the same card file system here that I used for the Gestapo. They have such things here but the machines are getting much better and I want access to material and not have to beg Hoover's people for it. I can get a good deal of raw material from the Army and old OSS files and will get as much from Hoover as I can.

When Müller took over the small Secret State Police office in Prussia after Hitler's accession to power, he began to institute a card file on every German citizen. These cards, which were punched to enable easy access, had color codings, which permitted quick identification of potential or actual spies, opponents of Hitler's government and other lawbreakers. Although Müller ordered much of this material to be destroyed at the end of the war, filmed copies were preserved and a reading of a sampling of these show the ruthless efficiency which with Müller was able to oversee and control the population of Germany.

How far his system was adopted in his new country is not known but it would not be difficult to believe that omnipresent surveillance of the population of the United States is well in place sixty years after its progenitor was begun in Nazi Germany.

Müller's observations on the notorious German camp system are entirely his own but one should note are based on his close knowledge of it for a period of ten years and his journals were not written with publication, and justification, in mind.

Sunday, 17 July 1949

An entire week has passed without the time for making notes. Several conferences concerning counter-espionage matters. Now, I am attempting to get some attention paid to the United Nations. Working both with the Hoover people and with the CIA, lists have been drawn up of spies, probable spies and highly suspect individuals attached to that organization. Approximately 30 are members of various communist parties, another 30 or so were previously spies and 20 had been members of the underground in other countries than their own.

Not a good situation but we have the diplomatic problem. Immunity will be called into play. This UN is a useless organization with about as much significance as the old Austrian parliament. This nonsense was Roosevelt's post-Wilson idealistic shit and it has no more value or logic than the utopian plans of the crazy Marx. We should foist it off on the British but then the diplomats who want to spy would find so many of their tribe there that they would become useless. Also, they would all starve to death in England, or freeze in the winter.

I have suggested this in all seriousness, the removal of the UN. Most are in agreement but say it could never be done. At least we have some control while it is here.

I see this organization of pseudo-intellectual Marxists as an open sore that badly needs treatment but all I can do is to continue to make suggestions.

The new Secretary of Defense (Louis, ed.), Johnson, is a disaster. Forrestal, he of the gravity experiment, was a lunatic and this new one is worse. F. crept around in silence but J. roars like a bull in heat and is completely disruptive wherever he goes. The Army is furious with him but Truman seems to be loyal. I met him once and that was quite enough for me. One cannot have even the most basic or serious discussion with him; J. spends entirely too much time shouting orders at everyone and enlarging his already immense offices.

The Congress will not proceed with their investigation of Hiss. Much criticism of the conduct of the judge (Samuel Kaufman, ed.) in the case, which will go on again. It is claimed that he was strongly biased in favor of Hiss. I spoke at some length with Nixon about this, at a small function, and he wants an investigation of the judge. Not that it will do any good at all because Truman likes the man and there the matter will stop.

I have compared Nixon with other politicians and he is a man to watch. Very shrewd, well read and determined. Certainly a man who plans to go forward. Penetrating analysis of situations coupled with intense ambition. Why is it that men from poor backgrounds such as Stalin, Hitler, and in all modesty, myself, are so intensely ambitious? Poverty or the fear of returning to it is quite an effective goad and Nixon comes from a poor family.

There has always been strong criticism of the UN from the day it was first lodged in New York State and there was strong, and effective, criticism of its predecessor, the League of Nations so beloved by Woodrow Wilson. Neither organization had any real power and in the case of the UN, unless the American President deferred to it as Clinton did, it is only a talk shop filled with chattering minorities. Like all such utopian ventures, it has an acceptable pedigree of good intentions but like a bad watchdog, no teeth and a strong leash.

Louis Johnson was a loud, disruptive and completely useless man who nevertheless managed to capture Truman's attention and loyalty. Harry Truman in and of himself was a competent and very honest leader but his choice of subordinates left a great deal to be desired.

A further reading of the Müller papers will show how the former head of the Gestapo, who was used to dealing with the Führer and his myriad of jostling and contesting satraps, dealt very successfully with the American President and at least some of his luminaries.

There always has been considerable support for Alger Hiss, most especially from the liberal arena, and this manifested itself early on during his series of trials. Hiss was eventually convicted of perjury, in good part through the actions of Richard Nixon who built a career on being an anti-communist.

Years later, with the advent of the Freedom of Information Act, Hiss sought, through his attorneys, to get sufficient information from the hitherto closed U.S. files to overturn his conviction and refute the charges of being a Soviet spy. A former KGB general obligingly wrote that Hiss had never been such an agent but the attorneys, after searching through the official records, told Hiss to let the matter drop entirely because there was no question at all of his guilt. With the NSA release of portions of the so-called Venona papers, copies of heavily censored Soviet wartime spy messages; it becomes very evident that the lawyers were right.

As far as the KGB general is concerned, it should be noted that almost nothing in the way of "secret file" information emanating from Moscow can be trusted. From faked Goebbels diaries through counterfeit reports of U.S. POWs still in Vietnam to confidential reports on Lee Harvey Oswald and badly faked documents on John Demjanjuk, claimed to be a vicious concentration camp guard, the flood of disinformation continues to pour out of the secret archives of the former Soviet Union, passed first through the workshops of the former KGB.

Wednesday, 20 July 1949

Anniversary of the bomb attack on Hitler that propelled me to the top of the mountain. Of course it is not to be celebrated as such but certainly remembered. As I predicted at the time, those who escaped our vengeance are now the glowing heroes of the New (and U.S. controlled) Germany. I can see that my cleansing of the Augean stables at the end has prevented the ascension to the top of the new dung heap of many of the maggots.

A good deal of growing problems, I am told, in the Orient. The U.S. has a strong position in Europe but has been greatly reducing its forces in Japan and Korea. Chiang will certainly lose China to the communists. They are organized and dedicated to their cause while he is corrupt and has no idea at all what he is doing.

Stalin loves to fish in such troubled waters so one must keep an eye on that area. Not that this concerns me but I have learned that Stalin's people are sharing intelligence they have learned here in Washington with the communists in China.

More fishing in troubled waters and an even better reason to have a major razzia (police mass roundup, ed.) of the Roosevelt traitors before they manage to get this country into a war in the Pacific.

I have named my new chief guard "Heini" after myself. After all, the name is the same but "Hank" sounds foreign on the tongue. He seems to be doing very well here and is fitting in quite well. Well enough, I might say, to begin paying not unwelcome attention to Irmgard.

She is still angry with me for not giving her a sack full of money for her "new spring outfit" and is probably baiting me by paying attention to others. He, on the other hand, is much younger than I am (and a little younger than she) and, I must say, is probably better looking.

It does occur to me that if I. becomes difficult, I could encourage a liaison. It would enable me to find someone else, which I have been planning to do for some time now, and would keep I., a keeper of secrets of some magnitude, in my household. If she left, and was jealous, it would be necessary to take certain steps to keep her silence...permanently.

I have been reading (Curzio, ed.) Malaparte's book on the coup. The analysis of Hitler has not proven to be valid but as M. was deeply involved with Mussolini, his discussion of the 1922 Fascist takeover of Italy is very interesting for me. This since I have a large number of documents that we grabbed

in Rome in 1943, along, one must boast, with the Mussolini-Churchill papers. One day, I shall release these and watch my dear British friends dance around.

Monday, 25 July 1949

Grumblings about the spy-ridden UN investigations going on but for various reasons, diplomatic immunity and national prestige being two of the strongest, we will not conduct a wholesale investigation. We should keep the suspected diplomats under continuous observation, listen in to all their telephone conversations, open their mail and put microphones in their missions, homes or apartments. Hoover is already doing this at the suggestion of the President.

Although Truman does not like Hoover, I have said to T. that H. is useful and has complete control over an efficient and publicly accredited counterintelligence agency. Better to put up with his ideas and use his agency rather than try to replace him. Besides, H. has files on everyone in Washington, as I have discovered. One of his top aides has been in liaison with me and we have agreed, in principle at least, to trade files on important people. I offer him Eisenhower, who will be a major political player, and he will give me both McCarthy and any information he might have on the British in this country.

The trials in New York drag on. I had a visit at the Justice Department this day with the attorney from New York. The one with the ugly wife, toilet-dwelling mother-in-law and dirty children. I passed on some information to assist their efforts but am afraid that the trial will still be in progress when the end of the century arrives.

They are presenting a bill before Congress to prevent aliens charged with espionage from getting bailment. This relates to Gerhard Eisler who promptly escaped. Eisler they wanted, but Hiss they do not. Perhaps the State Department can find a way to have Hiss made ambassador to some African country where the natives could eat him. One cannibal, late for the feast, would say to another he met in the forest, "Have you eaten Hiss yet?" and the reply would be, "Yes, we just passed him in the woods."

I am to give a private lecture to a number of senior U.S. military officers on the weekend about the structure and methods of penetration of the communists. After all, these methods have not changed from the time when I was working on them and hopefully, I will make a few more allies.

Wednesday, 10 August 1949

(Senator Pat, ed.) McCarran (D. NV, ed.) is making a great storm over the number of communists in the UN. From what I understand, he is planning to expose a number of Stalin's agents who have come here on various Polish ships over the past year. He has also been complaining that large numbers of spies are crossing the U.S. Mexican and Canadian borders and that nothing can be done about it.

We should get Willi K. to come over here and we could set up a regular border guard like I ran in Germany. I doubt if anything could cross the border, which I now understand is as full of holes as a Swiss cheese.

Krichbaum had been in charge of the Grenz-Polizei or Border Police in southwest Germany and had been Müller's chief deputy for border police matters in the Gestapo, which controlled the unit.

(Dean, ed.) Acheson, that very proper British gentleman (his papa was a sergeant in a British army unit once) is outraged by McC.'s activities. Truman seems to like A. but I have met him and he is a thorough going fraud, fake British accent and all. He knows Hiss and is very defensive of him although there is no doubt at all here that H. was a Soviet spy.

The weather has been hot, very humid and raining here. Everyone with a legitimate excuse to do so flees this city in August and goes to their homes in the mountains or at the sea.

Wonderful comment from Bavaria where their puppet parliament is now in opposition to the American occupation government. A fellow named Loritz was being tried there for black-marketing practices (how are people supposed to live a decent life there without someone finding ways to supplement their inadequate diets?) and L. has now said that the Ami (American, ed.) jails are far worse than anything the Gestapo ever ran! We never ran a single jail but never mind.

And that idiot Adenauer is squealing that his government is full of Nazis. Of course it is.

When you consider that all of the civil servants during the Third Reich had to belong to the Party, it is not at all surprising that so many bureaucrats were NS (National Socialist, ed.) members.

We used to complain about the uselessness of the Weimar government but what the Americans and British have set up is more like Hagenbeck (a famous Hamburg circus, ed.) than anything else.

Willi (Krichbaum, ed.) writes me here that last winter was awful in Germany, which I well know, having sent food to my family and some friends. Also I am interested in the utter uselessness of Gehlen and his people. God knows how many of our people Willi has managed to find jobs for. I have warned him that Soviets have penetrated there but he does not care. He tells me about the moronic ideas that Gehlen discusses with his American controllers and says that as stupid as they are, the American plans are even worse. And there is no liaison worth speaking of with the British, who I have been reliably advised, are now engaged in intensive spying against the United States.

The British are immersed in deep poverty and their pride is badly damaged. They want their own Atomic Bomb to feel important again. This is an area I intend to work in very soon. H.(oover, ed.) dislikes the English more than I do and we are to have a serious discussion of this espionage very soon now.

Friday, 12 August 1949.

My spies in the house tell me that I. is having an intense affair with Heini. I notice that he looks very embarrassed these days but I am doing my best to cheer him up. First, he gets chess lessons from a master and then I give him a few books to entertain himself with. Not French books with pictures of women in suspender belts but to start out with, the Hoffer book, "The True Believer." He has a quick mind but from the noises reported to me yesterday, is slow enough in the bedroom. I. told me today how much she really loved me, which means that her bed is still damp.

Major elections in Germany tomorrow. Let us see what happens but the outcome will never be in doubt.

I received a very nice note from Mrs.(Maxwell Peter, ed.) Miller, now the head of the "Washington Times-Herald." I had met her at a party after her uncle, (Robert Rutherford, ed.) McCormack, who publishes a very conservative paper, the Chicago "Tribune" had bought the paper and allowed her to run it.

M., who likes to be known as "Colonel" just as Hoover was once called, was here and I had the chance to talk with him. An imposing man and I have read copies of his paper. My father-in-law was also a newspaper publisher but on a far smaller scale. I had a nice talk with the Colonel and his niece is a social and pleasant person as well. Last week I had a brief note from M. thanking me for my views on the situation in Europe which "so closely mirrored" his own views.

Always tell them what they want to hear. It makes it easier if you actually believe what you are saying.

Saturday, 13 August 1949.

Very nasty weather here today. Extremely hot and humid and it rained again. It is like going into a bathroom after someone has taken a very hot bath. Clothes stick to one and poor Maxl pants at the foot of my bed like he had a lung disease. This house is very solid but I am thinking of escaping the heat by going out to Colorado again.

Sunday, 14 August 1949

To Mass in the morning. I made I. go as well. She seems to be having some kind of an emotional crisis over her relationship with my chief guard. I spoke with him about this and he knows that not only do I know everything but entirely approve of his taking her off my hands. That conference went off quite well and he got some practical advice from me as well as a good cigar and a glass of my best cognac. He wants to get out of the Army as his term is due to expire so I told him I would hire him at double his current wages on the condition that he keeps I. happy. Such a face! But then a good laugh was had by all. An interesting sort of ménage here.

The CDU won in the election. No surprise there. The big dock strike in Hawaii was ended by their governor when he took control of the dock area and threw out the union men.

It now looks as if I can go to Colorado for a few weeks as I have caught up with my back work. I will take Maxl and permission for this will not be impossible for the railroad people to grant me. After all, I will have most of a sleeping car for my people and myself. That sort of money does have an effect. The government will pay for half of this and I the rest. Two more very good checks on the sale of the last batch of paintings do not injure my fiscal standing.

I. asked if she could come along and I said yes. Such joy in her face. I have assigned her a compartment right next to Heini and they have connecting doors. Am I not such a thoughtful person after all?

The House will be in recess from the 25th of this month until the end of September and everyone is fleeing this hothouse. If not skiing, perhaps I can climb a mountain or two.

Note: While Müller was on vacation, he kept a rough journal and one incident of interest will be set forth here. The rest of his notes dealt with expenses, hotels he stayed in, meals consumed and small items of gossip.

Undated:

An interesting but alarming incident yesterday. I was in the lounge of the hotel when I noticed a man staring at me. I saw him when I looked in a mirror on the wall of the bar. I did not recognize the man but it appeared that he either knew me or thought he did.

I told Arno to get Heini and have him check the person out. It turns out that this man, a refugee from Berlin, said to Heini that he was "absolutely certain" that I was a big Nazi. Heini showed him his U.S. papers and told the man that I was an important Swiss government official and that the man was wrong. Nevertheless, he persisted in whining about me and wanted to tell someone about this.

He said he had once seen me in Berlin but Heini made little of this and assured the man that he was wrong.

I told him to have the man watched and to get the hotel telephone operator to block any outgoing calls this man attempted to make. It was just as well that I implemented this because I was told just after dinner that the man had tried repeatedly to call the offices of the FBI in Denver but was told that the lines were down.

Arno was told what to do and so then the next morning, this poor man was found dead in his bed by a terrified maid. He had obviously had a heart attack in the night and had also made a terrible mess in the bed when he died. Arno said the man thought he was an FBI agent before he got the injection and A. took away all of the man's notes. He did not know who I was but this kind can make trouble. Now he is at peace and the hotel can replace the mattress and the bedding.

Heini obviously knew what happened but said nothing, only winked at me over breakfast in my rooms when we got the unfortunate and tragic news. I must say, he is coming along very well indeed. I asked him over grapefruit if he planned to marry I, and he made a face.

It was either the grapefruit or I. and it turned out to be me. He enjoyed a good time, he said, but not marriage so soon.

I can agree with the attitude. Why should you spend all your time with one when there are so many interesting and exciting others to explore and exploit? Or should I not say, "exploit?" Women certainly exploit us and I told Heini that certainly she would want him to marry her. No doubt at all about that. She wouldn't have dared to try that old game with me...she knew better, but she will with him. American citizenship is very important to some people.

I will become one soon enough and now I am to have a special rank in the Army to give me access. Another uniform to wear. If it were anything like my old uniform, it would hang in the closet except for state occasions. I do not like uniforms.

Saturday, 24 September 1949

"Ut quis ex longinquo revenerat, miracula narrabant"

(When one returns from distant parts, they had wonderful things to tell, ed.)

Great surprises while I was gone. I saw it in the press but Washington is in an uproar. It seems Josef has set off his own atomic bomb! The American Air Force detected the radiation from it. I suspect Comrade Josef did this while Washington was empty so as to gain some breathing room.

Of course as stupid as the Russians are, the only way they could have built such a bomb is through the activities of their agents in the AEC. I have spoken very strongly about this before but now, perhaps someone will listen. Pash said that the whole project was full of refugees, mostly German Jews, most of whom were communists and sent information to Russia on a daily basis.

Some of this was sent by radio, as I know from my own intercepts of the Soviet spy messages, and the rest, including actual equipment, was sent in the diplomatic bag on the Halifax convoys. And all of this with Roosevelt's at least tacit consent! Well, now the Americans will pay for Roosevelt's treason.

And what about the British? We know that they too are spying on us and what they have, the Russians have and vice versa. I have no idea why we wish to cooperate with those moral bankrupts in London and if I can ever get my way, we will cut off our flow of information to them.

There are programs now in place wherein we here share our intelligence knowledge with London and they are supposed to share their intelligence with us. Except that they don't, but I strongly believe they share our material with Stalin! More on this later.

It actually looks like the New York trials will be over soon. The defense lawyers have finished their case. There was an attempt to nail down (Paul, ed.) Robeson but (Judge Harold S., ed.) Medina kept him from testifying. R. is marked down for future action.

Interesting call this evening. A Dr. (Frank, ed.) Graham, professor of economics at Princeton and a man in whom we have had some interest, fell off the top of the football stadium. Will these gravity experiments never cease? Will no one pity the poor workers who have to clean up the messes left when certain people decide to take up flying without wings? Icarus may have had some luck but none of these seem to. Again I ask, why not the heart attack? The Americans keep throwing people out of windows. Or off of stadiums. Absolutely no imagination whatsoever.

Wisner tells me that Large Otto (Otto Skorzeny, ed.) will be coming over here soon for conferences. They are still working on 'Bartholomew '(the U.S. plan to assassinate leading communists in Europe in the event of a Soviet invasion, ed.) and he is to be involved. I was once but I managed to get out of it quickly. It will be interesting to meet him again. He is rather basic but interesting. I wonder if he will be bringing (Karl, ed.) Radl (his SS aide during the war, ed.) with him? Karl is the one with the brains. We used to call him Otto's nursemaid.

Wisner is using all kinds of really terrible Eastern European murderers in his CIA and I, who certainly know about their murderous activities during the war, have constantly warned against this practice. Also, Wisner is trying to stir up all manner of revolution in Stalin's empire and this simply will not work. The CIA dupes they sent into the east are either betrayed to their death from some leak or would be instantly killed by Stalin the moment they tried any kind of resistance.

By the time he's through, Wisner will have an ocean of blood to swim in.

Friday, 14 October 1949

Well, the New York business is over. All of the eleven defendants were found guilty by the jury in only a few hours. They will be sentenced on the 21st. The jury found that there had been a conspiracy to overthrow the U.S. government and that the orders for this came from Stalin. Not that I am surprised but only eleven people have so far been brought up. I know that there are literally thousands of spies, traitors and so on all over the United States as I am writing this. There is simply no way to go after all of them and even to try a few hundred would take years. I have put the idea around that if America could lock up quite innocent Japanese at the beginning of the war, it should not be too difficult to lock up a few thousand communist spies. They should either be sentenced to life in prison or better, shipped over to Russia where Josef and his thugs would soon kill all of them.

I was reading an account the other day about all the Jews we were supposed to have killed in Poland. Don't these idiots realize that it was Stalin who killed off the Polish Jews, not Hitler? Of course the communist sympathizers write most of the history here and so would never dare to expose the terrible crimes of the Pope of the Kremlin.

The American people are very innocent in such matters but I am certainly not going to say anything about it. And the Jews in Poland who tried to escape Hitler by fleeing to the safety of the Internationalist Capital of the World and were not shot by Stalin, were quickly shoved back over the border for our police to take care of.

Not that we wanted them either. Stalin is now accusing the Germans of killing all the Poles, Jews and so on whom he had shot. God will eventually grow tired of this filthy beast and kill him but before He does, I wonder how many other millions Josef will liquidate?

Stalin, who is without doubt a brilliant man, is also completely mad and has slaughtered hundreds of thousands of his own countrymen for no reason whatsoever. Even his closest and most loyal assistants are taken off and shot and this is still going on at this moment. Wisner thinks that he can stir up a revolt inside Russia but he is as mad as Stalin.

Stalin will kill a whole city for no reason so any attempt to revolt against him would be shut down with horrible results for the Russian people. Wisner and his clique are elitists who never think through their actions and remind me of small children enthusiastically playing at soldiers with grandmother's pots on their heads and beanpoles instead of guns in their hands.

This would be pathetic if it weren't for the death and misery they are causing and will continue to cause. Rather than try such nonsense in Russia, they would be better off getting rid of the huge number of spies and traitors right in their own country.

Pash, it seems, is still looking for Hitler! He mentioned Spain and told me in strict confidence that Allen Dulles knows that Hitler flew down there at the end of the war. I was curious so I began to query Pash who will supply me with the documents that his small group is now working on. Between planning and executing the murders of all kinds of persona non-gratia individuals around Europe, Boris is trying to find Hitler!

It might not be a bad idea if he got on a real trail because Boris would vanish off the face of the earth like the members of that Zionist group who went to Spain last year to see if they could find the Chief. All of them dead I am told. Boris is now highly suspicious. "How could five people vanish overnight and never be seen again?"

Boris likes to shoot people in the head with a small caliber pistol equipped with a silencer and leave them in parks. A heart attack is much better but aside from that, never leave the corpses around to draw attention to your work.

With the Mediterranean so close to Barcelona, it would be so simple to take the unwanted dead out on fishing boat and throw them over the side equipped with heavy weights. This is too subtle for Boris and his friends who would doubtlessly like to hack off the heads of their enemies (who encompass almost everyone) and carry them around the Mall here on pikes.

If Dulles weren't so stupid, I would have some fun with him over this.

When Mary Pinchot Meyer, divorced wife of Cord Meyer, Jr., Deputy Head of the CIA's clandestine operations and mistress of John Kennedy, threatened to reveal devastating secrets about her personal knowledge of the Kennedy assassination, she was shot in the head with a small caliber silenced pistol while jogging in Washington's Rock Creek Park.

Before the perforated Ms. Meyer had even assumed the local temperature, James Jesus Angleton of the CIA's counterintelligence division and a great protector of that agency and its members, broke into her residence and quickly carried off all of her incriminating papers.

Evidently, Pash was not the only one to like small caliber silenced pistols nor to leave corpses in parks. (See: 'Regicide: The Official Assassination of John F. Kennedy' Monte Sano Media, 2002' by Gregory Douglas which deals with the CIA-driven assassination of President Kennedy.)

Saturday, 22 October 1949

Yesterday, (Judge Harold R., ed.) Medina sentenced almost all of the conspirators to five years in the prison. One of them got a lesser sentence because of his wartime actions in the Army. Hopefully, on to more.

A long and significant conference here about the directions and policy of the CIA. I deal with both them and the President's commission, I think on alternate weeks or so it seems.

The well-known Mr. (Allen, ed.) Dulles, (Frank, ed.) Wisner and two strange creatures from the State Department were here most of the day. I could not use Irmgard to transcribe but I had a recorder in the next room and have it all. I have no shame, especially when Dulles told me they were recording the telephone conversations of the President (I must tell him about this next week, but carefully).

The main thrust.... The general aim is to stir up serious rebellions inside Stalin's empire, rebellions that will cause it to collapse. The directions come from Dulles and the actions are prepared by Wisner.

It was made very clear that Truman has been deceived by these vicious assholes and they are hiding behind his permission to form an information group to build up a mighty empire to replace the communist-ridden OSS.

Their opinion of T. is very low. These are elitist idiots who think that Truman is only a stupid farmer without their exalted social backgrounds and that they know best how to defend this country against whatever enemies they decide on.

Of course, they all know who I am and Dulles and I talked with some humor about our days in Switzerland. I did not enlighten him as to the degree that I penetrated his organization nor did I tell him that I view him as a cretin. We must be polite to these rodents because if D. succeeds in building up a powerful organization he could be a serious enemy.

Methods to be used...political murders, assassinations, commando raids deep into Russian territory, blowing up Russian ships on the high seas, starting various plant diseases in the Ukraine so as to cripple their food supplies and so on. While no one can accuse me of loving communists, I find the CIA's attitude juvenile and extremely dangerous and simplistic.

These overeducated idiots have no idea about the balances of power and I am badly afraid that they will be wallowing in gore before they are through. Also.... they do not like going after the domestic spies because, as the Department of State people say, so many of them are friends and not really spies at all. Of course not.

When (Walter, ed.) Krivitski came over here before the war and began to reveal all he knew (and he knew almost everything) about Stalin's murder machine, the liberal/communists here, especially the artists and writers, howled with rage. Roosevelt howled even louder and tried to silence K. and throw him out of the country. This proved hard to do so a State Department official, a rich young communist who was a good personal friend of Roosevelt, immediately informed Stalin's murderers where K. was hiding and they killed him. It was supposed to look like a suicide (it is never difficult to arrange a murder but to arrange a suicide takes talent) and was immediately swept under the edge of the carpet and the investigation was carefully controlled by the highest authority, namely the President himself.

That was dangerous for Roosevelt because K. knew how many of his top men were their agents. Now, of course, K. would be a national hero but they can't dig him up for the ceremony.

So in the field of foreign policy, their aim is to attack Russia physically, stirring up rebellions, to murder their supporters in the West and to build up an empire under the very noses of those in power in this country. They state to me emphatically that they and they alone will make and implement American foreign policy. Those of whom they approve will receive large cash gifts and those who they disapprove of will be killed.

They totally ignore the fact that Josef has the famous bomb and might quite justifiably use it if armies of raving Ukrainians, armed by this country, start a major rebellion. I recall a statement made by Bismarck to some individual who was advocating a very provocative policy. "Are you prepared to carry your policy through with cannon? If not, I suggest you abandon it." I could have said the same thing but I am not Bismarck and they wouldn't listen if I were.

Wisner mentioned the names of very many Europeans, some of whom I know of, who he wants to set up in various U.S. dominated puppet governments to act as a barrier to what they call Soviet expansionism. Again, they have no idea what they are about and frankly, Wisner is a manic drunk, Dulles a brainless egomaniac and the two are peculiar State Department, pro-Soviet fairies. The British services are filled with these twittering perverts but now I see that the infection has spread to this country as well. I feel that if I put a blood sausage into the front of my pants, I would have their undivided attentions.

Heini was in attendance and one of the State Department men was drooling over him. Fortunately, H. has too much sense to punch the auntie in his mouth. Of course, as I told H. later, if he knocked the man's teeth out, it could improve his performance in the public latrines. I understand that that's where so many of the Washington elite congregate.

Hitler did the right thing, shoving them into camps. Of course punishing a fairy by locking him up in prison is like punishing a moth by locking it into a closet full of wool clothes.

Much conversation about the British. All are rabid Anglophiles of course. Great love of Roosevelt but they question as to why he destroyed the sacred empire by robbing it of all its assets in 39-40. Literally took all of their gold, every mark of it, and left them a huge debt, no navy and no hope for the future.

Roosevelt, then, was not entirely bad after all.

We give money to the state of Israel and far more to England. Better to keep it here and spend it here. I would think that the people in America would rather have it that way. Who knows what kinds of vipers we are nursing to our breasts?

They want...need...my help. I am not to do anything for the President and can I help them in convincing him that the CIA is nothing more lethal than a fact-finding group? Innocent academics and patriots, seeking to protect this country against invasion, looting and rape by barbarians.

Of course, and Father Christmas is alive and well in Argentina along with Hitler and Bormann. Next month, all of them are going to live in ice caves in Antarctica and dress up like penguins to fool any airplanes flying over their secret rocket bases

The CIA people are going on like Italian assassins while the DOS (Department of State, ed.) pretties squawk in the background like a couple of mangy parrots. I very seriously thought about serving them poisoned wine and saving everyone a great deal of trouble but then there is the problem of messes on the rugs and having to dispose of the bodies, the expensive sedans parked by my house and all the guards outside. And, of course, embarrassing questions such as "Whatever happened to Mr. Dulles?"

One cannot blame such high level extermination on a lightning strike or hungry mice.

I tell them, of course, I will help them. Will I inform Truman? When and if I can. Dulles is totally addicted to the use of the first person singular, Wisner loves alcohol and blood and the others should be left to heaven, which in their case would no doubt be a very well endowed Negro or a donkey.

W. talked about Skorzeny whom he hopes to install as his chief assassin very soon. I doubt if Otto will go along with this sort of psychotic nonsense but I will be meeting with him soon enough and can find out for myself. Of course these are our enemies but they pay the bills in the end.

Saturday, 5 November 1949

I have now a most unique opportunity! It seems that Harold Philby is here to be the British intelligence director in America! This is an unbelievable stroke of good fortune for me, I can certainly say.

Philby, well known as a pro-communist in our old circles, also a homosexual, worked for me in 1939 into the war! We got on to him because of his father, St. John, who also worked for us. He was a leading figure in Saudi Arabia and completely pro-Hitler.

P. went to Cambridge and got in with the communists there but he is really not one at all. Of course neither is he a Nazi. He is a perpetual intelligence agent and I know that he works for the British, in whose service he is, but also for Moscow and at least for a time, for us. That he gives a bit here and a bit there, just like the Swiss, is well known to me but I am sure not to the others. He tells the British he makes contact with the Russians to get information, the Russians he gives British secrets to just so they are happy and impressed with him, and to me he gave from both.

Now he is over here, directing the British spy apparatus against the United States for both Britain and Russia. Well, if I play my hand right, I should have some very interesting times ahead with this one.

I cannot tell Dulles and his gang of murderers nor Truman, who wouldn't have the slightest idea what it was all about, so I may have to take this to Hoover and see what we can work out just between us.

Harold Adrian Russell "Kim" Philby was born in British India in 1912. His father, St. John Philby, was a converted Muslim and advisor to the Saudi Royal family.

Philby attended Cambridge University and later claimed to be an active communist but there is little evidence that he was more than a dilettante. He later joined a pro-German group at the urging of his pro-Hitler father and made a number of trips to Germany, meeting various German officials.

St. John Philby was arrested by the British in 1940 as a suspected German agent.

Postwar liberal writers have tried to make Kim Philby into a phenomenal and brilliant Soviet agent but the truth is far less interesting. The younger Philby worked for a number of people, was not particularly intelligent and tended to gravitate towards men of power just as Stauffenberg did.

During the Spanish Civil War, Philby was a newspaper reporter covering Franco's forces and was personally decorated by the Caudillo.

More will be heard about Kim Philby later in these journals.

A domestic observance.

I. is growing tired of Heini and is making great cow eyes at one of the gardeners. I must talk to Heini about this; not that he will be heartbroken about I's defection but because of the security risk. Potentially very serious indeed. Heini tells me an American joke:

"How to get information around the world in three minutes: Tele-phone, telegraph and tell-awoman!"

True.

Tuesday, 15 November 1949

This has been a very busy few days so I will catch up here.

There is to be a large exhibit at the National Gallery here of art "on loan" from the museum in Vienna. Truman went to a special showing several days ago and I made the effort to be there when he went through.

This exhibit, which was very well attended, ran from November 20, 1949 through January 22, 1950.

Of course he knows who I am and I was able to get the necessary clearances to be in the building when he was there. I managed to get just ahead of the party and then turned and greeted him. He recognized me and I will try to put down what happened because I feel it will be very important.

We were standing by the "Artist in His Studio" by Vermeer and I leaned across and told him that I would like to pass on some very private and serious information to him. He looked at me in some surprise and then motioned his people to give us a few moments.

I said, "I shouldn't bother you at all but this is so important."

Making sure that no one could hear me, I at once told him about the meeting with Dulles and Wisner and what was said. He looked very intently at me and kept nodding for me to go on. I then told him that this gang had put a listening device onto his telephone at which point he really made a bad face and glared at me. "You are not joking with me, are you?" I told him I was not and then I went on with the gist of the meeting. Very quickly and with a low voice.

He said to me, "I do not trust those sons-of-bitches at all." and he was very angry but tried not to show it. Then he said, "I do not like either of the Dulles brothers. It's too bad this one wasn't in his house when it burned down." I knew nothing of this, I must confess, and I wondered if the President wanted Dulles dead but that was neither the time nor the place for that. Later, perhaps. Of course if one were to shoot Dulles, one would need armor-piercing bullets because his skull is so thick.

Allen Dulles' home on Long Island burned down on Monday, November 7, 1948. It was never officially determined how the fire started but threats were also made against his brother, John who lived at Cold Springs Harbor on Long Island. Both of the brothers were put under guard.

I saw his people were interested in what was going on so I leaned over again, pointed to the picture and asked him to laugh. He looked at me for a minute and then did just that. So much for throwing the others off the track.

"I am inclined to believe what you say but what is to be done about it? I can have Hoover's people check on it but then he would know and I don't want that. I do not trust that man at all."

The directors were becoming concerned at the President's intense interest in the Vermeer and I could see one of the officious swine just twitching to get his nose into the conversation. "Well," I said, "I do have a man whom you were kind enough to allow to come over here to help me. He is one of the best and I could have him check on this. After all, I am under your command, sir, and he is under mine. There will be no problems." Then someone said, "Mr. President..." and I finished quickly.

"Let me think about that" he said, now smiling to everyone and obvious (to me at least) that he didn't mean it at all.

As people began to come up I said, very friendly, to him, "You must come to my home for dinner one of these days. I have a first class chef and I will have some excellent piano music especially for you. And we can talk on this."

"Yes," he said, "I might find that interesting. After Thanksgiving, I will be on vacation at Key West. Perhaps we might get together there. We can do that then and I would enjoy paying you a visit later. And thank you for your comments on the painting." He then shook my hand very warmly while looking me directly in the eye. "Thank you for your concern and your interesting lecture."

And off he went, trailed by guards and others, some of whom kept looking back at me. I did enjoy the rest of the preview and decided that I have made a good step.

Saturday, 19 November 1949

Hiss is being tried again in New York. I am certain that this time they will convict him but one is never certain with the American jury system.

(Judge Harold R., ed.) Medina let all of the convicted criminals out of jail on bonds. These idiots have no idea at all what they are doing. The American Attorney General (J. Howard McGrath, ed.) has expressed some doubts about the legality of the convictions. There is some question about whether the American right to free speech is not in question.

Cannot these morons think about such issues before they commence to try the communists? Now (Judge, ed.) Medina is going to put off sentencing the communist lawyers. Whatever for? Are their friends inside the government going to get them off the charges? The Roosevelt people are still alive and have enough power to do things like this. I think that one ought to identify them, arrest and charge them if possible and make such terrible examples out of them that the other rats will think twice before putting up their heads.

I must say, all of the public protests about the hunt after authentic Soviet agents have only given us more names to work on. I suppose these loud assholes have been taking to the streets with their signs for years now and do not realize that the wind is blowing in the other direction.

We need more courts and I certainly could use a bigger staff but I neither can ask for one nor would I take any Americans because they have no idea at all about communists or how they infiltrate and burrow.

I will have to set up a meeting with Hoover about the British very soon now.

Tomorrow, I am off to Mass early and then I will be going back to the National Gallery for a preview showing of the Vienna collection. I have already seen it but I am invited and must go.

Irmgard has given up her pursuit of the gardener because I told the firm I have hired to take care of the outside of the house to replace him with someone else. She was very depressed for several days, having peeked at him working in the shrubbery, stripped to the waist. She no doubt imagined his sweaty body bouncing up and down on top of her down in the cool and damp cellar. Such fantasies!

Now, she is being nice to Heini again, which is far safer than having pillow conversations with a stupid Portuguese gardener.

Monday, 21 November 1949

Next Sunday, the President will be traveling down to Key West, Florida for a vacation and I will go down the next day, spending the night in Miami and then driving south out into the ocean along an elevated highway. I have a week to prepare my presentations and am compiling a paper on the activities of Messers Dulles and Wisner.

Truman will be there for three weeks and I expect to have the good part of one day talking to him. At least it will give me a chance to see the tropical world I was once promised by Kronthal.

I had a visitor after Mass who delivered some material and whom I invited to stay for a little luncheon.

General conversations:

He told me about a colonel who sued Truman to get a promotion. Am told the officer ran an American prison camp in England during the war where soldiers were badly tortured and beaten by the guards. This at the orders of the camp commandant. Some soldier who saw all this reported it to the press and a great deal of trouble was caused. There were court-martials of a number of men but the Army saw to it that nothing happened to the professional officers.

Finally, Truman had to intervene to get some rudimentary justice performed. The officer was a lieutenant colonel and last year, he was to be promoted to a full colonel but Truman saw his name and denied the promotion.

This was tried again and again; Truman used his pen on the name. Then the officer had the lack of character or shame to sue the President, demanding to be promoted. This was quickly sat on.

Interesting to compare this with our own army. Firstly, it was forbidden to beat soldiers and torture had been banned by the Old Fritz (Frederick the Great, 1740-1786, King of Prussia, ed.) nearly two hundred years before. In the second place, an officer who ordered or knowingly permitted such things to go on in the barracks would be sent to prison himself, or during the war, demoted to private and sent to the front in a penal battalion.

The concept of a disgraced and court-martialed officer suing the Commander in Chief of the Army to force him to promote the officer is simply not to be believed.

The officer in question was Lt. Colonel James A. Kilian who had been commanding officer of the U.S. 10th Replacement Depot, located at Lichfield, Staffordshire in England. This was a camp that processed replacement American troops and also housed a number of military prisoners. During its existence, over 6,000 prisoners had been processed.

Lt. Colonel Kilian instituted a brutal policy of physical harassment of these prisoners that eventually became a matter of public notice. Men were beaten, often in the same areas they had been previously wounded and a number were severely injured. When this was reported by a military witness, the Army attempted to punish the witness but eventually an investigation was launched. The investigation disclosed an ongoing, officially sanctioned pattern of sadistic brutality, but in the end, the officers convicted received small fines and no imprisonment while soldiers who filed complaints were severely treated while waiting to testify.

Kilian, who was an aggressive and very angry man (he once threatened to assault one of the court-martial officers in open court), was convicted of the charges of permitting his guards to assault prisoners and to initiate punishments specifically prohibited by U.S. Army regulations. He was fined \$500 and officially reprimanded.

Before this happened, the obviously rigged court hearings were the subject of a very angry letter from President Truman which resulted in the removal of one of the judges who was a long-time personal friend of Kilian as well as a cessation of the harassment of the putative witnesses in the case.

In April of 1947, Kilian sought a promotion to Colonel and Truman promptly removed his name from the promotion list. True to form, Kilian immediately attempted to sue Truman to force him to grant the promotion. The case was dismissed in Federal Court by a judge who ruled that Kilian had no jurisdiction over the Commander in Chief.

Following his defeat in court, Kilian tried to submit his name again two weeks later, but again Truman struck his name from the list.

The revelations to the American public of this case forced Congress to drastically modify and improve the conditions under which soldiers could be court-martialed and almost all of the over 100,000 soldiers who had been subjected to court-martial during the war had their sentences significantly modified. A furious Kilian finally resigned from the Army in 1951 and died in 1958.

Wednesday, 23 November 1949

Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Day here, an American Harvest Festival. No one in this house is American with the exception of Heini but as a concession to the national customs, we will be having an entirely American dinner. I have spoken with the cook on Monday about this and we will have the turkey, the bread stuffing, cranberry sauce, yams (a purely American potato also called a sweet potato), soup, fresh rolls, a pie made with pumpkin and nutmeg and other things. Am told it is a very traditional and good feast so one has hopes my informants are correct.

Thursday, 24 November 1949

Today we had the Thanksgiving dinner that seemed to be entirely worthwhile. There were two turkeys, one for the staff and one for me and my immediate circle which consisted of Irmgard, Heini and the First and Second Murderers. I have been reading Macbeth. Arno made remarks about the turkey, indicating that he preferred it to chicken and the pie was a great success.

It was raining today and warm during the day.

After the dinner, I put on my raincoat, took an umbrella and Maxl for a walk up and down the streets around here for my exercise and the welfare of the carpets.

A very pleasant experience with what I have learned are called the Cave Dwellers!

I will put some of this down because I am in a particularly good mood and everyone else has gone to their beds, or someone else's, and I am not tired enough to go to sleep.

Tomorrow, I will have to start preparations for my trip to Florida but tonight I can enjoy myself with thoughts about the future.

During my walk today, I went past an old but obviously very expensive house and as I was passing, I heard the sound of a piano so I stopped for a moment and listened. It was a very proficient rendering of a Bach piece that I have played myself so I looked up at the house and saw that a window on the first floor was open. Although it was raining, it was still a warmish day and it was very humid. A few moments later, a well-dressed, elderly woman emerged from the front door, umbrella in hand, and came down the front walk and through the gate.

Since Maxl and I were standing in front of the fence and she emerged no more than three feet away, I raised my hat to her. I said that I hoped she would not take offense at my standing in front of her house but that I had heard someone playing most proficiently on the piano and that as an amateur pianist, I was very much impressed. To this the woman replied, in excellent humor, that she had no objections to my listening and that it was her niece who was practicing for a recital.

There were formal pleasantries exchanged (reading Emily Post has been of great help here in Washington, at least with civilized people) and I gave her my nice engraved card with my nice new name on it.

Her car came out from the rear of the house with not only a chauffeur but also a footman, both in livery! Before she got into the car, this *grande dame* said to me that she and her niece were at home on Wednesdays and they would be most happy if I would call. She had all of the panache of the wife of an Ambassador and when I made some reference to this, she said that she was a Cave Dweller and had nothing whatsoever to do with the Transients.

On that note, she entered her car and drove off.

Although Maxl has no ear for music, I certainly do and I stood there for another ten minutes. When I got back home, somewhat wetter than I had wanted, I had someone dry Maxl off before letting him go upstairs.

I also had the occasion to speak with one of my American friends and asked him about the Cave Dwelling lady and was promptly told that this is the terminology for the old Washington society whose roots go back to the eighteenth century and who take a dim view of diplomats and politicians.

When I gave him the address, he told me he would check on it for me. An hour later he called back with the news that this house, or mansion, was the property of a very prominent, and wealthy, old family.

I shall first digest my meal and then plan to make my call on Wednesday. No doubt the niece will be fat and ugly but she plays like an angel.

Sunday, 27 November 1949

To an early Mass and trying to put together some material for my meeting with the P. (resident, ed.) in Florida. Robert came by just before lunch, hoping no doubt to get a free meal. He is very upset about the visit of some retired Japanese general to Maryland. One of his brothers died in Japanese captivity during the war and Robert now claims that this Lieutenant General (Dr. Shiro, ed.) Ishii was in charge of a bacteriological warfare complex in China who experimented on living people, mostly Allied prisoners of war. Killing them rather badly of course. Also this gang spread anthrax, the plague and other charming things all over China and up into Russia. Poor Russians. Schreiber's people give them plague on one side and General Ishii gives it to them on the other.

But, according to Robert who ought to know, General MacArthur not only protected Ishii and his medical assassins but actually set them up in a secret compound in Japan to continue their happy work!

And now some of the more important killers have been invited to the United States as honored guests to lecture on their activities to American Army personnel out at Ft. Detrick in Maryland where, Robert tells me, we are planning to do the same thing to the Russians that Schreiber (Dr. Walter Paul, ed.) and Ishii did during the war.

I enjoy the irony of the situation. That is the irony inherent in Robert coming to me for assistance! And I am a wanted war criminal who ran the dread Gestapo! I suppose if the government will make love to Ishii and his men, they must have no problem with me at all. And, Robert tells me, not only does MacArthur know but the President has been informed as well!

This is a Pandora's Box which should be kept tightly shut in my opinion because Washington is still full of Soviet friends in spite of all our labors in the vineyards of the Lord and if Josef gets wind of this nasty business, no doubt people will be dropping like flies in Cleveland and certainly here.

I must make an effort to buy some property, hopefully with a house on it, in some nice remote place like Colorado, where I can escape if such a filthy business gets started.

The account of General Ishii is certainly not a great secret but there are some aspects of it that are not so commonly known to the public and for obvious reasons. The Japanese Political Police, the dreaded Kempeitai, set up a biological and chemical warfare center in Manchuria during the 1930s. Initial experiments on living prisoners were conducted using Chinese, but during the war, Unit 731, as the huge complex was called, received over 3,000 American, British, Dutch, Russian, Korean and Chinese prisoners for vivisection, injection with deadly diseases, artificial freezing experiments and other pleasantries.

In addition to such activities, Lt. General Dr. Shiro Ishii also used Japanese Army special units to spray dysentery, bubonic plague, typhoid and cholera germs over the population of China's Zhejiang Province to test various diseases and determine the most effective means of liquidating large numbers of their enemies.

A translation of a Japanese official report exists in which Army Headquarters in Tokyo was considering putting pathogens onto air-borne balloons and letting the prevailing air currents deliver the deadly contents to the United States Pacific Northwest.

This activity was by no means limited to China and the Kempeitai had other facilities throughout their Greater East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere including Malaya, other Chinese sites, the prison complex at Singapore and Hiroshima on the main island of Japan.

Not only did MacArthur protect Ishii and his staff but also all of his files dealing with his experiments were taken over by the United States Army and Ishii was put to work along with members of his staff on the identical projects at a secret site in Japan. This site was later developed into a major

Japanese pharmaceutical firm in which MacArthur and some of his closest collaborators initially had a financial interest and were considered to be participating partners.

There are several reports on this business, one prepared by G2 in Tokyo in 1948 and another follow-up prepared during the Korean War in 1951. At that time there was a very high level argument as to whether or not the atomic bomb should be used on the North Koreans and Chinese invaders of South Korea. Some counsel held out for using Ishii's version of an Asiatic Final Solution but fortunately, Truman vetoed both projects.

Monday, 28 November 1949

A number of matters. I spoke with Hoover again about the British and have absolutely stressed my belief that not only were they spying on us, especially on our atomic programs here, but also giving vital secrets to the Soviets! Hoover hates the British as much as he does the Russians so it has not been difficult to gain his interest.

T. (ruman, ed.) is neutral about the British and even cooperative with them and I will have to do what I can to wreck this situation. I suggested to H. that perhaps he had better set up a section to keep an eye on the British.

We will start with the telephones and observation of those who use their embassy here and their consulates in Chicago and New York. He agrees to start this program "very soon" and I gave him some information on a few British agents here. He told me Stephenson was a Canadian murderer who killed Americans who got in the British way during the war and who had agents spying all over Washington. They and the Russians!

I am keeping Harold P. (hilby, ed.) in the background until I can have my own people get enough background material on the new spy chief to make an impression on Hoover. I dug out the papers covering Philby's defection, or rather cooperation with us in 1939 and will have photocopies made to add to my reports to Hoover.

Spending tonight on a report for Truman in Florida and have decided to downplay the menace of the communist intellectual and stress actual spies in place, especially in the Atomic program. Using material from Pash and some from Hoover. I will talk about the atomic program and the Russians, and then move right into the British situation without letting any light get in between.

Also some piano practice and preparations for my Wednesday visit to my neighbor and the unknown niece. I keep imagining what she looks like. Hopefully attractive (I cannot abide ugly women, especially fat and ugly women). It would be pleasant to at least become acquainted with a really attractive younger woman who is a good pianist and likes Bach!

It never fails that she will have huge buttocks, bad skin and teeth and a shrill voice. Or legs like my Bechstein (a German piano, ed.). Well, the aunt has enough money to make her interesting but she is far too old.

One of the guards who is from Utah and is a Mormon (but not a very good one Heini tells me because he smokes and drinks coffee) told a joke which is worth putting down. The head of the Mormon Church was called Brigham Young. He was a raging polygamist but liked younger women, as I do. He used to say (and I had to write this down to get the English correct), "I don't care how you bring them but bring them young." Or a contraction to say "Bring'em young." An American joke. It's true that we always learn the nasty parts of a foreign language first.

Learning French, one does not first say, "Please tell me how to get to the nearest cathedral so that I may pray," but instead, "where is the local whorehouse so I can screw to clear my sinuses," or even better, "what price do you charge for your services, Madame, and do you have a health certificate?" Always avoid a prostitute who has a pack of dogs following her down the street while she is on combat patrol. They have a better sense of smell than we do and God knows what goes on internally.

Imagine having three beautiful young wives? It would kill me but would be an interesting way to commit suicide as well as being very expensive. One wife is quite enough but I never can keep my eyes off a woman with pretty legs. Heini knows this little failing of mine and comforted me with a story about his father's dog. He said, "There's nothing wrong with chasing pretty women, Boss. But my dad (Vati) has a dog that chases cars too." Yes, and of course what happens when the dog catches the car? Does he mount the exhaust pipe and burn his vital parts? Heini is an excellent fellow but is sometimes too sharp. Although I am no virgin in that area either.

Tuesday, 29 November 1949

My area of expertise is Soviet Russian foreign intelligence but I wish to expand to cover other hostile areas. While communism was very popular here during the Roosevelt era, most people, even so-called professionals, do not realize that the actual spy apparatus was very limited. The Soviets always have a large pool of sympathetic loyalists on which to draw, but only for random information. This information is fed to the actual rings whose leader then passes it to Moscow, either through his Russian control or directly. All of this is sent out by radio to Moscow.

I could write papers on this by the hour and America and her politicians, and most especially the general public, are now well aware of Soviet spies. But they tend to lump Soviet sympathizers and intellectual communists in the same bag. To pursue all of these people would be impossible, even with American manpower and wealth. Better to concentrate on either penetrating the Soviet rings and feed them misleading information or to destroy them. Arrests and publicity on one hand and the knife or the heart attack on the other. (Memo: Stop throwing them out of the window! Much too obvious. One, perhaps, but not so many.)

Then, having done this, the next step would be to so sensitize the public to Soviet spies that all communist sympathizers would be too terrified to cooperate with Moscow at any time!

Senator McCarthy and his kind are perfect for this agitation. The Senator is a boor of the worst kind but so blindly ambitious that he will jump onto this train with glee.

Will point out to T. that M. is a Republican and that T. can deny any participation in this business. Of course T. is not too popular with his own party because they still yearn for the liberal years of Roosevelt but if the Democrats are able to distance themselves from a Republican Congressional *razzia* (European term for police raid, ed.) against Rooseveltian Reds, they will do so at once.

Having dealt with the so-called Red Menace of Col. Hoover, I will turn to a much more serious matter...that of British spying on the United States. I will outline to T. that the British hate us (I will use this word for solidarity) because we beat them in two wars (1776 and 1812) and bankrupted them in 1940 by taking all of their cash in return for old weapons, they have no problem in spying on us.

They do not view us, as so many Americans think today, as their saviors but rather as their destroyers and they all do hate us for destroying their thoroughly rotten Empire.

I will point out, very clearly and with supportive documents (Memo: Have these ready if and when required!) that the British intelligence and governmental agencies are filled with either actual communist agents or worse, radical Moscow sympathizers.

It is also filled with fairies but we won't go into that unless T. shows some interest. T. is certainly not a fairy and probably hates them.

I will point out that England has no more navy or army to speak of and a squad of Soviet Boy Scouts (which do not exist) could invade England and conquer it within a week.

Therefore.... certain higher-level British government people have arrived at a secret convention with Stalin. Do not attack our weak, undefended people, and we will assist you by the sharing of certain very important intelligence material we are able to steal from our erstwhile allies (but actual enemies.)

And this especially means atomic secrets!!!

- 1. In sum, the British spy on us with greater impunity than the Soviets could.
- 2. They have stolen and are stealing American atomic secrets.
- 3. These secrets go to London where the British would like to build at least one atomic bomb just to show the world that they are really still important.
- 4. The same secrets are eagerly given to Stalin to curry favor with him as well as to fulfill the ideological requirements of so many of the Soviet lovers now in power in the British bureaucracy.

THIS MUST BE STOPPED!

By cutting off the British from their spying, we equally cut off the Russians who are now under the spotlight and have to be very careful.

Note here: I understand that Stalin did not set off an atomic bomb but instead exploded several standard bombs from an aircraft. These bombs were full of radioactive material that spread into the upper air so that the Americans could detect them. Source has been correct so far. Mention this to T.? Not a good idea at all.

Solution: Countermeasures at once against the British. Hoover will be in full cooperation on this. He has specifically said so to me recently and very firmly. I believe him on this. We put devices into their Embassy and consulates, listen to their telephones and follow anyone leaving the Embassy and photograph anyone going in and then investigate them later.

We set up a disinformation section to allow them to have faulty and misleading material. Also.... we could give them the sort of information which could literally blow up in their faces but I doubt if their

scientists are that stupid. It will be vital in all of this to totally discredit not only the British but most especially all of their intelligence apparatus!!!

We don't want them to work their way into our skin the way they did here during the war. Note here...IMPORTANT...Almost all of the top CIA people are rabid Anglophiles. Angleton's mentor during the war was Philby and both the Dulles brothers sniff at the bottoms of all Englishmen. Be sure to work these facts into your presentation and impress on T. that this Anglophilia blinds them to the truth. Again, EXERCISE GREAT CAUTION HERE...UNTIL T. IS CONVERTED! If he shows any real resistance, inject just enough to make him think and then...CHANGE THE DIRECTION!!!

I will be visiting with my interesting neighbors tomorrow and then on Thursday, will take the train down to Miami and from there drive down to the Keys to have my meeting with the President. I will be using my new name on the tickets and will be checked into the Naval Base at Key West under this name to keep the CIA people from knowing about this. Now I have three sets of papers; one German, one Swiss and now, one as an American citizen. On the one hand, I am a Bavarian Catholic and on the other, a Jew! Such an irony! Dulles, who knew my other persona, made several rude remarks about my adopting the guise of what he supposed to be my archenemy. Hitler's perhaps, but not mine. They could make me an Eskimo for all I care and Dulles is one of the most pompous, self-important asses I have ever met and I have known many.

These well-born idiots think they and they alone are capable of directing the foreign policy of the country, but in truth I doubt if any of them, Angleton included, could run a church outing for deaf and dumb children. And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!

The names used by Heinrich Müller after the war are of great interest to a significant number of people...and agencies. At the beginning of the Twenty First Century there are virtually no major players still alive who knew Müller, as Müller, while he worked for the CIA and the U.S. Army in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

With the assumed names not a matter of official knowledge, there is a very real fear that something unpalatable and true will emerge about the former Chief of the Gestapo before Washington can, as is their standard custom, destroy any pertinent, damaging records.

It is a matter of record that Müller used the name of "Schwartzter" when he escaped from encircled Berlin in April of 1945 but there the investigative trail ends.

Shortly after the third volume in the Douglas biography of Heinrich Müller was released, a very reputable American reporter with a background in U.S. intelligence matters was contacted by a source that he had every reason to trust. This source, who had retired from the CIA, told the reporter that he had personally known Heinrich Müller after the war, living under the name of Lothar Metzel and that this Metzel had lived on Connecticut Avenue in Washington. This specific information checked out; the name of Lothar Metzel was immediately located in old Washington telephone directories.

However, a thorough, professional investigation disclosed that the Metzel who lived at that address was a Viennese Jew who had fled the Germans and came to the United States in 1939. This Metzel was a minor playwright who worked for the Office of War Information (OWI) during the war, preparing anti-Nazi radio scripts. Further, after the war and the formation of the CIA in 1948, this Metzel joined that organization and rose to a position of some importance.

Photographs of the playwright Metzel bore absolutely no resemblance to the former SS General and it is impossible to believe that anyone who personally knew the CIA official could think that he even remotely looked like Heinrich Müller.

This is not quite the end of the story, however, because a search by the media of old OSS files disclosed another Lothar Metzel, also from Austria but of German origin, who worked for the OSS in Switzerland during the war. The second Metzel, while on an intelligence mission into Germany, was captured by Müller's Gestapo and shot in August of 1944.

Before this OSS file suddenly disappeared from sight and into a burn bag, the investigating media located a picture of the second Metzel who looked neither like the playwright nor the head of the Gestapo.

The final addition to this entertaining scenario was supplied by a retired U.S. Navy officer who had been involved with various high-level intelligence activities in the 1960s and identified for members of the media, a picture of Heinrich Müller as a man "whose face he had positively seen before." The name in his old telephone book was Lothar Metzel. This Metzel looked exactly like Heinrich Müller.

While in Washington, Müller lived in a large town house in Georgetown and not an old-fashioned red brick apartment house on Connecticut Avenue. Since both of the Metzels were Jewish in origin, this might well explain Müller's remark about having a false Jewish persona.

It is fortunate that the media thoroughly checked out the facts in this bizarre matter or someone might very well have published a story about Müller's survival which could be very easily refuted and this refutation then used to discredit anything published about him.

Well, first the recital with the probably ugly pianist and then the business with Truman. We shall see what is business and which is pleasure.

The anti-communism of Senator Joseph McCarthy, R. Wisconsin, has been the subject of many books and scholarly studies since the end of the 1950s. Most of these works are written by those who espouse the liberal idea that McCarthy was a vicious, fascistic opportunist whose incitement of the public against American communists ruined many lives and destroyed the reputations of a legion of intelligent, anti-racist and progressive Americans, and absolutely none of whom were communists and certainly none of whom ever spied on the United States for Russia.

The same writers have written similar works about the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) in which the radical Spanish left is depicted as progressive and the equally radical right is depicted as a brutal fascist movement entirely under the control of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

It takes many decades for anything even approaching objective truth to emerge concerning any matter that involves religious cults, be they secular or sacred and only after the bitter fanatics are long in their graves can objectivity begin to poke its way up through the heavily asphalted parking lots that represent generations of ideological propaganda.

These misleading and very often entirely false representations by fanatic partisan writers have been long accepted by the public because of the lack of alternative published views. Alternative views, regardless of accuracy, are severely discouraged in nearly all countries because often highly profitable structures are constructed on the weak foundations of mythic history.

Müller became acquainted with McCarthy through the good offices of one Father Edmund A. Walsh of Georgetown University in Washington. The most bitter and enduring enemy of Stalin's Cominform was the Catholic Church. During the post-war period, the Church was under the control of Pius XII, who as Papal Nuncio to Germany in the period between the Second and Third Reichs, had the opportunity of witnessing firsthand the brutal and murderous effects of the various Soviet-directed revolts inside Germany.

Müller's papers and notes indicate that he often met with Father Walsh and passed a considerable amount of valuable information to him which was eventually given to McCarthy to aid him in his very public crusade against the radical left in America. The one issue so often cited with great glee by McCarthy's detractors was his allegation made in a February 9, 1950 speech in Wheeling, West Virginia that there were a large number of clearly identified communists in the Department of State. His legion of livid critics state that this statement was entirely false and had no foundation in any kind of truth.

In point of actual fact, at that time there were, and had been for some time previous, at least 80 known and clearly identified communists in the Department of State. No one, McCarthy included, ever pointed out that these communists were former members of the communist-dominated Office of Special Services or OSS. Truman had disbanded this organization as early as 1945 because of its composition, and its communist members were sent to the Department of State to await a graceful, and permanent, exit from governmental service. Many other members quickly joined the new CIA when it was formed.

It was the specific policy of Franklin Roosevelt to insist to General Donovan, head of the OSS, that as many active communists as possible be recruited and utilized by that organization. Throughout its spotted history, the OSS agents cooperated with and certainly coordinated with the wishes of Soviet intelligence, the NKVD, in matters of interest and concern to Moscow.

The communist Tito was supported over his rivals (who were later murdered) in the Yugoslavian theater and the OSS supported the communists both in Greece and Italy, both areas that were of intense interest to the expansionist Soviet dictator.

In comparing Müller's period notes with the utterances of the Senator from Wisconsin, one can see that McCarthy was not a good learner and while he was almost always correct, he had a severe problem with remembering, and accurately reporting, the specific facts given to him.

The comments by Müller about the espionage activities of British intelligence against the United States will be fully explored in their proper chronological place as will Müller's assistance to the anti-Communists in the American government and media.

Thursday, 1 December 1949

Notes made on the train.

Well, I must say there are times when one is pleasantly, even happily, surprised by the turn of events. Last evening started out with dull formality and ended up as a genuine pleasure for me.

First, we met the aunt in the drawing room. Old furniture and dim portraits of ancestors. Mine could never afford paintings. Some in solemn black, others in uniform and a number of uninteresting women in period costume.

The niece was upstairs dressing and I gathered from the aunt that she was not pleased to be entertaining the neighbor. We were sitting on very uncomfortable but expensive old chairs when the aunt smiled over my head and stood up. "Here, my dear is your fan club."

She is not ugly at all. Rather on the short side with a long, solemn face, dark brown eyes and a very firm chin and mouth. Very decently dressed and carries herself very well. Figure? Small and certainly not fat. Couldn't see her legs but the rest of her seemed in good proportion. Hair was pulled back into a knot at the back of her head, neatly framing her face.

I bowed, kissed her hand (a disgusting Viennese custom) and managed to introduce myself by the proper name. Remarks were made and I said some sarcastic things about a popular pianist that got a quick smile. We had about twenty minutes of social conversation and she said, "I suppose you would like to hear me play something"

"The Bach you were assaulting the other day would be excellent."

Up went the eyebrows. "Assaulting?"

"Oh yes, a firm, very determined effort. And I might say, successful." An excellent evening, short though it was and with the aunt ever present.

Analysis: A young woman of character and appearance who is a very strong, almost masculine performer. She certainly understands Bach as well as Schubert, which she plays with both strength and feeling. She attended Julliard School, loves the piano but will not make a career of it, (which she certainly could) because in her family, women do not go into the professions.

She has an excellent sense of humor, very dry and sometimes sharp.

I wanted to show her how to make a transition in a Bach piece and while she very politely gave me the keyboard, I could see that, at first, she was not happy. I think I made my point and she asked me to keep on playing for her and warned me she would be equally pedantic. "Actually you are rather good," she said and from her omnipresent aunt's expression, I assume that this was very rare praise.

She would do very well on the concert stage but at this point, all is too soon for anything but the enjoyment of the moment.

When I come back from Florida, I have invited them to my house for a little dinner and some music afterwards. This may go nowhere, as so many new things do, but I did enjoy the evening and apparently everyone else did too. They think I am Swiss but that my German is "ever so much better than the Swiss dialect." A bit of Munich Bavarian mixed up with military and police, all overlaid with Berliner Prussian does not sound Swiss but most Americans cannot speak their own language, let alone someone else's.

This trip is interesting as we penetrate deeper into the southern United States. Really appalling poverty seen from the train windows and many shabby old houses, millions of very poor and equally shabby blacks, not too many automobiles. One reads about the high civilization of the pre-Civil War south but if all of that was true, the country has lost everything.

I recall (Frank G. ed.) Wisner calling (Ralph, ed.) Bunche a "saddle-colored coon" which had to be explained to me. We had such in the Ruhr after the French had quartered their own dark ones on us. I don't ride but I know what color a saddle is and the image is entertaining.

Miami, I am told, is being filled up with illegal refugee Jews being smuggled in from the Dominican Republic and Cuba but no one seems to care very much about it. Africa above and Palestine below.

I read somewhere that there was a terrible hurricane twenty years or so ago and there was a railroad which actually ran down to Key West. There was so much damage that the tracks were ripped up and the causeways were turned into a highway. That should be an interesting scenic trip.

I am going to take up advance photography and I brought my Leica along but taking pictures from a train window is only fit for trippers. Pictures of yourself and your friends in front of the Eiffel Tower during the war. I do not wish to be photographed these days but one can never be too insistent, merely careful to avoid the possibility.

The food is acceptable on these trains but was better on the one to Colorado. After lunch, two games of twenty-one and a little chess for relaxation and then some Pascal until dinner.

Hopefully, Truman tomorrow and then back to Washington for much better food and even better music. A full report later.

Tuesday, 6 December 1949

I will write this in sections. First, general impressions of the trip.

Florida is a different sort of climate. I have been to Greece and Spain but the tropics are an entirely new world. The ocean and the beaches are magnificent and I took advantage of the time in Miami to put on a suit and get into the ocean. Salt water is sticky but the temperature is warm and a landlocked Bavarian like myself is used to still, cold lakes at best.

Nice young ladies sunning themselves on the beach and some pleasant flirtations but then down to see Truman.

The drive down to Key West was spectacular, driving along over the waters of the Caribbean on the old railroad bridges. Key West is a naval base with neat white barracks.

The President has what he calls a "working holiday" and said that he could never have afforded a place like that even as a senator. Take what you can from every situation.

I was introduced as a Swiss expert from the CIA and no one paid any attention to me. I bought a very nice white suit in Miami and an expensive Panama hat that one can roll up and pass through a ring. It would have cost me a month's salary in the old days.

I met Truman twice privately and once with a group of his friends. He wore a terrible shirt with short sleeves that looks like a modern painting but is called "Hawaiian" and would frighten a horse.

Ate meals in a naval dining room. The food was good and the fresh fish excellent, especially one called pompano. Aside from intelligence matters and some self-advertising, I went out on a navy boat to take a trip to see an old brick fort out in the Caribbean where important political prisoners were once kept. Some fishing and a good deal of beer drinking. The navy people let me steer the boat from up on the bridge.

Nice young men, polite officers and steering a boat is not that easy. With a car, one merely moves the wheel and with a plane, the same, but the boat will tend to stray from its course and one has to be constantly observant and watch the compass. As there are no points of reference in the ocean, the compass is very important to watch.

I went around without a shirt most of the time and have acquired a very nice tan that should impress my neighbor. Unfortunately, I am getting very thin on the top of my head so it got rather burned and now is scabby looking but it is passing quickly.

Now, on to business.

T. was very friendly from the beginning and I find him pleasant to work with. We spoke generally at first and then he asked me for my comments on various personalities of the Reich, especially Hitler. He asked me repeatedly if Hitler died in Berlin. He said when he was at Potsdam in 1945, the Russians told him, and Stalin too, that they did not believe the British story at all. I told him what I knew and then we went on to discuss more important matters.

T. is concerned about the Russians. The Army and the CIA (whom he calls the "Criminal Idiots Association") are telling him daily that Stalin is going to attack us and that we must attack him first. T. has no intentions of doing this. I told him that in my professional opinion, there would be no military attack. I had actual figures with me showing the reduction in Soviet forces in Germany and their destruction of the railroad system there to rebuild their own.

Neither the Army (using faked material from Gehlen) nor the CIA (using faked material from their own strange sources) have told him any of this but I know he believes me and not them. I did warn him that Stalin would use infiltration and not tanks.

We talked about the CIA's bribery in the Italian elections and Pash's murder attempt on Togliatti. He approved the bribery but deplored the assassination attempt and said he wanted nothing to do with such vicious behavior. He complained bitterly that the CIA, whom he put together to keep him privately informed on foreign intelligence, was obviously pursuing its own course and repeatedly lies to him.

I gave him quite an earful of my inside observations. We discussed how they had put devices on his own phones and told him that they had tried to do this to me but my people were much better than theirs and the attempt failed. I also said that we were listening to them! This he thought was very funny but wanted me to keep him fully informed.

Conversation then turned to Hoover and the FBI. Since Hoover is an ally, I spoke well of him and his men, calling them real professionals as opposed to the rank and somewhat crazy amateurs of the CIA. He agreed but does not like Hoover who he said had "the dirt" on "everyone on the hill and used it when he had to." I must keep in mind that Truman is basically honest and finds such treachery repulsive.

I then talked about the atom bomb programs and Truman told me some stories.

We had no such bombs at the end of the war. And we did not have enough enriched uranium to build them. This ore is mined in the Belgian Congo and the Belgians control it. The Russians, who have no such resource, tried to threaten the Belgians and then attempted to persuade them to nationalize the mines and give them the ore.

Our good friends the British then got all of the supplies from the Belgians (probably with charity money they got from us) and had over three thousand tons of the ore. Naturally, they would not give this to us, but Truman to his credit, forced them to do so under threat of excluding them from any kind of aid program and forcing them to repay their enormous wartime loans to us. They caved in, first trying to sell us their ore at a huge profit and finally, when Truman got really forceful, giving the ore to the U.S.

They are now working on a bomb-making program here. By simulating an atomic explosion to warn the U.S. that he had a bomb, Stalin started a genuine atomic race with us. He is normally quite clever but in this case, he overplayed his hand.

From this thesis, I was able to discuss Soviet espionage with Truman. I said that the actual Soviet spy networks in this country were nowhere near as large as the public thought. A dozen or so handlers and perhaps thirty or forty actual paid spies.

There were, I said, hundreds of communist sympathizers who supplied the American spies with information but these were not real spies but sources. Hoover, to his credit, kept his eye on this bunch in spite of strict direct orders from Roosevelt to stop watching his Soviet friends. The FBI knows almost everything about the Soviet agents and is picking them off one by one.

Truman says he knows this but the problem is also political. As we all know, Roosevelt permitted hundreds of communist activists into his regime and Truman has to be very careful about attacking them. The New Deal is still a potent political force and Truman doesn't want to be seen pursuing them. This is all understandable and to me, acceptable, because he wants to root them out entirely. It is merely a question of how to do it without him getting the blame.

It was then that I brought up McCarthy. Truman hates the man. He calls him a fairy and a drunk. Just like Churchill, I told him, and just as dangerous. I told T. that I had a connection with M. through Georgetown and I suggested, very carefully at first, that I could supply M. with inside facts that he could use in public to enhance his career and create an atmosphere of conspiracy and fear. Before T. could object, and I could see it in his face, I pointed out that McCarthy was a Republican (I have joined the Democrat Party) and that as an opponent of Truman, the President could put a very large distance between them. He tentatively agreed but said he did not want to start a Spanish Inquisition here.

I agreed but said that if the public believed that there were spies everywhere, there would be arrests made and the actual informants and suppliers of secret information would have to go underground and be very careful indeed! This Truman quickly agreed was a good idea.

It was at this point that I brought up the British. I said that even if Stalin lost his eyes in this country, the British were here to help him out. I pointed out that England has, in essence, lost the war. She has no empire, no navy, no merchant shipping and no gold reserves. She hates us for having demoted her to a third rate bankrupt country. Also, I said that I had a great deal of factual information that their intelligence agencies were riddled with homosexual Marxists and that any information their agents could extract from us especially in the atomic area, would go to Whitehall first and to Moscow second.

I had prepared a number of easily assimilated files for him to read through. These were constructed so that he didn't have to take them with him and risk some snoop finding them in his quarters.

It took him nearly an hour to read through them and at the end, he seemed to be very receptive to my suggestions that the British agents in this country should be watched carefully, prevented as much as possible from any critical access to atomic secrets, and when possible, fed with disinformation.

He asked me to prepare a paper for him on how this could be accomplished and I am very pleased to have been able to pull up a file with the exact program set forth, clearly and very accurate in all respects.

Truman said, when he had finished reading it, "Well, we are certainly getting our money's worth with you, General. I am impressed with this."

At the second meeting, we talked about less important matters.

He asked me about the Jews in Germany. I told him my views and he said that he was being pressed by the Zionists to give huge sums of money to the state of Israel. He said he had let them talk him

into recognizing the government of that country in 1948 but he was now having some regrets about having done this. T. states that this has permanently destabilized the Middle East and that the reign of terror instituted by the Zionists in their desire to eject all the Arabs from their homes was repulsive to him

He stated that on many occasions, he had personally blocked the clandestine shipment of arms from this country to Israel, something I learned about from Hoover.

However, T. stated that the Jews were very influential in this country. They have money, have a big hand in the banks, the newspapers and certainly in the motion picture industry, and he does not want to antagonize them. He said that his lack of immediate support of their new country by giving huge sums of cash to them resulted in very serious political problems in the last election. They went to Dewey and got him to promise this golden shower if he was elected. But Truman went to the people and beat Dewey so now the Zionists are back again with their hands out.

T. had a business partner once who he holds in high regard and this man was material in persuading T. to recognize the new state. The President is certainly not an anti-Semite but will not be extorted.

Several of his associates have pointed out that most of the traitors and Soviet spies were Jewish but he wants absolutely nothing to do with this business and very sternly warned me not to go down this path at all. I have no intentions of doing so and reassured him about this.

At this point in time, I have the President's attention and at least a tentative approval of my ideas. I have permission from him to expand my staff and more of my people will be brought over here to assist me

We both agree that the CIA is not to know of any of this and I am to report directly to him. Also, he expressed gratitude to me for warning him about the spying on him and would like my man to keep checking his office for any telephone problems. I said if we caught anyone trying this again, I would have the man buried in the woods somewhere and Truman laughed and did not object.

Let us see to our shovels!

Note: On Wednesday, I will be having my musical neighbor and the aunt over for a small dinner and perhaps I can show off my own keyboard accomplishments. I have given some thought about my neighbor and in fact I find that when I start thinking about a woman more than once, I am interested.

We will see where this goes.

Thursday, 8 December 1949

When I was in Key West, T. made a reference to the Jewish Stern Gang and how they tried several times to murder him. He said I should talk to one of the Secret Service men and gave me a note.

Today, I had a conversation with one of the CIA people who knew about this and said that (James Jesus, ed.) Angleton was the man who "took care of the business with the hebes" (he is commonly believed to be part Jewish although he claims his mother was a Mexican) and I will have to confirm this. T. knows my former organization was involved with the protection of the Führer and his Secret Service man made very many notes when he talked with me. In fact, he was on the boat trip and followed me around with his little pad in his hand.

It seems that in mid-1947 a team of four Stern Gang members, using false British papers, went to Toronto, in Canada. This city has a very strong Jewish presence and they basically control a large portion of Canadian business from there. There were two plots to kill Truman. One was to send him anthrax germs in what appeared to be an important personal letter and the other was to shoot him while he was out on one of his daily walks. The poison was quickly discovered by the White House security staff and the matter was investigated by them. They are quite competent and they discovered a trail that led to Canada. However, they cannot operate outside the country so the CIA was called in, especially Angleton and then Pash.

Three of the agents were caught in a "safe house," very severely interrogated (one died on the spot) and then shot and their bodies disposed of very crudely (thrown into the pens at a large hog farm on the outskirts of the city). The fourth man had fled to Miami where there is a large Jewish population, augmented by thousands of illegal refugees smuggled into the country by the Mossad, and from there, fled to Cuba. While he was awaiting a nice trip back to his country, Pash's men caught him, interrogated him and turned his remains over to Batista's secret police. I suspect they just dumped him into the ocean.

From the papers and the interrogations, it was learned why this group of lunatic killers, who had already killed the British High Commissioner in Cairo and later killed Bernadotte, the UN supervisor in Palestine who had the temerity to criticize the terrorists there for slaughtering Arab civilians, decided to kill

Truman. Number one, he had not shown "the proper respect" for the needs of the Jewish people in seeking a home state in Palestine. Number two, he refused to give these creatures huge sums of American money.

When Truman was told about these plots, he became very angry and at once stopped the sale of arms to the Zionists and was otherwise very obstructive to their causes. He did recognize the new Jewish state but he makes a distinction between the serious leadership of Israel and the criminal lunatics who are on the fringes of the Zionist movement.

Photocopies of the interrogation reports and other documents are being sent over some time this week and I will write a paper on this for the President. He told me that one of the reasons he authorized my hiring was because I had some firsthand knowledge of these people and he was sure I would "come in handy" if he had any more troubles.

Of course, when the removal of the Stern people got back to Tel Aviv, Truman was made the target of a boycott in America. Jewish money, which to that time had gone without reservation to the left-wing Democrats, now was promised to the conservative Dewey on the condition he would "fully support the military, geo-political and fiscal needs" of the new state. He agreed and the "big money" swung behind him. Truman was not expected to win, especially because the Democrats did not like him, comparing him with Roosevelt the God. But he stayed the course and beat them handily. My God, there must have been deep mourning at the eastern end of the Mediterranean when that happened!

The notorious Stern Gang had no hesitation in murdering anyone they took a dislike to. Besides the personalities noted in the section above, they were also responsible for a devastating reign of terror in Jerusalem prior to the creation of the new Jewish state which included dynamiting the King David Hotel, headquarters of the British civil administration, and other bank robberies, train derailments, assassinations, ambushes and dynamiting. They were eventually disowned by the officials of the new state but one of their leaders and the man who engineered the King David episode was Menachim Begin, who later became the Prime Minister of Israel. Begin could not travel to England during his lifetime, even as head of state, because there was an outstanding murder warrant against him.

Confirming information on these plots can be found in: Margaret Truman, Harry S. Truman, New York, 1973, p. 489; Michael Collins Piper, Final Judgment, Washington, 1998, and records of the White House Protection Detail of the Secret Service of 1947-48.

Monday, 12 December 1949

Today I inspected my new offices at the CIA headquarters at the Naval Hospital complex over on "E" and 23rd streets. There is simply too much work to accomplish here at the house so all but my most important files will be sent over there. The really important papers are securely locked up in a vault in my basement. I had my people rebuild a wine cellar and then hide the new steel door behind some shelving so that curious people could never find it.

I have a nice view of both the river and the Lincoln Memorial, a big office with an antechamber for my secretary (and two guards to drink coffee in), and a private lavatory. This was once a hospital and some of the signs are still in place on the doors.

It is a short drive from here, but if the weather is good and my knee doesn't bother me, I could easily walk it and probably will when I feel like it. The problem for me in working there is that I have to suffer all of the CIA people firsthand. Most of them are from the "best" schools like Harvard and Yale and joined the "correct" clubs like the "Deathshead" (Skull and Bones at Yale, ed.) and so on. Everyone knows everyone else. They have married women who are related to other snobs and all they talk about are their little boats, their summer homes, their parties, their golf games, their tennis matches, and so on. Many of them were in the OSS and they love to talk about their mysterious missions during the war when they could wear trench coats. Most are pro-English, anti-Jewish and all of them loathe Truman as "not one of us" and call him all kinds of names behind his back.

I have never met so many educated people in my life who are as empty of brains as a ladle. They have absolutely no knowledge of anything outside their small and vicious circles and they simply are not interested in learning new facts. All of them are too stupid to try to explain complicated facts to. Like our aristocrats in Germany, they are very superficial, very social and very stupid. They view all CIA personnel through their elitist eyes and no matter how qualified a man might be, they judge him first and foremost by his school tie, and next, by his family connections. God help us all is what I say.

I have to be bored with their incessant cigarette smoking, long and alcoholic lunches and very dirty conversation dealing with private parts and fecal matter. I would never have allowed such conversations while I was running things but everyone there thinks pudenda jokes are extremely funny.

The aim of all of them is to set American foreign policy, something they have no knowledge of in the first place (nor ever will), and to circumvent the plebeian President at every opportunity. These inbred donkeys all seem to have brothers or cousins in the State Department that explains a good deal. Most are heterosexual, generally speaking, but I am certain that a number walk on both sides of the street when they can. The new space will be pleasant but this is offset by the terrible company.

Heini asked me this morning about taking a leave to go home at Christmas to visit his family. I cannot really spare him so I told him I would do what I could. What I intend to do is bring his family here for the holiday as a surprise. I will hold him off for a while and have all the arrangements made. I do enjoy surprising people, which I will do to Philby just after he has begun to digest his Christmas meal.

The President will be back in the capital on the 20th and I have a great deal to do before he gets back.

Memo: select the paintings and furniture for the office tomorrow but be careful not to include anything that was looted. If it was from Russia, that's fine because I doubt if the Russians will be visiting me at CIA headquarters...unless they have someone on the inside here...which is not impossible.

I will be enjoying more piano foreplay with my new friend down the street and who knows where that could lead. Somewhere positive one hopes. Irmgard no longer loves me and spends all of her time making eyes (and other things) towards what she hopes will be her new husband. She has visions of citizenship swimming about in her head. My, how soon they forget all the earlier joys. In any case, I certainly have and I am off on the hunt again. I shall have to persuade the new one to change the color of her hair. I much prefer women with blonde hair and this one has darker hair than mine...although a good deal more of it than I have. It all comes out in the comb these days. I should get some wax for my head and wear a monocle like von Stroheim (an Austrian-born actor with a monocle and shaved head who played Prussian officers in the movies, ed.).

Large Otto (SS-Standartenführer Otto Skorzeny, ed.) will be here after the first of the year and Wisner wants me to have discussions with him. Wisner has made a deal with the Irish to supply some technical assistance to the IRA (Irish Republican Army, ed.). If he blows up Englishmen, I will be delighted to help. Of course, Wisner told me he has to keep these plans away from Dulles and Angleton because they are, to quote him "a pack of drooling Anglophiles." I have no problem in keeping quiet on this business at all and good luck to that project.

I did have a pleasant conversation recently with Polly Wisner, Frank's wife, and she has more sense than he does, is not manic and does not soak up alcohol. The wives of these boobs are often very pleasant, well educated and well mannered. If I have no luck with the piano player, there are other pastures to graze in. Their husbands are too busy acting important to worry about their wives.

A note from Willi (Krichbaum, an SS Colonel, once Müller's deputy for Border Police matters and later the CIA-run Gehlen's chief recruiter, ed.) about the fact that there is some Soviet penetration going on there. My advice...let it go on but keep a close watch on things...and especially to keep me informed. His boss, Colonel C.(ritchfield, ed.) has absolutely no idea whatsoever about what is going on and we should keep it that way.

Gehlen is an arrogant, useless man who licks the feet of his CIA bosses and does what they tell him to. His agency is worthless and his reports reflect what he is told to write. They have employed a mixture of my men who are professional, sadists, brutes and eastern European murderers. I am sure Stalin must laugh himself to sleep at night when confronted with this toothless lion.

Just after Christmas I will make my pounce on Philby. I have spoken to Hoover about this and he wants to record the entire meeting. Why not? After all, we will conduct it in English (Hoover does not understand any foreign languages and knowing it is going to be recorded, I will do myself well without a problem.) Tuesday, 13 December 1949

I no longer have the time to do this full justice, but a few notes.

I met with Patrick Hayes briefly. He is an impresario who is connected with the National Symphony Orchestra. Discussion of a debut for my friend.

I have booked a suite at the Hay Adams for Heini's family...mother, father, brother and sister...and reserved compartments for them on the train. This is to be a big surprise for him. He wants to go home for Christmas but will work here for me. He is loyal, very much so, and this is my reward for him. Truman wants an overview from me, which I have completed. He will only be in Washington for a day or so and then will be traveling back to his home in the country for Christmas. No fancy White House affairs for him. We can leave those for the Harvard and Yale people.

After the New Year, I am thinking about having T. for a dinner and have been talking about a piano recital afterwards. Still in the planning stage. Have sent off things for the family at home. Maybe I

can return there some day but certainly not now. Not safe with the CIC watching the house (they have been told nothing at the lower levels although I was amused to note that Critchfield found out about my stay in Switzerland and made a huge fuss about it. He was visited and told to keep his mouth shut).

Christmas and Philby, in that order, and then Truman for dinner. This ought to keep me busy.

Hiss being retried again. They may get him this time. Such lamentations among the CIA people. Many of them knew him at Harvard and they are very supportive of him. They say you can always tell a Harvard man...but he will never listen. They had best keep their sympathies to themselves because I have passed their woe on to Hoover who is promptly investigating them! I ought to slip some of this to McCarthy just for entertainment sake. Merriment for the holidays after all.

Sunday, 18 December 1949

After Mass, a talk with my religious friends about the communist menace. I was in good form and gave them Truman's personal views. He doesn't like them but doesn't want to upset the left wing of the Democratic Party who still thinks in terms of the New Deal, or the Dead Deal, as I like to call it.

We have agreed that I will see to it that McCarthy (and others) gets to look at some interesting figures which should get them to stir up enough trouble to allow us to mount a really effective attack on the remnants of Roosevelt's Red Army.

At least twice in the conversation, the position of Jews was brought up. It is their belief, and certainly that of many others here, that the spies and traitors were almost all Jewish. This, of course, is true. I explained the background on this to the company, going back to post-war Germany, the Council Republics, and so on.

These people are so ignorant of history after all.

I did say, and no doubt the Jews will love me for this, that stirring up pogroms in this country would most certainly not be a good idea although the spirit is certainly ready for such a thing. I explained all of the problems that Germany now faced because of this and recommended that spies either be secretly done away with or that their racial backgrounds are carefully ignored. The public can draw its own opinions from the names.

We spoke of the attempts on Truman's life and other matters, but I still hold firm that the long-term results of racial warfare are not worth the short-term gains. They do listen to me in the end but I know that if I were somehow discovered here and the Jews (and the communists on the eastern coast) got their hands on it, chaos would prevail.

Three people have already been sent to see Jesus. That includes the one Arno gave a heart attack to in Colorado, and a former OSS man who went for a swim in the river one night wearing only an old steel safe and some lengths of chain. The other one, another unfortunate refugee from the Third Reich, does not bear talking about at all.

Arno is a marvelous murderer but sometimes he does like his tableaux. The thought of policemen vomiting violently when faced with his small entertainments is distressing to me as a former policeman. And, I am sure, to those who had to remove what was left of the remains of the little man with the very big mouth for forensic examination. I can at this very moment hear one of the doctors saying to another:

'My God, how did his penis get into there?' Or, 'are you sure this is human? I think it's probably a skinned sheep or maybe two skinned sheep that someone dropped off of a very tall building.' I ought to give Arno a nice set of carving knives for Christmas but he wants an English bible so he can have that instead. Arno once wanted to be a Lutheran minister at home before he developed his skills in dealing with people I do not like and when he gets older and slows down a bit (he can get so vigorous at times) maybe we will be regaled by the sight of him, his collar on backwards, preaching the word of the Lord. This we did not discuss!

I am to have a nice discussion with Cardinal Spellman when I go to New York tomorrow. His Eminence has told my friends that he would very much like to meet me and so he shall. Perhaps I can go to Rome and have a Papal audience next! Pius is the best Holy Father in years and he understands from personal experience what beasts the communists are and how necessary it is to drive them back into the swamps they crawled out of.

While there, and just before having to hurry back for Christmas, I and my sweet neighbor (who has given me a very nice cashmere scarf for Christmas) will be attending a gala performance of the "Messiah" by Handel. The aunt will come too and introduce me to some of the more elegant people in New York. I am to have a luncheon at the Knickerbocker Club there to meet them. Wonderful how things go along.

One of my new friends wants to "put me up" for membership in the Metropolitan Club here in Washington and I am assured of getting in. Having eaten there a number of times, it is passable enough although my cook is so much more accomplished than theirs and my wine cellar, at least the one for my private use, is far better.

Monday, 26 December 1949

There has been almost no time at all to do more than put down a brief outline of my affairs up through Christmas.

First, I have been a week out of service and there is a huge pile of paper that has to be gone through. Then to record events but briefly.

To New York with my new lady friend and aunt. There we attended a very gala performance of Handel's "Messiah." Impressions: A very rich setting for an equally rich work of art. We sat in a box and everyone was in full formal. The women were dripping with jewels and all you could see were the gleam of white shirtfronts and the glitter of diamonds. A very fulsome, solemn and often exalted work. Not the original scoring but a moving work indeed.

We stood, as is the custom, for the great Hallelujah Chorus and I can well understand what the composer meant when he wrote upon its completion: "I did see before me Almighty God in all His glory," and this great chorus certainly gives truth to his words.

And there I stood, in the midst of America's elite, thinking of the strangeness of fortune. At the worst, I would have been executed if I had been caught at the end of the war and at the least, stuck in a damp cell for dozens of years. Now I am on friendly terms with the American President and many of the important people in the country that only a few years ago was our most dangerous enemy. Strange indeed are the ways of the Lord! And to be sure, His servant, very humble servant indeed, Heinrich, is filled with gratitude.

A banquet at aunt's suite at the Waldorf later with a number of very rich people of old families. More white shirts, more diamonds and the food was acceptable enough. I am spoiled with my own chef. The humble servant Heinrich was also filled with very good champagne and spent some profitable time in making the acquaintance of a number of helpful people. When I become a member of the Metropolitan Club, I can entertain there and not at home. Much safer that way.

My romance, and I can now call it that, is making great headway. I call her my little rabbit. The American word is "bunny" and that will do henceforth. She likes, and as she says, admires me. Off we go for another romp. Irmgard will be most happy now as she has her own romps to consider.

Visited several clubs. Note that Colonel (Sosthenes) Behn, head of ITT is a member of both the Knickerbocker Club in New York and the Metropolitan in DC. I really must look him up one of these days and renew our old friendship. Courtesy to a fellow club member. That one won't dare open his mouth about me or I might open my mouth about him. At a certain level, morality and assumption seem to vanish into infinity.

Back to Washington to take care of Christmas.

As I planned, Heini's family came into town on the train Wednesday and they were put up at the Hay Adams in two suites. Mother and Father, younger brother and sister. Of course, they are poor farmers and not used to such luxury and certainly do not have the right kind of clothes for a formal dinner so the best part of a day was consumed in outfitting the lot.

A huge tree in the central hall and boxes of presents for all plus a small string orchestra, courtesy of Mr. Hayes, which played in the music room with the doors opened into the living room. Or assembly room as aunt calls it.

Heini was almost in tears when he found out about the arrival of his people but he has good self-control. He ought to, being around me every day.

We sat ten to table with five wines and nine courses, including the famous turkey and traditional side dishes.

The family is excellent people, if totally unsophisticated.

Father is a farmer in Iowa, borrowed too much money from the bank and now has economic problems. Both are German, second generation for the father, third for the mother. Brother and sister are handsome, blonde and well set up. Father looks older than he is because of all the hard work. Actually, very much like Bavarian farmers. Good, solid people.

There was some confusion about which glass to use and which knife or fork to pick up but I made a few jokes and everyone managed to get by without embarrassment.

I spoke well of their son to them, as is my habit at such times, and to his face that caused him to get very red above the stiff collar.

Irmgard is very possessive and hangs onto him a bit more than is proper but after the wine, no one would have noticed if she got naked up onto the table and did a country dance in the centerpiece. Heini's sister is attractive but one does not meddle with employees or their sisters. Not that I wouldn't want to, but the household is quite compact and friendly and why disrupt it?

Arno was friendly with the sister and I wish him well. If she knew about his little nocturnal habits, I doubt if she would have received his attentions quite so openly, although Arno is a handsome devil. And a master carver after all! As a joke, I had him carve the turkey, telling everyone that Arno was a genius with a knife. We both understood this little joke and he even twitched an eyelid in my direction. I kept imagining Stalin on the table and Arno slicing off various portions of the "great Georgian's" anatomy. People wonder why I laugh so suddenly but I doubt I would bother to explain it to them.

After dinner, some music and then, when all were headed back to the hotel and a train trip back, I presented the father with an envelope containing a banker's check that will pay off his mortgage, including all the interest. He and Heini made a terrible, emotional scene in the hall. For a moment, I thought they were both French and not German.

Still, a good Christmas for all and Heini told me later that it was the best Christmas he had ever had and walked away blowing his nose. A sudden cold, no doubt.

Saturday, 31 December 1949

A new decade ahead and what will it portend? The damp weather is bothering my knee again but one learns to live with such things. A large party tonight for some of the CIA people. A note from the President that I put together with his Christmas greeting card in my desk. I don't want the donkeys from Harvard and Yale sticking their blue-blooded horse noses into my papers. The servants and the guards have the strictest orders to allow absolutely no one above the first floor. They can spew in the cloakroom or off the back terrace if they want to, but no one goes upstairs. After all, there is enough recognizable stolen art up there to stock a good museum and there is the possibility that someone on the guest list might have some knowledge of real art as opposed to Chagall or Norman Rockwell, America's Spitzweg.

I must remind myself to keep off the topic of Hiss. Why offend my upper-class friends and coworkers by insulting their friend? I hope he goes to prison and some thoughtful patriot sticks a sharp file into him. As soon as this stupid socializing is over, I can get down to dealing with the interesting Mr. Harold Philby.

A most Happy New Year to myself and to my family!

Thursday, 5 January 1950

On to Philby! Or "Tally Ho!" as the foxhunting freaks in England shout.

Oscar Wilde referred to foxhunters as the Unspeakable in pursuit of the Inedible. A very funny man. Would have done well in the British Foreign Office. Probably in the lavatories

Our quarry lives at 4100 Nebraska. Brick Georgian house on a street between Florida and Massachusetts. Not a long trip to the Embassy. We have set up a watch in a neighboring house and the Hoover people have done their business with the telephones.

Philby, his hysterical wife, and a number of children all live there so the noise from the household makes conversations difficult to listen to.

Hoover and I are working very closely on this one. Of course, he now knows who I am but will say nothing at all. We both have the same goals. I flatter him from time to time and he knows I have interceded with Truman on his behalf. I am not certain how he knows this because T. does not like him. Maybe, like the CIA, Hoover has listened in on the White House telephones.

It will be my job to get Philby in a safe place and drop the safe on his head. My people will use FBI equipment to record the entire incident. If necessary, we will edit the material and give a copy of it to Hoover. Threatening a prominent British intelligence agent makes the very political Hoover very nervous, but to me, it is only a day's play in the garden.

I have been reading through the files I have on Philby and have my act quite perfected. I have a fellow who has a perfect British accent and will pose as an atomic scientist who wishes to have a "private chat" with Philby. It will take a little doing to get them into contact but since we are listening to the Embassy conversations, we know that P. will be attending a cocktail party. Not much trouble to get our man in there and then let us see what happens.

Sunday, 8 January 1950

A bad start but a good finish. Philby, who stutters and drinks a great deal, was there and in fine form, entertaining everyone including other people's wives. My man was late because someone stole his automobile and he arrived in a taxi. After about three drinks, he managed to get near Philby and mumble something about atomic bombs. Philby at once seemed to sober himself and took my man aside for a friendly chat. Fortunately, we filled the man with enough accurate information to interest P. and they made an agreement to meet at a room in the Shoreham Hotel on Saturday.

We reserved two rooms with a connecting door and got all the equipment into one room and the dummy scientist into the other. We were very careful to have the adjoining room "rented" to an elderly couple from New Mexico State and had to be even more careful about the identification we used on the room with our man. Who knows what Philby or others of his breed can check out? That the British have a large number of their spies in Washington we know. One must be very careful and assume, as I always do, that even the smallest detail will be checked out.

The plan was to have P. come in and our man would at once hand him some very impressive papers that "he was working on." Then he would tell P. that he had left the rest down in the hotel safe and would be right back.

Just as I thought, Philby was sitting on the edge of the bed, intently reading through the thick file when I came into the room. I had a pistol and there were three men, including Arno, outside with a key in case I needed any help. The pistol was in my pocket and he never looked up. He even said, "Very nice, indeed. You wouldn't happen to have a bottle on the premises, would you?"

"Mr. Philby," I said in such a friendly way, "what a pleasure to find you so far from home." He looked up very suddenly and shoved the papers inside his coat. "Who the devil are you?"

(I am taking this from the transcription)

"We have met a number of times before. In Berlin, 1939. I had more hair then. Remember? We talked about your papa." I thought he was going to have an attack of some kind and he stared at me as if I were the very devil, come to snatch him away. I never needed the gun at all.

Philby is an amoral, greedy, needful man who works, or has worked, for anyone who will pay him. He worked for the British, for the "London Times," for Franco's intelligence in Spain, gave, or rather sold, information on Franco to the German Thaelmann Brigade, for the Gestapo in general and myself in particular, and finally for the Russians. The latter are the most dangerous because once one begins with them, one cannot just resign. Also, they do not pay well.

Philby is a masculine, pleasant and often entertaining person. He stutters, drinks too much, is a philanderer (who isn't?) and owes no loyalty to anyone except himself; neither to his wife, his country nor his own honor.

We spoke together for nearly four hours. I will summarize my talks with him.

And I am not going to give Hoover what we originally agreed upon. More later.

Philby, after his initial shock at seeing me again, readily admitted a number of his sins to me. Why not? As I very politely but very firmly pointed out to him, if his Soviet handlers ever found out about his very well documented work for us, they would not hesitate to track him down and kill him. He knows this and I will have no trouble at all with Mr. Harold Philby.

Aside from the Sikorski business that I will note a little later here, (if I don't get a cramp in my fingers first), he admitted that he was in Washington for one reason: He is here to protect the top Soviet spy in their Embassy!

Philby said that the previous top agent was the First Secretary, Donald Maclean, who has since been recalled for reassignment. I know nothing about Maclean and will have to make inquiry as to what level of secrets he had access to. P. states that he had access at the very highest levels, especially in the atomic bomb program! Philby initially declined to tell me who M's replacement was but will "think on it" and if the price were right, would tell me.

This, as I said, I will not pass on to Hoover. He is too provincial, has no understanding at all of such matters and is far too much involved in mindless, bureaucratic manipulations to be given anything so valuable (for me at least) and so potentially damaging to international relations.

He is actually quite entertaining and we enjoyed the conversation...after the initial shocks had worn off. He knows that I am not an ideologue and will not expose him as long as he cooperates with me...and as long as I pay him well. Maclean is, I am told, "brilliant but unstable," a latent homosexual with a very bad marriage, who is "utterly consumed with a terrible hatred for the United States."

They knew each other in university and Philby said that of all of the proto-communists he had associations with, he, Philby, was the only heterosexual. This I can believe.

He went on about Victor Rothschild, the high-level Soviet spy and socialite, and his little place in London where all the fairies congregated and brought their dockworkers, sailors and amateur boxers. I do not need to imagine things like that. There is enough of that here in Washington.

I didn't take notes because this was being recorded.

P. knew this because I told him. I am not worried about Hoover watching me and making his own recordings. First, I told H. that the meeting would be next weekend at the American University or Georgetown University libraries. Second, I made certain to avoid anyone who might be following me here. Thirdly, I had the foresight to rent a pair of rooms on the top floor of the hotel, the important one (where the interview was to take place) on the corner of the building. I made certain that there was no one on the roof by putting a man there and the room below was empty. The adjoining room, with the equipment, was occupied by my men and two in the hall outside the room. Besides, Hoover likes to hire the type of serious young men who stand out like turds on a bed sheet and my men know what to look for.

When we finished our long talk, I suggested new, interesting but not damaging talks for a recording for just Colonel Hoover's ears. It was then that Philby gave me a nice present in return for a small envelope full of American money. (He hates the U.S. but likes their money.) The nice present was information about one Dr. Klaus Fuchs.

I recognize the name. A German Jew who fled Germany in 1933 and came to the West (one source claims Fuchs was not Jewish, ed.). A well-known communist. How he managed to get into sensitive atomic research for the British, and later American governments is beyond me. Philby says British intelligence is "crammed with communists to the Plimsoll line." This man I certainly will give to Hoover at once so he can get some kind of credit. At this point, I will say to Hoover that Philby is anti-American, sent here to iron out differences between the FBI-CIA and British intelligence.

I also find out that one of his tasks is to find out just how far the FBI has progressed with a decoding of Soviet agent traffic, both from the war and current. He has some luck, but the FBI agent in charge of this is very careful about what he says. The CIA, on the other hand, are a pack of loose-mouthed idiots. We do have some similar views at that.

The Sikorski business came as a genuine surprise to me. We had always thought that Churchill had murdered the Polish leader because he was causing trouble over the Soviet slaughter of thousands of Polish officers. Not so, according to P. He tells a different tale.

P. was in charge of security for the Gibraltar area in 1943. Stalin wanted Sikorski killed, at once. P., in his official capacity, discovered that Sikorski was going to be flying into Gibraltar in July of 1943, and from there to London. The Soviets arranged for Maiski, their Ambassador to London, to fly back, via Gibraltar, and to be there at the same time as S.

Sikorski was as valuable to the British as he was dangerous to Stalin. Maiski's passenger list included two professional assassins. Both his plane and Sikorski's were on the airfield at the same time.

The commandant, (of Gibraltar, ed.) Mason-Macfarlane, was asked not to let the two parties meet so S. was sequestered (with his consent) early in the day, allowing Maiski to land and be officially greeted. Later, the Russian was told to leave quickly because the weather was turning bad. When S. and his entourage got into their "Liberator" (a very ill-handling aircraft with inherent control cable problems) it had already been tended to by the Soviets. The rest is known.

I have to believe Philby because I have some small knowledge of this affair. He told me that although the British had nothing to do with this (other than Philby's treasonable activities), nevertheless, Churchill had been "tipped off" that this would happen and he was so frightened about the possible rupture with Stalin over the dead Polish officers that he said nothing by way of warning.

At his level, this cannot be called murder but merely "furtherance of policy" after all.

Philby agreed to keep me "in the picture" and I have agreed to give him any information, aside from American security material...which I would never do... which might help him in his liaison work with U.S. intelligence.

I concluded with a drink (I had a Cognac and he had three big glasses of whiskey!) and we shook hands on our renewed friendship. I could never trust this man at all but it is not unpleasant to deal with him. He had a number of terrible and amusing anecdotes to tell me about the staff at the Embassy here. Most of them are perverts at best and alcoholic perverts at worst. Almost all of them hate this country and P. will supply me with the names of British (as opposed to Russian) agents working here. We will meet again soon enough and discuss the British spying program in this country. If I agree not to interfere with the ones who are giving him information, he will help with the others. As Lenin said, 'One step backwards for two steps forward.' It is lawful to be taught by the enemy.

And now to bed.

Note later: The recordings will be in my wine cellar and the creative one will be prepared for delivery to Hoover, but next weekend. This will give us some time to do creative editing.

One thing I have noted, and ought to make a study of, is the degree and extent of homosexuality in the U.S. government and most especially in that of England. These miserable assholes seem to be hidden everywhere you look. They support each other; get one another into this or that department where they proliferate like Jews in the banking business. There is no point in attempting to root them out because God alone knows who is a fairy and who is not. This is sort of a pink underground and is almost worth the trouble to catalog. These pests are rampant here in Washington and a normal man has a very difficult time visiting a public lavatory for fear of being accosted by frenzied individuals of some prominence. Given the predominance of Englishmen in this category, we ought to keep an eye on the various locals where they practice their trade. However, bringing this subject up to Hoover ought to be undertaken with some caution. I have revised an earlier opinion of his orientation and have come to the conclusion that his "Special Circle" of friends (some of whom I have met) is certainly highly suspect. Hoover is one who has lived with his mother and I have a great deal of distrust of such people. Like so many others I have encountered in my life, these individuals are rabidly moral.

I do not think Himmler was a pansy but I do recall one incident where he had his own nephew sentenced to death for homosexual behavior. I brought this sorry business to Hitler's attention and he promptly pardoned the young man. Himmler claimed he was only attempting to enforce his own morality on members of his family. He did a good deal of this moralizing, from morning to night. Better to worry about the condition of the State than the bedroom antics of nephews, nieces and second cousins.

I have had some such people at the beck and call of the Gestapo but not, certainly, for sexual purposes. Handsome and willing young men are excellent bait for those easily tempted, either men or women (or those in between.)

The story of the Cambridge spies has been told and retold ad nauseum over the years but not from an entirely fresh point of view.

England, in the years after the First World War, was filled with frustrated youth, disillusioned by the collapse of their Empire and seeking for positive answers to their collective angst. Many turned to the utopian allure of communism and the universities were filled with young men who eagerly clutched at the tattered hem of Karl Marx's overcoat, hoping thereby to find salvation.

A significant number of these students were practicing homosexuals, their public school system encouraging the development of such behavior. Since homosexuality was neither socially nor legally acceptable in the England of the 1920s, its practitioners quickly developed a hatred for a society which subjected them to ridicule on one hand and imprisonment on the other.

The Soviets, who long practiced sexual blackmail, found a rich harvest in the universities of England and many of the recruits in their intelligence services later went on to achieve considerable prominence in the British civil service. When rumors of high-level Soviet agents in British intelligence organizations and in their Foreign Office began to surface, both in England and America, the establishment at once went to enormous efforts to protect their own, even to the point of destroying incriminating documents and to persistently lying to American intelligence and other U.S. official agencies.

These upper-class traitors were not only protected from discovery but when it became evident that American investigators were uncovering deadly truths, the spies were not only warned that exposure and arrest were imminent but assisted to escape their completely just desserts.

Dr. Klaus Emil Julius Fuchs, born in Rüsselheim, Germany, in 1910, fled from Germany in 1933 and took refuge in England. He was interned as an enemy alien there at the outbreak of the war in 1939 but was subsequently released, becoming a naturalized British citizen in 1942. Fuchs went to the United States in 1943 where he worked on the American atomic bomb program. Although Fuchs was known in Germany as a communist and while in England had openly admitted his political beliefs, he was nevertheless given the highest security clearances by British intelligence and the American government was assured that he was beyond reproach. In August of 1949, the FBI was able to decode a wartime Soviet message whose contents pointed directly at Fuchs as a spy. The scientist, who had returned to England where he was head of the theoretical physics division at Harwell, finally confessed in February of 1950 and was sentenced to fourteen years in prison as a spy. Released in 1959, Fuchs went to East Germany where he worked for that government in their nuclear program. He died in 1988.

A common theme found in all writings on Soviet espionage concerns the fact that, in spite of his known communist connections, Fuchs was given a prompt security clearance by British authorities, and it was only when the FBI supplied incontrovertible evidence of his treason that Fuchs was finally arrested.

Müller's information on Fuchs only confirmed what Hoover had recently discovered from his interview with Harold "Kim" Philby.

This theme of strangely careless British intelligence investigative data concerning known communists recurs with dismal regularity throughout the entire period from 1945 through 1955. This carelessness planned or otherwise (and Müller believed it was quite deliberate and makes an excellent case for this), resulted in the complete distrust by the Americans of both the abilities and the loyalties of Britain's intelligence community.

Philby, whose father, St. John Philby, was a political advisor to the royal family of Saudi Arabia and a staunch supporter of Adolf Hitler. He was interned in England during the war as an enemy agent. His son attended Cambridge University and had there become acquainted with a number of avowed communist students, members of an elitist group called the Apostles Philby later became a war correspondent for the "London Times" and was decorated for his actions during the Spanish Civil War by Franco. Because of his father's attitudes, Philby joined a German-English friendship group and traveled to Berlin in 1939. It has been long felt in some American intelligence circles that Philby had done more than admire historical buildings while on his visit to the capital of the Third Reich.

Donald Duart Maclean, born in 1913, attended Cambridge and joined the Foreign Service in 1934. He was the son of Sir Donald Maclean, a former Cabinet member in the MacDonald government, who died in 1932. Maclean was sent to the United States in 1944 where he was First Secretary and acting head of Chancery in the British Embassy. During his tour of duty, Maclean had almost unrestricted access to most of the secrets of the American government, especially those of the Atomic Energy Commission. The amount of vital material he turned over to his Soviet handler in New York was incredible and by all accounts, gave Stalin at least a three-year gain in his own atomic bomb program. Maclean also turned over to the Soviets an enormous quantity of other secrets that proved to be of vital importance to the anti-American, expansionist plans of the Soviet dictator.

Müller's journals contain a wealth of information about British espionage against the United States. Resisting the urge to develop it all in a single chapter, each incident will be reported as Müller wrote it; in proper chronological sequence.

Tuesday, 17 January 1950

Had a pleasant conversation with Hoover this morning about my "great success" with Philby. I have listened to my scripted recording and will have it sent over to him by courier as soon as he has the time to receive him.

Expect to hear from Philby soon enough and I very strongly want to get together with Hoover to see what is progressing with our observation of the British. Also, I have more information to feed to Senator M. (McCarthy, ed.) but let us see what he does with the State Department material. I have been going out almost every night with Bunny and things are progressing very well. Never push these things. She is very intelligent and very determined so one must proceed with placid, yet hopeful, calm. The aunt likes me but I am not interested.

I have been asked if I would like to breed Maxl. He has many famous dog ancestors and a friend of Bunny has a bitch. When she comes into heat (the bitch, not the friend!) I will think about it. I know Maxl would certainly like that. Right now, he is sitting on his basket, next to me in my room, watching me intently. I always wonder just how much dogs really know about what we are thinking? If they do, no doubt he will be frantic with anticipation. A dog's sex life is so simple. The males smell something delicious, jump up on the ladies, work away for a few minutes and then hop off...at least when they can. And no regrets at all. The bitch has the litter and the male goes his way, waiting for another delightful odor.

Am getting in another shipment of Upmann's Corona Majors tomorrow. I certainly don't drink like I did in the last years of the war...I can't...stomach won't take it anymore...but still love to smoke. One of my associates remarked that after fifty, all one talks about are the bowel habits, loss of hearing and other things. Probably true, but I wouldn't know about that. I shall be fifty in April. That is a dismal prospect so perhaps I ought to seriously consider getting married again. Of course, I am officially dead so who would care? Sophie is no doubt happy in her widowhood and we were not a congenial couple towards the end. I remember the last weeks of the war and her insane stubbornness in returning to Berlin. I think she felt she would catch me with little Anna but who knows? Women take an enormous amount of patience, skill and

cunning and then they suddenly develop headaches at the wrong time or pout endlessly because you forgot to buy them something.

I have had a chat with Heini about Irmgard. She wants to marry him very badly. Of course, he is quite handsome but especially, he is an American citizen! I think she would marry Maxl if that would get her the green passport. Of course, I doubt if Maxl would be interested. She doesn't smell quite the same.

I told Heini if he wished to marry I., he had my full blessings. He replied that he did not want to marry her and that she was beginning to be a clinging nuisance. This might present a problem unless I can turn her loose on the brother who is equally as good looking but quite remote from here. Heini says, with much laughter that he is in complete agreement with this program and will begin at once to "soften him up" to the project. I pointed out that the opposite is often more effective and we did enjoy a good laugh. I. came in just then and I had to tell her that we were talking about the Negro in the blackout in New York during the war who had to keep smiling so people could see him! One has to think quickly where women are concerned.

Saturday, 21 January 1950

Excellent news today! Hiss was convicted by the jury and will be sentenced next Wednesday. I hope they put him away for the rest of his life but he will probably be free on appeal for some time. If it wouldn't make so much trouble, I would turn Arno loose on him but one cannot do that. Of course, he is guilty but the Justice Department cannot use some of its evidence against him because it would reveal how much we know about the Soviet's activities and point out a few more rodents who will have to be crept up on and whacked with a heavy club. Well, I expect to see mourning bands being worn by the CIA idiots this week.

I was just sent a clipping from a university paper concerning remarks made by Hoover which are interesting...and certainly at variance with what he has told me in the very recent past. According to this article, which appeared on the first of the month, Hoover states that he is strongly opposed to a national police force designed to fight communists! I suppose this is another public relations effort on Hoover's part because he has specifically stated in my presence that this is exactly what we need. I believe, if I know the man at all, that he is opposed to there being another such agency set up when his own is in place. It makes him look like a civil libertarian, which he is certainly not.

I read a paper not too long ago that discussed Hoover's role in the Palmer anti-radical raids held after the end of the 1914 war. Wilson was incapacitated with a stroke and the Attorney General, (A. Mitchell, ed.) Palmer, conducted a number of raids against known radicals...that included socialists, communists and God knows how many other groups of political protesters. Instead of surgical removal of the most dangerous, they rounded up and physically deported a very large number of people who were outspoken opponents of the political system. Hoover was in charge of much of this and I must say it was like reading an account of what went on in Germany during the times of the Council Republics. Of course in Germany, we merely shot anyone involved in counter-government activity and here they shoved them onto cattle boats and shipped most of them back to Russia. Poland or wherever.

As most of them were Jews and as I know Hoover hates Jews, I am not surprised that he is so genuinely friendly to me. He assumes that I must be another Jew-hater and keeps asking me about what sort of methods I used on these "miserable people" as he calls them.

When they tried poor Ilse Koch, someone invented the story of lampshades made from tattooed human skin. I suspect that Hoover feels that this was a true story and wonders if he could get a few for his house. The lampshades and the soap made from dead Jews are some of the more grotesque stories made up to enrich the Sunday newspapers.

I once tried to explain to Hoover that our prison camp system was not designed to murder millions of Jews but was intended, mostly, for political prisoners.

Recent books by drooling lunatics about vast gas chambers and millions reduced to soap fat or ashes have no relationship with the truth whatsoever, but there are those who still believe the world is flat or that Father Christmas is coming with gifts for them. Father Christmas should, if he exists, stuff the mouths of the mythmakers with enough coal to heat the boilers of the Capitol building for three years.

Soon, the lunatics will come out with stories about Hitler throwing fat babies into bonfires.

People like Hoover, and Washington...and New York...are filled with them...seem to have no problem with the disappearance of thousands of Jews in Europe and at the New Year's party, a serving general officer said that the bad thing about Hitler was that he lost the war, but the good thing was that he killed off all the Jews first.

Such wonderful sentiments! Of course he was a General Staff officer here in Washington and never fired a shot in anger. I doubt if a combat general would make such a statement but then I am not entirely certain there either.

I had much to do with the Zionists at one time and felt that they had the right idea in establishing a Jewish state on the old estate as it were. I even assisted their aims in sending our Jews down there. It served two purposes. Hitler wanted all the Jews out of Germany and the Zionists wanted them in Palestine to build a new state. Never worked out. The Arabs hate the Jews and they have the oil. I had to fight the British and the Bormann people over this and gave it up finally.

I have been greatly disappointed to note that instead of building a peaceful state, the sufferers are determined to make others suffer and are now doing to the once-peaceful Arabs what everyone else in Europe has done to them over the last hundred years.

Stalin, like myself, saw a wonderful opportunity of getting rid of his unwanted Jews (and Josef does hate Jews down underneath the pipe-smoking facade) by sending them down to Palestine in boats full. He reasons that the Russian Jews down there will assist the terrorists in taking control of the new state and then Comrade Josef can pose as the protector of the new state, move in and get not only a warm-water port (for which all Russians have lusted since the Ark) but access to all the oil. He was in Persia until Truman forced him out. Why was Stalin there with his troops? To protect the people against the evil West? No, to get the oil fields. And why would Josef support the Jews in Israel? Because he loves them? No, because he wants a foothold there.

Truman knows all about this and won't allow it.

When he was told that Israel was planning to invade one of the oil-producing countries, he made it very clear that he would oppose this with military force if need be.

No invasion, but the President now has terrible enemies who will continue to work against him. These people will not be thwarted and will have their way. They are already in positions of great power in Russia and now they will try to regain the ground they lost here when Roosevelt died. They see Truman as their enemy, but he is not. He merely will not allow himself to be forced into anything, and unlike Roosevelt, Truman has surrounded himself with other Midwest types and has not filled the White House with Harvard Jews.

They think this means T. is an anti-Semite but he is not. He is a practical, very sincere American whose roots are in the land and not in Harvard or Yale.

Roosevelt did terrible damage to the middle class during his unlamented reign and I doubt if Truman can put things right but at least he will try. And by trying, he will bring down the wrath of all those pinheaded pseudo-intellectuals who loathe businessmen and want to socialize all business with themselves as head of the bureaus that run them. The fact that such imbeciles are heavily Jewish in composition is immaterial to me but not to many others and I can foresee some troubles ahead.

McCarthy has said that almost all of the spies and traitors here are Jews and that he wishes to make a crusade against them! No, this is not the way to go, Joseph, not at all.

The Church is restraining him from making such utterances because the public would not tolerate such things. They do not like Negroes for sure but would resist any attempt to drive them out of the country. Many would secretly wish for this to happen but few would act on their wishes and would be criticized by the others for their brutality.

Many Americans, from what I have heard, also are very angry about the flood of communists who Roosevelt put into office to harass them but would never openly support any kind of anti-Semitic pogroms. This is middle-class morality and one ignores it at their peril.

Sunday, 22 January 1950

We have in the papers, (I am just catching up on the back pile) an interesting story from the 13th of this month. The Hiss people have hired some grossly incompetent Harvard psychologist named (Dr. Harold A., ed.) Murray who "analyzed" Hitler for the U.S. government in 1943. I read a copy of this odd document recently and I must say that my initial impression of psychologists, made years ago with reference to that opium-addict Freud (whom we know from files captured in Vienna was having a sexual affair with his sister!) has not changed. This is about as much of a "science" as Christian Science. I was once introduced to one in Berlin who wanted to work for me, "analyzing" various people, such as Stalin and Churchill. There were people in our government who believed in soothsayers, chicken entrail observers, astrologists and those who spoke with the dead. That's what happens when a revolutionary government comes into power. Helping Hitler with free sandwiches in the *Kampfzeit* (early days of the Nazi Party, ed.) then seemed to entitle them to cast the horoscopes of Himmler and other fatuous idiots. I

recall the story about the spear of Longinas. There were two originals and neither of them came from the period.

Hiss must be desperate indeed to hire such idiots. We all know that Chambers is slightly strange but I am positive his information on Hiss (and many others) is certainly very accurate whenever it can be checked out.

Last week I had the distinct honor of meeting with Clark Clifford, a St. Louis lawyer who is one of Truman's top advisors. A tall man with wavy blondish hair that a woman would envy and who looks like a male model, Clifford has heard that I have been giving advice of my own to Truman and wanted to see who, and what, I am. I find him to be an intelligent man with a bloated and exaggerated opinion of his talents. He loves to talk down to people in a well-modulated voice and asks questions which indicate he thinks everyone else is an idiot.

He has no idea who I am but assumes I am merely an interfering and ignorant foreigner who needs to be put in his place to avoid disturbing Truman and deflecting his attention from Clifford's well-rounded phrases. I pretended to be interested in his boring lectures for some time until I decided to bring the conversation to a conclusion. Clifford had been speaking to me for nearly thirty minutes on foreign affairs, waving his hands around like an Italian tenor in a Verdi opera, when I very politely cut in on him.

"Mr. Clifford," I said, looking very earnestly at him, "might I ask you a very important question?" "Why of course, sir."

"As you can see, I am losing my hair. Could you recommend a good wig maker? Yours seems to be a first class production, I must say."

That was the end of my conversation with Clark Clifford who became very red in the face and assured me repeatedly and loudly that his hair was absolutely genuine. Genuine weasel or baboon hair?

So much for the King's counselors. General Vaughn is another thick head. Why Truman puts up with such useless people is beyond me.

Clark Clifford was a long-time advisor to a number of Presidents and once served as Secretary of Defense. He also nearly served a term in Federal prison for an outrageous bank swindle and it was only the fact that he was completely senile that prevented justice from being done. He died, disgraced, in 1998.

Thursday, 26 January 1950

More delights! Hiss is sentenced to five years in the prison but as I predicted, will remain free until he appeals. He doesn't have a chance.

Well, now that they've gotten that one and Harry White is dead, there are a few more like Lattimore, Currie and Wallace who ought to be gone after. We shall see about these but the left wing is stiffening its resistance to the purges, claiming, among other things, that they are anti-Semitic! Nonsense. Hiss and White are both Jews but the others certainly are not. Wallace is of English background and as crazy as a squirrel. The others are "friends of Josef the Saint" and at the least must be discredited. Currie is not even an American, coming from Canada. We should deport him back again. In a box preferably.

(Dean, ed.) Acheson, (Secretary of State, ed.) has made a pubic statement that whatever happened, he did not intend to turn his back on Alger Hiss. Such a stupid and ill-advised man! Hiss had worked for A. and so did his brother who is also a spy. Now there is an uproar here about this stupid statement and demands being made for a full investigation of the State Department hiring policies. Question: Did Hiss sneak in any other communist spies during his days of power?

I had a message from Philby stating that he had information for me and wanted to make contact again. It seems to be a question of money. Always this with him. The Acheson business is nothing for me to get into with the President because T. thinks the world of two men: Marshall (a very efficient staff officer and very cold and heartless) and Acheson (who puts on cultivated airs and impresses Truman very much).

The Admiral (Roscoe Hillenkoetter, retired Admiral and Director of the CIA, ed.) wants to retire and several names have been put forward, strongest among them is General Bedell Smith. I really do not look forward to having that small-minded martinet in above me. He is a man of savage temper who glares at everyone. His bad temper conceals a very weak character and limited intelligence. If I put up with Himmler's vaporizing, I suppose I can put up with the tin soldier.

Looking through transcripts of intercepted telephone calls to and from the British Embassy is good entertainment. Such elitists! They obviously loathe all Americans from the Ambassador (who is a fairy) all the way down. It is obvious they would like to see the Russians defeat us somewhere just so they can cackle and rub their hands together.

I know that the economic situation in England is terrible with some rationing still in place five years after the end of their war against us. Germany is rebuilding and has even now begun to outstrip England who is prostrate.

Robert talked with me today about the successes of the counterfeiting program we initiated. We discussed instituting another one through the CIA but to what end? The pound is totally destroyed and the ruble doesn't circulate outside Russia. A talk about printing rubles and dumping them inside Russia to wreck their economy. The Russians are doing it to us so why not do it to them runs the thought.

How would we get the faked rubles inside that enormous jail? Drop them by aircraft? Any Russian caught with faked money would be shot at once and I can see nothing worthwhile coming from this. We could, on the other hand, counterfeit American money and use it to bribe Americans to spy for the British. A few of my men, cunningly disguised as Englishmen, could no doubt get hundreds of greedy Americans to spy for Britain. Of course, we could then catch the spies and embarrass them but both Robert and I agree that this would come to nothing because the government here would suppress the whole thing and never attack the British.

I just got a copy of a secret document from Churchill to Roosevelt trying to goad him into invading Ireland during the war. C. refers to that country as a "nest of Nazi vipers" and urges R. to use American troops to invade. A copy of a minute to R. saying that this would result not only in a disproportionate number of American dead (the Irish are fierce fighters after all) but would cause havoc in the Irish communities here in America. Most vote Democratic in the end. Roosevelt turned this down and Churchill was very angry. I think he hates the Irish almost as much as he hates all Germans. No doubt if the fat fairy had his way, Dublin would be bombed from the air like Dresden and all the inhabitants incinerated.

I have worked with a number of the Irish and find them attractive people with a flare for words coupled with violent temperament. But not bad people and to me, one Irishman is worth ten Englishmen.

Robert, who is Irish, asked me by way of having a joke, if I had ever met a good Englishman since I dislike them so much. I replied that the cemeteries were filled with them and we went on to other matters.

There isn't too much in progress now, except for paperwork, so I suggested to Bunny that she might like to go skiing with me. She surprisingly agreed (without the aunt at last!) and she wants to go close by and I want to go to Colorado. We will go to Colorado, of course, because with women, I always get my way.

Who can we take? Irmgard likes to ski and Heini has to come along as my bodyguard. I will invite his luscious sister as well. Not for myself (unfortunately) but for Arno who now claims that the sister has become his new interest in life. Since Arno is a good fellow, if a bit too adept with knives and other implements of death, he might make a good match. His activities are not due to impulse but rather business. He would never become a Jack the Ripper and slit up women for sexual gratification. Arno is merely a very cold-blooded man while on the job.

Off, he is a jolly companion and a charmer with the ladies. I have no problem assisting a little romance. I would like to invite his brother to pay some attention to Irmgard. Heini approves with this so I assume both brother and sister will be brought to the marriage market by the two Heinies. Everyone will benefit and it will be like the last act of a Mozart opera when everyone pairs off and sings duets to the audience.

Of course life is not like that but one dreams.

If the brother comes along, Irmgard will get damp looking at him and I am sure we can get him into her bed. I told Heini that he would be all alone and he said a bit of quiet would be just fine with him.

Tuesday, 31 January 1950

McCarthy will be launching his attack against the State Department very soon. I trust he will stay sober long enough to do a good job. With that man, one cannot be certain what he will do. Loud, vain, violent and drunk, but effective enough. Thank God I have no public or official connection with him.

Still, at one time he defended the actions of the LAH (1st SS-Panzer-Division "Leibstandarte SS Adolf Hitler," ed.) at Malmedy. My son belonged to the same unit but later on. McCarthy did a good job then so one can forgive him a little.

In California, much fuss about Harry Bridges, an Australian communist labor leader who is on trial. The judge has been fighting with the defense attorneys in the case. No question Bridges is guilty but proving guilt is often very difficult. One can be a pro-communist liberal without being a spy. The trouble here is that the laws are too loosely defined and the swine can slip through the enormous holes. In addition

to a national police force to deal with such assholes, we need laws that are very clearly defined so that these escapes prove impossible.

The ski trip has been planned now, very quickly, and everyone is happy, even Maxl who gets to come along as usual. Thank God he is well trained or my compartment would be hip-deep in dog shit!

I got a nice photograph of the brother and left it, framed, where Irmgard could see it. I admit to having a nasty sense of humor about this. I. said, looking at it sideways, that he was certainly "very good looking" and I replied, very seriously that, yes, he appeared to be but he had a terrible physical problem which made life hard for him. She, like all women, was at once curious. "Why he looks very healthy to me."

"Yes, my dear, he is very healthy but nature was very unkind to him. He has quite a problem with the women because of it."

"He's too small?"

"Oh no, love, to the contrary."

And I held my hands apart as if I was describing a champion trout. I would say now that Irmgard is very interested in brother.

Heini, who does get somewhat disrespectful at times, thought this was very funny and called me a dirty old man. I assured him that I was only in my 40s and bathed at least once a day.

The Roosevelt woman is at the UN and runs about chattering endlessly. Nothing can be done about her, of course, because Truman would never dare replace her. Better in New York than here anyway. Wednesday, 1 February 1950

The trip is on, bags are being packed, Irmgard is getting a new ski outfit (which I will have to pay for) but Bunny has her own, as I do. Heini doesn't ski but he will now learn and we will pick up brother and sister in Iowa on the way.

I will have to stop this for a time and resume later.

We have three weeks and for various reasons, I am looking forward to it.

Talked with several real estate agents in Colorado and am determined to buy a home there. It will save a great deal of money on hotel bills and give me a place to stay when I eventually retire. If Truman runs again, I will stay here but if not, I think it would be wiser to go elsewhere. Eisenhower has been suggested, very quietly, as a Republican candidate and I must confess that Truman, while in my estimation an excellent president, is not too popular.

I know too much about Eisenhower to want to be around him, and if he ever found out about me, Arno would make the history books, cleaning that little situation up for me.

Early this afternoon, I had the opportunity of inspecting several "very rare and desirable" works of art. A connection at the National Gallery has a friend here who is a private art dealer. A trade with me was suggested.

What rare and wonderful things did we see? First, four pencil drawings by Dürer! They did look somewhat like D's work but as graphitic pencils were not invented until the last part of the sixteenth century, they could not possibly be original. The next very rare piece was a "View of Delft" by Vermeer. I was told that it had been in the Thyssen exhibition in Munich in the early 1930s. The painting is nothing more than an eighteenth century Dutch landscape with over painting of some of the buildings in Delft.

I have never seen the original "View" in Holland but I have seen pictures of it and I have the extraordinary good fortune to own a very fine, albeit very small, original Vermeer acquired in Russia in 1941 by the Rosenberg people. Having once seen, examined (and owned!) an original Vermeer, no one but a drunken Russian could ever believe this quite ordinary landscape was by that master of technique and light. Vermeer's paintings glow with an inner light that no other artist has ever approximated. To my mind, V. is the greatest of all painters.

The Thyssen collection, to be sure, has many fine pieces in it but recently, I believe, has added a number of items of very questionable provenience. I ought to know about this, considering what was sold to them by me. T. also had a number of fakes in the pre-war collection. I will keep my silence on what happened after the war.

Of course I had to disappoint my dealer and I told him the drawings were worthless and, if cleaned up of its over painting, the landscape was, at best, worth a few hundred dollars. The frame is worth more than the painting. Long faces indeed and many apologies! Do not teach grandmother to suck eggs!

As we know, the original Leonardo "Mona Lisa" was stolen, briefly, from the Louvre. It was duly recovered but not before the fakers made up a number of copies which were sold, one to someone in Argentina. An individual came to a friend of mine in Zurich in the 30s and tried to sell one of these copies. When the dealer, who has an extraordinary sense of humor for a Swiss, asked the man how it was stolen,

he was told that the painting in front of them had been rolled up and hidden in a tube! Considering that the original had been painted on a walnut panel this act defies imagination! People wishing to commit a fraud and be successful with it, had best do their research first.

Enough high humor for today. We must now get down to packing and, hopefully, anticipating a thoroughly delightful vacation from the Great Swamp of Ignorance on the Potomac. I have the names of three real estate people in Colorado and will actively look for property there, now having more money than I know what to do with.

If my CIA associates ever find out about this place, I can be expected to be deluged with all kinds of bootlicking and ass-kissing attempts on the part of my sycophantic friends. Free lodging and food appeals to these assholes. I could do Truman and the nation a great favor by inviting the lot up there and poisoning them all with one of Arno's little concoctions. I can't imagine how we could cover that one up. Dozens of contorted corpses wedged in the bathrooms and behind beds, not to mention the vomit and shit all over the carpets. I think that would tax even Arno's capacity for disposal.

They have those great, rotary snow plows on the railroad and perhaps we could pile up the elite of the CIA on the tracks and stand back while they are turned into frozen sausage meat. When spring came, the local cats and dogs could feast on the remains of the head of this office or the backside of another!

Well, no more writing until we return.

Sunday, 26 February 1950

Back again after a truly wonderful three weeks away from the zoo.

I am looking at an article in the paper that covers a speech made by McCarthy on the 12th to a group of Republican women (at Wheeling, West Virginia, ed.). Had heard about this while I was on the vacation but I did not have the time to check the details.

Much pleasure to learn that M. took one of my own paragraphs and used it in toto.

"One thing to remember in discussing the communists in our government is that we are not dealing with spies who get 30 pieces of silver to steal the blueprint of a new weapon. We are dealing with a far more sinister type of activity because it permits the enemy to guide and shape our policy."

He got his figures wrong. M. said 57 communists in the State Department but there are actually 85. But the important paragraph he copied word for word from my own paper!

Now the real entertainment starts here and we will see where it goes. The minute I leave the city, we have all manner of interesting things happen. I knew he would start but I would like to have been on the scene. Now, I will have to get all the back papers to see just what was actually said.

Now, about the vacation.

The trip started out well, with some weather problems but nothing overly serious. As I am trying to wean Irmgard away from Heini, I had Heini fake a sprained ankle so he had his own compartment. Irmgard had hers, Bunny had hers and I shared one with Maxl who behaved very well. I had to walk him at various brief stops but all went well and I did not have to put my bare foot into a pile of steaming dog shit when I got up to use the tiny lavatory early in the morning.

We picked up the brother, Charles, and the sister Gloria, in Iowa and they had their own separate quarters. The rest of the party consisted of Klaus (Müller's cook, ed.) and Arno.

The ski hotel was an older but expensive building and there were a number of wealthy and prominent people there. Some were there for the skiing but others like to sit around in the lodge and play bridge or poker and enjoy the beautiful landscape.

The various romances, including my very own, went off more or less as I anticipated. Bunny and I had a suite and at last we have consummated that which I have worked so hard to accomplish. She is quite good in bed and a great deal of entertainment for me. A sense of humor is as important as physical prowess in these matters.

So much for Bunny. We skied almost every day and went to bed early and rose late. Klaus often served us in the suite that kept me out of the dining room and possible curious eyes. As I planned, Heini could not ski because he does not know how and has this terrible sprain.

Irmgard made an effort to be kind to Charles, or Chuck as he is known, and tutored him every day. On the second day, she vanished into his room and didn't come out until noon the next day.

Arno, on the other hand, took an extra day to bed Gloria (Sic transit Gloria mundi!) but informed me that he was in love again. Every week, Arno falls in love. I suggested a platonic relationship but then said that the trouble with a platonic relationship is that the woman always gets pregnant. Arno was not amused at all.

He looked rather tired after several days and we saw very little of Heini's siblings during the stay.

That left Bunny and myself, and sometimes I preferred skiing to sexual romps.

There was a Steinway in the lounge and in the bench, I found a number of musical scores, many over forty years old. I have now discovered one (Scott) Joplin, a Negro jazz musician and writer of ragtime pieces. Practiced a few of these and then one night when it was snowing heavily, Bunny and I decided to play the piano to entertain ourselves. I did a few German ballads ("The Little Rose" for example, which I sang) and she ran up and down the scales. When I mentioned the jazz, she asked me to play a few pieces for her.

I did so and of course was only paying attention to her as she sat next to me on the bench, but I suddenly realized that I had quite an audience around me. People were smiling and beating time with their feet and I finished off the concert with the "Felicity Rag" which is a wonderful, lively piece with a great feel to it. This got a round of applause and afterwards, a man came up to me and introduced himself to me as a New York producer who owned night clubs. He actually asked me how I would like a contract to play this music in one of his establishments!

I was much better dressed than he was and smoking a good Upmann and could probably buy his theater but I took his card anyway and thanked him.

I can hear Walter Winchell saying on that awful program of his: "Flash, America! We have just discovered that the chief of Hitler's evil Gestapo is playing piano in an off-Broadway theater!" That would put the cat down the rat hole!

Poor Heini couldn't ski because he doesn't know how (I promised to tutor him myself later) but he put a brave face on things. He enjoyed my concert and told me that if I ever lost my job, he could get me a position in a Kansas City whorehouse!

So much for the trip.

Irmgard is now in love with Heini's brother although she told me in some anger that he was not "that large" after all.

Arno whistles around the house, off key, and may well be in love.

One day, I will have to tell Bunny that I am not Swiss. She already knows that because she speaks excellent High German and knows the difference between real German and Swiss German. I told her I was "in business" in Germany before the war and picked up the accent at "school."

She assumes, as she has said, that I must have a degree from a university. What she does not know is that I had to leave school when I was fourteen and go to work in an aircraft engine factory to help out the family. My father, while a good father and a fine man, is not a business success and never could be.

Everything I have now and have had before, I worked for and very often worked very hard for. Now that there is a good bit of money, all carefully hidden here and there just in case, I can spend what I want and on what I want but the ingrained habits of thrift learned painfully as a child are not easy to shake off.

I gave Bunny a very decent emerald ring set about with diamonds. It is elegant without being ostentatious but she immediately recognized that it was worth a great deal of money. There were protestations but in the end, she accepted it. What she doesn't know is that it cost me nothing, having been acquired during the course of the last war. If I had to pay for a gift, I would have gotten her a collection of sheet music or a nice scarf (like the one she bought for me). Still, I find that I like her far better than any of the others.

I ask myself: Why? I am not Freud but perhaps because she is a good pianist and likes the same kind of music I do and because she is intelligent and excellent company. The fact that she is a very handsome, patrician woman does not hurt either but the first two factors are the most important ones, believe me.

There has been sufficient writing and I will retire.

The Bible says "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" and I can now say "Amen" and go to bed.

Heinrich Müller was a complex person in one sense but quite simple in another. His family was poor and Müller did indeed have to make his own way in the world without assistance from rich parents.

Intense ambition coupled with an incredible ability for hard and effective work made him a success in both the Weimar Republic and the Third Reich. In politics, Müller was a member of the Bavarian People's Party, a conservative, Catholic entity which was very influential in post-World War I politics.

Very anti-communist, Müller was equally anti-Nazi and his acceptance into the SS and his subsequent progression up the bureaucratic ladder infuriated the old-time Bavarian Nazis who had suffered his persecutions prior to their assumption of power in 1933.

German files are still filled with loud complaints and expressions of outrage that this strong opponent of the Nazi Party was now a rising star in the government. Old Party members were appalled by the fact that Müller was in possession of the sacred Blood Order, only given to Party members who took part in the 1923 putsch in Munich. Müller, after all, was an active member of the Bavarian Political Police who actively opposed the Putsch and were responsible for rooting out and arresting its participants.

The other face of the ambitious, aggressive policeman and bureaucrat could be seen in Müller's attitude towards his co-workers in Berlin, most of whom had worked with him in Munich. To them, and to his staff, he was not "Herr Gruppenführer" but only "Herr Müller," or to his friends, simply "Heini."

Müller was possessed with a strong, if sometimes grim, sense of humor, and candid pictures of him away from his official duties showed him constantly smiling.

Aside from his duties, which occupied fourteen to fifteen hours a day, seven days a week, Müller found relaxation in his piano, in reading, painting (mostly landscapes in watercolor), skiing and mountain climbing, chess (at which he was a master) and finally, in his pursuit of attractive women.

His love affairs tended to be long-standing and semi-permanent and in response to a question from a friend as to why his former lady friends sent him birthday and Christmas cards, Müller's response that one always started an affair with a smile and always ended it the same way.

To those who would be horrified, not only by Müller's survival but his successes, the vision of him in an expensive tuxedo, smoking an expensive Cuban cigar and playing ragtime in an exclusive Colorado ski resort will no doubt cause what Müller would have called "a first class case of spastic colon." It is the victors who always write the first, and very official, versions of history and only later do different, and often very unpleasant, themes and variations begin to emerge for the enlightenment of some and to the fury of others.

Napoleon once said that written history was merely fiction that everyone agreed upon.

The further progressions of Heinrich Müller, his lovers and his friends, will no doubt be a subject of fascination and approbation from some and ill-concealed fury from others. His frank and revealing discussions of the activities of his Gestapo are rivaled by his chronicles of the early days of the CIA and the inside, and hitherto very private observations on the administration of Harry Truman and the activities of such individuals as Senator Joseph McCarthy, "Kim" Philby, and others. Only some of the characters that appear in his journals are enshrined in the pantheon of American heroes, an enshrinement based almost solely on the writings of court historians. More often than not, emperors are not the only ones with new clothes.

Thursday, 2 March 1950

Another coup for me! One of the main secretaries for the agency has now become a great friend of mine. I learned that her mother was in the hospital so I made an investigation and discovered that an operation was needed and there was not a great deal of money for it. I managed to locate an excellent surgeon in Boston and paid him to take care of mama quite properly. Then, after much overjoyed comment from the secretary, who is not particularly attractive...but decent...I very discreetly let her discover that I was the unknown benefactor. Many tears and she even kissed me! I could have done without that because she has dentures and she smells like Camembert cheese! Still, I made my connection.

Now, I had a talk with her about how damned secretive the lunatics were and how much trouble all this secrecy made for me. After all, I had a job to do and they all liked to make it as difficult as they could for everyone. In the end, she now manages to give Irmgard all the important material that I. brings to me and I take into my large closet and carefully photograph everything. It only takes a few minutes and everything goes back to the benefactress and there I am with a wealth of inside information!

It does pay to be kind...at least to the right people! Friday, 10 March 1950

(Judith, Ed.) Coplon and (Valintin, ed.) Gubitchev have been convicted of espionage. Coplon worked for Justice and Gubitchev was connected with the UN. She gets 15 years in the cooler and he is to be deported. State wants this because they are afraid the Soviets might take action against Americans outside this country.

They were lovers and he is an ugly man. Poor, frustrated woman. Now she will pay the price for her glandular urges and he can go back to Russia to his ugly wife.

And McCarthy is firing wildly at anything in sight. He is terrifying all the left wing idiots who were running the country five years ago. I have given more information to him via the usual source, this time, a good deal of it from Hoover who wouldn't dare be seen near the man. But of course, I can.

Brewing problems between Hoover and the CIA. Long talk with Philby who tells me the obvious: Hoover hates the CIA and is trying to cultivate British intelligence (even though he loathes the British) in the hopes of getting one up on the CIA. This is absolutely typical empire building (and territorial defense) that I observed in the Reich in former days. Always a struggle for supremacy while no one is minding the business of intelligence.

I have opted to support Hoover for several reasons. In the first place, he and I have a more common background. We were both poor and had to work for what we got. He is as anti-communist as I am and his agents are far more professional than anything the CIA has. In the second place, he is crisply businesslike and does not spend two hours a day at very alcoholic lunches. He does not have a degree from Harvard or Yale but is a man of common sense.

The CIA is filled with pseudo-intellectuals, drunks and egomaniacs who have no idea at all about what they are doing. It is actually a psychotic circus with manic clowns running about smacking each other with dead fish and accomplishing nothing at all.

Unlike Hoover, who is basically a very professional policeman, the CIA people are constantly plotting on how to expand their shabby lot, sniping at the President, attempting to set foreign policy and not one of them with any more brains than a ladle.

I have to put up with them and their idiotic schemings to the point where I genuinely prefer to work at home. But of course they follow me there, leer at the paintings, drink my liquor and try to steal my good cigars. I haven't heard one sensible sentence over there since I started working with them and a good psychoanalyst would find a rich harvest among the chattering apes.

I have already had two sexual encounters with their frustrated and elegant wives and hopefully will have more. And the women do talk to me. Since all of them move in the same, vicious circles, I have to be careful that Bunny doesn't get wind of my mattress exercises in the little pied-à-terre in Chevy Chase.

Much of the copied material I mentioned earlier goes to Hoover who is entirely delighted.

And Angleton slinks around the offices like some demonic character, a professional poisoner, from Shakespeare or...more to the point, something from the Renaissance in Italy when poison was indeed king.

This man is a poet, as he constantly reminds us, and he feels that he alone can see the dangerous movements of Stalin's intelligence. I know more about that subject than Stalin, and Angleton knows less than nothing. It is actually very painful to listen to these cretins babbling about their knowledge of their enemy. I have carefully concealed much of my own knowledge and certainly my grasp of the Russian language or they would be after me day and night to give them material for their utterly worthless "position papers" which read like something by Kafka by way of Hasek's "Schweik."

The wives, on the other hand, are entirely bored with the heavy drinking, foul language and child-like secrets that their husbands mumble about at garden parties, and are easy pickings. I like nothing better than watching some bleating sheep with a Harvard tie going on about the situation in Italy when the night before, I was educating his wife in certain matters that he could never begin to grasp.

One charming lady told me yesterday evening that her husband is good for about ten minutes once a week...in a good week! Of course the one in question, who smokes a pipe and has leather patches on the elbows of his tweed jacket, spends a good deal of time bragging about his prowess with the women and how his wife can't keep her hands off of him. Marvelous! He must use Chinese chopsticks for splints.

I refrain from telling Hoover how I get some of my inside information because he is a terrible moralist and I do not wish to upset him. Like all moralists leading a monastic life, Hoover is strangely interested in the sexual escapades of his enemies and he is the terror of his own men who do not dare frequent bars or other suspect establishments.

Drinking and nose painting are not encouraged by the little Colonel!

Sunday, 19 March 1950

Truman, at Key West to warm up, will be out of town in May to dedicate a dam in the west and I promised him a lengthy overview of the recent CIA plans and the cover stories prepared to delude him. I brought up the subject of a little dinner to him and he seemed quite receptive.

Bunny is going to New York for a concert but I am not able to break away and join her. She is talking about a trip to Europe and wants me to join her but that idea is out of the question.

McCarthy is about to attack Truman because T. does not want to release confidential files to M. Of course, he doesn't want it known about the communist OSS men and there is, finally, some support for Truman in the CIA. I must say that many of them put on a ferocious act concerning the communists when many of them are a good deal more left of the center than they would like to admit. I have been passing some of their background and political attitudes to those who have the real power and at least hope to slow down some of the lunacy. I have fed M. some material on a few of my co-workers and of course they are in terror lest they be exposed.

I must say, I am greatly enjoying McCarthy's forays and he is sensitizing the press and various other groups to the real dangers of communism here. We need a good cleansing of the Augean stables, packed with twelve years of Roosevelt's horseshit.

Müller's journals accurately reflect the growing rivalry between the newly established CIA and the FBI. Hoover was jealous of his territory, was afraid the CIA would encroach on it, and long-established bureaucrat that he was, fought tooth and nail to maintain his position.

Harold Philby kept as far away from Hoover as he could because the latter was anti-British in general and his agency was very actively searching for communist infiltrators in the British services. Neither Philby nor his superiors in London gave anything more than very token cooperation to the FBI in their searches, but Philby himself spent a great deal of time in attempting to discover just how far the Bureau had progressed in their breaking of the Soviet agent codes.

When it became evident that the FBI's specialists had been enjoying considerable success in the code-breaking field, British officialdom, to include the Foreign Office and the intelligence community, did everything in their power to protect any British official accused of spying. It mattered not whether these spies worked for the Soviet Union or the United Kingdom. Files were hidden, suspect agents warned and other information destroyed.

Because England was actively spying against the United States and because a number of their own agents were also reporting to Moscow, London had no intentions whatsoever of cooperating with American counterintelligence.

While certainly pungent, Müller's comments on the character and behavior of his associates in the CIA are certainly reflected in a number of biographies and histories that have emerged since the end of the Cold War and the CIA's subsequent loss of power to control the media and to influence public opinion.

James Angleton emerges in these journals as a very intelligent, dangerous and brutal man, who like so many others of his profession, drank heavily and eventually descended into paranoid delusion. Angleton also advocated, and practiced, physical and psychological torture on his victims, a practice which did not cease until 1985.

Like his good friend Philby, there is a considerable amount of material in the journals on James Jesus Angleton.

Wednesday, 22 March 1950

McCarthy is certainly having his effect on things here! Accusations flying in all directions. M. has been savagely attacking the State Department and many are rushing to their defense. (General George C. ed) Marshall and Eisenhower are very annoyed with M.... who will now proceed to attack them. (Stewart, ed.) Alsop, a New Deal columnist has attacked M. in the New York press. Some matter of M. being paid while a judge in Wisconsin while engaged in politics (there are two of the Alsops, one worse than the other but I am not sure which is which. Rich, both of them, and one is a raging homosexual.) The Alsops are very popular in Washington society that is not a compliment as far as I am concerned.

A number of security risks in Commerce alleged and these must be investigated. Who knows what will happen to them? The point is, the press is starting to extend greater coverage to the communist problem and the more the better. The left wing is starting to screech "witchhunt" which is to be predicted in safety.

McCarthy said he was planning to go after homosexuals that, coming from him, is ludicrous. He might as well make attacks on balding, drunken Irishmen while he is at it. Such flawed people one have to deal with. The fairies, the drunks, the egomaniacs, the stupid, the greedy and the vicious. There must be civilized people here but I haven't seen too many of them.

Truman is being asked to order the release of State Department files concerning their communists but will not do so. Why? Because the "spies" are actually OSS men who are being removed from government service as discreetly as possible and no one, especially the idiots in the CIA (most of whom

were in the OSS), want their friends to be exposed. Truman would be inclined to release this material but has had far too much pressure against this so it will probably not be.

(Dr. Philip C. ed.) Jessup, a professor from Columbia University who Acheson is planning to take into his office, is being talked about as being very sympathetic to the communists. He probably is but after all, most of the academics are way left of center and were like swine in the farm gardens during Roosevelt's reign. It was considered wonderful to love Marx then but certainly not now.

It seems very amusing to listen to my colleagues at the CIA ranting about how they wish to crush world communism when many of them have terrible, dark secrets in their own ideological closets. Hoover has many files on these assholes but is debating whether or not to use the information. In the first place, the CIA is growing in strength and Hoover is a very prudent man. However, he views the CIA as deadly rivals so who knows what might come out?

Am now considering the mechanics of the small dinner I want to give for Truman. The weather is not pleasant, so perhaps towards the end of next month will do. There is a great deal of planning which has to go into one of these things...the menu, the wine list, the entertainment, the outfitting and cleaning, not to mention the guest list.

It would be a wonderful coup for me to do this but I am afraid it will have to be very private if it happens at all. Truman and I do get along but he is a careful man.

Still, I heard about Mr. Pendergast, a political "boss" for whom Truman worked as a judge. P. went to jail, disgraced and when he died, forgotten and alone, the only outsider who attended his funeral was Truman. Told not to by his aides, he went anyway because "Tom was my friend." This shows his character and his loyalty. Much good to be said for Truman but I heard him shout at someone in Florida and he has a terrible temper when he is aroused.

I just got in several excellent pieces of armor to enhance my already very significant collection. Both of these pieces belonged to the collection of Hearst and I got them at a very good price from a dealer in New York. Hearst is expected to die at any time now and I wonder what will happen to the rest of his collection when he does.

I recall that in 1936 Hearst and his lady friend were at Garmish for the Olympic winter games. We had to prepare a file on H. for Hitler who was planning to meet with him then. A very interesting and powerful man.

He was the first press owner in America to recognize the danger posed by communism in this country. A very intelligent, if eccentric, man with excellent perceptions. There has never been anyone like him before and with the press getting into alien hands, not likely to be seen again.

Hearst started a campaign against the communists about the time King Franklin was enthroned in 1933 and drove the communists and other left-wing assholes mad because he did have a large following here. Roosevelt then hated him although he needed the support of his chain of newspapers.

The usual attacks were made on him by the left. "Hearst is a fascist" was one of the chants and he was accused of being a Nazi, which he was not.

Hearst, in his conversations with Hitler, expressed great fear that communism would get a fatal grip on the United States through their support of Roosevelt. He said that fascism was a movement that was created solely as a reaction to the brutal activity of communists and not the other way around. He, at least, could see what I have known for years.

Of course American liberal Jews loathed him and attacked him in left wing magazines and elsewhere. What these screeching morons did not realize is that Hearst intervened on their behalf with Hitler...who certainly listened to him. It did some good for Jews because Hitler wanted Hearst's support.

I have always said that Hitler's worst error was not the Russian campaign but his attack on the Jews. He did not like them and viewed them as totally parasitic in society and wanted them out of his new Germany. By expelling and mistreating them, he stirred up a great storm of fury, firstly among the powerful Jewish financial interests in England (where they bribed Churchill to represent their views in the British press) and then this wave of vindictive fury against anything German spread to the United States.

It did not help us that Roosevelt had been elected and had the complete support of influential Jewish bankers but also the total, dedicated support of the communists in America. This combination, which had been in effect before the October Revolution in Russia, worked against anything German. There were savage attacks in the motion picture industry, filled with German refugees, and of course Roosevelt was easily persuaded to attack Hitler and Germany at every opportunity.

It became a virtual war, long before Spain in 1936 (where these groups strongly supported the Republicans or communists) and the war in 1939.

There were economic boycotts but that did not fare too well. Hitler retaliated against these sly bankers by instituting his famous barter system whereby Germany, who had lost all her gold assets at the end of the 1914 war, no longer had to go to the international banking types for funding. For example, he would trade German locomotives and other such products to, let us say, the Argentine for wheat and beef products. When the international banking houses discovered that they had lost an enormous amount of control over Hitler, not to mention huge interest payments on loans lost to his barter program, they really began to howl.

I would say, without doubt, that the horrors of the last war were due entirely to this issue of Hitler's anti-Semitism and nothing else.

Now that Roosevelt is dead, Truman has said, in private, that he wants to disassociate himself from the cabals who controlled his predecessor. That will be the absolute end of the man. We saw that in the last election when all the secret financial support was swung away from the liberal Democratic programs (now in danger of being destroyed by Truman) to Dewey. At least, according to Hoover's files, Dewey agreed to go along with the various cabals and keep away from the communist issue.

But we can see in the left wing attacks on Hearst what one can expect in this country when someone does not pay sufficient attention to the suffering of Jews or has the audacity to question the joys of the worker's and peasant's paradise.

Hitler is now accused of slaughtering millions of Jews (which he did not) but Roosevelt's close friend, Stalin, is never mentioned as the real butcher of at least 40 millions of his own people as well as a large number of unfortunate Polish Jews whom he murdered in 1939.

This is the reason that I am strongly pushing McCarthy to attack those American institutions like the Department of State as being filled with communists. Once the American people become aware of what a pack of verminous and lunatic murderers communists are, they will rise up and throw the lot of them into the sea where their rotting bodies will no doubt kill off all the fish.

Hearst understood all of this very clearly. Hitler said that of all the visiting foreign leaders he had met, Hearst was the man with the quickest mind. Like so many other intelligent people, Hearst was immediately branded as a Nazi that I know he was not. Neither was I for that matter but the truth has nothing to do with the hysterical venom of a crossed communist.

If I were to sum up Hearst from what I knew about him, I would say that he was neither a fascist nor a Nazi, but was a very patriotic American who saw Hitler as the lesser of two evils. He did not embrace him but viewed him as a man, who, not like the communists, was not interested in seizing power in America and destroying its economic structure and instituting a lunatic reign of terror against anyone and everyone whom they hated. And those the communists hate with an insane fury are anyone who has become an actual success, either in finance or even in the arts.

I note with amusement that there are no really creative communist writers and there is nothing like the fury of a failed writer or, especially, poet when confronted with someone who actually can create and be a success at it.

I note in passing that the CIA have, in its upper ranks, a number of very bad poets, none of whom are worth a pinch of dried cow dung. I am thinking of Angleton here most specifically.

A short sentence should sum up these people: All communists are failures and moral bankrupts. The most dangerous groups in any normal society are communists and hidden homosexuals, both of whom exist on a diet of hate and envy directed towards those who they perceive as being unjustly in control of their miserable existences.

At any rate, the armor is much welcome and we can add to the display in the main hall.

Thursday, 30 March 1950

Poor Owen Lattimore is coming to the surface. We have known for a long time that he was a great friend of the communists, although most carefully indeed, not a member of the party. (According to left wing logic, if a man is not a member of the party, he is not a communist!)

McCarthy hinted and on the 26th, (Drew, ed.) Pearson exposed him. We shall see where this goes. L. has the reputation of fighting over matters. No doubt he will become fierce and dramatic just like Harry White was. Much shouting and finger pointing. Fierce denials. "We aren't communists, we are only agrarian reformers." And then they rape your wife, loot your house and burn it down with your old grandmother inside because they have always lived under someone else's bridges (but in their own filth.)

I have been translating Stefan George into English, just for entertainment and because George does not translate well. In fact, it is very difficult to translate poetry into another language. One can

certainly get the meaning of the original but to capture the spirit of it in the new language is very hard indeed.

Here is my rendition of the Prince of Vermin (Der Fürst des Geziefers, ed.)

The Prince of Vermin enlarges his realm
Lacking no treasure, his luck holding firm
Destruction to all other rebels!
You rejoice, enthralled by the demonic fire,
Feast on the remains of the past
And sense the danger before the end.
They put down your tongues in the
emptying trough,
Stray aimless like cattle through the burning courtyard
And loud sounds the terrible trumpet.

Crazy Stauffenberg likened the Prince to Hitler but that doesn't really fit the case. Not even Stalin could fit. And Roosevelt did not destroy his own people. Perhaps Churchill who did destroy England, or maybe Mussolini. One of the first Caesars such as Caligula or Nero could fit the picture. More likely, Lenin because of the terrible wave of blood that followed in his train. Not a profitable way to spend my leisure hours but entertaining.

Am still working on the state dinner for T. More later.

Friday, 7 April 1950

A great fuss about Lattimore here. He, of course, denies being a communist, which is to be expected. McCarthy has been challenged and claims to have the necessary material. But of course, he does not. Hoover does and M. can't get at it

The President is greatly annoyed with everyone, saying that those who attack his favorite, Acheson, and his people, are attacking his bipartisan foreign policy. Truman actually has no foreign policy. He has very little knowledge of what is actually going on in the world and the CIA is not helping this situation by feeding him deliberately false information. T. equates communism with Hitler and Franco. All three are, or were, police states. A great revelation! Both Russia and Germany have always been police states. The new, democratic Germany is now an American police state and Franco goes without saying.

I saw first hand the chaos of the so-called democratic Weimar Republic and have much knowledge of the equal chaos in pre-1936 Spain when the left was in power.

Communists can only destroy; they are constitutionally incapable of creating anything. Their attitude is that evil capitalists have taken control of the western nations and that this control rightfully belongs to the workers and peasants. In Russia, Lenin tried to give control to these groups only to drive his country to the brink of economic chaos and complete starvation.

Capitalism, while it does have its faults, is not to be compared with Marxism.

In capitalism, most men can succeed if they are able. In communism, the idea is that no one individual is ever permitted to succeed...only the masses. This is the product of a lunatic former Prussian civil servant who should have spent his life babbling in London coffee houses. It is ironic that Marx's doctrines which he intended for a highly industrialized Germany were instead shoved down the uncomprehending throats of a highly rural and very primitive Russia. When the war broke out in 1914, Russia was just beginning to move into an industrialized phase...a phase which was dealt a terrible blow by the war they so eagerly embraced and was finally killed by the lunatics such as Lenin and his crew of intellectual nihilists.

Of course everyone here is very upset about what they call the "loss" of China.

Someone has to pay for the loss of such a potentially huge market so the left-wing ninnies of the Roosevelt era will have to take the blame. The real blame lies in the U.S. support of Chiang who is vicious, stupid and entirely corrupt. Mao, the communist, is far cleverer than Chiang.

This country poured millions of dollars into the support of a thoroughly corrupt warlord and lost China in the process. Now, someone has to pay the butcher's bill for their stupidity. Of course the Chinese are born capitalists and when the ideological madness passes, (as it always does in the end), China will be back to doing business in the same marketplace.

Even if Stalin died today, I personally doubt if Russia would be able to follow the Chinese example. The country is basically too far behind the West in technology but more important, the Russians have never been independent and have always been a country with potential but no performance.

Here, it is said by the idiots in the CIA, Russia is overtaking the United States every day and we must spend hundreds of billions of taxpayer's dollars to keep ahead of them. I know this is nonsense and the CIA monkeys know this is nonsense but it makes money for business here, keeps the army moving along and allows the CIA to establish more and more control through fear of an enemy that fears this country (and with very good reason) far more than we ought to fear them. This would have me burned at the stake if the Inquisition were still in force, but fortunately, things are so completely disorganized in Washington that no one would pay the slightest attention to anything I had to say.

I see that the actual danger is not from Stalin but from China. This country actively fought against the communists in the 1920s, sending troops to Murmansk and Vladivostok and fighting in Russia. That was then and memories fade.

Now, we have supported Chiang with weapons and money, the communists have won and this is now. I see the Chinese as far more dangerous than the Russians because basically, they are far more intelligent and at this moment, do not like us at all.

They also have a huge manpower pool, even if they have a very limited industrial base. If they should develop this, and they have the brains to do this, then we here should watch them very carefully indeed. One of my CIA colleagues here was talking about this the other day but officially the agency is of the opinion that China will take years to develop and would never attack the West.

There is as much proof in support of this theory as there is for mine: absolutely none whatsoever. Right now, the U.S. is preoccupied in Europe and doesn't want any problems in Asia. Therefore, the CIA sees Europe as the main theater and not Asia.

What if Mao invaded Taiwan? Would we defend it? At the present moment, not likely. Or what if they attack their ancient enemy, Japan? There we might do something in defense. Or Korea? A very poor country, long a slave state of Japan but divided in half with a communist government in the north. Or French-Indo China (Vietnam, ed.) Another divided country.

This country appears to be in the same position that Hitler was in 1939. If he went to war with Poland, would the British and French attack his almost undefended western borders? Given their disunity, probably not, but it was a real gamble then. Now, of course, we realize that there was no danger whatsoever and the enemies, who I must point out, had declared war on us, not the other way around, finally got around to attacking us long after the Polish campaign was over and we had reinforced our troops holding the Westwall.

However, I regard the Chinese as a more formidable foe than the decaying British and French. These were, to quote Shakespeare (whom I have been reading lately) "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

China, on the other hand, is full of people who have been engaged in warfare for two decades and have just chased out the last of the corrupt warlords.

I regret now not having spent more time studying the problems of Asia. Of course during my work in Germany, there was no need for this and there are only so many hours in a day.

I have now been reading up on the Orient but I doubt if there will be much need for anti-Oriental counter intelligence. A Russian who speaks perfect English, (and many of them do) can pass for an American, but an Oriental is still an Oriental and easily identified. Besides, the Russians can appeal to the left wing in this country and the Chinese cannot.

There was sympathy for China during the last war but not the intimate connection that the Russians had with labor people, intellectuals, Jews and so on.

I have developed a great liking for Chinese food.

I am afraid McCarthy will have to soak his head in the toilet and calm down or he will stifle the anti-communist movement in the cradle. I will have the Msgr. talk firmly to him as soon as possible. McCarthy's problem is that he loves to hear the sound of his voice and delights in attention. This leads him into intemperance that in turn makes him a very large target. He should surface quietly from time to time, let loose a few well-chosen shots and then go back into his bunker. Now, he runs around making wilder and wilder accusations that will eventually trip him up.

And of course, McCarthy doesn't really care about communist infiltration in America. All he does care about is to pull the tails of the establishment monkeys and make faces at them. There are others to deal with but he gets the most newspaper coverage.

Thursday, 20 April 1950

Today is the Führer's birthday and a few of us will celebrate it tonight but very quietly at home. Also, (Louis, ed.) Budnez, former communist leader here, has identified Lattimore. Of course he has no proof but so what, as they say here. Important communist sources were never members of the communist party and very often kept far away from the gibbering and very visible radicals. Just because a man did not carry a card in his wallet or give money for party dues does not absolve him from guilt.

Communism was so popular with the feeble-minded intellectuals here that it would surprise me if more professors and government bureaucrats didn't turn up with each turn of the spade. Now, many of them are living in increasing fear...fear of exposure, arrest or loss of their jobs...because of what was once considered socially acceptable.... at least in their circles.

Lattimore was in a position to influence policy. Some dockworker in New York was not.

(Sen. Millard, ed.) Tydings is going to open the "Amerasia" case again and that ought to make a lot of these State Department types very angry. After all, a number of their most sensitive documents ended up in a communist magazine's office. Roosevelt had this shut up but now it is the Republican's chance to dig up more dirt.

That brutal (Colonel James A. ed.) Killian lost his lawsuit over a book discussing his sadistic behavior at an American training camp in England during the war. Truman hates him and once told me that he considered K. as a "real Gestapo" type that I found amusing because I would never have had such a repulsive brute on my rolls. And the Army has tried to paint him white for years.

Am proceeding now with plans for my dinner for Truman. He has accepted in principle but we have to find a date when it is convenient for him. So far, I have worked up a menu, laid in the wine and had the servants unpack and prepare the plates and dinnerware.

I think we can give the President a very pleasant intimate dinner and after it is over, perhaps I can make a few points.

I am told that he likes bourbon whiskey and I was at my wine dealers recently and asked him what the best bourbon was. He looked at me rather unhappily because he (and I) are basically wine drinkers. He mentioned a superior brand that comes from some place in Tennessee where they only make a few dozen crates a year. Extremely expensive but I am told very good. I bought a case (at a hundred dollars a bottle!) just in case.

If Truman doesn't come, we can sell it to McCarthy (who would no doubt drink boot polish if it were strong enough in alcoholic content).

And there will be music. I will have a Bechstein and a Steinway in the music room and Bunny and I can entertain him. We have been going over the scores and I am very partial to two Bach pieces. Truman prefers more romantic music but I loathe Chopin so if we keep it relatively short, I think the Bach will do.

Aunt, of course, wants to come...and shall. Even though she is a staunch Republican, the thought of dining with the President is enough to warm her cold Republican heart.

Wednesday, 26 April 1950

Truman has launched another barb at McCarthy. Gave a speech to a group of lawyers on Friday and spoke about his methods of fighting communism. The slow, steady method is recommended and he struck at M. by using the word "hysteria" with reference to the recent press reports.

Yes, of course, Truman is correct from his point of view. He cannot permit a great movement of hysterical people to purge out all the communists because it would wreck his administration and do terrible damage to the fabric of American society.

He knows perfectly well that McCarthy is a tool and who is using him. It is, as I said earlier, he can easily deny what is happening and attack M. while looking like a reasonable man. At the same time, we will go on our happy way, sensitizing the Americans to the (at least) former menaces. This will help us to root out the real spies and so terrify the left wing that they will crawl back under the wet logs for a decade or so.

They were getting extremely pervasive and arrogant during the Roosevelt era, and what is actually worse, fettering American businesses in such a way as to eventually destroy them. Had the war not broken out and business not had many controls temporarily lifted by the Roosevelt people to increase wartime production, who knows if we would not now be enjoying Henry Wallace's version of the corporate state? Poor Henry. He almost was President but now is a discredited man, talking to himself in the wilderness from which he will soon vanish entirely

And poor Irmgard. She now lusts after Heini's brother but cannot get at him. He will be coming to Washington (as my guest, of course) in a week so Irmgard can get her battery recharged. I will put both of them up at a hotel so we won't have to bother with their mating rituals.

And good news! Truman will come!

Now all we have to do is fix the date, buy the meat and vegetables, polish the armor and hire some temporary servants.

I want to be careful not to appear too rich or the President might get jealous but a good show might impress him. I have stressed to him my own humble origins, as compared with the Dulles brothers, and I know it hits a point with him.

I think we will sit ten to table. There might be one more but I like even numbers and I am told Truman is somewhat superstitious and doesn't want thirteen. I do not want to invite Clifford. He does not like me after the wig business and he would monopolize every conversation throughout the evening. Hoover would be out. He would no doubt want tomato ketchup at the table with paper napkins and grape juice.

Enough of this.

I am expecting another shipment of drawings tomorrow and I want to get up early enough to walk Maxl and be here just as they arrive. I alone get to open the boxes and only safely upstairs.

This place is beginning to look like Hearst owned it! Still, better to have too much than not enough!

Thursday, 4 May 1950

Every so often, one plants a seed and then forgets about it. Actually, doesn't forget about it but it gets pushed to the bottom of the pile. A little earlier, I had the acute pleasure in seeing one of my small acorns suddenly sprout into a massive oak tree! It started early in the morning when Angleton called me in some agitation and said he simply had to see me at once. As he knows full well who I am and where I live, I told him finally to come over. He said he would walk, not being that far from here, but from the look on his face, I would rather thought he had run over.

He had not yet been inside the house and he was greatly impressed with the nice things I have on the first floor. Such a nervous, pale and very obviously distraught man he was. Then I took him into my library with all the Catherine the Great items (from her palace) about and asked him to sit down. I turned on the recording device by the simple expedient of opening a desk drawer and asked him what I could do for him.

Although badly frightened, he managed to maintain his sly demeanor...at least up to a point. He asked me if I had ever heard of a Brontös Karlsefni! The oak had grown at last! I said that I certainly recognized the name. What did my honored guest want to know about this man?

What could I tell him about this man?

What did he himself know?

Brontös Karlsefni, according to our subsequent conversation, was an Icelander from an old Norse family. He had lived in various countries and had done intelligence work for a number of these countries, including Germany. Yes, I cautiously acknowledged, I had used this man's services in the past.

Angleton then went straight to the point, that is how badly rattled he was. Normally, he would wander around making sly, oblique remarks that would mask his ignorance and give him the impression of knowing everything. In this case, it was I who knew everything but he didn't know that.

It comes down to the fact that Angleton, and others at the CIA, have heard that this man, who might be working for the NKVD, had amassed considerable information on many OSS people and, of course, of many CIA people. Angleton heard that Karlsefni might be trying to sell his papers here in the United States but he did not know to whom. Since I had known K. "in my previous life" (as if I were the victim of reincarnation) A. wanted to know if I had heard from K. If I had not, did I know how to contact him?

I would have absolutely no problem whatsoever in getting into contact with the elusive Karlsefni because I am Karlsefni! I invented this man many years ago as a cat's-paw or a straw man upon whom I can blame many things. I at once told A. that if he would wait a moment, I would get a file.

I didn't even have to go to the wine cellar and within five minutes, I was back again, just in time to catch Angleton attempting to get into my desk. He pretended he was looking at my silver-framed picture of Bunny (whom he knows socially) and we all went on with the theater.

He looked at the file and went as white as my handkerchief. "Oh, my God, we are all finished!" he kept saying.

Wonderful performance on my part as I managed to look both concerned and conspiratorial at the same time. Angleton at once told me that he wanted to find out where K. was now so he could have him killed!

As I know, A. has had quite a few people he did not like killed. Some by Pash and some by others. I should let him use Arno's services but then I would tell Arno to finish off Angleton and throw him in the Potomac down by the canal.

"Yes," he said, "this man must die as soon as possible before he makes more trouble for all of us." He tried to include me in this, to enlist my support of course, by saying that K. would expose me too and I would have to stand trial.

I think not, James.

I told him that K. had been in Japan with Meisinger and then ended up in Chiang's China and at this point, I thought he was in Taiwan acting as an intelligence source.

Angleton said: "We have friends there. Try to get an address and I'll have him killed at once."

Of course I said I would try and then invited him to stay for breakfast. They all like free food and he is no exception.

He kept looking at some of my treasures and I finally told him what he already knows, namely that I have been selling stolen loot for the CIA since 1948.

He knows (James Speyer, ed) Kronthal, their station chief in Bern very well and went on about his art dealings. Angleton is jealous so to draw him further into the web, I gave him two small paintings and a nice gold necklace for Cicely (his wife, ed.). Knowing that they were in all probability stolen in Paris from Jewish collectors, Angleton had no problem taking them home. The rumor is that he is part Jewish on his mother's side but I am certain his greed overcame his racial unhappiness.

I intend to enlarge on the K. issue and produce some highly incriminating material on Angleton and several other potential troublemakers. I will do this in a spirit of friendly assistance on the face of it but beneath the mask, a warning: I have this now so be very careful where you walk or indeed, you will swing from a rope sometime.

Push the man into a corner but always allow him the ability to make a graceful exit...on your terms only.

James Jesus Angleton was the gray eminence at the CIA. A Yale graduate and well known at that institution as a poet, Angleton went into the OSS and operated in Italy during the war. His father had a business there before the war.

Angleton spied on everyone, including the CIA, bugged everyone's offices and telephones and made recordings of all kinds of highly compromising conversations that he gleefully played for the voyeuristic enjoyment of Allen Dulles.

When Angleton became head of counterintelligence for the CIA, he continued his unsavory activities, to which he added assassinations. Anyone whom Angleton felt to be a danger to him or his agency was subject to being terminated "with extreme prejudice," a term invented for CIA murders.

It was a term used extensively during his reign

In 1961, Angleton and several of his associates developed a dislike of Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary General of the United Nations. Angleton felt that Hammarskjöld, who was attempting to interfere in the CIA-instigated upheaval in the mineral-rich Belgian Congo, was not properly oriented to the CIA's goals and the former Swedish foreign minister's aircraft was sabotaged near Ndola in Zambia. The Secretary General died in the crash.

In 1963, furious that President Kennedy was secretly planning to establish a rapprochement with Fidel Castro and also because of his firing of Allen Dulles as head of the CIA, Angleton became involved in a successful plot to assassinate the president.

A considerable body of documentation exists, one is told, on these subjects and as distant felonies become nothing more than interesting history, perhaps much of this will surface in one forum or another. Dean Swift's description of the proceedings of the Academy of Laputa, while bitter satire, are very close to the mark indeed.

Saturday, 6 May 1950

Truman has reluctantly agreed to release a number of security files concerning various State Department officials. There have been some problems with McCarthy and the figures he released earlier about known communists in that department. The problem with M. is that he is not always entirely sober

and he changes his stories from day to day. Here I had given him very concrete information about known and proven communist agents working, or at least assigned, to the State Department and he has made a terrible mess of the matter by simply forgetting the facts. His figures go up or down depending on how far he has progressed into his daily bottle.

I had a very nice note today from Heini Schumacher in Germany, congratulating me on my birthday last month.

Müller was born in Munich, 28 April 1900.

Also made a number of sarcastic remarks about British Intelligence who have been speaking with him about me. They wanted me to work for them and initially confused Heini with Dr. Hans S. of the RSHA! I think they wanted his services too!

Heinrich Schumacher, former SS-Untersturmführer and member of the Gestapo, worked in Müller's private office from 1939 to 1945. Dr. Hans Schumacher was an SS-Sturmbannführer in the SS Main Security Office.

My, we are all so much in demand these days, aren't we? The Russians have acquired a number of my men, the CIA has grabbed off a whole train full, CIC has more and MI 6 has the rest. As long as no one can prove a Gestapo man shoved Jews into the coke ovens at Auschwitz then he is home free. Sometimes when I get together at home here with some of my old fellows and the beer and sausage is much in evidence, it's just like a Lokal in Munich or Berlin.

Heini is doing very well and maybe I can bring him over here one of these days.

Also a note from my father who is also doing fairly well. Since my mother died three years ago, he is still sad. Also, the Americans keep trying to interview him about me that shows how stupid these people can be. He's still going strong at seventy-five which bodes well for me.

Müller's father, Alois, was born in Neuberg a.d. Donau in 1875 and died in 1962 at the age of 87.

I have cut way down on the Cognac, one glass a day in the evening, and the cigars, also one a day. Good exercise every day and I watch my diet. I have gained a few pounds but I do my exercises and carry the weight well enough. I look better at 50 than most of my co-workers do. Of course they are great drinkers and smokers and most have fat tires around their middles and will die of heart attacks in due time.

Their wives are bored and such is my Christian charity that I like to fill their wasted hours with anticipation and joy. And after a pleasant afternoon on the mattress with a wife, I get to see the husband puffing around the building the next morning and coughing like the last act of "Camille."

Am working on the menu for the T. dinner. The pianos are in place and Bunny and I are working on the music now. The silver needs to be polished as do the windows in the dining room, the crystals on the chandeliers, the floors, the chairs, table and so on. We will have to do some local hiring on a temporary basis to augment the staff. I want a footman for each guest and we don't have enough on hand here.

At this time, we have myself, Bunny, her aunt, the Pres., Arno, Heini, Irmgard, Heini's brother and two of Truman's people. That makes ten. T. at one end of the table, myself at the other and four each on either side. A nice balance. I will need to hire six more people and I want matching livery for all.

More details as decided.

What a triumph for me! T. would never go to, let us say, the Wisners even though they are well connected socially. Both Frank and Polly come from moneyed families. Frank, though he came from the south, originated with the Gardner family, which is a very old family and owns an island off of Long Island. Living in baronial splendor, those people do.

There is also the question of decorations.

I asked Truman very discreetly if he had any objections to my wearing my decorations and he said not at all. He would wear his, he said, and the people he was bringing would be most discreet. What a most interesting thought!

Here am I, in America, living better than I ever have before, entertaining the most powerful man in the world in my house at an elegant banquet, and wearing all of my decoration from both Reichs!

Sophie would break her teeth in envy. That woman has no sense of presentation and I had to keep her at home in Berlin.

Well, she can live in poverty in Pasing and I can live in splendor in Washington and that's the way of the world. At least for now.

On my visit to Colorado, I met a real estate fellow who now tells me that he had a very nice place for me to look at. Six hundred and fifty acres and a beautiful house already on it. Skiing and mountain climbing nearby, an all-year stream filled with trout, deer and elk abounding, just waiting to be shot. All for less than a hundred thousand dollars! Just about what I got from the last auction of my looted art at Christies

Comes in and goes out again, just like food but a lot more sweeter-smelling!

I will buy it next week and consider moving a quantity of my furnishings there. Perhaps I can get Heini's brother to live there as a housekeeper until I decide I have done enough damage here. Washington is a very unpleasant place. The climate is awful, the blacks (which make up most of the permanent population) are very poor and kept in their place and the old time Washington people, the Cave Dwellers, are acceptable but the rest are liars, thieves and pompous idiots. The people I work with on a daily basis are psychotic criminals only some of whom can be said to have brains. Everyone here sleeps with other people and a man who is loyal to his wife, or a wife to her husband, is considered to be a "quaint oddity" as Bunny says.

It is always this way at the top of things so the thought of retiring into the mountains in some elegance has very much to offer me.

As long as Truman is in office, I have no worries but the question is, will he run again? He is having so much trouble with his public relations that he has said he might not run. To have great power and to voluntarily surrender it takes enormous character.

Truman has this character; Roosevelt did not. Drooling and completely senile, that one had to be carried feet first out of office.

Robert was talking to me yesterday about the situation in the Orient. He feels that there might be some trouble there but has been told to keep quiet about this as no one here wants to deflect Truman's gaze (and support) from Europe. There is, after all, a lot more money for our people to make in Europe than there is now in Asia.

And John Dulles is certainly cleaning up with all his support for various German business interests. I chatted with Behn last week and he was delighted with the way Dulles is reconnecting with the old German business structures. Of course D. is making huge money in bribes by doing this. Clever people pay him in Farben stock, etc., so that he will have an added incentive to improve the value of his holdings. Poor (Joseph P., ed.)Kennedy has had all of his German stock put under the Alien Property office here and can't get at it.

The Kennedy shares of I.G. Farben stock were released to the family when Kennedy's son, Robert, was installed as Attorney General after the election of his brother to the Presidency. Friday, 12 May 1950

Dr. Oppenheimer has been accused in California of being a communist with the usual uproar from the liberal community. He is most certainly a well-known source for the Soviets, as I know from my own files. Pash knows about him but was shut up by Roosevelt who actually wanted Stalin to get information on the atomic bomb! Now, no one wants to talk about these things.

(Senator Dennis, ed.) Chavez is now attacking Budnez for joining the Catholic Church, which he claims, is a "cover" for his ongoing communist activities. MacCarthy is very angry with this but Chavez is a Democrat so what can one expect. I understand the Church will fire a thunderbolt at C., which probably won't have any effect. These Congressmen have hides like a rhino or a Nile crocodile and very little can offend them. They hide behind their immunity and attack everyone. I think the new Tower of Babel can be found in the capitol building. I have sat in the visitor's gallery there and have seen a number of Congressmen at the Metropolitan Club and they all remind me of nothing more than the American version of Schaefer's Dwarves who used to entertain circus-goers in Germany! My God, when you think of how much power they have, you are constantly amazed how such awful shits could run a great country. We could put dachshunds in there and they would do much better. Of course the Reichstag members were not much better but they were a great deal more careful not to get caught stealing. These assholes might as well set up stalls in the rotunda with prices above them.

It seems the widow of Woodrow Wilson had made off with some important state papers that made her husband look rather bad and refused to return them to the archives. Last week, someone broke into her home while she was out and recovered them.

What do they say?

That Wilson hated Negroes, referred to them as "niggers" and threw all of them out of the government! Also, something for Hoover to chew on. He is blamed, along with Attorney General (A. Mitchell, ed.) Palmer, of instigating a series of raids on any kind of left wing person or group they could. Wilson was supposed to be "totally unaware" of what they were up to but the newly found papers show that he actually ordered these raids!

This, coupled with his constant invasions of Mexico and other Latin American countries, makes his "self-determination" of nations utter shit. Of course, Wilson was only protecting American business interests (in return for the usual money under the table) and nothing else.

Well, Wilson was a Democrat and they are still in power but I did manage to get photocopies of the papers. For a man who was so self-righteous, Wilson was a notorious womanizer and now, a vicious bigot. We must paint over our heroes for the history books so Woodrow will not lose his halo...at least not during the Truman Administration.

Wilson was an evil man whose father was a preacher; and was completely in the pockets of the British bankers, hence his determination to drag this country into England's trade wars. Considering his end, he paid the price for his duplicity, tottering off the stage and drooling on his diapers. It wouldn't be so bad, I suppose, if Wilson was an outright Napoleon whose aggressive actions were scarcely concealed but he posed as such a righteous and pious man.

You watch out for that kind, believe me. They preach sermons on Sunday and bugger the maids the rest of the week.

Klaus and I are working on the menu for the Truman dinner. He showed me a number of Escoffier suggestions and I have finally decided on:

Hors d'oeuvre
Consommé Leopold
Bisque d'Écrevisses
Turbotin au Volnay
Whitebait Diablé
Poularde á la Diva
Concombres au beurre
Selle d'agneau Portugaise
Haricots verts á l'Anglaise
Faisan Périgourdine
Salade d'Endives
Pâté de foie gras
Biscuit glacé aux marrons
Savarin aux fruits
Friandises

I will leave the choice of the wines up to my wine man. I do like a good wine but for such a dinner, a real expert is necessary.

And we now have the extra help secured so at least some of the staff won't have to wear knee britches but instead they can polish the place up for the President. I had both pianos tuned today. One needed it rather badly but the other was still nearly perfect.

Bunny and I are going over the Bach...I have decided on the double concerto in C major (the BWV 1061). The first movement is without a tempo noting but I have practiced it in different tempos and have settled on one somewhat slower than usually played.

I like this piece because it can be performed without an orchestra and is essentially a tightly knit duet between two pianos. It calls for great coordination but I am confident that we can pull it off. It should run a little over fifteen minutes that I assume is just about long enough to keep the President's attention. The second movement is quite a beautiful work and the final fugue is enjoyable. The first movement is the most difficult and the rest is easy.

I had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Lamb today. That's my French doctor friend who is so good at giving heart attacks to people who are in disfavor. Wisner took my advice and hired him and he came by to say thank you. Of course he did his favorite lamb with garlic (hence my name for him) and we ate in my private dining room just off my bedroom. It's the one room in the house that is absolutely secure from the point of listening in.

Arno joined us for lunch and it was very pleasant. Most of the conversation was conducted in French and Arno is much more fluent than I am in that language.

The good doctor has already removed several unwanted people and discussed a new "medicine" he had been working on while living in Switzerland. Also discussed how to give people cancer (by injection during a routine physical examination) and other pleasant topics.

Arno, who prefers the silk garrote or the knife, was fascinated by the doctor's techniques and we had a jolly time over the dessert discussing whom in this country we could kill off. I suggested Henry Morgenthau, Roosevelt's Minister of Finance. That nasty old Jew tried his best to destroy Germany and only Truman was able to prevent him, and his evil communist spy, co-religionist and right hand man, Harry White from carrying out their psychotic plans.

I know where M. lives and I suggested to both the doctor and Arno that they might both pay him a visit. Arno would certainly like to learn the joys of the hypodermic needle (although the doctor has now developed a spray which is just as effective and doesn't leave any telltale marks on the ass). It would probably not come about because I need Arno here and the doctor is up to his chin in various CIA assignments.

In the event, Henry Morgenthau, former Secretary of the Treasury, didn't die until 1967 and since Müller doesn't mention him again, it is reasonable to assume that Roosevelt's Hyde Park neighbor died a natural death. Many others, however, did not.

Two issues which do not directly concern my activities but are of great historical interest. I will put copies of these into the files for possible future use.

One is a copy of a report made by Henry Wallace in October of 1945 to President Truman. At that time, Wallace was Commerce Secretary in Truman's cabinet. W. had been in direct touch with Soviet intelligence throughout his term as Vice President under Roosevelt. He expected, and Stalin wanted him, to be the Vice President, next in line to the presidency. It was obvious to all, including Roosevelt that the latter was very quickly dying and both Stalin and his partner, Roosevelt, wanted Wallace in the White House.

Why? Because Wallace is a very dedicated communist and has been for some time. This pushing forward of Wallace was evident to the leaders of the Democratic Party and they balked at having a Stalinist president. They forced Roosevelt to replace Wallace with Truman, something Stalin was livid about.

But, Truman kept Wallace on for a time just to placate the liberals in this country. Wallace, who made regular visits to the Soviet head of espionage here, had kept up his treason even into Truman's reign and in spite of the fact that T. detests communists.

Finally, W. sent Truman this aide memoir that I can only term as the ravings of a feeble-minded fanatic. Wallace insists that he alone would be the only choice for an American president who could best cooperate with the Russians. He told T. that Stalin admired him and that he, Wallace, was fully prepared to "integrate American foreign policy with Russian foreign policy" so as to be able to better serve the cause of world peace! Truman went through the ceiling of the office when he read this and Wallace was finished forever according to what T. personally told me.

This man should surely be fully exposed in public as a Soviet agent-in-place and either forced into exile or removed, permanently, from the scene. I don't think T. would approve of this although I know that Roosevelt had Huey Long killed and got to the Pope to have Father Coughlin shut up. Killing a popular priest would not be a good idea but killing a populist, intelligent and very dangerous political opponent who could have kicked Roosevelt out of office, was much more practical.

So much for one distasteful matter. Now, on to the other business.

I have a very secret copy of a National Security Council meeting on my desk that deals with American military strength. It shows, very clearly, that this country has seriously weakened its military forces by demobilizing its armed forces and not seeking any means to expand them in the event of war. Very pessimistic report. Also, the report (of two meetings held in the last three months) writes the Far East completely out of American defense perimeters. I mean complete abandonment of all U.S. bases in the Orient with the exception of occupation troops in Japan. These are there to prevent the Japanese from becoming strong again and, believe this or not...threatening Stalin's flanks!

Oh yes, this bit of shit is the result of Roosevelt's connivance with Stalin. That part is on paper and I have a copy of it. Roosevelt had to bribe Stalin to get into the Pacific war and then promised him that the United States would stand guard in Japan for twenty years to keep Japan from ever threatening Russia again.

The Japanese are very fortunate that there were no Jews in that country or there would have been a Morgenthau Plan in place for utterly destroying that country as well.

As it was, Roosevelt's Jewish advisors almost succeeded in Germany until God intervened and stopped the beating of that moral leper's heart. Hundreds of thousands of German prisoners of war were allowed to die in the Rhineland camps from starvation and disease. This by instructions of Roosevelt and with the full and willing cooperation of Eisenhower who hates the Germans because of their attitude and actions towards the Jews. Also, the food levels in Germany had fallen well below the subsistence level, another planned project by the Morgenthau people as the final part of the extermination of the German people.

There was to have been a total dismantling of all German industry, both in the eastern zone and in the west. This was moving along until Roosevelt died. Then, a period of uncertainty and Truman put a halt to the killings and ordered food into Germany. My God how the cabal hates him for that! And Moscow was also furious which again made the cabal angry.

They are as attentive to the wishes of Moscow as Wallace is and they view Truman as their worst enemy. No wonder the Stern gang tried to kill him and that certain press barons loathe him. Bismarck said, "Many enemies, Much honor," and if we can judge the character of a man by the character of his enemies, the Pope will make Truman a saint while he is still alive!

He disrupted their timetable for them and they do not forgive. If Truman runs for office again, the cabal will put up Eisenhower without a doubt and if he gets in, God knows what will happen. The CIA will double in size overnight and all their psychotic and murderous little children's games will become state policy. God will then truly have to help even the smallest foreigner to whom the CIA drunks take a dislike. They will have to formalize all this with a Secretary of Death who can oversee all the small, vicious wars, public assassinations, poisonings, thefts, currency counterfeiting, internal disruptions, induced diseases and so on

And these things are also directed at plants as well as people. I am privy to a project that would attack the rice crops of China and India and destroy them overnight, like the potato blight in Ireland in the last century. That was England's way of getting rid of their Irish slave problem. I doubt if the rice plot will go anywhere because such things cannot be controlled and rice growers have some power in this country. Oddly enough, Wisner comes from the south where rice is grown and is a staple in some areas. He will put on the brakes on this bit of nastiness but who knows what other wickedness will germinate in its place?

Here we have a nation which is still beating Germany for being terrible and brutal and even in our worst moments, we Germans never even began to approach the monstrous viciousness of the people with whom I have to deal on a daily basis.

I think I should have stayed in Switzerland and at least tried to hang onto some shreds of self-respect. Doesn't the Bible say that he who touches pitch shall be defiled?

At the Metropolitan Club last week I heard a very prominent American educator say, in my hearing although not to me personally, that it was too bad Hitler didn't kill off all the Jews because most of them came over here and are digging in like an army of moles. Some of the high level, establishment people I have met at the Club, including Colonel Behn, talk like a meeting of SS leaders only they are far more vicious.

These men have the power and the liberals merely have the press, the motion picture industry and the bureaucracy. In pitched battle, who would win?

What did von Seekt say when asked about where the German Army stood during the early, troubled days of Weimar? "The Army, gentlemen, stands behind me!"

That's what the whole thing is all about. Where does the Army stand? Certainly not behind Morgenthau, White, Wallace and Baruch but behind...? The establishment here, which is certainly not liberal and when word reached into the silent and sacred confines of my club that Roosevelt was finally dead, there was loud cheering and the popping of many champagne corks. I was told that there was a movement to go over en masse to the White House and stick pins in the imperial corpse to be sure he was really dead.

In the event, no one ever went there and the casket was kept closed. There is some speculation as to why this happened as it went against strong convention but speculation is just that. Some have said he was assassinated but I believe his sclerosis and high blood pressure killed him, just as the reports say. Still, his official doctor is still running around claiming that Roosevelt was in "perfect health" right up to the minute he fell off the chair. A bad doctor or a political one, who cares? Like Wallace, he has no more power either.

I am still concerned about the NSC reports. Should Stalin get wind of them and realize that there are no defenses in the Far East, you can believe that Josef will at once move in there. Nature abhors a vacuum and Josef knows this. If I were making policy, which I am not, I would advise Truman to put Asia back into the game, at least on paper.

Hoover claims that he knows all the communist agents in America but this is nonsense. My Gestapo was far more efficient than his FBI and I am, modestly, far more intelligent and capable than Hoover, and even I, in a much smaller and more easily controlled country, would never make such a banal and utterly stupid statement.

The 20th of July exposed a lot of these vermin and I was finally able to get at some of the more insidious of the traitors but in this vast, unorganized and basically rebellious country, no one who is sane could claim that they knew "all the communists in America."

Speaking of Behn, we talked about the Swedish Wallenberg family at some length. It seems the Swedish bankers were going to help Stalin rebuild Russian economy with enormous, low-interest loans. Once that got out, that had to be stopped dead in its tracks and the pressure was put onto the Wallenbergs to stop giving Stalin a sou (a cheap French bronze coin, ed.). Josef, losing the money, was in a rage and threatened to attack Sweden, which would have been impossible. His army, like the American Army, is a mere shell of what it once was and his industry simply could not support a war, even if his broken economy could.

We beat Josef in the Berlin business and as far as I am concerned, we stopped any military adventures at that point. Stalin was humiliated in the eyes of the world and he will now be reduced to subversion, treason and infiltration instead of military action.

How much longer can the old man survive? Reports indicate that he is becoming more and more irrational as time goes by and he is terrorizing his closest associates. If Josef reads history, he should consider the end of Caligula. Never terrorize your own bodyguards. And again, look at what Fouché did to Robespierre! A wonderful bit of work which has gone relatively unreported. If you are forced to use terror, use it sparingly and against limited, unpopular targets, not against your allies.

Fear can accomplish what reason cannot. Men, who are nearly impossible to unify, will do this under fear of death.

Thursday, 25 May 1950

The dinner was a tremendous success! I had to take time to digest the food and the evening, in equal amounts, and allow things to return to their usual chaotic levels before taking the time to jot down various impressions for this journal.

Someday, I suppose, I should publish it but, God forbid! not while I am alive or I shortly wouldn't be.

All of the plans were carefully laid, the food and wines laid in, the whole lower floors carefully cleaned and polished, the temporary servants instructed, last minute changes taken care of and so on.

I have had my friends in before but never like this.

Truman came quietly but very punctually at eight. We were to eat at nine and everyone was in their best dress. As I wished, I was able to wear my decorations (some in miniature); the tailor had delivered my formal wear and gave me the last minute fitting about five in the afternoon.

Bunny and her aunt arrived at seven thirty and all of us went into the drawing room to talk and wait for the President to arrive. He was announced exactly at eight and I was in the main hall with Bunny to greet him. He brought two aides with him, very discreet fellows, and no great retinue of guards such as Hitler or Stalin would have used at such occasions.

Neither Truman nor myself grew up in a great house but I dare say we all behaved in a most civilized and correct manner. Introductions were made and we all sat in the drawing room and had very polite conversations until dinner was announced.

The President took Bunny's aunt in to dinner, I took Bunny, Heini took Irmgard and the rest followed two by two. I had footmen in the halls, standing along the corridor, and the dining room was magnificent to behold. The crystal chandelier blazed with light and there were glorious floral arrangements on the table and sideboards. All of the china and silver had the Imperial Russian eagle displayed. I never bothered to tell Truman that this had come from the Imperial palace complex at Pushkin, courtesy of the Wehrmacht.

There was a servant for each guest, a forest of crystal glasses and a great rack of knives, forks and spoons displayed on each side of the service plates. Elaborate folded linen napkins and hand-lettered place cards were all there. I must say, it looked like a state dinner, not a pleasant evening among friends.

Truman sat at one end of the table and I the other and we were still close enough to hear each other's remarks. I think we could have had more women present but three was almost enough.

The dinner was perfect. Klaus had surpassed himself (he did get in a French cook to help him) and the service was seamless. The footmen stood against the walls until they were needed and Klaus did not make the portions so large that there would be no room for the next one.

I began with a toast to the President who graciously responded with a toast to me and then we all sat down to a magnificent dinner and actually interesting conversation.

After dinner, we all went to the music room and Bunny and I performed the Bach for Truman. It went off very well and neither of us missed a note. The piece was just long enough to enjoy and not be bored. When it was over, Truman stood up and applauded and we both bowed to him. And then, I thought a nice touch, I said,

"Now, Mr. President, from the sublime to the ridiculous..."

And without mentioning this to Bunny (for it was an impulse on my part) I sat down and played Joplin's "Felicity Rag" for him. It went very quickly and when I looked over at him, he was beating time with one foot as well as his hand. I also noticed that he was smiling broadly. And he also gave me a round of applause when it was over saying,

"Of course the Bach was first class but I really enjoyed the last piece." And he asked me where I learned it.

We discussed music for a few minutes and then I took him by the arm and said I had a pleasant surprise for him and would the company excuse us? They did and I walked the President down the hall to my study.

It is far too ornate for me to work in but I have a desk in there and like to receive important people there rather than upstairs in my bedroom where I actually work.

The room was filled with relics of Catherine II, including a huge portrait in a gilt frame over the marble fireplace, and two large glass cabinets with extremely rare Russian icons displayed. The President was suitably impressed and I asked him to sit in one of the leather armchairs while I poured both of us a drink. I had my usual cognac and I gave him a Waterford glass with the good bourbon in it.

One drink of it and his entire face lit up.

"My God, Heinrich, this is first class! Where did you get it?"

And I told him.

All together, he had three drinks (he holds his liquor very well) and I had two plus a good cigar.

Basically, we talked about his career and mine and his plans for the future. And, of course, we had a very serious discussion about the people and groups who thought they controlled this country. A very frank discussion, I must say. And T. kept asking me for my opinions on various matters that, considering everything, was most flattering.

Whether it was good manners, the drinks or the overall evening, I do not know but he was certainly open and very sincere.

He hates McCarthy as a crude demagogue and a man "who has no character to lose," but recognizes that what M. is doing is important in neutralizing the influence the extreme left has had in this country. He will continue to rail against the Senator from Wisconsin but will do nothing.

Clifford had dug up some of McCarthy's homosexual activities but Truman flatly refuses to permit this to be used.

This led us into a discussion about the Senate vote on Wednesday to fund an investigation into homosexuality and other such perverse activity in higher government circles. The local police estimate that there are many hundreds of these assholes working in the State Department alone and Truman agrees that we have to weed them out.

My argument was that we ought not to simply persecute these creatures for their activities but to get rid of any such government employee so inclined because of the very real risk that Soviet intelligence might discover their activities and blackmail them into working for them!!! Not that they haven't already but it must not be permitted to continue.

State has already dismissed about a hundred such in the past year but it doesn't touch the rest and this must go on.

Of course, as I told Harry (he has asked me to call him that!) that if we weeded out all the homosexuals in government, did that include Congress as well? And where would it stop? Better to frighten them, like I am frightening the communists and their friends, so as to keep them quiet. Like Voltaire's "Candide," we can shoot one to encourage the others.

I did also mention the concern I had about excluding Asia from our sphere of influence. I clarified this by saying that I had no agenda for him but was merely expressing my concern based entirely on my knowledge of Stalin and his workings. Harry agreed with me completely and will try to give the impression that we are not disinterested in Asia.

When I judged that we had said enough, and he had drunk enough, I rose and we went out into the hall and down to the drawing room. It appeared that everyone was enjoying themselves without us and all in all, it was a pleasant, and for me, a very important moment in my life. After all, I was never invited into the Chancellery or to the Berghof for one of Hitler's social occasions and I can just see what would have happened if he had come to one of my wife's one-pot dinners!

I like to sit back and enjoy a good cigar and a glass of first class cognac in peace and quiet and to contemplate the amazing things that Fortune does for some of us!

When Harry was leaving, I had one of the servants carry out the remainder of the case of bourbon to put into his car. "My Lord," he said, "now that's what I call a royal present. Believe me, I would rather have a case of that than get an honorary degree from Harvard!"

And we all parted in the very best of humor and I went upstairs, kicked off my pumps and had my cigar and a final cognac before going to bed, all alone except for the ever-attentive Maxl who seemed to know how pleased I was.

Müller had strong views on security and he had no hesitation in expressing them when and where he thought best. He had no real knowledge of the actual condition in Asia other than as it might be reflected in Stalin's plans. By linking the two together, he made a number of very well educated guesses. How successful he was will be seen later.

During the late 1940s, the question of homosexuality in government was coming to the forefront in America along with a long-festering fear of communist infiltration.

There is no doubt that many government employees were so inclined and openly recruited others of their persuasion to also seek government service. This was not to promote sedition but merely to have congenial working conditions, and perhaps, even more congenial after-hours activities.

Intelligence officials do not tend to be moralists or they would not be in their occupations, and their basic concerns insofar as homosexuality is concerned is a vulnerability of the subject to outside pressures and very possible manipulation by outside persons or agencies to gain influence or confidential information.

The Russians are well known to exploit sex as an effective tool for recruitment or entrapment, and this exploitation certainly did not stop with Glasnost or the subsequent disintegration of the former Soviet Union.

Just before the end of that geopolitical entity, a scandal involving a homosexual prostitution ring surfaced in Washington at the highest levels and the major concern expressed at that time was the possibility that the KGB might very well be involved.

One of the people involved was a White House press aide who briefed President Reagan daily on press matters.

When his name was found on credit card vouchers for what turned out to be service fees for male prostitutes, Todd Blodgett, 28, admitted his name had been used and that parties with naked male prostitutes had taken place in his apartment but, like Harry Dexter White, flatly denied that he had any guilty knowledge and had "no idea at all" how his name and signature had gotten onto the vouchers.

At the time this scandal broke, the major concern among the Secret Service and other intelligence agencies in Washington was that the inclusion of top government and military officials in the scandal could well, and strongly, indicate the delicate hand of the KGB. A full discussion of this issue and its intelligence concerns is made in an in-depth, front page article in the "Washington Times" of Thursday, June 29, 1989, "Homosexual prostitution inquiry ensnares VIPs with Reagan, Bush."

Thursday, 1 June 1950

McCarthy has really gotten his teeth into this communist business and is now fencing with the State Department. That agency claims that McCarthy has not uncovered a "single communist" in their department and has gotten the U.S. Attorney General to attack McCarthy. However, in the Commerce Department, two senior people, Lee and Remington, have been asked to resign for the reason that they have been involved with communists in the past.

There is the question of loyalty oaths. A genuine communist agent would pose as a black stocking Republican and cheerfully sign ten such oaths. An intellectual communist would not. One gets by the

public screening and the other does not. Of course it is obvious that Hollywood is full of left wing activists but no one wants to make a distinction between some softheaded left wing idiot and a cold, calculating spy.

Well, they will certainly pay for their flirtations with the Mad Maiden of Moscow, won't they?

Friday, 9 June 1950

An interesting story today in the papers that I knew about a week ago.

Incriminating stolen papers found when the left-wing offices of "Amerasia" were raided in 1945 and seized, illegally, by the OSS! It turns out that some of these very sensitive documents clearly connected the father of the CIA with procommunist and certainly treasonable activities. Secretary Forrestal himself tried to block the business but Truman overruled him. Such a rushing around and cover-ups!

I can say that a number of my colleagues at the CIA are very frightened the way this "witch hunt" is going and would like to shut McCarthy up for good. I strongly doubt if they would have the nerve to kill him and they probably won't. They are frightened that their own flirtations with the left, either while in college or when working for the very pro-Stalin OSS will emerge and ruin their chances in the great shield (and organizer) of current U.S. foreign policy.

My knee is bothering me again so I am going to take off a week and give it a rest. I like to walk to work and then take a long stroll around about lunchtime and admire the pretty secretaries out on their lunch hour. I haven't the time, what with the various CIA wives I have been sleeping with and with Bunny who is seriously thinking of moving into my house (flattering, but to be discouraged for the time being). Too much secret work being done there.

Saturday, 24 June 1950 through Thursday, 29 June 1950

Momentous occasions! I'm putting this down based on brief notes taken over the last five days. Harry decided to go back to his farm on Saturday and everything was very quiet in Washington. I was looking at some paintings and seeing to shipping some more degenerate art to New York for a Christie sale. Late in the afternoon, while I was sitting out on the terrace with a glass of iced tea, discussing the garden with Bunny, Heini came running through the door.

"There's war, boss, war!"

I nearly fell out my chair. What was all this about? Someone had called from the agency to tell me, urgently, that the communist (North, ed.) Korean Army had launched a full-scale military attack on their southern neighbors! I was to go to the office at once and a car was sent for me. This was in my capacity as an expert on the Soviets, not as an Asian expert.

A disturbed anthill. Those in the agency who had tried to ignore Asia and whose reports will now certainly return both to haunt them and ruin their careers, are drinking openly in their offices and yelling like children caught in a burning barn. The President has just been informed and will be coming back.

Acheson is to blame for this by declaring in public a number of times that we were no longer interested in that area! I warned Harry about this and I will have to see how much good my warning did.

The real question here is: Will China join in? Will Russia?

I think possibly on the former but negative on the latter. Stalin cannot afford a new war and that devious old Turk will find a way to let the Chinese (whom he is not too fond of, take all the risks and all the blame if they fail) pull his chestnuts out of the fire for him. Oh clever Josef! I can see his hand (at least his good one) in all of this.

We have no troops there and MacArthur is very slow to react. He was even slower to react in December of 1941 when he had eight hours advance notice of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and sat on his Imperial Ass and did nothing at all. His air force, which had long-range bombers and could have done terrible damage to the Japanese fleet and transports, merely sat on the airfields on his specific orders and did nothing at all although his own generals begged him to let the planes attack! And what happened? His aircraft were destroyed on the ground and there was no counter attack. The Japanese were able to land and crush him and wipe out his army.

This time, he's done nothing either. There was a strange relationship between M. and Roosevelt and we know the general loved money. He got a half a million dollars in cash about this time from the Philippine government. No one knows why. And Roosevelt had M. evacuated from Manila and left everyone else behind. We all know Roosevelt feared MacArthur and the general once said of Roosevelt that he would never tell the truth if a lie would suffice.

So now we have a reprise of 1941.

I ask: If the CIA is so clever and has such a nice budget to cover their spies worldwide, how did they, or MacArthur's Tokyo intelligence group, manage to overlook large north Korean (and possibly Chinese) troop movements? You cannot conduct such things in the dark, after all.

Everyone at the CIA is blaming everyone else. The few of us who foresaw the possibility of some kind of Stalinist action are now feeling very superior to the others who studiously avoid us like a plague.

The President returns, very upset and nervous. Is there to be a major war over there or only a limited aggression? In any case, Stalin has picked the wrong man to play games with. Now, he's trying to even the score with Truman over T's victory with the Berlin airlift that cost Josef so much face in the eyes of the world.

It won't work this time either, Josef. Truman is terrible in his determination and anger and he will fight a great deal faster than Josef will. Josef likes to bluff and Truman does not.

This might be the beginning of the end for the glorious Georgian murderer. We shall certainly see. The U.S. stock market had a bowel movement on the 27th and four million shares were dumped.

It was the worst drop since the beginning of the last war in 1939. It came back again the next day.

I have not yet decided whether or not I want to get into stocks and bonds. I know nothing about that field and wouldn't think of it until I learned more. I did give an order to buy some stocks in what will be the war industry because this business looks as if it will go on for some time and now, rearmament is an absolute certainty!

War is certainly good for business, isn't it?

In 1950, all Christie auctions were held in England but the firm had an office in New York that handled American consignments.

Wednesday, 12 July 1950

The (North, ed.) Koreans are pushing everything before them as they drive towards the south. It now looks as if the heavily outnumbered Americans will be shoved right off the Korean Peninsula. Things are not good but Truman will certainly strike back and I am certain American material strength will prevail in the end. The major question here, of course, is what will China do? If the U.S. is driven out of Korea, probably nothing. If the U.S. counterattacks, one does not know.

I have access to most of the very secret CIA position papers on this subject and have been looking over many of them. I am amazed to note that not a single position paper prepared by the CIA ever hinted at a North Korean attack! We are dealing with a gang of pseudo-intellectual morons! Not a single report! My God, and these imbeciles think they can run the foreign policy of this country. Now, they are rushing to find people who have not made such serious errors to come up with new reports that indicate China will attack us next! They hope by this to reestablish their credit here and get in on the rearmament frenzy.

Lunch at the club today with my good friend Senhor Carvalho from Lisbon.

A very frank, and to me at least, a very profitable meeting. The Bank is doing very, very well indeed!

As a Director, my assets in it are now upwards of fifty million dollars! The question now is one of finance vis a vis the war in Korea. We were joined by one of the few practical members of the CIA, Samuel Cummings. One of the few Englishmen I can tolerate, Cummings is deeply engaged in the weapons business and we discussed certain rearming problems for the now-fleeing South Korean constabulary.

Cummings has been scouting out sources of weapons in Europe and I was able to point out some caches in Poland for him. Now he is talking about whether or not the CIA ought to give weapons to Israel. Angleton, and others, are putting this forward here. The Czech Zionists in fresh power there have been sending all their weapons to the new state including German tanks and a lot of our weapons that they captured at the end of the war. How ironic that the Zionists now have a large supply of Third Reich guns which they use to slaughter Arabs!

After Cummings left, my fellow director and myself went to the library where we had a most pleasant discussion about the state of the Bank.

Indeed, when I was in Lisbon in October 1942, it was merely by chance that I encountered Carvalho at our Embassy. I struck up a conversation with him. He needed a small favor from us and since it cost me nothing, I gave it to him. And from there, grew the Bank!

A very private concern, very. Not even identified as a bank anywhere but in the vaults. For example, who knows what lies behind the steel door of 145 rue de Lafayette in Paris? What mysteries does it hide? And our little establishment is the same way, and in a literal sense, the same thing as the Lafayette

address. All of it literally and symbolically underground. It was such a careful plan and it actually worked out.

All of the captured gold we could get was funneled into Portugal through Credit Suisse throughout the war. Much of the gold captured in Holland, Belgium, Denmark and France went to the Reichsbank but I saw to it that certain amounts were sidetracked to Switzerland and from there, shipped across occupied France, through Spain to Portugal. We had no trouble in France because we controlled it but we did have to make certain concessions to Franco, hence a branch of the Bank in Madrid. Nevertheless, it went off very well indeed.

In addition to various bank holdings in Europe, we also managed to lay our hands on all manner of Jewish deposits both via the French, American and British banks. American Express, the House of Morgan, Guarantee Trust, Chase, Barclay's, the Westminister Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada all surrendered their assets belonging to Jewish sources to the French, and they in turn, kept some of it and we got the rest.

No one, of course, was going to stand in the way of the Gestapo and like Louis XIV, the Gestapo was myself. And we took no paper at all, only gold.

The one thing that bothers me, and the other Directors, is that we were unable to lay hands on Globocnik's loot because most of that was in gold. Some of it was found at the end of the war but the rest of it is still down in Austria and it is galling that we can't get at it. There also is the gold that went down on the HMS Edinburgh but that is so deep and the water so cold that getting it up would be impossible, at least at this time.

Now, we have our hands on a very large amount of very safe capital located in two very safe places. Portugal and Spain are as secure as you can get these days. Salazar shows no sign of weakening and Franco is very firmly in power in Spain.

Much of the money stolen by Roosevelt from the Jews in this country in 1941 was hidden in the Canadian bank, and this was later transferred to a bank in England and from there to Switzerland. It was quite easy to lay hands on most of this when it was in Bern and now our assets are in excess of \$500 million and still growing! As one of the three directors with no stockholders and no government supervision...and most important, no books to be poked through by greedy investigators, I am gloriously rich and I and the others are at liberty to invest where and when we wish.

The talk about this subject today was concerned with the Korean business. If it stops very soon, there will be no reason to invest in American weaponry and allied products, but if it goes on for any length of time I am certain that Truman will make a serious issue out of it and there will be heavy military involvement. Given the sad state of American armaments, we could well invest in the right firms. With Cummings' connections as well as my own, we can either buy up small but important firms outright or at the least, invest in them. It is a matter of timing, after all.

My guest will come to dinner tonight and Bunny and I will entertain him until he returns home next week. She is actually very competent in this field and I am now turning over in my mind where our relationship is headed. If it appears to be a solid, progressive one, I may well have to tell her certain background facts about myself before one of the wives tells her something to make her suspicious.

The fact that I have been sleeping with a number of the prettier ones is not to be told to Bunny directly but I will hint that I was entertaining myself before I met her, but now, Small lies but women thrive on them!

McCarthy spoke with me yesterday by phone at the office, which I do not like, and informed me that he suspects that the State Department vacuumed their files of any references to perversion and espionage in 1946! Seeing that the Roosevelt permissive days were gone they determined to protect as many of their black sheep as they could. The FBI was involved in this according to M., so I will talk to Hoover about this as soon as I can. I told M. not to call me directly again and will punish him if he does so.

I find it amusing to read ponderous books by sanctified academics discussing the real reasons behind the Second World War. Oh my yes, such gas is escaping. As we used to say, "Breathe deep children, there's vitamins in the air" just after someone farted.

Of course they blame Hitler for everything and claim he was crazy. Roosevelt and Churchill are elevated to Olympus where they can piss on everyone below, and Stalin, once part of the Unholy Trinity, is now the Fallen Angel.

Robert told me an American joke once. "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

In Germany, a learned professor was an important and respected member of society, but in America the professors are neither learned nor respected. I talked to a prominent one at the club a few weeks ago; a highly respected historical writer who is as stupid as a he-goat and babbles on about his self-

importance endlessly. This educated idiot is supposed to be an expert on Germany, especially the Germany of the Third Reich. The subject turned to the Gestapo and I asked him, with great glee, who was the head of this agency?

He looked at me with the glazed eye of a dead herring and said with great disdain, "Why Heinrich Himmler, of course! Didn't you know that?" "Oh, I had heard it was someone named Müller." "Nonsense, it was Himmler. I never heard of this Müller." "Are you certain?" "My God, did you read my last book? Of course it was Himmler. Of course Heydrich helped him..."

And so on.

If he knew to whom he was talking, he would have shit in his pants, and in the old days I would have stuck him in the cells to instruct him in the realities of life. As it is, I will pull his leg in the future, or much worse, because he is planning to work for the CIA! Just the sort of sponge-head who would do so well there.

If anyone ever thought about it, they would realize that the war had its roots not in nationalism, anti-Semitism, fascism or whatever convenient shibboleth they lean on but in money! It's always money, economics or what you will, that leads men to war. Clausewitz said that war was an extension of political endeavor but I think the financial aspect is far more important, though rarely mentioned by anyone.

France had huge investments in Imperial Russia, England was losing her world trade to Germany, America wanted to expand into European markets, Japan was taking control of Chinese markets, the Depression was creating serious social problems in America in addition to the devastating economic ones, the Allies took all of Germany's gold reserves after the 1914 war, the Soviets refused to honor Czarist bonds, and so on and so on.

Ideologies do not make wars but money does. And that I well know from having been on the inside for years.

Hundreds of millions of U.S. dollars taken in by the SS with the faked British bank notes not only ruined the British economy (which was bankrupt already) but enriched our coffers to the point where I and a few others have now become very rich. And to think I once tried to shut down the Bernhard program because it promoted theft and corruption!

The entire planet is run entirely by theft and corruption, or the love of it!

Sunday, 16 July 1950

Reinforcements are going to Japan where they will be thrown into the battle against the communists in Korea.

Bunny's cousin is a stockbroker and I spoke with him yesterday evening at dinner and the final outcome is that I am now going to invest in so-called defense industry stocks. The word from the White House is that we are in this battle to the bitter end and if the Chinese get into the war there (officially a "police action") then we will be tied up in Asia for some time. They have little in the way of sophisticated military equipment but an enormous pool of manpower. A war there could go on for years. Remember what happened in China when Japan got into it? I don't think the idiots here even remember that protracted morass. They are too busy trying to become important in areas they will never understand, than to read history that could benefit them.

I will start out with petroleum stocks, move into some of the weapons companies and also aircraft. I have a list here of potential military contractors which I obtained three days ago (these wars are certainly well-planned in advance. This list was drawn up two months before the communist attack! Obviously someone knew it was coming but certainly not the President or his closest aides) and I will use that as a menu.

Harry has gone through several bottles of my bourbon present and says each bottle gets better. I think it's his imagination. He is certainly very upset about the war but also a very stubborn man. This is not a man to get angry, as I have noted.

A very long talk with Bunny last night about one thing and another, mostly my past and our present.... and future. I finally told her who I was, and amazingly, she did not care. There is a risk in saying too much to a woman but this one is quite different from the others. She has a very quick mind, knows where she is going and apparently has strong feelings for me.

We discussed the intelligence game for some time and she indicated to me that she would very much like to get involved in it. I do not like this but she is determined.

She certainly has enough social connections to get in and considering her intelligence, would probably be the Deputy Director in a year but women do not play an important role in Washington at this time.

We went over a number of matters concerning the CIA and I told her several times that they were a gang of elitist cutthroats with no social redemption. She laughed because she knows a number of them and has been around such assholes most of her life. Getting paid for it, she says, would be rewarding.

The next thing we discussed was the future for us.

She knows about Sophie and that while I am legally dead; I am still legally married to her and have a family. Bunny doesn't care about that, said that if I am officially dead, I can remarry under my new personality. She also referred to us as latter day Mormons and we could practice polygamy!

The word marriage has not yet quite surfaced but it came very, very close and I assume I am expected to make the move. I will have to think about it, discuss this with a lawyer friend and then go from there. In a week, perhaps, or two. I told her I would make a decision on the future by then and she trusts me to keep my word. After all, we have been remarkably honest with each other.

And I did tell her about my little affairs with the CIA wives. I thought she might get angry but she only laughed. That sort of thing is the rule in Washington, not the exception and both of us are adults in the end.

She did mention to me that she wanted to talk to me about some property that was in her family down in Virginia. It belonged to an uncle who could not keep it up during the war (the servants all ran away and worked in defense plants) and then had a stroke and could not live there. It is a large Herrenhaus (manor, ed.) with hundreds of acres surrounding it. The uncle raised blooded horses. The place is going up for sale and she said that she would really like to keep it in the family, but her aunt liked Washington and her town house so that was not possible.

I am getting tired of this place because it is now too small for my collection, it is rented for me and my idiot colleagues from the CIA and the army come by and bother me. I told her we could drive down next weekend, look at the place and make a day of it. Of course Heini would have to drive and she has no problem with that.

The place is located at a town named Warrenton, about sixty miles southwest of Washington. We shall see.

Sunday, 23 July 1950.

Small items:

The Senate has been yelling about McCarthy and the press is talking about some problem he has with drawing his official pay as a judge while attending to other matters. They don't have anything on him or he would be gone by now but they just keep on shrieking every time he goes after some socially prominent Roosevelt appointee.

I understand that MacArthur is getting enough troops and equipment on hand to make a counterattack fairly soon. I have now a nice portfolio of stocks and am considering expanding.

We have had a very pleasant trip down into Virginia to look at the family property. It is a very beautiful house, what is called here as "Georgian" after the British kings. A very large, impressive house in a pinkish brick, copper roof with a fine patina, three stories, shuttered windows and a tall portico in front.

The total number of rooms is just over thirty with eight bedrooms, ten bathrooms or partial bathrooms, a huge kitchen, library, dining room, assembly room, gallery, entrance hall, huge staircase which ascends to the third floor, solid oak and rosewood doors, and marble floors. Much of the paneling is old pine and there are fireplaces in almost every room in the house. There are four bedrooms on the second floor, all with sitting rooms and bathrooms and on the third, four bedrooms with baths. Fireplaces in all but one of the bedrooms.

House has an elevator and a large swimming pool that is set up to be used as a reservoir in case of fires. Bath houses and dressing rooms also in brick. A beautiful formal garden and a tennis court! That's a sport I could take up when my knee is in service.

The section set aside for horses is immense! There is room for fifty horses, grooms, and veterinarians. An indoor track, maternity stable for mares, a nursery for young horses.

Also, a barn for cows, various outbuildings for servants, pumps for the water, kennels for dogs, boiler rooms and so on endlessly.

And not to be forgotten is an old church made out of stone on one edge of the property.

The property sits on over three hundred acres of rolling, wooded land and the weather there is much milder than in the District. I am told that this is the most beautiful part of the state of Virginia and I can easily believe it!

The town of Warrenton has less than 2,000 people and is very quiet and sedate. There are, of course, many black people in this state but they are rural in composition and unlike the urban ones in Washington, not given to crime.

The place will need additional security fencing, gates which can be controlled from the inside, alarm systems and I will bring over at least ten more of my people to help out with the house and the security.

No one has lived in the mansion for a number of years and the sunlight has faded some of the curtains, all of which are old and must be replaced. I will wish to have the bathrooms modernized somewhat and I have ideas about some statuary for the gardens which I would certainly wish to make over more in the European style.

It is a very well built house in its own grounds and it even has a nice stream on the property. There is a very good stream running through the place in Colorado and I might take up fly-fishing as a sport.

We went there with a real estate agent and I left Bunny to talk with him while Heini and I made a tour of the place. It took us over four hours to see everything and I must say I dozed off in the car on the way back.

It is absolutely magnificent, without question, and certainly not that expensive considering my assets. This would be a tremendous place for my collection of paintings and for the furniture I would like to buy. Bunny has suggested American colonial but I like Louis XV and XVI. We can compromise, of course.

She knows in the way that women have, that I am probably going to buy it and was absolutely charming on the way home.

We told the agent that there needed to be work done on the property and I had filled my notebook with all kinds of minor repairs. He, of course, believing that we wanted the place (he knows about Bunny's uncle and knows the family by name) and began to suggest a price "adjustment" for us.

I do not want to raise horses, but Bunny does, so she can have what she wants in that area.

I will go to the bank tomorrow and begin the transaction but we both know that the property cannot be in my name. We have worked out a suitable plan whereby a very poor cousin will hold the actual title but will give us back a signed deed to it so that we can execute it at any time we wish.

And, of course, I proposed to her after dinner tonight and she, of course, accepted. Bunny is certainly strong enough to do that herself but propriety demands that the male make the first move. I did. I don't think Sophie would be too happy but life is cruel, isn't it?

We will give up the house in Washington and I will either take the train into town or be driven. I will get a new car; in fact the garage holds seven so we will see how many more we need.

If Bunny wants to come into town by herself, she can stay with aunt and I can stay at the club so the unpleasantness of living in a hot, humid and nasty town will be a thing of the past.

I now own the place in Colorado, which is nowhere as large as the new estate but I want it for the winter sports and Bunny is in complete agreement. That place has 640 acres and this over three hundred so I will be an American landowner with a thousand acres to my holdings. I should design a coat of arms and have it painted on all my cars and put onto the notepaper but that is simply too much vanity and is risking the attention of fate.

How interesting life can be!

One year a hunted war criminal and the next, a Virginia gentleman, soon slated to be a colonel in the American General Staff, an advanced collector of very valuable, often significant art (almost all of which was stolen but we don't talk about that, do we?). A beautiful, well-bred and very intelligent wife and companion, an excellent domestic staff and perhaps seven cars!

I can sit here and remember my very humble beginnings with great (and often unpleasant) clarity and marvel about the ways of God and man!

Tuesday, 25 July 1950

I had Philby come by the club and had a brief meeting with him. Several of the members know him and there was considerable polite back-and-forth but finally we got rid of the nuisances.

Conversation turned on the Korean business. It seems Moscow wants to know as much as they can about Truman's intentions and especially about the bomb. I gave P. a document, suitably doctored, which shows we will do nothing more in Korea and will not drop the bomb on either northern Korea or on China if it gets into the business. I had this made myself and it has nothing to do with the CIA. It certainly

looks authentic and Philby has no reason to doubt it. Why? Well, if the war goes on there, my investments will certainly prosper. It is not to my advantage to see a quick end to this business.

He, in turn, gave me information on British spies here. These are sources for the British, not the usual FO (Foreign Office, ed.) types that come over here and spy. The sources can now be fed false information to show American weakness and lack of determination to finish the course in Asia.

If Stalin gets this sort of information from a number of sources he will absolutely believe it. I made my career dealing with Josef and I can now enhance my personal fortune doing the same thing.

Philby is drinking too much and did so at the club. He can handle his liquor well but drinking as he does will eventually kill him and certainly affect his critical judgment. He drinks from early in the morning and I only drink at night and then very little compared with my late war consumption.

Monday, 31 July 1950

The FBI is about to make the final arrests in the atomic bomb spy ring uncovered earlier. Rosenberg, the leader of the ring, his wife and others involved. His wife's brother was caught and informed on all of them. I understand the case will be sent before a very ruthless judge who has been asked to make an example of them. A brief conversation with Philby who is well aware of the ring and rather sad it was caught but that is the way things go.

We really need a few public executions to terrify the others and I have made this point a number of times, especially to Harry who agrees, but is concerned about international opinion. Who cares? Are we worried about Russia? France? Italy? All are either controlled by the communists or are so sympathetic as to be useless. The British are so weak and so infiltrated that their opinions are equally worthless.

I have been advocating rounding up all the British agents and hanging a few of them but of course, this will never happen. We could do to them what they did in America during the war. When the British agents here found someone who they disapproved of, they simply killed him. Hoover knows about this and has given me some files on it. I suggested to him that I have a few of my people do the same to them now and he merely smiled and said not to tell him any more about it.

Once I get a few more names from Philby, I will have a talk with Arno and see what can happen. Philby was loudly complaining that the officials in London were posting a man named (Anthony, ed.) Burgess here next month. P. tells me that Burgess is a "real horror" who is an outrageous homosexual and a drunk with a terrible, destructive drive. P. says that America is the most important diplomatic posting and why this lunatic is being sent here is not to be believed. Also says that Burgess is involved with Soviet intelligence so we will have someone else to watch. Philby said he likes to put on women's dresses and pick up sailors off the streets so perhaps we can have him arrested for this behavior and then question him privately...and very severely.

Of course, it is my observation that so many of the British are screaming fairies that one more won't make much of a difference in this town, which is full of domestic ones, so Burgess must be terrible indeed to draw such comments from Philby. He said he went to university with Burgess and his conduct was outrageous even then.

Maybe he will become Ambassador. I can just see him (I would rather not) at a dinner there wearing a gown with jewels, rouge and lipstick! I doubt that something like that can be blackmailed but perhaps Arno could flense him like a whale. P. says he is "nasty, smelly and fat."

I wonder what there is about government service that draws these assholes to it like flies to pig shit? There were hundreds in Berlin before Hitler came to power and I know that there must be thousands in England. Washington has enough to fill the sewers of Paris and that is one of the reasons why I will be happy to get down into the country.

August is always the worst month in Washington and I will be happy to get to Virginia and see about the house. I bought it, of course, and everyone here is very happy except one of the servants, one of my own from Germany, who has a girl friend here. He came to see me, looking very sad, and mentioned his true love and how much she meant to him. I was sympathetic and because he is a good man, I offered to hire her as well so now all is joy here.

The packing, crating and moving will be an enormous project but the goal makes it worthwhile.

Bunny found an interior decorator who runs around like his legs were tied together at the knees and waves his arms around like an Italian tenor in a Verdi opera. She wants him to oversee the decorations and he has good taste, except no doubt, in his choice of bed partners. And they are so expensive and difficult to deal with.

"Oh no, dear, that has to go there! Oh, and this just won't do at all!"

I will let her do that part. We can get married either here or down in Virginia. She wants to get married here but on that, I am firm. I do not want the zoo from the CIA to pollute my wedding. They would all get drunk, go into the garden and plot to murder the King of the Belgians because someone thinks he might be a communist agent.

Aunt is not happy. Aunt, I find out, does not have as much money as I thought.

The house down the street, the limousine and all that belong to the estate and Bunny is one of two beneficiaries of the trust, which keeps aunt in nice things. Well, she is an interesting old lady and will stay where she is. Bunny has plenty of money so I informed her that she could spend it on her horses, which she agrees to.

I refuse to get up on a horse.

Next week, Bunny and I will go to New York to see about additional furniture. We are going to take everything out of this house and quite a bit from hers. I don't think aunt is overly happy but she has plenty to keep her happy.

I told Bunny to let her keep the family pictures because, frankly, most of them look like people with gland disorders. I didn't tell her that, naturally.

I doubt if Truman would come down there but he might after all.

There is one room which could do duty as a ball room but people don't have formal dances these days so I plan to turn it into a room with all of the Imperial Russian artifacts.

Tuesday, 1 August 1950.

Large Otto (Skorzeny, ed.) will be here the first week of August to confer with Wisner and others and we will all get together. Angleton is concerned that someone might notice him (after all, Otto is huge and badly scarred from his student days) so we will meet on a boat out on the river. We can dine (and Wisner can drink himself into his usual stupor) and Otto and I can discuss the old days while the lights of Washington glitter in the distance.

Otto will be bringing an Irishman with him whom everyone here seems to be genuinely terrified of. He is a secret power in the IRA (Irish Republican Army, a group of Irish freedom fighters, ed.) who has a reputation for violence and savagery that terrifies even the CIA. Of course they are only theoretical murderers. I can't imagine any of them actually killing anyone and most of them would wet their pants if they had to witness one of their assassination projects. I should like to meet this holy terror and probably will.

Bunny and I have picked out a good deal of furniture, both from Washington and the showrooms of New York. There is a gang of workers painting, polishing, mending and such in Virginia and we have postponed our wedding until the first day of September. The house should be done by then and even now; my people are starting to crate everything. The back terrace is piled high with lumber, a saw and such so all day long we hear the sounds of hammering and the scream of the saw.

Maxl knows something is going on and looks at me very anxiously with his brown eyes but I keep talking to him and I know he trusts me. I think he will have a marvelous time down in Virginia and he and Bunny get along very well. This is a good sign. If my dog doesn't trust someone, neither do I.

No one at work knows I am moving and I intend to keep it that way. None of them would be of the slightest help and hopefully, the new place is far enough away to discourage any casual visiting. This Georgetown area is incestuous, believe me. Chattering gossips of both sexes, greed, ambition, lies, licentiousness, drunkenness and a pathological thirst to be Someone Who Knows. That's the way it is.

None of these ninnies wants to be left out or be thought of as someone not important enough to know important people or events. "Oh yes," one of them will say upon hearing of some state secret being openly discussed at a raucous cocktail party at the Greek embassy, "Oh yes, I know all about that and *only last week* the President told me..." But the President doesn't even know them and wouldn't want to. All the Russians would have to do would be to give parties at their embassy and they wouldn't need a spy ring at all.

Gabble, gabble, just like a flock of geese. And most of them act like geese, too. Rip up everything and shit all over it.

Sunday, 6 August 1950

A marvelous weekend was had by at least two of the participants.

Large Otto arrived here, along with his fearsome Irishman, and was put up at a safe house that I am sure the Russians are watching.

After it got dark, we all got onto a nice excursion boat that was staffed with CIA men and went for a nice cruise up and down the Potomac. As I thought, Otto has gained weight, Wisner got very drunk and vomited all over some aide before falling down and I met the notorious Irishman.

Very interesting, the Irish. I found this one, who calls himself Fergus (but who isn't) to be exceptionally intelligent if somewhat cruel. Otto is working with the IRA now at the CIA's request. The Army got Otto out of detention camp in Germany after he had been acquitted of war crime charges and then Wisner took him over.

It seems that the U.S. has financial interest in certain business properties in England and Ireland and the CIA cut a deal with the very militant IRA to protect this property (the Irish love bombs).

The agreement?

We would train and arm the IRA provo wing and others of a like-minded attitude providing they kept away from U.S. property. Otto is doing the job very well and Cummings is supplying the Irish with British weapons he bought in India! How entertaining! The Irish are killing the British and their various informers with their own weapons!

Fergus has a very sharp sense of humor, speaks very well but with an accent and I found him quite delightful. He is a very literate man, well versed in history and invective, and once he heard that I was German and detested the British, we at once became good friends.

Later, I spoke with both Fergus and Large Otto in private and found that Otto now has a new chief of staff who is every bit as capable as Radl whom we used to call "Skorzeny's Nanny."

Otto is a decent fellow but not overly bright but his aide makes up for it. He and I discussed Irish authors, playwrights and Schiller for some time and I have made up my mind I will invite him to visit me in Virginia. We could hear Wisner cursing from the cabin when he woke up and found himself all alone but no one paid any attention to him at all. His aide, covered with royal puke, was cleaning off his coat in the lavatory and the rest of us were sitting out on the deck enjoying the cooler air and so on.

Otto asked me, in his Viennese German, if I thought Hitler was dead. I told him he knew the answer to that but he winked and pointed to a CIA man who was listening from the other side of an awning.

I assume the man spoke German or I would have suggested to Otto that we might see if the man could swim. As it was, I got up, asked the man if we could help him and he looked very annoyed and walked away. It's too bad Arno wasn't here or he and Fergus might have had some fun.

The rest of the trip was devoted to technical matters and some light humor. Wisner sobered up and began to talk to himself. This is always a bad sign because Frank is a certifiable lunatic who will one day end up at St. Elizabeth's monkey house.

St. Elizabeth is an establishment for the insane in Washington. When prominent members of Congress had alcoholic or psychotic lapses, they went to Bethesda where a whole floor had to be set aside for their care and feeding. An entire floor was necessary because of the numbers of the afflicted.

Frank Wisner eventually went completely insane and had to be confined in such an institution. He never fully recovered from the Hungarian Revolt fiasco and eventually blew his brains all over the ceiling with a shotgun.

The American involvement with the IRA has never been discussed before in public. One of the members whom Otto Skorzeny had trained was part of the team that blew up Lord Louis Mountbatten, close relative of the British Queen.

At a later period, persons on the CIA's Canada desk supplied the Quebec Librè movement with weapons, money and assistance. The rationale behind this was that if Quebec separated from Canada, that country would no doubt break up into various independent units and the U.S. could obtain British Columbia, a province which was felt to be important both geographically and as a repository of useful natural resources.

A number of plastique bombs were detonated, people were killed and civil disorder broke out but that bothered no one at Langley because bombs were always being detonated, people were always being killed and civil disorder was the natural by product of their manic experiments. If any of these projects ever succeeded, no one has ever discovered it but when the inmates run the asylum, one cannot expect order to follow.

Friday, 11 August 1950

It now appears that MacArthur is preparing to mount a counterattack against the Koreans very soon now...probably early next month. This means that the war will certainly go on for a time. Philby has

said that this is certainly a proxy war on the part of Stalin, designed not to gain territory for Russia but to preoccupy the U.S. in Asia to give him more freedom in Europe. Stalin has been balked in Greece and Italy but still has hopes in getting some control in Italy and France. The Netherlands are out for him but Belgium is a possibility.

In this case, Stalin is acting the fool. Josef was always a clever man who knew exactly how far he could push before stopping. Now, he has guaranteed a buildup of American military power and has so alarmed the public here that they will readily accept such a thing as universal conscription and a massive increase in military spending. Stalin does not have the industrial base that they do here and Japan found this out to her sorrow. Once aroused, the people here are formidable indeed.

Naturally, I have no complaints about this situation because I have been making serious investments in American defense (or attack) industry. I have been privately told that there will be a huge order placed for more, heavy U.S. tanks to fight the larger (and much better) Soviet ones.

My broker will place three orders tomorrow in this area. Who will get the contracts will be revealed next week so we can wait until then to know exactly where to put the money.

So far, it is only the North Koreans who are fighting but the Chinese are very concerned with this and as I see it, they ought to be pushed along in the right direction. Moscow is pushing them from one direction, namely to prepare to support North Korea if the United States gets into that country. Russia does not want American troops on her border so close to the vital naval bases at Vladivostok. They fought the Japanese over this and they will fight anyone else.

On the other hand, Stalin knows that if he attacks this country, he will be destroyed and in spite of his growing irrationality (due to his age I am told), he will not openly fight us. Truman would use the bomb and Stalin really doesn't have one. We know this but the public does not, and there is much talk about a surprise Soviet attack here. Nonsense! Children have to get under their desks in school and one sees Civil Defense material being published now.

This harkens back to the great war scare of 1948 which has its basis in actions on the part of Stalin but was and has been greatly, and deliberately, enhanced by the military here. I should add, the military coupled with the very aggressive Republicans in Congress.

The Gehlen report was complete fiction as we know, but it served to terrify Congress and the people here with its talk about an imminent Soviet invasion.

There was the diplomatic detente between Finland and Russia; the mutual assistance pact. This was taken together with the "seizure" of Czechoslovakia. The report was deliberately planned to play on the fears these two Soviet events engendered here. Of course, Finland did not become an actual ally of Stalin and the communists already had de facto control over the Czechs but here it was viewed as the rumblings of a volcano about to erupt.

And what was the actual purpose of all this? I see this as all very simple.

Roosevelt had gotten, and maintained, his power through his courtship with the radicals in this country. They were not a majority but were a very well organized and effective bloc that was able to keep him in power. In order to keep their support, which was absolutely vital, Roosevelt opened the ranks of his bureaucracies to their numbers, formally recognized Stalin's repressive government, openly courted the American radicals in the trade unions, especially the CIO, and furthermore, was publicly sympathetic to Stalin and supported the Reds in Spain in 1936.

When Hitler was given power in Germany and at once began to pressure the Jewish community there, many of its members fled to America and brought with them their (quite natural) hatred of Hitler and National Socialism. These people gravitated to Hollywood, to the academic world and to the banking community.

Very soon, all three of these areas began to systematically attack Germany and Hitler, and as many of these people and their friends had gained Roosevelt's ear, and very often, positions inside the government, the President began to attack Germany at every opportunity.

We then had a union here of active communists and the Jewish community keeping Roosevelt agitated against Germany. He didn't care anything at all about Japan although left wing elements in the government were anti-Japanese because they were very pro-Russian. As Russia and Japan were enemies, the enemies of Russia were the enemies of Roosevelt and his left wing supporters.

At that time, England was the banking capitol of the world and her banks survived and expanded on interest-bearing loans. England has always maintained that no other country on the continent of Europe could ever challenge her financial and industrial might. Any nation that did so was destroyed. England could not tolerate Napoleon's protectionist attitude towards a growing French industry and she launched

into a war that ravaged Europe for many years. The same happened when Germany united, did away with its internal trade barriers, and began a period of great economic expansion following 1870.

As British trade lost out to German trade, England decided to crush Germany and eventually did so. Of course, she did herself terrible damage in the process but that in no way slowed her down.

Then, when it looked as if England had control of the economic situation on the continent, Hitler came along and began another period of German economic expansion. It was his introduction of the barter system coupled with his unfortunate anti-Semitism that guaranteed the active animosity of the British bankers, an animosity that spread to their co-religionists in this country and led to a unified economic attack against Germany.

When this did not prove to be successful because, like Napoleon, Hitler instituted his own continental system, the next level of attack aimed at a military intervention and we know what happened then

Interestingly enough, the communists also became a party to this campaign although they then became allied with the banking communities of the West.

Germany was strongly anti-communist and her official policy of anti-Semitisim was a two-fold attack on Russia because so many of the leaders of the party and of Stalin's government were Jewish.

There is a strong link between all Jewish communities throughout the world and it is an internationalistic community that is loyal only to itself and never to the country in which it is located. Communism was founded by these people and maintained by them so that an attack on both the Jews and communism resulted in a very far-reaching network of bitter enemies being created.

I really do not think that if Hitler had not promulgated his anti-Jewish programs that it would have mattered in the end, because of the animosity of the international banking community. All large banks, and many small ones, are linked to each other and all consider each other's problems as their own.

This situation is as old as civilization and the bankers have a centuries-old record of making and breaking governments, emperors and kings who did not suit their needs. The Templars, great bankers of their day, were destroyed by the French king who then took over the banking for himself.

Interestingly enough, the Jewish bankers in Czarist Russia gained too much power and the nobility owed them too much money so the great pogroms of the late 19th century ensued, the grip of the bankers on Russia's economy was broken and many of its members were chased out of the country where they ended up either in Germany or the United States.

We can see the power of the banks even in the postwar situation with Germany. Although a number of shrill voices has been raised that all German industry should be destroyed forever, American banks and corporations do not want this situation.

Therefore, Germany is forgiven her past and it will be business as usual. Many senior members of Hitler's party were punished but very few businessmen, and then only a token number. I know from my own knowledge that many American firms did business with us up until the last days of the war and were eager to continue once Roosevelt was dead.

Roosevelts and Hitlers come and go but business abides and in the end, it will win. Business, after all, made huge profits from the last war, saw its income decrease with the advent of peace and is now pushing to keep things going the way they are right now. None of the business people, like Behn or some of my new friends at the Metropolitan Club, want another world war so soon after the last but rearmament and limited military engagements are considered excellent for business all the way around.

Once Truman came to power, he realized very quickly that he could not continue to do business with Russia the way Roosevelt had. He was not liberal, did not like the strange people like Wallace who represented them, and realized from first-hand experience with Stalin (at Potsdam) that he could get nowhere with him.

Stalin also realized this and began to push here and there, just to see how weak Truman might be. Truman was not, as witness the Berlin Air-lift, and Stalin was thwarted in his expansionistic programs. He still had a formidable body of supporters in America and he turned to them to see what he could accomplish.

Truman stopped the destruction of Germany, blocked Eisenhower's attempts to implement the socalled Morgenthau Plan which Eisenhower himself had suggested, sent food and medical aid to Germany and then set up a plan to assist all of Europe to recover from the war.

This was absolutely anathema to Stalin whose communist agents thrived on poverty and discontent and he did what he could to discredit Truman. Aside from his bureaucratic assistants in place, his biggest weapons were the trade unions that were filled with active and very aggressive communists.

Truman did not want to alienate these unions, whose support was vital to the needs of the Democratic Party but at the same time, he would not tolerate the situation that Roosevelt engendered. He tried to walk a fine line between anti-communism, which was quickly growing in this country, and the union support. The bankers, aside from the Jewish ones, were not particularly against him and looked with favor on the rebuilding of the European social and business infrastructure.

But there were rumblings from Hollywood as well as the trade unions and he was not able to walk a fine line for very long. Soon, he made it clear that if there was any political sabotage from the far left, he would retaliate very severely.

The arrogance of this group was astounding but perhaps understandable considering how Roosevelt had paid active court to them for twelve years. They say that times change and we must change with them but most people do not understand this and simply go on their way, doing what they have done for years.

Truman coupled his European recovery program with a very limited movement against communists in America. One thing Truman did not do, nor ever will, was to attack or attempt to expose the very large number of communists that are now entrenched in the government. He has no problem with McCarthy's trouble making but has been very stubborn about letting anyone get into the personnel files of government employees.

He has been talked to about this reluctance and is slowly moving away from his original position but I must say, very slowly. All of this started very slowly but has gained a terrible momentum which will overcome Truman and the rest of us before it runs its course. Strangely enough, the strongest opponent of the McCarthy efforts to slash into the communists in government has been Colonel Hoover! In talks with me, he has indicated that this is a bad idea and can lead to serious problems in this country if allowed to continue unchecked.

I agree with him but have pointed out that a heightened awareness of the presence of communists would nullify their political efforts to attempt to regain power. Wallace is politically dead, thank God, but there are others waiting in the wings to come onto the stage with various "progressive" movements, and all of these ought to be set a very serious example. The Rosenberg atom spy ring has been exposed although I am told that several high-level scientists in the program have been officially left alone because they are far too valuable to the bomb program to tamper with.

I myself had a similar problem after the July 20 business when I was investigating the High Command. This bunch was full of anti-Hitler people and some of them assisted in the dirty business. However, we simply could not arrest them all because it would have put the military out of business at a very critical period in our history. One has to exercise a great deal of caution at times.

This business has now gotten out of hand and I am interested to see where it will go. Of course I will benefit from it and at present, I am the one expert on communist espionage and infiltration in this country. And they all know it, so for the time being I am safe enough. If Stalin dies, as he is bound to, and Russia collapses, then my services will no longer be needed and it will be incumbent on me to make my plans for a quick removal from danger now. Money and identification is not a problem but my final destination is.

I cannot go to any country where this country has any power because they would probably come after me and the other countries are filthy, poverty-stricken backwaters of society.

Probably the best course is to get my hands on as much incriminating material on the top people as I can and then let them know about it. The Karlsefni business appears to be the very best and it is working, as I well know from my friends at the CIA offices. They are terrified of this man (myself) who seems to know so much about them.

They do not tell me anything about him but I do read the confidential (and secret) paperwork here. They think he might be in Formosa and are frantically looking for him there so as to be able to murder him after they force him to give up his files.

They should really look down the hall on that one.

Sunday, 13 August 1950

Wallace has now left his Progressive Party because he publicly supports the intervention in Korea. There wasn't much left of his party anyway and there has been a great deal of pressure put on him lately. Truman called him a communist and the war in Korea, (a war and not a "police action") has done terrible damage to the friends of the peace-loving Soviet Union. I believe that if such a war did not begin by the actions of the communists, it would have been necessary for us to instigate one.

Wars have a wonderful unifying effect on a dissident population. I recall, even though I was young at the time, the effect the declaration of war by Germany in 1914 had on the left wing in the Reichstag. Much unity...for a time. It will be that way here for a brief period and then the left wing, seeing its friends being shot at, will clamor for peace. Truman can't give it to them because he has declared himself to be the head of the war party and cannot back down.

He is now being faced with a military, not a civilian, problem. That problem now is: where to stop in the event this country manages to shove the enemy back to their own borders? A "police action" should logically stop when the invaders have been expelled but the military will see this as a chance for greater glory and they will wish to pursue their new enemy into his own country.

Monday, 21 August 1950

I have heard from Sophie, through the cut outs, that she is not happy with her current situation. She wants more money, which I can certainly supply, and wants me to visit her! Mad woman! They are watching the house as I well know and a recent contact has told me that the Russians are also watching. Interestingly enough, my contact, Viktor, is an NKVD man who is here in Washington disguised as a Canadian businessman connected to their trade mission! How interesting to talk to another professional again and one from the enemy camp. A very clever man, this one. I met him at the club last week where he was a guest. I could see that he wanted to talk to me so I made myself available and we had a nice chat in the library.

I spotted him as a Russian immediately. He speaks perfect English...too perfect...but his questions tended to give him away. If you listen to someone very carefully, you can find out exactly what they want from you. In this case, he was probing me. He has seen me with Behn and others, knows I am Swiss, or has been told this, and is curious. Viktor also speaks German and knows the difference between German and Swiss dialects. I, on the other hand, speak Russian and we can both spot the differences in our fronts. Entertaining. Finally, yesterday, we had another chat and this time we decided to stop wasting time and get right down to business.

He knows who I am and I know who he is and there we sat, smoking good cigars and talking shop with each other. V. knows Philby who I suspect has tipped him off but at this level, who cares? The public has no idea of the fact that people like V. and myself are purely professional and are not interested in emotional ideology.

Neither one of us has the slightest intention of exposing the other. That would be unprofessional and rude so we sit and chat about various matters. His family is in Moscow, no doubt as hostages for his good behavior, and mine is in Pasing because I can't go back and frankly, don't want to.

V. shares my contempt for the British who he says are unprincipled whores, kissing and sucking up to both the Russians and ourselves.

After the cigars, a very good game of chess. He is hard to beat; Russians are superb chess players, but I beat him. We will have to play again and when we were leaving the club, V. made some sly comment about the difference between the home in Pasing and my place in Georgetown.

I told him he should come by sometime for a drink and a game of chess but considering that a good part of the first floor is furnished with stolen works of art from his country, I doubt if my house would be a good idea and besides, the place is now empty. At least he doesn't know that much and because I haven't told Philby that I have moved, Victor is dealing with stale coffee.

The Soviets would beat the Americans with my presence here if it would benefit them but no doubt they think to turn me around to work for them. This, of course, would never happen but maybe I can turn Viktor to work for me! Stranger things have happened and he is the best chess player I have found since I came here. Those at the CIA who think they are so clever play like young children and are so easy to beat that the games are not entertainment whatsoever.

I mentioned this to Bunny and she thought it was most entertaining and that we ought to cultivate him.

I told her that as we were getting married next week, I disapproved of bringing strange men into the house, even if it is in the line of business. I told her that we had agreed to keep the business away from the house but women are peculiar after all.

Speaking of the wedding, the invitations have been sent out to her relatives and my staff and those few among my co-workers who would be infuriated not to have been invited. One takes the good along with the bad!

The house is now almost completely redecorated and furnished and I must agree with Bunny that the place looks very grand indeed. One can get used to luxury very quickly and I was thinking of the coldwater apartment I once occupied in Berlin. Comparisons are often odious but in this case, quite pleasant.

Bunny is not Catholic but I have insisted on being married in the Church and on this issue, we are in agreement. One of my friends from Georgetown will perform the services although my new friend, Cardinal Spellman, would have been more impressive.

The hothouses will supply the flowers; Hayes is supplying the music and my kitchens will supply the food and wines.

Saturday, 2 September 1950

Now I am a happily (I sincerely hope...not like the last time) married man!

Now what Bunny and I do is legal. Maybe that will rob it of some of the forbidden fun but a pleasant home is much to be desired.

Such a great deal of fuss which could be accomplished in a simple Washington court room but Bunny and her aunt had their hearts set on an elaborate ceremony and I must say, they certainly had it.

All of her friends, of course (simply showing off her catch of the day) and my staff, aunts, cousins and so on. The place smelled like a funeral and the women were weeping. The men were shaking my hand because, after all, Bunny is very attractive as well as very rich, and so on.

The service was held in the main drawing room and afterwards, we all adjourned to a huge buffet (I prefer these to a sit-down dinner) in the gallery. A string orchestra was playing Mozart. Champagne, very good vintages I regret to say, was vanishing at an alarming rate but there were no drunken rampages such as I have witnessed at the parties of a number of my CIA friends. My guests know how to hold their liquor.

An amusing incident with my new bosom friend, Viktor. He behaved like a proper Canadian businessman until he saw some of my Russian treasures and then became somewhat agitated. I took him by the arm and showed him other treasures that had come from France.

His comment? Typically Russian. "But these pieces are only stolen from rich Jews. The other pieces are stolen from our state museums!"

Like most Russians, Viktor does not like Jews and said to me later, "At least we did have some things in common with the Nazis. We both hate Jews."

Which was typical and amusing because I do not hate Jews. I don't have any on my staff nor do I work with any at the CIA (who doesn't have many at all and no one in the inner circles) but I have better things to do than to persecute Jews. We can let the Republicans and the Army people do that.

And there were two Generals, one Colonel, one Admiral (retired) and a number of lesser ranks in attendance.

Bunny and I made the circle of the guests; stopping here and there to talk to people she or I knew. Very much like a royal court. A levee indeed! King Heinrich and his royal consort receiving the nobility. And tables full of very expensive gifts, mostly ornate silver pieces, only a few of which are plate.

Our rings are very simple affairs but the engagement ring I gave her has a one-carat square cut emerald mounted in platinum. Old (again, another Imperial Russian piece) but very elegant. There is a matching emerald and diamond choker (or dog collar as Bunny calls it), which I wanted her to wear, but we both decided that it was too ornate for the occasion. It will take days to clean up the mess here and I will stay and supervise.

Bunny is getting more items from her aunt's place and she tells me that my place is being cleaned up and will be put onto the market soon. I outgrew it soon enough, but this place is a small kingdom and ought to absorb quite a bit of art.

It certainly is much cooler here than in the District and we are going to rebuild the old chapel on the roadside. My father used to do that for a living and I have acquired a bit of knowledge in that area. It obviously was for a Protestant family and I will convert it to a Catholic chapel, but I doubt if I will have a chaplain on my staff. Now if I could get Bunny to convert, that might be different. I do have a number of very valuable relics such as altarpieces, plates and so on, which would do much better in a church than in my house.

Wednesday, 6 September 1950

Autumn is coming by small steps. It will be very beautiful here then. I am used to four seasons, which we do not have in Washington, but does happen here. Hoover is expanding his FBI to have a total of 5,000 agents. I think he will get the funds for this because everyone on the Hill is afraid of what Hoover

has in his files! Truman has asked for this and it ought to go through. Hoover says he can arrest 12,000 of the most important communists here if he gets the money. Of course, this is all nonsense and nothing of the sort will happen but this is pressure against Congress that will certainly work.

Viktor (that is his real name, not the one he uses here) and I had a good laugh over this nonsense. I think it would be entertaining to have V. and P (hilby, ed.) to dinner at the club next week. They both know each other but no one is supposed to be aware of this.

A small tableaux to entertain me.

I have met, albeit briefly, this Burgess fellow P. has been complaining about and I can see why P. hates him. Why such a creature was ever sent to their Embassy here is beyond all of us. He is a fat, dirty, screaming homosexual who does not hide his tastes as he ought to and flounces around like our interior decorator. I would introduce them but Burgess likes truck drivers and sailors so he and Andre would probably scratch each other's eyes out after a duel with purses. B. was probably getting fellatio, or giving it, to someone in the FO (British Foreign Office, ed.).

I will have to talk to Fergus about this the next time I see him.

Various anti-communist measures are moving about in the legislature; there have been a number of strikes which is labor's way of warning everyone that they are still powerful. Truman will have to move against them if it gets any worse. He has already alienated some of their more radical leaders who have given up on him as a second Roosevelt. Make them or break them, I say.

The House is in recess from the 1st through the 11th and things are very quiet in the District. I have been in to work twice and am doing much more here. I don't have to put up with the nonsense and uproar and can accomplish a great deal more.

Sunday, 17 September 1950

MacArthur has made a brilliant move, landing troops at Inchon deep in the rear of the North Korean forces. The Koreans are in a state of shock and are being pushed back everywhere. Good news, but the war mustn't end too quickly.

I never read the sports page but I now always read the financial pages. I get a copy of the New York Times which has the best coverage and I check the stock prices daily. Also, I am having a ticker put in down here in my study so I can keep up with what is happening.

Thursday, 21 September 1950

Big meeting of communists in New York on Tuesday. About 10,000 of them in all. Speakers going on about our involvement in Korea and very angry about legislation against them in Congress. The press has covered this and it only lends credence to Hoover's inflated estimates.

The Internal Security Bill, which they were so furious about, was passed yesterday by the House, over Truman's veto. It should put quite a pinch in their rampant activities. The organizations have to register with the government, their members cannot work in defense plants and all subversive aliens will be taken up and deported. Probably back to Poland or Russia where most of the more dangerous ones came from. All the trash ends up here, after all.

Truman's stated objections were entirely valid but he was playing to the public and we all know that most citizens want some kind of a new law to uproot the Rooseveltian communists. There is a terrible day of reckoning coming for these misguided and arrogant elitists. I can actually feel sorry for them as the pendulum swings back against them.

What was significant, meaningful and socially important ten years ago is now deadly and dangerous. They are quite incapable of realizing that things are now moving the other way and hope, somehow, to arrest progress.

Also, many of the Hollywood intellectuals are feeling the steel claw these days. I have two views on this. Hitler once said that he forgave artists for their bohemian views because that was the way they were. On the other hand, intellectuals, especially movie scriptwriters, have the opportunity of influencing others. It's the same with the communist-lovers in the Department of State. They may not make official policy but they can influence those who do. This is where the danger lies.

The British government is taking over the steel industry there. Well, Britain is now dead, what with the far left in power. All it takes to destroy an industrial country is to encourage communism. It will spread and in the end, nationalization and communization of the workers will complete the destruction of a rival.

I recall when our General Staff sent Lenin from Switzerland to Russia on a special train. They thought that a successful revolution in that country would cause Russia to leave the war. They gave money

to Lenin who agreed to do just that. He did but the damage went far beyond the short-term goals of the staff officers. Military men have absolutely no business whatsoever running a country.

Monday, 25 September, 1950

The House has passed a \$17 billion defense bill! How wonderful! Now my portfolio of defense stocks is gaining in value each and every day this war is going on and from inside information, we will certainly go into North Korea if and when MacArthur succeeds in getting at them. This should put the cat in the aviary! Then we will have to contend with the Chinese. Viktor is certain that Stalin will not get into the mess as long as the Chinese are willing pawns and will fight his battles for him. If they (the Chinese, ed.) do come in, we are assured of a long war and I am assured of much greater profits.

Bunny has now four horses to play with and is really having a wonderful time down here. I bought another Steinway for the music room and we have been doing duets together. I must admit she looks quite attractive seated on a fine horse but I have no interest in bouncing around the countryside. I can't use my knee as an excuse because all the work is done with the saddle muscles and the ass, but I will plead work.

The gardening changes will have to wait until spring but I have already laid out a new formal garden and even want to put in a maze. There is a walled area that once had a garden (now very dead) that would be perfect. I think we will grow much of our own food here. God knows we can put in a few head of cattle for the meat and milk and we can grow tomatoes, strawberries, potatoes, corn and other vegetables. Food isn't that expensive but there is a great pleasure in feeling one is self-sufficient.

I have read Horace on the subject of gardens and find some renewed sympathy with his views.

All of my life I have been a man who loved his work and worked always. It advanced me in Germany and it has advanced me here. I alone of all the others always have a position paper ready on almost any subject and while the others are out getting drunk at lunch, I am at my desk, writing or dictating. When they stagger back in, filled with strong drink and the truth not in them (truth is a stranger to the halls of the CIA), I am still writing.

Harry told me that he had never met someone who was so devoted to his work and suggested that if it weren't so dangerous, I ought to work in the White House.

Speaking of danger, Viktor drove down yesterday and we had a nice game of chess before dinner. He said, in a friendly way, that he had heard at the club that I had been the subject of some conversation. One of the speakers thought I might be some kind of a Nazi but he wasn't sure. He said that one of his friends at the CIA had told him this.

Viktor merely wanted to warn me that there might be trouble. He handed me a slip of paper with two names on it. I thanked him and we had an excellent dinner.

I still beat him in two games but he came very close in the last one.

I will take care of this tomorrow.

Saturday, 30 September 1950

An interesting time has been had by all this last week. The leak about me did come from the CIA. I first made certain of the source then went to the trouble of inviting him down into the country for a visit. Arno and I had an interesting time trying to corner and question him, and after a half a bottle of Scotch whiskey, he became indiscreet.

He had learned about me from Wisner, also drunk at the time, who is angry because I obviously don't like him and he knows about my activities with various wives. My befuddled informant assured me that he had told no one, aside from the man at the club, and would never breath a word of what he had heard.

That turned out to be quite true because Arno took him outside to look at the sunset and only Arno returned much later with mud on his pants cuffs.

That left Wisner and the man at the club.

Arno will attend to the man at the club, a high-level academic, and I will take care of Wisner. I have an appointment to see him on Sunday after Mass and will take him to the offices for a nice, private chat while Arno is busy elsewhere.

Monday, 2 October 1950

A pleasant weekend was had by no one except Bunny who stayed in Virginia while I went to Washington to attend Mass and take care of the Wisner matter. He was sober at the time but later got terribly drunk.

We met at the office and I sat down in my office (with the recorder on, just in case) and began to discuss my small problem. He got quite red in the face but before he could leave, I handed him a file I had compiled on him. He got quite white, dropped it onto the rug and then vomited in my bathroom. He is entirely crazy, of course, but not so crazy not to recognize that I could destroy him in less than five minutes if I wanted. I could turn the file over to Hoover, Harry or whomever and ruin him forever. Imagine a southern gentleman with a young black male lover hidden away in Chevy Chase, just waiting for the return of the avowed bigot! Waiting with bated breath as the novelists say. And two pictures of them in Rock Creek Park! How wonderful the camera is in aiding others to change their minds.

If Polly (Wisner's wife, ed.) found out, there would be trouble and he knows what I am capable of doing. I pointed out, in the friendliest way, that I had three choices: I could do nothing. I could expose him or I could kill him. I asked him what he thought would be the best course for me to take.

I thought the swine would have a heart attack but in the end, he saw it my way and will agree to keep his drunken mouth entirely shut in the future! I forced him to reveal the names of those people he had discussed exposing me to and he gave me three. One Arno stuck into the boiler room on the estate and the other Arno will visit with (the one from the club) and I will now give Arno the opportunity to earn his considerable salary. Before he sends the last on the list to visit Baby Jesus, he will question him to see whom he might have told. I hope he either didn't care or is the silent type because we can't deplete the ranks of important people.

I have reluctantly agreed to permit Bunny to "educate me" about horses. She wanted me to at least sit on one and I suppose I will have to do this stupid thing to please her.

About midnight, Arno returned from his task with the pleasant news that the academic killed himself earlier this evening. I asked Arno if the man was intact or if they would have to close the coffin lid at the funeral. Arno said he left a handwritten note and hanged himself in his apartment. Arno left the note pinned to his pants and locked up behind him. Tomorrow, he will talk to the last man. I am assured that the one who just judged himself from the dining room light fixture talked to no one. There were no marks on the body and Arno said he did mess himself but that would be overlooked by the authorities. He turned up the heat in the apartment before he left so I assume when he is found he will be riper than a Brie cheese. The man did not live in Washington so news of his tragic demise might not get into the local papers at all.

He will visit the other one in the morning.

I will cut out the death notices from the Herald, if they appear, and leave them on Wisner's desk if he comes back to work this week. When I left him, he was not feeling too well and I recommended that he take a few days off and rest. Better a few days than forever, correct?

Thursday, 5 October 1950

Well, two interesting things. One, I have finally gotten up on a horse. I had to put on riding breeches, boots and spurs and learn how to get up on an enormous horse. From the left side, left leg in the left stirrup, swing up over the horse, right foot in the right stirrup. Of course I was instructed only to put the ball of each foot in the stirrup because if the foot went in any further and the horse threw me off, I could be dragged to death!

Things like that install quick confidence, believe me.

The next step is to learn how to hold the reins. Top rein in the left hand between the index and middle fingers, bottom rein between the middle and next finger. Then we move around the paddock with a bored horse snorting and moving his head up and down.

Next week, we will learn how to fall off the horse and how to post...whatever that joyful act is.

Arno has visited the last of the informants who had a heart attack. I think spraying him with the drug is much less effort than breaking his neck or drowning him in his own bathtub. Arno is young and likes physical effort but I am older and much more experienced so I earnestly suggested the spray. Of course it works, but Arno is upset because he couldn't have more entertainment!

Well, he can marry Heini's charming sister and perhaps become less active while on the job.

Wednesday, 11 October 1950

Have now learned how to fall off a horse (lean forward, grab the neck, swing off to one side and let go quickly!) Also how to post. My ass and legs are so sore, I spent an hour soaking in a very hot tub.

Wisner is back at work but very much subdued. He came by and gave me the two death notices (I managed to get the out of town one after all) and looked very ill. I told him to keep them as a remembrance

of things past, but he has obviously never read Proust so he missed the joke. He did take my point, however, and has been very quiet in the office for the past few days.

Of course, we have that awful Walter Smith as head of the CIA now. The Admiral wasn't a bad person but Smith is a professional asshole. He had a pleasant talk with me, at least what passes for a pleasant talk with that perpetually angry and sour idiot. I won't have any trouble with that one at all but he is trying to run the kindergarten like an army training camp and no one likes him. Smith glares at everyone and is constantly "shaping things up" which is bad for morale. I wrote up an account of his pant shitting in Sicily and personally posted it where it could be seen. He spent the day having all of the typewriters in the office checked to find the culprit, then came into my office with this and asked me to find the villain! I shall investigate myself at once! A stimulating prospect.

Smith was a guest at the wedding. I had a nice chat with him, all about Wisner who I told Smith was suffering from serious mental problems caused by overwork. "The fucker doesn't work hard enough!" was Smith's witty and perceptive reply.

Saturday, 14 October 1950

I got an interesting memo from Hoover's office today. Earl Warren, Governor of California, has signed a law which states saboteurs will be executed. That's a strange state. Hoover also sent over a long report on Warren, the gist of which I will copy here because the file has to be returned.

The actual family name is Varren. The father of the Governor was a Norwegian who ran a whorehouse in a California city. The son was politically ambitious and was state Attorney General. He wanted to run for higher office but was afraid the opposition would find out about his father's whorehouse.

He visited the old man and demanded that he give up the place so that there would be no problems. The father, a typical stubborn Norwegian, refused. He said that he had put his son through law school with the proceeds of the place and would be damned if he would sell it off. The neighbors heard a terrible quarrel and the father was found, beaten to death with an iron frying pan.

Hoover at once offered to have the FBI investigate the crime but Warren said that he knew who the criminal was; an ex-convict who knew his father. He said he would take care of it and the FBI was not wanted. No arrests were ever made and Earl became Governor. Now he wants to execute "saboteurs" whatever that might constitute.

If a man accidentally drops a shoe into some factory machinery, does that constitute sabotage? I wonder what Warren had to do with the deportation of the Japanese-Americans at the beginning of their war? Such civilized people!

Eisenhower is being mentioned as a Republican candidate for president in 1952. Truman told me quite a bit about him, and of course, I also know quite a bit. He was never a combat general but a bootkisser. He was a social secretary to MacArthur and he must have done some outrageous kissing of Roosevelt's flabby ass because he jumped up over the heads of all kinds of really competent officers to be the Supreme Commander. Marshall, who at least saw combat and is a very competent executive, was passed over by Eisenhower. The excuse Roosevelt put out was that Marshall was much better as the Army Chief of Staff.

Eisenhower was so sycophantic towards that nasty little Churchill that Smith once said that if C. ever stopped walking quickly, "Ike" would be picking shit out of his nose for a week. There is some truth to this, but what annoys me is that E. hates all Germans because of his family background (they were Jews from Pirna in Saxony originally) and that he set out to allow all of our western front prisoners of war to die from disease and starvation. If it weren't for Truman, who found out about this, the death toll would have been terrible.

Now, of course, when one talks of Ike, one is reverential in the extreme. His Army nickname was the "Swedish Jew" but of course he was German in background.

Taft from Ohio is mentioned as another candidate. He is a spiteful man but not the monster Ike is.

Friday, 20 October 1950

There is to be a large roundup of top communists either tomorrow or the next day. Hoover's men will pick up about eighty who are aliens and they will be deported. They are making a great deal of play with this. A provision of the new law. Elections throughout the country will be held early next month. McCarthy is planning to extend his vendetta into the realm of science very soon. He has found out that various prominent scientists have had communist connections in the past. Now he is getting into serious business. Who cares about a pack of fairies in the State Department? Scientists are quite another matter. Of

course no one can shut him up. He is like a car without brakes roaring downhill towards a schoolyard full of children.

Most of these connections are really only that many people attended meetings of the hundreds of front groups the communists set up in this country in the 1930s, and I seriously doubt if joining some International Peace Club proves that the member was sending carrier pigeon secret messages to Josef in the Kremlin.

The Los Alamos business is coming to a head now. I am told that some of the members of this ring are "far too important to national defense" to permit their being arrested. This makes sense and let us hope McCarthy doesn't get wind of it.

No one will dare go after him but eventually, after he has had his day, his own people will sit on him. Truman says someone should shoot him but I have turned a deaf ear to that one, and Hoover actually approves of most of what he is doing.

I told Viktor that I would introduce him to M. just for fun and he thought it would be indeed amusing. We will have to do this next week or so.

M. will be having lunch with a high-level NKVD specialist and will not even know it. Viktor and I spend a good deal of time making fun of various prominent intelligence people, both here and in Russia. He particularly loathes Beria who he says is a murderer of young children and a psychopathic monster. We don't have anybody that evil here but not for want of their trying.

If my CIA friends ever found out about him, there would be trouble and he says that he would be recalled to Moscow at once if they ever found out about me.

Philby came to lunch the other day and I had Viktor there. So much entertainment was to be had! P. assumed that I did not know who Viktor really was and spent the entire lunch babbling away about the Korean war.

British intelligence knows more about what MacArthur is doing than we do here, and of course, all of it goes to Russia. Short of raiding their Embassy and shooting everybody, I can't see any way to stop it. If I can find out how they are getting their information from Tokyo, I will put a stopper in that leaking bottle at once. P. has reluctantly agreed to look into this. Sometimes he is not happy with me but in the end, we always manage to work out our differences.

Wednesday, 25 October 1950

Some problems about this country selling half a million tons of high-grade oil to communist China. Money, after all, is important to keep business going and I remind myself that this country dealt with Germany throughout the entire war.

General Clark feels that in spite of our successes in Korea, the military still needs to be built up further. We have invaded North Korea and are heading for their border with China. Now we will see what happens. I must get Philby to tell me what he knows about Chinese intentions. If they will do nothing or if MacArthur stops at the border, I will modify my stock portfolio. If an enlarged war looks to be possible, I will consider a rapid expansion.

Wednesday, 1 November 1950

Attempt on the President! I was in my office today, suffering from the terrible, humid heat, the hottest November 1st on record, wishing I had stayed in Virginia. I had a report to finish and a talk I had to give at three at the Pentagon on the organization of Soviet foreign intelligence.

About two-thirty, just as I was getting ready to go down to my car, someone ran by the office saying that Truman had been shot! Such consternation evident. No one here appeared to be sorry but no one knew what had happened either.

My car did not come because the car pool was not sending anything out, so I had to sit in the building and sweat while the phones were ringing and harried people were running up and down the halls.

It turns out that a gang of Puerto Rican nationalists attempted to storm Blair House where Truman was staying while the White House is being worked on.

At least one of the guards was shot but Truman was safe. The guards got him out the back door as quickly as possible. The irony of this is that Truman was very decent with the Puerto Ricans but that means nothing to fanatics. At least one of the assassins was killed and another captured.

From the unfeigned glee at the CIA, one would have thought that Pash was behind it but we know better now.

Great turmoil that was slow in spreading but quite disruptive. As there was no way I could get to the Pentagon to give my talk, I simply called up my own car and went home. It took me some time to get over the bridge but I showed my special passes and finally got through.

Bunny had heard about the attempt on the radio and was quite upset about it. Of course she knew I was safe because I called her on one of our special lines, but women are always concerned for their husbands.... if they love them.

It is not as hot down here and we ate dinner in the summer dining room with the windows open and a breeze blowing through from the front of the house.

Because of the horses, we have to keep the screens up. The flies are quite voracious and very large.

I will have to call the President tomorrow or possibly send him a note congratulating him on his escape. Perhaps flowers for the wounded would be a good idea as well.

The President showed great courage throughout and actually went over to Arlington to make a scheduled speech later in the afternoon. Of course, he had outriders to clear the way through the traffic.

Viktor called me after dinner and asked me what I knew and I told him that it was only Puerto Ricans, two assassins, one of whom was dead at the scene. He seemed relieved stating that he was happy it wasn't some anti-Korean War fanatic although he said that Stalin certainly hated Truman who had consistently thwarted his plans everywhere in the world, Turkey, Greece, Italy and now in Asia.

We will discuss this later because Viktor likes it here and if it weren't for his family, would probably defect. The trick would be to get his family safe. They don't suspect him in Moscow, as far as we both know, but how could a "Canadian" businessman explain an obviously Russian wife and two obviously Russian children?

If he defected, they would certainly be killed. Stalin has no problem having even small children liquidated. I will give this matter some thought. Perhaps the wife could visit a friend in the eastern zone of Berlin, or go to Leningrad and get into Finland.

The CIA would help if I let them but they are grossly incompetent and would no doubt get her killed. I think we could get them out through the Baltic area. This is garrisoned by Soviet troops and along the seacoast are many areas to leave from. I can talk to Willi (Krichbaum, ed.) about this. He knows to keep his mouth shut when he has to.

In my last note from him, he called Gehlen the Poison Dwarf.

They have been arresting so many aliens recently that there has been quite an uproar. This is mostly concerned with people coming into the United States.

These morons do not realize the ease with which Soviet agents can get into this country. They mostly come in through Canada, sometimes just walking across the bridge up at Detroit. No one pays any attention to a well-dressed businessman or a neatly dressed tourist with an expensive camera and an ugly Hawaiian shirt. Truman likes these and they would frighten a horse.

No, they like to catch people with thick accents and strange names trying, quite legally, to enter the country by boat, mostly in New York. It reminds me of what I know about England in 1939. Germans who had lived in England for twenty years were arrested and thrown into terrible jails, some staying there until the end of the war.

Of course, the Americans did that with the Japanese-Americans after Pearl Harbor and Hoover told me that there was not one proven case of espionage on the part of any Japanese-American during the entire war!

It's fortunate they didn't kill them. We can thank our good friend and fellow assassin Pash for that nonsense.

Thursday, 9 November 1950

The elections are over and the Republicans have made significant gains. The public is not happy about the war, the draft and the business with the communists. Poor Truman simply cannot win on these issues. The Republicans are thirsting to get their revenge for the Roosevelt years and intend to take it out on Truman who never liked Roosevelt anyway.

Well, he has two more years and during that time, who knows what might happen?

We are angry with the Cubans now because of their attitude towards Puerto Rico and are giving their visitors trouble at Customs.

The peoples of Central and South America are not friendly to this country because of the gross interference by the United States in their internal affairs.

There is a saying: "Poor Mexico. So far from God, so near to the United States."

This pretty well sums up the feelings in most Latin American countries.

Both the Germans and the Russians had excellent posts in some of these countries. We no longer do but the Russians often vie for postings to a comfortable tropical country. The Russian winters are horrible as our soldiers found out during the eastern campaign. The food there is enough to kill a donkey. In fact, Viktor tells me that only those in the Kremlin eat well. A donkey would be considered a beef tenderloin by comparison.

When it cools off a bit, I will take up my riding lessons. Once you have gotten over the sore muscles, it does have its advantages but horses are very much aware that their rider is not experienced and will often try to throw you off or roll over on you. The one I ride is relatively civilized and I feed him apples and a bit of sugar once in a while and he is polite to me.

They are beautiful to watch in the paddock and the countryside around here is beautiful if rather hot this time of year. Bunny tells me that spring is the best time to ride out and perhaps we can wait until then to do some extensive traveling on horseback.

They have hunting clubs out here and someone was telling me that if they can't find a fox, they will put a cat in a bag and drag it along behind a horse to give the hounds something to smell. This does not augur well for the cat.

Hunting is permissible and I intend to take that sport up again as soon as I am able to get the right kind of gun. Abercrombe and Fitch in New York has a nice shop and the next time I go up there, I will see what I can find.

Arno said he would like to come along and buy a nice rifle with a telescopic sight. I assume this is to hunt Cape Buffalo which are so prevalent around here.

Or perhaps he has grown tired of the knife and would rather shoot people at a distance and avoid getting blood on his clothes. He is such a dandy about his clothes and Heini's sister obviously is in love with him.

He tells her that he is a driver for me.

Saturday, 11 November 1950

Today they celebrate the end of the war of 1914. There will be speeches, parades and so on. How long will it take for the episode it marks to be long forgotten? Already, many of the veterans who fought in the war are dead or getting along in years. As aren't we all?

While I am writing about military matters, we have concrete information that a number of Chinese soldiers have been captured in Korea and there are at least eight Chinese divisions identified in the area. So far nothing has happened vis a vis the Chinese but I am gambling that they are in this war now. Already, Soviet fighters have made sorties against the Americans (or United Nations as they like to call it. This fools no one.)

U.S. troops are moving up the peninsula and the right wing is very close to the border with China and is nearing Soviet territory. Unless a halt is called very soon, I would anticipate some kind of a strong reaction from China and very possibly Russia.

I know that orders have been issued from here not to go into either Chinese or Russian territory but bombs can fall there quite by accident or a platoon can stray over an unmarked border. There is no effective communication with the Chinese and we have to rely on the British. Philby thinks the Chinese will come into this after all and I am inclined seriously to agree with him.

Here we have forced optimism and after all, the Koreans are on the run and we have practically liquidated their army. So far, MacArthur has performed brilliantly but here we are dealing with a personality. There is no question that M. is a capable general and certainly a brave man. However, there are other considerations. M. took on Roosevelt and almost beat him. Roosevelt called him the most dangerous man in America and bribed him to leave the country. MacArthur is a dangerous type; the political general.

Truman is certain he has his eyes on the White House in 1952 and is guided accordingly. However, the general is the only thing on the table right now and is very successful. What with the losses and setbacks in the election, Truman has to put all his support behind the real Emperor of Japan or risk further erosion of his authority in this country.

The days are getting shorter and the nights longer and colder. Soon, winter will be upon us and this year, what with all the work on the property, I will not be taking a skiing vacation. I may go out for a few days but not like last time. I compare these days with the ones I had when I first lived in Berlin. Not much money but a great deal more freedom. Living in a furnished apartment with my wife at the other end of the country, I had far less in the way of possessions and comfort than I do now, but a great deal more freedom.

Now, as a landholder and a husband, I am tied here, and of course, my earlier days with the ladies are, if not over, severely restricted. I mean, one cannot eat filets every night. A bit of pork or some nice fish is a good variation from time to time.

I must say that Bunny is a rare jewel and I am very fond of her indeed but.....enough day dreaming. She loves this place and is increasing her horse holdings. I am beginning to take brief rides with her more and more and am learning to perhaps enjoy them. I have never been out solo but that will come, I am sure.

Thursday, 16 November 1950

A large Thanksgiving feast this year. Bunny wants to invite her family and there is my staff so we will have a very large assemblage here soon enough. There will be three turkeys this time not to mention a half-dozen mince and pumpkin pies and so on. Klaus will bring in help again.

The Republicans, now with greater political control, are, to use a Bunny expression, getting the bit in their teeth and going off on their own. They are on the one hand condemning McCarthy, but much more subdued than before, and others are arising to demand fuller investigations of the State Department and so on. I talked to McCarthy the other day (he is most certainly not coming down here) about his being more accurate. I quite frankly told him that he now had rivals and if he didn't take more care in what he was doing, I would find other outlets for my information.

They have also been talking with him at Georgetown and I think the message is beginning to get through.

Monday, 20 November 1950

I have had a stunning business tip from a friend at the Pentagon today and will act on it as soon as I can. There is a company, AVRO, which is manufacturing a so-called "flying disk" which is based entirely on research we did in Germany during the war. I had heard of this at the time. These craft are circular and up to 75 meters in diameter and capable of extraordinary speeds at high altitude.

There has been testing of these at various places and I was told that pilots of commercial and private aircraft have seen them while in the air. They call them the "Flying Saucers" and it is all quite secret. The speed is tremendous, precluding them being shot down but the range is not exceptional. Very good for battlefield reconnaissance. They can't carry bombs and move too fast for conventional armaments to be effective either on them or against them.

I take some pride in the fact that this was a German invention. I will have to rummage around in my papers and see what I can locate on the genesis of this project so that I can sound important at a briefing should the subject arise.

There is one interesting note about this flying disk. A number have been seen by many observers who are not American in origin and of course it was assumed they might be Russian. Viktor tells me that, no, they are not Russian and that subject is one he has been asked to investigate. In fact, it was he who told me about this.

AVRO stands for A.V. Roe & Co. and the disks are being made here and in Canada. I will look into their stock today and see what is what. I suggested to Viktor that we could both buy stock and he thought it was an interesting concept for him to engage in capitalistic pursuits but he is more than willing to get into it with me.

The mention of the famous Flying Saucers here is only the first of a series of comments made by Müller on the subject that has fascinated the world since the end of the Second World War. The Germans did invent such a craft and it was successfully flown in Germany in the last months of the war. Of the three major engineers on the project, two were taken over by the Americans and one by the Russians. Most of the working drawings fell into American hands but the Soviets also gained considerable technical information from captured German sources.

These most unconventional aircraft were certainly in U.S. service and have been photographed on the ground and in the air. At least one of these craft was stored at the U.S. Naval Air Station at Moffett Field, Mountain View, California in the early 1960s where it was being reworked.

While there is no doubt that these craft were built, their continued use ceased soon after the conflict was over. Very careful and extensive searches in former Soviet archives have disclosed no information that would indicate that Russia ever built or operated such unconventional aircraft.

However, many sightings of these objects both before, during and after the Korean conflict, are still officially classified and many could not possibly be connected with the AVRO projects.

More of this fascinating subject will be covered by these journals in their proper chronological place.

Friday, 24 November 1950

We are still recovering after the Thanksgiving festivities yesterday. I am going to have to do more exercising if I plan to eat that much food. My God, I can clearly remember what it was like in Germany during the war and I feel guilty at the amount of food that was not eaten. Better, however, to have too much food than too little.

Monday, 27 November 1950

I was awakened very early by a call from Clark Clifford wishing to speak to me urgently at the specific request of the President! Such drama! It seems that the Chinese have attacked the U.S. in force and are driving them back. The Chinese are pouring "tens of thousands" of troops into the battle and MacArthur can do nothing to stop them.

He has sent a private message to Truman asking him permission to have the option of using the atomic bomb. Truman is greatly upset and perhaps a little frightened at all this and I am being asked to give my opinion on what Stalin will do if, and when, we use the bomb.

It is very difficult so early in the morning to give rational answers to hysterical people and I said I would call back within the hour. I was given a very private line number at Blair House and would no doubt talk to the President himself. I was warned by Clifford that all of this contact business would be kept in the greatest secrecy.

I think he had to forgive me about his wig.

Before I called Truman, I called my broker and gave him the orders I had been holding up for the last month. Buy heavy at this time, buy and buy more! I have had a stock market ticker put in here at terrible expense but I looked at it the moment the market opened and there is not a huge amount of action. The news has not yet gotten into general circulation. I would assume the market will go down on the news and then we will buy because it surely will go up.

Later:

I have had a long conversation with the President about Stalin and what he would do. In this, I was partially guided by my information from Viktor. He is now working as a Canadian business specialist in military equipment at the Pentagon and is very well informed, not only at that place but also with his contacts in Russia. He says that Stalin wants to tie the U.S. up in Asia as we both know but would never get into a military confrontation with this country if there were any chance an all-out war would ensue.

Hitler sometimes would gamble but Stalin never. That's the difference between the artist and the peasant.

I told the President that the threat to use the bomb was what is needed at this point. This will not impress the Chinese who are fanatics and have a huge manpower pool scattered throughout an equally huge country. The threat will impact on Stalin who has some control over the Chinese but not enough to compel them to break off their attack.

The Chinese have been warning for some time now that they would not tolerate American troops near their country but I think they did not realize that the North Korean forces would collapse as quickly as they did. They warned us, through India, that they would fight, but no one here or in Tokyo would listen.

MacArthur should not be given any bombs. He can threaten all he likes but a man like that would use a bomb and he might even drop it on the Russians. That, for sure, would certainly start a major war and MacArthur wants to be president here.

Then I spoke with Clifford who is in touch with General Bradley and told him the same thing. If Stalin thinks this will happen if he gets involved, he will not.

It would be stupid and useless to drop this sort of thing on China.

I am going to Washington this afternoon and will stay at the club. There I will have a little talk with Viktor who is certainly in the position to relay certain matters to Moscow. This is the way that things are done, the idiot historians to the contrary.

If this crisis is calmed it will not be by a pack of ill-educated politicians or has-been generals but by the former head of the Gestapo and one of the top NKVD agents in this country, all decided inside an aristocratic club in the capital of the United States!

Tuesday, 28 November 1950

Bradley called Truman early this morning and relayed messages from MacArthur, and Blair House called me at the club an hour and ten minutes later.

I spent most of the evening closeted with Viktor and later, on the phone, talked to Philby, who when he is not working for others, does work for the British. The British are terrified of the onset of an atomic war. They do not have any bombs, as much as they would like them, and are in easy range of Russian bombers. Also, the government there is very left wing and pro-Soviet so they do not want to see their friends turned into glowing coals.

I have kept to myself what Truman said to me: He has no intention of using the bomb while he is President unless the continental United States is attacked.

I represent to Viktor and through him, to his people, that Truman is determined not to fight with this weapon if Stalin keeps out of it. Of course, he will, but they are not sure of that here.

MacArthur will be blamed for his "recklessness" in moving on the Chinese border and also for approaching Soviet territory. I know, from my sources, that he was specifically ordered to chase the Chinese back into China and bomb them in that country if he needed to! Of course all of this will be denied here

Stalin, I know, was badly alarmed over the contretemps in Persia when he felt that he might be bombed and he backed off then and will back off now.

I have found a way to help Viktor, whom I genuinely like, to get his wife and family to a place of safety. His wife has a relative in the Soviet diplomatic service who is now in Finland.

That is considered to be a safe area and we will try to permit her to make a family visit to see him. One has to be very careful of this because Stalin is paranoid these days, far worse than ever, but the reports that Viktor will send back via Canada will impress him. I will help Viktor write these because I know more about Stalin than he does.

Again, a great irony here and I greatly enjoy it!

She could also go to the Crimea for a vacation, taking the children, and escape by boat across the Black Sea to Turkey. I like the former but there has to be a reserve position whenever possible. The latter idea has another good feature, however. Suppose they went out for a little ride in a boat and it turned over? Of course everyone on board would drown and she might not be missed at all. If that were the case, Viktor could stay in place and we could all profit from this.

Very hectic times here, just like the old days! Not good for the system, my doctor tells me, but a bit of stress keeps things circulating much better.

Viktor finally beat me at a chess game but I won the next two.

Tomorrow, Truman will let out the information about the bomb at a press conference. The NSC met earlier today but since there is no way their deliberations could leak to Moscow before a week or so, the press conference is considered to be the best and most immediate way to get the information out.

There is nothing more I can do here for the time being so I am going back down to Virginia and wait for developments. It is too late now to drive down but I will go back the first thing in the morning. Then, the traffic is all going in the opposite direction.

Thursday, 30 November 1950

The military news from Korea is still disastrous and it is certain that the United States is suffering a major military defeat...at least for the time being. The stocks have been bought and they cannot go anywhere but up.

I was very tired after all the running around, conferences and so on, and I went to bed when I got back and slept until noon.

During a nice lunch (I am now watching my food. I had a glass of orange juice, two pieces of bacon, two pieces of toast and two eggs scrambled.). I got a call to tell me that Truman had finished his press conference and "accidentally" let out the bomb information. I will go back into town on Saturday to talk to Viktor (I do not trust the telephones at all) and see what is going on there.

Bunny suggests I bring him down here because she misses me when I am away from home and we will see.

Earl Browder, head of the communists here, has been indicted for refusing to talk to Congress. Not that it will do any good but it looks impressive in the press.

I understand the President's conference was packed with reporters so the message certainly will be proclaimed throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof!

Friday, 1 December 1950

We had Viktor down for the day and I understand that things have gone very well for all of us. We both enjoyed the sun and could relax in the library discussing fine art. We have decided on the Crimea gambit and he will put it into play. I will use the CIA connections to have a boat ready to pick up the family and tend to the other people on the Soviet boat. No bullet holes should be visible. From Turkey, we can fly them to Rome and then on to Canada.

The three of us had an excellent supper and went out and inspected the horses. The old church is being rehabilitated and I spent some of the day examining the work. It looks satisfactory and once everything is back in shape, I will have it properly consecrated and we can go on from there. I told Viktor that if he converted, we would let him come and stay with us once in a while. Of course this place is so huge that he and his entire family could live in the main house and we would never meet except for breakfast.

Thursday, 7 December 1950

Spent most of the day in the office working up an appraisal of the Soviet attitudes towards the war in Korea. I am not a foreign affairs specialist but have gained that reputation recently. The superiors here (I am only a contract worker) do not know what to make of me, but because my skills are in high favor now, are very polite, only suggesting to me what their line is and hoping that I will not go counter to it.

At the present time, we are more or less in the same arena. They want to show Korea as the beginning of serious Soviet military threats to this country (hence bigger budgets for them) that I view as nonsense but it is in my own interest to press this matter.

The Army wants 50,000 more men drafted within the next month and they already have over 300,000 brought in since the war broke out. This removes consumers from the market but not serious consumers. Most of them are just youth and looking at the damage reports, very many of them will die there. The Army is grossly incompetent at this point in time. Only the Marine units do well, are well supplied and know how to fight. They remind me of our Waffen-SS in this way.

On the other hand, the Army is ill supplied with everything from guns to winter clothing. Ammunition and rations simply do not get to their front lines, which are always undermanned. The Marines, on the other hand, are well stocked from Navy ships, have larger units and their fighting spirit is unimpaired. The Army should learn from their rivals.

I note that the services are actually lowering their entrance requirements so as to be able to attract more volunteers. My, then they can go to the jails or the asylums and recruit there as well.

This is the anniversary of the Pearl Harbor attack and when I was at the Pentagon this morning, it was a subject under discussion. I have never met a high-ranking officer of the Navy and very few from the Army who do not agree (but in strict privacy) that Roosevelt tricked the Japanese into attacking this country and knew about the attack days before it happened. Of course Marshall was involved in this foreknowledge and it is strictly forbidden to ever discuss it openly.

This will emerge eventually but not for decades.

Governments never make mistakes, the Democrats are still in power and terrible indeed are the requirements of party loyalty.

Hiss is still screaming his innocence but there is absolutely no question that he, and his brother who is still untouched, is absolutely guilty of being a spy. People like Service and Lattimore are not spies but suffer because they were able to see through the terrible corruption of Chiang and warned against trusting him. As the alternatives were the communists, the extreme right has drawn what to them is the logical conclusion that the pair (and others as well) are active communist spies!

I tried to explain this to McCarthy but he refuses to listen and finally said that he really did not care as long as he got the attention he wanted. It is not that I am pro-communist but if he keeps on the course he is now running, he will discredit legitimate attempts to weed out these wretches

Saturday, 9 December 1950

I have been contacted by Colonel Behn about the Cuban business he discussed with me recently. He would like me to drop down to Havana and check out several security matters he has had a problem with. This has to do with some Cuban support for the Puerto Rican separatist fanatics

He too is investing in defense stocks.

I should go down sometime next week for four days. Bunny said she would like to go with me but feels she would like to stay here because of a horse problem. Because of what Behn said about the nightlife in Havana, I did not press her to come.

A small affair only increases the devotion of the errant husband!

Sosthenes Behn, whom Müller had met in Berlin before the war, was a towering figure in the communications field. Born in 1884 in the Virgin Islands, then a Danish possession, Behn took part in World War I as a U.S. Army Signal Corps officer and rose to the rank of Lt. Colonel, and was decorated with the Distinguished Service Medal and the French Legion of Honor.

He was a director of, or controlled the following companies:

Chairman, International Telephone & Telegraph Corp.; Chairman International Standard Electric Co.; Chairman and Board President of the Cuban Telephone Co.; President and Director of Port of Havana Docks Corp., the Havana Docks Corp., Radio Corporation of Cuba, Standard Products Distributing Co of Cuba, International Telephone & Telegraph Co. of Spain, Director Puerto Rico Telephone Co., Radio Corporation of Puerto Rico, Director, Chairman of the Finance Committee of Federal Electric Co., Director of American Cable & Radio Co., Capehart Farnsworth Co., The Coolerator Co., Federal Telecommunications Labs, Inc., Federal Telephone and Radio Co., International Telecommunications Labs, Inc., International Telephone Building Co., Kellogg Credit Co., Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Co., Cia Standard Electric Argentina, Cia de Telefonos de Chile, Standard Electric Corporation, Puerto Rico, Standard Elektrizitats-Gesellschaft, A.F., Standard Electrica, S.A.R.L., Lisbon, Standard Electricia, S.A., Madrid, L.M. Ericsson Telephone Co., Ltd. Sweden and a Director of the National City Bank of New York.

Behn held a number of high decorations and was a member of many influential clubs such as the Metropolitan Club of Washington and the Knickerbocker and Links Clubs of New York.

He died on June 6, 1957 and was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Behn has aroused the fury of professional German-haters because of his business-as-usual attitude towards German business after the war. He was, however, a successful man which they obviously are not.

Thursday, 14 December 1950

A wonderful brief vacation in Havana! Warm weather, good food and an interesting old Spanish colonial city. I really should have gone to the Virgin Islands instead of Washington. The people in Cuba are a mixture of Negro and Spanish while the ones in Mexico (where I have not yet gone) are a cross between Spanish and Indian.

I took one of my people with me and I looked into the business for Behn and spent two days at the various clubs watching the impressive club dancers, swimming at the beautiful beaches and being nice to several charming young ladies whom I met while swimming. I knew that would happen because I know myself so well, but Bunny is happy with her horses and I enjoy my own kind of riding.

The government here is basically in the pockets of the United States and is very corrupt but so are most of the governments in Central and South America.

The music is interesting and there is gambling at a number of casinos. I won about sixty dollars that I spent on one of the young ladies. They are so accommodating and a few dollars goes quite a distance there. I shall certainly have to go back again but Behn told me I ought to go to the Virgins (not the British ones) where I could do better. Nice blonde Danish stock there, mixed in with the others.

No sooner do I get back than more mournful news from Korea, and of course, plans for a gala Christmas here.

Still thinking of Havana, I can visualize a very nude Cuban dancer bursting out of a large cake but obviously this will not happen here. A pity. It might not be dignified but it certainly is enjoyable to contemplate.

Back to work again and I have the beginnings of a fine tan. Bunny said I must have lost a few pounds, was romantic and said that she would go the next time! We will see. It could always be secret work. It always is.

Attlee, the British Prime Minister, was here, frantically trying to keep Truman from dropping the bomb. Of course he is a rabid pacifist, was one even as a British officer in the 1914 war and is rather useless.

Ross, the President's press secretary and an old friend, died suddenly at a press conference and Truman is still upset about it. This is certainly not a good time for the President but he will pull through

There was a scandal of sorts concerning his daughter. She gave a concert which was very savagely reviewed by a critic from the (Washington, ed.) Post. He was quite cruel about her voice, or lack of it, and Truman simply exploded and wrote the man a savage letter. It got printed in another paper and

there has been much criticism. I have heard Miss Truman sing and while she has a light, pleasant voice, it will never amount to much. There is no real feeling and little real depth but of course one cannot say this to the proud father. Harry is a good man, without a doubt, but has a terrible temper which, given all the strain he is now under, I can understand.

The situation in Korea is getting worse but the Chinese military do not have the air power this country does, and thank God, the Soviets are not about to give them anything. They have fully equipped the North Korean forces, even with artillery and aircraft, but they will not give these things to China.

There is some hope in this because there will be a deeper rift in the future. The two people are enemies and have been for some time. The Japanese and the Russians hate each other, the Chinese hate the Japanese and the Russians, and they all hate Americans.

Monday, 18 December 1950

The news from Korea is still negative but hopefully, the inexorable Chinese advance can be slowed to a halt soon. More and more troops and equipment are being moved to Japan. Several instances of sabotage of American ships engaged in sending equipment to the war zone. FBI is investigating.

A very elaborate Christmas being planned. Very large tree to go up in the main hall, (no candles this year) with a crate of decorations, smaller tree for the servant's quarters. God knows how much I will be expected to spend on presents for everyone.

The guest list will include, besides my wife and myself, her aunt, two cousins, Heini, his sister and brother, Arno (naturally for the sister...the parents are not coming again. I think the last one was too fancy for their system but I did have a very nice letter from them thanking me for my financial aid last year), and Irmgard. That makes an even number which is better to seat at the table and no one is crowded. We could probably seat fifty but ten is quite enough, thank you.

Maxl, who loves it down here, will get a nice small broiled filet of beef and the horses get an armful of apples to munch on.

I told Bunny that I absolutely would not invite any of the CIA or Army people down here. I couldn't avoid this socializing while we were in the District but here I can pick and choose. Besides, if I invited couples from work, there might be trouble with the wives I have fucked. God save us from hysterical females at any time, especially at Christmas.

There are several hundred cards, which have to be sent out, and Bunny will take care of that chore for me.

Although I certainly enjoy the good fortune, I think with some nostalgia on the much simpler days behind me. Of course we only remember the good times, never the bad but Christmas is a sad time for many and suicides multiply during the season.

Adults, who were once innocent children remember the theoretical joys of past Christmas celebrations through wishful eyes, think upon the security of the period, mourn for the dead and gone, and slash their wrists in the bathtub.

I have always wondered why people shoot themselves at home. They leave such a mess for others to clean up. A friend of Bunny's aunt blew his brains out all over his sleeping wife and it took a week to clean up the walls and all the bedding had to be burned. What a nice thought on his part. A little something for the wife to remember him by.

He should have gone off and done it in the woods and if he had gone in far enough, he could have contributed to the feeding of various kinds of wildlife who aren't too particular about what they eat. Then, when they eventually found him, there would be that much less left to bury. Of course some parts would probably be missing but if the casket were closed, who would miss a leg or two?

Bunny tells me that I have a terrible sense of humor and while she does laugh, there are times when I know I shock her sensibilities.

I never bothered Sophie with these things because she had no sense of humor whatsoever and there would have been prolonged difficulties over such matters.

I hope they have a good holiday in Germany, in fact I wish the entire country a good holiday. Things are beginning to look up over there, even if the country is run by a disgusting rabble of American ass-kissers and moral bankrupts. The people will survive in spite of the politicians.

We have received a number of greeting cards including one from the President and his family with a nice, handwritten note on it.

Several weeks ago, I happened to be in a printing shop to have more engraved business cards printed when I saw a very large album containing samples of Christmas cards. This was an outdated book and the proprietor told me he was going to throw it out. I took it instead because all of the cards had

different names printed on them. These I addressed to my co-workers and put them into the mail the other day.

Can you imagine these social climbers puzzling over a card from "Bob, Irene and Jimmy?" They have no idea who these people are and run around frantically looking into their desks for an identifying name and address. After all, the senders just might be someone important, and in Washington, one always likes to keep up with society. It will give them something to take their minds off of Korea at any rate.

This reminds me of a little joke I played on Dulles. I had someone who was going to Chicago send him a scarcely literate letter informing him that the writer, a cousin, who was obviously feebleminded, and his mother, who weighed four hundred pounds and was crippled, would be arriving in the area in time for Christmas and would love to see Cousin Allan again! And the dog would be well behaved because after he attacked the little girl next door, they had sent him to a dog trainer. Then, as if this was not enough to keep him boiling, I sent him another one from Cleveland announcing the forthcoming arrival but stating the dog had died. They were bringing the animal's corpse with him so they could bury it on Allen's estate. Another letter from Philadelphia announcing that mother was not well again but they hoped she would live long enough to die in the bosom of her family.

One of her feet, the idiot cousin wrote, was turning black and starting to smell "just a little bit" but that Mama was bearing up wonderfully well even if the old car was not. I found out very quickly that he was not amused at all. In fact, the entire clan was not amused and had given collective orders to various servants not to admit any relatives during the season. This was a mistake because legitimate cousins bearing expensive gifts will be turned away.

Like Sophie, they have absolutely no sense of humor whatsoever!

Thursday, 28 December 1950

Christmas has come and gone. The festivities were entirely satisfactory and everyone came away with something; either in their stomachs or their pockets.

God alone knows what the gifts cost but I got a few things I can actually use. A beautiful Patek Phillipe gold watch from Bunny, a first-class cigar humidor filled with excellent cigars from my staff, a beautiful Sevres porcelain service from old auntie and assorted scarves, ties and books from the others. Maxl got his filet, medium rare and cut up into manageable pieces. He had to eat this in another part of the house because he has developed into a terrible beggar in the dining room. He would look like a barrel if we let him come in. Besides, he will get under the table and poke his nose around, looking for food and who knows? Some lady guest might turn around and smack the man next to her all because Maxl is looking for meat! Of course, so is she but not the same sort.

Enough Christmas humor. We also got three fruitcakes, which I understand, once belonged to George Washington! This is an American tradition, the fruitcake. They are lovingly passed on from father to son and will still be around when the sun explodes next March.

When I was in Cuba (and I have convinced Behn that he ought to send me back again in February. Why should I pay for an expensive trip when someone else is willing?) I bought hundreds of excellent cigars and have had a large humidor built into my office.

I have limited myself to one a day now with a little cheating when I am working on an interesting project.

Oh yes, and another funny matter.

I had to invite Viktor down because Bunny likes him and he is lonely. Although Viktor, like all good communists, is an atheist, nevertheless, he liked the holiday here. I played four games with him, won three and lost one. Viktor accused me of letting him win but then it is Christmas and if I don't let him win a hard-fought game once in a while, he will lose interest in playing.

I did have some good news for him. We have set up the escape route via the Black Sea and Turkey if Elena wants to take it. I am certain she will and he was more than happy that I was helping him. Actually, it will be in my interest in the end.

If the authorities in Russia actually believe there was an accident and she is dead, if she and the children live in Canada, Viktor can remain safely in place here without a worry about his family. Then he will be able to assist me in various projects out of gratitude and self-interest. I will make a capitalist out of him yet and when his usefulness runs out in Russia (as it always does with them), then he can bring his family down and live in America.

I'm certain he will be a big hit with the CIA but the Pentagon will not be happy unless we convince them that he was a double agent all along. Besides, mendacity aside, I like him. He is not really a

communist but a professional agent and a very good chess player. There is a community of shared interest with genuine professionals and the rest of the world does not understand it.

We have our fanatics and they have theirs but aside from them, there are thoroughly decent people on both sides of any fence who are only doing their jobs as best they can.

Sunday, 31 December 1950

One more holiday and then some peace and quiet. We have been invited to at least five New Year's evening parties but we will celebrate quietly here. The news from Korea is still bad; MacArthur is insisting that we plaster China with atomic bombs and is growing more and more strident as time passes. Truman had to visit him out in the middle of the Pacific in October and M. thinks that he has the upper hand; that the President of the United States came all the way to see him. Now M. has contempt for Truman, which is a terrible error of judgment on his part.

The last year has been a very exciting and important one for me. I have gotten used to my new home, married, bought two beautiful houses (and I am certainly going on a skiing vacation when I get back from Cuba. Probably in early March. Bunny can go on that one for sure), have learned to ride horses (somewhat), met all manner of interesting (and really terrible) people, entertained the most powerful leader in the world at dinner, bought (or acquired) a house full of beautiful art, acquired a fine dog and a very good grasp of another language. On the negative side, I have lost a good deal of my hair (which was departing for years...it finally went) and have to watch my smoking and drinking unless I want my stomach problems to return.

Everything in God's good time, I always say.

And I just was told today that Bunny thinks she might be pregnant! Siring children at fifty is a little strange but I would have no problem with a child around the house. It might give Maxl something to play with and there is always the wonderful aroma of diapers, the yowling of babies in the middle of the night (they always sound like mating cats) and other long and blessedly forgotten joys of fatherhood.

Still, it would be pleasant to have another son. We can do without daughters and it's fortunate that no one reads these things or I would be in serious trouble!

In the last election, the Democrats got about 49% of the votes and the Republicans another 49% which makes them about even. This Korean business could either make or break Truman. A quick ending (after an American victory early next year) could push up his percentages with the public and a protracted war could push them down.

On the other hand, to be pragmatic, a long (non-atomic of course) campaign will not do my stock portfolio any harm at all. Besides, I have gotten to the point where I ought to seriously consider some kind of retirement. I have worked very hard all my life to do the best I could and it would be pleasant to sit on a beach somewhere drinking rum and coconut water and watch the sea birds screaming and wheeling over fish.

Behn has several ideas that I might consider because I am growing increasingly annoyed with the band of pseudo-intellectual murderers who I have to work with and I am seriously beginning to wonder if the game is worth the candle?

I don't suppose the game is really over until they close your eyes for you and the servants run off with the plate so I think the new decade might prove to be as interesting as the last and that is certainly saying something!

Tuesday, 2. January 1951

I would greatly have preferred a quiet New Year's celebration but it was not as raucous as others have been. I find that I can entertain my business friends at the club and keep my public and private lives somewhat apart.

Truman was off on a boat trip over the weekend and has returned here for more depressing news from the front. At least it was depressing but now we see signs of the sun breaking through the clouds.

The situation in Korea is starting to look up a bit but the front is still fluid. We are sending in many more troops and MacArthur is demanding that we atom bomb Chinese troops, not only in North Korea but into China as well! Of course that is going nowhere but M. is leaking this to the press and the American right wing is grabbing at it. I suppose M. thinks that if Truman is "soft" on this issue, he can be toppled on a charge of being "soft" on communist China.

I have been told very often that MacArthur is considered to be a very dangerous man, one who sees himself as a man on a horse to save the country and make him a demi-god. He enjoys tremendous power and privilege in Japan and would like to come home and try it on here.

Roosevelt was absolutely terrified of him after an abortive putsch attempt in 1933 and bribed him to stay in Manila and out of the way. I note, by the way, that Eisenhower was his social secretary there and was noted at the time for his servility to MacArthur. Eisenhower never was a field commander and was, and is, a political general, just like Keitel. MacArthur, at least, was a combat man and well decorated during the 1914 war. I don't think anyone questions his bravery. His judgment sometimes but not his bravery. Eisenhower, on the other hand, is a duplicitous sneak. There has always been a question of why M. refused to respond to the Japanese attack in 1941 and deliberately allow his airfare, which comprised a number of the deadly, long-range B-17s, to stay on the ground and flatly refused the entreaties of his generals to attack the Japanese.

The rumor is that he was bribed by the Philippines not to antagonize the Japanese by bombing their invasion fleet (!) but also ordered by Roosevelt to do nothing at all so as to increase the damage the Japanese would do to this country. R. wanted war with Japan and preventive military measures on our part here might have negated this attack on their part.

M. got a half a million dollars in bribes from the head of the Philippine government and was rescued, along with his family, from Manila when the Japanese army, which he did so much to aid, closed in.

Now, M is lusting after the White House and is deliberately undermining Tremens' position. From inside information (Truman himself) I think the new Caesar is due for an ugly surprise one of these days. Now, as T. says, is not the time to remove him but no doubt the time will come. General (Walton, ed.) Walker, who was killed in Korea, was buried today at Arlington. A State Funeral with a team of white horses and his command flag behind the coffin. He was buried at Arlington with great pomp but I did not go, although I was invited

Wednesday, 3. January, 1951

I had lunch today at the White House, privately, with Harry and a friend. We talked about Korea, MacArthur, McCarthy and other matters. Nothing of great importance other Trumans' anger with his recent discovery that the British are engaged in furious espionage against us here. Of course everyone in the CIA and almost everyone in the FBI know about this activity but so far, T. has been more or less in the dark. I suggested that perhaps we ought to feed these drunken fairies a wagonload of false information and I said that everything that went to London ended up in Moscow the same night, British intelligence being so infiltrated with Soviet agents.

The President thought this might be an excellent idea and my first suggestion is that we let the swine believe we have a hundred atomic bombs now completed. That, I told them, would scare the shit out of both the English and their dear friends in Moscow. Perhaps Stalin will withdraw his air support of the Chinese then. Who knows what will happen?

I happened to have a list of known British agents active in this country that I "acquired" from one of my CIA CO-workers. I have given this to Hoover who responded by giving me a list of what his agents had discovered. Truman was somewhat shocked and he put his copy into his coat pocket.

When lunch was over, General (George C. ed.) Marshall arrived for an official lunch and I had the opportunity of talking with him for a few minutes before my car arrived at the door.

Impression: A dry man with a well-concealed bad temper, no doubt a very competent staff officer. Also, from what I have read in the files, a time-server. M. was involved with the Pearl Harbor business up to his nose. He knew to the minute when the Japanese attack was going to come and, under strict orders from Roosevelt, did absolutely nothing to warn his troops and then hid behind a great screen of lies and such comments as "I can't recall" and "I am not certain about that."

Still, Truman values Marshall and who am I to stir things up? In my view, a commander who would allow his own troops to be massacred without attempting to save them is not much of a man but Truman is the President and I do not like to fish in such muddy waters.

A great fraud has died in Maryland. His name was Richard Koreas but he wrote an extremely funny book called "Out of the Night" and wrote under the pen name of Valentin. He claimed to be a communist spy who later worked for the Gestapo but in fact he was a confidence man who had spent some years in San Quentin prison in California for assault and other matters. His book was used for propaganda at one time.

Thursday, 4. January, 1951

The great French singer, (Edith, ed.) Piaf gave a charity concert tonight at the Shoreham that I attended. The French ambassador was there along with a number of other American dignitaries including

(John, ed.) Steeleman, one of Truman's men with whom I have had several conversations in the past, and the Lovetts. I have always been fond of her and she had a marvelous, husky voice. Still looks like a little girl but is getting a bit long in the tooth. Dame Myra Hess is here in the District and is giving a concert but although Bunny would like to go, I would not so we stay at home. Hoover got an award for being nice to young boys! (an award from Big Brothers of America, ed.)

Friday, 5. January, 1951

I had an important visitor today down here. (Colonel John Valentine, ed.) Grombach, whom I have only casually met, wanted to see me and we spent a good deal of time going over various matters. He is terribly anti-communist and was very important during the war when he was a chief of intelligence at the Pentagon. In this position, he conducted a savage war against the communists in the OSS and I must say, he is terribly hated in the CIA because of his persecutions of their friends.

Grombach is a large, very muscular man with a gruff way about him and one gets the feeling that he would cheerfully punch an opponent in the face. This is not surprising because Grombach boxed in the Olympics and still goes to the gymnasium.

He is very sympathetic to Germans, and others, and has been in very close touch with friends of mine. He hates some of my CIA friends, especially Carmel Offie who is a screaming fairy and a friend of Wisner's. I cannot abide Offie who is America's answer to the Burgess creature but he seems to be able to ply his activities with impunity.

Grombach is a valuable man with the right attitude and we managed to get on with each other famously. He spoke very highly of Skorzeny, by the way, and was upset because he could not get in touch with him when he was here.

One of the things he told me, and I admit to being shocked, was that the CIA is embezzling millions of dollars from the government! I know about the stolen art business, of course. None of that money I get in goes to the government and after I have taken out my share, the rest is given over by me in cash to Angleton and Wisner. I know they do not put this money into the official funds and I also know from talks with Angleton that they keep it for themselves.

Angleton has started buying up income property in Washington and who knows what Wisner is doing with it. Sending a donation to the Ku Klux Klan, no doubt, considering how much he hates what he calls "nigras." His family were New York aristocrats but he seems to have picked up local habits very quickly.

How does he justify his black boyfriend? I don't suppose he does. Maybe he can call him a Cuban (they are all partly black down there but not unattractive people).

What would Polly the parrot (Wisner's wife, ed.) do if she ever found out? Probably write a terrible poem about it. God save us all from women who write bad poetry. They usually can't find a publisher so they have to be SPAs. (Self-publishing authors, ed.) Well, it makes money for the vanity presses, I suppose.

If this high level thievery had happened in Germany, I would have put them into a nice, comfortable cell and sent them off to the recreation camp on the next bus.

This is simply stealing and I was surprised that they seem to be doing it on a larger and larger scale. After all, they are well placed to do it. Everything is very secret and no one accounts to anyone else for huge sums of money.

Mr. Grombach is French by background and is called "Frenchy" or the "Frog" and when I told him a branch of my family was from Alsace, he brightened up somewhat. He likes the kitchen here and other amenities so we agreed to agree and to show him my good intentions, I gave him copies of some interesting material and he opened his briefcase and shoved stacks of paper onto my side of the desk. Of course no one kept anything but it made for very interesting reading.

Colonel John Valentine Grombach had been chief of espionage for the U.S. Army's Military Intelligence Service during the Second World War. Grombach, who was known as "Frenchy", was a champion athlete. He was a bitter enemy of the OSS and was instrumental in supplying the background data to break them up after the end of the war. Grombach contended, correctly, that the OSS was heavily salted with Communists and pro-Communists and their wartime activities were, if not anti-American, at the least devotedly pro-Russian.

His major battle, while in uniform, was with the OSS's Research and Analysis (R&A) branch. They claimed Grombach was pro-Fascist and he claimed they were pro-Communist and in this case, both were correct. Grombach, however, was a ferocious and determined adversary and in the end, he was

successful. He leaked sensitive information to Congress which resulted in the R&A being broken up. Its director, Colonel Alfred McCormack was forced to resign and Grombach established himself as a power to reckon with in official Washington and in the American intelligence community.

He supported the drive to remove pro-Soviet personnel from government service and eventually joined forces with other anti-Communists, leaking very embarrassing material to Senator McCarthy's committee. Both Grombach and Müller singled out Carmel Offie, Wisner's chief deputy in the CIA, for special attention. Offie, a well-known homosexual, had been intimately connected with William Bullett while he was U.S. Ambassador to Russia and was strongly suspected of giving information to Soviet Intelligence.

Offie was subsequently apprehended in a public lavatory by Washington police and in the ensuing scandal, forced to quit his high post in the CIA. Offie always claimed that he had been set up for the arrest and Müller's later journals bear this contention out.

Neither Grombach, who appears with some frequency in Müller's journals, nor Müller had any liking for the CIA. Both believed that its upper echelons were filled with ex-OSS men who were very left wing in their beliefs although stridently anti-Communist in their public personas. Müller and Grombach shared detestation towards the burgeoning corruption that was becoming evident to them at the top levels of the CIA.

Under cover of high-level secrecy, many of the operating funds supplied to the CIA by a trusting Congress were diverted for personal usage and the objections raised by some in 1948 that the CIA was a rogue organization with absolutely no oversight whatsoever are equally valid fifty years later.

Unlike Grombach, Müller had long ago ceased being an idealist and while in Washington was a ruthless realist. One of his real objections to the high level thefts was that, in the beginning at least, he was not included in their benefits.

Sunday, 7. January 1951

Today Bunny and I drove to Washington in the morning. She wanted to hear the Vienna Boy's Choir at Constitution Hall later in the afternoon so I went to the office and then to Mass while Bunny visited auntie. The Choir sang Rameau, among others, and was very beautiful. Such clear voices, soon to change. The Italians used to castrate young boys so their voices wouldn't change but we have grown away from such practices. Wisner said that the best way to silence an Italian is to tie his hands together and this is at least one thing I can agree with.

Thursday, 11. January, 1951

The President gave a speech to Congress on Monday in which he asked for more funds for the war, an increase in the draft requirements, more cash aid to countries we can bribe to support us and other cosmetic requests such as more medical doctors for poor people, monetary aid to schools and, of course much more in taxes. Senator (Robert A. ed.) Taft of Ohio, whom we all know wants to run for President in 1952, is making noises about the U.S. getting out of Korea (wars are never popular, especially in election years) and so on. He wants a meeting with Truman and the Secretary of State but they see through this and want nothing to do with it. They know about his speech on Friday about how much he dislikes communists but is afraid Truman might provoke Russia to attack in Europe! Such an idiot after all. Russia is not going to attack anyone. Grombach showed me a paper in which the Soviets are actually *removing* railroad facilities in their Zone and have been doing so for some time. Of course we are not to talk about things like that because the CIA's toad, Gehlen, made *his* report that this was not the case and as Gehlen is the puppet of the CIA and the military here, no one dares to question him.

Sunday, 14. January, 1951.

I had planned to drive up to Washington with Sam Cummings today. We had business at the office and I wanted to attend Mass but the weather was quite nasty. Cold and we had a very unpleasant, wet snow so decided to remain at home in front of the fireplace.

Cummings has been very helpful to Bunny and myself about the house here so in spite of the fact that he is English, we are very decent to him

Wednesday, 17. January, 1951.

General (Matthew, ed.) Ridgeway has notified all and sundry that his Eighth Army is making progress and is now going over to the offensive in Korea. This has buoyed up the President who was feeling the political effects of the constant retreats.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff have been bombarding Truman to permit MacArthur to drop "hundreds of atom bombs" on mainland China, to blow up their hydroelectric systems and so on. Truman has said, in my presence, that he has no intention of doing this. First of all, I know that we do not have "hundreds" of atomic bombs. Second of all, I have personally advised the President that in my experience, such an atomic attack would force Stalin to action and no one wanted that. I do not personally believe that he has the bomb or that if he did, he could deliver it to this country. At least not at this point.

The debate raging at the Pentagon now is that we should obliterate Russia and China at this very moment before they get more weapons to attack us with. This is exactly the reason why soldiers should never be allowed to conduct foreign policy.

I remember what happened when the Kaiser turned the running of things over to Hindenburg and Ludendorff in the 1914 war. Soldiers are trained only to think along strictly military lines and von Tirpitz and his unrestricted submarine warfare were addressing an international situation in purely military terms. Simply because a thing makes military sense does not mean that it will not have disastrous political and diplomatic repercussions.

Truman fully understands this and is determined not to let the military get control of the situation. They and the CIA do not like him and want to get rid of him.

My stocks are doing very well because it looks like a long war. Truman is calling for more housing for defense workers and this always is good for some stocks.

How long the war will last anyone can guess but I would give it a year or so longer. Then, I suppose, another limited war somewhere else to keep up the economic momentum that is now doing so well.

Marx makes some sense when he talks about the economic basis for national ill- will.

Friday, 19 January, 1951

I had a discussion with (General Walter Bedell, ed.) Smith today concerning (Allan W. ed.) Dulles. For some completely unknown reason, I seem to be one of the only people who can get along with Smith. Truman likes him; I do not but he is the Director and one must get along, after all.

Smith had a recent operation for ulcers, which I used to have, and a good deal of his stomach is gone. Ulcers obviously come from his temperament that is acidic and very bitter. I found out that he is one of the few high-ranking Generals who did not go to the Military Academy (West Point, ed.) and is laughed at by those who did.

Also, he has very little money and is a poor man from the Middle West. He is very bitter about this and I have played to this when dealing with him. I speak about my own poor background; make fun of the brainless aristocrats and so on. This he seems to like and I am one of the few people he does not insist stand up when he comes into a room.

Every time I look at him, I am reminded of the story Truscott told me about Sicily. It is very hard to take him seriously but I try.

A small-minded man who hates everyone but is a capable organizer. Of course Himmler was a very strange man with his herbal remedies and religious fervor about old Germans but he too was a good organizer

Smith glares hatefully at everyone and is now very upset with Dulles. I had told him previously that Dulles was a congenital idiot who made terrible errors in Switzerland when he headed the OSS there. His reports on what was what inside Germany sound as if they were written by his housekeeper (who was a Soviet spy...and mine as well) when she was drunk on vanilla extract.

The other day, he was telling Smith that his OSS sent twenty teams into Germany in the last part of the war and they all returned with rare documents and vital information.

I enjoyed telling Smith that he had sent twenty *two* teams into Germany and I caught and executed every one of them! I told Smith I had records on all of this and he asked me to make copies for him.

He got Dulles into the CIA but now regrets it because, he says, Dulles acts as if he ought to have Smith's job and that Smith is an idiot (Dulles used those very words) who fooled Truman. Smith hates him now and wants to discredit him. Never should have let him get his foot in the door. Dulles is one of those well-bred idiots who went to the correct schools and met the right people. If it weren't for that, he would be scrubbing toilets in the YMCA in some small town in New Jersey.

The CIA, unfortunately, is filled with such idiots and they spend all their time talking about their social friends and so on, while they are busy looting the treasury of government money and spending it on small boats, club memberships and tuition for their children at very good schools. My God, these brainless

innates will breed and we should encourage them to drop their calves into the ocean and spare the country from their arrogant pretensions to gentility and ability.

The CIA head of counter intelligence, (William K. ed) Harvey is one of the few that did not go to Yale or Harvard. He used to be in the FBI until Hoover fired him for being drunk all the time and he came over to the CIA as a "Russian expert." Of course Robert tells me that Harvey still reports to Hoover and is his man on the inside that is utter nonsense because Maxl knows more about the Soviets than he does, but there we are

I do love to listen to these bores droning on about a subject that I am very well up on and note the number of errors they can make in a single sentence.

Someone has suggested that I might like to join a Council on Foreign Relations that Dulles founded some time ago but I declined. Such elitist groups can be seen any day in the library of the Metropolitan Club, drinking like fish and chattering away about how to control the banks in this country and set its foreign policy to suit themselves. They do have some influence but it is not good influence. Alger Hiss is a member...still!

And some interesting news. Bunny is for certain pregnant! How wonderful to be a father at fifty. Well, my father is still alive and healthy although mother died three years ago. Maybe I will have a long life (if I cut back on the cigars...which I am doing...and watch the cognac intake) and confound my enemies. So far, I have outlived a number of them that is a great comfort.

Bunny is very happy and I am supportive. We have had a good deal of fun at our new place and I am now doing fairly well on horseback. She knows quite a few of the CIA people and agrees with me that they are as empty of brains as a ladle. Still, I recall that they used to call the OSS "Oh So Social" after its "aristocratic" membership.

She knows that I have had a few brief affairs with a wife or two and told me that she more or less expected this and unless I made a point of it, would not be too worried.

We do seem to get on quite well and I often discuss business with her, something she tells me her Georgetown lady friends husbands will not. She had good insight into local customs and even better insight into the people of her class and is valuable in that sense. She does agree with me that we want none of those drunken ninnies to come down here to visit. She said she would get tired counting the silver spoons after they left!

Saturday, 20. January, 1951.

American troops are now advancing against the Chinese and North Koreans and it is felt that they will be pushed back over the 38th parallel. Now the question is, do we go further as we did last time or merely stop at the parallel? This would restore the situation to a status quo ante bellum but half a cake is better than none. The general feeling here is that we bit off far more than we could chew by going so close to the Chinese-Russian borders and that perhaps *this* time we could just stop short of the border, perhaps no further than the parallel.

We then would have beaten them by chasing them out of South Korea but there is also the argument that we ought to reunify the country and go further north. Stalin did send in a number of Soviet aircraft, which we do not like to emphasize but what would he do the next time? It would probably be wiser to stop at the former border but only after wreaking havoc on the Chinese troops so that their losses would prevent them from attempting any further adventures.

Viktor came down today for lunch and chess and we had a most interesting literary and historical discussion later in the afternoon. When we had finished our games (three to me, one to him) Arno joined us in the library mostly to ask me several questions about a paper I am working on and he is putting into better English.

Somehow, the conversation turned to the Jews and from a general, rather bland overview, we got off into the notorious *Protocols* (the *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, ed.) I have known about this book for some time, glanced at it and found it rather pretentious and of questionable origin. It was nothing I could use in my official work and I have more interest in other literary matters than a Russian-produced anti-Semitic diatribe.

Arno is a university graduate with a doctorate in history and he joined the conversation because he has written an historical background on the subject.

While we were deep in discussion, Bunny joined us and the four of us had a most interesting afternoon indeed.

There are twenty-four of these protocols which purport to be a report of a gathering of Jewish elders in Prague sometime in the nineteenth century. They first appeared in Russia in 1903 and were

subsequently expanded into the book we are now talking about. This work was published in Russia and then, after the 1914 war, got into England and then to America. Henry Ford, the automobile maker, was entranced with them and had them printed in this country and widely distributed.

Then pro-Jewish scholars did some research and determined that the book was lifted in toto from a political pamphlet appearing in 1864 put together by one Maurice Joly. At that time, it was entitled "Dialogs in Hell Between Machevelli and Montesquieu" and was a satire on Napoleon III, the constitutional dictator. Joly was arrested and spent the rest of his life in jail.

Somehow, the book, which was banned in France and all known copies burnt by orders of the Minister of Police, ended up in Russia where it was altered to be anti- Semitic and published in that country.

So much for history. At least that is what I thought, having heard some of this before. No, Arno assured us, it was not that simple. It seems that Joly copied his *Protocols* from a much earlier book by one Eugène Sue called *Les Mystères du peuple*.

According to Arno, Sue copied *his* material, which duplicated the Russian production in its anti-Semitism, from someone much earlier. So, now we have the *Protocols*, an anti-Jewish document, lifted from a French satire on Napoleon III that was, in turn, stolen intact from a much earlier French work that was anti-Jewish.

Arno then asks if the basic tenets of the *Protocols* are fakes?

Viktor, who has some knowledge of this, says that they are not; that this subject has been around for at least two hundred years. He and Arno had a discussion about the roots of this business and Arno went and got a pamphlet from his library that was published in France in 1880. As Viktor does not speak French (Bunny does and I understand quite a bit of it), Arno translated it into English and I made some notes.

In some ways this is similar to the Joly book, and certainly postdates it, and in other ways not. Purported to be a response by Byzantine Jews to letter from French Jews in the fourteen hundreds, it says...in essence

"If the French king wishes to force you to become Christians, do this because he uses force but if you do, always remain true to the laws of Moses within yourself. If the French take away your lands and money, become merchants so that you can strip the Christians of their lands and money. If they threaten to kill you if you do not convert, join them and make your children doctors so that they may kill them. If the French Christians destroy your temples, join their churches so that you may destroy them from the inside. You are also enjoined to make your children lawyers so that you may further take revenge upon them."

Of course there is no determining if this letter is actual although Arno says there is a copy of it in the National Library in Paris that dates from 1490 and is quite authentic to that period.

The *Protocols* go on at some length about how Jews can achieve power and gain protection against the Christians. This by being bankers and owning the press and so on.

Of course one must say that I doubt if the Jews, who are very intelligent people, would put such things down on paper but considering the official secret papers from both Germany and America that I have or have seen, one cannot make this statement with any degree of logic. All people are very stupid and it would not surprise me if something of the sort had not been written.

Viktor went on about the problem of Jews in Russia. Nothing that I did not already know. He spoke of how much the Christian Russians detested them and eventually had terrible pogroms in the late 19th century. These pogroms only hardened the attitude of the Jews who stayed in Russia and from these persecuted people emerged the Bolsheviks who had a most terrible hatred for the Russian Christian community.

Since the Czar was the embodiment of the Orthodox Church in Russia, the radicals aimed at him and his aristocracy.

Once Lenin was in power, he and Stalin used this cadre of intelligent, ruthless and very vindictive Russian Jews to fasten the yoke of communism onto the Russian people. In the process, their trained dogs obliterated the churches and killed off as many of the priests as they could. This was coupled with great bloodbaths aimed at the Christian Russians. And then what? Viktor says that now in Russia, there is another growing anti- Semitic movement, led by Stalin himself! Many of the old-time Bolsheviks were murdered by him in his purges and now he plans to wipe out the rest in one terrible pogrom.

I must say, in private, that I do feel sorry for the plight of the Jews. They were so oppressed in Imperial Russia that they fell into Stalin's trap and eagerly became his executioners, not realizing that their heads would be next to fall into the basket.

Then we got onto the subject of anti-Semitism in America. It is obvious both to Viktor and myself that the current, growing and very brutal anti-communist movement here in America is actually anti-Semitic in nature. It is a concealed anti-Semitism but is there just the same.

Reasons?

Like Stalin, Roosevelt recognized the value of Jews for his radical social programs. Although he personally did not like Jews, he welcomed them into his government where they eagerly implemented his anti-business and pro-trade union programs. This led to Roosevelt's acceptance of Soviet Russia and by his doing so, increased his popularity among the Jewish community who, of course, were very pro- Stalin. After all, didn't the Great Georgian officially make anti-Semitism a capital offense and hadn't he filled his government with many Jews? Naturally, among Jewish liberals, Stalin was a great man and Roosevelt, seeing this, did the same thing.

However, when Roosevelt died, the protector was not longer able to promote and his successors began to move against the Jews in the New Deal.

The leadership of the CIA is what they call "East Coast Establishment". They are Protestant, mostly Episcopalian, anti-Catholic, anti-German, very pro-British and exceptionally anti-Semitic. They know they cannot come out and attack Jews as such so they now savagely attack all communists with the wink-and-nod that "we all know communists are all Jews."

Of course this is not true but the attacks on all communists, in academia, government and the motion picture industry are motivated mostly by anti-Semitism and nothing else. This is one of the reasons that I have friends in the Pentagon and at the CIA because they assume, wrongly, that I persecuted the Jews during the course of the Third Reich. That I assisted many Jews to escape they do not know and I do not think it would suit me to discuss this with them.

Dulles is certainly typical of this aristocratic anti-Semitism. In fact, in the upper reaches of the CIA, only Angleton is pro-Jewish and this is because his mother was a Mexican Jew. Dulles doesn't much like him and I suspect for that reason.

It is also assumed in the CIA that I hate Russians. This is not the case at all. I detested German communists whom I consider to be traitors to their country and agents of a hostile foreign government. I have the same view in this country. In my view, all traitors, German or American, should be shot on the spot with no mercy shown. On the other hand, I know what Viktor is and it does not bother me to socialize with him and play chess with someone whom Dulles would consider an incarnation of Satan. I have always considered myself to be a German patriot and not an ideologue. Anyone who makes their personal prejudices a matter of policy is a damned idiot and I have always maintained this, even during my tenure in the Gestapo.

Stalin and his system will eventually pass away and the Russian people will be left behind. Are we to murder all of them? People like Dulles and Wisner would certainly do this with great glee but Truman would never approve of, for example, dropping one of our fourteen atomic bombs on Moscow or Leningrad out of hate.

Now there is talk in the Pentagon about using bacterial warfare against the Chinese in Korea but it will need Truman's approval and they will never get it from him.

It is very fortunate for the Chinese that someone like Eisenhower is not in the White House or the lunatic fringe here would certainly have their way. Truman did order the atom bomb dropped on Japan but he was new to the job, lied to by everyone around him and pushed into his decision. He said to me once that it was the worst error of his Presidency and he would never do something like that again.

Thursday, 25. January, 1951.

I got in the post today, a small packet from Viktor that is both horrifying and very funny. It is a three-page document from the Pentagon, covered all over with various official secret stamps, and it deals with "Soviet military intentions" against the Western powers. It is two years old and I know for a fact that at least some of this is the result of the romance novels prepared by Gehlen for his American bosses, namely the CIA and the Army.

I am going to put this down here because I have to give the original back to Viktor so he in turn can put it back in the Pentagon files. If anyone had told me in 1948 that a KGB agent, who is always welcome in my house, is supplying me with secret U.S. military documents, I would have had him committed to a lunatic asylum or shot.

Here is what we have, somewhat shortened but all intact:

In the event of war breaking out in Europe between the Soviet Union and the Western Powers (i.e. the United States...England is nothing and the rest of Europe is a gigantic poor farm) these are the Soviet goals:

- 1. A military campaign against Western Europe to include Italy but not Spain or Portugal with the goal of capture of the Atlantic coast by a lightening strike as well as to secure control of the Mediterranean;
 - 2. A massive air attack against England;
- 3. An attack launched simultaneously against Turkey, Greece, the Middle East oil producing areas and the vital Suez Canal;
- 4. In the Far East, an attack on China, South Korea and air and naval strikes against U.S. naval and air bases in the Pacific and Alaska.
- 5. Limited air attacks against the United States mainland and Canada and attacks against the naval bases in the Puget Sound (Washington state) area;
 - 6. Coordinated naval and air attacks against British-American shipping and communications lines;
- 7. Partisan activity and sabotage launched against British-American areas of interest throughout the world;
 - 8. An attack on Scandinavian countries and Pakistan (an American ally);
- 9. Should the campaign in Western Europe prove successful, a massive coordinated land, sea and air attack against Great Britain;
 - 10. The Soviet Union must keep reserve forces ready and not commit all of their units to action.

This, then, is the purported Soviet plan to attack the West. It is, without doubt, a complete fiction, designed to terrify Congressmen and the wealthy. Both Viktor and I know, as does the Pentagon, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the President and even the error- prone CIA, that this is impossible. The Soviet military has been quickly disbanded after the war, Soviet economy is in ruins and could under no circumstances support such a huge and ambitious undertaking and, quite frankly, Josef Stalin is not insane.

Still, by his aggressive behavior over what he sees as treachery and betrayal on the part of his former allies, Stalin has played right into the hands of the war party here.

The Berlin blockade was only a test of strength and not a prelude to attack.

When Truman called Stalin's bluff, he backed down. Cruel and savage though Stalin can be, he is by no means a fool.

Even to attempt such a global undertaking would result in immediate and terrible American reprisals, in the form of atomic weapons. And also, from what I know, even more terrible germ warfare. Stalin knows this and would never undertake such foolishness. Fortunately, I am not called upon to comment upon this idiocy. My forte is communist infiltration and subversion and on that subject, I can say that the Soviets are certainly very active here. They don't need to be active in England because they already have more agents in that country than in Moscow central!

My fear, and Viktor's as well, is that some lunatic here, like MacArthur, will actually do something that Stalin will have to respond to. M. wants atomic bombs for his own use in Korea and God alone knows what he would do with them. I know Truman will not give them to him but M. has his staff friends pressuring the President.

I do not know what the future will be nor what it will have to say about Truman. I suspect they will be unkind to him when comparing him to Roosevelt but I will say here that America can be very thankful that Truman is President and not Roosevelt and especially, not Wallace! If Truman does not run again or runs and is defeated, the question will be, who is the next to follow? Taft and Eisenhower are the leading names.

Taft is not much of anything but Eisenhower will be nothing but trouble for world peace. Assholes like Dulles will get into power at once and that man, and his dearest friend Wisner are indeed capable of anything. Stalin needs to have great patience in dealing with these people, believe me.

This is not because I have become pro-Stalin in my middle age but I have lived through one horrible, ideological war that destroyed most of Europe and I really do not want to see another such manic eruption in my lifetime, or in my children's either.

Saturday, 27, January 1951.

In Korea, the Eighth Army is starting its long promised counter-attack. The field commander, General (Matthew, ed.) Ridgeway, is a very competent officer and no doubt there will be clashes between himself and MacArthur. Well, many people have suffered from the effects of the Korean campaign. Hillenkoether has gone back to active naval service and if MacArthur isn't careful, he will be relieved of

his command. At this point, no decision has been made but Truman does not like him. Also, he does not want to fire him because of public opinion so here MacArthur should be careful what he does.

The CIA people are unhappy that they do not have more to say about running things in Korea and are trying to get a bureau in Tokyo but MacArthur (like so many others) despises them and I expect that they will have a difficult time. The CIA has organized European trade union people to attack known communists in unions there. This is being paid for through the AFL and already a million dollars has been sent over

This seems to be the way now. Bribery is used, pouring millions of dollars into destabilizing fragile governments, fomenting labor strife and paying assassins their fees for killing off this or that menace to American business interests.

Dulles is now claiming that Smith will have to keep him on permanently (he was only hired as a "specialist" for a brief period) because Dulles is so brilliant that he should have been given Smith's job. Truman dislikes him, calls him a pompous ass and certainly knows that Dulles is a Republican who backed Dewey in the last election.

All of them are completely unaware that their "very own" mini-CIA, the Gehlen Organization, is filled either with former SS and Gestapo agents or with communist agents. There is no point in illuminating these blockheads about this: They will find out soon enough.

And then there is Dulles, boasting all over the place about his brilliant activities in Switzerland during the war as head of the OSS office there.

Every time I hear his chattering, I want to laugh in his face. I suppose if the idiot found out who I am, he would fill his pants on the spot. And of course I know that I, and to a lesser degree, Schellenberg, completely penetrated his Swiss organization. All of his so-called "top German agents" were either Schellenberg's or mine. We both used Kolbe to feed all kinds of ingenious disinformation to the great man and he swallowed all of it entirely whole. We knew all of his people in Switzerland and were reading all of his mail. Last week, someone showed me an OSS secret file of reports Dulles made about what was going on in Germany and I had to pretend to be having a bad coughing spell. I do have good control but after all, some things are so entertaining that one cannot help but laugh out loud.

If Dulles is as incompetent in America as he was in Switzerland, Stalin will be roasting chestnuts in the White House come next spring.

Saturday, 3. February, 1951.

We have excellent news from Germany. (John J., ed.) McCloy, the High Commissioner in Germany, has commuted the sentences of 54 Germans, many under sentence of death!

This is, of course, not unexpected here and is causing some anguish in certain circles but then these people are really of no importance. Unfortunately, Pohl and Ohlendorf will not be spared. Pohl knows far too much about American business activities with Germany during the war to be let go and Ohlendorf has to pay for all the SD and Einsatzgruppen people the U.S. has already knowingly hired. The younger Krupp, whom the Americans decided would have to be tried instead of his totally senile father, is to be let go as this country needs his company to produce military goods again. And he gets all of his property back as well. Also, all the other businessmen are to be let go as well. I wrote to Willi (Krichbaum, ed.) that this Korean business would be very good for Germany after all.

Viktor met me for lunch at the Pentagon and expressed some displeasure at the decision but I merely advised him on what kinds of American stock to buy and he made notes.

The business with his wife is coming along nicely. After all was said and done, we decided against the boating accident. Too many things could go wrong and I do not want my colleagues to get wind of what I am up to. What we did was to give Viktor some very valuable information, suitably doctored, and have him send it on to Moscow. Once Stalin had accepted it, we had him make a request to have his wife sent over (with the children) so she could help him entertain "very important" intelligence people. A week later and it was approved! How fortunate he is. Elena speaks excellent English but with an accent so we are passing her off as a Czech refugee! Viktor is very happy and we managed to get that one through with a minimum of trouble.

Wednesday, 7. February, 1951.

I have completed the negotiations with Angleton concerning the Italian Foreign Office papers. There are nearly 15,000 pages there that the Gestapo seized in Rome from the Italian FO in the Palazzo Chigi in 1943.

Kappler (the head of the SS and police in Rome, ed.) grabbed them on Ribbentrop's orders and they were shipped to Berlin for evaluation. After the 20th of July, we took custody of them and I later had them hidden in the walled-up cellar in a villa in Dahlem along with the rest of my files.

These were in a side room, also walled-up, and when we got my other records in 1948, I didn't bother to tell them about the Italian files. These we got a few months ago and I brought them to the attention of Angleton because of his intense interest in Italy.

After all, he had lived there with his family once and then during the war, was with the OSS in Sicily where he acted as a middleman between the U.S. government and the Sicilian Mafia. He dealt with Luciano at the time and is still believed to have very strong connections with both the Italian and American Mafias. When I showed him some sample pages of the Chigi papers, he became very interested and wanted to get them.

I found out that there were Italian police reports in there about the Mafia in Sicily. Mussolini hated them and was trying to eradicate them from Italy. Of course, Angleton wants them to help his friends and I am willing to oblige. He does not know that I am aware of his connections and his stupid lie that he wants to "have an overview of Italian history" is sheer nonsense.

When I told A. that these files would cost the CIA a quarter of a million dollars, he didn't twitch an eyelid. There is a great deal of money lying around and he paid it without protest...and in cash! Of course I have a microfilmed copy of the lot!

This is what happens when an intelligence agency speaks in hushed tones about "National Security", gets huge sums of money from a gullible, and often frightened Congress, and knows with great glee that they won't have to account for a pfennig of any of it.

My God, they do steal at that!

"It costs money to send my son to Harvard," they say with a wink as they stuff their briefcases with big bills. Also, do not forget that sun porch on the summer home up on Lake Vagina or even the summer home itself.

Of course the Government pays for their cars and all the expensive and useless trips they and their wives take to Lisbon, London and Paris. Here, they get to inspect the local office, meet with important whores (if their wives aren't along) and manage to get drunk on very expensive vintage wines. If they go to England, they drink piss-warm beer and eat food that would gag a hyena but then they can buy a suit (on the expense account of course) on Saville Row and cohabit with tarts in phone kiosks while talking to their wives about the wonderful show at the Buckingham Palace when the guard was changed.

Actually, I would prefer to work with the Mafia if I had to deal with the criminal element. I understand that they, at least, have a code of honor. My associates certainly do not.

What will I do with all the money?

Why go to Cuba as the emissary of Colonel Behn and enjoy myself at the casinos and other places. As a note here: The CIA operation in Cuba is run by some demi-intellectual snob with fewer brains than a piss ant. If you gave a white mouse a Harvard degree, they would make him station chief in Mexico! Of course there will be a

good deal of Angleton's money left over to use on the furnishings for my chapel. I suppose this is what they mean by the difference between the Sacred and the Profane. The place is a wreck and very close to the road but it ought to be rebuilt. If it proves to be too much of a chore, we will use one of the rooms in the main house. (In the event, the ruined chapel is still in ruins and can be seen today as a heap of stones beside the road. ed.)

Sunday, 11. February, 1951.

After Mass today (I spent the night at the club because of the meeting today) I had a talk with someone from the Vatican about the Croat problems. Pavelic's people will certainly be a welcome addition at this end. (Ante Pavelic, the *Poglavnik* or Chief of State, of Croatia, was a German ally during the war and members of his *Ustacha* party were heavily in demand by Frank Wisner's group. They were also in demand by other people who wanted to execute them but they were heavily protected in America. ed.)

The CIA has taken over the so-called "rat lines" or escape routes from Europe to Syria and South America and are now directing many of the wanted people here instead of these two countries. Bishop Hudal has done an excellent job, under U.S. direction of course, and ought to be able to retire filled with satisfaction with a job well done.

I have used the excuse of her pregnancy to tell Bunny that she ought not to travel to Cuba with me and she seems willing to stay on the farm and work with her horses. I have found that once my leg muscles got accustomed to the work, I can ride without any discomfort although I do not like wild gallops around

the grounds. A nice trot and a canter are just fine with me. I have already lost ten pounds this way but I am told that if I build up my saddle muscles, I will have to continue riding or they will turn to blubber after a time.

Monday, 12. February, 1951.

While talking on the telephone with Behn, the subject of the "Flying Discs" came up. I had discussed the Roe Company and the possible future of these craft with him earlier. He has looked into it and is not sanguine about the projects they are working on. We have one of the developers of this here but there are problems because he only did a part of the work and the other one is in Russia. Still, it if works, it will revolutionize air travel being far safer and faster than the jet engine.

Later: When Viktor called about his family (all is well there) we talked about this and he is going to come together with me this week because there are things he wants to talk about concerning this disk business. Not on the phone of course.

Cuba next week!

Friday, 16. February, 1951.

Viktor and I went to lunch today at a Chinese restaurant in DC where the music is so loud no one can overhear you.

Much of interest to talk about, especially about the disk problem. Viktor, who works in the Pentagon, tells me that a number of these objects have been seen, aside from the reports in the papers. The Army, he says, has tracked some of these on radar as have the Air Force, and they are very fast indeed. Thousands of miles an hour in some cases!

Naturally, they do not belong to this country so the immediate assumption, in the Pentagon, is that they are Russian. On the other hand, Viktor assures me that they are *not Russian* and must be ours! We exchanged views and I was able to assure *him* that the only thing I knew about these were the German developments made during the war.

This he knew something about but he reiterated that Moscow is certain that these objects, which they too have observed and tracked, are not theirs.

I have no problem with Viktor who is honest enough with me in most matters and in this business, I absolutely believe him.

What, in fact, are these objects? The *Luftwaffe* boys reported seeing similar objects during the war, tracking their formations and I now understand that American units had the same experiences. Each side thought the other was responsible!

It couldn't be the British because the cost of making such craft would be way beyond them in their present bankrupt state. Not the French either. If they are not American or Russian, where, indeed, do they come from? Are these viewings by the public, mass hysteria?

Well, I can think about them in Havana next week while I am getting tanned on the beaches!

Monday, 19. February through Saturday, 3. March, 1951

I shall have to go to some trouble to prevent Bunny from looking into these pages. How fortunate that she cannot read either my handwriting or the German language as I write it. A wonderful time in Cuba was had by all. By that, I mean myself, Arno, Heini and all the beautiful ladies we encountered. I gambled at various casinos and in the end, came away with \$10,000 more than I went in with! This is not viewed as a nice thing to do at the casinos, all of whom are owned by friends of Angleton. After doing well on the roulette wheel, I decided to walk outside to calm myself down. Amazing that two sinister looking assholes followed me outside...and had my two dear friends right on their asses.

As I was wearing a very expensive white silk suit, I did not bother to confront those behind me but walked into a convenient alley instead. There was some noise behind me but the music from a dance hall drowned it out...more or less.

I waited at the end of the alley with a pistol in my pocket but all that emerged were my loyal people, smiling and making such pleasant jokes. As usual, Arno used his knife (Heini later said, to perfection) while my American friend smashed one of them in the throat, causing him to strangle with a smashed larynx.

We decided not to go back into that casino again. Arno, who if anything is not careless, found over \$500 on one of them so it was even more profitable an evening than I thought. Behn has enormous holdings in Cuba and had been having some difficulties with unpleasantly greedy people in the Cuban

government. This is an entirely corrupt bunch anyway but some are worse than others. At least some stay bought but others are much more ambitious.

That business got cleared up and we all spent the rest of the time going to dance shows, swimming at the beaches and even chartering a sailboat for a fishing trip.

I had no idea what to do with the fish when they were caught but the cook in our hotel made a very nice dinner for us. We were all sunburned, one of the young ladies rather badly. Attractive or not, the bum should be kept covered, at least in public, and this one cannot now sit down. Well, one can do many things standing up after all!

Poor Arno. He is in love with Heini's charming sister and views him as a brother- in-law. There is Arno with a degree in history from the University of Munich, filleting thick-necked goons while his soon-to-be in-law is breaking their necks. Such memories for the future! In their wish books, one can just seen the nice stories.

Heini, on the other hand, has more or less resigned himself for at least temporary bachelorhood although he was quite taken with a beautiful lady who insisted on walking up and down on his back in her bare feet. Other things happened and Arno was highly annoyed because <u>his</u> beautiful lady spit tobacco on the carpet.

Bought some decent rum and more cigars, although I have reduced my smoking now to one a day after dinner. Tea seems to have taken its place but tea is not something one finds too often here, at least in public places.

I bought some very expensive colonial Spanish pieces at an overpriced antique barn run by a fairy that smelt like a French whore in August. Smelt like a violet factory and he seemed to like Arno very much. Arno did not like him at all, perfumed or not, so we had to leave before there were serious problems. I will take the pieces on the plane; a mirror, two silver candlesticks and a very attractive, if ornate, crucifix that will do well in the projected chapel.

As we were carrying it to the taxi, a number of people crossed themselves. thinking that Arno, with his sensitive features and pleasant smile, was a priest.

That will be the day indeed!

Sunday, 4. March, 1951

Robert Patterson, former War Secretary, has been doing his best to prevent the breakup of the German steel industry, claiming that this would be counter-productive to Truman's economic plans.

The Rosenbergs will go on trial this week. He we know was a spy but there is some question about his wife. However, both her husband and brother are known to have been Soviet agents so her position is not too secure.

The Governor of Florida is denying that he was involved with gambling but I know that the entire area and certainly Cuba is as corrupt as one could wish. In Germany we put such people into camps but here they make them Governors. Truman is now vacationing in Key West so maybe the Governor can whine to him. Unfortunately, a number of Truman's close friends are not honest and there are occasional problems about this. The President himself is certainly a very honest man but there are others around him who are not. Caesar's wife must be above suspicion but no one can discuss this with the President who is very loyal to his entourage.

Hoover wants more money from Congress and claims that armies of spies need to be uncovered. Of course there are no armies of spies but more power to Hoover.

Now, as to comments from Behn (who is very pleased that we were able to solve his problems in Havana in such a pleasant and non-intrusive way) about the flying disc problems.

I did not tell him about Viktor but I did tell Viktor about him.

It does seem that these things that have been seen and which Arno, ever a good man with a phrase, (and the knife as well!) calls them "celestial crockery" are neither .American nor Russian. If this is true, then what are they and where do they come from?

Too many official, and very secret, American reports exist (and I have seen three, one of which I made a copy of to give Behn) to laugh at these things as mass hallucinations or hoaxes. Some of this, of course, is no doubt true, but there are so many radar trackings, visual sightings, and photographs and so on as to make all of us wonder just what is going on?

I know we did work on such objects during the war and were entirely successful in producing a prototype that flew at incredible speeds but all the postwar reports indicate that there was only one such prototype and this was destroyed at the end of the war to keep it from the enemy.

If we were building these, my friends would certainly know about it and they do not, at least at the non-technical levels. I suspect that the Air Force has more knowledge than it wishes to discuss and there are other sources to be considered.

Truman has become very upset about these sightings and has stated to all and sundry that no official acknowledgment must ever be made. None of us know what they really are or where they come from but America remembers that radio program in 1938 ("War of the Worlds" by Orson Wells on the Mercury Playhouse program on Halloween of that year, ed.) that caused a terrible panic in this country and led to far more heart attacks and suicides than the government would ever admit to.

There will be no more panics if Harry can help it and since the military officials are frankly at a loss, they will not advertise their ignorance by entering into debate.

The Roe Company we know is working on prototypes that can duplicate German pieces and are known to be able to achieve very high-altitude levels and incredible speeds. Nothing is released on this but Behn and I feel that investments in this area could be most profitable. Naturally, I did not mention all of this to Viktor and for one reason.

If Stalin feels that we have such a potential weapon here, it might force him into some kind of rash action against the U.S. Better that Viktor thinks that the prototypes are not feasible as either a reconnaissance tool or as the vehicle for the delivery of an atomic bomb, a vehicle that no known Soviet weapon could ever counteract. Bombers could be shot down but not such a weapon. We will follow this up.

The subject of UFOs or Flying Saucers has intrigued the world since they were first observed in the mid-1940s. Sightings have persisted for fifty years and explanations, suppositions and theories have resulted in thousands of books and magazine articles.

It appears reasonably certain that some kind of a craft crashed near Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. There was a very high-level report located in the U.S. Archives that would tend to confirm the authenticity of this crash. A large number of sightings of disks, or saucers, turned out to be misinterpretation of natural phenomena such as stars, ball-lightening and refracted light while other sightings were proven to be very high altitude weather balloons and other man-made objects. Some of the sightings were very obviously the quite natural desire on the part of self-important people to enhance their images while others were clearly proven hoaxes.

In studying official American government analysis of a half-century duration, of the reported sightings of flying saucers or UFOs, it is obvious that about 75% of these incidents can be explained by the reasons given above. That leaves about 25% that the U.S. Air force, who investigated these sightings, states are either unexplained or authentic. Other countries besides the United States have also conducted investigations into UFOs and many have come to the same conclusions.

When these objects were first sighted, the United States was beginning the Cold War with Soviet Russia and the American public was extremely apprehensive that some kind of an atomic war could erupt at any time, possibly followed by a Russian military invasion.

It was quickly recognized in official Washington that panics of the kind created by Orson Wells' dramatization of H.G. Wells' War of the Worlds at the height of international war concerns in 1938 should not be permitted to develop.

For this reason, any mentions of UFOs in the print media were immediately countered by official denials, ridicule, elaborate and dismissive academic explanations and excuses. In 1948, as it is today, the American print media was a tightly-controlled entity and governmental censorship was far easier to achieve without the Internet, faxes and an alternative media as an effective counter-balance.

What is known, although not commonly, in technical circles, is that German scientists were working on the concept of a "Flying Disk" in the 1940s and succeeded in producing a prototype that matched the overall performances of the objects later described and with astonishing accuracy.

This project, "Fliegende Scheiben" (Flying Disk) was commenced in Germany in 1941. The developers of this project were aeronautical experts Schreiver, Habermohl and Miethe and the Italian specialist, Bellonzo. Habermohl and Schreiver developed a circular model that revolved around a raised control dome while Miethe envisioned a disk-shaped object with jet engines affixed to assist in take off and horizontal flight. The Miethe disk was 42 meters in diameter. In Prague, Schreiver and Habermohl flew the first "Flying Disk" on February 14, 1945. In three minutes of flight, the prototype attained an altitude of 12,400 meters and achieved a horizontal flight speed of 2,000 kilometers an hour. with a planned top speed of 4,000 kilometers an hour.

Just before the end of the war, this working prototype was destroyed. Habermohl, who lived and worked in Breslau, was captured by the Soviets and he and his plans were transported to Russia. Meithe remained in Prague and went over to the Americans along with his plans. In America, Meithe worked with the A.V. Roe Company of the United States and Canada and official records indicate that his crafts were built in four different sizes; 16, 42, 45 and 75 meters in diameter and were able to achieve horizontal flight speeds of 7,000 kph. Public government commentary on these aircraft was that, although they had been developed, they could only reach a horizontal flight speed of 25-30 miles per hour!

Given that there was the technology to build such a craft and also given that work was being done on it in the United States, official silence on the matter is, under the circumstances, entirely understandable.

Putting aside the hoaxes and the misunderstandings of viewers, it seems that there were indeed UFOs observed throughout the second half of the twentieth century but whether these legitimate sightings, radar trackings and occasional photographs are of experimental or extra terrestrial craft cannot be determined

It is not impossible that the Roe craft sightings were paralleled by legitimate sightings of other objects whose origins are simply unknown.

Wednesday, 7. March, 1951

The Rosenbergs and their relation went on trial this week in New York. I am told, privately, that if they are convicted, they will be executed. Of course if they confess and ask pardon, Truman would grant it. Comments in Washington among my colleagues indicate that there is more anti-Semitism inherent in this business than appears on the surface. McCarthy's attitude is that Jews are responsible for things that don't work and as an admirer of Hitler, he thinks he can run off with this one now. I do not think that he will be allowed to do so. It is one thing to go after spies but quite another to stir up pogroms in Hollywood. I know that Truman is against this and I personally view it as counter-productive. If there is going to be a Cold War against the Russians, it is more effective to demonize them, both inside and outside the country, than to digress into attacks on Jews.

There have been rumblings about some of Truman's people but so far, nothing has come of it. The war in Korea is doing well enough, as are my stocks, but there is the problem of MacArthur who is loudly insisting to have the right to drop atomic bombs on the Chinese! I personally think that he is either crazy or positioning himself for a run at the Republican nomination. If he had these weapons, I believe that he would use them. After all, he was the Great Leader in the Pacific War, the Great Leader in Japan after the war and now he wants to be the Great Leader in Korea.

Bunny and I are entertaining some of her relatives this weekend and I have suggested, rather firmly, that she cut back on her horseback riding now that she is pregnant. We have had some heated discussions on the subject but in the end, I think I will prevail.

Wednesday, 14. March, 1951.

A letter by Roosevelt has surfaced in a New York paper, which is not unexpected.

I have a copy of the article on the desk here. In this letter, which appeared in the papers of a Spanish diplomat and was reprinted in a French paper last month, Roosevelt is writing to a Jewish politician about wanting to give Stalin freedom of action in eastern Europe and a warm-water port. He asked this politician to broach the matter to Stalin.

Yesterday, the State Department alleged that this letter was a forgery but without any substantive argument.

I cannot see why anyone would bother to falsify something so obvious. Everyone knows that Roosevelt would have given Stalin anything he wanted and all Roosevelt wanted in return was Stalin's full cooperation in his United Nations idiot project.

Roosevelt was far too stupid to have original thoughts and in this business, was only aping Wilson's League of Nations. Roosevelt should have taken note of the opposition to this in America and the eventual defeat of the project.

The letter is probably genuine but at this point, no one cares except the leftovers of the New Deal and other Roosevelt-worshippers. And one can trust *absolutely nothing* coming out of the State Department who are a nest of fairies and proto-communists.

An entertaining lunch with Philby who was in a terrible state about some dinner he gave last January for important people. It seems that disgusting Burgess, who is living with Philby for some obscure reason, made an appearance and caused havoc with the guests with his drunken and aggressive behavior.

Philby said that among the insulted were (William K. ed.) Harvey, the chief of the CIA counterintelligence section and his wife. Philby said that B. so insulted the wife that they all left and he is now afraid that Harvey is "very vindictive" towards him. And with reason. I asked P. why he had permitted this oafish fairy to disrupt his work and he had no answer at all.

I have been asked to "chat up" Harvey and find out just what he is up to.

Friday, 16. March, 1951.

Truman has issued a statement to the press that his aides are honest men but he did not comment on recent investigations into some of them. T. is off on a vacation for nearly a month, which is not wise, considering the military situation in Korea and the political problems here. He is a stubborn man and fortunately, I am not an advisor in such matters. The Supreme Court has refused to hear the Hiss appeal so he will have to serve out his sentence. Maybe he can go to Moscow and get a medal from Josef when he gets out. Hiss is still screeching that he is innocent and he must have gigantic testicles made of bronze to do this. I have reviewed much of the information against him and there is no question whatsoever that he is as guilty as could be.

MacArthur is starting to issue statements to the press which is most unwise and certainly in violation of the relationship between a general officer and his Commander in Chief. I have heard that Truman now is interested in coming to some kind of accommodation with the Chinese and ending a very unpopular war. His approval percentage in the opinion polls has dropped to an incredible low of 25% and he has to do something to bring it up. Peace in Korea would be the way to do it, certainly.

The U.S. is moving ahead and is pushing the Chinese and Koreans back so this might be a good time to make such a move. One wonders what M will do about this kind of a move. It would deprive him of power and Truman certainly does not like or appreciate his attempts to undermine his position. These things evolve. Perhaps M. will practice some commonsense for once.

Harvey told me that he has been investigating Philby whom he now hates because of the incident with his wife. I was very pleasant with him and he has asked me to have a drink with his wife and himself. From what I know, H. and his wife are a pair of drunks so I will have to be careful not to have them down to the house. They don't like women in the club so we can meet somewhere in DC instead. I hope to learn just what, if anything, Harvey has found.

Friday, 23. March, 1951.

I had my dinner with the Harveys at a small restaurant that specializes in Spanish food. I met *Frau* Harvey for the first time. Her name is Libby (for Elizabeth no doubt) and she is rather thin and dark-haired. She also drinks like her fat husband. Both of them loathe Burgess and, because of him, Philby. Harvey said Burgess insulted his wife and that he suspected both of them of being spies. I tried to dismiss the Philby suspicion by saying that Philby was no doubt reporting on Washington affairs to Whitehall but Harvey thinks to Moscow as well. He has no proof but is certainly persistent and this, coupled with his vindictiveness and position in the CIA does not look that good for P.

The wife is obviously encouraging his attacks. Women love to stir up disharmony and the Chinese ideogram for trouble is two women under one roof. One can assume from his actions that Burgess would fall into the female category although what Philby sees in him is something I would prefer not to contemplate. Himself, probably.

Both the Harveys poured down the martinis (a filthy concoction that tastes like cleaning fluid) until finally, dear Libby slipped off her shoe and stuffed her wriggling foot into my crotch. Under the table of course, but in the condition her husband was, she could have ripped off her dress and scrambled up onto the table and he would have gone on talking to his plate. After her contortions, accompanied by her entertaining act of sticking her tongue out and wiggling it like a pink flannel necktie, she put her shoe back on (God be praised!) and wrote her telephone number on a piece of paper and stuck it into my jacket pocket.

All this time, Harvey himself was muttering about Hoover and what an asshole he is. Apparently, H. worked for the FBI and Hoover sacked him with some nasty comments about being a drunk.

The food was interesting for a change but the evening was a total waste except for the foot action and the wagging tongue. The Harvey woman certainly gets heated up with a few drinks. One or two more, and I have no doubt she would have crawled under the table and fellated me before the dessert!

On the way out of the restaurant, she fell down and when her drunken husband tried to lift her up, he fell down. I had the manager call a taxicab as they were obviously too drunk to drive, either one of

them, and I didn't want to give them a ride in my new Cadillac because one or both of them would have spewed all over the seats.

William King Harvey was thirty-five when he encountered Müller. A native of Indiana, Harvey had been an FBI agent stationed in New York until he was fired by Hoover for being a chronic alcoholic. Harvey, who had considerable knowledge of Soviet espionage, then took his knowledge, and his drinking habits, to the CIA where he soon became chief of counterintelligence. His wife, Libby, a native of Kentucky, was a woman of little sophistication and was not able to function in Washington society without resort to an extensive ration of dry martinis. Harvey, known as the Pear because of his short, fat body, disliked Hoover and engaged in open warfare with his former superior. He was a loud, aggressive man who developed a strong personal dislike for Harold Philby and attacked him constantly, eventually eroding Philby's standing with British intelligence and leading to his defection to Russia in 1963. Ten years earlier, his nemesis, Harvey, was transferred to Berlin to head the CIA office there.

In 1952, Harvey had divorced his wife, Libby, and obtained custody of their young son. He never discovered that Müller had a brief but steamy affair with his wife, who eventually committed suicide, but blamed her fall from grace to a connection with "some German bastard." Other problems were the official cause of their breakup but the Teuton who so encrusted him with horns remained his friend and the two of them ended up in BOB or Berlin Operations Base, the CIA nerve center in Berlin.

Harvey indeed was a man with a considerable knowledge of Soviet intelligence operations but Müller had an infinitely greater knowledge and Harvey depended heavily on his Swiss friend for information and assistance with German. Harvey, like so many other CIA specialists in Germany, was unable to read, write or speak a word of German.

There is a very strong reason to believe that Harvey, far from being an enemy of Hoover, was in fact still in contact with his former chief and passed along inside information to him about the working of the CIA, an organization that was feared and disliked by the FBI chief.

After Harvey returned from his duty in Berlin, he became involved in other serious matters for the CIA and in 1963, became involved under James Angleton, in the assassination of John Kennedy. Harvey was in charge of the assassination squad and later dealt with Mary Pinchot Meyer, Kennedy's mistress and former wife of Cord Meyer, a senior CIA official.

Saturday, 24. March, 1951.

Great fury here about MacArthur's latest actions. It is obvious that the General has gone mad and will certainly be replaced as soon as convenient. What happened was this: Truman initiated among his staff a plan to negotiate with the Chinese and end the war.

So far, so good. The Chinese have taken terrible losses in Korea and are more than willing. Truman let MacArthur know what he was doing but before anything positive happened between the Chinese and us, MacArthur let off a lunatic statement on Friday in which he insulted the Chinese and in fact ordered them to negotiate with him before the United States obliterated them. The rapprochement is now dead, Truman is livid with rage and everyone here seriously believes that MacArthur has not only openly and crudely defied his Commander in Chief but also committed a treasonable act.

Generals get that way after a while and MacArthur is obviously completely mad. Thank God Truman never gave him atomic weapons or he would certainly have used them by now.

MacArthur, by his insane act, has put Truman into a terrible position. The latter had an acceptable diplomatic program for ending the war well in train and M. deliberately sabotaged it for his own glory. How many young soldiers on both sides will die to pay for this act of senile vanity? Truman cannot now fire MacArthur because M. has shown the American people a way out of a very unpopular war but if I know Truman, and I think I do, MacArthur is living on borrowed time. He is standing, as Dulles said, with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel.

This business is by no means over yet.

I talked with Philby about the Harvey orgy and he was both amused and discomfited. He asked me if H. had found out anything and I replied that I did not believe he had but to get rid of that asshole Burgess. Easier said than done according to Philby. Burgess has slept with most of the senior Foreign Office people and they love and protect him. Burgess is the fat wreck of a once handsome man and utterly obnoxious in his behavior. If he is found attractive by FO people, their taste must be up with yesterday's dinner.

For want of anything better to do, I rang up Libby H. and she was certainly eager to meet with me. I suggested a little lunch and then some recreation in Chevy Chase and she was frantic. I seem to have that

effect on some women but there is no arguing with fate, is there? Perhaps I can get her husband to leave Philby alone but I doubt it. No doubt she will get at least a little drunk at lunch and be in a more receptive mood although from her pantings on the phone I would say the liquor isn't needed.

Wednesday, 28. March, 1951

I have it on the best authority that MacArthur is to be fired from his post! Truman is furious at M's constant upstaging of him, his egoism, his bombast and his deliberate attempts to promote himself at Truman's expense. They are only waiting for a consensus and a few other small things before dragging out the firing squad.

Monday, a steamy afternoon with the Harvey creature. She scratched my back that I am going to have to explain somehow to Bunny, as well as leaving red marks on my legs and elsewhere. That woman is quite mad but she does blabber endlessly in her horrible accent about what she thinks she knows. Stories about the CIA wives, at least one of whom chattered about me. The Harvey woman thrashes around like an epileptic having a fit and makes enough noise to be heard out on the street. I was expecting the police to come at any minute. She is not as cultivated as the other wives which is a benefit. At least I don't have to listen to endless chattering about spiritualism, Chinese religions, or strange Russian painters. My God, those women are as empty of brains as a ladle, perfect mates for their equally idiotic husbands. If the parents are any example, their children should be drowned like kittens to keep them from breeding.

Mendel would have liked to have observed that crew.

Dulles walks around with his pipe trailing smoke behind him, laughing like an idiot Father Christmas and every third sentence begins with "when I was in Bern" and every sentence begins with the first person singular.

There was quite a cabal in the old OSS at the end of the war. Dulles wanted to be head of the postwar U.S. intelligence and had already set up his shadow government. This included Angleton in Italy, Thayer in Vienna, himself as chief in conquered Germany and Helms plus several others. The Dulles older brother (John Foster Dulles, ed) was a lawyer for the Cromwell law firm in New York. This firm had strong connections with German business and wanted to rebuild all of this for the profit of everyone. Roosevelt and the Jewish crowd wanted to obliterate Germany but this ideological shit was not practical from a business point of view and so when Roosevelt the First got to room temperature, creatures like Morgenthau and the Soviet spy (Harry Dexter, ed) White and their friend and co-religionist Eisenhower were powerless. Dulles felt that if had control of U.S. foreign intelligence, he could deflect the anti-German sentiment which would benefit the Cromwell people and himself and his family, all of whom had heavy investments in German stocks. This did not work because Truman closed down the OSS because it was filled with communists and Dulles then rushed over to the Army and set up some kind of a fake intelligence agency to keep the money coming in. If he ever gets his hands on the levers of power in the CIA, there will be hell to pay. Dulles and his gang will set foreign police and try to control not only the military but the President as well.

Dulles is a very stupid, vain man, easily misled because he has no basic understanding of the intelligence business. He made a terrible mess of things in Bern and God alone knows what he will do here. Angleton is a vicious, backbiting man with delusions of superior intelligence. As a hidden homosexual and a man with strong connections to the Mafia, he should not be allowed close to any kind of decision-making while Thayer has had a disastrous series of liaisons with women that his wife found out about and wrecked his career. Then we have crazy Pash who seems to like fat Harvey and the two of them sit around and talk about cutting throats and blowing up aircraft full of people.

I have often thought about putting a microphone in their offices and making a record of their murderous and utterly vicious conversations. How entertaining it would be to play it for the President or, even better, somehow find a way to put it on the radio! If I recorded the nonsense their wives babble while in bed or on the telephone, the public would set up a guillotine in the Plaza and shorten them all by a head. I can abide most unpleasant people because it was my job to get information out of them but the stupidity, lies, egomania and greed of my senior fellow workers reminds me of the saying of the old Fritz (Frederick the Great, ed) that the more he saw of people the more he loved his dogs.

Aside from the MacArthur business, the war is making progress and we will not even attempt to approach the Yalu River like we did last time. The British tell us that the Chinese are ready to negotiate some kind of a settlement but I doubt the truth of this. Chinese are very clever people and will spin out their negotiations for years.

The Rosenberg gang has been convicted and the word is that they will get the death penalty...as expected. The State Department has fired several diplomats in China for being fairies and taking bribes from the Chinese in Hong Kong. I doubt if this will stop McCarthy but all beginnings are difficult.

Viktor and his wife and children came down last night and we are all having a most pleasant interlude in the spring countryside. The children are well behaved and enjoy feeding the ducks in one of the ponds and we let them ride on a pony.

I have pretended to have an infectious skin problem, which prevents Bunny from seeing the damage the Harvey slut has done to my body. The drooler called me at the office twice this week and I have told the operator to tell her that I am not in. I am certain she will tell her husband one of these days and I will have to deal with him. She said she marred him for excitement but she obviously doesn't get too much

He is fat and apparently endowed like a stud ant, stays drunk and masturbates in the bathtub while looking at pictures of actresses wearing fancy underwear.

Sunday, 1. April, 1951.

Today is what the Americans call April Fool's Day. It should be a national holiday up in Washington. Just to entertain my friends, I had Arno call up the Sunday duty officer at the CIA and tell him he was calling from the White House and the Russians had just dropped an atomic bomb on Tokyo. The man began to stutter and Arno and I had quite a laugh, counting on him to ring up all the bosses and ruin their day. I told Bunny that I would cook pancakes for her as a special treat. I put small pieces of thin cloth onto each cake, poured more batter on and turned it over to be cooked. The cook thought it was very funny but Bunny did not. She poured a sweet syrup all over the cakes and then tried to cut them with a knife. They wouldn't cut, of course, with the cloth inside, and slipped all over her plate, finally sailing off and onto the table. I am afraid I began to laugh and for a moment, I thought she was going to throw the pitcher of syrup at my head. She calmed down and we all had a laugh. At least some holidays can be fun.

Later: When I went to bed tonight (I am sleeping in a separate room because of my "skin rash"), I discovered a dead fish stuck in my pillow so Bunny got her revenge after all!

Thursday, 5. April, 1951

As expected, the Rosenbergs get death! The other one (Morton Sobell, ed.) got 30 years in prison. The lawyers will now get busy but the end is preordained. As an example to others is what is said here and it has a chilling effect on the very liberal segment of American politics. There are still very many in this country, very quiet now of course, who view Soviet Russia as the hope of the world. They are not happy with the brutalities of Stalin but still admire communism as an "equalizing" system that is kind to cripples (such as themselves of course).

It is expected that MacArthur is going to be replaced within the week. Here, he is viewed as either a dangerous man or insane. Or perhaps both. We know about his plots against Roosevelt and now we see him trying to inflict his will on Truman. There is no question that MacArthur would have dropped atomic bombs on China...and perhaps Russia...if he had them. The CIA hates him because he blocked any attempt on their part to open offices in Japan.

Hiss finally went to jail at the end of last month. He will be locked up for five years and be a leftwing martyr for the rest of his life.

McCarthy is getting his knife into the liberal community and people are being accused and fired right and left. He will eventually either run his course or run for the Presidency. He has a very serious alcoholic problem and a terrible temper so higher office will be denied him. Besides, the party leadership decides who will be the candidate and never the voters.

Wednesday, 11. April, 1951.

MacArthur was fired today in a dramatic way. He has his people in Washington and got the news that he was finished. Truman has his people in Tokyo and found out that MacArthur was going to dramatically resign...and attack Truman in the process. Truman struck first and issued a statement just ahead of MacArthur.

A thoroughly expected but still unnerving public response. This is being written late at night and the papers as well as the radio news indicates a great wave of popular outrage directed against Truman. There are those who want the President to recant but he will not and MacArthur is finished. The drama has to go through the last act but the President has won this battle at least. Ridgeway is the Imperator-elect and is certainly doing a competent job in Korea.

Now that M. is out, the CIA want immediately to move into the Asian area where they can have ripe pickings, they hope, and make more international mischief. They already have their fingers in the European and Near East cake and now they are licking their lips in anticipation of meddling in Asia as well. Well, no doubt there will be more destabilized governments, more assassinations and certainly more money for their private accounts in Switzerland.

I reminded one of my associates, not in jest, that now the CIA could get into the opium business and this one only nodded and said, "By God, I hadn't thought of that."

Soon we will all have our opium pipes courtesy of Allen Dulles and his academic clowns. And I am sure that this will happen with this nest of thieves.

The involvement by the CIA with Southeast Asian drugs has become well known in the years following the end of the war in Vietnam. Books have been written on the subject...when publishers can be found that are not susceptible to CIA pressure...but the degree and extent of this extracurricular financing is yet to be fully disclosed.

Sunday, 15. April, 1951.

Heard from Philby about his dear friend Burgess. The latter was caught by the police speeding. He was taking a trip with a young homosexual, we know what for, and got caught. P. tells me, with great happiness, that Burgess will be sent home at once.

He must have bitten someone in the Embassy but at least Philby doesn't have to put up with him. I will mention this to Harvey who apparently doesn't know about his frantic wife and her assignations with me. I have had to be nice to her to keep her quiet. I would have written "to keep her mouth shut" but that would spoil so much fun.

We have agreed that there would be no more love bites and certainly no more scratching or she would have to find solace with a Negro handyman.

Tuesday, 17. April, 1951

Very interesting reading today! My friend who is responsible for distributing the highest level secret documents to the *bonzen* (bosses, ed.) has given me, and I have made a complete copy of, a secret file about using the Chinese under Chaing to invade the mainland territory! This is called "Operation Paper" and has been in effect since February of this year. My copy was one of two, one for the files and the other for Smith.

When Chaing was being chased out of China, one of his top men, General Li Mi, moved south and managed to keep his command intact and moved south into Indo China and from there into Burma, where he assembled a force of three to four thousand men from the former Nationalist Army, the 97th and 193rd divisions. Here, they are enlarging their units, training them with guns supplied by both the CIA and the French. We are sending weapons through Sea Supply in Florida. The French are supplying them Japanese weapons captured at the end of the war. Also, several units of the Japanese Kempetai (the dreaded Japanese Secret Military Police, ed.) have joined these people and one of their colonels has come over here to act as liaison with Washington. I have met this man, a Colonel Saito (which I do not believe is his real name) and as he was with their army in Manchuria and is considered to be their top expert on the Soviets in Siberia, we had a most interesting series of conversations. More on him later.

The plan is to use these men to physically invade China in large-scale commando raids, destroying as much infrastructure as possible, taking hostages (which will be killed after being tortured) and generally spreading terror in the countryside.

It is also planned to use CAT (Civil Air Transport, an airline wholly owned by the CIA, ed.) to move troops from Taiwan if these incursions prove to be useful. There is also a plan to develop bacteria that will attack and destroy the rice crops of China and thereby devastate both her faltering economy and cause starvation amongst her population. This is called Operation Kuan-Yin which is rather grotesque because it is the name of the Chinese goddess of mercy!

Saito, a real samurai type, is a first-class military man with a genuinely incredible knowledge of the Soviet Union and is fascinating to talk with. He knew General Ishii and spoke to me of the bacteriology factories in Manchuria. We both know that the U.S. is working frantically on developing various poisons and diseases to use on the Russians and Chinese if they should launch attacks on this country. Now that MacArthur is out, the plan is to proceed with these very deadly and clandestine operations, operations that MacArthur had blocked. Most conventional military men do not think along these lines.

It is interesting to note that M. wanted to use Chaing's men in Korea but was strictly forbidden to do so for fear of starting a major war in Asia. Now that he is out of control, the CIA is promoting this.

I mentioned the drugs to Saito who laughed and said that now the Chinese plan to make opium growing official so that they can raise capital by selling their products in the United States. Wars were fought over opium in the last century; the British to import it into China (for their usual profit of course) and the Chinese to keep it out because of the terrible damage it can do. The Chinese lost that war and eventually became a nation of dope addicts for which they can thank England.

Saito is very fond of a Japanese game called *go* that he plays endlessly with one of his staff that accompanied him here. Also, he in an avid practicer of *kendo* which is old-fashioned Japanese sword fighting, performed with armor and dummy swords made out of bamboo. He wants me to attend a small exhibition next week and kept telling me that I ought to study *Zen*, a Japanese religious regimen that is designed to allow its practitioner to perform physical acts, such as archery or sword craft, in a natural way and without thinking about it. Reflexive and spontaneous, under control. He has given me a book that I will read over the weekend.

Amazing when one thinks of it. I was the head of the terrible Gestapo and Saito was a senior leader of the Japanese equivalent and now we are both in Washington being very well paid by our former enemies to plan savage attacks on America's former warmest ally, Josef Stalin!

We both see the irony in this concept but others do not so we will permit them their self-delusions and take the money to the bank.

The British are in for more economic trouble. Because they insist on maintaining the trappings of a great power, they are insisting that it is better to spend billions of pounds on a stupid rearmament program than on public services so their people will still have rationed food (if that's what they call the swill in England). The government has pushed up taxes on almost everything and the public will suffer accordingly.

This is utter stupidity because what would England do with a new army? Invade America (which she would love to do but she tried it twice and was thrashed for her pains) or her old enemy, France? There is nothing to invade in Germany and Russia is far too powerful. Perhaps she can invade Norway and seize all the sardine factories or Denmark and terrify the cows. Their once magnificent Navy is either at the bottom of the sea or has been melted down to make piss pots so they can concentrate on their army and hope to terrify Ireland or Iceland. Such idiots!

Friday, 20. April, 1951

Another *Führer* birthday to be celebrated (in private). Bunny is busy being pregnant and so the staff and I got together for a nice lunch followed by a round of toasts. I broke my rule and had a very fine champagne to honor the occasion.

Much satiric comment here and at the White House about MacArthur's big speech to Congress yesterday. Thank God he is out of the way. If he was planning to take advantage of the upsurge of public interest in him, he is far too early. When the convention assembles, he will be very cold coffee indeed. All in all, however, a very good speaker and he makes a good presence.

The anti-communist activities have spread to Hollywood, a cesspit of left-wing activity and many are being exposed and attacked. I told McCarthy the other day that he and MacArthur ought to run for the Presidency. They could draw cards to see who was going to lead the ticket. He actually believed me and began to preen like a parrot, an alcoholic one. He insulted Truman and then blamed it on the alcohol. Drunks blame everything on the alcohol including their inadequacies, impotence, chronic flatulence and skin rashes. McCarthy looks like the kind of man you would hire to clean your furnace or put down fertilizer on the lawn. Still, worse have gotten into the White House and there may be worse to come.

Congressman Nixon from California ran into me the other day in the lobby of the University Club. A friendly chat and I commented on the proximity of the Soviet Embassy to the building. He is obviously a very ambitions young man so I have invited him and his wife to come down to visit. His wife is a very attractive blonde woman who, according to Nixon, is of German background. We also talked about Hiss and Chambers and will no doubt continue the conversation later under less crowded conditions.

An entertaining thought: I might invite Viktor down when the Nixons come. It might be an entertaining day...at least for me!

Sunday, 22. April, 1951

A long and very interesting talk today. Viktor and his wife came down, leaving the children with a governess, and we had a pleasant lunch with Bunny and Arno also at the table. Afterwards, the two ladies went off somewhere and the three of us went out onto the terrace for a pleasant afternoon talk.

This turned on the CIA, its motives and more especially, its overall *effectiveness* in its job. This agency was set up to keep an uninformed President current with world affairs. It has not done this. What it has done is to attempt, sometimes with success, to *influence* the President to support its own goals.

And what are these goals? Quite frankly, like the SD in Germany, they have their world-view and because they have it, it must be a correct view and the President must be made to support it.

And what is this world-view? Nothing at all. They have no real knowledge of anything outside inter-office politics and their social life. For example, I know of very few CIA leaders who understand one word of Russian or who have even the slightest idea of the history of that country and the dynamics of the communist movement that now runs it. They have no real knowledge of Stalin who to them is nothing but a shadow puppet with which to frighten the President and his advisors, as well as the American public, into believing that the CIA and that agency alone is capable of protecting this country against the military adventures of Josef Stalin.

For another example, somewhat more distant but nevertheless very indicative, (Allen W. ed.) Dulles was the OSS chief in Switzerland during the war. I have direct knowledge of his activities, have read through many of his reports from the period and had the opportunity of talking to him. He is thoroughly ignorant of what he was supposed to be dealing with, is not proficient in German, was hoodwinked by a number of my people and in general was worth at least a battalion to me.

Now, he poses as a master spy who defeated Hitler!

These people (the CIA, ed.) have a great deal in common. They are all members of the Establishment who know each other or have mutual friends or family connections. Most of them went to Yale, Harvard or Princeton, were members of exclusive student clubs and inter-married with each other's cousins, sisters or whatever.

They do not understand their putative enemy and never will. It is true that many are very intelligent but there is a great canyon between education and intelligence.

They actually have no agenda other than to achieve supreme power where they can implement their ill-planned schemes that sound to both Viktor and myself like Karl May novels (Karl May was a 19th century German writer who wrote about American cowboys and Indians and was very popular in Germany. Although exciting reading, May had no real knowledge of his subjects. ed).

The men of the NKVD, as witness Viktor, are very often quite fluent in English, very clever and possess a great understanding of the American psyche. There is no question that the CIA has never penetrated their ranks but there is also no doubt that the NKVD has penetrated theirs. Many OSS men were very pro-communist and worked closely with the Soviet intelligence during the war and a significant number of these OSS men went directly into the new CIA.

What the young Harvard men like is the sense of intellectual power. Although it would be beneficial to everyone if the United States and Russia were to downplay their animosities, it is not to the liking of these Young Turks to permit this.

Stalin, after all, views America as a nation that once supported him wholeheartedly and now seeks to destroy him. Stalin needs money and trade to help him rebuild his country but that is something he will never get here. Stalin sees America as trying to destroy him and being Stalin, fights back. He does this with probing attacks or simulated attacks as witness the Berlin blockade and the current war in Korea.

There is no doubt Stalin egged on the Chinese and North Koreans to carry out a proxy war for him. He is an expert at testing people. If they resist, he will back down as long as he can save face in the process.

This country has now been drawn into a war that is not popular and a war that eventually will destroy Truman's reputation. Stalin was pleased with Roosevelt, although he viewed him personally with great contempt, because R. gave him what he wanted without presenting any kind of a bill. Truman immediately began to discuss the bill when he became President by default and Stalin can never forgive him for that.

I am supposed to be an expert on *anti-Soviet counterintelligence* but I find the people I work with under the assumption that I am an expert on *Soviet political intentions!* I am in and out of my office but always there is someone who wants to ask me some idiotic questions about oil production at Baku or the latest Soviet tank model!

I cannot possibly answer these stupid questions and it's like using a surgeon's scalpel to cut wood with. No one, except the President, bothers to read my papers and since I have no interest in attending their drunken dinners and mindless attendance at school football games, they are more or less leaving me alone.

Never mind. Thanks to my new connections, I am making a fortune on the stock market and have cut back on the art business. Some day, some horse-faced idiot will come forward and screech that this or that painting was stolen from his grandmother's house. Then there will be trouble with the auction houses or the galleries and I will have to get Arno to pay the owners a visit at home and shut them up. Or more to the point, as Arno says, visit the squealer and send him down to see Charon with his penis instead of a coin in his mouth. For a well-educated and pleasant young man, Arno can be very unpleasant at times. He even frightens Viktor once in a while but Viktor likes his intelligence and probably thinks Arno is having him on.

He is not.

Arno wants to get married to Heini's lovely sister and I think it would be a good idea. She will have to come down here to live because Arno has no interest in going to Iowa and living in a farm community. I did tell him that he could make a good living killing hogs with his knife but he would rather take extra classes at Georgetown.

All in all, it was a pleasant afternoon and we shall have to do it again.

Tuesday, 24. April, 1951.

Truman has now swung over to the right and is going to permit the discharge of governmental employees if their loyalty is in question. It's about time they started to clean out these Augean stables. Since these pogroms have begun (actually before I got here) thousands have resigned and about three hundred have been fired. Hoover is chasing after perverts and they are quaking in their boots over at State.

We are going to get to get together in the near future with some of the Chrysler family who live in the neighborhood and Bunny knows through school. Also, we are having some friends of Bunny's down who are descended from the Ramsay family that founded Alexandria as well.

I find the old aristocratic families much better to take than the crass, pseudo- intellectuals of the government services.

An interesting sidelight from Bunny.

Back in the 1860s, there was a businessman and banker named Levi Z. Leiter. He was a Jew and involved in all kinds of businesses, including a clothing business in Chicago. (Field and Leiter, later Marshall Field and Co., ed.) Part of the family lived in Washington and cut a swath in local society. One of them was direct ancestor of Winston Churchill! Now one can see why Churchill hates the Germans so much. Roosevelt had the same sort of background. *His* ancestors were Sephardics from Spain named Campo Rosso (or 'Field of Roses') who fled to Germany after Ferdinand and Isabella took over Spain and forced all the Jews to convert. In Germany, near Aachen, the Campo Rossos became 'Rosenfelds.' In the early 17th century, one of them, an Isaac Rosenfeld, was burnt by an ecclesiastical court for breaking into a church and profaning the Host. The rest of the family fled to Haarlem in the Netherlands and changed their name once more to 'Rosenvelt' which, again, means the same thing. One of them came to America, changed his name *and* his religion and produced two Presidents!

Again, one understands Roosevelt's animosity towards the Germans. However, in spite of his background, he personally hated Jews and did everything he could to keep them from coming into this country when we were trying to chase them out of Germany.

This self-hatred is well known and has produced a great deal of sorrow in the world.

The war in Korea marches on. Behn is having a private dinner at the Metropolitan Club for a few influential friends and I have been invited. Clark Clifford is sniffing around me, trying to break into various circles I am connected with but so far, I have managed to elude his wiles. I do not like nor trust the man although Truman thinks that the sun shines out of his asshole (as Angleton said last week).

Wednesday, April 25 1951

Robert came by my office today with an aide who brought several boxes of intercepted Soviet documents. These are from the TICOM (Target Intelligence Committee, ed.) This comes to me because I have had dealings with (Dr. Erich, ed.) Hüttenhain in the past. He has been the best insofar as the decryption of Soviet messages are concerned. Now, we are using German machines to spy on not only the Russians but our delightful allies as well! This department here is full of Germans...a mixed bag of *Abwehr*, SD, Gestapo and *Reichspost* plus some *Luftwaffe* boys. Most of the SS people are on the "automatic arrest" and "forbidden entry" level but no one pays any attention to that here and, thank God,

the Jews have shut up now that we are charging many of them with being Soviet spies. If we did not do this, they would wail and howl about "evil Nazis" running around Washington. As Smith said, 'Better to have professional German intelligence people here than that damned pack of communist Jews that Roosevelt shoved off on us!'

TICOM material is vital to us now and I am highly entertained when the Americans discovered that we were breaking many of their codes. Of course now there is much talk about the Enigma (German military encryption machine, ed.) victories. Of course we knew that they had the capacity to break this. We knew they had broken the Japanese code machine patterns and we tried to warn them but they wouldn't believe us. When Hitler planned the Ardennes attack in December of 1944, Hitler gave specific orders that no messages concerning this attack were to be processed through Enigma and we took the Amis completely by surprise. Now we know what Comrade Josef *and* DeGaulle are saying, not to mention the highest level governmental and military British message traffic!

One of the fellows I lunch with regularly was with the *Einsatzkommando* and was a specialist in Soviet bandit groups. He was the overseer of a radio interception unit for the SD and took part in many an action against the bandits. They took only a few prisoners and executed the rest. Since the leadership of these groups and many of the members were Jews, I shudder to think what Hollywood would do with all this! Still, we are in the midst of a *de facto* war with the Soviets and since the Jews run that murderous state, they can't complain if they get fried. And they couldn't complain earlier when we wiped out their bandit groups. Of course they couldn't because we wiped them off the map. The friendly Poles liked to chase such rodents into barns and then burn them down but we are more correct and only hung them up in the trees or shot them.

We have a Pole here, one Juliuz Kowalski, who works in the clandestine services and who is the worst enemy of the Jews I have ever seen. I try to keep away from him as much as possible because he sounds worse than Streicher!

We see that Comrade Josef is not happy about the Zionists in Prague giving all the weapons to Israel and the end of the Slansky murder gang will no doubt improve the standard of living in Prague.

I will have Robert bring me these intercepts as often as he can and will analyze them as soon as I can.

Having trouble with one of my teeth and will have to go to a dentist. We have one on the payroll as the bosses are worried that someone might say something indiscreet while under the gas.

The 'Robert' mentioned in Müller's journals was Robert Trumbull Crowley, a very early member of the CIA and later the Deputy Director of Clandestine Activities. He basically "ran" Müller, who was technically an employee of the U.S. Army, while Müller was resident in the United States. Müller's other control was Colonel James Critchfield who also ran the Pullach-based Gehlen Organization for the CIA from 1948 through 1955, and controlled Müller whilehe was living in Switzerland.

Friday, 27, April, 1951.

The CIA has been buying up the leadership of the trade unions in both Italy and France (England is a lost cause for us) and Angleton is turning his Sicilian Mafia friends loose on those people in Italy that are blocking our progress. They have killed six so far but Togliatti has managed to escape. Angleton's stories about life with the Mafia are quite interesting indeed and we all know that he has a hand in the Cuban casinos and makes money with it. I often wonder what the casino bosses thought when they found their two monkeys dead in that Havana alley. If Arno was up to his usual tricks, no doubt they were terrified. Behn says the Mafia is a fact of life and one should simply learn to live with them. Hoover is afraid of them because they have "gotten something" on him, so his pursuit of them is desultory at best. The Colonel, on the other hand, hates perverts and communists, makes no distinction between an ultra-left wing sympathizer and practicing agent. The former are deluded idiots who ought to be stripped naked and paraded through the streets but the professionals one should deal with differently.

I have never met one that could not be turned. That is, if they are truly professional. The ideological ones like the Rosenbergs should be sent off to the galleys or thrown into the river encased in concrete. One can say this about the Mafia: they are all businessmen and hate the communists with a passion.

That makes them useful allies indeed...at times...but dangerous ones. If they do you a favor, they wish to have it repaid with interest.

Next week or thereabouts I have to go to New York. I will get together with Behn at the Knickerbocker, go to the Metropolitan, check out several antique galleries, one of whom sold a Kandinsky

for me and with whom I have a credit. Maybe I can get something by a *real* artist. Also, to see (Francis, Cardinal, ed.) Spellman for a private interview regarding McCarthy's rampages in Hollywood. I am told the Holy Father (Pius XII, ed.) is delighted that we are finally putting our house in order. Maybe I can get a nice Papal decoration out of them for all my help and certainly because of my support in certain delicate matters. Catholics are not particularly welcome in the upper branches of the CIA, all of whom are Episcopalians or Zen Buddhists, so I am their man on the inside.

I have about used up all my various false identifications and will have to get more. It is a nuisance not to be able to be a fixed person but that is the way it goes.

"What a great scandal" I am told, if someone should discover who I really am.

Firstly, no one would admit knowing me; everyone would deny knowing me and all would point and demand justice for having tricked them so cleverly! But they won't do this at all because I have enough serious information on each and every one of them to terrorize them if I have to. I terrorized Wisner who no doubt wets his pants each time I come into his office. The CIA now goes to enormous lengths to protect me but mostly for their own safety, not mine! I do not own my car; have three driver's licenses, one for Maryland, and one for Washington and one in Virginia, all with different names! And six passports, five American Social Security numbers, a pilot's license, four permits for concealed weapons and so on. My home here is in another name, my home in Washington was rented by the Government, and my home in Colorado is in yet another name. Behn knows who I am and has assisted me in joining a number of very exclusive clubs...three under three different names! Of course I cheat terribly on my income taxes and no one is going to catch me on that issue either.

And six checking accounts, three savings accounts, ten safe deposit boxes all in American banks, two checking accounts and two safe boxes in a Canadian bank, real estate in Canada, the United States and Spain, all under different names. I have a record of all this important nonsense so that if anything happens to me, Bunny can reclaim my assets.

I have been discreetly selling off those paintings and other works of art that might make serious problems if found. My Titian is still with me but I sold the Signorelli to Behn for a fraction of its price. Of course it was officially burnt up in the Zoo Flak tower in 1945 but they never found a trace of it and if it showed up in his hands, even the weak puppet government in Bohn could probably get it back and it would embarrass Behn.

He knows enough to keep it hidden but he does admire it. I told him I was aiming for a Papal decoration and he thought it interesting. He collects decorations and has several rather fancy ones. You ought to see him when he is all dressed up. Looks like a minor potentate from a Balkan country.

I am going to give the Rothschild chess set, which is rather ugly but very valuable, to Viktor for Christmas. I got it free from the CIA in Switzerland and my own set is very simple and I have had it for many years. These gold, jewel-encrusted things have intrinsic value but are in such bad taste. Of course the Rothschilds never had much taste in fine art (although they do produce wonderful wines) anyway, just a lot of money. I am certain the set is not "Gothic" but early Weininger (a Viennese goldsmith who forged artwork in the nineteenth century, ed.) but it is still a very valuable set and should make Viktor happy.

Viktor and I were laughing about our "aliases" the other day and he said if I took him out into genteel society, please to tell him which name I was using *this* time!

Bunny, who knows all about this, calls me the 'Great Scandal' but my reply is that I have lost weight and my stomach is as flat as a washboard and one could grate oranges on it. The bite marks have gone away and I have now resumed the nuptial bed again.

Sunday, 29. April, 1951

My birthday today and Bunny, who has been having problems associated with the pregnancy, had a surprise for me. The staff and a few friends were down in the afternoon and we had a very pleasant musical afternoon. Bunny played Bach's Musical Offering knowing how much I love it and this was followed by a very good baritone singing a number of songs, including 'Che faro senza Euridice?' from Gluck's "Orpheo" which is another of my favorites. In the early evening, we had white sausages from Munich and a keg of good German beer that were flown in as supercargo on an Army plane. The staff and I enjoyed the German feast more than the French one we had for lunch and everyone sang songs and in all, I had a very pleasant time

Long conversation with Bunny after the guests left. She tried to apologize for her moods but I stopped her and said that I certainly understood these things and expressed my concern for her...for our first child. All in all, she is very level headed which is one of the reasons I married her. She suggested that we celebrate the Chief's birthday (April 20th, Hitler's birthday, ed.) and mine on a day in between and

somehow the subject of a cousin of hers came up. It seems he was born the day before Christmas and the family decided to save money by giving him one set of presents. When he got older and married, he told his wife and her family that he was born in July!

Thursday, 3. May, 1951.

I have the opportunity to go to Europe! This time, partially on business where I am to get together with Krichbaum and others and partially on pleasure. I will wish to attend several music performances, Salzburg, Beyreuth, Ansbach and so on. An opportunity to revisit Munich, see a few relatives and old friends and then back again in August. I will have my usual protection and my papers will indicate I am with U.S. Army intelligence. Either that or a minor diplomat but I want no connection with the State Department so it will probably be the Army. Bunny will go, of course, if the timing is right and her pregnancy is not too far advanced. The child will be born sometime in September so if we go in July, Bunny will be seven months along which is on the borderline as far as I am concerned but she seems not to worry about it. We shall see.

It will be interesting to go back. I read a novel recently by Thomas Wolfe, a very great American writer, now dead, entitled "You Can't Go Home Again." Perhaps one actually can. This is merely sentimentality but we are all guilty of that once in awhile!

There have been a series of meetings at the CIA concerning its expansion into the academic field. All very tentative but certainly projected to be executed as soon as the structures are approved.

The CIA now feels that it wants to get as much insight...and control...in important areas as it can. It wants domestic surveillance (which puts it in conflict with Hoover's FBI) communications overviews (such as the telephone system, the telegraph system and eventually, the mails), the development of new technology that might be of use to it such as radar, new aircraft, advanced weapons systems and so on. Also on the agenda is a plan whereby foreign students, studying in the U.S., can be observed and if it is decided they might be useful, means by which they could be recruited to serve the CIA. I would say, "to serve the United States and its interests" but the CIA is *not* the United States but a country-within-acountry. It has no loyalty to the U.S. but only to itself and its own goals.

If these goals conflict with those of the nation, the CIA rules (in its own mind).

Students who might be considered as future leaders or important political or military figures (VMI students and so on) in other countries, are to be "turned", either with bribes or better, by being caught in embarrassing sexual acts and blackmailed.

As Dulles says, "A bought man ought to stay bought and a file on his bad acts is always a means to be certain he stays bought."

No one here anticipates any problems with the schools (MIT is slated to begin the drive because of the technology produced by it and the type of students who attend it) and I am told that academics have to be beaten off with clubs, so eager are they to get CIA money.

Most of these professors are a sorry lot. They don't make much money, are susceptible to bribery, like to be flattered and have a surprisingly low sense of professional ethics. Plagiarism is rampant in the higher education bastions and most professors engage in endless jealous warfare with each other over grants, titles and publications (which their students produce for them).

Not even in Germany, but certainly in Russia, was such infiltration planned or even attempted on such a bold, Neronic scale.

In the communications fields, they want absolute control so that they can intercept messages from every American governmental department, all foreign diplomatic traffic, all military traffic and the ability to listen to every telephone conversation in the United States!

"Tapping" telephones is something the Gestapo perfected and two of my best communications men have been assisting the CIA in setting up various programs. Colonel Behn has been involved in this, giving official access to his ITT units.

This is interesting to me and I am reading the material at home (I am not supposed to know what it going on!) and watching this country move from the remnants of a democracy to an embryonic fascist state. Better that than communist!

The Center of International Studies, paid for and controlled entirely by the CIA, was set up at MIT in 1951 and other such entities followed at major, and some minor, universities and colleges across the country. Most universities terminated their working arrangements with the CIA but not before an entire generation of willing academics sold their services to the CIA. An inspection of an existing list of academics who worked for the CIA reads like a Who's Who of the academic world.

By 1971, both the CIA and FBI were heavily engaged in domestic surveillance programs in the United States. These programs grew to be so pervasive and oppressive that in 1971, FBI director Hoover, alarmed at the degree and extent of illegal surveillance, balked at extending the cooperation of his agency any further and was instrumental in causing these enormous internal spy operations to collapse, at least insofar as CIA participation was concerned. Without Hoover's FBI to assist them, the CIA programs began to wither and die and even James Angleton's program to open, read and copy first class mail, a serious felony, was exposed and Angleton fired in 1976.

The domestic surveillance programs now in place are conducted by more than one agency and, in theory at least, are all-inclusive.

Every citizen of the United States is supposed to possess a Social Security card and the number on this card is the key used to unlock all the areas where sensitive personal information on all citizens is stored. The computer has simplified not only record keeping but also surveillance activities. Everything pertaining to a citizen is kept in computer files and the government, and some private agencies who work with the government, have unlimited and unrestricted access to these computer files.

Birth and death records, highly personal and often potentially embarrassing medical files, bank accounts, criminal files, credit card records that indicate travel and purchases, tax records, ownership of cars, planes, boats and real estate, credit bureau reports, Social Security and other official agency material and dozens of other records that are the sum and total of the population of the United States are all quickly available to interested officialdom through the offices of the computer systems.

It is no longer possible to fly commercially domestically without producing photo identification and all of this data is made available to various agencies via the computer

Even the television set in the living room (or often more interestingly, the bedroom) can be used as a surveillance device. It is a well-known fact that the functions of the AM and FM units found in all television set can be reversed and the set can be used as a transmitter, even when it is turned off.

None of this is done in a secret location in Washington but is accomplished at the subject's local cable head. It should be noted that this wonderfully Orwellian program only works if the victim is connected to a television cable system, one of the best reasons for using a satellite disk. Contrary to rumor, the set can only be used for audio transmission, not visual, so bedroom activities can only be heard, not seen.

Not even the fax machine is secure because the technology exists, and is used, to have copies of faxed documents sent directly into a federal office at the same time they are being printed out at the recipient's home or office.

While it is quite true that the American public are constantly subject to observations like ants in a glass ant farm, they should comfort themselves with the knowledge that this is for their own welfare and certainly not a manifestation of a burgeoning police state.

Friday, 25. May, 1951.

Much uproar in Germany these days. The Adenauer puppet government has been terribly insulted by (General Otto Ernst, ed.) Remer, head of the SRP (Socialist Reichs Party, ed) who has been jailed for four months for calling Adenauer a tool of America. Of course the new government there is a backside-kissing mass of toadies and sycophants most of whom had been in concentration camps for defeatism or treason or God knows what kinds of law breaking (many § 175ers), (German laws against homosexuality, ed.) or other night monsters. Hitler was right when he had me shoot as many of these cretins as I could before the end. It didn't prevent the survivors from crawling up to the Americans and licking their boots. Of course over there no one forgives Remer who stopped the putsch against Hitler and was directly responsible for shooting the sainted Stauffenberg.

Well, Remer shot him and I dumped him down the Klo (water closet, ed.) but the smell lingers on. No doubt they will be naming streets after the creep now that his pinheaded friends are in power. With the support of the Amis, note.

Thayer and two of his friends; one a geneticist from the Ukraine and another someone with an unpronounceable name from Hungary had a private meeting last week with several of us. Very interesting and sounded like the old days.

There is a plan being worked on by a sub-group, with Thayer involved, to do "active research" into breeding superior peoples! It sounds like the nonsense I used to encounter in the 30s and 40s. Thayer is having problems about his *two* mistresses that he brought back with him from Vienna. The wife has a father in high places and his domestic life is not pleasant.

Back to the Nordic breeding farms again. They managed to get their hands on the Mengele reports and are sending someone down to Paraguay to interview the good doctor about any suggestions he might have relative to such a program here. The plan is to set up a CIA-funded department of genetic research connected with Harvard and continue the M. experiments but without killing twins this time. The Gregor Mendel Society would have a grand time trying to improve all the mongrels that I have to work with on a daily basis!

Bunny is now very pregnant and very difficult to deal with. We have sudden hysterical outbursts, rampant self-pity with touches of paranoia and general manifestations of very bad humor. Physical relations are simply not possible during the pregnancy and I am sleeping in another room. She has these fits and then feels very badly and when she is apologizing, I am very supportive. It is hard to be supportive when she is shrieking that I am having an affair (which I am not...at least at the present time) and so on.

It is necessary for me to spend a good deal of time at home to allay her suspicions and I think she is beginning to come around.

It will be impossible for me to take her to Europe, that's for certain. I bribed her doctor to tell her that she may not travel and she went for it so I will have more freedom when I go back. This is coming soon! This July and early August. I have a pile of brochures on various concerts, etc. but I keep them away from Bunny who wants to go to Europe but knows she cannot. The baby is due in early September and it would be cutting it a bit fine to take her and then have to have her give birth on the boat.

My affair with Libby H. has cooled off but is not entirely over. Her fat husband is still furious with Philby but is friendly enough with me these days. Libby hasn't told him yet but what will she do when I dump her? She is getting to be a terrible bore what with her constant demands for very strenuous sex. She does talk a good bit and Bill tells her quite a lot that he shouldn't. I have told her not to keep pushing him about P. but she claims she will never forgive him because of some dreadful caricature Burgess did of her.

Women are both insecure and vain and in this combination is contained a terrible amount of vindictive malice. They should be disposable so that when we have finished with them, we could do what I did to Stauffenberg and flush them down the drain!

Viktor wants to get together with me next week to discuss what he has found out about the disks. I want him to talk to Behn too so something can be arraigned. I will be going to New York so V. and I can go to Broad Street and meet with Behn at his office.

Some "astonishing" developments, Viktor says, but not on the telephone.

It is known that the CIA taps the phones of all their employees and I cannot control what they do in the telephone offices. In the house or on a nearby telephone pole of course but I am careful what I say.

Harvey's animosity towards Philby eventually exposed him as a Soviet spy. The CIA worked very closely with British Intelligence and was well informed about affairs in London. A highly confidential report that has emerged from the files of a former CIA agent, went into some detail about the Burgess-MacLean defection and it now appears quite certain that they were tricked into fleeing by very high level British bureaucrats who were themselves either active homosexuals, Soviet sources or both. MacLean had suffered a serious mental breakdown after his period of service in Washington and Burgess was always a perpetual menace so the brace of them were told that their exposure was only a matter of days away and this resulted in the headlong flight to the safety of Moscow. Following this disaster, the British government went to great lengths to stonewall any American investigations, still fearful that many serving bureaucrats would be exposed for their various lapses into treason and buggery.

It was Müller's favorite observation, never repeated in the Anglophile confines of the CIA buildings, that the British were best defined as "polymorph and perverse" and in support of his thesis, he often regaled his close associates with terrible and cruel anecdotes that he gleaned from secret CIA and FBI reports he had copies of.

Thursday, 7. June, 1951.

I have worked out a tentative but relatively firm itinerary for my trip to Europe.

To fly to Germany on an Army special plane on 20 July, then to Munich for personal business, and then. Tannhäuser at the Prinz Regenten in Munich on the 28. Lorenz will sing T. and (Dietrich, ed.) Fischer-Dieskau, Wolfram. Box seats at DM 20 each.

There will be a descent on some of the better galleries on the Brienner Street followed by a drive to Bayreuth on 5 August (Sunday) for a performance of Meistersinger. This will be the exact same performance, cast and all, that performed for Hitler. The season will open with Beethoven's 9th but I will miss that.

Then we drive down to Salzburg (Hotel Stein) for the Mozart Festival. I am told the autobahn bridge on the way to the city is still out but otherwise a speedy journey is expected. On Friday, 10. August, Zauberflöte with (Erich, ed.) Kunz singing Papagano and, most especially, Furtwängler conducting! The last time I heard him was in Berlin under completely different circumstances! On Saturday, the 11, to the Stiftskirche St. Peter for the Mozart C-moll mass, Paumgartner conducting.

A meeting at Bad Reichenhall with Willi who has a stack of papers for me concerning the Gehlen circus and then to Frankfurt and a plane back.

Twenty-five days or so and I think Bunny will survive my absence. The doctor tells me that early September is the most probable date for the birth so I will be back in plenty of time. I have traded several Russian scores to a collector for a Bach work, which I will give to Bunny when I get back.

It was suggested that I *not* go into the office this week because (Hans Bernd, ed.) Gisevius will be there to see his dear friend Dulles! I mentioned this to Viktor who told me that G. is now working for Dulles, again (he was in Bern during the war), and is privy to a number of secrets, all of which he quickly passes to the Soviets! So like Gisevius to work for two people at the same time. He was originally Gestapo, was tossed out before I took over for making trouble for everyone, worked for the anti-Hitler people, went to Bern and worked for the OSS, got caught in Berlin and was examined by me and then went back to Switzerland and sent us reports on Dulles. At the same time, he also worked for the Russians and apparently still does. I have no intention of mentioning his name, especially since he knows me by sight. Let Dulles have his "trustworthy sources." I wonder how many NKVD men are now in the CIA? More than a few I would wager.

Also, Dulles' mistress had an affair with G. in Switzerland that turned out to be quite messy in the end.

Pohl was hanged today. He was quite a decent man and certainly not guilty of any war crimes. There has been quite a search by the CIC and others to find a large file P. had concerning American firms that worked with us right up until the last weeks of the war. A reward of a hundred thousand dollars has been offered but so far, no luck. If I found these, I would certainly strengthen my hand here vis a vis the louts who might consider making trouble for me. Ohlendorf also died and the press release indicated that he was convicted of executing 90,000 civilians in Russia. I suppose now we will read that they were all Jews, not Soviet partisans, and someone will add another zero to the total.

As I recall the figures on his action, 9,000 partisans and partisan supporters were exterminated in severe fighting but the victor writes the history in the end. I suppose an extra zero won't be noticed. I had a note from Willi (Krichbaum, ed.) a few months ago in which he made rather cynical mention of the "newly discovered" figures about the deportations from Budapest in 1944-1945 that he had a hand in both as my agent and as head of the GFP. It doesn't seem to be talked about that the Hungarian government *begged us* to ship off all their Jews. I know the actual figures from my head (I should check these out in my files before I go to Germany just for entertainment) and about thirty thousand were shipped to Auschwitz. Now, I understand this number has magically grown to *three hundred thousand*! By the time the creative writers have finished, we will have put fifty million to death by throwing them into enormous bonfires complete with the Berlin Symphony playing the "Good Friday" music (from Wagner's "Parsifal", ed.) in the background!

And there is Willi whose GFP killed more Jews than anyone, now working for the CIA as a major personage! Well, they have me too and so much for that.

I heard a former refugee, now a university professor, solemnly assuring a small group of people that three *million* German Jews were slaughtered by the Gestapo during the war. Since there were only about *five hundred thousand* Jews in *all* of Germany, this must have been quite a feat. I suppose the good doctor gets a nice lecture fee for all this creativity. I encountered this man, who weeps on schedule, and told him that as a Swiss historian, I understood that German Girl Scouts were responsible for the actual killing, all of which was done on the Alexander Platz (in Berlin, ed.) with pinking shears while Hitler stood by smiling and throwing flowers at the energetic girls. I probably shouldn't have said this because this stupid carp (he looks like one in profile) will incorporate this into his next lecture.

He made a passing reference to German atrocities perpetrated against the Belgians during the course of the 1914 war. Germans were accused of making the Belgians slaves, of torturing and beating them to death and most interestingly, in *cutting off their hands!* The carp ought to study more real history instead of copying the propaganda from that period. It never seems to fail that the guilty always blame their criminal actions on others. I suppose it makes them feel better about what they have done.

The King of Belgium, Leopold, ran the Congo as his own private company and extracted huge amounts of money from that sorry land. This was not money for the state but for himself and in amassing

his enormous personal fortune, Leopold instituted and encouraged terrible actions in Africa. Millions of quite innocent blacks were beaten and tortured to death, their heads and hands hacked off by Belgian colonial police, women raped, children impaled and villages burnt to the ground. At least two millions died and although these monstrous atrocities became well-known thanks to outraged newspapermen and the clergy, it took years to do anything about it and from what I hear, ruthless exploitation is still in progress in the Congo but this time under the control of the Belgian government, not the Crown.

And at the same time, of course, the British and Americans were performing other similar acts throughout their colonial possessions.

Like Beria, Leopold liked *very young* girls but unlike Beria, Leopold did not torture them to death but made them Belgian nobility and gave them castles...paid for by the state.

Gisevius (1904-1974) served all men badly, worked for all and was loyal to none. After the war, he was a witness at Nuremberg and then went to live in the United States and later, in Switzerland. Another shining light of the Resistance was a man named Karl Herbert Frahm. Frahm fled Germany in 1933 and went to live in Norway where he began to work for MI6. During the Spanish Civil War, Frahm went to Spain as a member of the Communist German Thaelmann Brigade. Later he worked, simultaneously, for the KGB and CIA. From 1949 through 1957, Frahm was a member of the Bundestag and in 1957, became mayor of West Berlin. He is much better known as Willy Brandt, later German Chancellor and head of the Social Democratic party of West Germany.

The Pohl file, or a copy of it, ended up in the hands of SS General Globocnik and was hidden by him in Carinthia, Austria, at the end of the war. Pohl was head of the SS Economics Office and the SS had extensive financial connections with American business interests via Switzerland during the war. If Pohl had these files, he might have gained a pardon from McCloy, the American High Commissioner in Germany who pardoned many others on less important grounds.

The GFP or Geheime Feld Polizei, was a group of Gestapo and SD men attached to the German High Command whose job it was to perform counterintelligence activities for that august body. The GFP, under the command of SS Colonel Krichbaum, also engaged in anti-partisan activities in Russia with devastating results. As the CIA's chief recruiter for the Gehlen Organization, Krichbaum was able to stuff that group with many of his former associates.

The Congo atrocities are well documented but reference to them is rarely if ever found in standard historical works.

During the First World War, British and American official propagandists merely replaced the Belgians with Germans and repeated the well-proven accusations against the former but crediting them to the Germans.

The stories of raped nuns, bayoneted babies and lopped off hands faded away after the war and led, in good part, to the establishment of what is known as the Revisionist School of British and American historical writings.

However, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to permit any historian to attack the similar propaganda engendered by the Second World War.

Sunday, 10. June, 1951.

Great consternation here about the defection of Guy Burgess and Donald MacLean who apparently fled to Moscow sometime after 26 May! I say "apparently" because both vanished from England on that date. Some suspect that they went off to the continent for a lover's holiday but others have stronger suspicions that they have gone over to the Soviets. Philby is in a state about this because the Burgess business points directly to him and Harvey is shouting to all and sundry that he had indeed told everyone so. Of course he seemed to have missed a good deal but then he is usually so drunk I am constantly amazed that he doesn't take one of the dozens of pistols he keeps in his office and start a shooting afternoon in the office!

He has discovered that someone is putting horns on him and is alternately ranting about what he will do to the traducer of his family honor and moaning about how his wife had betrayed him. I have kept a discreet distance from H. these days but have my spies watching him so that my name doesn't come into it. It was probably not a good idea to respond to Libby's importunings but then that is all over now and so what?

The Burgess matter is something else. Philby had told me about MacLean who was in a position to know everything about the U.S. actions in Korea and has obviously passed on his information to Moscow Center. Viktor and I discussed this and V. (who did not know about M & B) said that both of

them were highly intelligent but very unstable people and that I, of all people, could not blame Russia for using their talents.

I said of course not and added that both of these men were alcoholics and obviously homosexual so I was not surprised. The latter feel put upon and made the butt of nasty jokes by normal men and in the end, take their revenge because they are rejected by society and mocked by them. The only way to prevent this is to make homosexuality acceptable by everyone and the stigma vanishes. Still, it is doubtful if this will happen at any time in the near future and certainly, the churches would be opposed to such goings on.

Sillitoe, head of British Intelligence, is due here tomorrow and will no doubt come up with all kinds of excuses and then decide how to prevent this from happening. It is my opinion that these two lost lambs were only part of a much larger ring of spies, all of whom are still in place. Hoover is to talk to S. but I have talked with the Colonel and pointed out that *the U.S. simply cannot trust the British at all!!!!* That does not go down will with the CIA who just love the British and tell them everything. East Coast snobbism in action, certainly.

I will be having lunch at the club with Philby on Wednesday or Thursday and we can discuss this then. He has proven to be of some considerable value to me and I don't want him exposed at this point. Harvey is still going on about him and it would not be wise for me to interfere. There is no point gained in getting Harvey to become annoyed with me, especially considering the wife. We shall see.

Saturday, 16. June, 1951

From Hoover I learn that a considerable number of top communists are to be arrested within the week. Most are Russian Jews with a Negro or two thrown in for balance. These are the names, just for the record, and so we can check to see what we might have on them from my files:

Israel Amter

Marion Bachrach

Isidore Begun (Russian)

Alex Bittelman (Bittlemacher) (Russian)

George Charney (Russian)

Elizabeth Flynn

Betty Gannett (Yawschewski) (Polish)

Simon Gerson (Gershoeski)

Viktor Jerome (Issac Roman) (Polish)

Claudia Scholnick

Albert Lannon (Vetere)

Jakob Mindel (Russian)

Pettis Perry

Alexi Trachtenberg (Russian)

Laslo Toth (Hungarian)

William Weinstone (Weinstein) (Russian)

Earlier this evening, dinner with Bunny and one of her college friends. The conversation turned to Dulles and much fun was had by all. The friend knows the Dulles wife and Bunny has met Dulles at a social function and finds both of them appallingly stupid. After the friend, Marion, left about eight, Bunny and I had a drink and I told her a great deal about Dulles.

Dulles has a mistress, Mary Bancroft. She is about fifty now (Bancroft was born in 1903, ed.) and they have had an ongoing affair for ten years. Bancroft was married to a very stupid Swiss and as an American fluent in German; she was pressured into joining the OSS through her social friends. She had lived in Switzerland since 1934-35 and was slightly crazy. Her psychiatrist was (Carl, ed.) Jung who was very much to the left, politically, and hated Germans. Bancroft was recruited as an agent by a man named (Donald, ed.) Mayer who acted as a recruiter and head pimp for Dulles. He introduced Bancroft to Dulles in late 1942 and they began an affair. At that time, the great man was living alone on the *Herrengasse* in Bern and her husband was often gone on business.

The interesting part of all this is that the woman told absolutely everything to Jung. When we found out about this liaison, we had a former White Russian pose as a Soviet agent and approach Jung. The latter was very responsive and so everything Dulles told Bancroft went to Jung and from Jung to me! Marvelous how indiscreet people are when screwing. Eventually, we knew everything that the OSS was doing; all of their contacts and all of their activities. We were reading their reports to Washington long before Washington got them. Whenever a drop of OSS agents into German territory was set up, we knew about it well in advance and bagged every single one of them. Some we turned and did a playback so that

in the end, Dulles was totally confused. We turned Kolbe, whom Dulles now says was his greatest agent and God knows how many others fell into our net.

When the wife finally came to Switzerland, Dulles immediately told her about Bancroft and the three had quite a *ménage à trois* going. My impression of Dulles as a very stupid and self-important man has never changed. His reports to Washington were so filled with gross errors that we never bothered to shut him up. He did manage to supply us with some interesting material on the 20th July business. Someone told Dulles that Kronthal was a homosexual and Dulles had no idea at all what that constituted! Perhaps they put on a tableaux for him. One of our spies told me that Dulles left his shoes on during sex. There is a man who is totally dominated by women. Both Bancroft and his wife, Daisy (Clover, ed.) tells him what to do and when to do it.

Who knows? Maybe both of them put on leather underwear while beating him with whips. I told some of these anecdotes to Viktor who was fascinated by them. He, in turn, told me about Beria but then I already know about his nasty activities with little girls *and* boys. Rapes them and afterwards kills them and buries them in his garden.

Good fertilizer in the end. Another "great Georgian," and a close worker with the other great one who reputedly likes men. (Stalin, ed.) When these people become famous or powerful, you would be amazed at how terrible they become. If Beria had stayed on his farm, he would probably confine himself to having sex with goats but now that he runs the terror apparatus in Russia, he can do as he pleases. This is a good argument for having laws and policemen but what are we to do when the guardians themselves are bestial and corrupt?

Dulles is not bestial; just stupid.

Later: Lunch at the club with Philby on Wednesday. I told him that I could do nothing about Harvey and to exercise some care. Libby has most certainly not cooled off and still likes to dance the mattress polka with me whenever she can. Tells me that the husband is too fat and too small to do her any good and as he is drunk most of the time, he is completely useless. He waddles around the house, drunk, naked and with a large gun strapped around his flabby midsection. The head doctors tell us that a man with a small penis loves to carry a big gun. Well, one can fire and the other can't! Still, she is good for the circulation now that she stops biting me, and I learn about the Fat One's activities. I told Hoover that I was having an affair with the wife (he absolutely *hates* Harvey!) and passed on some tid-bits to keep him happy. All is not well between husband and wife and perhaps they will leave for other mates. The wife thinks I will divorce my wife and marry her! Women love to delude themselves about men. An afternoon's thumping in Gretna Green does not equate marriage.

Monday, 18. June, 1951

I have dug out some material for Hoover on the people I listed recently. Three of them are in my files. I don't know what good this will do because the American courts keep dismissing the charges against these assholes but one tries.

I came across a most interesting file this morning and will try to abstract some of it for my records. It seems that in 1948 when the Jews were desperately attempting to get Truman to recognize their state in Palestine, a politician (Teddy Kolleck, later mayor of Jerusalem, ed.) offered to have the Zionist world intelligence organ work for the Americans and British in return for recognition! There was a very interesting set of lists in the file setting forth the extent of this world intelligence agency. They are located today in Russia, England, Sweden, Holland, France, Italy, of course the Near East and also in the United States! All the information they gather goes straight to Israel and, from what I find in the notes, also most of it straight to Moscow (except for material on Russia which does not go anywhere.) This offer was turned down immediately by both Truman, Military Intelligence and the CIA because all of them dislike the Jews and do not trust them at all. They have as an example the large, overwhelmingly large, number of Zionists engaged in espionage here during the war for Russia. They also have the terrible, bloody behavior of the Zionist groups in Palestine between 1944 and 1948, replete with assassinations, torture, bank robbery, train derailments, murder of unarmed Arab civilians, atrocities committed against their own people for lack of support and money, extortion, explosive outrages and so on. Truman, after he discovered the murder plot of the Stern Gang, said he would never use the Zionists under any circumstances. Now, we have to watch Angleton who is very friendly with them and has a Jewish mother. Dulles has the East Coast establishment contempt for Jews but others in the CIA do not. Many here are very much left and for that reason, were high in the OSS which was stuffed full of communists and communist sympathizers.

Today an overheard comment by Dulles about Wallenberg. I have learned that Dulles was a friend of Marcus Wallenberg, the uncle of the one we shot. Dulles gave Raoul (who had been educated in this

country) a job with the OSS. We did not know this background but I most certainly did know that young Wallenberg worked for the OSS because we had penetrated their Swiss operation and knew everything they did.

I did not know until later that young Wallenberg also worked for the Russians but it was certainly prudent for me to have had him shot. Viktor now says that his people will be blamed for this. Of course they will. Dulles has set a campaign going towards this very end. It would never occur to him that his precious operation in Switzerland was as full of holes as their cheese and is using Wallenberg as disinformation against Stalin.

I am getting ready for my trip and now, Bunny wants to go too! I have told her repeatedly, as has her doctor, that it is simply not a good idea considering the advanced state of her pregnancy. Sophie was not pleasant when she was pregnant and neither is Bunny. One day they are at your throat and the next, at your feet. She is simply not going and that is the end of the matter. Weeping and breaking china gets nowhere with me but I try to be patient with her. I am certain she thinks I am taking a whole harem of large- breasted women with me but that is not true. Business and pleasure but not the pleasure of the mattress but of seeing old friends and going to some fine concerts. Dulles has been screwing Toscannini's daughter and someone thought that he was actually a cultured man but from his conversations, I doubt if he knows anything more than popular ballads. I once heard him singing, off key, a terrible song about blacks called "Nigger Doodle Dandy" which apparently was popular after the American Civil War. There are no blacks in the CIA and Dulles doesn't like women agents either.

He is involved with an elitist group called the Council for Foreign Relations that sit around in a fancy club in New York, get drunk and pretend to run the country. The convicted Hiss is still a member. There are no women permitted in that establishment either.

Thursday, 21. June 1951

An extremely funny, and very typical American, incident here. Hoover told me about a senior staff member in the CIA whom he discovered was involved with a weird cult in California and whom H. suspected had been embezzling CIA funds.

Of course high-level embezzlement is nothing strange to me. Congress has repeatedly given the CIA enormous sums of money for "secret operations," money that does not have to be accounted for. Naturally, these tweed-wearing Harvard and Yale men have no problem stuffing their pockets with this money but, of course, this is limited to the higher officials. The lower ones have to find other means of enriching themselves.

So, this California cult, was first conceived by a manic writer of what they call "science fiction." (Stories about mythical creatures from the planet Gorba in the Corn Flakes Galaxy). His name is (L. Ron. ed) Hubbard and the basic thesis of his strange cult is that anyone can go back in their life, even to the moment of birth, and discover all kinds of strange things that explain why they wet their beds, beat their wives, have sexual encounters with elderly sheep and so on. Hoover said the founder is a "complete maniac" with a penchant for young women and a history of practicing some kind of demonology in secret meetings of like-minded fools.

According to H., this Hubbard has tried to get rid of his perceived enemies by telling the FBI that they (the enemies) are "all Communists" who should be immediately arrested. Hoover gave me a file on this man, more or less as a joke, and I spent several hours really laughing. Even Bunny, who is now very moody, screamed with laughter, especially since she knows a society lady in Washington who paid money to get "clear" or free from her inhibitions. According to Bunny, this feeble-minded woman now believes that she was jumped on by a heavy dog while *in utero* and this explains her aversion to dogs. She also enthusiastically told Bunny, and her other friends, that the Dianetic program instantly cleared up her bad complexion and stopped her chronic farting! I can attest to both faults and I will not allow the woman in the house. She is guilty of visual pollution, her face looking like a dish of fresh mulberries covered with cream, and the stench in the house after her wind-passing beggars description! Windows have to be opened and I am sure the paint on the ceiling suffers accordingly.

Bunny assures me that her face is still bespotted, though covered with a thick paste of makeup, and she has apparently learned how to fart more quietly. I think she still burns holes in upholstered chairs but her friends now profess to admire her perfect complexion (which Bunny tells me looks like a mummer's mask) and pretend that the farts smell like 4711 Cologne water.

And this Hubbard fellow is making enormous amounts of money with his instant psychiatry and is said to spend it on drink and young women. I have never been to California and if this weird cult is any example of its citizens, I prefer not to.

The CIA man who has been looting to pay for these trips back in time to when he was swimming around in his father's testicles will be dealt with in house. After all, Angleton who takes with both hands and his feet, cannot have such adverse publicity.

Maybe they can pair him off with Wisner and send them to England. They think all Americans are completely mad and without taste so why not send Wisner and sticky- fingers over to London to confirm their worst fears?

Saturday, 23. June, 1951

Bunny is getting enormous now and her good days are being overwhelmed by the bad ones. I spend more time in my office than I used to but the weekends are not bad because most of my dear friends are off sailing on their little boats or getting drunk in dank bars somewhere in the District.

While they booze, I visit with their wives and certainly with Bunny in no condition for sexual romps, I visit far more often. I have managed to finally get rid of the Harvey woman who has now taken up with an Italian from their Embassy. When this goes far enough, I will let her fat, cowboy husband find out. Nice pictures should cheer him up and perhaps take his mind off of Philby.

I have been reading over a very secret file, certainly not intended for my eyes, that deals with the CIA's activities in China over the past few years. Of course they hate Mao, not because he is a communist but because he has stopped the drug trade in China.

The CIA has now discovered the real secret of the economic power and success of the former British Empire. The trade that made England rich did not come from saffron, tin and rubber but only from opium! Yes, the British raised opium in India and sold it throughout the rest of the Orient, excluding Japan.

When the Chinese Emperor objected to 7,000 tons (!) of opium being shoved off *every year* on his country recognized its terrible effect upon the population, he tried to stop it by force. As they always do when faced with a weaker opponent, the British attacked China and forced them to continue to buy enormous amounts of their opium.

This terrible plague spread into Burma and Indo-China (where it was entirely controlled by the French government) but not into Japan. Japan was, and is, a small series of easily controlled islands and the British decided that country would be capable of fighting off their proverbial gunboats and left them fairly much alone.

England made billions of pounds annually through their cultivation and sale of opium throughout Asia and they fought to defend their terrible monopoly with everything they had. Shanghai was the drug capital of the world, great fortunes were made by such men as Stamford Raffles, the Jardin firm and the Sassoon family not to mention the billions of bribe money that flowed into the Bank of England during this time...from the eighteen fifties right up through the nineteen twenties.

As much as I dislike communists, I must say privately that Mao is certainly far better for the Chinese people than the British drug lords and their insidious poison.

Why, even Roosevelt's maternal grandfather made a fortune dealing in illegal opium and used his boats to smuggle both huge amounts of drugs and illegal Chinese workers into the United States. What French writer stated that behind every great fortune lay a great crime? Balzac? I will have to look this up later. At any rate, it's absolutely true.

The aristocratic Roosevelts who produced two presidents, stemmed from expelled, Shephardic Jews and made their money dealing in smuggled drugs!

In this report that I have been reading, I see that my dear friends here rescued a Chinese general, Ma Pufang, who had a lock on opium dealing in his part of China and who was an ally of Chiang (who was also a major drug dealer!). General Ma's troops had been defeated by Mao and the CIA, who worked with him and often assisted him in the matter of not only protecting his drug business but actually became eager participants in it, flew him out of China with two million dollars of gold bars when Mao got too close for comfort.

This they did and they flew him and his precious cargo to Switzerland where the CIA opened a private bank account for him. Every cent of this money came from drug dealing but then the CIA not only knew this but were considered in every way to be Ma's partners in crime.

Now, I have been reading over a very long and I must say, well-reasoned, paper advocating that the CIA actively engage in the opium (and of course heroin) trade. The reasoning is that we can take over from the British who are now totally defunct in this area and reap huge rewards. Not only will the Agency get vast sums of private and unreportable money to assist their world anarchy programs but, and this is even more disgusting, our sainted leaders can stuff their private purses with untold billions that will rival their current thefts from Congressional appropriations.

At this rate, Dulles, Wisner, Angleton and all the others, will end up with more money...and power of course.... than the American government (which they desperately wish to become.)

I personally find this to be repulsive, criminal behavior but I can do nothing about it at all other than to avoid touching it at all costs. I note from this report that the CIA is now actively running drugs into Cuba through their offices there cunningly disguised as a chemical company. It is useless to point out to these feeble-minded louts that many Americans go to Cuba and it will only be a matter of time before this wave spreads into the United States.

This is precisely the reason why I was, and still am, bitterly opposed to the use of the criminal germ warfare programs so eagerly advocated by the lunatic Wisner. It will all come back here to roost with the chickens as Robert says in his American way.

Monday, 25. June 1951

My dictating machine needs to be upgraded. These used to be small daily entries but are now growing out of all proportions. Pages have to be typed, corrected and filed and there is a space problem. The safe is getting filled up. Rumors have been reaching me via my friendly informants that Angleton is now being blackmailed and for what? He is a practicing homosexual as I have known for some time and one of his lovers has been demanding money from him! How wonderful! In Germany, I would have shortened both of them by a head but not in Washington these days. So, what will happen? The lover threatens to make public certain of Angleton's nastier actions in the Agency (and some of them are really terrible, believe me) if he doesn't pay up.

Not that James Jesus doesn't have money. He has personally embezzled more Congressional secret funds than Dulles and the others put together. I suspect that the boyfriend will fall off a bridge one of these days.

Have entertained some of the senior personnel from the Vint Hill facility (the CIA's Monitoring Station Number 1, also called the Vint Hill Farms Station. This was located near Müller's home at Warrenton, Virginia. Another neighbor was Samuel Cummings, head of the CIA's weapons procurement division. ed.)

There is a plan to set up some kind of an experimental station here and I have been asked to allow them to use some of the more remote acreage for it. Very private and I understand that it deals with some kind of medical experimentation. Bunny objects to this but we have been assured that none of the CIA and Army personnel will enter by the front drive and will not intrude on the residential buildings.

I believe from what I have been told that certain "sensitive" experiments will be carried on there. The buildings will be some kind of caravan temporary types and will be taken away later. The idea is that privacy is vital. I have no problem but if any of the horses start to die of strange diseases, there will be serious trouble. Wednesday 27. June 1951

Notes on a conversation with (Walter Bedell ed.) Smith. Dulles has been working on him to establish a closer relationship with Israeli intelligence, the Shin Bet. D. claims that the Jews have a well-developed intelligence network in Eastern Europe and that the CIA could benefit from this projected association. Angleton will act as the contact with the Israelis. As I pointed out to Smith, this association is fraught with real danger. As reasons, I gave him: Jews always in the past were loyal to Soviet Russia. They saw this country as supportive of their people. Stalin has used the Jews to a remarkable degree. Most of the early Bolsheviks were Jewish, Lenin was half Jewish and the entire revolution was led by Jews. Stalin is a Georgian and does not like Jews but uses them the way Roosevelt did. I pointed out that much of this dual allegiance has now been transferred to the new state of Israel. There are many Jews in the new government there that are sympathetic to Moscow by background and that we ought to be extremely cautious in proceeding with this. If these internationalists, to use one of Stalin's pet phrases, get too deeply connected with us here, God knows how many of our secrets will go not only to Tel Aviv but Moscow Central as well.

Dulles is not a competent intelligence man. He is a society lawyer with no real understanding of the intelligence field. He acts wise, is good humored and very well connected with the east coast society but outside of that, I personally would never have hired him. He pretends to be wise but is not. I do not trust pipe smokers. If they have no sensible answer to a question, they fiddle with their pipes and gain time for what passes for a wise answer.

Angleton is an intelligent...no, an intellectual man, but again not suited to the intelligence trade. He is very emotional, highly suspicious of everyone and to make things worse, a secret homosexual. Of course he thinks he is being secret about it but I certainly know because I make things like that my business. The Harvey woman also knows about this and has great contempt for him and his pretty young

college students and fellow poets. If he were open about his perversions, it would not be as bad but as he is in cover, he becomes susceptible to blackmail. What if the Israelis, who are certainly very clever, ascertain Angleton's socially unacceptable preferences? Will they supply him with handsome young Jewish men and thereby gain more than support from him?

I was once walking in a corridor with Angleton when some personage passed us and smiled and said some social pleasantry to him. Afterwards, he looked very serious and said to me, 'What did he mean by that do you think? I know he hates me so why was he friendly? They may be out to replace me!'

He is so filled with his own cleverness and so guilty about his sexual preferences, that like Dulles (who is entirely heterosexual) I would not hire him either. Tuesday, 10, July, 1951

Packing for Europe. Bunny is doing well enough, very unhappy that she is not going with me but resigned to remaining here in the last stages of her pregnancy. The CIA has installed its special communications units on the very edge of the property. Everything is fenced as I am told. Too much trouble to go out and look at things but perhaps I will before I go.

The weather could be better. I hate these humid summers with rain, thunderstorms and then oppressive heat. I told Bunny she should go to Colorado for a few weeks but she wants to stay close to home. This is her first child and she is very nervous.

I suppose she says that to make me feel guilty about my trip but I am not though I do put a good face on it by being properly solicitous with her. Have all the tickets now and am looking forward to seeing Munich again!

Friday, 12. July, 1951

Such a damned outrage! This is very hard to put down but I really ought to just for reference and also for relieving me of the pressure. I went out for a ride this morning, in spite of the weather. I thought it would be my last before I went on the trip and I do enjoy the rides now. I have gotten used to the horse and he to me. So early this morning, I went out riding and worked my way across the property to the area where the CIA unit was installed.

I smelt it before I got to it and so did the horse. A very unhappy horse and later, a very unhappy Heini! The stench was terrible as I approached the fenced-in trailers with their antenna stuck up on top of two of the trailers. There was a path leading down the hillside but the horse balked so I had to dismount and lead him down the path. I wanted to see what smelt so bad and I found out very quickly. In a small clearing were two human bodies, very much decayed and bloated. There were two men wearing some kind of blue shirts and pants and badly infested with maggots. They appeared to be black men but given the advanced state of corruption, it was not a certainty.

I remounted at the top of the path and rode over to the fenced area but no one was in sight. By this time, I was becoming very angry and went back home at a good canter and later a gallop. Phone calls to the CIA people. There are dead human bodies on my land! What is going on there? Silly, placating answers. Not good enough for me. Get rid of these things or I will call the local police and mortician at once! No, no, sir, do not do that! was the response. They would send someone right out to clean it up. I was please not to call anyone. It was (the usual shit) a matter of national security! National security indeed! Two dead blacks and how did they get there?

I want Bunny to know nothing about this. She came in when I was shouting at the CIA fool so I had to pretend it was something else. Oh yes, they came almost at once in a station wagon and drove in at the gate and then out to the charnel house. Another car came with two smooth-faced young men who wanted to talk to me privately. Into the library and later Bunny said she could hear me shouting one floor up through three closed doors! Angry is not the word to use, believe me.

What have these swine done now? It seems that the CIA is interested in mind control and were "practicing" on "willing" subjects. They wanted to see if some new radio system would have any effect on humans so they obtained several "volunteers" from a Virginia jail and experimented on them. They used radio microwaves in varying degrees of intensity on these poor fellows and literally roasted them alive! The bodies were tossed down the hill and it had been planned to bury them quietly on my farm!

There was a change of personnel and someone forgot the dead blacks!

When I asked these two sleek weasels about this, the reply was so awful I could not believe it! It seems that the CIA has no problem roasting people alive as long as they are convicted black criminals! Isn't that a wonderful attitude? One of the CIA people said, in such an offhanded way as to infuriate me that no one cared about blacks because they were scarcely human!

It took an enormous amount of self-control on my part to keep me from picking up a poker from the fireplace and doing great damage to these two worms. I threw both of them out and ordered them to not

only remove the bodies but their experimental station as well. I told them that if I heard one more word of this insane behavior I would personally take it to the President first and the newspapers second.

White faces and many apologies. They crawled out and I had a very stiff drink to calm down again. The station wagon left, the driver had a white mask over his face and the other one threw up on the driveway as the car bumped along!

Fortunately, Bunny saw, smelt or heard nothing and I had to go up and lie terribly to her. I am totally frustrated by this because my first instinct, besides shoving my shoe up their assholes, was to put them under arrest and turn them over to the local police for obvious murder. I can't do that in my position but I would go to Harry with this if I ever hear about it again.

Mind control indeed!

Later: I spoke very sharply with (Walter Bedell, ed.) Smith when I calmed down and he was also furious. Told me that there are elements in the organization that are "completely lunatic" and he will speak with "someone" about this. I told him that if I ever heard of such psychotic nonsense again, the President would be the next on my list of callers and Smith said not to worry about this reoccurrence. No doubt the lunatics will go somewhere else. If I ever catch these evil swine on the property again, I will turn Arno loose on them and he can certainly earn his pay.

Apparently, they (the CIA, ed.) are involved in "mind control" work. This consists of drugging people, using electric shock on others, God knows what else! You should see some of the thoroughly lunatic types that scuttle up and down the halls, mumbling to themselves while clutching files to their breasts like a mama monkey with a dead baby. As expected, Wisner is involved in this madness. And him with a well-endowed (from the photos) black lover! When they are not burning people to death or looting the safes of cash, they are encouraging all kinds of strange madness.

I have no time for my journal now and am getting ready to leave here on the 19th for a working vacation. Will get in touch with Willi (Krichbaum. A former SS colonel who was Müller's deputy in the Gestapo and later a senior employee of Colonel Critchfield's CIA-controlled Gehlen organization in Munich, ed.) and then a musical interlude. I cannot see the family because they are still watched but will drop a card to Sophie.

There will be no mention of the new wife or the forthcoming (I hope) child. No point of putting honey on your ass and squatting on an anthill, is there?

The CIA's otherworldly "mind control" experiments have received a great deal of publicity in recent years. The MK-ULTRA programs, the experimentations of the murderous poisoner Dr. Gottleib and the eager assistance of the Canadian Psychiatrist Dr. Ewen Cameron have all been dissected in considerable detail. LSD was fed to unsuspecting fellow CIA employees, one of whom jumped, fell or was pushed out of a hotel to his death, many went completely mad and to this day, no one outside of the CIA knows exactly what the human damage was.

That none of these manic experiments were ever even remotely successful goes entirely without saying. The failure of these "mind control" programs joins the failure of so many of the ill-reasoned CIA programs.

The heavy toll on human lives and the ongoing disruptions of the human community that followed in the wake of such brilliant operations as the Hungarian revolt of 1956, the Tibetan clandestine warfare, the horrific Operation Phoenix and a seemingly endless parade of other essays into madness is notable only in the fact of its banality.

A catalog of CIA failures would fill a good-sized library shelf and a great deal has already been published. What has **not** been published is even more important to understand.

On April 20, 1951, Heinrich Müller flew to Europe on official business, mixed liberally with pleasure. The official purpose of the visit was to establish a connection with the Gehlen Organization and the unofficial purpose was to visit with members of his family and attend various cultural functions.

Müller returned to the United States on August 23. His wife gave birth to a son on August 27 and on Thursday, August 31, 1951, Müller went to New York City in the company of a senior CIA official.

Monday, 3. September, 1951

An interesting and very profitable trip to New York this weekend. Went with Angleton (Dulles is in Rome) to meet with a certain Porter, head secretary for the Anglo Iranian Oil Company. He was due to

arrive on the Cunarder "Britannic" at eleven so we took two suites at the Plaza under the usual fake names and then went out on a Customs boat to meet the liner in quarantine.

J.R. Porter had a special piece of baggage for us. He was traveling with a fellow named Schick, a gentleman with whom I have a passing acquaintance. Mr. Schick is now living in Peru.

Warm day, slightly overcast, as we came up on the boat and went up the ladder.

Porter, a stout man with a red face, waited for us on the deck with his luggage. Credentials were shown to the Immigration people and off we went, scrambling down the ladders and the Porter bag stuck into a sling.

Back to the Cunard docks on 52nd Street and then, by limousine, to the Plaza.

This all was part of Operation Ajax, the overthrow of Persian prime minister (Mohammed, ed.) Mossadegh who had come to power, was considered to be a dangerous populist and was threatening the stranglehold the AIOC had on the Persian oilfields.

American and British interests were livid and of course, as always, the CIA rushed to assist their moneyed friends.

Porter, at the suggestion of MI 6, came to the United States with a bag stuffed full of large denomination American bills. One million dollars to be more exact.

This was the price his company was prepared to pay to the CIA for murdering their new enemy, Mossadegh.

We all went to one of the suites, sat around on comfortable chairs and had various cool alcoholic beverages while discussing the state of affairs in Persia.

The CIA wants the Shah installed, as they own him down to the shoelaces but M. is a clever devil and very popular. The AOIC and the British government want him dead but the CIA does not.

Much friendly conversation with Porter, a nice luncheon served by room service and then, after a few more drinks (Porter does like his liquor) we got down to business.

With dramatic flourishes, he opened his large leather suitcase and dumped out the money on the coffee table. My, such a pleasant sight! I always like to see money, the more the better.

Solemn promises to remove Mossadegh. Much shaking of hands and so on and we put the money back into the suitcase and left him in the suite with a wheeled cart full of bottles and an ice bucket.

Back in our suite, Angleton and I counted out the money into two large piles. One he put in his own suitcase, which he had to empty first, throwing clothes into the wastebasket. I had the Teutonic foresight to bring an empty bag so had no trouble.

Angleton, who has a disgusting smoking habit, was about half drunk and was absolutely gleeful over his part of the take. He explained to me that he wanted to "meet some friends" later and wondered if I would mind getting another suite. I had no problem with this and stuck my loaded suitcase under the bed and went off to a movie.

An Irish movie, "The Man of Aran" and a pleasant dinner elsewhere. It was trying to rain when I got back. I had forgotten something in what was now Angleton's suite and as I had the key, I let myself in.

He was in the bedroom, entirely naked, with what appeared to be a very drunken and equally naked male college student so I simply got my briefcase and left quickly.

He was far too involved to notice me; the lights were out in the living room and I admit I did look around for his suitcase. It was not in sight, unfortunately. If I had found it, I would certainly have lightened it a bit. He would never tell anyone his collegiate lover had taken the British assassination money.

I spent Sunday sleeping in and around three, got a call from Angleton asking me to have dinner with him. The college student had obviously gone away but he should air the suite out. It smelt like a French whorehouse in July in there.

A. said he had been entertaining several "very important sources" who had not departed until very late.

Bought a nice gift for Bunny and something for the baby. Angleton wants to be the godfather but I told him the President was going to fulfill that position and he shut up.

The less I have to do with Angleton, the more I like it.

I noticed in the paper that while we were out on the water, a fishing boat capsized off Long Island, drowning a significant number of people. Too bad Angleton doesn't fish!

Back home on Monday and time to relax. Fortunately, the baby is in the new nursery and his cries, when they happen, cannot be heard.

The money is always welcome and it will be pleasant to get home again.

The CIA's Nazi employees

The agency which initially interviewed Heinrich Müller in 1948 was the newly-formed CIA. The CIA, or the Company as it was known in the intelligence community, won a bidding war against British intelligence for Müller's services only to lose him to the US Army's military intelligence after 1952 after a furious interdepartmental campaign.

Heinrich Müller was not the only German general officer involved in the intelligence game who worked for the CIA. Another general was Reinhard Gehlen, former head of the German Army's *Fremde Heer Ost* or Foreign Armies East.

In 1944, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, secretly negotiated with the Soviets to surrender and prevent a Soviet invasion of Hungary, a country which is difficult to defend from a geographical point of view. German intelligence caught wind of this and in a quick coup, removed Horthy and replaced him with Ferenc Szalasi, head of the pro-Nazi and violently anti-Semitic Arrow Cross Party. Szalasi formally requested Himmler, through his senior officer in Budapest, to remove the Jews from Hungary. Ever eager for more free labor, Himmler readily agreed and informed Heinrich Müller, whose Gestapo oversaw such transports, that as many of the Hungarian Jews as possible were to be deported as slave labor to Auschwitz.

Müller, in turn, passed this unpalatable mission on to his chief deputy and friend, *SS-Oberführer* (Senior Colonel) Willi Krichbaum. Krichbaum then went to Budapest along with Adolf Eichmann, the Gestapo official directly in charge of the human shipments which eventually totaled over 350,000 Jews. Most of these Jews did not survive the war.

Müller, Krichbaum and Eichmann survived the war and went their separate ways. Müller and Krichbaum found new careers with the victors. Eichmann escaped to South America where he was later kidnapped. After a trial, he was found guilty and executed by the State of Israel.

On May 22, 1945, a German *Wehrmacht* General, Reinhard Gehlen, the former head of the German Army High Command's Foreign Armies East, surrendered along with his key staff members to the United States military at Fischhausen in southern Germany.

Gehlen's unit was responsible for gathering and analyzing military intelligence on the Soviet Union,. His staff accomplished this by interrogating prisoners in army POW camps—captured Soviet military personnel and, in their headquarters—Soviet defectors. They also studied battlefield intelligence from captured Soviet documents, maps and code books. Further material was obtained by signals intelligence which listened to Soviet non-coded, low-level combat unit radio traffic. These methods of gathering combat intelligence are standard procedures still used by all armies.

During the war, Gehlen did not have intelligence agents in the Soviet Union. The General was not accustomed to gathering and analyzing Soviet political data. Unlike Müller, whose radio playback section had direct contact with very high-level Soviet intelligence agents inside Russia, Gehlen dealt strictly with combat intelligence.

Reinhard Gehlen was born in 1902 in Erfurt, Germany, the son of a publisher in Breslau. In 1920, he joined the *Reichswehr*, rising slowly through the ranks as an artillery officer. In 1933 he was sent to the General Staff college, and in 1935, Gehlen became a captain, the lowest rank in the General Staff.

Except for a brief period in 1938 when he was posted to the 18th Artillery Regiment as a battery commander, Gehlen spent his entire career in the German Army as a General Staff officer. On April 1, 1942, Lt. Colonel Gehlen of the General Staff was appointed head of Foreign Armies East in the High Command of the Army (OKH), a position he held until April 9, 1945 when he was fired by Hitler.

Like Müller, Gehlen had microfilmed all his files before the end of the war and he offered them, plus himself and his staff, to US Army intelligence. The offer was accepted. On August 26, 1945, Gehlen and four of his closest assistants were flown to Washington for substantive talks with US authorities. Gehlen was the subject of an inter-agency struggle when Allen Dulles of the OSS, once their station chief in Switzerland during the war, and General William Donovan, commander of the agency, attempted to secure Gehlen and his files for themselves. Dulles eventually won and his assistant Frank Wisner was appointed to oversee the former head of Foreign Armies East.

The Gehlen team was based at Fort Hunt, near Washington. Gehlen began his new career by preparing a series of reports which were well received. In July of 1946, Gehlen returned to Germany, and set up shop at Pullach, a former housing project for elite Nazi officials such as Martin Bormann. Gehlen was instructed to build an intelligence agency capable of conducting the highest level surveillance of the Soviets. His microfilmed files were sold to US intelligence for \$5 million. Considering that these files only

contained material on Soviet military units that had long been disbanded or were no longer combat ready, Gehlen was very well paid for very cold coffee.

Since Gehlen had no experience with internal Soviet intelligence or with their foreign intelligence, he was hard-pressed to use his former army staff officers to supply the US with relevant material. In 1946, Gehlen hired Willi Krichbaum, formerly the deputy chief of the Gestapo, as his senior agent recruiter. While Gehlen had no experience with Soviet spies, the Gestapo certainly did, and Krichbaum immediately sought out to hire many of his old associates.

At the same time, Krichbaum contacted his former chief, Heinrich Müller, who was now a resident in Switzerland, and a respected and wealthy citizen. Müller was, by no means, inactive in his enforced retirement and was in contact with Krichbaum almost from the beginning of his exile. Lengthy handwritten reports from Krichbaum to Müller spanning nearly three years exist and, while Müller's correspondence to Krichbaum is not in his files, the Krichbaum correspondence indicates without a doubt, that "Gestapo" Müller was supplying his former deputy with reams of information on prospective employees for the new Gehlen organization, as well as a flood of concise directives on the structure necessary to implement the needs of the US intelligence.

In 1946, Gehlen began the construction of his new agency, while the Soviet military machine in the East Zone of Germany was in the process of down sizing. The Second World War had proven to be a terrible economic disaster to Stalin. His troops were in the process of dismantling German factories which were still intact, ripping up the railroad system, and sending their spoils back to Russia.

The American armed forces were also being sharply reduced, since the war in the Pacific had ended in 1945. Military units were disbanded and their soldiers returned to civilian life as quickly as possible. On the economic front, businesses that had enjoyed lucrative government military contracts found themselves with empty assembly lines and tens of thousands of laid off workers.

It has been said that there never was a good war nor a bad peace. While the latter was certainly beneficial to the Soviets and permitted them to rebuild their economy, it certainly was not beneficial for either the rapidly-shrinking military or business communities in the United States.

This situation permitted the development of the Gehlen organization and secured its position as a vital American political resource. The US had virtually no military intelligence knowledge of the Soviet Union. But the Germans, who had fought against them for four years, had. Gehlen and his military staff only had knowledge of wartime Soviet military units which were either reduced to cadre or entirely disbanded. However, this was of no interest to the senior officials of US intelligence. Gehlen was to become a brilliant intelligence specialist with an incredible grasp of Soviet abilities and intentions. This preeminence was almost entirely fictional. It was designed to elevate Gehlen in the eyes of American politicians including President Truman and members of Congress, and to lend well-orchestrated weight to the former General's interpretation of his employer's needs.

In 1948, Stalin sent troops into Czechoslovakia after a minority but efficient communist coup which overthrew the Western-oriented government. This act, in February of 1948, combined with the blockade of West Berlin, then occupied by the British, French and Americans in June of the same year, gave a group of senior American military leaders a heaven-sent opportunity to identify a new and dangerous military enemy—an enemy which could and would attack Western Europe and the United States in the immediate future.

To facilitate the acceptance of this theory, Gehlen was requested to produce intelligence material that would bolster it in as authoritative a manner as possible. This Gehlen did and to set the parameters of this report, Gehlen, General Stephen Chamberlain, Chief of Intelligence of the US Army General Staff, and General Lucius D. Clay, US commander in occupied Germany met in Berlin in February of 1948, immediately after the Czech occupation but before the blockade.

After this meeting, Gehlen drew up a lengthy and detailed intelligence report which categorically stated that 135 fully-equipped Soviet divisions, many armored, were poised to attack. General Clay forwarded this alarming example of creative writing to Washington and followed up with frantic messages indicating his fear that the Soviets were about to launch an all-out land war on the United States.

Although the sequence of events might indicate that Clay was involved in an attempt to mislead US leaders, in actuality, he was misled by Chamberlain and Gehlen. They managed to thoroughly frighten General Clay and used him as a conduit to Washington. He was not the last to fall victim to the machinations of the war party.

The Gehlen papers were deliberately leaked to Congress and the President. This resulted in the Cold War between the Soviet Union and the United States. This was not a historical first by any means. Elements in England at the beginning of the 20th century, alarmed at the growing economic threat of a

united Germany, commenced a long public campaign designed to frighten the British public and their leaders into adopting a bellicose re-armament program based on a fictional German military threat.

Gehlen and his organization were considered vital to US interests. As long as the General was able to feed the re-armament frenzy in Washington with supportive, inflammatory secret reports, then his success was assured.

The only drawback to this deadly farce was that the General did not have knowledge of current Soviet situations in the military or political fields. He could only bluff his way for a short time. To enhance his military staffs, Gehlen developed the use of former SS *Sicherheitsdienst* (SD) and Gestapo people, brought to him by Krichbaum, his chief recruiter.

At the same time, a joint British-American project called "Operation Applepie" was launched with the sole purpose of locating and employing as many of the former Gestapo and SD types now being employed by Gehlen. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, after all. During the course of this hunt, the prize was considered to be former *SS-Gruppenführer* Heinrich Müller, then in Switzerland. Contact with the former Gestapo Chief was through Krichbaum, acting on Müller's specific instructions.

In the resulting bidding war, the Americans easily defeated the British, and the British public was spared the possible discovery of Müller appearing, under a new name, on their New Year's Honors List instead of being made a Brigadier General of Reserve in the United States Army under a new name.

The recently uncovered files on "Applepie" are of such interest that they will be the subject of a further in-depth publication. Other document series of equal importance will include the so-called Robinson papers and a series of reports on the British use of certain former Gestapo and SD personnel in Damascus, Syria by John Marriott of the Security Intelligence Middle East (SIME). Robinson (or Robinsohn as he was known to the Gestapo officials) was a high-level Soviet agent captured in France as a result of the *Rote Kapelle* investigations. Robinson's files came into Müller's possession and reveal an extensive Soviet spy ring in Great Britain. Such highly interesting and valuable historical records should also encompass the more significant intercepts made of Soviet messages by the Gestapo from Ottawa, Canada to Moscow throughout the war. These parallel the so-called Venona intercepts which have been fully translated and are extraordinarily lengthy.

In 1948, control of the Gehlen organization was assumed by the new CIA and put under the direction of Colonel James Critchfield, formerly an armored unit commander and now a CIA section chief.

At this point, Gehlen had a number of powerful sponsors in the US military and intelligence communities. These included General Walter Bedell Smith, former Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower and later head of the CIA; General William Donovan, former head of the OSS; Allen Welch Dulles, former Swiss station chief of the OSS and later head of the CIA; Rear Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, first head of the CIA; General Edwin Sibert of US Army military intelligence and Generals Chamberlain and Clay. American military intelligence officers were well aware that the Soviet Army threat was hollow and that the Soviets' act of dismantling the eastern German railroad system was strong proof that an attack was not in the offing, but they were strongly discouraged by their superiors from expressing their views.

In 1954, General Arthur Trudeau, chief of US military intelligence, received a copy of a lengthy report prepared by retired Lt. Colonel Hermann Baun of Gehlen's staff. Baun, who had originally been assigned to the German High Command (OKW) as an *Abwehr* specialist on Russia, eventually ended up working for Gehlen's Foreign Armies East which was under the control of the Army High Command (OKH). Baun was an extremely competent, professional General Staff officer who, by 1953, had taken a dim view, indeed, of the creatures foisted on him by Gehlen. Baun detested Gehlen who had forced him out of his post-war intelligence position with the West. Baun's annoyance was revealed in a lengthy complaint of Gehlen's Nazi staff members which set forth, in detail, their names and backgrounds.

General Trudeau was so annoyed with this report that in October of 1954, he took West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer aside as Adenauer was making an official visit to Washington, Trudeau passed much of this information to the horrified Adenauer, who had spent time in a concentration camp during the war. Adenauer, in turn, raised this issue with American authorities and the matter was leaked to the press. Allen Dulles, a strong Gehlen backer and now head of the CIA, used his own connections and those of his brother, John, Eisenhower's Secretary of State, to effectively silence Trudeau by transferring him to the remote Far East.

Trudeau's warning to Adenauer did not have a lasting effect and on April 1, 1956, former General Reinhard Gehlen was appointed as head of the new West German Federal Intelligence Service, the *Bundesnachrichtendiesnt* or BND. In this case, as in so many other similar ones, virtue is certainly not its own reward.

Who, then, were the Gehlen organization people Colonel Baun took exception to working with?

The first person on the list was former *SS-Oberführer* or Senior Colonel, Willi Krichbaum whom we have met before. Krichbaum was an associate of Müller and later the Deputy Chief of the Gestapo. Krichbaum was in charge of the deportation of the Hungarian Jews in 1944—a deportation that took nearly 300,000 lives. According to Müller's files, Krichbaum is also the man who shot Raoul Wallenberg. The *Geheime Feld Polizei* or the Secret Field Police which Krichbaum had commanded was responsible for all manner of atrocities, including the killing of Soviet prisoners of war. Although Russia was not a member of the Geneva Convention, Germany was a signatory and this Convention forbade the execution of prisoners of war. Krichbaum, of whom Müller once said, "war mit Blut verschmiert" (was smeared with blood) was not only Gehlen's chief recruiter, mostly of former Gestapo and SD people, but also informed Müller of the inner workings of the Gehlen organization which was considered a highly secret American intelligence resource. Krichbaum continued to work for Gehlen, according to an interview with Colonel Critchfield, until at least 1956 when the West German government took over control of the group.

The second name on the list was *SS-Standartenführer* or Colonel Walter Rauff who had a most interesting career. In 1942, Walter Rauff was chief of the SD units attached to the AOK Afrika, Rommels' *Afrikakorps*. In 1943, after the collapse of the DAK, Rauff worked in Italy as the chief of the SD in Milan. In this capacity, Rauff was involved with SS General Karl Wolff's negotiations to surrender the German troops in Italy in 1945. This was a pet project of Allen Dulles and was called "Operation Sunrise." During the course of the negotiations, Dulles became very friendly with Rauff. Consequently, as the new Gehlen organization was formed, Dulles was instrumental in acquiring Rauff for an advisory position with them.

In 1941, Rauff had been involved with the SD anti-partisan activities in the captured areas of the Soviet Union. Rauff conceived, constructed and personally supervised the use of gas vans. These vans had the exhaust pipes vented inside the rear compartments which were then filled with Jews who died of carbon monoxide poisoning. While it spared some SD men from the guilt associated with murdering large numbers of civilians, it did have certain negative aspects—the collection of bodies in the back of the van. When the rear door was opened to remove the dead, the stench proved to be a serious occupational hazard. An ingenious man, Rauff had a special fitting constructed that helped alleviate this unfortunate problem. A lengthy file on Rauff's gas vans is stored at the National Archives.

At the end of the war, Rauff was imprisoned in Italy. He later emerged in Germany, happily working for the Gehlen group. Unfortunately for him, his presence became known to the wrong people, and he found it necessary to move to Syria where he continued to represent Gehlen's interests. As the stress of discovery there became too much for Gehlen to bear, it was decided that Rauff should move to Chile. His friend and later protector, Allen Dulles, also a good friend of Heinrich Müller, ordered that he be given new identity papers and funds for travel and relocation. While in Chile, the loyal Rauff continued to provide intelligence reports to Gehlen and his other protectors.

Another senior Gehlen aide was former *SS-Oberführer* Dr. Franz Six. Six was an intellectual academic, Professor of Political Science at Königsberg University. Six joined the SS on April 20, 1935 and became a member of the SD. In 1941, Six was in command of an Einsatzgruppe and was directly responsible for the murder of the Jews in the Russian city of Smolensk. Following this military triumph, Six was made the head of Section VII of the RSHA. In 1943 he was sent to the Foreign Ministry where he was in charge of the Cultural Division. In 1946, Dr. Six was an early member of the Gehlen organization but was eventually tracked down and his supporters were unable to prevent his standing trial in April of 1948 for his actions. He received a sentence of 25 years. However, US authorities interceded on his behalf and on September 30, 1952, Six was released and at once returned to his duties with Gehlen.

SS-Sturmbannführer (Major) Alois Brunner was a Gestapo official who worked directly under Adolf Eichmann in the deportation department. Ambitious and energetic, Brunner was an instigator of the notorious razzia carried out in France in 1942 against the Jews of Paris. So outraged was his putative chief, Müller, that Brunner was transferred to Sofia in Bulgaria. He was sentenced to death by a French court, in absentia because Brunner had gone to Damascus, Syria, as Gehlen's resident agent. He used a number of names including "Georg Fischer" and "Waldo Munk." Brunner was later made a part of a CIA-directed program to train the security forces of Abdel Nasser and Israeli agents attempted to blow him up with a

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⁷ Critchfield's chief recruiter had extensive World War I combat experience, was a *Freikorps* activist, was an anti-communist, and an early Party member.

⁸ From the beginning of the war.

⁹ Krichbaum was still carried on the rolls of the RSHA as a *SS-Oberführer* and Colonel of Police. He was never an army officer.

letter bomb but failed. In addition to the French death sentence, Brunner was also on the wanted list of the CIC.

Probably the worst offender of all was SS-Gruppenführer Odlio Globocnik, once the Gauleiter of Vienna until fired by Hitler for theft and pillage. Globocnik went on to run the Lublin camps in Poland where he stole millions more and was responsible for the gassing of large numbers of Jews and Poles. His stolen millions saved him from prosecution. After working for a time for the British, he eventually ended up as an American resource, also in Damascus. The name of the program that sent him there was called "Argos."

Like its Biblical counterpart, the 20th century road to Damascus was traveled by converts to the new religion of the West.

There were many more individuals connected with the Gestapo or SD who openly worked for Gehlen including *SS-Standartenführer* Frederich Panziger, another old friend of Müller's who had married into his family. Panziger was not responsible for wartime atrocities but was a key player in the break-up of the *Rote Kapelle*, a Russian spy ring considered to be of great value to Gehlen.

If retired Lt. Colonel Hermann Baun had thought to damage his nemesis Gehlen, he was in error. His lengthy and detailed report only made Gehlen more popular with the US intelligence agency that ran him and, through them, with the US-controlled puppet government of West Germany—a government that did exactly what it was told and clicked its heels together while doing it.

What did the CIA and those in the more elevated US positions of command know about the flawed membership of their prize German possession? Was the quickly suppressed Baun report the only indicator that had surfaced between 1948 and 1956? If there was any substantive material on this subject, it certainly would never be made available to anyone and would, undoubtedly, be sequestered in some remote place in Arizona or perhaps even somewhere on the grounds of an academic institution closer to hand.

The Douglas' correspondence and conversations with colonel James Critchfield, once the CIA overseer of the Gehlen organization during its tenure as an American agency, has shed considerable light on the subject.

Critchfield initially acknowledged awareness of the use by the CIA-run Gehlen agency of a number of the individuals encountered earlier in this chapter. However, the Colonel, now living in comfortable retirement in Williamsburg, Virginia, stated that aside from Dr. Six, he had no knowledge of any of the allegations of war crimes against his former employees, which he termed "outrageous." He stated finally that Krichbaum, whom he had earlier claimed to have played a "very important role in our history" was certainly not a member of the SS, not Müller's Deputy Chief of the Gestapo, not involved with the deportation and deaths of the Hungarian Jews, and could never have shot Raoul Wallenberg. The question of the Wallenberg killing comes solely from Müller's statements and no corroboration of it can be found though it is unlikely that Müller would admit on the record that he had ordered such a potentially damaging act unless he actually had. The membership of Krichbaum in the SS, his rank, and his position inside the Gestapo organization is absolutely beyond doubt. All of Willi Krichbaum's official history, as that of the others included in this study is presently available for public inspection in the US National Archives records in Washington.

Also beyond doubt is the participation of a significant number of unsavory individuals in the CIA-controlled Gehlen organization and no question whatsoever as to the atrocities they committed while members of the SD and Gestapo.

From 1945 on, the US had control of the Berlin Document Center, which was the repository for all SS, Gestapo and SD personnel files. US investigators were *required* to check the backgrounds of *all* potential German employees against their records. In addition, CROWCASS (Central Registry of War Crimes and Security Suspects) files contained the names of suspected or wanted war criminals. The CROWCASS information was widely circulated to American agencies, including the CIA, which were in a position to hire or come into contact with such people. These files, which contained a great deal of potentially damaging information on German nationals, were turned over to Gehlen in 1948, no doubt to assist his recruitment drives.

When pressed, Colonel Critchfield acknowledged the existence of the background and personal history files and dossiers but averred that the investigation of his employees had been a matter for the Central Registry of the CIC. When asked if he had ever been advised by this agency that many of his senior functionaries were on the wanted lists, Critchfield gave no response.

Intelligence agencies have a tendency to place former military personnel in positions of responsibility precisely because they are trained to obey, without questioning, orders from superiors.

Reinhard Gehlen is not the actual focus of this study. The actual focus is the use by American intelligence agencies of persons who had no particular substantive intelligence value and whose employment by them was then and is now, indefensible. The knowing employment of the CIA of Krichbaum, Dr. Franz Six, and many others whose names can be found in the Baun report and the fact that this specifically led US intelligence to depend heavily on these badly flawed individuals is the issue. By their dependence on these people, the US agencies permitted ideological Germans with a strong and pervasive detestation of the Soviet Union and an overriding urge to seek revenge for their defeat by this country to promote, often with great success, their own agendas which in most cases were self-serving and certainly not in the best interests of the American public.

In 1996, the San Jose, California, *Mercury-News* published material alleging that elements of the CIA knowingly permitted and encouraged the sale of narcotics by Latino drug dealers to essentially black, inner city residents. The strong implication contained in this report is that the wave of dangerous, disruptive and fatal drug sales and use in the black communities stemmed, in large part, from CIA instigation, and an attempt on their part to finance the Contras of Nicaragua who were then engaged in guerrilla warfare with the Marxist Sandinistas. The CIA has long and often been accused of utilizing monies from the transportation and sale of illegal drugs, in the main heroin and cocaine, to fund many of its operations for which they were unable to obtain official Congressional monetary support.

In the case of the *Mercury-News* coverage, the resultant uproar from the outraged black communities brought responses from the CIA that were both predictable and instructional.

The Washington Post and the Los Angeles Times, once known as friendly resources for official Washington, rushed into print with rebukes of both the San Jose newspaper's stories, editors and its reporter—a theme eagerly seized upon by other such media outlets. There is an old adage that "Once a newspaperman, always a whore." This is an erroneous and insulting statement. Whores perform their acts solely for money and nothing else. A slut, on the other hand, conducts her sexual rampages merely because it feels good. In the interest of accuracy and in defense of the character of whores, it might be better said that with few exceptions, the media are sluts ready to work for free for the US intelligence community.

John Deutsch, embattled Director of the CIA, made a public relations trip to Los Angeles where he spoke at an open meeting of the black community. He was booed and insulted by them, disbelieving his pious denials and promises of a "thorough investigation" into the allegations.

A predictable Congressional hearing into the issue was regaled by testimony from former Contra leaders who denied any of the published allegations. Again, their testimony was greeted with vocal outbursts from the audience who claimed that the business was being officially covered up, not unlike the previous hearings on the massacre at Waco, which were full of official sound and fury, signifying nothing. The statements contained in this chapter concerning the known use by the US intelligence community of identified war criminals are based solidly on fact and record. This will certainly not prevent those in government service, both official and unofficial, from following a parallel course to the countering of the *Mercury-News* coverage.

For some years it has been said that a controversial issue does not gain credibility in the eyes of the public until it has been officially denied in Washington. To this official denial must be added confirming attacks by the media, the official public relations outlet for the government. No one believes them either.

A very significant number of the German nationals belonging to the CIA-controlled Gehlen Organization have been discovered to have belonged to either the Gestapo or the RSHA, the *Reichssicheitshauptamt*. This was the blanket organization for all German State and Party intelligence and counterintelligence agencies.

The fact that an indivual was assigned to the RSHA does not mean that they were involved in anything more sinister than clerical work in an office. But included in this list are a number of individuals whose wartime record indicates their activities were of a criminal nature and their inclusion in any U.S. sponsored and controlled agency has no justification whatsoever.

The American members of this group (the Gehlen Organization was *entirely* controlled by the U.S. CIA from 1948 through 1956) will be included in a subsequent study. The listing here of some, and it must be emphasized that this treatment covers only the most serious offenders, is alphabetical and not by rank.

SS-Sturmbannführer Emil Augsberg, SS No. 307 925. Born May 1, 1905. Subject was a member of the RSHA, the adjutant to SS-Gruppenführer Globocnik who was SS and Police Leader in the Polish district of Lublin. He was the head of the concentration camps of Treblinka and Belzec. Augsburg later

was a member of the Wannsee Institute in Berlin where he was a specialist in Polish problems. He ended the war on the personal staff of Heinrich Himmler.

SS-Obersturmbannführer Dr. Fritz Baader, SS No. 278 278. Born April 9, 1909. Dr. Baader was on the staff of the Senior SS and Police Leader in Hungary.

SS-Sturmbannführer Otto Barnewald, SS No. 6 469. Born January 10, 1896. Subject was on the staff of the Concentration Camp, Buchenwald.

SS-Sturmbannführer Ernst Biberstein, SS No. 272 692. Born February 15, 1899. Biberstein was a member of the RSHA. He also commanded Einsatzkommando 6 of Einsatzgruppe C. The Einsatzgruppen were composed of RSHA personnel and operated behind the front lines in warfare against partisans. The activities of these groups often far exceeded their briefs and many of them were responsible for dreadful atrocities against partisans, civilians and Jews. Biberstein's activities were such as to secure a death sentence by an Allied court after the war, a sentence that was commuted in 1951, permitting him to work for the Gehlen organization.

SS-Sturmbannführer Ludwig Boehme, SS No.249 802. Born August 21, 1898. Subject was on the staff of the Concentration Camp at Auschwitz.

SS-Brigadeführer Christoph Diehm, SS No.28 461. Born March 1, 1892. Diehm was chief of staff of the Kaminiski Brigade. This unit was commanded by a Russian named Kaminiski and was involved in fighting partisans on the East Front. The unit took part in the fighting in Warsaw in 1944 where its behavior was so brutal that it was ordered disbanded and its leader shot.

SS-Sturmbannführer Karl Döring, SS No 67 310. Born February 5, 1903. Subject was on the staff of the Concentration Camp at Dachau. He was later the postwar West German Ambassador to the Cameroons.

SS-Sturmbannführer Dr.Max Eberl, SS No. 680 352, Born December 26,1892. Dr. Eberl was a member of the RSHA and was involved with euthanasia at Treblinka Concentration Camp under Globocnik.

SS-Standartenführer Hans Eichele, SS No. 21 640. Born May 1, 1901. Eichele was Standortkommandat at the Concentration Camp, Dachau

SS-Sturmbannführer Walter Huppenkoethen, SS No.126 785. Born December 31, 1907. Huppenkoethen was a member of the RSHA and Commanding Officer of the SD & Police in Lublin and Cracow (Poland). He was tried after the war for his activities.

SS-Obersturmbannführer Dr. Erich Isselhorst, SS No.267 313. Born February 5, 1906. Subject was Commander of the Police and SD at Strassburg and also Inspector of the SD, Stuttgart . He was also Commanding Officer of *Einsatzkommando 8* of *Einsatzgruppe A*.

SS-Obersturmbannführer Oswald Poche, SS No. 267 316. Born January 28, 1908. Poche was commanding officer of the Security Police and SD, Tromsö, Norway.

SS-Obersturmbannführer Albert Rapp, SS No.280 341. Born November 16, 1908. Subject was Inspector, Security Police and SD, Braunschwieg and commanding officer of Einsatzkommando 7, Einsatzgruppe B.

SS-Standartenführer Walter Rauff, SS No. 290 947. Born June 19, 1906. Rauff was a member of RSHA and with Senior SS and Police Commander, Italy (Karl Wolff). Rauff was responsible for the construction of the gas vans and eventually had to move to South America to avoid prosecution.

SS-Oberführer Dr. Franz Six, SS No.107 480. Born August 12, 1909. Dr. Six was a member of RSHA, and Commanding Officer of *Einzatzgruppe Vorkommando Moscow*. Six was an early member of the Gehlen Organization, but was finally arrested and tried for his activities in 1948. He was sentenced to life in prison, but released in 1951. Six worked for Porsche and Gehlen after his release.

SS-Standartenführer Eugen Steimle, SS No. 272 575. Born December 8, 1909. Subject was a member of RSHA and commanding officer of Einsatzgruppen B and later C. He was subsequently convicted by an Allied court and sentenced to a long term in prison, but released in 1951.

SS-Sturmbannführer Alois Thaler, SS No.347 142. Born November 28, 1909. Subject was a member of RSHA and was Senior SS & Police Commander, Italy.

SS-Obersturmbannführer Dr. Ernst Weimann, SS No. 263 985. Born August 5, 1906. Commanding officer, Security Police & SD, Bergen, Norway

SS-Sturmbannführer Kurt Weisse, SS. No. 563 159. Born October 11, 1909. Subject was a member of SS Regiment Dirlewanger. Oscar Dirlewanger was a convicted child molester and friend of Himmler. His unit was made up of paroled convicts and used to fight the partisans. Like the Kaminiski unit, their record was so appalling that they were withdrawn from combat by Hitler's order. Dirlewanger vanished at the end of the war

SS-Sturmbannführer Eugen Wenner, SS No. 200 581. Born November 15, 1912. Wenner was a member of RSHA and was with the Senior SS and Police Commander, Italy.

SS-Obersturmbannführer Wilhelm Wiebens, SS No.16 617. Born March 17, 1906. Subject was a member of RSHA and Commanding Officer of Einzatzkommando 9 under Einsatzgruppe B.

These names represent only a small percentage (less than 4%) of the names found on a listing of all personnel of the Gehlen Organization from 1945 onwards. These are only the names of higher ranking officers in the SS/SD and Police. The names of many lower rank SS/SD and Police members are still being verified as of this writing, but the names of thousands of Croatians, Slovenes, Balts and Russians are impossible to locate in existing files so they are excluded from this study.

The international uproar attendant upon the discovery that Klaus Barbie was gainfully employed by the U.S. CIC after the war, even after it became well known that Barbie was wanted for his Gestapo activities in Lyon, France, would pale to insignificance when the full impact of the Gehlen Organization's complete list becomes a matter of public record.

The Gehlen group was controlled completely by the U.S. Army from 1945 until 1948. It was then taken over and controlled directly by the Central Intelligence Agency under the command of Colonel James Critchfield until 1955-56, when the group was taken over by the Federal Government of Germany and renamed the *Bundesnachrichtendienst* (BND) or State Intelligence Service.

The excuse will doubtless be offered by all controlling parties that they had no way of knowing that their ranks contained such a significant number of Gestapo and SD officials, and many who were on the wanted lists called CROWCASS. This acronym stands for Central Registry of War Crimes and Security Suspects instituted by U.S. Intelligence in May of 1945, and eventually discontinued in 1948. These lists were contained in a total of forty books and were responsible for the apprehension of many wanted war criminals. It should be pointed out, that from 1945 until 1948 when the control of the Gehlen Organization passed to the CIA, it was mandatory that all German nationals who were employed by U.S. authorities in occupied Germany had to be checked both through CIC Central Registry as well as the CROWCASS lists!

There is absolutely *no possibility* that a valid claim of ignorance of the makeup of the Gehlen group can be made at this point in time. In fact, in 1948, all of the CROWCASS files were turned over to Gehlen and the CIA, very effectively blocking any possible inquiry into the makeup of the German-American spy network.

Because Gehlen had no knowledge of the inner workings of the Soviet Union, and being limited in his wartime duties of establishing Soviet order of battle, it was necessary for him to seek the services of German, Croatian, Baltic and Russian individuals who had a much broader background in non-military intelligence.

During the Second World War, Reinhard Gehlen was in charge of the German Army's Foreign Armies East (*Fremde Heer Ost*) branch of the High Command. In retrospect, his projected views of Soviet military moves were more often wrong than right, but Gehlen was both ambitious and egocentric, a combination which effectively precluded him from considering any views other than his own. Hitler eventually fired him for incompetence.

The American military had very little knowledge of the inner workings of the Soviet state because during Roosevelt's reign they had been strictly forbidden by the President to conduct any intelligence activity against his friend and ally, Josef Stalin. Soviet agents, on the other hand, ran rampant in the United States, spying on every important part of the U.S. government and military establishment. In this, the Soviets were eagerly assisted by a host of American communists who did not view their treachery as such, but rather as their sacred duty to the Soviet Union to whom they owed their entire allegiance.

The defense made, after the fact, by American intelligence agencies to charges of the unrestrained use of foreigners whose activities during the war were brutal in the extreme, was that the U.S. needed as much information on their new enemy as they could develop. Also, the backgrounds of many of their intelligence resources were secondary to their task of developing this intelligence.

Many of the individuals hired by Gehlen had very little experience in the intelligence field, but much in the area of partisan warfare. This combat experience consisted of engaging Soviet partisan and irregular units in warfare with the intention of liquidating them, the same goals, it ought to be pointed out, that the partisans themselves adhered to.

There is also the concept that Gehlen was used by elements in the United States government and military as a foil to convince a reluctant President Truman and the American Congress that Stalin was planning to launch an attack on western Europe. To forestall this attack, these elements urged, it was vital

that the United States halt the demobilization of their military and the downsizing of American industry, and reverse the process.

Gehlen's reports prepared at the behest of his American controllers have proven to be as inaccurate as the ones he prepared for Hitler's High Command. But in the former case, Gehlen did what he was told to do while the latter case was more an example of ego than mendacity.

Most professional intelligence practitioners would agree, many with reluctance, that the use by either the United States or Great Britain of a superb counterintelligence personality such as Heinrich Müller would be fully justified considering Müller's expertise in the machinations of the Kremlin and its leaders.

Almost no one, except for bureaucratic types, could justify the use by Gehlen and his controllers, the U.S. Army and later the CIA, of such men whose names are now identified with membership in his organization.

Every nation in modern times has special military or paramilitary organizations at their disposal to enforce their will by ruthless and morally indefensible methods. The Germans had their *Einsatzgruppen*, their *Geheime Feld Polizei* and their *Jagdverbände*, the British their SAS, the U.S. their Special Forces and SEALS, and the Soviets their *Speznatz* units. All of these units were and are being trained in the techniques of control through terror and what, in the end, amounts to the control, repression and often the physical liquidation of the civilian populations of their military opponents.

It should be noted that the CIA was not alone in its hiring practices. Through documents released under the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA), it is discovered in a CIC report dated March 1951, that a certain Dr. Wilhelm H. Schmitz was in the employ of that agency. During the course of the Third Reich, Dr. Schmitz was an *SS-Sturmbannführer* (as of April 20, 1941) and the head of the Gestapo bureau, IV E 6. This section was called "Counterespionage Section South" and covered Czechoslovakia, the Balkans, Hungary, Italy, Spain and South America.

When the British murdered RSHA chief Reinhard Heydrich in 1942 in Prague, the leadership of the Reich was in an uproar and Himmler went at once to the Czech capital along with Müller...and Dr. Wilhelm Schmitz. Dr. Schmitz, acting under Müller's orders, was responsible for the actions taken against the Czechs, including the destruction of Lidice and the shooting of over three thousand Czechs, some of whom were actually connected with the plot or were found to be British agents. After the war, Schmitz, whose background was known to his employers, worked in Prague as a double agent. Schmitz was one of the architects of the legend that Müller was working for Czech intelligence. The main architect of this delightful fable was the former chief of the Gestapo himself, who greatly enjoyed pulling the legs of his employers, but always, it must be added, with great care.

The CIC later discovered that they had been hoaxed and other documents recently released indicate that the perpetrators of the Müller-Czech stories were ordered to be terminated at once. This phrase is usually considered an official euphemism for assassination.

The hiring by Gehlen of highly undesirable individuals, many of whom were not German SS men, but equally as unpalatable, generally was overseen by Willi Krichbaum, his chief recruiter. Krichbaum, who had been Müller's chief deputy in the Gestapo and head of the dreaded *Geheime Feld Polizei* (GFP), filled the ranks of the Gehlen organization with a mixture of ferocious individuals who had the potential to cause terrible problems for the ultimate authority over them.

From 1945 through 1948, this authority was the U.S. Army and between 1948 and 1956, the CIA. What happened later was that the ranks of the newly-constituted *Bundesnachrichtendienst* or BND, of the West German government, were swelled with a significant number of former Gestapo and SD people who had the added liability of working for Soviet intelligence.

Müller, who by this time was comfortably ensconced in the United States, had nothing to do with this debacle, but certainly lived to fully enjoy it. Even though only a small percentage of the Soviet moles were ever publicly identified, the damage had been done.

Following the revelations that British intelligence agencies had been equally infiltrated with Soviet spies, both countries suffered from a drastic and permanent loss of confidence by the United States.

The use by the American intelligence, and governmental communities, of Germans with some expertise on the subject of the Soviet Union is pragmatically understandable. The only reason that Great Britain didn't make more use of former RSHA personnel is that they could not outspend the Americans, and further, England was so full of Soviet sympathizers and agents that the subject of utilizing the late enemy was anathema to them.

The individuals listed here had very little expertise in Soviet internal affairs, with a few exceptions, and their employment at any level is completely indefensible.

The foregoing study is not meant to show that U.S. Intelligence agencies actively sought to employ Germans who were accused of the commission of serious crimes. It does mean, in every sense, that such persons were knowingly employed by the intelligence agencies as an expedient.

All bureaucracies in all periods encounter the same problems: Maintenance. The actual secrets of the world are so few that one could carry them on small slips of paper in a back pocket. In order to justify acres of buildings filled with tens of thousands of employees, office equipment, telephones, code machines, shredders, computer systems, plastic passes, executive dining rooms, travel expenses and, finally, salaries, all intelligence agencies have to at least give the appearance of performing vital functions for the security of their state. No agency or bureaucracy has ever voluntarily reduced itself, but every one of them finds it necessary to expand itself to acquire more power, more employees, more parking space, and most importantly, larger budgets to be approved by those set above them.

Communism and Soviet expansionism proved to be as vital to the maintenance and growth of the U.S. intelligence and counterintelligence agencies, as capitalism, and U.S. expansionism was to Soviet intelligence and counterintelligence. These massive entities represent the upper and the nether millstone and what is ground between them are those who pay for the follies, the vices, and most important, the bill.

Record Group 263: Records of the Central Intelligence Agency

Records of the Directorate of Operations

Analysis of the Name File of Heinrich Mueller

Prepared at the request of the Central Intelligence Agency by the following persons:

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Introduction

The CIA file on Heinrich Mueller, chief of Hitler's Gestapo and a major Nazi war criminal, sheds important new light on U.S. and international efforts to find Mueller after his disappearance in May 1945. Though inconclusive on Mueller's ultimate fate, the file is very clear on one point. The Central Intelligence Agency and its predecessors did not know Mueller's whereabouts at any point after the war. In other words, the CIA was never in contact with Gestapo Mueller. (Comment: Since Müller and his Deputy, SS Colonel Willi Krichbaum, worked for the so-called Gehlen Org, commanded by the CIA's James Critchfield, this statement is incorrect). To assist other scholars, the press, and the general public in making sense of this new information about the CIA's investigation of this controversial war criminal, the authors have drawn on other documents at the National Archives for this report.

Mueller and the Nazi Regime

Mueller was born in Munich on April 28, 1900. After serving as a pilot in World War I, he joined the police in Munich, soon acquiring a reputation as a skilled anti-communist investigator who did not feel bound by legal norms of police investigation. As such, he would draw the attention of Heinrich Himmler and Reinhard Heydrich, leaders of Hitler's SS. Following Hitler's rise to power in 1933, Himmler and Heydrich consolidated German regional police units while creating a national political police, the Geheime Staatspolizei (Gestapo). (Comment: The Gestapo was not created by Heydrich. It existed during the Second Empire under Kaiser Wilhelm II) Mueller entered the SS in 1934 and quickly rose through the ranks of that organization as a police official. In September 1939, when the Gestapo and other police organizations were consolidated into the Reich Main Security Office (RSHA), Mueller was made the Chief of RSHA Amt IV -- the Gestapo.

As Gestapo chief, Mueller oversaw the implementation of Hitler's policies against Jews and other groups deemed a threat to the state. The notorious Adolf Eichmann, who headed the Gestapo's Office of Resettlement and then its Office of Jewish Affairs, was Mueller's immediate subordinate. Once World War II began, Mueller and Eichmann planned key components in the deportation and then extermination of Europe's Jews. (Comment: Müller and his Gestapo had absolutely nothing to do with running the Concentration camps: They merely oversaw the transportation of persons to these camps. The Gestapo did have a presence in many of these camps but had nothing to do with the running of them)

Mueller was involved in other criminal affairs as well. He helped plan the phony Polish attack on Gleiwitz radio station in 1939 (used to justify Germany's attack on Poland). He signed the "Bullet Order" of March 1944 (authorizing the shooting of escaped prisoners of war) and authorized the torture of officers who had conspired to kill Hitler in July 1944. Mueller's zeal in countering the 20 July plot earned him the rare military decoration of the Knight's Cross to the War Service Cross with Swords in October 1944.

Mueller also managed security and counterespionage operations. His most spectacular counterespionage success was the development of a double-cross network that fed disinformation to the Soviet intelligence services between 1942 and 1945. Located in Berlin and a few other Western European capitals, this network had been extremely successful in sending sensitive political and military information to Moscow. Mueller's Gestapo team was able to capture a number of these agents and "turn" them. Codenamed Rote Kapelle (Red Orchestra), (Comment: The Rote Kapelle was most certainly not a Gestapo

operation. This is the code name the Gestapo gave to a <u>Soviet</u> spy ring, operated out of Moscow.) this Gestapo operation was among the greatest Soviet intelligence setbacks of the war.(Comment: Where this information originated is not known. It is not in any of the accounts of the Rote Kapelle published since the end of the war and is certainly not in any official Gestapo, Abwehr or any other official German records of the period.)

Mueller and the End of the War

In the war's final year, it seems that Heinrich Mueller stubbornly believed in a Nazi victory. He told one of his top counterespionage case officers in December 1944 that the Ardennes offensive (known in the U.S. as the Battle of the Bulge) would result in the recapture of Paris. (Comment: The sole and well-known goal of the Ardennes Offensive was to capture the port of Antwerp. Since the SS was heavily involved in the intelligence preparations for this operation, Müller would certainly have known this and it is doubtful in the extreme if he would have made such a statement to anyone) Mueller also reportedly redoubled efforts to drive a wedge between the Soviets and the Western allies by using his double agents.

Not everyone was convinced of his sincerity. There were rumors among German intelligence officers that Mueller had himself been turned by the Soviets. Walter Schellenberg, chief of the RSHA's Foreign Intelligence Branch (Amt VI) and a bitter rival of Mueller, was the source of some of this speculation. When interrogated by OSS in 1945, Schellenberg claimed that Mueller had been in friendly radio contact with the Soviets, and Schellenberg's postwar memoirs contain verbatim exhortations from 1943 by Mueller on Stalin's superiority to Hitler as a leader. SS-men close to Mueller considered such rumors unfounded and illogical. (Comment' Schellenberg's "memoirs" published post-mortem, were forgeries by his wife and literary agent. Comments by Schellenberg about Müller in this book are very much a matter of fiction.) Mueller's immediate superior Ernst Kaltenbrunner (Chief of the RSHA), later insisted under Allied interrogation that Mueller could never have embraced the Soviets. Similarly, Heinz Pannwitz, Mueller's Gestapo subordinate who ran Rote Kapelle, categorized the notion that Mueller had turned as "absolutely absurd" in a 1959 CIA interrogation.

The First Search for Gestapo Mueller

Months before the fall of Berlin, Anglo-American counterespionage officers began their postwar planning. Under the combined leadership of British MI 5 and MI 6 and the X-2 (counterespionage) branch of the American Office of Strategic Services, the SHAEF G-2 Counter Intelligence (CI) War Room began operating in February 1945. Using Allied lists of Nazi intelligence officers, the War Room supervised the hunt for the remnants of Germany's military and police intelligence services. Initially, the chief concern of the officers of the CI War Room was that Nazi intelligence units would survive the war and, financed with looted assets, launch paramilitary operations in the Bavarian Alps. Intelligence reaching the War Room in the last months of the war did not mention Mueller as a possible leader of postwar Nazi operations, but given his command of the Gestapo, Mueller remained an important man to capture. (Comment: If there was no mention of Müller in these studies, how could he remain an important man to capture? Müller was a very private man and very little was known about him during the course of the Third Reich.)

On May 27, 1945 the Counter Intelligence War Room issued a statement about its priority targets for interrogations in what it called the German intelligence service. At the top of the list were Nazi intelligence officials involved in foreign intelligence (RSHA Amt VI). Next in priority were security police and SD units in occupied countries. Gestapo officials came farther down the target list. A War Room instruction to interrogators of captured RSHA officers listed the top missing persons: interrogators were to ask: "Where are: SCHELLENBERG, OHLENDORF, MUELLER, STEIMLE, SANDBERGER?" (All but Mueller were subsequently located and interrogated.) A War Room fortnightly report covering the period ending June 18, 1945 stated that no leading officials of the Gestapo had yet been arrested, and "it seems clear from most reports that Mueller remained in Berlin after the collapse." His fate was contrasted with that of other Gestapo personalities who fled south. A separate OSS X-2 (counterintelligence) report at the end of the month repeated that no highranking Gestapo officials had yet been captured and that Mueller had remained in Berlin.

A War Room monthly summary in late July 1945 reported that Amt VI officials had largely surrendered, while most Amt IV (Gestapo) officials remained at large. Mueller's fate was still unknown:

"Some of our evidence, though it is by no means conclusive, suggests that Mueller himself may have remained in Berlin until the last [while]... the greater part of Amt IV collected itself at Hof, near Munich, and at Salzburg and Innsbruck. A War Room intelligence arrest target list, dated August 21, commented about 'H. Mueller, head of the Gestapo': "Last reported Berlin, Apr. 1945." A later revision to the arrest target list reported the arrest of several Gestapo officials, including Walter Huppenkothen who was part of the Red Orchestra team. But not Heinrich Mueller.

Ultimately the Allies would find many Heinrich Muellers in occupied Germany and Austria, but not the right one. Heinrich Mueller is a very common German name. By the end of 1945, American and British occupation forces had gathered information on numerous Heinrich Muellers, all of whom had different birth dates, physical characteristics and job histories. Documentation on some of them is included-one might say mistakenly jumbled together-in the "Gestapo" Mueller Army IRR file, which the National Archives released in 2000. Part of the problem for U.S. record-keepers stemmed from the fact that some of these Muellers, including Gestapo Mueller, did not appear to have middle names. An additional source of confusion was that there were two different SS-Generals named Heinrich Mueller. In at least one instance, an index card purporting to collate information on Gestapo Mueller, which was prepared by an American official after the war, actually contains two different birth dates, as well as data about a third man of the same name. A Heinrich Mueller was held briefly at the Altenstadt civilian internment camp in 1945. Another killed himself along with his wife and his children in April 1946.

Throughout this period the Counter Intelligence War Room functioned as the ULTRA/top secret collecting point for information about the locations of the Allies' top intelligence targets. Although the occupation forces had encountered quite a few men named Heinrich Mueller, the War Room's verdict was unambiguous: Gestapo Muller had not been found.

In the initial period after the Nazi surrender U.S. counterintelligence attempted to track down all leads to Mueller. Information reached U.S. army intelligence that Gestapo Mueller had taken the assumed name Schwartz or Schwartzer and had gone south from Berlin with another Gestapo official Christian A. Scholz. But no traces of either man were ever found. In 1947, British and American authorities twice searched the home of Gestapo Mueller's mistress Anna Schmid for clues, but found nothing suggesting that Mueller was still alive. With the onset of the Cold War and the shift of resources to the Soviet target, the assumption took hold in U.S. intelligence that Gestapo Mueller was dead.

The West German Investigation

The dramatic Israeli abduction of Mueller's subordinate Adolf Eichmann from Argentina in May 1960 created new interest in Nazi war criminals and particularly in Mueller. Imaginative theories that Mueller (along with Eichmann) had escaped Berlin and were still alive had been in the press for some time, as well as in the best selling memoir by Wilhelm Hoettl, himself a former SS officer. Leichmann himself helped to fan speculation about in Mueller, when during his Jerusalem trial, he voiced his belief that Mueller survived the war. Already in July 1960, the West German office in charge of the prosecution of war criminals [Zentralle Stelle der Landesjustizverwaltungen] charged local police authorities in Bavaria (Mueller's family still lived in Munich) and Berlin to investigate. The West Germans were skeptical that Mueller was working for the Soviets, but did think it possible that Mueller was corresponding from somewhere with his family or possibly with his former secretary Barbara Hellmuth. All of these West German citizens were closely watched, and in May 1961 the Bavarian police asked the U.S. occupation forces to put Mueller's relatives and Hellmuth under surveillance. West German police also searched the Berlin home of Anna Schmid, Mueller's former mistress, and spoke with her. Schmid told the West German investigators that she had not seen Mueller since 24 April 1945, when he gave her a vial of poison and then disappeared. Her own efforts to find him in the subsequent days and weeks had been fruitless. Is

According to various witnesses interviewed by the West German police in 1961, the last time Mueller was seen alive was the evening of May 1, 1945, the day after Hitler's suicide. Several eyewitnesses placed Mueller at Hitler's Chancellery building that evening while recounting his refusal to leave with the breakout group that night. Hans Baur, Hitler's pilot and an old friend of Mueller's, recounts Mueller as saying, "We know the Russian methods exactly. I haven't the faintest intention of ... being taken prisoner by the Russians." Another claimed that Mueller refused to leave with the rest of Hitler's entourage, and was overheard saying "the regime has fallen and... I fall also." He was last seen in the company of his radio

specialist Christian A. Scholz. (Comment: Christian Scholz was <u>not Müller</u>'s radio specialist. Scholz, who was a personal friend, worked for the Luftwaffe Radio Interception unit at Wildpark-Werder and was with him just before he vanished.) And while the bodies of others that remained that night were recovered and identified, no one in the final group witnessed the death of Mueller or Scholz.¹⁶

West German authorities pursued three major leads in an effort to confirm Mueller's death and burial in Berlin in 1945. First, there was the testimony of Fritz Leopold, a Berlin morgue official who had reported in December 1945 that Mueller's body was moved (along with many others) from the RSHA headquarters at Prinz Albrecht Strasse (2000 feet from the Chancellery) for reburial in a local municipal cemetery on Lilienthalstrasse (Berlin-Neukoelln) in the Western half of the city. Leopold was later deemed an unreliable source, but the burial was officially registered with the Berlin authorities and a headstone would be placed at Mueller's "grave" which read, "Our loving father Heinrich Mueller - Born 28 April 1900 - Died in Berlin May 1945." A second story came from Mueller's ex-subordinate Heinz Pannwitz, who had been captured by the Soviets and returned to West Germany in 1957, whereupon he told the German Secret Service [Bundesnachrichtendienst - BND] that his Soviet interrogators revealed to him that "your Chief [Mueller] is dead." The body, they said, had been found in a subway shaft a few blocks from the Chancellery with a bullet through the head and with its identity documents intact. 17

The final story came from Walter Lueders, a former member of the German Volkssturm (civilian fighters) who maintained that he had headed a burial detail in the summer of 1945. Of the hundreds of bodies buried by the detail, only one, said Lueders, wore an SS-General's uniform, and it was found in the garden of the Reich Chancellery with a large wound in the back. Though the body had no medals or decorations, Lueders recalled with certainty that the identity papers were those of Gestapo Mueller. It was moved to the old Jewish Cemetery on Grosse Hamburgerstasse in the Soviet Sector, where it was placed in one of three mass graves. In fact, in 1955 the German Armed Forces Information Office (Wehrmachtsauskunftsstelle - WASt) inquired with district authorities in East Berlin and received confirmation that Gestapo Mueller was buried at the Grosse-Hamburgerstrasse cemetery in 1945. Since the grave was a mass grave, however, there was no actual plot.

The Fritz Leopold story was checked first, and in September 1963, the Mueller "grave" at the Lilienthalstrasse cemetery in West Berlin was exhumed. Investigation revealed that in fact, the grave contained the remains of three different people, none of whom were Mueller. The skull, moreover, belonged to a man ten years younger than Mueller would have been in 1945. The German authorities had no means by which to verify either Pannwitz's or Lueders' story. Pannwitz's information had come from Moscow, and there was no official liaison between Soviet intelligence and the West Germans on the Mueller case. Lueders's story could not be checked since Grosse Hamburgerstrasse was on the other side of the two-year old Berlin Wall. Adding to the confusion was the mystery of Mueller's effects. WASt, according to its own records, returned to Mueller's family in 1958 not only the Gestapo Chief's papers, some of which Lueders claimed to have found on the body, but also Mueller's decorations, which neither Leopold not Lueders claimed to have found. These items were never checked for authenticity. ¹⁸

The CIA investigation

The CIA started its involvement in the hunt for Mueller at roughly the same time as the German search, albeit from a different source base. The January 1961 defection and interrogation of a Polish intelligence officer brought Western counterintelligence tips that led to several Soviet and Polish agents active in the West, including George Blake, a mole in the British MI6, Harry Houghton, a clerk in the British navy, and Heinz Felfe, a highlevel West German intelligence officer. The defector surely was Lt. Col. Michal Goleniewski [TN], the Deputy Chief of Polish Military Counter Intelligence until 1958, who had also operated as a mole for the KGB in the Polish service. In recounting his work as an interrogator of captured German officials in Poland from 1948 to 1952, Goleniewski revealed information about the fate of some Nazi intelligence officials, including Gestapo Mueller. Goleniewski had not actually met Mueller. However, he had heard from his Soviet supervisors that sometime between 1950 and 1952 the Soviets had picked up Mueller and taken him to Moscow. There was little with which to evaluate this claim, and some reason to be skeptical of this hearsay. Pannwitz, after all, had recently dismissed as "nonsense" to CIA interrogators repeatedly said that Mueller worked for the Soviets while claiming that his own Soviet interrogators repeatedly said that Mueller was dead.

The CIA tried to track down the men Goleniewski named as having worked with Mueller in Moscow. The CIA determined that Jakob Loellgen, the former Gestapo chief of Danzig, was alive and resided in West Germany. In 1945 the Soviets had captured Loellgen but then released him, whereupon he returned to West Germany, working as a local police chief and as a private investigator. The CIA turned this information over to the Germans and the BND located Loellgen in 1961.

The Germans dropped the ball. Although the BDN (sic. BND) apparently began assembling material for his arrest, Loellgen was never arrested. The CIA never quite figured out what had happened. The BND seemed to be preoccupied throughout 1961 with another of Goleniewski's leads, Heinz Felfe. Felfe was a highlevel BND officer, who had already provided thousands of West German secrets including names of agents, cover names, addresses, and documents, to Moscow. In the midst of the Felfe scandal, West German investigation of Loellgen just fell between the cracks.²¹

The CIA did collect some information on its own that bore on the "Mueller in Moscow" thesis. In June 1961, another source was asked to assess Goleniewski's information on Soviet contacts with former Nazis. The source, who appears to have been a KGB officer, reported having read a "Mueller file," in which Mueller is described as having been captured by Soviet intelligence at the end of World War II. The identity of this source is not given in the CIA file, but is likely Petr Deriabin [TN]. (Deriabin had worked on counterintelligence matters in the Austro-German department of the First Chief Directorate of the KGB.) The defector wrote in a 1971 memorandum for the record that in 1952 he had heard from his own superiors that Moscow had recruited Mueller and that he himself had read excerpts from an interrogation. He even included the names of four Soviet officers who had once debriefed Mueller in 1951. *Comment: As Heinrich Müller was an expert in Soviet espionage and had wrought terrible havoc in the ranks of Stalin's spies, executing the ones he could not turn, there is no conceivable reason for the Soviets to wish to "turn" Müller. Had he extensive knowledge of Western intelligence operations equal to his knowledge of Soviet operations, then the Soviets would have found a use for him.)

Despite the partial corroboration of the information from Goleniewski, the CIA appears to have relied on the West Germans to take the lead in the investigation of Mueller's whereabouts and did little follow-up in the 1960s. The remainder of the decade saw various news reports that Mueller had escaped to various points in the West (Argentina, Cuba), as well as tragicomic episodes. In 1967, a false sighting of Mueller in Panama led to the arrest there of one Francis Keith, who was released once fingerprints revealed he was not Mueller. (Comment: Keith was an American citizen working on construction projects in Panama.) Later the same year, two Israeli operatives were caught by West German police in an attempted break-in at the Munich apartment of Mueller's wife. Reams of newspaper copy were produced by such episodes, but there was only limited CIA interest. (Comment: The Mossad agents were instructed to search for letters from Müller and to plant electronic listening devices in Frau Müller's flat. This information was published in several period Munich newspapers. The Mossad agents were jailed for common burglary and later released at the urgent request of the Israeli Ambassador in Bonn. If Müller was dead, as the American authorities wished so badly to prove, why would Israel go to so much trouble to locate a dead man over twenty years after his alleged death?)

Yet one particular report did catch CIA's attention. In the aftermath of the Eichmann trial, the West German weekly Stern ran two articles by the journalist Peter Staehle that appeared in January and August 1964. Staehle said that after having followed a path after the war that included the Soviet Union, Romania, Turkey, and South Africa, Mueller became a senior police official in Albania before fleeing for South America. From the very start, CIA suspected that Staehle's articles were a "plant" - part of a "clever bit of [disinformation] work" to mislead the public, as well as intelligence agencies. The CIA checked - and disproved Staehle's claim that Mueller was in fact an Albanian police official named Abedin Bekir Nakoschiri. The BND and CIA also discovered that Staehle had failed to get his articles printed in the more respected weekly Die Zeit thanks to a suspect source base about which Staehle had reportedly lied.

In May 1970 a Czech defector, very likely Ladislas Bittman [TN], a disinformation specialist himself, weighed in. ²⁷ Bittman said that the Stern article was planted from Prague in order to neutralize rumors that Mueller might in fact be in Czechoslovakia. Bittman added for good measure that within Czech intelligence circles, it was common knowledge that the KGB had used Nazi war criminals for intelligence purposes and that key sections of Nazi archives had also been captured by the Soviets for use in "operational aims." ²⁸

These comments caught the eye of the CIA's Counter-Intelligence (CI) Staff, headed by the legendary James Angleton. If Mueller really had been in the USSR or elsewhere in Eastern Europe, and if he had taken RSHA central files with him (many of which had indeed vanished after the war), then numerous leading West Germans (presumably on the political right) could still be compromised. It was crucial to discover what had happened, not necessarily to Mueller, who well might have been dead in any case, but to the files. Angleton also had a special interest in Soviet disinformation. The CI Staff undertook a through-going inquiry of Mueller starting in late 1970, and it is likely that this inquiry resulted in Mueller's name file (along with the above-mentioned material on the West German search) being assembled by CIA at all. It certainly resulted in a forty-page Counter Intelligence Brief - "The Hunt for 'Gestapo' Mueller" - which was circulated as an internal report of the Directorate of Plans in December 1971. A memo in the file dated 9 December 1971 explaining the purpose of the report states that:

Our principal original objective in preparing the attached study of the MUELLER case was to produce a training aid illustrating the vagaries and pitfalls of protracted investigations. In the past, MUELLER had been viewed mainly as a missing war criminal. As the material was collected, however, we became aware of another important possibility: that MUELLER had defected to World War II Soviet counterintelligence (SMERSH) and had taken with him a large assortment of files. (The central files of the German National Security Service (RSHA), of which Mueller was de facto chief...in the last weeks of the war, were never recovered by the Western Allies....) If SMERSH actually seized MUELLER and the best part of the RSHA records, Soviet capabilities to control important Germans and some other Europeans would far exceed those heretofore attributed to them."²⁹

In the process of putting together the report, the CI staff undertook some new inquiries of its own. A re-reading of a 1963 article in the German weekly Der Spiegel, which discussed the exhumation of Mueller's West Berlin "grave" that year, revealed that a mysterious woman in Berlin unrelated to Mueller had purchased the headstone. ³⁰ Perhaps this purchase too was part of a disinformation campaign designed to hide the fact that Mueller was used by the Soviets after the war. ³¹ In December 1970 the West Germans allowed CIA to examine the exhumation records for the identity of the mysterious woman who had purchased the Mueller tombstone, albeit with no results. CI also hoped that the West German government would locate and interview Walter Lueders (who had found the body buried in the Grosse-Hamburgerstrasse cemetery) and verify, if they could, the authenticity of the personal effects returned to Mueller's family in 1957. ³² German memoirs from the 1950s with cryptic clues on Mueller were reread. ³³ CI also asked Soviet defector Peter Deriabin to write a memorandum for the file in November 1971.

The CI team found fault with how Goleniewski's leads had been handled in 1961 and wanted to return to that trail. Loellgen, wrote one CI investigator, "must have an interesting tale to tell about what happened to Heinrich Mueller and how the [Soviet] operation to penetrate the Nazi stay-behind operation fared"³⁴ "How do we get Loellgen to talk?" asked another. "Have we [an] interviewer that might 'accidentally' look [him] up?" But reasons for skepticism remained. "It seems to me," the same agent said, "that [Soviet intelligence] would never have let LOELLGEN go back to the West if in fact they had MUELLER. The scandal of sheltering this number one war criminal would have been too risky."³⁵ In any event, Loellgen was not questioned.

The 40-page CI report ended on a note of skepticism. "No one appears to have tried very hard," it said,

to find MUELLER immediately after the war while the trail was still hot, either in the West or the East....The presumption is that Allied officials searching for MUELLER soon stumbled over the ...holdings of his effects and the ...burial record and considered these sufficient proof that he was dead....There is little room for doubt, however, that the Soviet and Czech services circulated rumors to the effect that MUELLER had escaped to the West. These rumor were apparently floated to offset the charges that the Soviets had sheltered the criminal....There are strong indications but no proof that MUELLER collaborated with [the Soviets]. There are also strong indications but no proof that MUELLER died [in Berlin]One thing appears certain. MUELLER and SCHOLZ had some special reason for entering the Berlin death trap and remaining behind in the Chancellery. If their object was to carry out a memorable and convincing suicide, they really bungled the job.

The CI Staff requested a deeper CIA investigation to find proof that would confirm or disprove these competing theories. Yet it appears that the CI Staff's request for a full-fledged investigation of the Mueller matter was not accepted. The Mueller file itself ends in December 1971 with the circulation of the CI Staff report.

The Integrity of the CIA File

The heart of the file comprises documentary support for all the key judgments in the 1971 CI Staff report "The Hunt for Gestapo Mueller." Whatever confidence one can have in the integrity of the file's declassified contents thus hinges on judgments regarding the CI Staff's objectives in assembling and writing its report. In 1971 the United States was not being accused of having harbored Gestapo Mueller. Instead it seems that the CI Staff was prompted to investigate the Mueller case both as a possible example of Soviet deception and as a check on the reliability of key CIA defectors and West German informants. If the CIA had evidence that Mueller had been contacted by the West and not the Soviets, then the CI Staff's handling of theses defector cases that most likely involved Bittman, Deriabin, and Goleniewski makes no sense. In the 1960s and early 1970s, the CIA was riddled with doubt over the reliability of its stable of Soviet defectors. There were fears that Moscow had sent agents to the West to mislead the Allies about Soviet capabilities and intentions. It was in the interest of the CI Staff in particular and the CIA in general to determine whether high profile defectors like Bittman, Deriabin and Goleniewski were telling the truth about Mueller. Moreover, in assembling materials for its report, the CI Staff had no reason to believe that these documents would eventually be declassified. Therefore it is reasonable to assume that the CI Staff report, and by extension the CIA Mueller name file, represents a compilation of the best information on Gestapo Mueller available to CIA at that time.

More information about Mueller's fate might still emerge from still secret files of the former Soviet Union. The CIA file, by itself, does not permit definitive conclusions. Taking into account the currently available records of the War Room as well as other documents in the National Archives, the authors of this report conclude that Mueller most likely died in Berlin in early May 1945."

(Comment: In a signed letter to the Gregory Douglas under date of 11 January, 1995, Mr. John H. Wright, Information and Privacy Coordinator for the CIA, wrote the following:

"We located two documents (on Müller. Ed), a report dated 18 December 1959 and one undated report, reviewed them, and determined that they must be denied in their entirely on the basis of (b) (1) and (b) (3) exemptions of the FOIA. An explanation of exemptions is enclosed.

- (b) (1) applies to material which is properly classified pursuant to an Executive order (by the President. Ed) in the interest of national defense or foreign policy.
- (b) (3) applies to the Director's statutory obligations to protect from disclosure intelligence sources and methods, as well as the organization, functions, names, official titles, salaries or numbers of personnel <u>employed by the Agency</u>...." (emphasis added)

Now, from the current official account, the CIA has a considerable number of reports on Müller in its files, not just two. The word 'integrity' ought not to be used on conjunction with anything emanating from the CIA or its paid, subservient, researchers. The great bulk of evidence is that Müller did not die in Berlin in 1945 and at least one report in the US Army's files, now open to one and all, states that Müller escaped to the south, using the name of Schwartz or Schwartzer.

But then, these individuals were not paid to question Müller's death but to affirm that he must have died in Berlin and therefore, was not in a position to work for the CIA between 1948 and 1952.

The prevarications and obfuscations uncovered in the 9/11 investigations on the part of the CIA are not a recommendation for their veracity in the Müller or any other matter.

Notes of Sources Used Not from Mueller's Name File

1. Excerpts from interrogation of Heinz Pannwitz, cited in CIA, Directorate of Plans, "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller," a Counterintelligence Brief issued in December 1971, CIA Name File, Heinrich Mueller, (hereafter Mueller File), vol. 2. The origins of this brief are explained below.

- 2. Walter Schellenberg, The Labyrinth, trans. Louis Hagen (New York: Harper Brothers, 1956 [1951]), pp. 319-20. Excerpts from the debriefing are in memo 201-742896 of 10 February 1965, Mueller file, vol. 1.
- 3. For Kaltenbrunner's interrogation, see the excerpts in memo 201-742896 of 10 February 1965, Mueller file, vol. 1. On Pannwitz, see [CIA/EUR] to Chief, EE and Chief SR, [A]-44835, 24 September 1959, Mueller file, vol. 1. Pannwitz's name is redacted in this document but it is clear who he is from other evidence in the file.
- 4. War Room Publication, G. I. S. Priorities for Interrogation, 27 May 1945, NA RG 226, Entry 119A, Box 22, Folder 621. War Room Publication, Tactical Interrogation of Members of the RSHA, 21 May 1945, NA RG 226, E119A, B 22, F 621.
- 5. W. R. C.3 Fortnightly Report for the period ending 18th June, 1945, NA RG 226, E 119A, B 25, F 639.
- 6. Progress Report, X-2 Branch, 1 June-30 June 1945, attached to Saint (London) to Saint, Stockholm, 13 July 1945, NA RG 226, Entry 125A, B 7, F 76.
- 7. War Room Monthly Summary No. 4, 23 July 1945, NA RG 226, E 119A, B 24, F 629.
- 8. NA RG 226, Entry 119A, B 22, F 621.
- 9. Arrest Target List-Revision Note, 1 November 1945, NA RG 226, E 122, B 1, tab 6.
- 10. Two consecutive index cards, probably prepared in 1946, are reproduced in Gestapo Mueller's IRR File and give two birth dates: the correct date and 7 June 1896. Card #2 includes the misinformation that Heinrich Mueller was being detained at Civilian Internment Enclosure #10, Altenstadt. It is quite possible that a Heinrich Mueller was there, but neither of those two whose birth dates were listed. U.S. Army did not list any further dealings with the Altenstadt Mueller. NA RG 319, IRR File Mueller, File XE 23 55 39.
- 11. See note by the Intelligence Bureau, C.C. G. (British Element), Bad Oeynhausen to G-2 (CI), USFET, 23 May 1946. There is also a reference to this information in "Subject: Mueller, Heinrich," 5 May 1961, the same U.S. Army consolidated report that lists Mueller as having been in Altenstadt in December 1945. NA RG 319, IRR File Mueller, XE 23 55 39. This report was easily dismissed because Gestapo Mueller's wife and children were still alive.
- 12. See Cards photocopied in the U.S. Army's Mueller File. NA RG 319, IRR File Mueller, XE 23 55 39.
- 13. See "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller," p. 12.
- 14. The 1950 book, Die geheime Front: Organisation, Personen und Aktionen der deutschen Geheimdienstes was published under the pseudonym Walter Hagen and translated into numerous languages including English. It argued that Mueller had escaped through a secret passageway known only to him and Eichmann.
- 15. On the paragraph above see Landeskriminalamt Baden-Württemberg Sonderkommission Zentrale Stelle, Tgb. Nr. SK. ZSt. III/I-79/60, 29 July 1960 to Barnett at the U.S. Consulate, IRR, XE 23 55 39; Landeskriminalamt Baden-Württemberg Sonderkommission Zentrale Stelle, SK ZSt. I/1-79/60 to Zentrale Stelle Ludwigsburg, 27 February 1961, ibid. The U.S. Army helped for ninety days beginning in May 1961 with the surveillance of Mueller's father and children, but this surveillance yielded no results.
- 16. The witnesses, questioned in connection with a West German police investigation in 1961, are quoted in "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller," pp. 16, 18.
- 17. [CIA/EUR] to Chief, EE and Chief SR, [A]-44835, 24 September 1959, Mueller file, vol. 1.

- 18. On the details above, see the lengthy German police reports of 1960 and 1961 submitted to U.S. Army Counter Intelligence and contained in Mueller's IRR file, NA RG 319, IRR File Mueller, XE 23 55 39. Fainter copies of these reports were made available by the Army to the CIA in 1970 and are included in the CIA Mueller File, vol. 2; See also "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller," pp.19-26, 32-3, 34-37. On the effects, see "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller'", p. 33.
- 19. Memo [A]-744, 10 May 1961, Mueller file, vol. 2; Memo of 17 March 1961, Mueller File, vol. 2. The defector's name is redacted.
- 20. To: Chief, EE, Chief SR, A[Excised] LCIMPROVE/[Excised]/[Excised] /Operations Further [Excised] Reports on Rote Kapelle Personalities, 24 September 1959, Mueller File, Vol. 1. The informant is revealed by name as Pannwitz in "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller,'" pp. 14-16, Mueller File, Volume 2.
- 21. On Felfe, see Mary Ellen Reese, General Reinhard Gehlen: The CIA Connection (Fairfax, Va.: George Mason University Press, 1990), pp. 143-72. On Loellgen's non-arrest, see Review of File: Jakob LOELLGEN, 9 February 1971, Mueller File, vol. 2.
- 22. See CIA/Eur, June 23, 1961 in Mueller file, vol. 1. Regarding the defector's comments in 1971 see "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller," pp. 25, 25a and the Memorandum for the Record of 18 November 1971 in Mueller file, vol. 1. This defector had never seen Mueller himself.
- 23. "Gestapo-Müller lebt in Albanien," Stern, January 1964; "Die Spur nach amerika," Stern, 16 August 1964. The latter article in full is xeroxed in Mueller file, vol. 1.
- 24. On the possibility of disinformation, see [CIA/EUR] dispatch [A] 3564 CS, 31 January 1964.
- 25. Memo [A]-13564, 31 January 1964, Mueller file, vol. 1.
- 26. [CIA/EUR] to Chief, EE, [A]-63831, 5 February 1964.
- 27. Staff memorandum December 9, 1970, Mueller File, Volume 1. This is a debriefing of a defector with inside knowledge of Czech intelligence and KGB active measures. The 1971 CI Staff history further identifies this source as an apparently reliable Czechoslovak defector. See "The Hunt for 'Gestapo Mueller," p. 38. The information which this defector provided and the timing of this defection strongly suggests that this source was Ladislas Bittman.[TN]
- 28. Memo [A]-19267, 9 December 1970, Mueller file, vol. 1.
- 29. The 9 December 1971 memo is in Mueller file, vol. 2.
- 30. "Gestapo-Müller Kein Nazi," Der Spiegel, 16 October 1963, copy in Mueller file.
- 31. Chief, WOMUSE, via Chief, EUR, to [CIA/EUR], [CIA/EUR] 22899, 7 October 1970, Mueller file, vol. 1.
- 32. Memo [CIA/EUR] 22984, 15 December 1970, Mueller file, vol 1.
- 33. See the xeroxed copies of Schellenberg, The Labyrinth, and Hagen, Die geheime Front, dated December 1970 in Mueller file, vol. 1.
- 34. Memorandum for the Record, 10 February 1971, "The Man who probably knows what became of Heinrich (Gestapo) Mueller," Mueller File, vol. 2.
- 35. "How do we get LOELLGEN to talk?" 10 February 1971, Mueller file, vol 2.
- 36. As a part of the CI Staff's investigation, the CIA requested files from the U.S. Army on some of Mueller's associates. Those documents were released to NARA, but are largely illegible."

Frantic and very expensive attempts on the part of the CIA to distance themselves from their hiring of large numbers of Nazi Gestapo and SS figures by Critchfield's Gehlen Organization are typical of that thoroughly disorganized and grossly incompetent organization. Following the publishing of the first book on the CIA's Müller in 1995, it took six years for the CIA to defend itself, typically by hiring a group of undistinguished but very obedient, very peripheral, historical writers to produce a turgid and badly strained apolgia.

Information on Müller and his ex-Gestapo associates who came to the United States after the end of the war can be found in US National Archive files. "Operation Applepie" was a joint American-British intelligence project to use former members of the Gestapo and SD. Still classified (for obvious reasons) Top Secret, these files can be located at: P&O File 311.5 TS (Sections I, II and III), 1948 in the 1946-1948 top secret decimal file, Records of the Army General Staff, RG 319. These are located in the Suitland Archive Annex of the National Archive. Information on Heinrich Müller¹s post-war U.S. Army career is in the National Archive records stored in St. Louis, Missouri. Apparently, the CIA's apologists overlooked these documents in their determined effort to clear their employers of complicity in hiring top Nazis. *Note: The official lists of these Nazi employees of the US are to be found below.*.

Documentation concerning Heinrich Müller from official U.S. sources

A subject as serious as the postwar career of *SS-Gruppenführer* Heinrich Müller requires a much higher threshold of proof than would be required for other accounting.

U.S. intelligence agencies and their friends, sources and associates are certainly not pleased with the thought of having to cope with the fact that the chief of Hitler's Gestapo was hired by one of these agencies, worked with others and moved at considerable altitude in the nation's capital in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

The CIA, who hired Müller (as his journals clearly show) has said nothing at all publicly about the matter but a great deal in private. It is generally whispered to questing members of the print and television media that the books are entirely spurious and that there is not a single scrap of documentary evidence that Müller did not die in Berlin in 1945.

The U.S. Army who had knowledge of Müller's postwar career, although not as his employer, was willing to release what files they had on the former Gestapo chief but were constrained by law as to

what they must keep secret. Finally, in March 1998, they released their entire intelligence file on Müller with only a few addresses blacked out and this for reasons of privacy of their sources.

It becomes obvious in reading the entire file, that the Army CIC originally thought that Müller might have died in Berlin but had a strong suspicion that he may well have survived.

This file, which is a matter of public record and can be obtained from the intelligence facility at Ft. George Meade in Maryland is listed as: XE 235539 WJ.

Previously in this series, the publisher included only a few of these documents in places where it was felt they belonged. However, with the release of this file, and other Army papers, it is the intention to set forth for the reader a much larger and significant selection of official papers. In this collection of twenty-seven documents, all come from official files with the sole exception of a formal request of Senator Alfonse D'Amato (R. New York) for information on Müller who he states worked for the United States in the postwar years.

There is a rule followed by all government agencies, to include intelligence and archival entities, which needs to be clearly defined:

- 1. Admit nothing.
- 2. Deny everything.
- 3. Demand to see the proof, and
- 4. Refuse to accept it.

To date, all four of these time-honored and often-practiced rules have been observed in this instance.

The documents in this section, and their relatives in files open now to public inspection, cannot logically be denied by those with the most to lose, but be assured that they will. It is most reasonable for the reader to make their own determination and to remember that something is not true unless it is officially denied in Washington.

Information on Müller and his ex-Gestapo associates who came to the United States after the end of the war can be found in US National Archive files. "Operation Applepie" was a joint American-British intelligence project to use former members of the Gestapo and SD. Still classified (for obvious reasons) Top Secret, these files can be located at: P&O File 311.5 TS (Sections I, II and III), 1948 in the 1946-1948 top secret decimal file, Records of the Army General Staff, RG 319. These are located in the Suitland Archive Annex of the National Archive. Information on Heinrich Müller's post-war U.S. Army career is in the National Archive records stored in St. Louis, Missouri. Apparently, the CIA's apologists overlooked these documents in their determined effort to clear their employers of complicity in hiring top Nazis.

Attached herewith is a complete transcription of the contents of the "Applepie" (and other related) documents supplied to the author by an irate employee of the U.S. National Archives who was outraged that such people were not only employed by the United States but, in many cases, actually brought to America to officially work for it.

In the following listing, 'PC' stands for "Project Paperclip," the use by the United States of doctors and scientists.

A

WALTER ABENDROTH EINAR ABERG THEODORE ABJANIC HERMANN J. ABS CHARLES W. ADAIR OTTO ADAMS HEINRICH ADENSTEDT [PC] LASZLO AGH GERHARD EUGENE AICHINGER [PC] WALTER ALBATH [see WALTER WIEGARD] HEINRICH BERNARD ALBERS [PC] DR. ERNST ALBERS-SCHOENBERG [PC] LEONARD WILHELM ALBERTS [PC] GEZA ALFOLDI FRANZ ALLIGER MOSES ALLMEN DR. ALTVATER HUBERT JOSPEH ALTWICKER [PC]

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RUDOLF AMMAN [PC]
HANS HELLMUTH HENRY AMTMANN [PC]
ROBERT ANCANS
HANS ANDRES
WILHELM ANGELE [PC]
HENRY PAUL ANGERMUELLER
KURT APEL [PC]
JOSEF F. ARNET [PC]
HANS ARNOLD
KARL ARNOLD
OTTO ARNOLD
ANDRIJA ARTUKOVIC
ERNEST ASCH
CLADIUS ASCHENBRENNER [PC]
HARRY ASI
HERBERT JOSEF ATWICKER [PC]
JOHN AUDEZJ
GEORGE AUERBACH [see RENE RUPLI]
EMIL AUGSBERG [SD]
JOHN AWDZIEJ
HERBERT AXSTER [PC]
Dr. FRITZ BAADER [SS]
ERNST GEORG WILHELM BAARE [PC]
EDUARD BACHL
ERIC BACHMANN
HERBERT BACKE
RICARDO BADENDIECK
ELSE VON BAECKMANN
WALTHER BAENTSCH [PC]
RUDOLF BAETZGEN
ADOLF GEORGE HEINRICH BAEUMKER [PC]
HERBERT KARL FRIEDRICH BAHR
STEFAN BAKAJ
HANS BALBO [see JULIUS HAGEMANN -GS]
OTTO ERICH BALJE [PC]
BRUNO HEINRICH ALBERT LEE BALKE [PC]
ERICH K. A. BALL [PC]
ERICH KARL AUGUST BALL [PC]
FRIEDRICH BALLHAUSE
NORBERT BALTHASSER [PC]
BANDERIST - [PETER JABLON]
BANDERIST - [ IVAN SLOBODIAN] also IVAN SLOBODIAN
KLAUS BARBIE
MARY BARNAFI
THEODOR BARNER
OTTO BARNEWALD [SS]
ANNA BARO
EUGENE BARSON [IRON GUARD]
GEORGE BARTISCHEIWICH
HANS BARTH [PC]
HANS BARTHOLOMAEUS [PC]
REINHOLD RUDOLF BARTH
ROBERT BARTH
HEINZ HANZ BARWICH [PC]
CHARLES BASCHAB
WILHELM BASSEM [PC]
HEINRICH BAST [PC]
PAUL BAUDOUIN
ALFRED BAUER [PC]
FRIEDERICK EMIL BAUER
HEINRICH BAUER
HELLMUT BAUER
LUDWIG BAUER
WILHELM MARTIN BAUER
WILLI LEO BAUER
WALTER BAUM
FRIEDRICH BAUMANN [see HANS FRIEDRICH WOLFGANG BLAUM]
GEORG BAUMANN
DR. MAXIMILIAN BAUR
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В

OSCAR HUGO BAUSCHINGER [PC]

RUDOLF BAUTZ

WALTER BECHER

ERNEST BECK

CARLOS BECKER [see KARL BECKER]

GEORG BECKER [see FRANZ ALFRED SIX]

JOHANN SIEGFRIED BECKER

KARL BECKER [see CARLOS BECKER]

KARL BECKER [see WALTER GERARDO BECKER]

KUNO BECKER

OTTO SIEGFRIED BECKER

WALTER GERARDO BECKER [aka KARL BECKER]

ALBERT BECKERS [PC]

HEINRICH BECKERT [PC]

CAROLINA BECKMANN

WILFRIED BECKNER [GESTAPO]

HERMAN FRITZ BEDUERFTIG [PC]

HEINZ PAUL BEER [PC]

PAUL BEER

ANNA M. BEHN

RUDI BEICHEL [PC]

ANTON BEIER [PC]

ROBERT FRANCIS BEIMES

GEORG WILHELM AUGUST BEIN

HANS HELMUT BEINERT [PC]

DIETRICH EBERHARD BEISCHER [PC]

JON BELU [IRON GUARD]

HEINRICH OTTO BENECKE [PC]

OTTO BENECKE

EMILO BENNATI [ITALIAN]

DR. CARL HERMANN NIKOLAUS BENSMANN

VICTORIA BENZ [PC]

THEODOR HANNES BENZINGER [PC]

ALFRED BERG

ERNEST BERG

FERNANDO CABEZON BERGAS

KARL BERGER

BERNHARD BERGHAUR

GEORG BERIDZE

HANS OTTO BERKNER [PC]

ENRIQUE BERLOWITZ

HORST BERNDT

HEINRICH BERNHARD

JUOZAS BERNOTAS

HENRI BERNSTEIN

J. BETTHAUSER

RUDOLF E. BEYER [PC]

ERNST BIBERSTEIN

HANS BIEDERLACK

MARGARETE BIEGLER [see MARGARETE HASEN]

ANNA BIELEFIELD

FRIEDRICH BIELITZ [PC]

HANS OTTO BIELSTEIN [PC]

LOUISA G. BIGELOW

THEODOR BINDER [see "JOSEF MENGELE"]

H. J. BING

ABRAHAM GUSTAV ADOLF BINGEL [PC]

DIETRICK BISCHER [PC]

JOHANNES BISCHOFF

HERBERT BLANKENHORN

HEINRICH BLASER [SS]

MARGARETE BLASS

HANS FRIEDRICH WOLFGANG BLAUM [see FRIEDRICH BAUMANN]

HUGO ERNST BLEICHER

DANIEL BOBROW

WALTER GUSTAV CARL BOCCIUS [PC]

OTTO BOCK [PC]

GEORGE BODECHTEL

JOSEF BOEHM [PC]

DR. WALTER BOEHM

WALTER BOEHME [SS]

SIMON BOGDANIC

ERNST WILHELM BOHLE

ALBRECHT BOLLNER [SS]

KARL ERNST BOLZ [SS]

HANS BOMKE

HERBERT BORGELER [PC]

EWARD BORK

HEINZ BORMANN

TARAS BOROWRTZ

CARL BOSCH [PC]

HORST BOSSENROTH [GESTAPO]

EBERHARD BOTH [PC]

HERMAN ANTON BOTTOMHORN [PC]

CARL BRABENDER [PC]

KARL BRAEUNINGER [PC]

KARL FRIEDRICH BRAEUNINGER [PC]

FERDINAND BRANDNER

KARL HEINRICH BRANDT

RUDI BRANDT [PC]

RUDOLF EMIL BRANDT

BERTOLD BRAUN

DR. GERHARD BRAUN [PC]

HERBERT MAX BRAUN

KARL BRAUN

PAUL BRAUN

RICHARD BRAUN [PC]

RICHARD HEINRICH BRAUN [PC]

WILHELM BRAUN

WOLFGANG BRAUN [PC]

EMMA PEREZ BRAVO

ARNOLD BRECHT [PC]

KURT EMIL BRUNO BREDTSCHNEIDER [PC]

ELSE BREITWIESER

RAINER BRENDA'AMOUR [SEE aka ODIN]

LUIGI E. BRESCIANI

RUDOLF BRILL [PC]

AUGUST BRINGEWALD [PC]

WALTER BRISKEN [PC]

ANNA BRODERSEN

AUGUST BRODERSEN

ALARICH BROHS

EVERHARD BRUCK

HELMUT BRUECHMANN [PC]

HENRY BRUENAGEL

HEINRICH BRUENING

RUDOLPH BRUHNS

THEODOR ADAM BUCHHOLD [PC]

KARL FRIEDRICH BUCHHOLZ

HILDA BUCHINSKA

ERIC BUCHMANN [PC]

ERWIN BUECHEL [PC]

ERWIN HANS BUECHEL [PC]

HANS BUECHNER

WILLI BUEHRUNG [PC]

KONRAD BUETTNER [PC]

GEORG BUGELSACK [SS]

FRED BULTMAN

JOHANNES BURG

ERNEST PETER BURGER

HELMUTH FRITZ BURGER

URSULA BURKHARDT [PC]

BERTHA BURMESTER WALTER BUROSE [PC]

FRANZ BURRI

FRITZ BUSCHE

ADOLF BUSEMANN [PC]

C

ALBERTINA CALLOW

SECONDO CAMPINI [PC]

VITTORIA CAMPINI [PC]

JULIO CAMPOS IORDIAN CARAIVAN [RIG] STJEPAN BOZO CARIJA RENE CARLEBACH EARL CARROLL WILHELM PETER CELMS STASYS CENKUS ROBERT PAUL CHRISTOPH [PC] PAUL ANTON CIBIS [PC] HANS GEORG CLAMANN [PC] HANS CLAUSEN WILHELM CLAUSSEN HANS CLEMENS [see HEINZ FELFE] JERE CLEMENS DR. KLAUS CLUSIUS [PC] MANUEL COLON [PC] JOHANNA COOERNER ARNOLD CORNILS MARTIN-HEINRICH CORTEN PAOLO CORTESE [ITALIAN] MARIE JESS EN COSTELLO OCUNDALANDE DE LA CRUZ LEO CSAVOSSY MAGYAN CSERKESZEK HELEN CZARNECKE ERNST RUDOLF CZERLINSKY [PC] MRS. AUGUSTE CZIPULL nee WENDT D JAN MIECZYSLAW DABROWSKI WERNER KARL DAHM [PC] JULIA DALLDORF ANNA DAMMEL KURT GERHARD DANIELS [PC] KONRAD DANNENBERG [PC] IVAN DANUASCH LUISE DANZ ALEX B. DASPIT ULRICH GUNTER FRITZ DAUE ANNA M. DAUTRICH GERD WILHELM de BECK [PC] GIORGIO de GIORGIO CESAR de HAUKE KURT DEBUS [PC] KURT HEINRICH DEBUS [PC] FRITZ DECKER NICHOLAS DEKOENIGSBERG PAULA DEKOENIGSBERG LEONIDA DELL'ARTE [see ERNST R. HEINRICH GALLMETZER] CLAUDIUS DELLIAN THEODOR DELLITH EMIL DELMAR GUENTHER DELLMEIR [PC] HERRY DELP LEONARDO DE NAVASQUEZ DARQUIER DE PELLEPOIX [VICHY] ALEXANDER C. DENCKS BRUNO DENKER ELIZABETH DENNING PAUL DETLINGER EMIL DETZEL ALICE DEVANE FRIEDRICH DHOM [see FRIEDRICH DOHM] [PC] MAX DIECKMANN [PC] KARL LUDWIG DIEHL [PC] CHRISTOPH DIEHM [SS] MAX DIEM [PC] ALEX DIETRICH

ANNA DIETZ KURT DIETZ ROSA DIETZ DIEDRICH JOHANN JANSEN DIRKS

BERNHARD GERHARD LUDWIG DIRKSEN [PC]

KURT DITTMAR

DIETRICH DOBISCHEK [PC]

HERBERT OTTO DOBRICK [PC]

IVAN DOCHEFF

KARL DOEHRING [SS]

OTTO DOEHRINGER

HEINRICH DOERGE

PAUL DOERING aka of WILHELM DORING

HANS DOETSCH [PC]

FRIEDRICH DOHM [see FRIEDRICH DHOM] [PC]

ERHARD DOHRING

JOHN CONRAD ERNST DOLLAR

ERNST DONATH [PC]

RICHARD DONNER

KARL DORFNER {GESTAPO}

PAUL DORING aka of WILHELM DORING

WILHELM DORING aka PAUL DOERING & PAUL DORING

GEORGE DORIOT

JACQUES DORIOT

WILHELM F. DORN

GENERAL WALTER ROBERT DORNBERGER [PC]

FREIDHELM ROBERT DRAEGER

WALTER W. DRAEGER [PC]

GERHARD DRAWE [PC]

ROMAN DRAZNIOWSKY

FRANZ DREWS

GUSTAV DREWS

ADOLF DRIESSEN

DIETRICH DUBISCHEK [PC]

OLDRICH DUCHAC aka OTTO MAYER

BERNHARD MAX KARL DUELL [PC]

GERTRAUD DUELL [PC]

FRIEDRICH DUERR [PC]

HANS DUFTER

ERNST DUNKER

FERDINAND DURCANSBY

DR. FERDINAND DUREANSKY

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Dr> MAX EBERL [SS]

HERMAN EBERT

ELIZABETH EBERZ

HERMAN EBNER

ERNST RUDOLF GEORG ECKERT [PC]

HANS ULRICH ECKERT [PC]

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KURT EDER

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HEINZ EHLERT

KRAFFT ARNOLD EHRICKE [PC]

HANS EICHELE [SS]

KLAUS NICOLAS EICHMANN

JASPER EILERTS

HARRY EISENBROWN

OTTO KARL EISENHARDT [PC]

WILHELM EITEL [PC]

EDGAR EKART (SS)

WILLI ELIAS [PC]

EDWIN ELLENBOGEN KURT ELLERSIEK

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GEORG ENCKELL

HANS ERICH MAX ENDER

OTTO TISCHLER ENDER

CHARLES ENDERLE

MARY ENDERS HUGH ENGEL ROSE ENGELMAN RUDOLPH JOSEPH EPHRUSSI KARL ERBSKORN [PC] RICHARD ERDLE KURT ERFURTH [PC] KARL ALFRED ERFURTH [PC] HANS ERLICH LEO FRANZ ERNST JANIS ARNOLDS ERNSTONS JAKOB ESSER WERNER R. EULITZ [PC] ELIZABETH FABASSO ENRIQUE FAHRENKROG GYORGY FARKAS FEODOR FEDORENKO SIEGFRIED FEHMER HEINZ FELFE [see HANS CLEMENS] CARL HEINZ ALFRED FENGLER [GESTAPO] PAUL FERDONNET FELIUY FERNANDEZ ANTON FEST JOHN FETCH FRITZ FIALA PAVEL FIALA KARL FIEBINGER WILL ACHIM FIEDLER AUGUST FINKE WOLFGANG FINKELBURG [PC] EDUARD FISCHEL [PC] FRIEDRICH FISCHER GEORG FISCHER HANS FISCHER -GS HANS FISCHER [NAZI PARTY PERU] HANS FISCHER [see HANS SOKOL] HANS MARTIN FISCHER HEINZ FISCHER JOHANNES FISCHER JOHN R. FISCHER [aka JEAN FISCHER, HANS FISCHER] KARL FISCHER KARL ALBERT FISCHER KURT FISCHER ERWIN FISCHER-COLBRIE ELINT JOHANNES FISHER ANDREAS FLACH [GESTAPO] HORST GUENTER FLECK [PC] HORST GUENTHER FLECK [PC] FRIEDRICH FLESSA [PC] FRIEDRICH FLICK ARTHUR FRANZ FOERSTER [PC] KARL FOERSTER PAUL FOERSTER [PC] see PAUL GEORG OTTE FORSTER [PC] ARTUR FOINET [PC] ANDREAS FOLMER HANS PAUL MAX FOLTES [PC] HEINZ FORNOFF [PC] PAUL GEORG OTTE FORSTER [PC] see PAUL FOERSTER [PC] WOLF FRANCZOK JOHANN FRANK [PC] JOHANNES FRANK KARL FRANK WERNER FRANK WERNER SIEGFRIED FRANK ERNST KARL FRANKE [PC]

GEORGE FRIEDRICH FRANKE [PC]

ANSELM FRANZ [PC] HANS WERNER FRANZ [PC]

JACOB FRANZ

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RICHARD FREUDENBERG [PC]

HANS FREUND

ELLA FREYTAG [PC]

AUGUST HOLARICH FRICKE

MATILDA FRICKER ERNST OTTO HEINRICH FRIEDERICH [PC]

JOHN FRIEDLE

HANS FRIEDRICH [aka HANS ERNEST LARSEN]

HANS RUDOLF FRIEDRICH [PC]

KONRAD FRIEDRICH

KURT FRIEDRICH

WILLIAM FRIEDRICH

PAUL FRIEDERICHS

WALTER FRISCHMUTH

FRANZ REINHOLD FROMMEL [PC]

MATT FUCHS

PAUL FUCHS

KARL MAX FUECHSEL [PC]

BERTA FUERTH

RICHARD FUESSFELDT

HERBERT WALTER FUHRMAN [PC]

WILHELM FUNK [see JOSEF HOFFMANN]

ALFRED JOHANNES FUNZEL [PC]

G

ALFONSO GALBY

ERNST RIEGLER HEINRICH GALLMETZER [see LEONIDA DELL'ARTE]

HANS OTTO GAST

RADAMES KURT HORST GEBEL [PC]

KARL GEBHARDT

GEN. REINHARD GEHLEN

WILHELM ALEXANDER GEIGER

FLORIAN GEINEDER [PC]

MONE GEISREITER

ERNST DIETRICH GEISSLER [PC]

FRITZ GEISSLER

WERNER GENGELBACH [PC]

EWALD GEPPERT

SIEGFRIED JOHANNES GERATHEWOHL [PC]

EDWARD ADOLF GERBER [PC]

JAKOB GERBER

WERNER WALDEMAR GERBES [PC]

WALTER GERG

GEORG REINHOLD GERHARD [SS]

GUNTHER GERISCH

WERNER GERLACH

HERBERT BRUNO GERSTNER [PC]

FRITZ GEYER

WILHELM ALEXANDER GEYGER [PC]

GUILLERMO GIAMMATTEI

ERICH MAX GIENAPP [PC]

PAULINE GIESE

HANS GIESECKE [PC]

HANS HELMUT GIESECKE [PC]

EMMA GIESEN

MARGARET GILBERT

HANS BERNARD GISEVIUS

FRITZ GISSIBL

WILLIAM GREGOR GLASKOW

JACOBO GLIEBES

JOHN GLUECK, JR.

LENA GODECKE [see LENA GOEDECKE

LENA GODEKE [see LENA GOEDECKE

LENA GOEDECKE [see LENA GODECKE & LENA GODEKE]

DR. PAUL GOERLICH [see DR. P. GOVLICH] [PC]

ERICH ERNST GOERNER [PC]

JOSEF GOERTZ

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C. P. GOERZ
WOLFHART GOETHERT [PC]
EDWIN H. GOETSCH
ERNST K. GOETTE [PC]
HENRY F. GOLDMAN
ARTHUR GOLDSCHMIDT
JAKOB GOLDSCHMIDT
FRANZ GOLLING
GEN. FRANCISCO AGUILAR GONZALEZ
HASSAN GORESCHI
KATHERINE GOSWEIN
ARNOLD GOTTFRIED
PETER GOTTFRIED [PC]
BERND GOTTFRIEDSEN
JOHN GOTTINGER
HANS GOTTSCHALK
ANTONIN GOTTWALD [PC]
GEORG GOUBAU [PC]
DR. P. GOVLICH [see DR. PAUL GOERLICH] [PC]
HANS GRAALFS
ERNEST GUSTAV GRAF [PC]
WALTER GRASSE [PC]
GEORG ERNST DIETER GRAU [PC]
DIETER GRAU [PC]
HUGO EBERHARD GRAU
LAMBERT GRAULICH [PC]
KARL LUDWIG GRAVEN [PC] [see LUDWIG KARL GRAVEN]
LUDWIG KARL GRAVEN [PC] [see KARL LUDWIG GRAVEN]
DIETER GRAY [PC]
PHILLIP GREINER
THEODOR GREVERS
JAKOV [JACOB] GRIGORCEA
HELMUT GROETTROP [PC]
GEORGE GRONAU
LILI GRONAU
ARTHUR GRONHEIN [SS]
HEDWIG GROOS
KURT GROSS
RHEINHOLD GROSS [PC]
RUDOLF GROSS
HERTA GROSSKLAUS
KARL HEINZ ALBRECHT GROSSPAETSH
BERTA GROTH
ERICH GROTH [PC]
HANS GRUENE [PC]
ERNST GRUNDMANN
HEINZ GRUNER [PC]
KARL H. GRUNEWALD [PC]
KARL HEINRICH GRUNEWALD [PC]
RADISLAV GRUJICIC
KARL G. GUDERLEY [PC]
HERBERT GUENDEL [PC]
RICHARD GUENTHER [PC]
RUDOLF GUENTHER
SIEGFRIED GUENTHER [PC]
HERBERT GUMPRECHT
WILHELM MAC AUGUST GUMZ [PC]
FRANZ GUNDLACH [PC]
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SIEGFRIED HAAS
FRITZ HABER [PC]
HANS HABER
HEINZ HABER [PC]
WERNER HABU
FRIEDRICH HAEFNER
WILHELM HAFNER
JULIUS HAGEMANN [see HANS BALBO]

KARL MICHAEL GUTENBERGER GUNTHER GUTTWEIN [PC]

MARIE GUNZINGER

JULIUS HAGEMANN [PC]

KARL F. HAGEN [PC]

KARL FRANZ F. W. HAGER [PC]

FRIEDRICH ERNST HAHN [PC]

DR. LUDWIG HAHN

MICHAEL HAHN

REINHOLD HAHN

WERNER HAHN

ALWIN HAHNEL [PC]

KURT HALLER

PAUL HALLER

MARKT HAMMACHER

MAXIMILLIANO HAMERS

HELMUT HAMMERSON [GESTAPO]

ERNST HAMMES

GEORGE HANOVER

FRAU HANSEN

MAX ASMUS HANSEN [PC]

POUL MICHAEL HANSEN [GESTAPO]

DR. HARDEGEN [PC]

ALBERT HARTL

FRIEDRICH HARTUNG [PC]

HANS HARTUNG

WALTER MAX HASCHKE

MARGARETE HASEN nee BIEGLER

SIEGFRIED HASINGER [PC]

GEORGE HARTWIG HASS [PC]

GUNTER HAUBOLD

ADOLF HAUERWAAS

GUENTHER HANS FRIEDRICH HAUKOHL [PC]

MARIE HAUSER

DR. WALTER HAUSSERMANN [PC]

DOROTHY HAUSSLER

HANS HAUSSMANN [PC]

MARTIN HAUSTEIN

ALBERTINE HECHT

ARNO ERWIN HECK [PC]

WILLIAM HEEPER

ALFONS HEGELE [PC]

BERNHARD HEHMANN [PC]

ULRICH HEIDELAUF [PC]

OSKAR HEIL [PC]

PETER HEIMERS

KARL LUDWIG HEIMBURG [PC]

ERIK HEINE

GEORGE HEINRICH

WILHELM GEORG PAULUS HEINEN

HANS HEINRICH [PC]

HELMUT GUSTAV KARL HEINRICH [PC]

KARL HEINZ

HEINRICH AUGUST HEITHECKER [PC]

WILFRIED HELL [PC]

EMIL HELLEBRAND [PC]

GERHARD HELLER [PC]

BRUNO HELM [PC]

FHEHLA HEMPEL

FRITZ HENGGE

RALPH HENKEL

CONRAD HENKLE

ALFRED HERMAN HENNING [PC]

EDGAR HENNING [PC]

ULRICH HENSCHKE [PC]

ERICH BERTHOLD HENSCHKE [PC]

HEINRICH HEPP [PC]

ROBERT HERKO

RUDOLF HERMANN [PC]

DORA HERMANNY

PASCUAL HERMANOS

GEORGE HERRLEIN

RICHARD OTTO HERRLINGER

ADOLF FRANZ-LUDWIG HERRMANN

PAUL HERRMANN [PC]

OTTO HERSCHLER [PC]

KARL HERTEL

ALBRECHT HERZOG [PC]

RICHARD F. K. HERZOG [PC]

KARL HEUER

BRUNO HEUSINGER [PC]

WALTER HEWEL

HERMANN HEYBEY [PC]

WILLI HERMANN EMIL HEYBEY [PC]

WILLI H. HEYBEY [PC]

ALBERT HEYM

MARIA HEYM

WALTER HEYNACHER

MATHIAS HICKERTZ [PC]

EGON ALFRED JOSEPH HIEDEMANN [PC]

EGON ALFRED HIEDEMANN [PC]

FRITZ HILDEBRAND

GUSTAV HILGER [PC]

HANS ERICH HINTEREGGER [PC]

WERNER HINTERTHAN [PC]

GUENTHER HINTZE [PC]

MARGARDIA HIRSCHMANN

HERMANN AUGUST HJERTQUIST

PASCAL HNOS

OTTO AUGUST HOBERG [PC]

MARIA HOBITZ

JOSEF HOCHMANN

RUDOLF HOELKER [PC]

BERNHARD HOELSCHER [PC]

HELMUT HOELZER [PC]

WILLI HOELZLMES

HELMUT ARTHUR HOEPPNER [PC]

SIGHARD HOERNER [PC]

EMILE HOERTING

HEINZ HOFER

ALFRED HOFFMANN

FRIEDRICH HOFFMAN [PC]

FRIEDRICH WILHELM HOFFMAN

HANS HOFFMAN

FRITZ HOFFMANN

JOSEF WILHELM HOFFMANN [see WILHELM FUNK]

KARL HOFFMANN

EMIL HOFMANN

HELMUT RUDOLPH HOFMANN [PC]

ROLF HOFMANN [PC]

SIEGFRIED HOH [PC]

WERNER HOHENNER [PC]

MATEI HOJBOTA

DIETER E. HOLBERG, JR [PC]

OSKAR F. HOLDERER [PC]

NESTOR HOLEJKO

HERBERT BARTHOLD HOLL

HANS ERICH HOLLMANN [PC]

EBERHARD HOPF [PC]

KURT HOPPMANN [PC]

ERWIN MATTHIAS HORL [PC]

HELMUT HORN [PC]

LOUIS HOROVITZ

LEONARD HORRES [PC]

KARL ALBRECHT HORST

DIANIE HORVATH

EDMUND J. HORWATH

HANS HOSENTHTEN [PC]

FRANZ HOTH

THEODORE HRYNCHUK

FRANZ HUBER

FRANZ JOSEPH HUBER [PC] [GESTAPO]

JOSEF HUBERT [PC]

MAX JOHANN HUBERT

GUNTER ERWIN HUBNER

HANS HUETER [PC] HANS HUETTNER [PC] LOTHAR H. HUETTNER [PC] DIETER HUGEL [PC] PETER ABRAHAM HULSMAN TEODOR HUMITA [IRON GUARD] AUGUST HUMMEL FRITZ HUMMEL WALTER HUPPENKOETHEN [SS] WERNER HUNKE ALBRECHT HUSSMANN [PC] MAX ILGNER Dr. ERICH ISSELHORST [SS] WALTER JACOBI [PC] HANS CARL JACOBSEN GEORGE ALEXANDER JACOBSON DR. RUDOLPH JACOBSEN KURT W. JAENESCH **JAGOVERBAND** AUGUST JAHN HELGO OTTO MARTIN JAHNKE [PC] GEORG JANIK [PC] LONGINOS JANKUS EUGENIUS JANISZEWSKI EMANUEL JASIUK OTTO JAUFFMANN FERNAND JAVAL JOSEF JENNISSEN [PC] WILLIBALD JENTSCHKE [PC] JOSE ANTONIO JIMINEZ FRIEDRICH KARL JOERES [PC] GEORGE JOHANNSOHN GEORGE JAKOB JOOS [PC] MAX JOSENHANS [PC] HEINZ MARIA KARL JOST [GESTAPO] LOUIS JUCHZS HANS JUHL JURGIS JUODIS MICHAEL KACZMAR WALTER KAHLE FRANZ KAISER [see LUDWIG KAISER] HEINZ KAISER LUDWIG KAISER [see FRANZ KAISER] KURT KAISTENS NICOLAI KALITIZIN [PC] OTTO KALLIR aka of OTTO NIERENSTEIN HARTMUT KALLMANN [PC] THOMAS ALBERT KALLMANN DR. DRAGUTIN KAMBER [PC] WUNIBALD IRMIN ERICH KAMM [PC] HANS AUFM KAMPE [PC] DRASTMAS KANAYAN ASSEN KANTARDJIEV WALTER KAPPE MINNA KAPPMEIER PETER GOTTFRIED KAPPUS [PC] OTTO KARIFFMANN ING. KARMASIN

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JAN KARSKI ERICH KASCHIEZ [PC] JOSEF KASPAR [PC] RUDOLF KASSNER [PC] ARTHUR KATZEMICH AARNE KAUHANEN PAUL HEINRICH KECK [PC]

HORST KEDESDY [PC]

LOUISE BARBARA RICHTER KEHL

ALFRED ADOLF HEINRICH KEIL [PC]

THEODOR KEILHOLZ [PC]

FRANZ KEINER

KLAUS JOCHEM KEINER [GESTAPO]

LYDIA KELLER [SD]

CLARA KELLERMAN

STEPHAN KERN

WOLFRAM KERRIS [PC]

KARL KERSTEN

FERDINAND A. KERTESS

MARGARET KESSLER

HORST KETTLER [see H. KETTLE N. SCHUCKE & HORST K. N. SCHUECKE]

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KIMRAT [see WALTER WIEBE]

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CHARLOTTE KITZINGER [PC]

KARL KLAGER [PC]

ERNST KARL KLAUSS [PC]

CHRISTIAN KLECTNER

GERHARD KLEIN [PC]

JOHANN KLEIN [PC]

RUDOLFO KLEIN

HEINRICH KLIEWE

GEORG KLINGER [PC]

ERNST KNABE

THEODOR WILHELM PAUL KNACKE [PC]

WILHELM FRIEDRICH KNACKSTEDT [PC]

GEORGE KNAUSENBERGER [PC]

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WALTER KNECHT [PC]

SIEGFRIED KNEMEYER [PC]

FRIDA KNODLER

EUGEN KNOERNSCHILD [PC]

GEORGE KNOKE

DR. MAX KNOLL [PC]

HERBERT KNOTHE [PC]

CARL LEOPOLD KOBER [PC]

HERMAN KOCH

HERMANN KOEHL [PC]

HANS KOEHN

DR. WILLI KOEHN

GEORG KOENIG

ROBERT KOENNE

WALTER KOHLER

WILLIAM KOHLMANN

ALEX WILHELM KOLB [PC]

FRITZ KOLBE

ISTVAN KONDRA

FERENC KOREH

AMELIA KORUPKAT

RYSZARD KORZENIOWSKI

MICHAEL P. KOSOLAPOFF

GUYULA KOVALS

MYKOLAY KOWALCZALK

SERHIJ KOWALCZUK

WILLIAM KOZAVITCH

FRITZ KRAEMER [PC] [see FRITZ KRAMER (GS)]

FRITZ KRAMER [PC] [see FRITZ KRAEMER (GS)]

KURT KRAMER [PC]

WILHELMINA KRAMER

MAX OTTO KRAMMER [PC]

VICTOR KRASEE

HANS KRAUS

BERNHARD OTTO KRAUSE

GERHARD KRAUSE [PC]

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HELMUT KRAUSE
JAMES L. KRAUSE
LUDWIG KRAUT
WILLY KRAUTTER [PC]
ADOLPH THEODORE KREBS [PC]
ERNST KREFFT
WILHELM KRICHBAUM [GESTAPO]
CHARLES KRIEBEL
WILHELM ANDREAS KRIEGER [PC]
GEORGE KRINOG
ARTHUR KROEGER [PC]
HERMAN KROEGER [PC]
ROLF KROEKEL [PC]
HUBERT KROH [PC]
GUSTAV KROLL [PC]
GUSTAV ALBERT KROLL [PC]
RICHARD KRONSTEIN
BERNHARD KRUEGER
HELMUTH KRUEGER
RICHARD H. KRUEGER
WILHELM KRUEGER
HANS KRUGER.
ALFRED KRUPP
HERMANN KRUPP
FRITZ KUENKELE
HEINRICH JOSEPH KUEPER [PC]
WERNER RICHARD KUERS [PC]
HELMUT KUERSCHNER [PC]
HUBERT KUESTERS [PC]
JOACHIM KUETTER [PC]
ERNST KUGEL [PC]
OTTO KUHN
WALTER KUHN
CHARLES KUHNE
NIKOLAJ KULIKOWICZ
ANNA KULL
REINHOLD KULLE
HERBERT KULLMAN
ALECSCI KURGVEL [SS]
ERICH KURZ
GEORGE KURZ
HERMAN HERBERT KURZWEG [PC]
ANNA R. KUTIL
EDGAR KUTZSCHER [PC]
FRITZ LACKNER
ROLF K. LADISCH [PC]
ROLF KARL LADISCH [PC]
INGE LAENDLI [PC]
HERMANN LAHDE [PC]
RHEINHARD NATANAEL LAHDE [PC]
ROMAN LANDAU
GENEVIERE LANDES
JOHN LANDES
WILHELM LANDMESSER
WOLFGANG LANG [PC]
ERNST LANGE [PC]
HERMANN ERNST LANGE [PC]
HEINZ LANGE
KARL LANGE
OSWALD HERMANN LANGE [PC]
OSKAR GEORG LANGER
HERMAN LANGHORST
CHARLOTTE CLARK LANGNER [PC]
WILLI LAQUA
HANS ERNEST LARSEN [aka of HANS FRIEDRICH]
SZILASSY LASZLO
WILLI LATTEMANN
PERRE ALFRED LAURENT
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DR FRITZ HENNING LAVES [PC]

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IVO LAZREVICH

ANGUSTA LEASCH

OTTO LECHNER

ANTONIO LEHMANN

FRANK LEHMANN

RICHARD LEHNERT [PC]

KURT LEHOVEC [PC]

HERBERT LEIBOVICI [IRON GUARD] LOUIS LEIBOVICI [IRON GUARD]

STEFAN LEILI,

DR. KARL GUIDO LEISTNER [PC]

ADOLPH LENZ

WLADIMIR W. LEPESCHKIN [PC]

EDITHA LEPPICH

JOHANN LEPPRICH,

HERMAN W. LERBS [PC]

ERNA LESER

HEINZ HELMUT LETTAU [PC]

CHARLES LEVY-SAVOYE

FRITZ LIEBL

RICHARD LINDBERG [PC]

HANS LINDENMANN [PC]

KARL A. LINDNER

KURT ADOLF LINDNER [PC]

KURT LINDOW

EUGENIA LINKEUHEIL

KARL LINNAS

ALEXANDER MARTIN LIPPISCH [PC]

MORITZ WALTER LIPPMANN

KURT LISCHKA

ANDREW LITOWKA

MIKOLA LOBED [PC]

JOHANN LOCHNER

F. W. LOEWE

ELISE LOFT

FRITZ WILHELM LORENZ [SECRET]

MAX LORENZ

DR. FRANZ LOSPICHL

EWHEN LOUKOWSKY

ARMAND LOZANO

BENJAMIN LUBICZ

JEAN LUCHAIRE

KURT LUDWIG

HANNES LUEHRSEN [PC]

HERBERT LUFT

ULRICH LUFT [PC]

KARL LUNA

H. A. LUNSMANN

ROBERT LUSSER [PC]

JOSE LUZAY

M

HEINZ MAAGER

VLATKO MACEK

MARTIN MACK

GEORGE MADELINE [PC]

ARNOLD MAGERIE

WILHELM MAGNUS [PC]

SZABAD MAGYARSAG

JOHANN MAIER

KURT WILHELM MAIER [PC]

BOLESLAVS MAIKOVSKIS

LUDWIG MAJEWSKI

GOTZ MAKELT [GESTAPO]

BOLESLAUS MAKIOUSKIS

NICOLAE MALAYA

EDMUND MALVASE

OTTO HEINRICH MALZ [PC]

KARL HEINZ MANDELL [PC] THEODORE MANICATIDE

WILLIAM MANK

ERICH MANTEUFFEL [PC]

CARL MANZ

ZVONIMIR MARAS

DJOKO P. MARIC aka of JANDRIJIA STOJISAVLJEVIC

ELIZABETH MARKERT

DOMINGO MARRAS

FRITZ MARRENBACH

LAJOS MARSCHALKO

JOHN MARTENS

ALEXANDER MARTIN [SS]

HANS MARTIN

KURT H. MARTIN

HANS GEORG MARTINECK [PC]

ALEKSAS MASKOLIUNAS

HUGO MASTNY-KIRCHMER

FRITZ MATHEIS [PC]

FRANK MATOSSI [PC]

HEINRICH MATT [PC]

JOHANNES WOLFGANG MATTERN

ALOIS JOHANN MATTES

WILHELM MAUBACH

HANS ADOLF MAUCH [PC]

HANS W. MAUCHER

ANNA MAUL

WILLIAM MAUL

HANS HERMAN MAUS [PC]

ELFRIEDE MAYER

FRANZ MAYER

FRIEDRICH MAYER

HANS FERDINAND MAYER [PC]

JOHANN MAYER

JOSEF MAYER

KARL MAYER

KURT MAYER

LUDWIG MAYER [PC]

OTTO MAYER

OTTO FRIEDRICH MAYER

OTTO ZIMMERMAN MAYER

OTTO MAYER [see OLDRICH DUCHAC]

GUSTAV MEDICUS [PC]

OTTO MEIER

HANS MEIFORTH

FRITZ MEISSNER

KARL MEISSNER

HARALD ALEXANDER MELKUS [PC]

KARL MENGE

JOSEF MENGELE [see THEODOR BINDER]

WOLFGANG MENZEL [PC]

WOLFGANG AUGUST MENZEL [PC]

ANNA MERGENSCHRODER [see ANNA MERGENSCHROEN]

ANNA MERGENSCHROEN [see ANNA MERGENSCHRODER]

HELMUT MERK [PC]

WILHELM MERTENS

HANS MERTINS

LOUISE MESSERER

HERMAN RUDOLF MESTWERDT [PC]

SOPHIA METZGER

ANDRE MEYER

CARL JOSEPH MEYER

CURT MEYER

ERNEST O. MEYER

GUENTHER MEYER

HANS MEYER

HEINRICH MEYER

HERMANN MEYER [PC]

JOAO MEYER

OTTO MEYER

WALTER MEYER [see WALTER E. STUBBS]

KURT MEYER-DOEHNER

MARTIN MEYWALD

JOSEF MICHEL [PC]

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CONSTANTIN VASILE MICUDA
ALOIS MIEDL
ANNA MIEMAND
ELSA MIKLOSOVITZ
EVALD MIKSON
BUGIA MILCH
HANS WALTER MILDE [PC]
RUDOLF MILDNER
OTTILIA MILIAUSKIENE
ELIZABETH MILLER
HEINZ A. MILLINGER [PC]
SIMON MILNER
EDUARD MILNET
RUDOLF MINNING [PC]
FERNINAND MIRUS [PC]
HERBERT MOEBIUS
HELLMUTH MOECKEL
KARL MOELLER
KURT GUSTAV FREIDRICK MOELLER [PC]
HENRY MOELLERING
HEINZ FREIDRICH MOELLMANN [PC]
ANDREW MOLDOVAN
OSZKAR KALMAN MOLDOVAN
ERWIN MORID
ERHARD MOSSACK
WALTER EUGENE MOSIG
MARIE PITHARDTOVA MOUDRY [PC]
MARIE MOUDRY [PC]
ZDENEK VACLAV MOUDRY [PC]
LUDWIG MOYZISCH
WILHELM ANTHONY MRAZEK [PC]
JOACHIM MUEHLNER [PC] [see JOACHIM WILHELM MUELNER]
ERHARD MUELLER
FRITZ MUELLER
FRITZ KURT EUGENE MUELLER [PC]
HANS MUELLER [PC]
HANS MUELLER
HEINRICH MUELLER [GESTAPO]
JOSEPH MUELLER
KONRAD F. H. MUELLER [see GROSSKOPF]
DR. PAUL MUELLER
WILHELM MUELLER
ZIENER MUELLER
JOACHIM WILHELM MUELNER [see JOACHIM MUEHLNER]
KARL MUENCH
HERMANN MUHLEMBROK
FRITZ MULLER
HEINZ MULLER [PC]
JOHANN MARTIN MULLER
JOSE A. MULLER
WALTER MULLER-JERNSTAD
HANS MULLER-LIEBENAD
HANS MULTHOPP [PC]
PAUL HANS MUNDRY
EMILE BERTHA NAESSIG
MAX NAGEL [PC]
DIMITRIJE NAJDANOVIC
ADOLF NASSENSTEIN
ALFRED NAUJOCKS
ERWIN NAUMANN [PC]
HERBERT NAUMANN
FRIEDRICH NAVRATIL
NIKOLAI GREGORIEVICH NAZARENKO
HERMAN NEHLSEN [PC]
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HEINZ NEIDHARDT HUBERT NERWIN [PC]

HERMAN NEUBACHER

ERICH WALTER ROBERT NEUBERT [PC]

FRANZ JOSEF NEUCEHAUER [PC]

KURT NEUHOEFER [PC] FRED SIEGFRIED NEUMAN ECKART NEUMANN G. L. NEUMANN HANS HENDRIK NEUMANN HEINZ NEUMANN DR HANS NEUMUELLER MARGIT NEUMUELLER RICHARD NICKELOEN DIETRICH NIEBUHR MARY NIEHUS OTTO NIERENSTEIN [aka OTTO KALLIR] EMIL NIEWIADOMSKI CHRISTIAN NISSEN WALTER NOACK WOLFGANG CARL NOEGGERATH [PC] WERNER NOELL [PC] VASILIY G. NOSENKO KURT NOTENBERG [SD] MAX ERNST NOWAK [PC] FRITZ OBERHETTINGER [PC] RUDOLF OBSGER-RODER ODIN [aka of RAINER BRENDA'AMOUR] BRUNO OELSNA-WOLLWE ALFONS ALFRED OESTERLE [SS] MARTHA OESTERLE HANS OESTREICHER [PC] HANS OGILVIE HANS VON OHAIN [PC] CLEMENS OHL [PC] WILHELM OLASSEN HANS OLDENBURG FRIEDRICH OLMES FRIEDRICK OLSCHEWSKY ROSA OMONSKY DR. IVO OMRCANTIN IVO OMRCANIN RUDOLF OPITZ [PC] DR. ING G OPPEL [PC] WALTER HANS OPPELT [PC] RICHARD KASPER ORTHUBER [PC] COL. WALTER OSTERKAMP [see TEODOR SCHMIDT] ERNST OSTERMANN META OSTERNDORFF LEOPOLD OSTHOFF [PC] LENA OTT YAKUB OZIDINDER ALEXSANDER OZOLINS ARNALDAS PABRESHA WALTER PACPIKE THEODOR PAEFFGEN ROBERT PAETZ [PC] JOACHIM PAFFRATH WILHELM JOHANNES PAHL OTTO MAX ROBERT PAHLOW [PC] HANS PALAORO [PC] WILLY PALOW [SS] PETRAS PAMATAITIS [LITHUANIA] OTTO W. PAPE MAURICE PAPON JEAN HAROLD PAQUIS

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MECIS PASKEVICIUS GUSTAV A. PASS ALBERT PATIN [PC] ANTENOR PATINO

KURT ERICH PATT [PC] HANS GEORG PAUL [PC] MICHAEL PAWLOWSKI CARLOS MEYER PELLEGRINI RUDOLF PENNDORF [PC] ERIKA PENQUITT FRITZ PENUIR GEZA PENZES FRIEDRICH PENZIG [PC] FRIEDRICH GOTTWERTH PENZIG [PC] MANUEL LEITAO PEREINA HUGO PERLS BENOIT D'AZY PERNEL ANNE PERRET **BRANKO PESELJ** WILLI PETER ALBERT PETERMAN JOHANNES PETERSEN MAX PAUL PEUCKER [PC] EDWARD M. PFEFFER EHRENFRIED ERWIN L. PFEIFFER ERICH PFEIFFER HEINZ THEODORE PFEIFFER WOLFGANG PFISTER [PC] H. H. PFLUEGER HELMUT PICHLER [PC] JOSEF PICHOTKA [PC] ERICH GEORG PIERUSCHKA [PC] HANS PLENDI [PC] OSWALD POCHE [SS] COUNTESS MECHTILD GRAFIN PODEWILS VELLO POEDRANG KARL POHLHAUSEN [PC] GEROLD ERWIN POKORNY [PC] JOHANNES POLTE [PC] STEFAN POPESCU NIKOLAI NIKOLAEVITCH POPPE THEODOR A. POPPEL [PC] TIBERIU POPVICI KARL POSCHMANN JOHANNES WERNER PRAST [PC] GEORGE. PREDA HEINRICH OTTO PRITSCHAU ROBERT PROCHNIK OTTO PROCHNOW EDNA D. PROCTOR CAPTAIN HERMANN PROLOST SEJFI PROROPAPA KURT PRUEFFER FRITZ PRUEHS HANS PRZYBYLSKI WALTER PUETSCH [WAFFEN SS] ENRIQUE ERNESTO PUGIBET ALBERTS PURIN ERNST FRIEDRICH PUSCHMANN

Q MR, QUETTING

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HERBERT RAABE [PC] FRANZ RADEMACHER DIEDRICH RADICKER MAX RAHN ALFRED LUDWIG RAHNERT WILHELM RAITHEL [PC] ERICH RAJAKOVIC THEODOR RAKULA [PC] REINHARD RALL WERNER RAMBAUSKE [PC]

HEINRICH RAMM [PC]

WOLFGANG RAMM [PC]

LUDWIG RANFT [PC]

FRIEDRICH HERMANN RANG [SS]

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OTTO RATZ [PC]

CHARLES RAUBENHEIMER

ALEXANDER RAUCH

WALTER RAUFF [SD]

HEINZ RECHTER [PC]

REINHOLD RECKNAGEL

EBERHARD FRIEDRICH MICHAEL REES [PC]

THEODOR REETZ [PC]

HANS JOACHIM REHM

HEINZ REICHE [GESTAPO]

OTTO REICHEL

WALTER HANS REIDEL [PC]

JACOB REIDENBACH

SIEGFRIED HEINRICH REIGER [PC]

KARL HEINRICH REILMANN [PC]

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HERBERT K. REIMSCHUESSEL [PC]

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KURT REINKE

JOHANNA REIS

GEORG REISER

GERHARD REISIG [PC]

KURT RUDOLPH REISSMANN [PC]

STEFAN REISTETTER

CARL REKOWSKI

HEINRICH FRIEDRICH RENNAN

CARLOS V. REY

ALFRED THEODORE RICHTER

FRITZ AUGUST RICHTER

GUSTAV RICHTER

BERNHARD RICKELS

SIMON RIDCZENKO

FRIEDRICH RIED

FRANK RIEDEL aka FRANK ROEDER]

FRANZ RIEDEL

KURT RIEDEL

MAX RIEDEL

PAUL RIEDEL

WALDEMAR RIEDEL

LEONZ PAUL RIEGER [PC]

ELMARS KONSTANTINS RIJNIEKS

FRANZ GEORGE RINECKER [PC]

FRIEDRICH CARL FRANZ RINGER [PC]

FRIEDRICH OTTO ADOLPH RINGLEB [PC]

HANS RISTER [PC]

MARIA RITSCHY

WALTER RITT

ARNOLD RITTER [PC]

OSKAR LUDWIG RITTER [PC]

RUDOLF RITTER

WALTER RITTER

ALECOS RIZOS

ERNST AUGUST RODE

WALTER HENRI RODE

ERNST OTTO RODENBERG

FRANK ROEDER aka of FRANK RIEDEL

HANS WERNER ROEPKE

JOHN ROESSLE

WALTER HEINRICH ROGGE [PC]

FRANK ROHLING

ALFRED ROHM [PC]

IVAN ROJNICA

IVO ROJNICA

JUAN ROJNICA

ANTHONY ROMANO

FRANK J. ROMANO, SR. HENRY RONKENDORF HEINRICH W. ROSE [PC] KARL ROSENBERG HEINRICH ROSENTHAL [PC] HERBERT ROSIN [PC] WERNER K. ROSINSKI [PC] THEODOR ROSSMANN [PC] OCTAVIAN ROSU LUDWIG G. ROTH [PC] HEINRICH CARL AUGUST ROTHE [PC] KURT W. ROTHE MARGARETE G. ROTHE PHILLIP ROUSKOV ALBERTO R. ROY WILHELM RUCKES [PC] ARTHUR RUDOLPH [PC] ARTHUR L. H. RUDOLPH [PC] FRIEDRICH RUDOLPH HERBERT RUEDIGER GERHARD RUEHLE HERBERT RUEHLMANN [PC] HERBERT ERNST RUEHLMANN [PC] ARMIN RUESCHER FRANZ XAVER RUF [PC] HEID RUHL MARTIN RUHNHE [PC] RENE RUPLI [see GEORGE AUERBACH] HANS RUPPERT KARL JOSEPH RUPPERT MARTHA RUSCH OTTO RUSCHE EUGEN RYSCHKEWITSCH [PC] GEORGE SABOLEWSKY ERNST SACHS PEDRO SAENZ ANNA SAFKO EMIL SALMON [PC] MARIE H. SALOMON VLADIMIR SAMARIN [see VLADIMIR SOKOLOV] MARTIN SANDBERGER ERICH SARAPU [PC] HANS SAUERLAND [PC] TIBERE SCEOPUL JOHN SCHAAF AUGUST SCHAASBURGER [see AUGUST SCHAZBERGER] HERMAN J. SCHAEFER [PC] ILSE LOUISE SCHAEFER KARL SCHAEFER [PC] LUDWIG SCHAEFER HANS SCHAEFFNER KONRAD SCHAFER [PC] GEORG SCHALLER [see GEORG SCHOLLER] JOSEPH SCHALLMAN JOHANNES SCHAPPERT [PC] HIALMAN SCHARBT HEINZ SCHARNOWSKI [PC] JOSEPH SCHARRER HANS HEINRICH MARTIN SCHAUER [PC] AUGUST SCHAZBERGER [see AUGUST SCHAASBURGER] ALFRED SCHECK

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HIALMAN SCHARBT
HEINZ SCHARNOWSKI [PC]
JOSEPH SCHARRER
HANS HEINRICH MARTIN SCHAUER [PC]
AUGUST SCHAZBERGER [see AUGUST SCHAASBURG
ALFRED SCHECK
MARIE CAROLINE SCHECK
HELMUT SCHEFFER
HELMUT SCHEID
FRIEDRICH WILHELM SCHEIDEL [PC]
ALFONS SCHELKLE
FRED SCHELLE
HELMUT SCHELP [PC]
ROLF SCHENK

FRIEDRICH WILHELM SCHERER [PC]

KLAUS SCHEUFELER [PC]

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ENVOI

It is an unfortunate fact of life that historical works which question officially established orthodoxy are only accidentally published by major book producers. In our era of political correctness, more realistically known as craven and sterilely compliant behavior, the vast majority of works found on the shelves of national bookstores are written by authors who wish to have their work published and therefore slavishly follow the dictums set forth by those who control an increasingly consolidated American print media

The average national chain book outlet is packed with a plethora of large-print bodice rippers and glossy photo books dealing with geography, old aircraft, doll collecting, dead movie stars and appealing baby animals. The history sections of these literary soup kitchens are crammed with reprints of entirely safe subjects, almost all of which are so bland and innocuous as to be nothing more than literary custard. The frantic determination of publishers and retailers not to offend anyone under any circumstances has resulted in a profound lack of progress in uncovering and bringing important historical truths to a mass audience.

Even after the fall of world communism from the world stage, there are few books published critical of its practice and practitioners. There are two reasons for this regrettable fact. First, most academics, who have the easiest entree into the offices of publishers, are liberals with amazingly similar worldviews and none of whom are hostile to the theories of Messers Marx and Engels. Second, the universal dedication to the theory of political correctness has ushered in an age of quivering cowardliness by the

publishers themselves. Terrified lest they might offend any political or religious entity that might voice objections to what the entity could personally consider an offending subject, they print bland books which recycle old, safe themes by writers who have a vested interest in keeping the historical status quo entirely secure.

A writer, for example, who has firmly endorsed the view that President Roosevelt had no prior knowledge of the impending Japanese air attack on the U.S. naval base at Pearl Harbor, would view any refutation of his pet thesis as tantamount to treason and would expend a great deal of effort to either deny the revisionistic arguments or to attack the author of them. Bookshelves bulge with tales of the worker's paradise created by Stalin, but there are very few references to the bloodbaths he initiated. Next to those titles are huge stacks of the latest monthly book on the holocaust, side by side with an even larger stack of books dealing with the psychopathic cruelty of all Germans in general. These books only sell to a very limited audience but their appearance in large numbers gives the false impression that such titles have wide general interest and an even wider sales range.

Further complicating the search for historical truth is that books concerning the latter two subjects are guaranteed to find an eagerly sympathetic audience with most American and British book reviewers and

editors. Works containing more realistic depictions of the holocaust are ignored and their authors victimized by smear campaigns, should the books have any degree of accuracy, or total silence if their thesis cannot be refuted

Much of this response is not due to ideology of the critics but rather, to the entirely acceptable premise that no commercial venture tolerates anything that would minimize its profits.

While orthodox views of wars from the American Revolution to the Gulf War are regularly lavished with high praise in publications such as the New York Times, critical examinations of those events usually go begging for attention.

One recent book, 'Fragments,' a winner of many in-house prizes, was purported to be an account of a Jewish child from the Baltic region who spent his formative years in a series of Nazi death camps. After laurels were heaped upon the book and its author, one Bruno Dossecker, it was discovered that the writer was not Jewish, had never been in a camp of any kind and was far too young to have participated in the hecatombs of the Second World War. The book was published and extensively promoted in the United States even though those facts had come to light before it was first published in Europe.

The journey to historical truth is a long and exhausting one, and writers searching for truth are further handicapped because it takes a great deal of time and effort to research and write such books. Genuinely serious historians who do not write to an idea, take on a task which is far more complicated, and because of the political correctness factor, are far less likely to be accepted by a mainstream publisher than

the generally ideological and plagiarized fictions which are inaccurately called history by their writers and publishers.

While there is still great interest in the Second World War in general, and Hitler in particular, the historical playing field is so tilted that there is but one direction for writers to run. The steady, and seemingly

unstoppable, downhill course has encouraged and rewarded sophistry at the expense of facts and truth.

However, there very often is too much of a bad thing and the boy who persisted in shouting about non-existent wolves was eventually eaten by them. And every few years, even though it seems to be by accident rather than design, the search for historical truths wins a hearing in the public arena.

"The Bell Curve," published in 1994, contained convincing detail that empirically proved class structure and IQ test scores are intimately linked. Somehow, it broke through the protective screens and highly negative criticisms of knee-jerk liberal reviewers, and reached the higher rungs of the national best-seller lists.

However, it was quickly followed by several rapidly prepared works of a more politically acceptable view which claimed it is actually *not* IQ which matters but "emotional intelligence," or more graphically "street smarts" which is really the important factor in sociological and economic development. This specious and predictably dimwitted argument entirely missed the point the authors of "*The Bell Curve*" made, namely there is indeed a well-documented and proven connection between class and intelligence. Socially correct writers have a standing aversion to inconvenient facts and lack the courage, or the intelligence, to critically examine their own prejudices.

A best-selling work by British author Colin Simpson about the sinking of the Lusitania in 1914, correctly attributed the rapid sinking of the passenger liner containing many neutral Americans to the explosion of her cargo of a quarter million pounds of illegal explosives. The book was greeted by outrage in official England and a book in response was hastily cobbled together by two Stanford University instructors. The authors claimed that the sinking was due entirely to Teutonic barbarity and coal dust. This defense was necessary because the orthodox point of view was that Churchill would never have indulged in such terrible behavior as to permit the loading of a quarter million pounds of high explosives onto a passenger ship and

knowingly permit her to sail into an area where German U-Boats were known to be operating, and to compound this by ordering her escorts withdrawn. But the facts, as stubborn and inconvenient as they often are, show he did. It is an established fact that at least 80% of the American public believes that the assassination of President Kennedy was the result of a conspiracy of some type and not the mindless actions of the lone gunman so frantically supported by officialdom and the so-called mainstream media.

In 1993, Gerald Posner authored "Case Closed." In this work, he slavishly presented and promoted, *in toto*, the official government version of Kennedy's assassination as accomplished and immutable fact. Unlike the large number of books chronicling various conspiracy theories, Posner's book received high and frequent praise from the media because he trumpeted the version of events agreed upon by the government and the print media. Fortunately for historical accuracy, the effort sold very badly.

Posner followed this disaster with another book, again setting forth and supporting the official version, on the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Like the Kennedy work, it too was trumpeted by the media as being the brilliant final word on a painful subject and like the Kennedy book, it too sold badly.

In general, it might be said with some accuracy that unautographed copies of officially approved and sponsored history books are considered rare in the used book market.

In spite of, or more likely because of, constant assaults by writers acting as unofficial governmental public relations outlets on their intelligence, the American public has grown to distrust their government and the media, and its public-relations firm.

In the very rare occurrence when a controversial book that deals with official misconduct or disastrous error is published by a mainstream printing house, it is never quite believed until officially denied by Washington officials. The axiom is that the higher the level of the deniers, the greater the degree of belief.

Canadian writer James Bacque wrote "Other Losses" in which he made an excellent case for the complicity of Gen. Eisenhower in the death by disease, starvation and neglect of tens of thousands of German prisoners of war. His book was followed by a work by Stephen Ambrose, a fierce and well-paid defender of the Allied Supreme Commander. Ambrose tried to refute Bacque¹s thesis, but did so by editing a tome of great moral outrage, almost as if he was trying to defend himself from the accusations, rather than

searching for historical truth.

The facts, which are available in numerous official archives, tend to strongly support Bacque's basic thesis, if not every detail of it, and it must be of some satisfaction to the author and those who hunger for

historical truth that his book sold out far more quickly than his critic¹s works did.

Books written by Ambrose were always considered to be a good buy because with an Ambrose book, one could get the published writings of many other authors.

Stealing from one author is plagiarism but stealing from many is called 'research.'

The law of vested interest is often paramount in the production and marketing of historical works.

By every accepted definition of political correctness, a books about the postwar activities of Heinrich Müller, once a general in Hitler's SS and the head of the German secret political police, the Gestapo, violate all of the practiced codes of acceptability. At the center of the series is the basic premise that Müller survived the endgame of the Second World War, escaped to neutral Switzerland, and in 1948 was recruited by the fledgling CIA as its chief specialist on Soviet Intelligence. It is the expressed view of a number of specialists in this field that for American intelligence to have merely had knowledge of the postwar whereabouts of Müller, then being actively hunted by West German authorities for his role in suppressing the internal enemies of the Third Reich, would have been bad enough. If one considers that many of those persecuted managed to survive his attentions and were subsequently part and parcel of the Bonn government, the reasons for maintaining the strictest secrecy about U.S. knowledge of Gestapo Müller's whereabouts are entirely understandable. Also, the Soviet Union, whose minions Müller tracked down and either shot or transported to the concentration camps, would have a propaganda field day if they were to obtain substantive evidence that one of their greatest enemies was now performing the same services for the American President which he once performed for the German Führer.

That Müller may actually have prospered in his employment and enjoyed good fortune would only add insult to injury.

These reasons, which are entirely self-evident, are why no substantive mention is ever made in any historical work on the Cold War, the McCarthy era, the Truman Administration or any of the American intelligence or counter-intelligence agencies functioning in 1948, of former *SS-Gruppenführer* Heinrich Müller.

Technically, Müller worked for the United States Army because his actual employers, the CIA, were not permitted to operate inside the United States. Ever since its inception in 1948, the Central Intelligence Agency has maintained an icy and detached attitude towards their actions and also towards writers who have the temerity to question either their motivations or their results.

Presidential orders to that agency to open their files on long-ago happenings have been met with the immediate incineration of these files and a continued refusal to comply with official, and entirely reasonable, orders for disclosure of old historical records.

At its inception, this agency strove to be the official foreign policy arm of the U.S. government. By cloaking its clandestine activities behind the slogan of national security, the CIA has been directly responsible for thousands of deaths, political assassinations, revolutions, economic disasters, and gross and repeated violations of international law. If these actions had succeeded, all would be forgiven. But if one considers the cynical dictum that the end always justifies the means, then in the towering majority of its clandestine activities, the CIA has failed in its goals disastrously.

They fomented and launched the Hungarian revolt in 1956 which resulted in tens of thousands of deaths and was an utter fiasco, accomplishing nothing except the consolidation of power by Moscow over their puppet Hungarian government.

There were their private wars against Cuba and several nations in Central and South America that resulted in terrible regional bloodbaths which gained no appreciable laurels for American foreign policy. Those ill-advised policies had the added effect of making the United States a hated entity in many countries which might otherwise have been more friendly. The wave of terrorism which arose at the end of the twentieth century has its roots, not in the theoretical evils of Marxism, but in the concrete evils promulgated by the renegade socialites of Langley. Their attempts at inflicting their ill-informed and short-sighted will on those whom they perceived to be their personal enemies (to include the Congress of the United States and the office of the President), has sown a crop of hatred and complete distrust which is still bearing bitter fruit.

There were also the uprisings in Indonesia, the removal of Philippine President Marcos, and many bloody wars on the African continent which are still in progress. The CIA has, by its own admission,

interfered with legitimate elections in foreign countries, assassinated inconvenient people whom they disliked, including heads of state and military leaders.

Although Canada was, and is, considered an ally and a friendly neighbor, CIA officials clandestinely supported the Quebec separatist movement, a support which consisted of supplying the movement with explosives and money. At one point, although England was once considered to be a valuable ally, they supported the Irish Republican Army with explosives and money in order to protect U.S. business investments in England from IRA attack. If the provo wing of the IRA blew up Lord Mountbatten or a building in the City of London, the primary concern was that neither the lord nor the building were connected to Standard Oil.

When the legitimately elected leader of Guatemala, Jacobo Arbanez Guzmán, who was certainly not a communist, attempted after his election in November of 1950 to nationalize United Fruit Company holdings in his country, it took only a call from the directors of that company to launch a CIA-controlled internal revolt by the usual well-bribed military dissidents to topple the government. The reason given for this action was that the government was now in the hands of the dreaded communists and no doubt Mexico would fall next. The nationalization projects immediately stopped but when the CIA-designate government head, Castillo Armas, began to view them with some favor, he was immediately assassinated and the matter was permanently shelved.

While United Fruit Company was secure, the same could not be said of the general population of Guatemala which was subsequently plunged into a state of virtual anarchy. Units of the CIA-supported Guatemalan armed forces spent decades slaughtering anyone who even looked as if they could disagree with

them. The legions of slaughtered peasants, which included women and children, were listed as communist agents in official reports to Congress which was then asked to vote higher appropriations to continue protecting the lives and sacred honor of their constituents.

An identical CIA-paid rebellion was fomented against legally-elected President of Chile, Salvador Allende Goosens in 1973. During the course of this campaign, the Chilean economy was wrecked, unions and military factions bribed and on September 11 of that year, Allende was machine-gunned to death in his office. This was later termed a suicide in recently-released official CIA reports, so there cannot be any reason to doubt its accuracy.

Neither of these two illegal interferences with legitimate foreign governments was due to a threat of communism, although unlike the Guatemalan, Allende was an intellectual Marxist. They were instituted and

executed solely because both governments had nationalized, or threatened to nationalize, American businesses in their country.

The business community, which had long suffered under the reign of Franklin Roosevelt, was delighted to finally find an ally in a government agency which could be completely relied upon to defend their foreign investments and with the added pleasure of knowing that the costs of this defense would be entirely borne by the American taxpayers.

When the CIA wanted information on Swiss bank accounts, information which the Swiss authorities were legally forbidden to reveal, one of their leading bankers was seized at the New York airport when arriving for a conference and locked up in a remote precinct jail until he was willing to cooperate.

There has been much pointless speculation on the reasons for American involvement in Vietnam, an ill-advised war which cost over 50,000 American lives. The expression "domino theory" has seriously been put forward as the best description why the United States became involved in a bloody and useless war which it ultimately lost. This bit of fatuous nonsense held that if only one country fell under communist influence, all its neighboring countries would be at terrible risk and would likely fall into the hands of

the Soviets.

The actual history behind American involvement in Vietnam, as in so many other global razzias, has its roots in business, not politics. French Indo-China had long been a very profitable colony for France. After World War II, France was not able to maintain control over the country and fought an exhausting and ultimately futile campaign to keep this control. When the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was being developed, America wished the support of France. General DeGaulle, then head of state, disliked and distrusted Americans based on his personal experiences with them during World War II and refused to cooperate unless, and until, America agreed to support and protect their economic holdings in their former

colony. Aside from huge, untapped offshore oil fields, the rubber plantations alone were of great value and it was then that the vested interest theory mutated into the domino theory. After all, there were a number of American firms who also had interests in Vietnam and who would enjoy substantial profits if the offshore oil fields could be developed, preferably by American interests instead of French.

The methods used by a mixture of elite American military units and CIA specialists to remove any suspect Communists from the population of Vietnam, the so-called Operation Phoenix, is of such a nature as to preclude its being published in a work that might be accessible to women or children. And somewhat earlier, there was the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company business which cannot really be called a scandal at this point in time because American involvement has not yet been disclosed. That hitherto unacknowledged business will receive detailed coverage in the following volume of Müller's journals and should give a much clearer reason why the people of Iran are so anti-American.

One of his associates once said to Hitler, knowing his detestation of them, that it was too bad that any Jews existed in the world at all. Hitler's purported response was that if the Jews, whom he saw as a unifying force for German opinion, did not exist, he would have to invent them. Instead of heaping further indignities on the long-persecuted Jews, the CIA chose as its pet devil, the Soviet Union, its allies and the communist parties which existed throughout the world in the immediate postwar period. These entities, who were quite as rapacious and bloodthirsty as their American opponents, were credited with every inherently evil design on an innocent world.

When communism finally imploded, its most sincere mourners were its former enemies who now had to find other reasons for their existence, and more important, justification to Congressional fiscal committees for their enormous operational budgets. It was a well-founded fear of prosecution, not seeming modesty, which precluded full, or any, disclosure of the actual use of these budgetary fundings.

A vague, serious mention of national security was always good for a billion or more added to the previous year's bloated allowance, but now with Moscow reduced to rattling a cup full of pencils in Red Square, other justifications needed to be found.

It can be noted that the once-mighty, self-proclaimed skill of the CIA as the eternal watchdog of American liberties seems to have become chipped and broken in recent years. Amazingly, their multibillion dollar satellites, paid for by the American public, and smugly touted as the ultimate defense of the same public, were somehow unable to observe a number of atomic explosions on the Indian sub-continent and we have also been treated to the destruction, by long range rockets, of a pharmaceutical plant in the Sudan

which the CIA said was producing deadly components for chemical warfare. Subsequent to the attack, which killed a number of people and wrecked the complex, an investigation was begun by outsiders which has disclosed that this plant was certainly not involved in making any chemicals of mass destruction.

In spite of the fact that the investigators were from a reputable American professional organization, the CIA still states that one of their secret agents had discovered positive proof of their contentions which led to their advice to the U.S. government to launch a surprise attack. No evidence has ever been produced in support of their thesis or likely ever will be. In this matter, as in so many others, the CIA counts on the short attention span of the American public and the fact that a new crisis will hopefully bury it in the print media.

Such activities, promulgated obviously for the purposes of image-enhancing, have had a negative impact on the population of a large part of the world and should they continue, as they obviously will, the prophets of doom who see clandestine chemical warfare attacks on the United States will live to see their prophecies materialize.

More cynical observers have noted that this attack happened just as President Clinton was involved in serious legal and media problems in Washington and the question has been asked if in this case, the tail did not wag the dog.

When Heinrich Müller was hired by the CIA's James Critchfield in Bern, Switzerland in 1948, he had misgivings about working for his former enemies but pragmatism and the lure of large amounts of money won him over to what he considered to be merely an extension of his life-work against the agents of the Comintern. What he discovered after living and working in official Washington for four years was that the nation's capital was, in truth, what he once humorously claimed sounded like a cross between a zoo and a lunatic asylum. His journals, in addition to personal letters, various reports and other personal material, give a very clear, but not particularly flattering, view of the inmates of both the zoo and the asylum.

Müller moved, albeit very carefully, in the rarefied atmosphere of senior policy personnel, military leaders, heads of various intelligence agencies and the White House itself. He was a very

observant, quick-witted person who took copious notes of what he saw. This was not a departure from his earlier habits because Heinrich Müller had always kept a journal, even when he was a lowly Bavarian police officer, and his comments about personalities and events in the Third Reich are just as pungent and entertaining as the ones he made while in America.

The reason for publishing this phase of his eventful life is that so many agencies in the United States and their supporters do not want to believe that a man of Müller's position could ever have been employed by their country in general or their agency in specific.

In response to the numerous whispered remarks, classified (but not necessarily unknown) interoffice round robins and strained, glacial silences, it has been decided to devote more time to Müller in America as opposed to Müller in Germany.

He had forty-eight years as a German resident and not quite as much as an American, but since the German government has officially banned all of this series in their country, it seems more fitting to address the larger, and available, audience.

In addition to being a prolific journal-keeper, Müller was a man who was intensely ambitious and extremely aggressive in his ambitions. He was a man of high intelligence who came from a poor Bavarian family. He had to leave school as a boy of fourteen and work in a factory. The war rescued him from spending his life as a mechanic and launched him on his career.

Müller was not a Nazi but a strong supporter of the Bavarian People's Party, a right wing movement which was close to the Catholic Church. In point of fact, the BVP was the strongest party in Bavaria until the advent of Hitler and Müller had married the daughter of the party's newspaper publisher. Instead of dismissing Müller when they came to power, the Nazi government of Bavaria welcomed him into their ranks as a very effective persecutor of communists. In doing so, they pragmatically overlooked his equally intense persecution of the early Nazi Party in Bavaria.

Himmler's intelligence chief, Reinhard Heydrich, put Müller in charge of a small branch of the Prussian State Police, the Gestapo. Working ferociously seven days a week in the beginning, Müller slowly built this small counter-intelligence group into the most comprehensive and efficient agency of its kind in the world. It rivaled, and often surpassed, its Soviet counterpart, the NKVD. Müller, who had no difficulty in learning from his enemies, made a long and careful study of Stalin's internal police. He took what he needed from that terrible agency, modified it to suit both his intentions and German law, and by the end of the war, his Gestapo had at the least (he had the personnel records destroyed in 1945) forty thousand regular agents in place throughout Germany and in foreign countries. Müller lived modestly with his wife and two children in a respectable but not ostentatious Berlin neighborhood, disliked being photographed, and aside from his work, enjoyed chess, reading, landscape painting in water colors, classical music, his motorcycle and his younger, long-term mistress, Anna Schmidt to whom he wrote long, affectionate letters.

In his private life, and in his office, Müller was remarkable for his lack of pomposity, never wearing his General's uniform to work and always asking to be called Herr Müller and not General. He was loyal to his old friends from the Munich police and enjoyed nothing more than going out with them to a local tavern and talk about their younger days over steins of beer.

Although Müller could be absolutely ruthless in the pursuit of what were perceived as enemies of the state, he was generally a fair-minded person and was easily approached by outsiders seeking a redress of their ills. Part of the fiction about the Gestapo is that they were responsible for the persecution of Jews and spent much of their time persecuting, jailing and killing these unfortunates. The only thing that the Gestapo had to do with the Jewish population of Germany was to physically oversee their transportation, either out of Germany to foreign countries before the war or to detention camps during it.

Müller's main occupation was counter-intelligence with special reference to communists. Before Hitler came to power in 1933, Germany had been a hunting ground for Stalin's agents and Müller once estimated that he had located and jailed over 20,000 of them. Of course, by doing so, he earned the undying

hatred of not only the communists but the Socialists and the liberal Jewish communities of Germany.

Although the name of Heinrich Müller was unknown outside of Germany, his organization, the Gestapo, was singled out by propagandists as the most terrible agency of its kind in the history of Western Civilization. Those who write in this vein are undoubtedly correct. The even more ferocious and murderous NKVD who killed at least forty million Russian citizens during Stalin's salad days, were not, and never could have been, a part of Western Civilization. One would think, however, that historical writers might take

some note of their activities instead of pointing at the mote in the eyes of others while ignoring the beam in the eye of an entity they doubtless feel an affinity for.

When Müller came to Washington in 1948, he had rarely moved among the mighty or directly engaged in counseling those who charted the nation¹s course. For the first time, he saw the inner working of a democratic government and began to find out how easy it was to make his way, a friendly wolf trotting through pens of hogs and sheep.

His journals show with clarity his rapid acclamation to this new situation as well as the increase of his fortune by dealing in stolen art, and after the outbreak of the Korean War, as a classical war profiteer in the same mold as those great captains of industry who got their phenomenal beginnings during the American Civil War.

Müller met, courted and married a woman from the upper levels of main line Washington society, and lived in a large estate in the neighboring state of Virginia, a mansion he filled with fine art, interesting guests and all the authentic trappings of the landed gentry.

Although his reason for existence was to hunt down communist spies, one of his better friends was a man whom Müller identified as a top NKVD agent. Müller was not an ideologue but certainly was a pragmatist and he had no problem discussing shop with men like Kim Philby and his Soviet-cum-Canadian friend, Viktor. By doing this, Müller does not reveal himself to be a traitor to his new employers, but rather a genuine professional.

Although Müller had two wives, this did not stop him from having a series of affairs with some of the wives of his co-workers at the CIA, as well as other women in Washington society. There is no question that his wife was aware of at least some of this (women always are), but she ignored it because they were a genuinely affectionate couple and she was less conventional than he was. Müller, who maintained the best relationships with his former lovers, used to say in explanation of his popularity, that he always began an affair with a smile and ended it the same way.

In his description of American foreign policy at the turn of the twentieth century, Teddy Roosevelt referred to walking softly but carrying a big stick. Müller was not always as soft a walker but unlike Teddy, he carried a small weapon in his hip pocket. This weapon consisted of the files and records he kept on his employers and their friends, and he had no hesitation in reminding his putative enemies that he was a crack shot. For those not given to intelligent understanding, there were always the attentions of his

close associate, Arno, or others.

In their dreams of empire, the leadership of the new CIA were certain of their deadliness. They believed that they were the state and all would perish who opposed them. Müller believed nothing so grandiose and nonsensical but knew what he could and would do to anyone who actively opposed him and this, of course, is an excellent example of fact versus fiction.

In the final analysis, those official agencies who claim that the Müller works are fictional in nature have the greatest reason for so stating but also the greatest experience in fabricating their own history. There is a line found in Shakespeare, that it is the "galled jade that winces." For those readers not conversant with Elizabethan usage, it might be more American to say that it is the kicked dog that yelps.

It is not possible for an author to prepare a work on any historical subject in a vacuum. Records have to be searched for and consulted, leads tracked down and verified, and individuals who might have important information contacted. Because of this, an author's activities may be muffled but are certainly not impossible to observe for those who have a vested interest in doing so.

The basic thesis of these books is acutely disturbing for a number of people, most of whom live or work in Washington or one of its suburbs. Those who wish to protect their own professional reputations as well as the reputation of their agency, spend a good deal of time and money, supplied by the taxpayers, in attempting to neutralize or discredit that which cannot be accepted.

Certainty is illusion and there are individuals who work for the same agencies and supply the author with an increasing flow of inside information concerning the subject of the late Heinrich Müller. As a case in point, there has been an on-going series of high-level communications between senior members of the CIA in Langley, Virginia, and senior officials inside the intelligence agencies of the Russian Republic. Almost all of this traffic is directed to one Vyacheslav Ivanovich Trubnikov in Moscow. Mr. Trubnikov is, at this writing, head of Russian Foreign Intelligence and is on excellent terms with his opposite numbers in the United States. All intelligence agencies maintain cordial professional relations with their purported enemies and will regularly cooperate with their rivals in various matters, and the Müller case is certainly one of them.

The author has a copy of a report which constitutes a request from an official in the CIA to his counterpart in Russia dealing with the subject of Müller. This report, one of a number on the same subject, is under the date of December 19, 1998. It is a request that the Russian intelligence agency provide some support in discrediting the allegations that Heinrich Müller survived the war and worked for the Americans in the postwar period. The words "quid pro quo" and "...shared mutual concerns in this very unpleasant matter" are contained in the American request which goes on to state that: "...and we feel at this point that it is necessary to absolutely prove that Subject (Müller) either died at the end of the war, or was discovered by

Soviet troops in Berlin and was captured, taken to Russia and either shot or imprisoned."

A senior aide to Mr. Trubnikov responded on January 21, 1999 that: "...among other matters, it is not advisable for us to support the theory that Muller(sic) worked for us at any time." And in the third paragraph, one can find: "We have a journalist, (here the name is included in the text), one of yours, who is working on the Wallenberg story and will also prepare a story about Muller (sic) as you have requested." The story, slated for release as the result of these negotiations, is that an American journalist working with former KGB files gained access to very secret papers found "in Stalin¹s personal vault" which show that Heinrich Müller was captured by the Russians and died in a camp in 1946!

The exact nature of the *quid pro quo* (tit for tat) is not mentioned in the Russian document but will certainly have been decided upon in advance. The publication of the Müller journals, containing as they do insights into the early activities of the CIA, is most certainly not to the liking of that agency but it is somewhat disappointing that the same story created by a Czech journalist in 1995, that Müller had been captured in Argentina in 1950, flown to Moscow and shot, should be exhumed from its grave, deodorized and put into a new dress.

In view of the fact that Müller's grave was recently located by an American news magazine in St. Mary's cemetery in Oakland, California (Müller and his wife had a home in Piedmont, California in the 1980s), one must assume that if the "secret files of Josef Stalin" are correct, they must have kept the late General Müller in a freezer for thirty years and then, as an act of courtesy, flown the body to America and had it buried in a marked California grave in 1985!

Not only has the U.S. Army acknowledged and released a thick intelligence file on Müller to the public but the FBI has an equally thick file on Müller's activities in the 1950s and 1960s. This file is being sought under FOIA and, in conjunction with other concrete evidence, makes a mockery of recently-fabricated reports on Czech and former Soviet intelligence agencies. In the case, as in so many others, the word 'intelligence' in connection with both the CIA and their Russian counterparts is entirely oxymoronic in nature.

There is still the question of return favors and one will have to speculate on their nature.

. It is always the backstairs gossip which more correctly defines what actually transpired in an age, than the pious mouthings of paid government historians.

The Weissensee Gold

A history of one of the largest, and proven, buried treasures in the world: what has been discovered and what is still waiting to be found.

The SS were in charge of Police control within the Adriatisches Kustenland as well as supervising political, racial and anti-partisan repression. The Commander of the SS was Odilo Lotario Globocnik (1904-?).



Photo of Odilo Globocnik in 1939.

Born in Trieste April 24, 1904 to an Austrian-Croat family of minor officials, Globocnik was a contractor by profession. He joined the Nazi party in Austria in 1931 and the SS in 1934. His illegal activities on behalf of the party led to a number of short spells of imprisonment. Before ANSCHLUSS (the annexation of Austria to Germany in 1938), Globocnik was already active in the formation of Nazi factory cells in the provinces, and in 1936 he was appointed provincial party leader in Carinthia. He earned rapid promotions in 1938, in March to SS *Standartenfu"hrer*, and in May to state secretary and *Gauleiter* of Vienna.

Hitler later removed Globocnik from this position due to his involvement in an armed robbery, and several other illegal activities. His good friend Heinrich Himmler pardoned him, however, and in November 1939 appointed Globocnik district *SS- und Polizeiführer* (SS and Police Leader) for the Lublin district of Poland and promoted to *SS-Brigadeführer und Generalmajor*. He reported directly to Himmler and Friedrich-Wilhelm

Kruger.

In 1941 Himmler entrusted Globocnik with the planning and establishment of police and SS-fortified strong points in Poland, and in 1942, with the implementation of Aktion Reinhard (Operation Reinhard). For this purpose Globocnik was put in charge of special SS troops, subordinate only to Himmler. He used the camps of Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka, and Majdanek to carry out a fourfold task: the exploitation of the Jewish work force, the extermination of Jews, the aquisition of the real estate of the murdered Jews, and the seizure of their valuables and moveable property. More than two million Jews were killed during Aktion Reinhard, and property to the value of 178 million reichsmarks was seized for the benefit of the Reich. For 4 years, Globocnik collected the cash, gold and jewelry from the gassed prisoners. Instead of forwarding all to Berlin, he kept a good portion of the treasure for himself. On August 2nd 1943, 150-200 prisoners at Treblinka rushed the guards with stolen hand grenades and guns.

Himmler ordered the Lublin death camps shut down to put an end to Globocnik's thefts, then promoted him to police leader in Trieste. In August 1943, as a result of "differences with other party and SS leaders", Globocnik, was transferred to Trieste. He came with a heavy contingent of "professionals" – a death squad which had already gained 'notoriety' in extermination operations in Russia, Poland and the Polish death camps of Belzec, Sobibor and Treblinka. Most of the members of this special command were Ukrainians captured by the Germans who were more than willing to work in the camps as guards.

Altogether there were 92 components from the *Einsatzkommando Reinhard in* Trieste. They included both men and women and a large SS Ukrainian contingent. The *Einsatzkommando* were special units designed to "lead the struggle against enemies of the Reich and support the fighting troops". They reported directly to the Head Office of the Reich Security Police (*RSHA*, *Reichssicherheitshauptampt*) which in turn was answerable to Heinrich Himmler's Internal Ministry. The first Commander of the *Einsatzkommando* in Trieste was Cristian Wirth who arrived after the 8th September from his participation in the famous "Aktion T4". This notorious "mission", a wish of Hitler himself, involved the extermination of tens of thousands of mentally and physically handicapped citizens as well as those classified as "incurably" sick. It was known as the "Euthanasia" program.

After Wirth was purportedly killed during Partisan action in Erpelle on the 26th May 1944, his command was taken over by August Dietrich Allers. The Commander of the Rice Mill was Aller's right hand man, Joseph Oberhauser. The city of Trieste thus witnessed the passing through of many noteworthy members from the upper ranks of the Nazi death squad. One of the most famous of these was Franz Stangl, the "Treblinka executioner", who in a German Tribunal at the end of the War was found guilty of the massacre of 900,000 people.

This concentration of top Nazi officials demonstrates the importance of the "Adriatic coast" for Hitler's Third Reich. Partisan activity, however, made the program implementation impossible. On November 4, 1943, Globocnik wrote to Himmler from Trieste: "I have on Oct. 19, 1943 completed Action Reinhard and closed all the camps." He asked for special medals for his men in recognition of their "specially difficult task." Himmler responded warmly to "Globos" on November 30, 1943, thanking him for carrying out Operation Reinhard.

In April 1945, at the war's end, Globocnik took a convoy of trucks loaded with his treasures from Muggia to Carinthia, Austria where he buried it along the Northern shore of the Weissensee Lake. In May, Reichleitner. 1945, he was captured by the British and was alleged to have committed suicide on May 31, 1945 and his body said to be quickly buried and "confirmed" by poorly faked photographs of his body. It later turned out that he had swapped some of his gold and jewels in exchange for his life. In fact, he was traded to the US who employed him as an anti-partisan expert. His expertise proved to be worthless, and he supposedly lived out the remainder of his life in Syria with other escaped Nazi leaders as a corresponding member of the CIA-controlled Gehlen Organization. His treasure, worth many millions, was partially unearthed in the 1990's, and again in 2000, but it quickly vanished again.

In late April 1945, a convoy of German trucks left the German-occupied Italian city of Muggia on the Adriatic Sea and drove north through Udine and then northeast to Villach in what was once the Greater German Reich and is now Austria.

There were five trucks, all painted the medium camouflage yellow of the later war German *Wehrmacht*, and one staff car bearing license plates of the SS. This car was occupied by *SS-Gruppenführer* Odlio Globocnik, Senior SS and Police Commander of the Adriatic Region, his driver and two SS aides. The trucks each had, besides the driver, two armed Ukrainian guards, all in field-gray *Waffen-SS* uniforms.

Inside the trucks were stacked dozens of heavy wooden German ammunition boxes, containers of food, cases of liquor and miscellaneous furniture, carpets and household goods.

Before the convoy reached Villach, it turned off the main highway and headed west through the Gaitaler Alps, finally stopping on the north shore of the Weissensee, a long, deep mountain lake.

The ground was still hard from the winter cold, but throughout the night and into the early hours of the next day, holes were dug in the ground at various points around the lake and the wooden ammunition boxes carefully buried. The fresh earth was hastily covered with armfuls of old pine needles and branches. All of the sites were carefully marked on a map and then the trucks drove off, past the small towns of Neusach and Techendorf and onto the main road which is now E-66.

Globocnik was later captured by a British armored unit and purported by them to have killed himself while under interrogation. In fact, U.S. intelligence reports indicate very clearly that not only did Globocnik survive the end of the war, but ended up in American employment.

He had bought his freedom by bribing the British and turning over to them the contents of two of his buried cases, which consisted of many thousands of British pound notes. The remainder of the wooden chests contained millions of dollars worth of gold coins, religious medals, gold jewelry, platinum, silver, antique coins, gold pencils, containers of dental gold and bridgework, and wedding rings.

These had originated in the concentration camps under Globocnik's control in the Lublin district of what had been pre-war Poland. While the head of such camps as Belzec and Treblinka, Globocnik who had been fired by Hitler from his official prewar position as *Gauleiter*, or Governor, of Vienna for theft, took advantage of his situation. He sequestered a large amount of treasure he took from the occupants of his camps as well as additional assets obtained from extensive treasure hunts in the districts he controlled.

When Heinrich Himmler learned of Globocnik's completely unauthorized activities in his Polish domain, he ordered him to close the camps, destroy any trace of them and remove himself with a promotion, to the city of Trieste where Globocnik, a Slovenian, had been born in 1904. While there, Globocnik managed to acquire more loot and it was this money which he took into the Austrian Alps with a crew of his loyal Ukranians who had served as camp guards at Treblinka.

Himmler, and the head of the SS economic section, Oswald Pohl, were well aware that the Slovenian SS general had made off with money belonging to the SS, and the U.S. National Archives has an extensive file of correspondence between the trio, a file that also contains lists of stolen valuables. Globocnik, who ended up in Syria as a corresponding member of the CIA-controlled Gehlen Organization, was never able to recover any of his hidden treasure, but his disclosures to his captors, and later employers, led to an extensive treasure hunt after the war.

Globocnik supplied a map overlay which he claimed showed the exact locations of each burial spot along with a brief notation of the contents. The problem, as noted in U.S. reports, was that the overlay did not correspond to the standard German *Wehrmacht* 1:50 000 scale maps of the *Alpen- und Donau-Reichsgaue* of 1944. Other military maps were checked with equally negative results and the official opinion expressed both in the United States and England was that Globocnik had sold his captors a bill of goods.

In the following years, the thought of the buried treasure had energized a number of people from various countries and the Weissensee became a very popular vacation spot. In the winter, when the ground was frozen, the visitors were tourists partaking of winter sports. But in the summer, the guest registries in the various inns and pensions indicate a remarkable number of visitors from Germany, England and Israel, all of whom were no doubt seeking rest and relaxation in the deep pine woods or out on the placid lake.

Globocnik, however, had not sold his captors a bill of goods. The transparent overlay was completely accurate and it was the lack of persistence of both the British and Americans that led them to discount the validity of the treasure map.

Obtaining the overlay was one matter, after all no one believed it officially, but trying to find out what kind of a map Globocnik might have used was quite another. Eventually one was found in a shop in Klangenfurt which was of a pre-1938 printing and dealt specifically with the Weissensee area. It had originally been produced for hikers and was never used by the military.

When the overlay was placed over this map, the markings on the edges matched perfectly with the map, even down to penciled in lines showing the roads and trails that existed in the years before the war.

On this overlay, which was folded and repaired with transparent tape, were nine crosses marked in indelible pencil and after each mark was the notation "10 Kisten" or "8 Kisten," and brief notations about the depth of the burial sites such as "1.5 m." The translation of Kisten is box or crate and the metric depths are obvious.

When the information about the positive location of Globocnik's horde was confirmed in 1989, individuals in possession of the overlay and the map embarked on an expedition to recover as much as possible, if not all, of the buried treasure.

Under then-current Austrian law, the treasure trove was to be divided equally between the finder or finders, the government of Austria and the owner or owners of the land on which it was found. Very discreet inquiry with agencies in Vienna disclosed that the Austrian government did not view their former *Gauleiter's* money as having been acquired through criminal activities and that, therefore, the division of the find was to follow standard procedure. Had the government decreed that the buried money resulted from a criminal endeavor, the state would assume complete control over it and its eventual disposal.

Given this written assurance, four individuals embarked on a treasure hunt which, if successful, would rival any other such hunt, even the discovery of the Spanish treasure galleons in the waters of Florida. Two of these entrepreneurs were American. One was a CIA employee who worked in Berlin...for both the Company and the East German Stasi. and the other was along because of his possession of the map and overlay. The other two seekers were a German, once an officer in the SS and a former aide to Globocnik, and a Ukrainian SS man who had been involved with the original plantings, but had no specific memory of what he helped bury, and more important, where.

There were nine sites involved. One site had been discovered and looted by Globocnik's British military captors in 1945, another had been paved over as a parking lot for a postwar inn and was completely inaccessible. Jackhammering up sections of asphalted parking lots was apt to draw the ire of the building's operators as well as the completely unwelcome attentions of the Austrian gendarmes.

The remaining seven deposits were the goals of the recent arrivals at the towns of Techendorf and Neusach. It was decided to break the group into two sections for security reasons, the two Americans renting quarters at Neusach and the other two remaining at Techendorf.

The German had rented a camper wagon and was pretending to be deeply interested in healthful tours of the woods while his Ukrainian companion developed an equal interest in rowing about the lake in a rented boat, looking for ideal fishing spots.

One of the Americans, who had some artistic abilities, posed as a landscape artist and spent some of his time conspicuously working in watercolors in areas easily observed by the curious. His fellow countryman devoted a good deal of his time in courting various young women, who as often happens, came to the summer resort looking for remote and discreet romance far from permanent boyfriends, husbands or prying relatives. Both were reasonably successful and after two weeks of convincing the local residents that they were indeed both artistic and lecherous, the group came together one night to consolidate their strategy.

The first dig was begun on Sunday, June 10, 1990 at 11:30 p.m. The area selected was just past the town of Neusach where the main road ended. It was about a kilometer past the end of the official road and could easily be reached on foot.

Armed with the map, the overlay, shovels, two tarpaulins and a very expensive metal detector, they spent almost two hours in attempting to finesse Globocnik's notes. The land had remained the same since 1945, but the growth of new trees since then created a number of problems.

The cache, consisting of four boxes, was located by the detector eventually, surprisingly close to the original location noted on the map and the digging began. The tarps were placed on either side of the opening and dirt from the dig was carefully dumped on top of them to facilitate filling in the excavation when they were finished.

The ground was well-thawed and after thirty minutes of shared digging, a spade resounded from the lid of one of the chests. Very much like 19th century grave robbers, the quartet worked in furtive haste, all of them positive that someone would discover their activities. No one came, however, and the first box was opened *in situ*. Much of the wood had rotted and the metal fittings were almost shapeless with rust, but the contents of the crate had been carefully packed in tin boxes which had been dipped in wax and were completely intact.

The small boxes, which were pleasantly heavy, were lifted out and carefully stacked at one end of the rectangular hole and the excavation process was continued until all four cases had been located, broken into and emptied.

Without making any attempt, pleasurable though it would have been for all concerned, to open the metal containers, the hole was quickly filled in again. The loose earth was tamped down by stamping on it and finally, a collection of small rocks, twigs, pine needles and forest detritus spread over the surface. The use of the tarps had kept telltale fresh earth from giving the site away and shortly before the sun came up, the German returned along a hiking path with his rented camper to load up the fruits of their nocturnal labors.

The Americans had rented a small vacation home at the edge of Neusach and by the time dawn had touched the tops of the trees and the mountains above the north side of the lake, the small boxes were being opened one by one. Each box had its own inventory and the contents were checked against this. The first expedition had garnered a considerable quantity of jewelry including many gold wedding rings, brooches, cameos, glass frames and gold coins.

These were put into tubes which consisted of black PVC plumbing pipe, about six inches in diameter and one meter long, threaded at both ends, and closed with PVC caps. Each tube was marked with a letter and number and the same markings were inked in at the top of the original typed inventory.

The tin boxes were flattened, put into a fishing bag and later discreetly dumped into the lake by the Ukrainian.

Everyone was tired after the evening's exertions and with the exception of the Ukrainian's foray onto the lake, the balance of the day was devoted to rest.

The next dig began on the evening of Monday, June 11, 1990 at the eastern end of the lake. There was a camping ground there and a road that led to Highway E-55, some 9 kilometers away. The site was about two kilometers from the camping ground and it was necessary to be especially vigilant to avoid attracting any unwanted attention from late hikers, inquisitive children or romantic couples seeking a nesting place in the trees.

The second site was discovered to have a pine tree growing over it, and a good deal of time was consumed in procuring a saw, removing the tree, dragging its carcass into the woods and hacking through the extensive root system. There were eight boxes in this horde and the root system had broken into several of them, but as before the contents were well protected in waxed tin boxes and removed without incident. The camper van became stuck in a deep rut on the way back and it took nearly an hour to extricate it. But stuck vehicles and muddy, unshaven individuals were not out of place and aside from an athletic young male camper who spent some time in assisting the treasure hunters in getting their loot-packed van back onto the track, there were no incidents.

The sun was well up when the second load was unpacked, checked and put into the PVC tubes. This load consisted almost entirely of rings, jewelry and scrap gold. There were a number of coins and the artistic American was delighted to note that a number of them were very valuable ancient Greek silver and gold coins, the true value of which seemed to be lost on everyone, but himself.

The Ukrainian made another trip with a far larger load of flattened containers, and because of a number of legitimate fishermen on the lake that morning, had to expend considerable effort in rowing around to unoccupied areas to discard the evidence.

The various members were experiencing considerable physical problems with sore muscles and it was generally agreed that they resume their regular social activities for several days to thwart any possible curious tourists. Two French-speaking individuals had been seen moving along the water's edge between the towns carrying a metal detector. One of the Americans pointed them out to the Austrian proprietor of a restaurant who remarked in a sarcastic tone that they were looking for some treasure a "big Nazi" was supposed to have buried there at the end of the war. When pressed for information, he continued that there was no treasure, but it was considered good business to discuss the probability of it with foreign tourists. There was even one enterprising local gentleman who rented out metal detectors.

The next expedition set out on the night of Friday, June 15. It was decided to avoid the section of the eastern end of the lake and its campers and pot holes so they began early, circling around the end of the lake and commencing to dig about 1 a.m. on the morning of the 16th.

There were no tree roots to deal with and they were far enough from the main roads and unwanted visitors to make their labors much easier. The soil was looser, containing a quantity of sand, and the six boxes were in far better shape than the others they had encountered previously.

This dig went entirely without incident and the contents consisted mainly of gold coins, loose gem stones and a large number of gold bars weighing ten kilos each. These were packed at the bottom of the crates without wrappings, but as gold is relatively impervious to rot or destruction by the elements, they all appeared to be in pristine condition. All these bars had their weight stamped into them and they appeared to have been cast in a mold designed for lead bars. The only other marks on the bars were from an Italian metal foundry which had obviously been put into the molds on manufacture and did not indicate a bank or refinery origin.

The fourth exhumation took place on the night of Sunday, June 17th, about 20 meters west of the third site. It proceeded without incident and the contents of the six chests proved to be more gold coins, several large boxes of gold religious medallions, a quantity of old American paper gold certificates, several jewel-studded, gold-sheathed old Russian religious icons, an 18th century silver Jewish Torah case complete with parchment document inside, a silver table service bearing the double-headed Polish eagle, and a brace of cased, silver-mounted flintlock pistols from the palace of Catherine the Great at Tsarskoe Selo outside of what was then Leningrad. How these got into the hands of General Globocnik was never discovered. There were also a number of original musical scores by the Polish composer Chopin in excellent condition, and a miscellany of other items of value.

The German was beginning to have problems in his lower lumbar region following the exertions and it was decided to take a short break. During this period, the Americans borrowed the camping van and drove off to the city of Villach where they bought a truck. This was painted to resemble a moving van. As a number of people seeking peace and quiet from the more metropolitan areas of Austria bought property in the Weissensee area, the arrival and departure of moving vans was not considered a noteworthy event.

On Thursday, June 21, 1990, the visitation to the fifth site in the cluster of remaining burials was interrupted briefly by a nocturnal party of drunken hikers, who decided to rest within clear view of where the resurrection men were planning to work. What was worse, one of the hikers was possessed of a handgun which he began to discharge on a fairly regular basis at various trees and other objects. This eventually drew the attentions of the local police who drove down the sandy track in a lurching vehicle, frightening off the inebriates, and leaving the field to the treasure hunters who were concealed at some distance in the underbrush.

The German was now complaining of back pains again and his Ukrainian companion was terrified that the police would return, so the digging went much slower. This horde consisted of five cases, two of which had throughly rotted, spilling their contents out when the boxes were moved. From this find came more gold coins, several boxes of unset jewels, more wedding rings, a large German Bible from the sixteenth century with silver clasps and an inset coat of arms, another collection of ten kilo gold bars, and a thick file of official German records wrapped in oil skin and sealed in copper tubes. These proved to be the records of Globocnik's prison camps listing the names, occupations and eventual fates of a large number of inmates.

The gold bars put a strain on the tires of the camper which blew a tire on its trip out of the area and the van had to be emptied to get at the spare. Throughout this process, the German complained constantly about the pains he was suffering, and the Ukrainian joined in as a sort of chorus. His lamentations centered around the fact that the police would certainly return and they would then lose everything they had worked so hard to acquire.

On the forenoon of Friday, June 22nd, an impromptu conference was held on the terrace of a convenient inn with all the parties participating. Over the consumption of various local beverages and a lengthy lunch, the European Union branch of the association declared that it was their unanimous wish to leave the area at once, taking with them their portion of the recovered loot. It was pointed out that two more sites remained and that these sites were sufficiently remote as to virtually preclude discovery. The objectors claimed that they now had more than enough precious metal to satisfy them and would have some problems transporting it to the relative safety of Germany. They agreed to abandon their shares in the remaining two troves in exchange for a larger share of the material already recovered. They had no interest in the guns or the religious artifacts, preferring to take just the coins and the jewels which were more easily transported.

Finally, after much muted disputation, it was agreed that the precious stones, containing a large number of loose diamonds, some of the gold coins, all of the gold jewelry, and a few of the gold bars would go to the German/Ukrainian part of the team. The balance of the heavy gold bars, the coins and the religious artifacts would remain with the Americans.

As one of the Americans later remarked to his fellow national, the value of diamonds was completely artificial and they were always hard to sell for a decent profit. Since the German was fascinated with the cold glitter of the stones, he was given all of them along with large, but flawed natural emeralds, some of the gold coins which would be more difficult to convert to cash, boxes of scrap gold, nineteenth century watches, and a considerable number of wedding rings.

Following this, the participants in this Last Supper went their separate ways, leaving the Americans in possession of a very valuable bible, a collection of ancient coins worth, at the very least, the aggregate value of all the unset stones, the more easily disposed of gold coins, and almost all the gold bars.

There were now two men left to exhume the remaining two sites, and while the panic of the departed team members had some effect on those remaining behind, it did not deter them from going forth twice more on the evenings of the 29th and 30th of July.

The final gathering consisted mainly of gold bars, a small suit of dress 16th century armor designed for a child and set with stones of some value, and a collection of books in Latin which later turned out to have come from the Polish state library at Cracow. With the cleansing of the last site and the scattering of the last armfuls of forest litter, the first part of the saga of the Globocnik gold was over.

The second part was about to begin.

Finding the treasure, unearthing it and dividing it was child's play compared with the logistical problems inherent in moving a truck full of contraband gold out of Austria, and to an area where it could be removed from the European continent and enjoyed at leisure elsewhere.

On Wednesday, July 4, 1990, the freshly-painted moving van left Weissensee forever, heading the nine kilometers to E-66 and south towards Italy with its inviting port cities on the Adriatic.

The truck was properly registered and a portion of it was loaded with cheap, second-hand furniture purchased in Austria to lend some versimillitude to the story that an Austrian family was moving to Venice for business reasons. The former CIA man had obtained all the correct forms and was prepared to encounter Italian customs. However, the customs post was closed and he drove straight through without incident.

What happened to the German and his partner is not known, although they both managed to drive into Germany without any incident. It was rumored that the German retired to nurse his bad back in an expensive suburb of Munich while his co-worker married a fellow Slav and opened an ethnic restaurant in Switzerland.

The Americans bought a servicable ship in a marina at the northern end of the Adriatic, loaded up their cargo and engaged several local fisherman who had a desire to emigrate as far and as quickly from Italy as possible. The boat, which was a large diesel custom-built fishing boat, was entirely capable of transversing the Mediterranean as well as the central reaches of the Atlantic without undue effort.

The first part of the trip was very scenic, the artistic American spending most of his time making sketches of such points of interest as the ancient palace of Diocletian at Split, and taking a brief detour to make drawings of the palace of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria on the Greek island of Corfu.

They sailed through the wine-dark seas of Greece and out, eventually, past the Pillars of Hercules and vanished completely from this narrative.

In September of 1998, another expedition, this time under the direction of one Norman Scott of Alachua, Florida-based "Global Explorations," arrived at the Hotel Cieslar in Techendorf.

There were twelve persons in the party, most of whom arrived on the eighth of September with the remaining members arriving on the ninth.

This expedition consisted of:

Mr. Scott and his secretary, Ms Doré, Room 117

Mr. McAfee, Room 101

Mr. Lee, Room 102

Mr. Anderson, Room 109

Mr. Constandy, Room 202

Mr. Pochmüller, Room 208

Mr. Kiester, Room 219

Mr. Varga, Room 222

Dr. Pfoser, Room 115

Mr. Douglas, Room 211

This expedition made a number of searches of the area between 8th September and 14th September, 1998. Electric boats were rented at Neusach and the eastern end of the Weissensee, where the maps indicated the gold had been buried and partially recovered. Only sail and electric-powered boats were allowed on the lake to avoid pollution. The official police patrol speedboat was gasoline-fueled.

During this timeframe, numerous indications of buried gold were found but because the lake is a very popular tourist resort, there were far too many hikers, sunbathers, fishermen and campers to permit any kind of digging.

However, at the site called the "Lakawand," Scott and some of his party climbed the stone bluff and discovered at least eight sites that had been previously excavated. The ground had sunk down and left behind a series of hollow impressions in the tree-covered earth overlooking the lake. The expensive metal detectors located some metal but as it was far too late in the day to begin digging and since no one had the foresight to bring shovels, it was decided to return the next day for serious excavation.

The next day could only be described as controlled chaos. The diggers woke late, had trouble finding shovels and when they got to the Lakawand site, it began to rain very heavily. The local Gendarmerie had been alerted by the boat renter that a party of foreigners had set forth bearing shovels and since the Austrians are not happy about digging parties looking for gold they themselves could find, the irate and wet treasure hunters were accosted by even more irate Austrian police.

They were told that they were trespassing not only on private property but also in a state forest preserve and must depart.

They had not the time to uncover anything but one rusty can and three beer bottle caps.

There was considerable anger expressed by the frustrated hunters towards Mr. Douglas, the man with the overlays. It was discovered, in a heated and very vocal meeting held in the lounge of the Cieslar Hotel, that the contract Global Explorations had with him specified only that he bring them to within 100 square meters of existing, and previous, sites. As that much square footage approximated a football field, accurate location of buried gold was almost impossible.

They were even more irate to discover that Mr. Douglas had recovered a number of important German documents, once the property of General Globocnik, from where he had buried them earlier. They had no intrinsic value but it appeared that Douglas had used the opportunity presented to him by the Global people to have a pleasant and entirely free vacation to the beauties of the Austrian lake country with the opportunity of recovering documents of great political sensitivity.

The unfortunate Mr. Scott was the object of scorn and derision on the part of his investors and this expedition ended in violent recriminations, threats of lawsuits, bad checks tendered for lodgings and no gold to show for their extensive investments in time and money.

In June of 2000, there was yet another visit to the treasure troves of the Weissensee.

This one, far more successful than the 1998 gathering, consisted of only two people and was extensively photographed.

Mr. Douglas was the last of the two Americans involved in the primary exploration. His earlier companion, James Atwood, Lt.Colonel USA and former CIA official in Berlin, had died during a heart operation, his share of the loot no doubt spent on medical bills.

The new hunters arrived at the Hotel Cieslar on 11th June, 2000. On 12th June, a visit was made to the owner of the Kärtnerhof Hotel in Techendorf, one Herr Richard Domenig. The previous Global Exploration team had located, by means of the map and confirmed by their electronic equipment, a very large cache of gold which was buried on the hotel's property. The lowest estimate, based on Globocnik's records, was that he had buried, in what was an empty field in 1945, over six million dollars in gold bars.

Herr Domenig had been spoken with by a Viennese attorney with an eye to permitting this treasure to be excavated. He initially agreed but then decided that he would rather do the work himself rather than share his buried treasure with anyone else.

Unfortunately, he had no idea where it was buried and since he refused to share any of the gold, he did not get the coordinates. The boxes of gold are still buried beneath his paved parking lot and while the hotel owner has brought in several specialists, they have to date been unable to locate the loot.

The next item of business was to check the grounds of the Hotel Cieslar. Just to the north of this elegant 'Silence Hotel' is the Hotel Enzian, also owned by the Cieslar family. It was at this hotel that Globocnik and his staff made their headquarters in April of 1945 and it is right near the Enzian building that an additional three million in gold and, according to the papers, a fortune in diamonds, was buried.

Frau Cieslar, manager of the hotel bearing her husband's name and a prominent figure in the small vacation town of Techendorf, also was having none of strangers digging up her lot. Percentages were of no interest to her but the map coordinates were.

Those she never obtained, in spite of several hamhanded searches of the Douglas luggage while their owner was absent on other business. His incoming mail was opened and all telephone calls monitored in the office but to no avail.

On the 12th, following the expressions of negativity expressed by the hotel owners, the searchers equipped themselves with two small camping folding shovels, rented another electric boat at Neusach and returned to the partially-mined site at Lakawand. Electronic detection devices were not needed in this instance, the electric boat was dragged up onto the small shingle beach and festooned with severed pine tree branches while more important business was transacted on the steeply sloping forest grounds above.

Here, it has been reported, between the 12th and the 14th of June, 2000, two of seven existing sites were excavated.

On the 12th, one decaying wooden case was carefully pulled out of the damp ground. The weather was clear and warm and the case, marked 'SS Eigentum" (or SS property) was sufficiently intact to permit it to be lowered by nylon rope to the beach below. It was subsequently put in the back of the small electric boat and hidden at the mouth of a rock-filled seasonal stream on the south side of the lake. This was well outside the sight of anyone and the case was then opened. It was filled with gold coins, covered with branches and left for the time being. The only road to the area was a very narrow path that a small car could just manage to navagate.

On the 13th of June, two more cases were excavated. One was reasonably intact but the other had rotten through and its contents of coins had be put into a large hiking haversack that had been brought along just for that purpose. The contents of this case, which consisted of gold coins and various items of German militaria including identity disks, papers, medals, an antique flintlock pistol and several knives, were photographed.

It rained heavily around noontime and the trip up the lake with the contents of the day's dig was a damp one.

On the 14th of June, and the last day of the digging, two more cases were recovered and taken to join their comrades but not before it became very evident that the Austrian Gendarmes had taken an interest in the subject of treasure hunting on the Weissensee. At 2100, one of the excavators noted, and subsequently photographed, a police boat patrolling back and forth in the eastern reaches of the lake and at 2120, a well-marked police helicopter flew back and forth over the landscape on both sides of the lake. They apparently saw nothing and flew off towards the north.

The patrolling boat was moving slowly along the lakeshore, about thirty meters off the land, and it was possible to see some of the crew scanning the shore with binoculars. Finding no trace of a boat or any activity, the patrol boat eventually moved north out of sight and when it disappeared around a point of land, the remaining two chests were hastily lowered to the stony beach and loaded into the concealed boat.

The trip up the west shore was stressful but uneventful and it was only when the hunters returned to the site that the cruising police boat resumed its beat.

It was then decided to fill in the holes as best as possible (after photographing them first) and depart from the scenic but by now somewhat dangerous area. Mud was washed off in the lake and the two folding shovels were thrown out as far into the cold, deep lake as possible.

There were two splashes followed by a third as the boat was shoved into the water from its hiding place behind a windfall and the electric engine started. When they were out in the middle of the lake, heading back to Neusach, the police boat came up quickly, overtook them and slowed down until it was only a few meters off the starboard side.

Several unformed police officials came over to the side and stared down into the boat. What they observed were two obvious tourists, one camera bag, two cameras, a sack of potato chips and three bottles of warm beer. There were brief comments, some waving and off the boat went to hunt for trespassers with boats filled with Nazi loot.

Sitting on the end of the boat dock at Neusach was a pleasant, youngish Austrian gentlemen in his shirtsleeves. He was very pale and obviously getting a marvellous sunburn while watching the fishermen sitting off the shore, the birds skimming the water and anything else of interest. The Austrians are always noted for their politeness and when the boat bearing the excavators came up, he got to his feet and very kindly offered to give the occupants a hand up. He looked curiously into the boat, noted the cameras, the beer and the potato chips and smiled.

The newly-minted tourists explained with much glee how they were photographing the beautiful lake for an American travel magazine. Rather than make a hasty and suspicious departure, both the diggers spent some time boring the poor man half to death with comments about shutter speeds, fishing and the excellent food to be had at the restaurant at the far eastern end of the lake. Finally, it was the observer who beat a hasty retreat. And no doubt returned to the local *Polizeirevier* to put something on his inflamed, balding head.

The next day, it was mutually decided to leave the visual pleasures of the Weissensee and after informing the very curious hotel staff that Vienna was their goal, the successful treasure hunters departed. Instead of taking the fork that led to the highway and Vienna, they took another one, crossed the Techendorf bridge and drove down the south side of the lake until the came to the remote area where they had hidden the discovered gold.

Gold is very heavy and the car's suspension made the rest of their journey a matter of some concern.

An inventory of the 2000 recovery was as follows:

Russian Imperial gold coins

- 810 5 Rouble pieces valued (in 1990 spot gold prices) at \$64,800
- 475 10 Rouble pieces valued at \$95,000

Austrian gold coins

- 1, 470 Imperial 1 ducat pieces valued at \$88,200
 - 975 Imperial 4 ducat pieces valued at \$438,750
- 1.355 10 Corona pieces valued at \$101.625
- 2.101 20 Corona pieces valued at \$630.600
 - 217 100 Corona pieces valued at \$184,450
 - 63 20 Kronen pieces valued at \$58,275
 - 28 100 Kronen pieces valued at \$56,000
- 4,150 25 Schilling pieces valued at 229,800
 - 517 100 Schilling pieces valued at \$310,200

Polish gold coins

4158 10 Zloty pieces valued at \$249,480

French gold coins

- 802 20 Franc pieces valued at \$64.160
- 50 50 Franc pieces valued at \$22.500
- 142 100 Franc pieces valued at \$60, 350

Swiss gold coins

- 907 10 Franc pieces valued at \$54,420
- 1121 20 Franc pieces valued at \$78,470

British gold coins

- 804 Sovereign pieces valued at \$54,420
- 202 ½ Sovereign pieces valued at \$15,150

The total number of coins was 20,247 and the approximate value, as of the date of discovery, was \$2,998,707. The spot price of gold has increased since that time but all in all, this represented an excellent return on an investment.

Douglas' accounting of driving around Europe with a trunk full of gold coins worth several millions of dollars, leaving his French-registered rental car parked in various public garages and on the streets of European cities, is an essay in *sang froid*. The gold was eventually deposited in a French bank and has nearly doubled in value since he put it there.

There are still nearly ten million dollars in Nazi concentration loot buried along the north shore of the Weissensee, there for the taking if the vigilance of two hotel owners ever slackens.

Although it never arose at the time, the moral issue of the actual ownership of the loot is an interesting one. Aside from those who dug it up, who could be considered the rightful owners? The heirs of the late General Globocnik? Various bureaus of the Austrian government? Landowners around the Weissensee? A number of Jews had died in the camps during their existence. Could their heirs or even their co-religionists lay a valid claim to the gold? Since there were a large number of Catholic religious medals in the treasure, might not the population of Poland enter a claim? Or the Vatican? And surely the Russians would wish to recover the Catherine the Great presentation, cased, pistols which had been looted by the *Wehrmacht* during their Eastern Campaign. And who could lay claim to the cases of gold and platinum wedding rings or, most interestingly, an ancient Jewish torah scroll housed in a beautifully chased early 18th century silver case?

In attempting to sort out the validity of any of these claims, it might be better advised to consider the old couplet: *Let him take who is able/Let him keep who can*.

Douglas' partner in the first expedition was former Lt. Colonel James P. Atwood, a man with a colorful, if checkered, past. Atwood was heavily involved with various American, Russian and East German intelligence agencies, gleefully selling the same information to everyone and pocketing the money. Atwood was also involved with the international arms business and reaped even more money from this venue.

Since at least 1981, a worldwide network of independent [i.e., no direct U.S. government ties] companies, including airlines, aviation and military spare parts suppliers, and trading companies, has been utilized by the CIA and the U.S. government to illegally ship arms and military spare parts to Iran and to the Contras. These companies were set up with the approval and knowledge of senior CIA officials and other senior U.S. government officials and staffed primarily by ex-CIA, ex-FBI and ex-military officers.

These CIA-controlled companies include Aero Systems, Inc., of Miami, Arrow Air, Aero Systems Pvt. Ltd of Singapore, Hierax of Hong Kong, Pan Aviation in Miami, Merex in Georgia, Sur International, St. Lucia Airways, Global International Airways, International Air Tours of Nigeria, Continental Shelf Explorations, Inc., Jupiter, Florida, Varicon, Inc., Dane Aviation Supply of Miami, Parvus, Safir, International Trading and Investment Guaranty Corp., Ltd., Air America, CAA, and Information Security International Inc.

During the Iran Contra affair, General Secord's arms shipments, arraigned through the CIA, transferred weapons destined for Central America to *Merex* Corporation, (*Merex International Arms*) of Savannah, Ga. The *Merex* address was occupied by *Combat Military Ordinances Ltd.*, controlled by retired military officer James P. Atwood. Atwood, a retired Lieutenant Colonel of U.S. Military Intelligence and later a CIA officer station in their Berlin office, was involved in major arms trades with CIA-sponsored international buyers, specifically Middle Eastern Arab states. Monzer Al-Kassar utilized the Merex firm for some of his weapons transactions with the CIA-controlled international weapons cartel.

Merex systems was founded by Otto Skorzeny's associate Gerhard Mertins in Bonn after the war and was considered a CIA proprietary firm. Merex was close to and worked with the BND, the German intelligence service evolved from the CIA-controlled Gehlen organization. Atwood was involved with Interarmco, run by Samuel Cummings, an Englishman who ran the largest arms firm in the world. Cummings died in Monaco and also had a country place at Villars in the Swiss Alps. where he resettled in 1960 because he had looted his CIA employers and found European residence safer than Warrenton, Virginia.

Interarms (formerly Interarmco and officially the International Armaments Corporation) was the world's largest private arms dealer, and once had enough weapons in their warehouses to equip forty U.S. divisions. The sole owner was Sam Cummings, who got his start working with the CIA to procure weapons for the 1954 coup in Guatemala

A most interesting individual was James P. Atwood (April 16, 1930- July 20, 1997).

A top US Army Intelligence agent and important CIA contract worker and former FBI employee who ran guns, drugs, counterfeit rare German daggers, stolen archives and much more in and out of various countries from his headquarters in Savannah, Georgia.

During his career, Atwood worked with the CIA's Sam Cummings, Tom Nelson, Jim Critchfield and many others

Atwood's activities are linked to Robert Crowley, one of Douglas' sources and formerly head of the CIA's Clandestine Operations Division (who knew him and disliked him) ,to Jim Critchfield and a number of other CIA luminaries.

Arrested by the Army's CIC in the early 60s, for misuse of government mail, tax fraud and other matters, Atwood got the CIA to force the charges against him dropped. All the paperwork was supposed to have been destroyed but a copy of the 62 count indictment plus the Chicago Federal judge's orders have survived

Atwood operated in the Middle East, Germany and Central America. He sold US secrets to Marcus Wolfe of the Stasi and the BND photographed them together in East Berlin

He smuggled guns into Guatemala and Nicaragua and drugs into the US.

Atwood's role in supplying weapons and explosives to the Quebec Libré movement. The head of the Canada Desk at the Company was actively encouraging this group to split away from Canada. This is a chapter that the CIA does not want discussed. Atwood's connections with Skorzeny and the IRA/Provo wing make dramatic reading. One of Atwood's Irish connections is the man who ran the cell that blew up Lord Louis Mountbatten in 1979. There is also the shipping of weapons into the southern Mexican provinces by Atwood and his Guatemala based consortium. *Oceanic Cargo*.

Atwood had a number of ex-Gestapo and SD people on board, some of whom were wanted for war crimes.

Klaus Barbie was also connected with Atwood

Barbie, who was Gestapo chief in Lyon, France, during the war, worked for the CIC after the war and fled to South America when his American handlers tipped him off. Barbie took some of the hidden Nazi gold and invested it in several businesses and also continued to prosper by starting the Estrella Company which sold bark, coca paste, and assault weapons to a former SS officer, Frederich Schwend in Lima, Peru. Schwend had been trained by the OSS in the early 1940s after he had informed Allen Dulles that the German SS had hidden millions in gold, cash, and loot in the mountains of southern Germany and Austria as the European war was winding down.

Both Schwend and Barbie formed *Transmaritania* which was a shipping company that also generated millions of dollars in profits from the cocaine business. They purchased their weapons from another SS colleague, Colonel Otto Skorzeny who had been head of SS Commando units towards the end of the war, later worked for the CIA and had started the *Merex* weapons business in Bonn after the war. Another Atwood contact was one Walter Rauff, a senior SD officer, friend of Dulles and once head of the SD in Milan (after a tour in Tunisia as head of the SD there during Rommel's campaign in Africa.) The Rauff story is even more entertaining than the Barbie one and more disruptive when it becomes public. Rauff worked for the CIA, lived unmolested and well protected by the CIA, in South America.

While Atwood was involved in supplying weapons to Cuban insurgents for the Bay of Pigs incident, he stated that he learned of highly classified information on the accidental release, in Florida, of deadly toxins that the CIA was planning to use in advance of the invasion to "soften up" Castro's militia. Atwood told me that a number of CIA agents and some Cuban militants were badly infected and several died. The designated head of the CIA, Porter Goss, was a CIA agent in Florida at this time, was involved in the planning and expected execution of the Cuban invasion and suddenly became "very ill", as his specs on Google point out, and had to retire. Atwood told his friends that Goss, later a Florida political figure, and latterly, Bush's head of the CIA, was a participating party in this specific part of the CIA invasion plans.

In 1992, following the collapse of the Soviet Union, there was considerable concern expressed in US intelligence circles about the whereabouts, and also the security of, certain ex-Soviet military tactical atomic warheads. In the 1960s, the Soviet Union launched R&D to miniaturize and improve reliability of nuclear weapons. Development activities included strategic systems for the Navy; cruise missiles, aviation bombs and artillery projectiles [the smallest nuclear charge was developed for a 152mm artillery projectile]. The model is based on unclassified data on the components in an atomic artillery shell, to see if such a system could be reassembled in a suitcase. Indeed, as it turns out, the physics package, neutron generators, batteries, arming mechanism and other essentials of a small atomic weapon can fit, just barely, in an attaché case. The result is a plutonium-fueled gun-type atomic weapon having a yield of one-to-ten

kilotons, the same yield range attributed in a 1998 US media interview by General Lebed to the Russian "nuclear suitcase" weapon."

The smallest possible bomb-like object would be a single critical mass of plutonium (or U-233) at maximum density under normal conditions. An unreflected spherical alpha-phase critical mass of Pu-239 weighs 10.5 kg and is 10.1 cm across.

A single critical mass cannot cause an explosion however since it does not cause fission multiplication, somewhat more than a critical mass is required for that. But it does not take much more than a single critical mass to cause significant explosions. As little as 10% more (1.1 critical masses) can produce explosions of 10-20 tons. This low yield seems trivial compared to weapons with yields in the kilotons or megatons, but it is actually far more dangerous than conventional explosives of equivalent yield due to the intense radiation emitted. A 20 ton fission explosion, for example, produces a very dangerous 500 rem radiation exposure at 400 meters from burst point, and a 100% lethal 1350 rem exposure at 300 meters. In 1991 the US unilaterally withdrew its nuclear artillery shells from service, and Russia responded in kind in 1992. The US removed around 1,300 nuclear shells from Europe. The Russian Defense Ministry has stated officially through the offices of Lieutenant General Igor Valynkin, the head of the ministry's Twelfth Main Directorate, which is responsible for the storage and security of nuclear weapons, attempted to reassure journalists about the safety of the Russian nuclear arsenal that absolutely all nuclear weapons in the Russian armed forces are currently in the custody of his directorate, which ensures their "state acceptance at the factory, storage in arsenals, servicing, and their transport to the troops." Valynkin said that because of concerns about the "criminal situation" in Russia, at the beginning of the 1990s all Russian tactical nuclear weapons, including nuclear mines and artillery shells, were removed from the arsenals of individual military units and transferred to special storage sites under the control of the Twelfth Directorate. This step was taken in order to prevent terrorists from gaining access to the weapons, as the arsenals at individual units are much less secure than the central storage sites Referring directly to the issue of the "suitcase" bombs, Valynkin admitted that is technically possible to build a small low-yield nuclear warhead...

In 1992, James Atwood, the former *Interarmco* people and an Israeli Russian named Yurenko (actually Schemiel Gofshstein) formed a consortium in conjunction with James Critchfield, retired senior CIA specialist on oil matters in the Mideast, to obtain a number of these obsolete but still viable weapons. Both Critchfield and the *Interarmco* people had, at the behest of the CIA, supplied weapons to the rebels in Afghanistan during their protracted struggle with the Soviet Union. Critchfield worked with the Dalai Lama of Tibet in a guerrilla war against Communist China and headed a CIA task force during the Cuban missile crisis. He also ran regional agency operations when the two superpowers raced to secure satellites first in Eastern Europe, then in the Middle East. In the early 1960s, Critchfield recommended to the CIA that the United States support the Baath Party, which staged a 1963 coup against the Iraqi government that the CIA believed was falling under Soviet influence. Critchfield later boasted, during the Iran-Iraq war that he and the CIA "had created Saddam Hussein." With the growing political importance of Middle East oil, he became the CIA's national intelligence officer for energy in the late 1960s and early 1970s, then an energy policy planner at the White House. He also fronted a dummy CIA corporation in the Middle East known as Basic Resources, which was used to gather OPEC-related intelligence for the Nixon administration. .Critchfield was the chief of the CIA's Near East and South Asia division in the 1960s and a national intelligence officer for energy as the oil shortage crisis began in the early 1970s. Officially retiring from the CIA in 1974, Critchfield became a consultant, corporate president of Tetra Tech International a Honeywell Inc. subsidiary and which managed oil, gas, and water projects in the strategic Masandam Peninsula. It sits on the Strait of Hormuz, through which much of the West's oil is transported. At the same time, Critchfield was a primary adviser to the Sultan of Oman., focusing on Middle East energy resources, especially those in Oman.

Utilizing Atwood's STASI and ex-KGB contacts, they were able to obtain from bribed Russian military personnel, twenty of the atomic warheads. With Critchfield's Mideast and Afghanistanian connections, these warheads were sold to a Pakistani group for an estaimated US \$20 million in early 1993. "Yurenko" brokered the transfer of money via two banks in Pakistan to a Swiss bank.(Specific account information is known) Some of the money, \$US 50,000, was deposited into a so-called "white account" (i.e., one that the SBA could release information on to any outside probers) and the balance into three so-called "black accounts" (i.e., accounts that were truly secret.)

In 1990, Atwood, in conjunction with Gregory Douglas and two ex-Nazis, went to the Weissensee Lake in the southern Austrian province of Carinthia and, using a wartime map in the possession of Douglas, located and excavated a portion of a large buried horde of gold and silver buried there in 1945 by

an SS general and concentration camp head. True to form, Atwood attempted to defect with all of this portable treasure, stating later that he had promised a large percentage of it to his connections in the CIA office in Bonn, Germany. He was unsuccessful in this attempt and apparently Douglas got off with the lot, leaving Atwood with boxes full of water-damaged Nazi documents, paper money, rusted guns and a considerable number of weighty paving bricks that Douglas had pried up from a street in Austria and painted gold.

Atwood died suddenly in his home town of Savannah, GA in 1997 while under the surgeon's knife during an operation for a brain tumor and left a legacy of double-dealing, amorality and fascinating but hitherto only guessed-at history behind him

In writing this study, the author has heard a succession of loud howls of pain when the name of Gregory Douglas was mentioned. Former CIA agents flatly refused to discuss Douglas, his books or his various devious operations under any circumstances and probably, under the pain of death, but the best, and most entertaining, cry of pain came from Robert Wolfe, late of the National Archives and, as he wrote, a Purple Heart winner. When Wolfe learned that a book on Gregory Douglas and his various highly successful financial incursions into the sacred precincts of the CIA was in train, he became highly agitated and finally sent the following, unsolicited, communication to someone acquainted with the author.

It is reprinted here *in toto* and without any comment.

None is needed, other than Bismarck's famous statement: "Many enemies, much honor!"

From: RobtW1921@aol.com To: AtomicDsyn@aol.com Subject: Re: Mr. Wolfe ...

Sent: Monday, April 4, 2005 4:05 PM

"Dear Mr. La Freniere:

During many years of swallowing my gorge in the hope of extracting Douglas' constantly changing source for the alleged US employment of Gestapo Mueller, I never sought or received a penny. Typically, he attributes to others his own base mercenary motives. When he finally named as his source his claimed "friend," a retired CIA officer that I had assisted in official research and highly respected, who by then was in the throes of Alzheimers, I objected heatedly. But Douglas said that what his CIA "friend" could not know wouldn't hurt him (no mention of his wife). With that perfidy, I had had enough of the scoundrel!

Ted Landreth and Holger Hillesheim are respectable people, but I was not in cahoots with them in search of Douglas' presumably fabricated Mueller diaries. They had an interest for documentary promotional purposes; I was continuing in retirement what I began in my official capacity: cultivating an unsavory rogue to arrive at the source, and thereby the truth or falsity, of documents he was peddling, which might be damaging to the interests of the United States. (emphasis added.)

So many reputable people have affirmed my integrity, it makes it immune from someone as disreputable as Douglas. Anyone with an ounce of judgment who reads his frenzied vicious diatribes (punctuated by a childish "Ha, ha ha!) recognizes a venomous pathology devoid of ethics. Yet you continue to imply a balance between us that I find naive and insulting."

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