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Adolf's Mother, Hitler's Mother~~Hitler's Mother~~

Book 1

1.

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve - now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes without meaning ~~for me. It is~~ ^{my} ~~voice of despair~~ ^{voice} that leaves my spirit disposed toward rebellion. I would say that I am preparing to write a novel. Among my former associates, this is precisely what we ~~swore~~ ^{swore} not to do. I was, after all, a member of the endless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section I, and we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Today, I am

FROM :nm

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

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The room in which Himmler used to instruct us should not be difficult to picture since it was a modest lecture theatre with ~~twenty seats and black~~ *and twenty seats raked in four rows of 20* walnut panelling. My emphasis will not often be, however, on such details.

since I prefer to concern myself with Himmler's more private ideas. Here sits my purpose—I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief, *—let us* put it more directly. I am ready to *set sail* ~~voyage~~ into a sea of turbulence *—let us* ~~back from~~ *back from* cacophony of new problems.

The first is that I, *an accomplished* ~~a~~ veteran ~~artist~~ of mendacity, must not *what a cacophony erupts in my head!* recount the truth. (After all, our occupation was to warp the truth and *not only* thereby gain *possession* ~~additional~~ momentum from *the* ~~our~~ distortions. Mendacity, after all, is ~~not without~~ *possesses* its own art. Now I am burdened with an unfamiliar inclination: the desire to tell it—as Americans say, *straight out* For

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serious intelligence officer, this inclination ^{has always been impermissible} ~~is inadmissible~~. But the I no longer know exactly where I am (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion since this man whose nickname behind his back, was Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four ^{truly} ~~most~~ important leaders in Germany. Yet his most ^{private} ~~secret~~ intellectual pursuit was ~~the~~ the study of incest. It was more than a signal point of interest, it was an obsession. It dominated our secret research. His closed lecture after it returned to the ^{prevalence} ~~ubiquity~~ of this problem. Through the centuries incest he would propose, had been ^{rife} ~~prevalent~~ among the poor of all lands. ^{our} ~~our~~ German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even though it

Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned society ^{this matter} ~~dares to speak of~~ this," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be done. Who would bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified ^{offspring} ~~product~~ of incest? No, every establishment ^{of every civilized nation} ~~has swept it under the rug~~. Ruling government ~~continue to pull up the same old blanket~~ officials still ~~in the same old over the world~~."

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All ranking government officials in the world.
 All that is, except our Heinrich Himmler. He did have the mis-

extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his unhappy spectacles. ^{certainly, indeed,}

that for a man with a bland and chinless mug, he ~~did have~~ ^{did have} a few of his

own. To us who worked closely with him, his thought proved distracting ⁱⁿ

~~in~~ ^{prestrating} mixture of brilliance and stupidity. He was ~~that much out of~~ ^{so removed from any contact} a strategic

For example, he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted that there

would be a healthy ~~and organic~~ ^{paradise} future when paganism took over the world.

Everyone's soul would then be rich ^{with his threats unacceptable pleasures}. None of us could conceive, however,

of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a

woman ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll with Heinrich

Himmler. No, not even in the most innovative spirit of the game ^{could}

could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance. It

bespectacled disapproving stare of the wallflower, tall, thin, but ^{physical ineptitude} ~~embarrassed~~ ^{embarrassed} already ^{he had} ~~for a skinny youth~~ ^{embarrassed} pot belly. There he was, ready to

wait by the wall until the dance was over.

Yet he ^{grew} ~~became~~ ^{over the years} obsessed with matters others would hardly dare

mention aloud (which, I must say, is usually the first step to new thought)

In fact, he paid close attention to mental retardation. ^{On rare occasions, it appeared} ~~It had~~ ^{he was}

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propose, a ^{back-door} possible relation to genius. Himmler proceeded on the theory that the best human possibilities lie close to the worst. Remembered that The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that ~~there were none but most special situations where~~ on occasion the most exceptionally promising offspring could be born in ~~non-descript~~ low families with many children. Such kids were, all too often, ~~incest~~ ^{incest} ~~series~~. The word, as he coined it in German, was Inzestuarier. He did not like the more common term for such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood scandal), or as sometimes employed in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory ^{theory} of course, to be dismissed. Even in the first years of the S.S., Himmler had recognized that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research ^{a phenomenal} groups, ~~an elite, at one phenomenal level above the rest~~ ^{in that respect}. We were to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, letzte Fragen (last questions) ~~to the~~

the health of National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing ~~less than these letzte Fragen~~ ^{less than these letzte Fragen (last questions)}

~~less~~ We were to explore problems that other nations did not expect ~~to~~ ^{to}

~~at the head of~~ ^{at the head of} ~~near~~ ^{near} Incest—count on it—was topping the list. Once the German mind could re-establish itself ^{as the leading influence in the German world}, then—so went his unstated syllogism—much recognition would be given to

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are the only ones. The father, having created them, remains the focus of their attention. ~~The young brother, so often, lives at night in the same room with the sister.~~ ^{sex} Sexual attraction can, of course, be described as ^{sex} "focused attention"

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for

two decades. Moreover, he had immersed himself in The World as Will and

Idea. Heinrich was a great believer in Schopenhauer's ^{emphasis on the} assertions on the

"How," ^{he would ask us many times, "can one ignore the primal importance of the Will. He had, therefore, a great deal to say about what was particular word which was 944)} ^{he would then return to the} ^{concept back} ^{genes.} ^(mystic idea) ^{yes, the existence in the Will of the Will} ^{the genes still a wonderful new word for us in 1938. These genes, he said, had to be a biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's mysterious Will}

^{After, we know for a fact} ^{know} he said, "that certain instincts are passed on ^{from} one generation to the next, ^{on and on}

the next, Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to the choice

to call the Originating Vision. Yes, gentlemen, ^{the Originating Vision} ^{at the core of our physical and mental being.} ^{we have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise}

from our ^{the same up} depths to the heights of human glory. We Germans were the

first to perceive that this was the aim of human existence. The Will ^{this is, he said}

embodied in our genes is the presence of this Vision, given to us by working

less than) "Needless to add I will not attempt to define the nature of such Creation other than to suggest it embodies the essence of leadership. Not two words this time, but one. For a profound word.

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As we know through bitter personal disappointment it is never easy

"Of course, there are countless impediments to such a transcendental development ~~since the road of a great person is not a straight line~~ ~~for he has to hold onto the future of his people and his development~~. It is never easy to protect what is best in oneself.

even say that the purest of ~~our~~ genes were ~~able to hold onto~~ the ~~vision of~~ ~~arriving at~~ ~~by maintaining the future of the~~ future power and high purpose ~~only~~ by rising above the privations.

humiliations, disasters and tragedies the Vision ~~will~~ ~~must inevitably~~ suffer in the course

being transmitted from father to child, generation after generation.

leaders, I would tell you, are not the product of one father and one mother

but are to be seen as the descendants of ten frustrated generations.

has the right to ask--has the Originating Vision been warped or shaped

by life's demands? Has it ~~ever~~ ~~been lost~~ ~~in most humans?~~ ~~So often, the Vision is~~ ~~yes, it~~ ~~often~~ ~~abandoned.~~ ~~(I can assure you, The noblest genes undergo agonies of birth~~ ~~through)~~ ~~It is necessary to~~

in the course of passing from one generation to the next.

journey across the generations ~~offer~~ ~~the only road to becoming a true prodigy out of ten~~ ~~available to a family~~ ~~born and raised~~

ordinary people. I will add that these concepts have not ~~developed from~~

through my own ~~but rather by~~ ~~and~~ ~~personal experience so much as through scrupulous observation~~

example, I, Heinrich Himmler, would not care to suggest that I am ~~a~~

such an Uber-Mensch ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~person with~~ ~~people~~

such a Super-Mensch. To the contrary, my roots were ~~given a~~ ~~at the~~

long line of natural evolution which can be traced back ~~(to)~~

advanced development by Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king

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the early Middle Ages. You will recall he stood chest-to-chest with Charlemagne at
 against Charlemagne. His blood-relation to my family line changed ^{look to repeat}
 therefore, to make every effort to regenerate ^{must determine} his great and early family
 achievements. At the risk of being immodest, I will submit that I look
 upon ^{and thus} the work of my career so far as a most determined accomplishment.
^{Most determined} ~~But~~ Nevertheless, I will insist that they
 be all proportions, however, be maintained. The only triumph in this
^{is the}
 us to the point of absolute awe and readiness for whole devotion. It is
 heroic rise of Adolf Hitler from a long line of the most modest peasant
 roots. ^{Let us never lose sight of such superhuman}
^{achievement}

Our Heinrich now posed the precise objection we were beginning to
 form for ourselves. "How," he asked, "can the ^{ongoing inspiration} ~~preservation~~ of the
 Originating Vision not be obstructed by the process of reproduction?" ~~is it~~
 Reproduction, after all, ^{is} must always be a commingling. Procreation may
 bring together multimillions of sperm, yet each one is nonetheless faced
 with the mission, near-to-impossible, of travelling all the way up to the
 ovum, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum of the female, large as a
 battleship to each lonely sperm cell swimming in the sea. Not hindered
 forcibly, and more than twice, twice and then twice again as it to be

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that in every difficulty resided the incomparable light of an exception.

solution. "I would maintain that the multi-millions of sperm that are

ejaculation are all ~~nonetheless~~ committed to reach the target even if

morale of a first-rate company of infantry ~~can be brought to bear~~ ^(its readiness for death) given

~~will carry the men~~ ^{for bidding} through an attack on a

ridge. One can propose that sperm, during the act of coition, acts in a ^(single, unhesitating) such purposeful fashion. But,"—he flipped up a ~~hand~~ ^(and artfully)

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

they, we must ask, be compatible with the semen of the man? ^{Will they be}

essential dispute like many husbands and wives? ^(Heaven) ~~dispute?~~ Will theyicker over reproductive details or even contravene the

Will the ovum look to contravene the sperm's? ^{overall objective within his sperm?} I would have to answer yes just about

always they are much in dispute. Sperm and ovum, ^{given} in the average case ~~can~~

are able, ^{in practice, to} sometimes prove sufficiently compatible to procreate. But hardly if one

Do not look for more ^{in the average case} ~~in the average case~~

The man and woman so rarely share the same ^{particularities} necessities in the ~~crucial~~ ^{crucial}

vision. They are now derived from their ~~separate~~ ^{separate} experience in the world that

experiences in life. So separate, individual ~~experiences~~ ^{experiences}

has already affected their genes. When we begin to speak therefore, of the

creation of the Superman, let us be humble before the odds. Not for one in

a million families will be able to provide ^(a husband and wife) as a man and woman ~~to~~

close enough in the precise articulation of their genes to bring forth such a

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miracle of a child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. And then again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a billion." In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances of an encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, we have a right to propose that the Supermen can only come forth from a mating of male and female genes which are possessed of exceptionally similar predispositions in the genetic *embedments of the Original Vision be* compatible but ready to reinforce each other. That is the vital collaboration we deem to be altogether necessary if the genes are to carry out the the Originating Vision."

Who could not see where Heinrich was determined to lead? Incest offered the nearest possibility for bringing together unifying diverse unity of a people.

"In actuality, however," said Himmler, "it is never ^{so} simple. We are all ~~too~~ aware of the poor, even debased, human products who come out of these inter-family fornications. Yes, we know. So very often children who are a product of incest present a host of childhood ailments, early deaths, whole families of mental retardation, physical anomalies and all too many other monstrosities of mal-development."

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He stood there, sad and stern. "This is the price humanity has been prepared to pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the good to the evil. *often. Most often.* Not only are good tendencies encouraged in a child's genes but bad ones rush *forward as well.* to be fused to each other. Our myopic friends, the genes, are *also* ready to combine their less agreeable possibilities. Instability is to be expected, therefore, as a product of incest. Idiocy waits in the wings. We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of a great spirit, so too can we expect that social inhibitions will rear up everywhere to oppress this would-be prodigy. Vast frustration can soon unhinge the brain or *even* induce early death. So spoke Heinrich Himmler.

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

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-3-*speak of*Now I am more ready to ~~approach~~ *speak of* the obsession we shared with

Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, who, I confess, lived often in

the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that we were obsessed.

that dark cloud in our mind has been
 But then, what is ~~an obsession~~ *but* endless circling about a question that
the need to live with a question & not
 remains unanswerable? Our power to think is thereby rendered more numb

You can expect it: For most Germans, the first obsession is Adolf Hitler.

Who among us does not try to understand him? Yet, where is the man or

woman who can feel satisfied with the answer?

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

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know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom from inside, I am actually prepared to say. To borrow from the Americans, even though I have a rough grasp of reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I say: "Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

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

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

Concerning his family roots, I do have, however, a few particularities of ^{— a slightly different —} somewhat new interest. In Special Section IV-2a, ^{— we always observed —} we always observed the ^{immense secrecy concerning our findings —} greatest secrecy. Our lives were collateral, after all, to such precious ^{we had to be!} secrets. Yet, by the end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than any other cohort entrusted to be Hitler's private researchers. ^{an approach such as we were used to!} We were the ones to look into the most dangerous questions. We had to live, after all, with the fear

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~~(nothing less than...)~~
 there might be answers destructive enough to imperil the four classes, the

~~the~~ Third Reich. On the other hand, we had the confidence to know that the

~~(obtained) (even if they were never able to know the~~
 we had some answers, we would then have to choose the best answers

~~might be required to) which for more effect~~

~~(butress all those patriotic feelings that live in fear of nauseating facts~~
~~(something) into a clot, a psychosis, instead~~
 could say our uneasiness collected about one question. It promised to be

directly explosive. Should the answer prove to be the one we feared:

would prove far worse, indeed, than any certification of ineptitude. This most

troubling question would have to ask whether Adolf Hitler's paternal

grandfather had been a Jew.

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That was not the only dire possibility. ~~Minor ones were not so present.~~
~~which we could hardly ignore.~~ ^{rather} For a time, we considered an inquiry into ~~the~~
~~most~~ delicate rumor. Monorchidism. Did our Fuehrer belong to that group
of unhappy and hyperactive men who possess only one testicle? It was true
that he invariably covered his groin with his hands whenever a flash photo
was about to be taken, a classic gesture, understandably of a monorchid.
You wish to protect the remaining testicle. But in attempting
to note such a vulnerability, another to ~~proceed to~~ verify it. ~~For~~
~~Investigation would, after all, be at risk.~~ While results could be obtained
~~quickly~~ by interviewing the few women who had had intimate relations with
Der Fuehrer and were still alive, how were we to control ~~and~~ the

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letter to write if William Patrick Hitler lived in Germany but he had been ready to come forward with this bravado only because he didn't want to end safe with his Irish mother.

What, then, were these shared circumstances? We knew William Patrick Hitler was speaking of Hitler's grandmother, Maria Anna

Schicklgruber. After the birth in 1837 of her son, Alois Schicklgruber, in a miserable hamlet called Strones in the ^{Austrian} province of Waldviertel, she used to

receive small but regular sums of money from an unknown source, ^{presumably by} ~~the father.~~ Yet this just-born bastard

Alois was no less than the man who, at the age of 52, became Adolf Hitler's father. That was not until 1889, but back in 1837, and for many years after.

One rumor stayed alive among Maria Anna's family and neighbors. It was that the stipend came from a well-to-do Jew who lived in the province city of Graz, a good distance from Strones. According to the legend, Maria Anna Schicklgruber had worked as a maid in this Jew's house, became pregnant, and returned to the hamlet. What sustained the story was that there was no name for the father. When she took the baby to the baptistery, her parish priest listed the birth as "illegitimate," a common occurrence in those parts. The Waldviertel was known, after all, as the poorhouse of

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Austria. One hundred years later, following the Anschluss in 1938, I was even sent down to the region. Allow me to offer my results. The findings were, in fact, fascinating, but it would be premature to explain now. I could not say out what I did. Let me say again that it will take a while before I know how much I am prepared to present of my real methods of discovery.

The results, then.

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Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Rosenau

Heidenreichstein and Litschau are castles in the Waldviertel. This province, situated north of the Danube, is a land of tall beautiful pines. Indeed Waldviertel can be translated directly as the "wooded quarter" and the silences of the forests are dark and hooded in contrast to the spring green of the occasional field. The soil, however, does not welcome agriculture. So the castles are, for the most part, modest. The Hiedlers (who later became the Hitlers) lived in Spital, a village of sorts, and the Schickelgrubers, their cousins, lived in the aforesaid Strones, a place certainly small enough to be termed a hamlet. ~~Be it stated that~~ In those years an Austrian hamlet in the

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back woods confirmed the meaning of dirt-poor. Strones was the only place along its one lane, and, of course, had no inn, just a few cozy thatched roofs of thatch. If Strones was profuse in pig wallows around each dwelling, cow flop was more prominent in the town meadows. Here and there, the redolence of horse manure would speak of the value of dry horses. This was, after all, an area where a peasant often had to pull his own plow. When no snow covered the ground, one ~~staggered~~ ^{chained} through various grades of mud. There was gumbo thick as lava, rivulets of sun-purplish washes, muck and slops, clods, rocks, common clay. Most of the peasants had never been near any of the Waldviertel castles just listed. ^{From the} ~~There~~ ^{the} first, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away. For that matter, Strones did not even have a church. One ^{had to go to another nearby} ~~went to the next~~ (hamlet, and there in the parish registry ^{Maria Anna} ~~Maria Anna Schicklgruber~~ had the name of her son inscribed as "Joseph Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male,"—and, as we know—"Hiegit name

Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was born. Coming from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead, it was certainly possible that she had cohabited with any one of several other brothers. One of them could be the missing mate. (Himmier had, of course,

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since Alois, to repeat, was a Jew, ^{Ref: 2014/1/1}
 no objection to that. In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of Maria Anna's parents, Schickelgrubers, who had lost their farm and now had to work for wages, and were thus even poorer than their neighbors, ^{per mother} she and her son lived in the next five years in ^{one of} her father's two small rooms. The mysterious payments came in dependable installments helped to support him as well as ^{all these Schickelgrubers} ~~him as well as his parents~~.

We were ready, even eager, to find an inner-family trope of copulations, but that did not allow us to dismiss the Jew from our inquiries, we understood (via Himmler) had been made eight years ago. In 1930, Hitler on reading his nephew's letter, had sent it on immediately to his lawyer, Hans Frank. Our Fuehrer, as some may no longer recall, did not become Chancellor until 1933, and three years earlier, (which was not the ^{best} ~~best~~ ^{political period} ~~time~~ for the Nazis), Hans Frank, like many another ^{most of the others} ~~close associates~~ looking nonetheless to ^{work} his way in a little closer to the Leader, ^{it was} ~~was~~ ^{after all} ~~still~~ ^{still} ~~off-chance~~ ^{off-chance} that Adolf Hitler would ~~yet~~ succeed.

Frank had unhappy news to deliver. The likelihood was that the father to Maria Anna's pregnancy was a nineteen-year-old, the oldest boy of a Jewish merchant named Frankenberger. It made sense. In those years, the son of many a well-to-do family commonly enjoyed his first carnal

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outings with a housemaid. Nor did she have to be anywhere near his place. Such provenance was accepted by the good bourgeois mothers of a provincial city like Graz as proven in practice. It was seen as a good deal better than consorting with whores or settling too early on a sweetheart who, in such ^{adolescent} urgent circumstances, was bound to be unsuitable.

Frank claimed to have seen some conclusive evidence that Adolf Hitler that he had been shown a letter from Herr Frankenberger, the father of the boy, to Maria Anna. The letter promised to provide regular payments for Alois over the next fourteen years.

~~All through that year of 1930, Hitler was, however, immersed in his romance with Geli Raubal, Geli, his blood-niece, daughter of August Raubal, Hitler's half-sister. Our Adolf did not need more, ^{however} ~~more~~ commitment.~~

He told Hans Frank that the true story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler, his own mother's second cousin, who had finally come around to marry Maria Anna Schicklgruber five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I am ready to examine this letter from the Jew to my grandmother."

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Frank told Hitler that the letter was not available. The man who possessed it was asking an impossibly high price and could not be persuaded to negotiate, not by honey, nor by threats. Besides, ^{the letter could be forged} ~~the letter could be forged~~ ^{photo copied} ~~photo copied~~ ^{if so} ~~if so~~ ^{photographed} ~~photographed~~, acquisition was worth little.

"You have, of course, seen the original," Hitler ^{asked} ~~stated~~.

"I was able to look at it ^{while} in his office. He had two big fellows standing beside him. He also had a pistol on the table. What must he have been expecting?"

Hitler nodded. "In a case like this, one cannot even ^{expect} ~~hope~~ for a premature death. The letter will be in one place and ^{then} ~~a~~ photograph of it in another."

There it remained, one more concern for Hitler to carry.

^{By} ~~In~~ 1938, however, our findings ^{had come} ~~came~~ up with a variant ~~to the story~~. It no longer seemed so certain that Maria Anna had been receiving money for ^{all} ~~the~~ fourteen years after 1837. Following her marriage back in 1822, she and her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, ^{were} ~~had even been~~ too poor to have a home of their own. For a time they actually slept in an empty ^{part} ~~attic~~ ^{part} ~~trough~~ ^{that did not use} ~~neighbor's~~ barn. Of course, ^{there might still have been} ~~there might still have been~~ money ⁱⁿ ~~in~~

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was born, the Jews had still not been permitted to come back ^{to do so} ~~to do so~~ ^{permission} ~~permission~~ actually took another twenty years. ^{Moreover} ~~Moreover~~ ^{Germany} ~~Germany~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{not} ~~not~~

~~of small Austrian city that catered to retired army officers on small pensions~~ ^{of course}, it would not be congenial to Jews. ^{Not} ~~Not~~ ^{more} ~~more~~ ^{not} ~~not~~

one hundred years ago. Had Hans Frank been lying? Was he as callous as to make a play on his own name? ^{Frank} ~~Frank~~ ^{Indeed!} ~~Indeed!~~

~~It was~~ Himmler who explained it to me. Frank was bold. He did not acquire his final nickname for too little. (By 1942 he was known as the "Butcher of Poland.") ^{In 1930, at} ~~At~~ the time of the nephew's tale, he was, as already suggested, looking to establish himself in Hitler's inner circle. ^{As} ~~The way~~ Himmler saw it, Hans Frank had invented ^{in order to provide} ~~the letter~~ for that would provide him with a pressure point on the head. ^{such a} ~~Given~~ the absence of the purported document, Hitler could hardly

whether Frank was ^{worst of all} ~~one~~ making it up, ^{the} ~~two~~ telling the truth, ^{at} ~~it~~ might actually possess such a letter. It could have been the end of it.

Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer understood his client well enough to wager that Hitler did not really want to know.

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Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his few assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler that there was a Jew in Graz back in 1837. He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within our ruling group who was not searching for a grip on the others? Frank was now in Himmler's grasp. Given ^{his} mutual understanding, he did serve Himmler overtly and well. Then, in 1942, when Hitler, nervous to the end about the Jewish grandfathers ~~in fact~~

~~Had a bad dream?~~ instructed our Heinrich to send a good man to ~~see~~ ^{and}

Himmler, ~~in turn~~ ^{for him} looking to protect the manifold usefulness of Heinrich ^{Frank} (now that ~~he~~ ^{Frank} was Governor-General of Poland, ^{told the Führer} reported that no tangible

evidence was found. ^{Given everyone's preoccupation with} What with the pressure of the war and the army ^{of the} ~~of the~~ ^{the} reports, the matter could be put to rest. Such was Himmler's advice to Hitler.

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~~have that~~ ^{and more} a century (away)

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road from 1872. If the same can be said for 1938, I mention that year ~~once~~ again because of a small episode that occurred during the Anschluss of Austria. It will offer an insight into Himmler. If, behind his back, he was still ridiculed by his Party enemies as Heini—ill-gaited, pompous, wide-assed and flat-assed, as pious a mediocrity as any other man who has risen too high—his detractors were describing the outer shell. Nobody, not even Hitler, believed more profoundly in ^{Nazism's} ~~our~~ philosophical principles.

I remember on the first morning after the Brown Shirts marched into Vienna, that a squad of them—beer-hall types with ^{big} bellies ^{and} ~~above~~ ^{below} ~~their~~ ^{their} belts—collected a group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional

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class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing the sidewalks with toothbrushes. The Storm-Troopers laughed as they watched. It became a public episode. Photographs of the event were featured on the front pages of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Next day, Himmler spoke to a few of us. "That was ^{an} ~~most~~ expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one of our SS men had anything to do with such vulgarity. We all know this kind of action ^(lowers) ~~can lower~~ morale among many of our best people. It will certainly encourage rowdiness here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject ^{out of hand} ~~altogether~~ the primitive instinct revealed by the act. ^{After much reflection, I can say} For it was, I would say, after much reflection, ^{it was a} ~~(successful act)~~ ^(piece) of mockery." He paused. He did have our attention. "There is a curious, even, I would declare, a hidden sense of inferiority among many of our folk, ^{They} ~~who~~ feel that the Jews are capable of ^{bringing} ~~offering~~ more concentration to a task than any of us ^{most of us can} ~~they~~ do know how to study ^{which} ~~and~~ ^{grossly} ~~that~~ is why so many of them have been so successful. It is very much a ^{among those people} Jewish notion ^(will) that in the end, they ~~can~~ win everything by working harder than the host race of any ~~and every~~ country they happen to be inhabiting.

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"So, I would say this act burst ~~forth from~~ ^{out of} the crude but nonetheless ~~after~~ ^{sketch} ~~inevitable~~ understanding of our people. It ~~speaks~~ ^{does} to the Jews. It tells them that work, if it is not attached to a noble purpose, is meaningless. 'Scrub away with those toothbrushes,' ~~the boys~~ ^{our street boys} were saying, 'because you Jews, whether you know it or not, do exactly the same thing every day. You ~~once we cease applying this~~ ^{endless} virtuous scholarship goes nowhere but into ~~more talk and more~~ contradictions.' Therefore, on second thought," Himmler concluded "I will not condemn out of hand the deeds of these low-rank Nazis."

The story is useful if one is to understand Himmler, but my focus is still upon Hitler. So, I now recognize that I interrupted my narrative because I am not ready to relate how I came to learn the truth as to who, really, was Alois' father. (While I am prepared to give his name and describe the occasion, I recognize that some of ~~my readers~~ ^{you} will be annoyed that these disclosures ~~will be presented without~~ ^{are going to} ~~accounting for~~ ^{a close} my sources. ~~A fact is not a fact, they will say, if the means by which it was obtained cannot be presented.)~~ ^{some readers}

I agree. Nonetheless, my real means are not yet to be revealed. Even the resources of Section IV-2a ~~were~~ ^{did prove} ~~not~~ sufficient for me on that occasion.

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for Heims
 I did piece together an answer, however, and bent the evidence to please
~~Himmler~~ *him* I knew that if my end-product could support his case, he would

accept it. The irony, however, is that my ~~manufactured~~ *manufactured* conclusion ~~turned~~ *was*
~~manufactured at that time for my immediate purposes~~ *did turn out to be correct. I will say it was acquired by exceptional methods of*

inquiry and employed ~~certain~~ *ultra-secret* personnel ~~(with whom I am allied)~~

~~But this society within the SS extends to other individuals unknown even to~~ *suggest that*

Section IV-2a. I would ~~say~~ *it* is more than an intelligence group ~~inasmuch~~ *since*

~~as~~ we are ready to dwell within every fold of society. ~~Since~~ *this last remark, I*

can recognize / *So* comes ~~all too~~ close to impenetrability, *I* can only repeat that I am not ready

~~at this point~~ *as yet* to give a closer description of myself. For that matter, my

name, I would remind you, is not really Dieter. ~~(Although that is close~~ *the contents are*

enough.) I am tempted to add that I was never exactly and altogether in

Section IV-2a. On the other hand, I was. Once again, I ~~will~~ *must* apologize.

Let us content ourselves for now with the conclusions ~~IV-2a~~ *that*

~~presented to Himmler in 1938.~~ *For* Once I brought back the information that the

Jew from Graz did not exist, we shifted our inquiry to the actions of the

one brother of Maria Anna Schicklgruber who had actually been resourceful

enough to leave the mud of Strones and make a little money as a

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commercial traveler. For our purposes, what was best about this brother is that he passed regularly through Graz. If we decided to use him, we could declare that Maria Anna had, in fact, received small sums mailed from Graz. (The family she actually worked for in that city happened to be Catholic and consisted of a widow and two daughters.) By study of their old bank accounts, we knew definitely that no money ever came from them and indeed, they discharged Maria Anna when they discovered ^{some} a few petty thefts. Pregnancy in an unmarried maid could be tolerated, but ^(lost) the loss of a ~~thaler or two~~ ^{able} few coins (no! We then decided that Maria Anna had been ready to protect this brother by telling her ^{father and mother} own family ^{was coming in} that the money came from a Jew. That proved enough of a shock to get them off the scent. To these peasants, Jews were agents of Satan.

Before we passed this ^{speculation} ~~speculative story~~ on to Himmler, we came, however, to a more promising alternative. Why not make Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, the good hard-working younger brother, our seminal actor? While Maria Anna and her ^{traveller of a} own travelling brother would offer a prima facie case of incest, the result was still one step removed from Himmler's real ^{objective} desire. It

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would be the father, Alois, rather than Adolf, who would then be the
ncestuary.

On the other hand, if Maria Anna conceived Alois with Johann
Nepomuk, then Himmler's thesis ^{would be ~~strengthened~~} ~~could be enhanced~~ ^{For the women who}
^{from the ~~young~~ woman who} became Alois' third wife, Klara, happened to be not only Adolf Hitler's
mother, but was also the daughter of Johann Nepomuk's ^{oldest} ~~own~~ daughter. ^{Johanna}
^{which made Klara the niece of Alois,}
~~Johanna~~. An uncle and a niece, Alois and Klara, connected by blood ^{could}
^{now} ~~then~~ be the parents of our Fuehrer. ^{This was now} ~~That gave~~ a solid presentation.
^{knew how to} Moreover, we ~~embellished~~ ^{more} it. Our final scenario offered carnal flavor:

Maria Anna Schicklgruber and Johann Nepomuk Hiedler had, we declared,
^{each and every} entered into copulation on ~~each~~ ^{every} occasion when she came back from
Graz for a visit. ~~On her last trip~~, Nepomuk, who lived a long day's walk
^{happened to be in} away in Spital, ~~made a point of visiting~~ Strones, and went to the straw for
his hour with Maria Anna. ~~On that occasion~~, ^{she} conceived. Nepomuk
could not question the news. The act had been out of the ordinary. Indeed,
^{"You are so much ~~you~~} she told him as soon as she regained her breath after climax, ^{you have}
given me a baby. ^{I swear it. I felt it!"}

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(was also ~~explaining~~ ^{ready to explain})
 As our scenario ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~ready to explain~~
 On the other hand, went our scenario, (Johann Nepomuk loved his

wife, he loved his three daughters, and he would never disrupt his home.

Notwithstanding, he had to respect the matter from Maria Anna's point of

view. He was a decent man. So, he went into collusion with her on a table.

She could tell her parents that she was receiving money from Graz, but it would be Johann Nepomuk who provided steady sums to take care of the boy. In a few years, he promised he would do his best to
 Money received from Graz, but it would be Johann Nepomuk who provided steady sums to take care of the boy. In a few years, he promised he would do his best to

bring Alois into his own home and raise him with his daughters.

Maria Anna put up with the situation, but how could she be ^{content?} happy?

(After five) (years) (she) (told Nepomuk she would)
 Five years elapsed, but then she declared her intention to expose Nepomuk.

now She was now forty-seven and it was humiliating *(she told him to his ~~salary~~ ^{husband})*
~~unmarried~~ ^{not} ~~and be obliged~~ ^{have to} to face the women of Strones each time she left
 her door.

Nepomuk proposed that his older brother Georg be installed ^{as her} ~~in his~~

spouse,
 place. Nepomuk did not like his brother, and Georg did not like Nepomuk,

but a new source of money is as vital to a drunk as blood transfusion to a hemophiliac. I exaggerate, but not by much. Georg married Maria Anna for her stipend and enjoyed the knowledge that it came from Nepomuk who worked even harder in his fields to gather the extra kronen. For Georg, it

*supposed
 The fact that the envelope came each morning from Graz was to be expected. It was the fact that it came from Graz that was the problem. In a few years, a promise was made to take care of the boy. In a few years, he promised he would do his best to bring Alois into his own home and raise him with his daughters.*

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was a rare pleasure to use the hard labor of a younger brother to support his dissipations. He did possess a fund of ugly spirit! A perfect fury full of failure!

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

This legend was what we presented to Himmler. It was buttressed by interviews we worked up with those few of the very old inhabitants of Strones who were born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857. It was, if examined closely, *dilapidated on the road to* a dilapidated set of bridges ~~on the way to a necessary~~ *convincing story* destination, but Himmler was ~~of course~~ *and so* so busy most of the time with other matters ~~that~~ *that* our conclusions held up. We had delivered a family history in which there was no Jew in the Fuehrer's bloodstream, and had

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his true and legal
 established that ~~the Fuehrer's own~~ father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, were uncle and niece by blood. We had thereby succeeded in making Adolf Hitler a First Degree Incestuary One-step-removed.

Himmler had an epiphany. "This," he said, "more than anything else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude of the Fuehrer. As I have often pointed out, early death or serious malformation is the most likely prognostication for First-Degree Incestuaries, but once again the Fuehrer has shown us incomparable powers of perseverance. His brilliance and his Will, his unique properties of character and insight, derive from the *raw* intensification implicit in ~~the state of~~ First Degree. *found* *So, we have been blessed* *Now we are able to live* *Our Fuehrers* *(and re-fertilize)* with the triumphant result. His simple agrarian genes fortified through the *has its* generations *found* a triumphant metamorphosis *in the end*. This man, *our* *into* ~~Fuehrer, has~~ transcendental virtues."

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

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"It is my belief that in the world of numinous spirits which surrounds us, there are many elements we have the right to call malign. It is ever possible that the worst of these spirits collect about a presence whom in earlier times we used to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to pay great attention to incestuaries of advanced degree. ^{let alone the First!} For indeed, how could such a Satan not be ready to distort the exceptional possibilities that are ready to arise from the doubling of God-given genes, ^{wholly} ~~that are so~~ ^{with the} compatible ~~in their near-symmetry~~ ^{of} Vision. All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. As I came to discover ^{thoroughly} ~~by~~ more extended means, we at IV-2a had been promulgating an irony rather than a ^{false} ~~legend~~. The story we believed we had concocted out of no more than feasible evidence happened to be true. It was Johann Nepomuk Heidler who did supply the money and Alois Schicklgruber was his secret child. Yet the irony within this irony was that the reality ^{proved to be even} ~~was~~ more extreme than the ~~verified~~ legend. Hitler was not merely a First Degree Incestuary One-step- removed, but had been

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conceived in the very ^{center} ~~core~~ of incest. He was a bona-fide case of First
Degree Primus. As I came to discover, by ~~these~~ ^{more private means} the
niece, Klara Poelzl Hitler, Alois' third wife and Adolf Hitler's mother, was
not only Alois' wife but ^{also} his blood daughter. Of that relationship, I will be
able to say quite a few things.

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BOOK II

~~some may have fathered~~
~~with we have been through a hard part, but~~
~~now we are ready for it~~
 Yes. We have begun family history. This time, however, I need not
 take up ~~my position~~. I can even ~~be as good as~~
 post myself behind Heinrich Himmler. Now, I am ready to behave like a

more conventional novelist. I will ~~even~~ enter ~~some of~~ the thoughts of

as well as
 Johann Nepomuk, and many of the insights of Alois Hitler, ~~plus his three~~
 and his three) his and third marriage,
 (wives, plus the first two children from Alois' second marriage, and ~~was~~
~~the six from his last marriage with Klara. (The other four died early)~~

We are finished, however, with Maria Anna Schicklgruber ~~she~~
 mother, in 1847)
 (perished at the age of fifty-two, ten years after the birth of her son. The

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cause was termed "phthisis on account of dropsy of the chest," a galloping consumption she contracted after sleeping in the cattle-trough through her last two winters. The collateral cause was rage. Toward the end, she thought often of ~~herself~~ ^{how healthy she had been} at the age of nineteen, her body quick, her singing voice praised for its beauty. She was the soloist of the parish choir in

Doellersheim. But ~~then~~ ^{now}, having lived with the curse of ~~three decades of lost~~ ^{gaffered under the conviction} ~~anticipations~~ ^{three decades of lost anticipation}, she was also full of the added fury ~~that had been passed on to~~ ^{lost} with which ~~Georg~~ ^{Georg} had filled ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~conjugial~~ ^{conjugal} ~~days~~ ^{days}. He, like many a drunk before him, succeeded, however, in outliving everyone's assumption that his death would come early. After ~~she~~ ^{her} demise ^{on}, he actually lived for ten more years. Drink had been not only his nemesis but his dear medicine, and, at last, his executioner. He went in a day. They called it apoplexy. Having never bothered to see Nepomuk or Alois, he was not missed, but then, Alois was twenty by then and working in Vienna.

For that matter, Alois had not suffered unduly when he turned ten and his mother was lost. Spital, where he lived with Johann Nepomuk and the wife and three daughters of the Hiedler family, was indeed a very long day's

^{Long} ~~from~~ walk from Strones, and he had come close to forgetting Maria Anna. He

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was happy with his new family. In the beginning, Nepomuk's daughters, Johanna, Walpurga, and Josefa, then twelve, ten, and eight, were delighted to have a five-year-old brother, and took turns sleeping in the same bed with him, thus maintaining in effect a species of precaution--no more than two children to each bunk. Spital, we may recall, was a full-sized village rather than a hamlet, and so ^a ~~the~~ sense of separation between prosperous and poor had begun to appear. A farmer could even ~~by relative measure~~ ^{at least} be considered well-off in his own town. There were a few such in Spital, Johann Nepomuk the first among them. He had not one bedroom but two, and his wife, Eva Marie, kept their home well. She was most practical. If she had a suspicion that Nepomuk might be more than a stepfather to the boy, she could not, on the other hand, forget the disappointment in his eyes each time she gave birth to a girl. It was probably better for all concerned to have a boy in the home.

Alois was loved! By his father, by the girls, even by ^{their mothers} ~~Eva Marie~~. He was good-looking, and like his ^{own} mother, he could sing. As he grew older, he also demonstrated that he was ready to do work in the fields. For a time, Johann Nepomuk had even contemplated leaving the farm to him, but there

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was no balance to count on in the boy's character. He was restless. He ^{like a good peasant to take care of} might not always be there ^{to overcome} whatever unforeseen obstacle, large

^{might} or small, ~~could~~ settle unexpectedly upon the daily work. In contrast, Johann

Nepomuk had so much love for his labors that on the best of days he felt as

if he could even hear the muttered murmurs (and grunts) of the earth. While

he was not at ease with the long silences that hovered over the end of

afternoon and the onset of evening, a spell would often enter his dreams.

The sum of his fields, his sheds, his beasts and his barn became a creature

equal to a demanding woman, cavernous, haunting, smelly, greedy, needy,

ever demanding more from him. He would awake in full recognition that he

could never leave the farm to Alois—Alois was the child of the woman in

the dream. So, he gave up the notion. ^{He had to.} Such a gift would enrage his wife.

She wanted a good future for her three daughters, and the farm would ^{provide}

~~certainly provide handsomely, would amount, in fact, to an attractive dowry,~~

^{at least one} ~~and a couple of respectable dowries~~ ^{dowries} ~~for them~~ ^{and a third that could} ~~even prove attractive if the groom was good enough.~~

Years passed, the daughters grew up, and new problems presented

themselves concerning ^{their respective} the size of these dowries. When it came to the ^{first} ~~marriage, the oldest daughter~~ oldest, Johanna, she was given a somewhat pinched share of their land, but

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But she had, after all, chosen to marry. ~~then she had married~~ a poor man, a hard-working but unlucky farmer named Poelzl. When it came to the dowry for the second daughter, Walpurga, who was already twenty-one, Nepomuk was obliged to be more generous. The putative bridegroom, Josef Romeder, was a ^{good} ~~strong young man~~ ^{fellow} from a ~~more~~ prosperous ~~nearby~~ farm in Ober-Windhag, the next village, and negotiations ^{Walpurga's dowry still} ~~had to take place~~ over the size of the dowry. In the end, Nepomuk decided ^{that} ~~which~~ ^{tract} over the richest portion of his land, ~~which~~ left only a modest ~~portion~~ for the third daughter, Josefa, who was sickly and spinsterish. As for Eva Marie and himself, he kept a fine small lodging on Romeder's new property to which was attached an orchard. It was enough. He was ready to retire. Given the length and heat of the negotiations over the dowry, the ceremony ^{to} ~~of~~ ^{of an event} ~~transfer of~~ the lands proved more ~~intense~~ ^{intense} than the wedding that had just taken place.

Nepomuk led his new son-in-law around the property, boundary line by boundary line, and stopped at every marker ^{which} ~~that~~ established the separation between his fields and the land of the next farmer. Nepomuk would say, "And if on any day you gather fruit from this man's orchard even the fallen fruit, may you labor under a black sky." After which he

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gave Josef Romeder a clout on the ear. At each of those eight separate jogs in the boundary line, he clubbed him. Johann Nepomuk was full of the kind of woe that hangs like a dead-weight on one's back. He was not mourning the transfer of his farm, so much as the absence of Alois. His dear adopted son Alois was not there because Johann Nepomuk had banished him three years earlier when the boy was thirteen and Walpurga eighteen. He had discovered them in the hay-loft of his barn, the same barn where he had gone to the straw with Maria Anna on the afternoon that Alois had been conceived. A memory of the glory of ^{this} ~~his last~~ act of love with Maria Anna Schicklgruber had never left him. He had had only two women in his life and she was the second, and not at all a village wench to him, coarse-grained and ass-bare in the hay, but a Madonna lit by sunlight, an image he had earlier acquired by way of the stained-glass window of the church in Spital. This image never failed to onlarge his estimate of the volume of his sin. He was living in sacrilege, that he knew, and yet he would not relinquish the image of Maria Anna's face in the stained-glass window. It was reason enough not to go to confession often, and when he did go - because he knew he must—he would invent other sins for the booth, large

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~~sin,~~
~~sin.~~ Once he confessed to coition with the farm mare, a deed he had never attempted—one does not make love to a large horse for too little—and the priest in return asked how many times he had committed this sin. “Only once, Father.”

“When was that? How long ago?”

“Months, months I think.”

“And how do you feel now when you work with the animal? Are there similar urges?”

“No, never. I am ashamed for myself.”

The priest was middle-aged and had little to learn about the misdoings of the peasantry, indeed there had been a joke among us at IV-2a that all the devil needed to know about the people in any parish could be acquired by visiting the village priest in his sleep.

So the priest could sense that Nepomuk was lying. Nonetheless, he was hoping that the account was true because bestial sodomy, while as mortal a sin as adultery or incest, was in his mind less grievous. It would, after all, produce no offspring. He proceeded, therefore, to exercise the letter of his office without further questioning.

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"You have degraded yourself as a child of God," he told Nepomuk, "you have committed a serious sin of lust. You have injured an innocent animal. For your penance I give you five hundred Our Fathers and five hundred Hail Marys."

That was identical to the penance he had given earlier that morning to a schoolboy who had treated himself to an underhanded spit-in-the-palm masturbation in class (a stealthy act) and then rubbed his spit and semen on the hair of the boy in front of him, a small boy.

Johann Nepomuk contented himself afterward by confessing to the same priest upon occasion that he still had lewd thoughts concerning the mare, but was careful to do nothing about it. *The horse that took care*
an inadequate of confession but ~~She was, however, poor~~
~~substitute for Madonna Maria Anna,~~ and the continuing absence of Alois caused Johann Nepomuk Hiedler to live in an agony of love. He had wept like a Biblical father and had torn his shirt from his chest when he came upon his son and daughter in the straw. He knew that he had just lost the boy. The brightest light of nearly every one of his days, that lively young face, would have to leave. To the shock of the women in the family, Alois

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was sent away that night to a neighbor's house and in the morning was walked to Weitra and put on a coach to Vienna.

~~Walpurga suffered in his absence~~ Nepomuk did not tell Eva, but then, he did not have to. She sensed why Walpurga was to be kept at home for the next three years. The young woman's marriage with Romeder, empty of courtship, had to be arranged. Yet Eva, as concerned with the virginity of her daughters as a drill sergeant is exercised by the ^{precision} step of his platoon, ~~on a dress parade~~ ^{on a dress parade} would nag Nepomuk to allow their girl to take ~~at least a short~~ walk on Sunday with a girl friend.

"No," Nepomuk would say. "The two of them will go to the woods. Then the boys will follow."

On the day he ~~walked~~ ^{strolled} the boundary line with Romeder, he was burdened each time he struck his daughter's new husband. What an injustice he was doing to his new son-in-law. Ergo, he hit him harder. A marriage was being founded on a lie. Therefore, it was crucial no trespasses be made on the land of the neighbor. That would be a sacrilege against the earth. How Nepomuk mourned the absence of his son!

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Alois did well in Vienna. With his good and agreeable face, he was taken on as novice in a shop that made cavalry boots for officers.

He now lived as a menial in the presence of young men who carried themselves as if their bodies, their uniforms, their decorations, their boots ^(had all been bestowed on them by one awesome source, love alone) and their souls were all given ~~over~~ to a single pledge. Such dedication had

^{Such confidence in one's personal appearance had} much to offer Alois. These men, he observed, were at ease with the

beautifully dressed ladies they escorted. On Sunday, it pleased him to look

at their promenade. The women's hats were as finely wrought as the

officers' boots. He had the passing thought that if he met a young milliner,

they could ^{open} start a shop and young couples of the best and highest classes

^{would} could visit their store hand in hand. Splendid boots, stylish hats. It was the

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only business concept he was to have for many a year, but he ^{did play} ~~only played~~ ^{ladies} with such a dream because beautiful ~~women~~ ^{women} stimulated him. He loved ^{young} ~~women~~ women. He had had such contentment playing with his stepsisters, which is to say, as only Nepomuk knew, his half-sisters.

He met no young milliner, however, and the idea gave way to a better one. He could never be a cavalry officer since that depended on being born into a particular kind of family, and he came from a place where more was known about ^a ~~the~~ pig's habits than the ~~kind of~~ ^{kind of} scent a man should put upon his handkerchief. Alois would not aspire to what was not there in him. But one thing he knew—he was able to live on good terms with Vienna. No one back in Spital had been as ready to improve himself. Early on, then, he understood his own ambition—he wanted to spend his life in a decent uniform, and be admired for his posture.

At the age of eighteen, after five years in the boot shop, he applied ^{at} ~~at~~ the Austrian Finance Ministry for a position in ^{Customs,} ~~the frontier guards,~~ and was accepted. Five years later, he had risen to the rank of Finanzwach Oberaufseher (Finance-Watch High Overseer) which was equal to no more

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than Corporal, but already the uniform was good, and for that matter, it usually took ten years to rise ~~even~~ to this level.

He had written on several occasions to tell Johann Nepomuk of his progress, and at last, in 1858, a letter came back. Nepomuk's youngest daughter, Josefa, had died, a great blow to the family, and Nepomuk hinted that he would like Alois to visit.

In 1859, his promotion to Finanzwach-Oberaufseher already ~~guaranteed~~ he went back to Spital looking exceptionally tall for a man of medium height. His uniform made him a figure of authority. In the eyes of his family, ^{was} given his bearing, authoritative but graceful, ^{he} might as well have been ^{well-born,} the son of a Count.

It did not take long for Johann Nepomuk to ^{realize,} know that he had made a serious mistake in inviting ^{Alois} him (to visit), but Nepomuk was now bent like a tree that has lived with too much wind. The death of Josefa throbbed in his side like the slash of an axe, ^{and he felt} (He had offered her such a mean dowry). He ~~was~~ too tired to keep watch on Alois.

Indeed, what could he do? Johanna, the oldest daughter, seven years older than Alois, had been married at the age of eighteen, and for the last

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eleven years had been faithful to her husband, Johann Poelzl (another Johann!) who even lived next door to Nepomuk (with his part of the farm) and gave no one but Johanna any trouble for he usually kept her pregnant. She had once been agreeable in appearance, but now her hands and feet were raw and her features thickened. She had had six children, and the first four had died early.

^{(Johanna) once}
If ~~once~~ she had been cheerful in spirit, this ~~happy~~ ^{9 feet} state, long ~~unfelt~~, long worn down, now returned at the sight of Alois. He had been her darling when he first came to the house, and she used to fondle the five-year-old and bring him to sleep in her bed. Through the years until he left, she would pull his hair and kiss his cheek, until once when he was ten and she was seventeen, they had begun to roll together in the hay of the barn pretending to wrestle. But he was only ten and nothing happened.

This time, no question. At the first opportunity which proved to be the only one, Alois continued the family tradition of apocalyptic intercourse in barn straw, and Klara Poelzl, later to be mother of Adolf Hitler, was conceived. There was no question in Johanna's mind. Each time, she had known the moment when Johann Poelzl, her husband, had put a child in her.

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But this occasion had been superior. No small event took place in her body. "You have made me feel as I have not felt before," she said when they were done, and when Klara was born, Johanna sent him a letter that he received in the midst of rigorous training for an examination to bring him up to Finanzwach-Respizienten, the highest rank obtainable in the lower ranks of the customs service. His attention, therefore, was hardly on Spital. Still, her letter lived with him through the years for it was only three words long (three words that Johanna had been certain of spelling correctly). He read it over many times. "Sie ist hier," wrote Johanna in the pride of a momentous event (although she did not sign her name) and "She is here" took its place in the guardroom of his heart even if his mind was wholly on his career. In truth, he might not even have made love to Johanna on that visit if he had not already been with Walpurga all those years ago, and a year earlier with the youngest, Josefa, his favorite back when he was twelve (his first) and so he felt he owed it to himself now to have the remaining sister—how many men could boast of knowing three sisters equally well?

If he measured himself by his deeds, it was in relation to the accomplishments of ~~other men, particularly~~ other lower-caste officers in the

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Finance-Watch. His rise was remarkable for a young man with so sparse an education. Nonetheless, in four more years, he had another promotion, and still another by 1870 when at the age of thirty-three, he had worked himself up to Customs Collector. By 1875, he was Full Inspector and would write below his signature, on any government paper, the full weight and address of the title: "Official of the First Class Imperial Customs Post in the Railroad Terminal, Simbach, Bavaria. Residence, Braunau, Linzergasse."

All through his rise ^{up} to the highest official rank that was ^{a far} possible for a man of ^{his} such restricted beginnings, he never relinquished ^{that} his good appetite for women. ~~[The occupation could accommodate this regard]~~ While the first principle of Austrian bureaucracy was to do your job, ~~and do it most~~ properly, the more effective you became at ^{such} your border tasks, the less you had to fear for the little ^{indulgences} specialties of your private life. This understanding he obeyed to the letter, and had an agreeable time. In those years, no matter to which town they assigned him, he would stay at an inn. Before long, given his confidence, he would proceed to conquer the loosely defended ~~(bastions, then rooms in the retreat)~~ bastions of the cooks and chambermaids ⁱⁿ the hostelry. When he had gone through all of the available women, he would usually move to another large

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inn. Through the forty years of his career, ~~he was posted to only two~~ ^{large} ~~border~~ ^{towns} ~~connecting Bavaria and Austria, to Braunau (where Adolf would yet~~ ~~be born) and Passau, yet~~ his change of residence was frequent. In Braunau, for example, he moved twelve times. Nor did it bother him that his women were not elegant enough to walk with cavalry officers. Not at all! Elegant women were too difficult—no doubt of that—whereas maids and cooks were grateful for his attention and would raise no public ruckus when he moved on.

In 1873, he married a widow. Having developed an eye for the social stature, or relative lack of it, attached to any woman who would pass for a lady—his occupation demanded, after all, some ability in that direction—he was not dissatisfied with his choice. He might be thirty-six and the widow already fifty, yet he could respect her. She came from a worthy family. She might not be good-looking, but she was the daughter of an official in the Hapsburg tobacco monopoly that produced a share of the Crown's income, ^{and the} ~~and~~ the size of her dowry was agreeable. They lived well, ^{they lived very personal} ~~and with a~~ maid. His own salary was, by now, substantial—the principal of the highest public school in Braunau did not earn as much. As his rank increased, so did his

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uniform generate an increase in gold-plated buttons, and ^{his} ~~the~~ cocked hat ^{was}
entitled to sprout more elegant official embroidery. Alois' mustache now had a sweep
worthy of a titled Hungarian, and his face came at you, jaw-first. His
inferiors at the Customs Post were told they were always to use his correct
title when speaking to him. With it all, he was putting on weight. Soon
after his marriage, and very much at his wife's urging, he shaved his
mustache and grew sideburns on each side of his face. Given the care he
afforded them, they soon became as imposing as castle-gates. Now, he not
only looked like a customs official in the service of the Hapsburgs, but
indeed he even looked a little like Franz Josef himself! There he was, a fair
facsimile of the emperor, the full expression—duty, hard work, and an
imperial face.

His wife, Anna Glassl-Hoerer, had lost, however, half of her appeal
for him. This deficit occurred some two years into the marriage when he
discovered that she, too, was an orphan and had been adopted. In turn, ^{some} ^{presence}
lost ~~respect~~ for his ~~uniform~~ when he (grown weary of making up stories
about an imaginary and somewhat fabulous Herr Schicklgruber, his father)

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confessed that there was no such man on the parental side of his name
ledger, merely a blank.

She began her campaign. Alois was to legitimize himself. His
mother, after all, had been married. Why could that not be taken to mean
~~that~~ ^(that was unlikely) Johann Georg Hiedler was the father? Alois ~~know~~ ^{better} but now that
Anna Glassl was making it an issue, he was not averse. He had, after all,
never enjoyed his last name, and Anna Glassl was not necessarily wrong
when she judged that his career, despite its success, had ^{been obliged} ~~probably not been~~
~~to overcome~~ furthered by the sound of Schicklgruber.

He travelled from Braunau through Weitra to Spital in order to see if
Johann Nepomuk would help him. The old man, now turned seventy,
misunderstood at first. When Alois told him that he wanted his last name
changed to what it should be—Hiedler! ~~Johann~~ ^{Johann} Nepomuk's heart passed
through a quick and scalding shame. He thought he was being named as the
father. Immediately he was ready to argue that at this late date, what with
his two remaining married daughters to think of, plus the grandchildren, and
his remaining part of the farm, (plus his wife Eva to say the least!) how
could he declare himself Alois' father? These excuses, however, did not

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~~Even~~ reach his mouth. At the ^{last instant} ~~saving point~~, he realized that Alois was only asking ^{for} ~~that~~ Johann Georg ^{to} be named. Whereupon—old men being as ready as young girls to go from one extreme of emotion to the other—he was furious at Alois. His own son did not want him, Nepomuk, to be thought of as the father. It took another moment to recognize that Georg, having married Maria Anna, was the only one who could be used for legitimization.

In a farm cart, pulled by two old horses, he journeyed with Alois and ~~and two neighbors who would serve as witnesses~~ Romeder ~~all of the twenty~~ miles from Spital to Strones, then further on a few miles to Doellersheim, all of it close to a four-hour journey on a narrow meandering carriage-road full of many fallen limbs and a few uprooted trees, but still reasonably free of mud on this October day. (With mud it might have taken eight hours). On arrival, Johann Nepomuk came face to face with the particular priest he had no wish to remember. There he was, a very old priest now, shrunken in stature, and smaller in station (for Doellersheim parish was not comparable to Spital), yet this was the very priest who had scolded him for traffic with the vulva of a mare.

^{this shared by (was not)}
 The recollection ~~passed between~~ the two men ~~unacknowledged~~ by the smallest shift of expression. They were all there for the business at hand,

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Alois, Nepomuk, Romeder, and ^{the} ~~two acquaintances~~ ^{witnesses} they had brought along from Strones. Since ^{none of them but Alois knew} ~~the last three were to be witnesses and did not know~~ ^{the others} how to write, ~~they each~~ signed the document with an XXX. They said they had known Georg Heidler and that "in their presence and repeatedly" he had admitted to being the father of this child. The mother had stated the same. They swore to that.

The priest could see that ^{correct} ~~legally speaking~~, very little was ^{right} ~~right~~. Each of the ~~three~~ ^{bit of} witnesses' hands had shaken with a ^{little} ~~little~~ godly fear as they put down their XXX. One of them, the son-in-law, Romeder, could not have been five years old when Anna Maria died. Of course, she would have told all to the five-year-old! Moreover, Johann Georg was also long dead. Given such a dubious case, a more thorough legal proceeding would be more appropriate.

The priest did, however, what he had been doing for years—he certified the paper, even as he kept smiling with his old and toothless mouth. He knew they were lying.

He did not, however, insert the date. On the yellow page of the ^{old} ~~parish~~ registry of June 1, 1837, he crossed out "illegitimate," put Johann Georg's

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name in what had previously been the blank space, and smiled again.

Legally speaking, the document was shaky, but it did not matter. Which church authority ^{in Vienna} would challenge such a change? For sure, no one in --

~~Vienna?~~ The word from there was to encourage certified fatherhood ^{no matter how late in the day} ~~life of a survivor?~~ ^{unhappy} ~~whenever even late in the day.~~ Already in some districts of Austria,

illegitimacy was up to forty births per hundred. Of that forty, could even half be free of one or another ^{loose} family matter? So, the priest,

disapproving of these ^{approve} ~~loose~~ procedures even if he was bound to ^{improve} ~~improve~~

them, chose not to inscribe his own name. Besides, ^{if} ~~if~~ it ever went wrong, he could disavow the paper.

Then he spelled each of the witnesses' names by choice inasmuch as there was no agreement on orthography from province to province. (one reason why Hiedler ^{eventually} ~~soon~~ became Hitler.)

Now that Alois had his new name, he decided to stop off for an hour in Spital rather than continue on immediately in Nepomuk's cart to the railroad station at Weitra. The change from Schicklgruber to Hiedler was agreeable indeed, and he felt an upsurge in the happy region below his navel. This, from long experience, was, he knew, one of the gifts his nature had

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given him. He was as quick as a hound to sense when female company was nearby.

Was it Johanna who had put him on the alert? She did live next door to her father, and at this moment Alois felt her presence ~~as if she were~~ ^{Alois glimpsed a woman}

looking out the window. But no, it could not be Johanna. She was not as old ^{as his} ~~But they~~ ^{that look as old as} wife but did look old, ~~as his wife, but he knew of course that few gifts were offered by farm life to~~

a woman's appearance. ^{Now, he} He was in no hurry to see her. ^{visit. So few gifts were} offered by farm life to a woman's appearance.

Yet his steps took him to the door. The Hound ~~did not make it~~ ^{told him to, and once again did not betray him. Yes,} practice of betraying him, and yes, there in the doorway was Johanna, ~~just as plain as deep into middle age too soon,~~ looking as plain as expected, but beside her was a girl of sixteen. She was

the same height as himself with the nicest and most agreeable features,

modest, well-formed, with a good head of abundant dark hair and the bluest

eyes he had ever seen—they were as blue as the light ^{that reflected from} he had once seen in a

^{he had once seen in} a large diamond ^{behind the glass of} a museum exhibit.

He took off his cocked hat and bowed to her so soon as he had separated himself from the powerful hug and whole set of steamy kisses

Johanna left with her honest saliva on his mouth and face. "This is you."

^{Johanna} Uncle Alois," ~~she~~ said to her daughter, "he is a wonderful man." She turned

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back to him and added, "You look ^{better} ~~more up on high~~ than ever—there's more to the uniform now, yes?" And then she pulled her daughter to her. "Here is Klara. But for ^{our} ~~my~~ only son in Vienna who is still alive, she is now my oldest."

Johanna began to weep. Klara was her seventh child. Of the others, four were now dead, ^{another} ~~one~~ was a hunchback, and the ^{son,} ~~young man~~, now nineteen, the oldest ^{remaining} ~~one~~ had consumption. "God never ceases punishing us for our sins," she said, at which Klara nodded.

Alois had no desire to hear about God. Spend a little time with Him, and the Hound could moan for shame. He preferred to enjoy the thought that he might soon see more of this niece.

He took a walk outside the village with the mother and daughter. They went to that part of Nepomuk's fields which now belonged to the husband, Johann Poelzl, who—no surprise to Alois—bore no resemblance to this rare blue-eyed Klara. Poelzl had gray clouded eyes and a face full of lines that drooped in concert with a long sad nose and paper-thin lips. It is obvious that he had given up the once-enduring hope that ^{sooner or later} ~~eventually~~ he ^{he would be certain to} ~~must~~ prosper because he was an honest farmer, so honest! Nor did Alois

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stay too long. Poelzl had the expression on his face of a man who still has a host of chores. On this day, scattered in the ~~bottoms of~~ ^{bottoms of} brows of stubble were stray ears of corn not yet too rotten to feed to the pigs, and Poelzl stood on one foot and then the other (as if to talk for two minutes more would ~~run~~ ^{allow} a few more of the remaining ears ^{to spoil}). If his impatience was due to his discomfort with the implicit prosperity of Alois' uniform, Poelzl's mood took no happy turn when Alois remarked that his own wife was not well and needed a maid who was pious, and of reliable breeding. Was it possible -- not to rush things!-- that Klara might be just that person?

Poelzl could hardly say no when he was told of the amount she would be able to send back. Cash not dependent on a crop was the best of crops, and, as always, he needed money. The alternative--to borrow farther sums from his brother-in-law Romeder or his father-in-law Nepomuk, was unpleasant. Poelzl could hear the diatribe that would come from his wife's family. Johanna's disposition had become so sour that he often thought (very much in private) her blood must taste like vinegar. Nor did he wish to listen to the brother-in-law's sighs as Romeder came up with ^{some} ~~the~~ Kronen. He certainly didn't want to hear the advice that would come from Nepomuk.

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That would insult his judgment. A farmer could have fine instincts for husbandry and still have bad luck—did that mean he must pay tribute twice by listening to others when he had already paid once by living with an insufficient return from his fields? So, he accepted the fact that Klara would go to work for Uncle Alois, but his feelings turned over in him with the emptiest anger of them all—a rage that has lost its heat.

One week after Alois' return to his post in Braunau, Klara followed with a small chest filled with a modest cache of clothes and a few possessions.

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Alois and Anna Glassl had three rooms in the second-best inn of Braunau—the Gasthaus Streif. There was also a small room for Klara on the top floor where other maids and servants slept.

For a while, Alois entertained the happy notion that he might be able to spend a little time up there with Klara, but his niece did not welcome him, not exactly. It was evident to all including his wife that Klara was steeped in respect for her exceptional uncle, but it seemed no cause for concern to Anna Glassl—not yet! The girl was pious to a degree that would have seemed incomprehensible if one did not understand ^{that} ~~to what degree~~ death was her nearest relative. There were lights in the depths of those pale-blue eyes that spoke of angels—godly angels and fallen angels. Her face was so innocent that one could ask in all honesty what she could know of fallen

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angels if not for that second sense which is there to tell us that devils hover like moths at the closing doors of life. Even the innocent do not always like to dream of the departed.

Alois could envision other dubious portals—the ~~doors~~ ^{gates} (to Klara's chastity could ~~prove~~ ^{open to an ice-burn} as formidable as the ~~gates of doom~~ ^{doors to an ice-burn}). He was charming to his niece, but made a point never to touch her. His wife, ~~by now~~ ^{by now} as unhappy as a crow with a broken wing, had put up early with his yen for maids and cooks, but then, about the time she began her campaign to expunge the name of Schicklgruber, she allowed her distrust of him to take on new force. Never had Alois encountered jealousy so passionate, so far-ranging, and so much to the point.

While he considered his first quality as a man to be dedication to his work—to the cleanliness of his personal appearance, to the neatness and well-written dispatch of his official papers, and every evidence he could give of his high respect for punctuality and performance in each and every working hour, he took ~~as much~~ ^{equal} pride in his ~~street~~ ^{street} skill as a customs inspector. He had not stood for years at a border post looking to root out the attempts of travellers and merchants to cheat the Hapsburg Crown of its

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tariff without learning a good deal about false presentation and outright mendacity, and now he was having to exercise such abilities himself in order to divert Anna from another girl he had taken to visiting on the top floor of the inn.

There was an old Viennese joke that to have a flourishing society, both the police and the thieves must constantly get better at what they did. Now, he thought often of the remark. It was true for Anna Glassl and himself. The more acute her sense of what he might be up to, the finer were his lies.

She had cause for distrust. There were days when he made love to each of the three women he could look upon as regulars. In the morning, full of the bounty of sleep, he would take care of his wife, and in the afternoon when Anna Glassl was napping and his off-duty time coincided with the hour when their chambermaid washed their floors, he usually enjoyed the coquetry of her hips as she, down on her hands and knees, slung a wet cloth from side to side—truth, he rarely saw her face at such times. And in the evening after Anna Glassl had gone to sleep, there was Fanni.

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So if he took a long-range view of Klara Poelzl, it was because his nocturnal, and for the present, true interest was with this waitress at the inn, a nineteen-year-old named Fanni Matzelsberger, who was voluptuous but lithe, and—by every good measure—smoldering. He had learned to strip his eyes of all expression when she crossed the room, but that was not easy. She had an irrepressible turn to her hips. That spoke to him: Fanni was a good girl who did not want to be so good.

Indeed, as he soon learned by visits to her attic room, she was a virgin of the most tormented sort—a girl in the old peasant tradition. She had kept the formal entrance to her chastity intact but the same could not be said for ^{nearest} the close neighbor to those private parts. ^{How could that appear?} That was not so agreeable ~~for~~

^{for} Alois? The Hound was too large to permit a good poke into "the smiley and the damned," (or so he would characterize it). Fanni would moan in a very low voice (in order that the rest of the attic not hear) but they were both suffering. All the more intense became their embrace was truly heart-to-heart. In the heat of the hour, they loved each other, a not uncommon reaction even if ~~only half of the carnal ore can be mined.~~ ^{alas}

^{being improperly mined}

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He told himself that she was no more than a good-looking daughter of a prosperous farmer—she did have a decent dowry—but he also told her that he loved her. She said, “Enough to give up your wife and live with me?”

“I will give her up,” he said, “when you give ^{me} up something ^{else} ~~first~~.”

No, she must remain a virgin. So soon as she was ready to do what he wanted, there would be a child. She knew. Then, there would be another child. Then she very well might die.

“How do you decide such things?”

“We have gypsies in my family. Maybe I am a witch.”

“Because of me?”

“You are a bad man and I am a witch. Only witches put their mouths in terrible places. Now, I am ~~too~~ afraid to go to confession.”

“Stay away from priests. They are there to suck your blood. They are the ones who will leave you weak and good for nothing.”

They argued round and round about whether she should or should not go to confession ^{She was tempted to let him win.)} and that induced a vertigo in her. ~~She was tempted. It was~~

not unlike drunkenness. Given the force of his desire, she did give it to him,

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she gave it up, and proceeded to tell him one month later that she was pregnant. Had the time come, she asked, to tell his wife?

He no longer trusted Fanni. He did not think she would have become pregnant if she was really afraid of dying. Besides, he had been lying to his wife with so much skill that now he did not dare to confess. Lying, like honesty, is reflexive, and soon becomes as sturdy a habit as truth itself. Anna Glassl-Hoerer Hitler was fifty-seven and looked ten years older (although to his continuing surprise she did remain a virago at dawn). To lose her would tighten his financial situation measurably. ^{More money} ~~On the other~~ ~~hand~~, he would be giving up a lady for a farm-girl, a most attractive farm-girl, but then he had decided long ago that in the end, a peasant was like a stone. Throw a stone high in the air—it will always come down. Whereas a lady was like a feather. A lady could tantalize you with her intelligence. He would hate to give up his increasing skill as a liar.

Here is a sample from the dining room of the Gasthaus Streif:

Anna Glassl: I see you are looking at her again.

Alois: I am. You have caught me. If your eyes were not so beautiful, I would have to say that you own the eyes of an eagle

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Anna Glassl: Why don't you catch up with her after we eat. Just give her a good one for me.

Alois: Your mind is wicked. I like it when your tongue turns so crude.

Anna Glassl: Cruder than it used to be.

Alois: Anna, you are exceptionally wise, but, in this case, you are wrong.

Anna Glassl: Look, my dear, I have put up with chambermaids and cooks. You have come to bed smelling of onions on many a night. And that is better than sniffing laundry soap. But I don't care, I tell myself. The man must amuse himself. Only, why do you still try to insult my intelligence? You keep doing that. We know the girl is beautiful. At least once in your life make love to a waitress who does not look like last night's pudding.

Alois: All right, I will tell you the truth. I like her looks, yes, a little bit. Although she is not truly my type. No, she is not. But in any case, I would not go near her. One hears the worst talk. I don't even want to tell you because you like her.

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Anna Glassl: Like her? She's a tart. She's a tart in training. Your true type.

Alois: No, she is diseased. I have heard that she has an infectious disease between her legs. I would not go near her.

Anna Glassl: I do not believe you. I cannot believe that.

Alois: Do as you choose. But, I can promise you, she is the last girl for you to worry about.

Anna Glassl: Who then do you want me to worry about? Klara?

Alois: You have a splendid sense of humor. If we were not in public, I would laugh out loud, and then you know what I would do. You are so attractive, so wicked. You would even send me out to kiss a nun.

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Finally, Fanni told Anna Glassl that she was two months pregnant and soon to show. For Anna, that was the end of the marriage. For Alois to tell her that the girl had a disease! When he knew she was pregnant! Unforgiveable! Besides, Anna Glassl was more tired of Alois by now than of her fear of living alone. She had exhausted herself by mustering up all of her remaining arts in order to be a virago at dawn. Now, she craved peace. She even decided that her jealousy had been some last inoculation against what was worse—precisely the ^{chill} cold and silent distaste for a mate ^{even as jealousy loses heat.} that seeps in ~~to the end of jealousy~~. So, she moved out. Since they were Catholic, divorce by Austrian law was not possible. To obtain even a legal

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separation, Anna had to declare not only their incompatibility but state in writing her direct aversion to him. Alois was obliged to read this outrageous phrase. It stood out in the document like a boil on one's chin. It irked him so much that he showed his copy to drinking friends. "Look, she says that she has a personal aversion. If not improper, I could tell you how much aversion she had. On her hands and knees so soon as I would say, 'Get ready. I am in the mood.'"

They would laugh and move to other subjects. He was in a state of irritation these days for more reasons than Anna Glassl's departure. Fanni and he were now living together in the same suite of rooms at the Gasthaus Streif. That was fine with him—he was the first to say that he was not attached to the past. Then he discovered that Fanni was not pregnant—she had only thought she might be. Or was it that she had had an early miscarriage? She was resolutely unclear.

He thought that was a terrible lie to have told him, but what could he do? He had never known such pleasure with a woman. Of course, Fanni was soon as jealous as Anna Glassl, and her ears had perfect pitch when it came to hearing any ^{trace of desire} ~~hint of oncoming infidelity~~ ^(fear another woman) in his voice. Soon enough,

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she stove a hole in the well-guarded vessel of his future plans. Klara, she told him, would have to go. Otherwise, Fanni would.

This was too much disruption for Alois. Fanni would soon be truly pregnant, or so he expected given the hints he took from the declarative surge of her womb at the happiest moment, all of which passed through him even as he was passing into her—not the sort of conclusion he ^{usually came to} ~~had come to~~ with other women. (Except once—so long ago—with Johanna.) Besides, he was certainly ready for a child, preferably a son, to carry on the family name, but when he was not in the midst of good things with Fanni, he thought often of the oncoming time when she would be six or seven months along, and it would be Klara's turn. The thought of future complications did not deter him. It was in the nature of his work to be able to handle more than one problem at once, and both women were attractive to him, yes, two of them and both truly attractive ~~for once~~.

As for scandal, he did not worry. Not unduly. In Braunau, he was ^{used} ~~to being a~~ ^{For whatever good it would do them, the} ~~always the~~ center of gossip. The townspeople might as well complain to the stars above that he was living ^{For} ~~openly~~ with a common-law wife. ^{practical purposes, he was equal to} ~~what could they do?~~ He was not unlike a soldier garrisoned in a town to

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which he owed nothing. He received his money from the Finance-Watch
~~and that was clearly equal to the Hapsburg government~~ far away in Vienna.
this arm of the Hapsburg government
 So long as his work proved flawless, ~~they~~ would hardly care how he acted in
 his personal life.

Having risen to the highest level of the middle ranks, there he would
 stay. His job was secure. The Customs needed him. After all, it took
~~good many~~ years for an official to become as practised as himself. In turn,
 he needed the Customs. How could he ever find another job that paid as
 well? He had developed into the perfect instrument for what he did but that
 was not a skill to be used ~~readily~~ for anything else, *not readily (h)* no, he was locked ~~into~~
therefore into (his job, and the Financial Watch was locked into him. So, devil take the
 townspeople. What they said about him might rankle, but it would not
 interfere with more ~~real and~~ interesting pursuits. One girl would bear his
 child, and the ~~other~~ *niece* (who trembled in front of him when he spoke) would
 become his mistress. Of course, she would be more than ready when the
 time came. Why else *did she* quiver? It was because she knew he could teach her
 everything she did not know.

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This was the secret project ^{into} ~~on~~ which Fanni intruded. No girl named Klara was going to keep working for them.

"You are mad," Alois answered. "Can't you see? Klara would be happier in a convent."

"No. Your interest is not in her happiness, but yours. She must go."

"Do not speak to me that way. You are young enough to be my daughter."

"Yes, I am, and I have heard the Polish people say that a father should never make love to his daughter or she will lose all respect for him."

Klara had to go. He could not relinquish what he now had in Fanni, no, not for the uncertain promise (when all was said) of a ^{no guarantee} ~~possible~~ transformation from angel-nun to all-compliant ~~and~~ ^{madly-loving} niece.

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After Klara left, it was Fanni, ~~however~~ ^{The most} who suffered. ~~She had liked~~
~~Gone with the loss of.~~ ^{their intimate}
Klara, and now that their friendship was lost, gone too were many
were the ~~the~~ ^{the} confidences ~~they had offered~~
~~the~~ confidences back and forth. Different from each other, there had been
~~— they were so close and so different!~~
much for both to learn. It ended, however, because Klara was not good at
lying. She ~~flushed~~ ^{turned} beet-red with embarrassment when Fanni would hint at
what went on between Uncle Alois and herself. (Klara having called him
Uncle, Fanni had taken on the habit.)

"Confess," Fanni would say, ^{too} "you want to be in bed with our Uncle."

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"No," Klara would reply, and feel as if her cheeks would blotch if she did not tell the truth. "There are times, yes, when, yes, please, I want that. But you must know I won't, I never will."

"Why?"

"Because he is with you."

"Ach, that," said Fanni, "would not stop me for a minute."

"Maybe you, no," said Klara, "but I would be punished."

"This is something you know?"

"Please, I know."

"Maybe you don't," said Fanni. "I told Uncle I would die if I let him give me a baby, but now I think ⁱⁿ this other way. I want a baby. I am near to having a baby."

"You will," said Klara, ^{"and I would trust me, I would never be with"} "and I won't go near Uncle Alois. You are his woman. That is my vow."

They kissed, but there was something within the aroma of the kiss that Fanni could not trust. Klara's lips were firm and full of character, but not completely. That night Fanni had a dream where Alois made love to Klara.

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Before she left, Klara wept just a little. "How can you send me away?" she asked. "I gave you my vow."

"Tell me," said Fanni, "what is the foundation of this so-holy vow?"

"I swear it by the peace of my dead brothers and sisters."

It was not the best reply. Fanni had the sudden thought that Klara might also be concealing a witch in herself—she could, after all, have disliked her brothers and sisters, some of them, anyway.

By way of the Finance-Watch, Alois made nice arrangements in Vienna. Klara would obtain clean and gainful employment in the house of a modest and elderly lady. (Alois was more than ready to protect her chastity.) So, now, after four years of good and honest work at the inn, sleeping each night in the smallest of the maid's rooms, Klara packed her belongings into the same small chest she had brought with her on arrival, and left the Gasthaus for new employment in Vienna.

If Fanni was now more at ease with Alois, the best of moods could nonetheless vanish in no more than the interval it took to close her eyes and open them. How could she be certain that her distrust of Klara had been

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honest fear? What if it came from spite as cruel as the pain of a bad tooth? She knew she was full of spite. That was why she called herself a Jew girl.

Even as she had foreseen, she was truly pregnant now. If that offered contentment, she continued nonetheless to feel remorse. She had banished the sweetest girlfriend she ever knew, and so there were days when she was on the edge of asking Klara to return, but then she would think: What if Alois comes to prefer Klara? Then Klara might not be faithful to her vow. How unfair that would be to the unborn child!

Fourteen months after Anna Glassl received the decree of separation, Fanni gave birth to a boy whom Alois without hesitation named Alois. They could not, however, call him Alois, Junior—not as yet. The name still had to be Alois Matzelsberger, and this bothered Alois Hitler. He went through a period of remembering what he had long taken pains to forget—that a child could feel as empty as an empty belly when he had to walk around with no more than his mother's last name. Now, Alois, Senior, went to bed every night cursing Anna Glassl.

He was not a man to give too much of himself to a curse. He considered such an act equal to spending a private horde of gold.

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Nonetheless, he delivered his curse to the night, and it was so full of intent and outright venom that he was not particularly surprised when Anna died *quite* suddenly. *This* ~~That~~ curious event did not occur until fourteen months after Alois' son was born and Fanni was very much pregnant again, but Alois still reckoned that his anathema had had effect *(Yes - at least, possibly!)* possibly. (He saw it as an expensive payment for a necessary conclusion—~~expensive? Yes, because~~ there could often be unforeseen consequences sprouting from one's curses.)

Indeed, *Anne's* ~~her~~ death certificate stated that the cause was unknown. This convinced *Alois that* ~~him~~ it was suicide. He did not like *the thought* ~~that~~. He was no superstitious fellow, not, at least, as measured by *his disbelief* ~~belief~~ in the near presence of God and the Devil (all too common among the Strones and Spital folk.) Rather, as he was ready to explain over a stein of beer, he *placed his faith* ~~believed~~ in the solid and intelligent processes of dependable forms of government. God, no matter how august and far away, would look, doubtless, upon government in the same manner that Alois did—as the human *fulfillment* ~~instrument~~ of divine will provided such will was exercised by scrupulous officials like himself. Alois had not read a word of Hegel, but then, where was the need? He and Hegel!

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were in agreement—the power of ^{this had to be} that idea was there for all to breathe. It was so obvious.

In corollary to ~~this~~ such a premise,
(Alois preferred, therefore, a reasonable end to death. It should come from ^{by way of} ~~out of~~ a burst appendix or ~~from~~ consumption, even as Maria Anna, his own mother, had ended that way. ^{however} But suicide ³ left him uneasy—he liked to fall

asleep (as he put it to his drinking companions) "with a fart and a snore," ^{exactly} ~~and that on~~ the moment ^{my} his head ^{touches} touched the pillow. Anna Glassl ^{committing} ~~as a~~

suicide was a thought to keep him awake. For the first time in years, he felt ^{as superstitious as} again like a peasant. He would have gone to her funeral but he did not care to subject this new ^{and most peculiar} ~~unfamiliar~~ uneasiness to the sight of her face in the coffin.

So Alois stayed away. That was another notable item for the ^{family's gossip} ~~gossip~~ of the townspeople.

^{All the same} ~~Nonetheless~~, no matter how Anna Glassl had ended, she was, at least,

no longer there. So he could marry his common-law wife, his new lady,

Franziska Matzelsberger, which he did. Her belly was now full of the

^{was now} ~~second child~~ ^{in the womb} ~~that~~ ^{and Franziska's} ~~belly~~ ^{belly}
The second child (a good seven months along) and Franziska was looking as large as the biggest melon in a field. He was forty-six, she was twenty-two, and the

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wedding took place in another town, Ranshofen, four ~~uncomfortable~~ ^{more uncomfortable} miles
away and four ~~back~~ ^{back} for the pregnant bride.

She had sworn she would not have the ceremony in Braunau. It was
not only the ~~dances~~ ^{eyes} of the women. Some of the boys snickered as she went
by.

Alois was annoyed. It cost an extra and needless amount to transport
by hired carriage the two Customs officers he had invited. ^{That} ^{was} ^{no} ^{serious} ~~That~~ ~~was~~ ~~no~~ ~~serious~~
~~amount~~ ^{expenditure} but all the same, needless. Besides, he was disappointed in Fanni.
His new wife was not as ready to face other people as she ought to be --
look, after all, at the fine husband she had caught!

Moreover, she was a nervous mother--she insisted on having the
second baby in Vienna. The midwife would not be as spiteful there, she
told him. Who, in her situation, asked Fanni, could trust any woman from
Braunau? More expense, then.

Anna Glassl, with all her faults, had been a lady--he could, he
decided reluctantly, never be able to say the same for Fanni. It was not that
he expected it of her, not a farmer's daughter, but still she had once shown
progress in such directions. Now, it was ^{all} ~~was~~ going backward. When he first

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knew her, she moved well, she was quick, she charmed the guests of the inn even as she served them. He thought she was a most witty creature for a waitress.

Now, she yelled at the servants—all the fire in Fanni had gone to her temper. Their rooms at the inn were not properly taken care of. When he suggested that they might call Klara back, Fanni carried on for all of one evening.

“Yes,” she told him, “then you can do to Klara what you did to me. Poor Anna Glassl.”

Poor Anna Glassl! He came to realize that Fanni must now be dreaming about Anna. Could they not move forward as husband and wife? It was a bad marriage, he decided. You should not have to get into the same fight every day of the week.

She spent two weeks in Vienna before their daughter, Angela, was born, and in that time he had to pay for a nurse to take care of Alois Hitler, Junior. Before the week was out, Senior had seduced the nurse. She was fifteen years older than Fanni, heavy-set, a hard worker once he got her to

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bed, but he could sleep because she got up in the middle of the night without complaint when the boy was crying for his mother.

Up until then he had been faithful to Fanni. Now, the only way to make the nurse more palatable was for him to alternate her with the cook. Fanni came back from Vienna looking weak and tired and, before long, knew all about it. She did not scream at him. She wept. She was not well, she confessed, and there he was without patience to wait for sick people to feel better. He was a brute, she told him.

They had been living together for close to three years before they could marry, but, now, by the time Angela was a year old, Fanni was seriously ill. Signs of a deepening disorder were everywhere. She would pass from fits of temper, to hysteria, then to loss of interest in his body, plus an incapacity to take proper care of their two children. A doctor told her that she had the beginnings of tuberculosis. Klara was brought back from Vienna to be with Alois, Jr., and with Angela, even as Fanni moved out of the inn to a small town called Lach there in the midst of a forest called Lachenwald, Laughter-in-the-Woods, but neither the name nor the good

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forest air had the power to restore her. In Lach she stayed for the ten months before her end.

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^{those} In the last months, Klara visited her more often than Alois, and ^{her} ~~that~~ ~~concern was able to heal~~ ~~healed~~ ~~one must choose to put it so~~ the wound they had left in each other. ^{on the} ~~Not long after her~~ first visit, Klara had fallen on her knees before the bed where Fanni rested, and said, "You were right. I do not know if I would have been true to my vow." In turn, Fanni wept. "You would have been true," she said. "Now I tell you to give up your vow. He is through with me."

^{remain! It has to be} "No," said Klara, "my promise must ^{at last} be stronger than ever." She had a moment when she thought she might ^{pure} have a true understanding of sacrifice, ^{and} this left her feeling exalted. She had ^{always} been taught to search for just such a state of the soul. Those teachings had come from her father, that is to say, her father-in-name, old Johann Poelzl, who was sour on all matters but Devotion. "Devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ is all of my life in each and every day," he would tell her—he was indeed more pious

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than any woman in Spital. At many a meal, after saying grace, he would tell Klara (especially once she passed the age of twelve) that to give up what one truly desired was the nearest you could come to the moment of knowing the glory of Christ. But to attain that hour, one must be ready to sacrifice one's dreams. After all, had God not sacrificed His Son?

Klara was ^{soon} ~~trying then~~ to relinquish her desire for Uncle Alois. That fever had ^{not gone away during the} ~~gone on~~ a full four years while working for Anna Glasl. ^{She worked} Then there had been another four years in Vienna serving an old lady who alternated between doting on Klara and then counting the silverware. The old lady had the real heat of suspicion—it irritated her when the silver count was correct (as it always was) because ^{which} ~~paranoia that~~ cannot be confirmed is ~~even~~ more difficult to bear than outright theft. The old lady was secretly proud of the perfection with which this young servant kept house for her—it spoke of respect for her mistress—^{yet} ~~the~~ the honesty made her irritable.

^{Years earlier, in payment} Klara's mother, as if paying ^{Johanna} ~~for~~ her one cardinal sin with Alois, ^{had} ~~had~~ turned into a very good housekeeper, and Klara had responded to their house duties more than any of Johanna's remaining children. It was as if the mother and daughter believed that what was left of the family—given the

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ghosts of all those dead children—depended on offering ceaseless attention to the daily skirmish against mud, dust, ashes, slops, and all the cruised plates, cups, pots, and cutlery.

By now, Klara was never afraid of a household task. It required no more than respect for the labor one knew already how to do well. Sacrifice, however, was apart from such work. Sacrifice was an ache she felt ^{next to} her heart. If she wanted Alois, and dreamed of Alois, she ^{was obliged} ~~still had to find~~ ^{the way,} (once Fanni's two children had been put to sleep) to keep Alois at arm's length. There was not a night in the inn, the best inn of Braunau, the Pommer Inn (to which they had moved) when Alois was not staring at her open-faced and slightly drunk from the three steins of beer he took into himself each evening after work with one or another of the Customs Officers. ^{he fore returning} ~~After which back~~ to the Pommer for the meal Klara had cooked in the kitchen of the hotel and brought up to their lodgings. He would eat that meal with full gusto saying not a word, just nods to demonstrate his enjoyment. Then he would stare at her in the privacy of their sitting room, his eyes open as if to share his thoughts. It seemed as if all that was valuable in the recesses of her body was being fingered by his imagination.

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Her thighs burned, her cheeks burned, her breath wanted to reach forward to

his breath. She would jump up in relief if one of the children cried out in

That was equal to a cry from Fanni, come to sleep, she heard it as an appeal from Fanni that had whipped over it a flash- her all the way) however) from Laughter-in-the-Woods. Afterward, a small cramp of disappointment be sure to/ would follow.

was often on the point of)
Alois would not have been capable of describing to his drinking *associates)* friends how he loved her eyes. They were so deep, so clear, *so* and more than full of the desperation to have him.

Why not? Alois kept to his elevated view that he was *once* superior to *hellows* ~~anyone else~~ *she had never met*. What other fellow from the Waldviertel would be ready to claim his *who did he know besides himself who was as ready to claim indifference to religious fear? That was bravery. He often made a point of*

declaring that he never went to church. Nor would he confess to a priest.

How could a run-of-the-mill priest?
They could not be equal to him. He had his allegiance to the Crown and *needed no/* more than that, ~~no man needed~~. God was not about to punish those who

would serve the State.

~~He had written~~ Just the week before *had* a cousin ~~who~~ inquired whether his son, now of age, would be happy working on the Finance-Watch. Alois had written back, "Don't let your boy think it is a kind of game because he

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will be quickly disillusioned. He has to show absolute obedience to his superiors at all levels. Second, there is a good deal to learn in this occupation, all the more so if he has had little previous education. Heavy drinkers, men who get into debt, and gamblers and those who lead immoral lives cannot last. Finally, one has to go out in all weather, day or night."

Naturally, he felt equal to the sentiments in the letter, nor did he have to think about "those who lead immoral lives." Immorality, Alois knew, was not to be ^{confused with the details of} ~~gauged by~~ your private life. Immorality ^{might be} ~~was~~ taking a bribe from a smuggler, ^{but} ~~whereas~~ private life was too complicated for judgment.

He did not know to a certainty that Klara was his daughter—after all, he did not have to trust Johanna Hiedler Poelzl's word ^{point} ~~completely~~. What, after all, was the ^{sense} ~~sense~~ of being a woman if you could not lie with skill? Sie ist hier! Sie ist hier? True, or not true?

All the same, ~~he would assume~~ ^{he would assume} she might be his daughter. Already, she called him Uncle, and he sensed enough about these matters to feel that ^{aroused} ~~that made her desire him in a way she would never consider if she thought~~ ^{for more than if there were} ~~no links by blood~~ of him as a man rather than a relative.

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^{At 10:15} He knew why he ~~wouldn't~~ ^{didn't have to} go to church, or to confession. he knew why he was brave. He was ready to ~~travel~~ ^{take} in the same forbidden ~~direction~~ ^{road} that drunken peasants and adolescents ~~on top of one another in a bed~~ ^{blundered into while shaving} might blunder into. But he ~~would~~ ^{unlike them} not look back in fear and penitence. He would just do it. ^{Yes,} he would fuck his daughter. Yes.

Which he finally did at the end of a short evening that had been much like all the other dinners when he had looked at her with no deceit in his expression and no activity but to stand up now and again with his pants in full profile thrust forward ^{with} that bulge which is always ready to speak for itself. Then, he would poke the fire and sit down and look at her again. On this one night, however, he did not say goodnight as she put her hand on the door to the children's room where she slept, but instead, he strode forward, caught that hand, kissed her on the mouth, and brought her to his bedroom and his bed, even as she begged him in a low uncertain voice to do no more. 'please, no more," whereupon he proceeded to lay a track with his hand, so veteran at insinuating his fingers through the defenses of inner garments, all the way to the nest of hair so long concealed. And there it was, downy, much like feathers, much as he had expected. Half her body was on fire,

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half locked in ice, the bottom half. If not for the Hound, he might have

^{at the approach to}
stalled ^{above} such a frozen threshold, but then her mouth was part of the

fire and she kissed him as if her heart was also in her lips, so rich, so fresh,
so wanton a mouth (and all despite herself) that he exploded, exploded even
as he entered her, ripped her hymen altogether, and was in, deep, and in, and

it was over even as she began to sob in woe and fright, ^{out of a response} and some wrong kind
of exaltation that she knew at once ^{it had been} was altogether the opposite of sacrifice.

Nor could she stop kissing him. ^{she} It went on and on like a child raining

kisses on the face of the great adult beloved, and then there were other

kisses, softer, deeper, as she learned to use the mouth of a woman just-born.

He was the first man she had ever kissed as a man rather than as a relative of

the family, yes, the wrong kind of exaltation. She could not stop
weeping, ~~between the~~ No - could
she stop smiling.

Clarification:

... even as she began to sob in woe
and fright and ~~was in~~
in shame for the one throb of exaltation
that passed through her at a ~~moment~~
She knew at once that this ~~last~~
~~was~~ had been the opposite of
sacrifice. Nor could she stop kissing

Indith, the clarification
is slightly different from the box
but is final

Indith: She was not

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So, Klara was now his lover, his cleaning woman, and the nursemaid to Alois, Jr., and to Angela. On many a night she was also his cook—unless (having hired one of the hotel maids to sit with the children for an hour) they went downstairs to the dining room of the Pommer Inn, there in full display as uncle and niece, the middle-aged customs officer in uniform and his demure young mistress. No one in Braunau was fooled, no matter how often she might call him Uncle. It was enough to stir a boil of outrage that he could sit there ^{as if he were} ~~like~~ Franz-Josef himself, ^{ready to claim} ~~as if to say~~, “In company with the Emperor, I, too, have a lovely mistress.” ~~It never failed that on any~~ ^{that he took her (to dine, it never failed—)} ~~night when they went downstairs, he~~ would make love as soon as they came back, his voice so hoarse he could hardly speak. “I am your bad uncle,” he would say in the thick of the embrace, “*your very bad uncle*”

~~“Yes,” she would say.~~

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~~"Your very bad uncle."~~

"Yes, yes, my bad uncle," and she would cling to him, hardly able to distinguish pain from what was seeking to become pleasure—a most unholy pleasure—"Oh," she would cry out, "we will ~~both~~ be punished, yet."

"Who the hell cares right now?" he wondered

She would weep when it was over. ~~There was all the direct~~
~~It was all she could command not to scream~~
~~at him, all the over-joyous~~
 congestion of all that had not come to pass in her, and all that might never.
~~And, besides, she was~~
~~She was, after all, so guilty.~~

ground and that brought her close to the unholy pleasure

Now, it was Klara's turn not to ~~go to~~ ^{receive} Mass because she could not ~~go to~~
 enter Confession. She was working for the Devil (so she knew!) and Satan

was ^{one} a master to instruct her in subtlety—^{his own} a terrible subtlety. She felt as if
^{were now} her finest impulses ~~kept~~ bringing her nearer to the Evil One, yes, even the

loving care she gave to Alois, Jr., and to Angela. The more she adored
 them, the worse it must be. ^{Her tainted presence} Such love, now tainted, could pollute their

breath. By her presence itself! And when she thought of her dead brothers
 and sisters, she wept within ~~for what she might~~ ^{be} doing to them, ^{wherever}
 they were! She could not even trust her own concern ^{over} for all these wrongs

she was now committing, because ~~to~~ ^{to} take such an important view of oneself
 was but one more sin.

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Then, there was Fanni. Klara had not told her and knew she must. Because if Fanni did not know now, she would find out so soon as her life ended and she went over to the other side. Fanni would be left with the intolerable thought that Klara never cared enough to tell her.

Yet, in the last week of Fanni's illness when Klara did confess, the answer was brief: "This is my punishment for sending you away four years ago. That is fair."

"I will take care of the boy and girl as if they were mine."

"You will take better care than I would," said Fanni, and turned her face away. "It is all right," she said, "but you must not come to see me any more."

Then Klara knew once again that she lived in the grip of the Evil One. Because if at first she was hurt, she soon felt furious that Fanni could send her away this time as well, and the anger was still present on the day that Fanni was ^{interned} ~~buried~~, a very long day, since Alois did not ^{bury} ~~bury~~ Fanni in Braunau. He had chosen Randshoffen ("On-the-Brink-of-I-Hope") where they had been married. This was not from sentiment but annoyance. The word in Braunau was that he had bought Fanni's coffin months before she

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No less! (He)
died ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~for~~ ~~people~~ ~~were~~ ~~saying~~, he had
died having found a true bargain in advance (a mahogany job confiscated
from a smuggler at the Customs gate.) *The truth was false!* In fact, he had only bought the
damned crate ten days before her death. He had not sat on it for months but
~~only~~ for days. So, he could not forgive the gossip. Besides, the tragedy of
death was ~~so often~~ *so many times* overrated. Usually it was like saying goodbye to a
friend who has outworn his welcome. In truth, he did not plan to visit the
cemetery too often. His eyes were on Klara for tonight. *By evening, after*
the funeral, *he could not stop looking at her!* ~~her presence had become so intense.~~ Her eyes! Those blue
eyes! So much like the diamond in the museum!

~~Whereas,~~ *For* Klara, a night followed unlike any until now. In bed on
that hot August night, her life received another life. She felt it travel
directly to her soul, or so she felt. For her soul seemed to reside right there
beneath her heart, and she came close to falling into darkness from the
pleasure. *But that* ~~That~~ pleasure went on and on. She belonged to the Devil.
Completely! He had dug into her loins with the most evil enjoyment she
had ever known. Never again would she feel it so much (but once more),
indeed never would she dare to feel it again (but once more). Her guilt in
the morning was as heavy as a water-logged tree. She had a dreadful

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moment of realizing that her delight had come in part because Fanni was gone. Yes. All the love she had felt for the long-sick friend had vanished into this unholy glee, this long-withheld nasty joy that she could ^{release!} ~~feel~~ at last because the woman who banished her for four years was dead. Now, she could be the wife.

She became pregnant. No surprise.

She never indicated that she wanted him to marry her, but he knew. "A man can be a fool," Alois liked to say, "yet even a fool must ^{be a life to} learn from the experience ^{by} ~~he has had~~ on this, should he be judged. ^u ~~Does the fool learn, or does he not?~~ So Alois knew that if he was not responsive to this new duty, Klara would join Anna Glassl and Fanni in the gloom of the container, that cold box where you have to say goodbye forever whether you visit the cemetery or not.

Besides, he wanted to get married. The displeasure of the good people of Braunau had begun to itch, yes, an intolerable thicker of itching skin had begun to bother him (even on duty!), and sometimes would last for as long as an hour. It had to be the venom of the townspeople, there in full discharge against him. For the first time, he considered the possibility that

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all these anonymous letters they were writing to the Finance-Watch were not going to be thrown away by desk officials, no! Inquiries could well ensue. Such matters moved slowly, but now that Klara was pregnant, it could prove an offensive sight if, in four or five months, she could not step into the street for the size of her unmarried belly. Everyone would hear. That would put no honey into the letters sent to the Finance-Watch.

He could also say to himself that for the first time he did have some liking for the woman he would marry. Anna Glassl had satisfied his sense of rank—no question there!—but he did not enjoy the pale smell of her perfume. That could remind him in advance of the coffin she went to. And Fanni, to say the least of the worst, was like a wild woman in her shifts of mood. Klara, however, was calm and knew where she came from. He had to like how she took care of his children, and if she gave him a big family, well, nothing too terrible about that. It would shut the mouths of the townspeople.

At worst, what with children dying all the time, a large family was your only insurance against tragedy. Lose one or two, and you still had others.

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On the other hand, they were, legally, cousins.
 Suspecting that ~~cousins~~ *That relation* might encounter church impediments, ~~when~~
 seeking to marry each other, ~~he~~ *he* made his first inquiries at the Braunau parish house and discovered this was so. He would have to file an application. Indeed, he was reminded of similar obstructions in Customs work—when he wished to harass a man who travelled back and forth a suspicious lot between Braunau and the German side, he knew how to delay him with one or another new declaration to answer, yes, test the smuggler's patience.

Now, Alois had to wonder whether the Church would look on his application as *(analogous to the subterfuge)* ~~the presentation~~ of a smuggler. The lie that had been certified near to nine years ago on the day when he had travelled to Strones with Johann Nepomuk and the three witnesses was there to stand in the way of a quick marriage: On official paper he was Johann Georg Hiedler's son, and therefore, Klara's cousin one-step-removed. By Church ordinance, that *could be* ~~was~~ too close. If he would now claim that Johann Georg was in no way his father, it would turn him back to Alois Schicklgruber again. *He would* ~~Not~~ *be* contemplated! Klara and he, therefore, would have to take the long step of asking for an ecclesiastical dispensation. Whether they were uncle and

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niece, or first cousins one-step-removed, they were, either way, too ^{close by} ~~close by~~ ^{to} ~~each other~~ ^{each other} ~~need~~ for the marriage laws.

In Braunau, the incumbent of the parish church, Father Koestler
proceeded to study the problem. After a month, ^{came} ~~he gave forth the~~ ^{came} ~~discouraging response that~~ ^{came} ~~the power to grant dispensations in such cases as~~
Herr Hitler's did not reside in him. They would have to apply to the Bishop
of Linz. Father Koestler would help him to write the letter.

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Most Reverend Episcopate:

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

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

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

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Braunau am Inn, 27 October, 1884

Alois Hitler, Bridegroom

Klara Poelzl, Bride

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

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

"Oh, we know that," she said, "but it is not such a good idea to put a stone into the envelope."

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

"How could you do that?" he asked.

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

"Yes, but I also *get to know someone* find women that way. Women who are not *as*

high and mighty /
unwilling (as you.)"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That is, a declaration of poverty?" Alois had certainly picked up enough Latin to translate that for himself.

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

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

Three weeks later, close on Christmas, 1884, Rome granted the dispensation. But Alois and Klara still had to wait. No marriages could be solemnized until two weeks after the anniversary of the Holy Birth. This further delay proved unhappy for Klara; her belly would be up to four months pregnant by then.

"What a big fellow we have here," said Alois.

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"I hope that is so," she said. What could come out of a mother who ^{had been} was so far away from Devotion on ^{such a} the most crucial night? Or, if the child did live, might it be marked? The thought would haunt her wedding

Like many of the nuptials of Customs officials, the day was divided into two parts. As Klara would ^{later} say ~~in years to come~~: "We were standing by the altar before six in the morning, but by seven Uncle Alois was out there on duty at his post. It was still dark when I came back to our rooms."

That night they had a reception at the Pommer Inn and Johann Nepomuk came all the way from Spital to Braunau in company with Klara's remaining sister. Named after her mother, Johanna Poelzl, "Little Johanna" was a hunchback. This occasioned a bit of corner-of-the-mouth humor between two of the Customs officials. "Yes," said one, "the question is whether Alois will think it is good luck or bad luck to rub her hump."

^{fierce and} "Don't talk so loud," said the other. "I hear this hunchback has a terrible temper."

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

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

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

Rosalie's eyes would open wide when she was teased. It was no small matter that her breasts were undeniably full, and were heaving in the aftermath of the polka. It did not need even that much to convince Kara. Alois was ready for his next diversion. She would remember this night for all the years to come, those years of sorrow when the child Gustav she was carrying on this night and the two who were to follow, Ida and Otto, were all to die in the same year, Gustav at two, Ida at one, and Otto only a few weeks old.

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

Nepomuk had a terrible nightmare after the wedding party. His heart felt ready to burst. He could have died that night in his bed, but instead he lived for three more years. There is no hide more resistant to rupture than the heart of a tough old peasant. Nonetheless, he never felt the same — a cruel punishment for an old man who is trying to hold on to what ^{is} ~~has~~ left ^{for him}. Death, when it arrived ~~for him~~ at the age of eighty-one, was by the same epidemic that took away the children—diphtheria.

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Diphtheria came into their family like the Black Death.

Mucus welled up from the throat of the two-year-old and the one-year-old, an endless up-pouring of green phlegm, thicker, heavier, than the mud of Strones. Noises rasped forth from the boy and girl, sounds uttered with the tortured authority of an old man and an old woman working the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's width of passage. Gustav died first, Gustav, always sickly, a two-and-a-half-year-old who looked like the ghost of Klara's lost brothers and lost sisters, then Ida went. Ida, fifteen months old, certainly the blue-eyed image of Klara, going three weeks after Gustav. Both deaths came back upon the mother in the blow that soon followed of Otto's death—Otto, just three weeks old!—lost to a galloping colic that

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guttled him inside-out. The stench of a baby born to die in its first weeks of life settled upon Klara.

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

She hated him. But then, she also learned that this kind of hatred was treacherous to herself. It seemed to increase her desire. Whereas on those nights when she felt a moment of love for Alois, all such good life turned to ice below. Alois would grumble when the act was done even as she was kissing him in a fever to set things right.

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

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

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

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

"Upstairs or downstairs, the only importance for me is Franz Josef. He should mean more to us than God, yes!"

"And the Devil?"

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

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

By the time he reached home, Alois was usually in no good mood. The beer wore off in a sour cloud of aftertaste. He would scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara. Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much these three deaths

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had taken from his vitality) he would look at Klara again as he had on their first night, and he would try to conceive of how to introduce her to specialités de maison. He did not speak French but he knew all he needed to know about those three words. One of the Customs Officers, a man hardly to be relied on for telling the truth about his personal life, would brag that he had been to Paris in his youth. There, in a brothel, he claimed, he had learned more in two nights than from all the rest of his life.

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

Now, he had this frightened bird whose body heat could scorch him even if her thighs were as cold as a snow bank. She made love, yes, when he could actually get all the way into her, she was as strong as the Hound, yes, so much like bitches he had seen snarling and snapping at a male dog's genitals. Klara did not snarl or snap, she just jumped up on the altar, alone, always alone, she was so private that he wanted to wet his mouth where she

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was most private, and then he would put the Hound in her mouth. He would show her where the real Church was located.

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

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to breathe again, ^{scratch and} his wind going in and out with a terrible rasp that sounded ^{as terrible as the last} much like the sounds of the children struggling for breath ^{at} to the end.

"All right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. For she thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had come to her after Fanni's death was ⁱⁿ with her again. Now, astride him, she ^{actually} ^{and part} ^{the private cone} (turned head to foot, her other mouth, so full of sin ^{took in} ^{so} ^{which} set itself down on his hard-breathing lips, and his old battering ram near her face was now as soft as a coil of excrement. Even as she said this to herself, she ^{popped it into} took it ⁱⁿ her mouth with an avidity that could come only from the Evil One himself -- that she knew as she had known nothing before, ^{so, there were} there, the two of them, both

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heads ^{at} in the wrong place, ^{and} ^{the} ^{heads} ^{the} ^{two} ^{were} ^{there} ^{but} ^{three} ^{the} ^{Evil} ^{One} ^{had} ^{come} ^{closer} ^{One} ^{never} ^{closer} ^{and} ^{by} ^{this} ^{time} ^{the} ^{Hound} ^{had} ^{come} ^{to} ^{life} ^{right} ⁱⁿ ^{her} ^{mouth} ^{and} ^{it} ^{certainly} ^{happened} ^{that} ^{she} ^{felt} ^{what} ^{it} ^{was} ^{like} ^{to} ^{see} ^{the} ^{thing}

to ^{could} ^(life) ^{most} ^{For} ^{now} return to her man then, and now, Alois was stronger, and soon meant

and before long, full revived, even to himself (a man again, he even told himself, and he now kissed Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of the second with which she had bestraddled him) still on his lips, he w

much was he ready at last to ^{soil} ~~chit~~ upon her piety, yes, ^{downed to} ~~on~~ all piety,—damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and never before a night like

this, better than a storm at sea for one moment, and another, and then it went

on beyond ~~all the~~ moments, she—the most angelic woman in Braunau—

gave herself over to the demon and with a prime lust ready to engorge the world, all that she saw as the evil world, the world, and I knew this, I knew all of this, for I was with them in the

caterwaul of coming together with Alois into the womb of Klara Poe z

Hitler, yes, I knew the moment within the moment, a new creation was

there and I, too, ~~can now dare to speak~~. I too was there and ~~serving the~~

Evil One, yes, I was present at the conception, yes, I can say that ever as

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BOOK III

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Let me repeat, I am a trusted officer of the Evil One. And I have just committed an irrevocable act of treachery. I have forbidden to reveal who we are.

So far, however, my disclosure is still on paper. ~~BOOK III~~ It is affixed up a ~~an impenetrable but reasonable margin~~ of safety. ~~the Devil - it is more~~

~~I have also just committed an~~
~~have just~~ ~~exceptional~~ ~~just now~~
just now, I committed an irrevocable act of treachery. We are not ~~allowed to reveal who we are, not ever.~~

So far,

Of course, my disclosure is on paper. ~~It~~ ~~still~~ ~~eliminate~~ what is

recorded here. The Devil - it is more ~~difficult~~ for me to speak of him as

than as the Evil One. ~~It can be clear~~

Our Maestro, or as the Source is in one way like all other creatures vast

in one sense as ~~large~~ ~~like a~~ ~~flaming~~ with all other

and small. Everyone (including the Lord!) is obliged indeed to live with

an obligation to live with certain ~~restrictions~~

certain restrictions, or - if you will - paradoxes. There are certain cruel

paradoxes that circumscribe one's nature. I can vouch that the accomplished

and most respected leader of my Service (a minor matter but most limiting)

for example, does not like to put up with paper.

for him) is not fond of common paper. That substance is derived, after all,

margin of safety which is not wholly reliable
but nonetheless is the least
off from I leave the Devil is not
long on paper (which I
will send paper to explain)

Creator
vast
small
including
the
lower

Aug 31 2004 12:22PM ET

Let me add at once that I prefer to (119)
~~agreeable for me to speak of~~
 him as Our Maestro ^{or equally} rather than ^{that is how he often thought of} the Evil One. ~~That is most still~~ ^{no matter his title, and despite} ~~be comprehended by a parallel.~~ ^{the world}

~~Despite~~ all his powers, he is ~~not~~ ^{not} more infinite, no more than God is infinite. Each, like all other beings vast or small live ~~nowhere~~ within certain restrictions, ^{call them} ~~certain~~ parameters that are able to circumscribe even the greatest powers. If humans have their limitations so do ^{the} (divine beings. But it said that hordes of primitive tribes, plus the Egyptians and the Greeks got it right in the first places. It was left to the Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims to get it ~~off~~ wrong.

As one small and immediate example, I can offer this: The Maestro does not care to put up with paper. That substance

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is derived, after all

from trees (and they happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.)

nts.) Paper, therefore, is never ~~a first option~~ ^{a first option} ~~an attractive~~ ^{merely} ~~choice~~ ^{choice}. No, paper cannot be a sympathetic choice for the devil. These days,

...No, paper cannot be a sympathetic choice for the down. These days,
fear the Maestro. Rather, he's ~~more attuned~~ ^{more attuned} to electronics much more so than is the Lord. Each, as I say, ^{to} ~~electronic~~ ^{electronic}

Both of them ~~despite~~ ^{and still} ~~despite~~ ^{and still} prodigious and near to incommensurable powers, must still live with ~~within their~~ ^{within their} ~~separate paradoxes~~ ^{separate paradoxes}. For that reason, I have trained myself to work with

By that route, paper, since there is much less likelihood that my words will radiate out to be picked up ~~by the media~~ ^{by the media}. Obviously, I am now in ^{the hands} him. I can add that this has been in covert defiance of the Maestro for some

time. He, if I may speak of his complexity as "he"—forbids ^{such} ~~such~~ ^{any individual} ~~any~~ ^{efforts to end with any variety of printed text} ~~any~~ practice. While he has no desire to use up too large a portion of his

resources by monitoring every last detail of our ^{working} minds—there are too many demons and small devils for that!—he is certainly not inclined to allow us to

our own (unapproved) ventures. He does not keep a constant watch, ~~and so~~ but then, he does not have to. We are in true fear of him.

Now, however, that I have acquired the skill ^{to keep my} of being able to hold
(a discipline worth a page!)
many thoughts to myself I feel somewhat more ready to continue ^{this}
biography, my novel—call it what you will! From time to time, I may even

offer a few more hints on the make-up of our Two Kingdoms. That title
assumption is that if he cannot ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~truth~~ ^{truth}
of my thoughts, he will not be ~~able~~ ^{able} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~see~~ ^{see} ~~it~~ ^{it}
~~for a paper trail~~ ^g sufficiently to see it for ~~it~~ ^{it}

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of our two Kingdoms, (I could speak of them as two principalities, two realms, two completely ~~visions of existence~~ ^{visions of existence} ~~that two Kingdoms have been the~~ ^{most} One Kingdom) encompasses a ~~truly~~ ^{most} embattled duality. It includes that world of spirits who ~~spiritual soldiers who~~ ^{self-serving} serve God, and are known by the somewhat inexact (name of angels) ~~f-would~~ ^{since}

remind you that we call them the Cudgels, ~~and~~ ^{that is, loyal} they are in opposition to our army of devils who cleave to the Evil One, (whom we usually refer to as the Maestro, the Source, or the E.O.) While these remarks will not be all that

unfamiliar to anyone who is familiar with "Paradise Lost." I will note that

many on our side happen to be well-versed in that English classic, ~~former~~ ^{particular}

such material is a professional complement to our work with humans. ~~the~~ ^{we do}

Indeed, we detest most best-sellers for their sentimental inexactitudes.

Milton, to be certain, is high in our arcana of poets and novelists whom we

do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate. (He did, after all,

provide ~~a synopsis~~ ^{a rough and ready} outline of the contest between the

Two Kingdoms. No matter how ~~distorted and inaccurate~~ ^{is} ~~estimates it does offer present~~ ^{and unfair}

Milton's panorama, it offers, nonetheless, a pioneer demonstration of how

our armies might have faced each other at the commencement of that

great estrangement when the ~~angels~~ ^{angels} ~~(*)~~

One can offer one's respects, then, to that great blind man, ever if his moral topography is warped, ~~and seriously out of date.~~ ^{and seriously out of date.}

and seriously out of date.

earliest squabbles of angels first divided in camps so opposed that now they speak of humankind as most inaccuracy of good and evil.

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now installed in every ~~fold, redoubt, and~~ ^{Our} corner of human existence. ~~Match~~
^{war is much}
 (like the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go. (with its ~~its~~
^{the 19th century}
~~and sixty-one~~) on which
 intersections where ^{up to} (one can deposit a stone) the positions occupied by
 bit with our black stones are forever ^{in danger of being} (surrounding or being surrounded by the
 white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two
 Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take ~~almost~~ ^{eleaphan} as long to ~~count up~~
 the results of their black and white encirclements of each other as to play the
 match.)

To ^{bring} enforce, therefore, ^a this first explanation of the sinuosities and
 recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces
^{at play in the folds and redoubts of society. It is}
^{at play. There are, indeed, three separate conceptions of what reality might}
^{be the divine, the satanic, and the human. Three separate armies in effect,}
^{and so, there are really three kingdoms by now, not two. God and his}
^{angels work upon humans to move them in His direction. Our E.O. and his}
^{loyal cohorts} look to infiltrate, or, better, possess many of these same
^{ancient evas on to}
 humans. Through the Middle Ages, humans had virtually no role in this
^{context.} ~~But the Middle Ages were a time when the individual~~
^{very much} Hence the title: Two Kingdoms. But now there is also the individual
^{little} man or woman to take into account. I can say that many ^{if not most humans} do their best to be

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Maestro.

beholden neither to God nor to the ~~CEO~~. They are always seeking to be free,
~~to forge their own destiny.~~ Their greatest desire is to become what they *believe*
they can ~~wish to be~~ *(They are reacting to)* by the light of their desires. In the ~~actual~~ event, as matters
 proceed ~~today~~, we devils ~~try to~~ guide those men and women we have
 attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and the particular
 individual usually does his or her best to fight Us off, both of Us, God and
 Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology, I suspect)
 that quite a number ^{by} now wish to be wholly ^{independent of} ~~separated from~~ both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the ^{sketch of?} subtle perversity ^{yes}
^{what I have offered is but a mere} embedded ^{now} in existence, a ~~poor excuse for the~~ ^{sketch of the} (true complexity of the
^{at the} foot of apparently simple events. My hope—given the curious temper that
^{something of?} has overtaken me lately—is that I will be able to capture the real and inner
 life of Adolf Hitler. (Just why, however, is not ^{altogether?} clear to me as
 yet.) Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and yes, my
 talents for this task, but also my weaknesses. I promise you: No devil is
 without a profile! Some of us can be as complex as men and women, and,
 on occasion, as disappointing. We have many powers of which the first is

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our ability to enter the human mind, but on all too many occasions, such powers become seriously misplaced. It is well to keep ^{angels and devils} on mind that when all is said, ~~we are~~ still spirits and ~~we~~ do not have the sharp outlines of character that are agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we seem as familiar to men and women it is by way of our voice.

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to either Kingdom. On the other hand, I can recall a few unhappy situations *4 key*
~~when I lost a catch at the last moment.~~ The guardian angel who was my
opposite number in ^a particular contest retained the spoils

At one period, not so long ago, as a result of several such losses my position suffered. For a time, ~~thereafter~~ I was assigned clients of petty origin or modest achievements. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure morale in their company by desertion. I served workers and peasants who looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, or mayors who pilfered funds. I served petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I might as well list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, unfaithful wives of the worst sort, ditto their male counterparts, as well as comparable flotsam and typical jetsam. I had a *BAR'S* ~~my~~ developed instincts. I had all too many now nameless men and women who were born with little and proceeded to less. It could have been cause for despair. I admit that only large projects appealed to me even as recognition from a social summit gives ~~you~~ life to a snob. While I could

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rarely know whether ^{the} Our Maestro was using me for some ^{large if} strong ^{it} ~~imperceptible~~ ^{hidden} purpose or ^{until I acquired more} ~~marinating~~ me to ^{enlarge my} experience. I did, on occasion, take hope that he had not lost interest. He even remarked once that I might seek high rank again, a post comparable to some of the epic encounters of our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. All of that might be there for me once more, provided I ^{was ready to} ~~would pay~~ unremitting attention to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I learned then that the E.O. had selected me to oversee the work of a number of other agents who were keeping watch on a young ^{Austrian} ~~client~~ whose potentialities might yet prove to be immense. Insignificant at present was this person and so was his family, but there were ancestral fault-lines full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. The ^{lad} ~~boy~~ in question, who by 1908 was ^{Schnee} ~~a~~ jobless ^{young man} in Vienna, happened to be stricken with timidity, had quit school too early, was an avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read (particularly when he could not understand it) and was, in addition, lazy, prone to temper tantrums, and possessed of an ego as swollen as an infected limb. All the same, he was desperately afraid of

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virtually all meetings with other human beings. Yes, this boy was an unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not hide my curiosity from the E.O. any more than any of my agents ^{were able to} could conceal their active reactions from me. At this point, the E.O. actually chose to speak directly to my thoughts. He said: "Why am I interested in this boy? Can it be that he possesses the largest ambition one could possibly encounter in a young man who is not already insane? I may propose that you take him on. But remain at ease! It is still no more than a project. It could certainly fail. He will need endless instruction. His terrors must be allayed by the most reassuring experiences you can arrange for him. And you must guard him ^{receiving} from any more crushing defeats to his ego. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could become your only client. Must I say more? We are looking at a major project."

I will say all this was uttered by the E.O. with characteristic irony. Since he usually responded with an ^{unvoiced} ~~unspoken~~ intimation which was all we needed (in much the way a dog can rise from his sleep and shake himself at his master's silent command), we never knew how serious The Master was

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into our minds early
when he spoke ~~aloud~~. ~~The consummate irony in the tones~~ of his voice took away any certainty that he was committed ~~altogether~~ to what he said. Sometimes I felt that this irony came from his own uncertainty, but ~~this~~ ^{that} was a perilous notion. ~~The E.O. would put up with our critical thoughts or even a passive outburst, but we know better than to persist.~~

In any case, I dared ~~not~~ ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly, major ones, our most outrageous gambles. The Source is not unlike God in this regard. There are blind alleys in existence, after a ~~few~~ ^{and} a good many, I can tell you, were ^{*originally*} ~~(designed)~~ ^{*in error*} by the Lord. The dinosaurs for example. If God is the greatest artist, He has also made the ^{*largest*} ~~greatest~~ mistakes.

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater. I knew ^{*the hopeless fate of such clients*} about ~~such twisted clients, their hopeless fate~~ unless an historic epoch ^{*accelerating*} developed that could ~~prove favorable, even welcome,~~ ^{*anomalies*} to the ~~distortions~~ present in that person. At this point, there seemed no sign of such ^{*(incomparably)*} ~~(incomparably)~~ special circumstances. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it,

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was to be a species of jockey seated on a horse running against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee further demotions for myself.

All this is not of much interest now. We know, after all, what happened to the horse. And I was the one who rode him (with occasional but crucial help from the Maestro). I rode with Adolf all the way up to glory (and down again—which is half the matter, the other half being why I now propose to tell the tale). I know so much. This knowledge seems to exist as a separate force within me, separate and independent of Our

Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that I feel ready to break the first rule of our fold, *It could be the special hall of destiny. Perhaps* which is that we never explain what we know to the uninitiated.

Nor is it *a matter* simple to do so. If, for example, I have told how Adolf was *and did place myself* conceived *on that night* in those extraordinarily special circumstances when

I could speak of myself as being present as a catalyst, a Gabriel come from

our side to stand in for the Evil One, it is true, *by the measure* yet it is, by ordinary measure, *of human logic* how can it be true, if I *not true* had to be *informed of my assignment* at a later date.

The fact is that I was not immediately in that bed during this occasion of apocalyptic carnality. Not literally. Nor did I have to be. Nonetheless, in stating that I was present, I was telling the truth fully as much as I was

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(We know to our confusion that)
 purveying a lie. Even as light is a wave and a particle, so ^{do} we devils live at
 once in the lie and the truth, side by side.

The explanation—provided one is ready to follow!—is considerably less
 difficult than, let us say, Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. Spirits
 exist in a relation to Time that is not ^{and again,} comparable to any human perception of
 that same mysterious word. Ingesting the experiences of demons enables
 higher devils to pass through periods of Time that human beings can
 recognize only in linear fashion. ^{By} ~~And~~ chronology! But, I, as a devil, did not
 have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. That was not
 necessary in order for me to take in later the exact experience of what
 happened. Another devil (of lower rank) had been present in Alois' bed on
 that occasion. By order of the E.O., ^{it} ~~he (or it, if you prefer)~~ had entered the
 act. I must say that this is always an option for any of our cohort. We can
 enter into any and all cohabitation. On rare occasions, and this was one of
 them, the demon ^{even} can call for the presence of the E.O. So can the angels
 look to their Master. Since the resources of God and the Devil are ~~not~~ ^I
^{must repeat} ~~not~~ believe it if you will! ^{not} infinite, such insertion must not be merely desirable
 or entertaining, but purposeful. The devil who had actually been present

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that night transmitted the experience to me years later with a completeness
of odor and carnal detail that can be ~~called~~ ^{termed} absolute. It is fair to say ^{then} that
indeed it happened to me, ~~and if~~ ^{archangel} he was the first Gabriel on the occasion
when Adolf was conceived, I was very much a second Gabriel ^{archangel} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~ready~~
to subsume ~~him~~.

~~That is because~~ ^R for all practical purposes, I had been there. (Among us,
to be given an exact recollection is equal to being present.) So, I also knew
from the irrevocable intensity of the occasion that the E.O. had also been
^{present} ~~there~~ had joined with his petty agent for one instant (even as Jehovah had
been with Gabriel during another exceptional event.)

While I was not going to be exclusively attached to Adolf Hitler for
many years, the E.O. had, as I have indicated, placed him in my Overview.
It is equal to saying that the devils who worked with little Adolf were there
to pass their experiences on to me. Over a period of time, his life and
modest deeds as a boy were conveyed to me. Then, as the hour approached
when I would look to take possession of him, so did my concentration upon
the sense-offerings of the minor devils in my domain take on more
prominence until I was ^{at last} ~~as~~ steeped in the life of the boy and young man as if

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I had been alone with him over all the years of his childhood and adolescence. For ^{these} ~~that~~ reason, I am ready to write about his life with an insight no biographer could attempt. Ditto for what I can relate about Klara, Fanni, Anna Glassl, Alois, Sr., Johann Nepomuk, Johanna, and ^{all the} ~~all the~~ others.

Now, this profound if most mysterious urge to share my insights with men and women I do not even know has to be part of the same strange force that is behind what seems to be my incontestable readiness to betray the E.O. Indeed, I may have begun to understand why I am doing it. Profound experience communicated to no one will scourge the soul. I, who have lived so long in the belief that I am no more and no less than a spirit—a presence void of soul—may have to face a serious disruption of my condition. Somewhere within, I sense the remnants of something much like a soul in myself, comparable, perhaps, to nerves still attached to an amputated limb—nerves which all but insist on promising the body that this limb can grow again. Such is the force of the thought in me that something like that may be present, some species of spiritual larva in its cell.

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I have to recognize I may be offering much too much for so early a moment in our biographical endeavor. It will take all of a book that I may never be able to finish for you, dear reader, who is not at all in my likeness, and not my brother, to begin to absorb the confession just offered. If you are disturbed then, to a degree, ~~well~~, so am I. The present is with me again, the precise period of these years now as I live in an America I can barely comprehend. If I am a presence who consists of no more at this instant than the all-but-retired spirit of a devil who is without a serious assignment. I also sense that I must keep returning to the premise that an account of the life of my former client will help, yes, will help to re-establish my footing on some long-lost terrain where I can begin to search for the remaining oddments of what may once have been my soul.

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Given the dominance of the large ^{new} technological world, ^{in the} ~~one of our~~
^{new century, our major mission at this point}
~~ongoing missions~~ is to convince the majority of well-educated world
^{most} citizens that there is no such entity as the Devil. And, ^{in passing,} ~~for that matter, not a~~
^{suggest that there is not a} hell of a lot of evidence that God exists. Certainly, there is very little ^{we look to guess} ~~on the~~
^{any stirrings on the} modern intellectual horizon that sees ~~anything like~~ a war between two

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I can state that as a newborn he was a most typical Klara Poehl ~~But~~ product. That is, he was close to desperately unhealthy. Indeed, he terrified Klara every time a drop of snot oozed out of his nose or a bubble of sputum popped up from his infant lips.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive (the more sordid, the better—Anath Rex!), but our predictive attempts fade at the borders of mortality. Man proposes, the Devil imposes, and the Lord disposes. is not accurate ^{in every} ~~for all~~ ^{instances,} ~~cases,~~ but we are obliged to recognize that God has the final power to decide when every human being will die. Take the extreme example of an airplane that has just gone down. Let us say we are responsible for the malfunction (a process that is not routine to accomplish.) Nonetheless, we do not have the power to destroy everyone on board. It is our Adversary (God) who determines the result. In most such cases, He will have to accept what we have succeeded in bringing off ~~in secret or against His~~ ^{in every} ~~wishes.~~ It is too costly for God to countermand us. Do not assume that it demands no exceptional effort for Him to save a few people trapped on that ~~edge~~ ^{edge} of extinction—airplane crashes involve so many factors! Indeed He

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could not even save His Son, (as we are never tired of reminding our clients!) but there are occasions when a death we looked to create does not ~~occur~~^{occur}, ~~enue~~. From time to time, even in extreme difficulties, God still disposes.

Be it understood, then, that the question comes down again to the ~~repetitively~~^{dependably} vulgar matter of expenditures. A most useful rule of thumb—for human endeavor as well—is that all wars are ultimately determined by who can ~~best~~ bear the cost. Even as we devils are never all-powerful because He is our Adversary, so He, ^{too} in turn, is never all-powerful ~~either~~. Besides, it ~~is often~~^{can be} prodigiously expensive for Him to war with us. To keep this understanding alive—that He is not All-Powerful—the E.O. demands that we try not to speak of the Lord as God, but as the D.K. (What I.K. means, I plan to explain before long.)

Rather, allow me now to take up Klara and her condition as she became a mother for the fourth time.

The attention she gave to Adolf's early days would have been seen as hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but then, Klara was living at the edge of an abyss. Recollections of her first illicit joining with Alois travelled on to the penetratingly corrupt smell of the sickroom as ~~she~~^{he}

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and other
Gustav, ~~and~~ *and other* Ida were lost one by one in the same few months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them. He had chosen to ignore her. As she saw it, that rebuke could only confirm the wretched evil of her condition. So she looked to go back to her feelings on the day she first met Alois *His* *came when she* *she* ~~during his visit in Spital. She was sixteen then and~~ had never seen a man who disturbed her so directly, so physically—she fell back a full step on their meeting at the door. She might as well have received a blow to the stomach.

Yet she had also admired Alois, immensely, and at once. Her mother had an expression on her face Klara had not seen before. For one instant, there in full pride and longing, Johanna had seemed beautiful. On the next moment, Klara knew the same feeling, but with a closeness to her mother that was a good deal more than their animal sense of sharing the same bed-rags of existence, no, it was as if she inhabited her mother's heart in the blink of an eye, and then felt the full force of the pang that followed. In truth, Klara had had a visitation from us. One fine joy we devils can know occurs in the instant we invest our spirit into the man or woman who might yet be a client. Johanna was not much of a devil (only for an hour in the

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straw with Alois could one say that she had been more or less invested, but it was different for Klara. She was able to feel all of her mother's old desire at the exact moment she saw Alois. If one may speak of a pang of joy, she felt indeed just such a bolt.

We need not, however, journey again along the back and forth of Klara's passion for Alois, nor return to the depths of her piety. By the time Adolf was born, she would wash her mouth every morning with laundry soap, a natural act given her mate's predilection (especially in late pregnancy) for putting her head into his groin and keeping it right there, one big hand on her neck.

No surprise then if her love was for the baby. So soon as Adolf gave, ~~in the midst of early colic~~, some real indication of living---after two weeks he could smile with delight at the approach of her face---she began to believe that God might be kind to her this time, that He could ever be ready to forgive. Would He be ready to spare this child? Was His Wrath lessened? Had He even given her an angel? Such is the ~~secret~~ nature of pious hope! *Next she believed a dream where an angel* ~~An angel, however, required that she have nothing to do with~~ *told her to* her husband. Not in bed! Such is the nature of pious obligation.

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Alois soon had to face the possibility that a will of iron, when forged by prayer, and ~~and~~ girded about with more prayer, can be quite as powerful in a woman ^{is a developed muscle} as in a man. At first, he could not believe that her refusal to let him touch her was neither a whim nor a new species of drawn-out enticement. "You women go back and forth like a ^{kitten} ~~dog~~ chasing its tail," he told her in exasperation. Then, deciding this rebellion was to be mercilessly crushed, he seized her buttocks with one hand and a breast with the other.

She bit him on the wrist hard enough to draw blood. Whereupon he cuffed her, leaving Klara with a bruised eye he was obliged to beg her to conceal. (What a nasty scandal if she decided to go out and face all those women of Braunau who lived by the view from their window!) So she could not go out. For a week, his hand bandaged, he did the shopping after work—no tavern ale for those nights. After which, her discoloration no longer visible, he gave up what he considered to be his irrevocable rights and continued to sleep in a lump on his side of the bed.

Since this state was to be maintained for close to three years, it will certainly be worth returning to Alois and the solutions he found to lift such a matrimonial siege. But, for now, we stay close to Klara. An intensity of

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emotion is always attractive to our fold, even as farmers dream of black soil for future crops.

It need hardly be underlined that the death of Otto, Gustav and Ida, proved useful to us even if we had not been the ones to effect it. Obviously, it intensified Klara's love for Adolf past any usual measure of large maternal love. When he began to cry ^{whenever} ~~out every time~~ she kissed his ^{lips} ~~face~~, she even came to understand that it was the odor of lye on her mouth. But since Alois was now driven to his side of the bed, there was no longer a need to wash her mouth in the morning. Therefore, she could kiss Adolf with full content even as he gurgled ~~at~~ obligingly.

It hardly required the insight of the E.O. to know that this could ~~later~~ ^{later} prove useful. Excessive mother-love is almost as promising to us as ~~a~~ void of mother-love. We were keyed to look within the experiences of our clients for excess of every kind, good or bad, loving or hateful. Every exaggeration of honest sentiment could contribute to our aims.

If the E.O. and the D.K. generally pay little attention themselves to most men and women—our warring interests ^{most often} ~~usually~~ end ^{as a stalemate in} ~~in~~ ^{concerning} the average person—it is no small matter for us to select a child early,

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~~Nonetheless~~, it is tempting, ^{because} a large investment is possible before the Lord (whom, to ren in
 you, we call the D.K.) or His Cudgels becomes aware of our infiltration.
 Early choice is ^{than} a high-stakes gamble but the E.O. ^{will} made such a decision by a
~~most~~ reliable rule of thumb. An incestuous procreation followed by swarms
 of mother-love has to offer fertile possibilities. When here, as we know, the
 event ^{is} ~~was~~ fortified by the presence of the E.O. at the conception, there ^{is} ~~was~~
 every reason to expect that the child ^{will} ~~would~~ offer amazing possibilities. If it
 lives, We lose so many. All too often, the D.K. spots them and,
 heartlessly—I will say this about Him!—yes, the D.K. ~~heartlessly~~ removes
^{they heartlessly} ~~them~~ ^{This can happen no} ~~no~~ matter the cost to Himself. The cost to Himself! A curious
 calculation is ~~often~~ present. The D.K. is not insensitive to the hopes of
 those who surround the child. The early death of an exceptional child can
 demoralize whole families most dreadfully. Even when the D.K. knows,
 therefore, that a given individual was subsumed by us, He hesitates. He
 does not like collateral damage. Besides, He can always ^{look to} ~~steal~~ the boy or girl
 back from us.

So the D.K. is respectful of mother-love that is all-embracing. It can
 come as no surprise then that many artists, gargoyles, ogres, geniuses.

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killers, and an occasional savior live to maturity because God chose not to dispose of them. The first element of mutual recognition in the struggle between the D.K. and the E.O. is probably the understanding that no single splendid human quality can ever prevail by itself, unaltered by us or them. Even the noblest, most self-sacrificing and generous mother can produce a monster provided we get there first. We are always on the alert for candidates who are loved outrageously in early childhood. All the same, as I have warned, this is not a game where one can begin to speculate on what might be the end result during any of the early stages. *That is why investing in ~~the~~ the new-born can be such an unbalanced gamble,*

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By the time he was a year old, Klara called the boy Adi. It was never Adolf or Dolfi. (Dolfi was much too close to Teufel for comfort.) "Look," she would say to her stepchildren, "look, Alois, look. Angela isn't he an angel, a little god?" Since the baby had a round face, big round eyes as blue as hers, and a small mouth, and therefore looked to them like any other baby, they nodded with easy obedience. She was a good stepmother and

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that was all right with Alois, Jr. and also with Angela since they had heard from Alois, Sr. that their own mother, Fanni, had been crazy.

Klara did not plan to speak with such open enthusiasm to her stepchildren about their new half-brother, but she could not help herself. The beatitude was in her eyes. Adoration welled forth with every indication Adi gave that, yes, he would still be there tomorrow, he would live.

She was certain she would keep him alive. Breast-feeding gave her ~~the most~~ ^{that} virtuous sense of certainty. She was putting her own strength into him.

Her nipple was never far from his mouth. Minor devils, out at night in that region would report that her prayers were more heartfelt than any one of the scores of other young mothers of Braunau ^{whom they have ever} ~~that they passed~~ in the dark.

Devils, obviously, have minimal attachment to the sentimental, let alone the heartfelt, but one or two were bothered by Klara, yes, even haunted if but a touch. Her prayer was so pure: "Oh, Lord, take my life if it will help to save his." Other women, being more practical, complained to the D.K. about what was missing in their lives. The most greedy and stupid were ^{on a surprisingly grand} ~~even a~~ always looking to grab a better house, more money, ~~even a~~ lover. "yes, if

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you permit it, Lord."—there was rarely a sweet for which they did not just
 Klara, by contrast, looked to give ~~comfort~~ ^{nourishment and long life} to the child, and there ~~was~~ ^{was} her
 breast, count on it, ^{always} in his mouth.

While the E.O. was in general not sympathetic to breast-feeding since
 the aftermath of its absence often stimulated an ~~essential~~ ^{essential} if ugly energy in future clients, his
 attitude was ~~more~~ ^{he wanted to be close} tolerant in cases of first-degree incest. For such
 situations, the closer the mother ^{to the child} ~~the better~~ ^{the better} for us! (A
 monster ~~can be even more~~ ^{can be most} effective when it also has stores of love with
 which to charm people.)

^{Other} ~~Certain~~ advantages can ~~also~~ be obtained by us through ~~the~~ ^{excretory}
 dramas. While a dirty butt on a baby, if found daily, always sends us a
 signal—the mother is, yes, a potential client for us—the opposite can also
 be useful. Klara is an example. ~~If~~ ^{she} always kept a clean house, ~~her~~ ^{her} rooms
 at the Pommer Inn were now as spotless as any home with several fine
 servants. The furnishings gleamed. So, too, did Adi's pip-squeak of an
 anus have its glow. It was kept as immaculate as a small glistening ^{opal} pebble,
 and of that, too, did the E.O. approve—an incestuary must always be kept
 aware of the importance of his or her own excrement, a Diktai that was

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never quite explained to us although it ^{does} ~~did~~ offer some hint of explanation
merely by being stated. We knew that every rule, no matter how generally
effective, was ^{have} ~~to~~ be reversed in special cases. Sometimes I would even
think that the E.O. judged our ability to improve by our sensitivity to just
this nuance—were we ready for the special case, even if it came to no more
than a little asshole that was forever being polished?

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Not long after Adolf was born, Alois decided to leave the Pommer Inn. This move amounted to his twelfth change of address in Braunau over fourteen years. But, Alois had good words for the Pommer: "It has elegance. I don't know that I would use such a word for anything else in this little city." He had a dozen such remarks to enliven a hundred situations of small talk. "Women are like geese," he liked to say. "You can recognize them from behind." Heavy tavern laughter would follow even if none of them could explain what was so particular about the rear end of a goose.

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Or, when speaking to fellow professionals: "To pick out a smuggler is easy. They are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, and the amateurs always work very hard at looking you in the eye."

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn after a residence that had lasted for four years, he would shrug. "I like to move," he would say. The truth was that he had used up the waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the Pommer who were not too old or too ugly, and he could have added (and did to one or two friends), "when a woman goes dry on you, change your house. That can put a little oil in their juices." He could even have given the real reason--no matter where he lived, a restlessness came upon him sooner or later that proved intolerable.

On the day when the Hitler family left the Pommer Inn, he had, however, a most uncharacteristic thought. It was that the determining factor in the universe--others might call it fate!--could yet choose him for high position. I will remark that his idea of high position would now be satisfied by promotion to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Linz; indeed, he would yet be given that post before he retired. Never superstitious (except when he was) Alois decided that this last promotion

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came in good part because of the move from the Pommer Inn to a rented house on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed more room, and now they had it. Of course, there were no females in the attic, yet he could manage with that. He had nosed out a woman who lived on his route home from the tavern. He had to pay for the privilege by giving her a gift time to time, but then the rent on Linzerstrasse was low. It was a dreary house.

All the while, he fought against falling in love with his wife. She infuriated him. If ants were like bees and had a Queen for whom they labored, then Klara was Queen of the ants, for she commanded his skin to crawl, his crotch to itch, and his heart to toll in his chest—all of this from no more than taking in the presence of Klara on her half of the divided bed. He would keep thinking of how she had looked on the night of her wedding. She had worn a dark silk dress, rose-colored with a white collar—that much white she allowed herself as a bride—and on her white forehead, she had teased some charming curls. At her breast was pinned the one piece of jewelry she possessed, a small green cluster of glass grapes looking real enough to mislead a man into reaching for one. (Or just about!) And then

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there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love with a woman who kept the cleanest house in Braunau just for him and for three kids—two of them not even her own!—a woman always as polite to him in public as to an emperor, a woman who never complained about what she had and didn't have nor nagged him about finances, a woman who still had only one good dress, the one worn at her wedding party, and yet if he laid a finger on her, she would have bitten it off. He wondered if the difference in their age was what it was about. Better than marrying her, he should have put her in a nunnery. Yet his skin itched at the thought of how she would not let him near.

Drinking at the tavern, he would look to regain some pride. His dislike of the Church had by now become a forceful conversational instrument. He expressed a superior scorn. Yes, he could say a few things. He would occasionally page through a section of an anti-clerical volume he had found in an antique bookshop in Braunau; indeed, the store owner, Hans Lycidias Leipziger, would meet him on many an evening for beer, and while the bookseller kept himself at a scholarly level above more mundane Customs Officers' discussions by offering no more than a nod of his head

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from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and shaven upper lip, his full mutton chops, his pince-nez spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur Schopenhauer and so gave support to Herr Leipziger's smallest assent, just enough to carry the other Customs Officers around the more bruising turns of Alois' argument. While they were hardly to be counted as church-goers, "No good man wants to be neutered," most were ready to admit, still they were officials, and could hardly feel at ease when a prestigious institution was mocked, let alone the Holy Roman Church.

Not Alois. He felt no fear in declaring that he had no fear. "If there is a Providence larger than Franz Josef's power to provide for us, I have not encountered it."

"Alois, not everything comes up to a man with a printed sign," said the officer closest to him in rank.

"Yes, it is all a mystery. Mystery, mystery, mystery, and the Church keeps the keys, they are the caretakers, yah?"

The others laughed uneasily. But Alois was thinking of Klara and how her piety left a hot rock in his stomach. He would grind this rock to

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powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores they were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild for themselves alone! I have read about a convent in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope had to investigate. Why? Because the Whores' Guild complained about the competition with the nuns."

"Come now," said two drinkers at once.

"True. It is true. Absolutely true. Hans Leipziger here can show you the text." Leipziger nodded slowly, reflectively. He was a little too drunk to be certain on which side his authority should fall. "Yes," said Alois. "the Pope says, 'Send a monsignor to look into it.' What does this good monsignor report? Yah? Half the nuns are pregnant. This is the sober fact history must live with. So, the Pope takes a real look at the monasteries. Orgies. Orgies of homosexuals." He said it with such force that he had time to take a long large swallow from his tankard.

"That, of course," said Alois, once fresh breath had also been ingested, "need not surprise us. To this day, half of the priesthood are mamma's boys. We know that."

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"No, we don't," muttered one of the younger officers. "My brother is a priest."

"In that case, I tip my hat to him," said Alois, "if he is your brother, he is different. But that was then. And I assure you: The priests who were real men did worse. You ever hear this saying of the Pope? From the same Pope. He said, 'No priest needs to marry so long as the peasant has a wife.'"

The unspoken rule of his voice was that they be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. "It was exactly like that," he said. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to bring along."

"Which Bishop?"

"The Bishop of Linz, don't you know?"

Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. In order to defray the expenses of translating his letter into Latin, Alois had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago. It still rankled.

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On the walk home, his mood was foul. He had decided that the days of enjoying open tirades against the Church might be coming to a close. He was fifty-four years old, and for many years, had never worried about his position in life. He had known he could and would rise in the ranks open to him, but no higher.

Now, however, his stomach was unsettled. From a respected friend in the Finance Watch, he had been told that in Vienna there was talk of a promotion for Alois Hitler up to Chief Customs Officer at Passau. Given his lack of respectable education, that would be a true rise in rank, an innovative promotion. "However, you must watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said. "This is still a year away. You must keep a good name if you are to be moved to Passau."

He had always seen himself as exceptional, afraid of no one (except for certain superiors in uniform), possessed of a genuine magnetism for women (how many men could say that much for themselves?) and up from the ranks. Moreover, he had never been timid about public opinion. Nobody else he knew could say as much for himself. He was no coward in that department.

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But now this respected friend who gave every evidence that he had an ear in the councils of the Finance-Watch was saying, "Watch out for the townspeople in Braunau."

This was a worry to travel right into him. Because Alois could not decide whether to trust this friend. The man was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had once told him: "The townspeople of Braunau are nothing. You can put your thumb to your nose at them." Alois had indeed put together a good many habits around this remark, but the truth was that tonight he had said too much, absolutely, what with this most unsettling and exciting rumor concerning Passau. He was learning how much ambition he had, a real ambition which he had never admitted to himself. He couldn't. It would have been like a river breaking through a levee. But now he could recognize that a flood-water was waiting. If he wanted to stay afloat, he had to stop pissing on the Church.

Yes, in this sense, his wife, a cold tit to him and a jug of warm milk to the baby—what a guzzler! never off of the tit, but, get by all that!—she was a useful wife. Good for the children, good cook, very good with the Church. *Or would be if he could keep himself from frowning every time she went to Mass*

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Now, he, personally, was not going to be caught at a High Mass except for State occasions, holidays. He did not wish to live with a new itching attack, no, he did not see the confessional box for himself. His skin prickled. A serious official of the Crown like himself having to bare his soul (and some of the private stuff below the belt!), no, not to one more priest. Let them find food elsewhere for tonight's masturbation.

Women, however, should be seen in church. It was time to accept such a fact. The people in Braunau must not be able to say that he didn't ~~encourage~~ ~~allow~~ (his wife to go through the portal.

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Within the Company, we look upon ambition in men and women as a force ~~often~~ ^{we can often put} at our disposal. While we accept the likelihood that most human emotions originate through God's inclination, even as He gave necessary instincts to the animals, nonetheless, we are ^{always} also ~~ready to work~~ ^{convert strong emotions} most human feelings over to our purposes. Of no state is this more true than ambition. Plus, its weak sister, avarice. Avarice is simple to deal

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~~with—it is pure greed.~~ ^{after all, nothing ~~got~~ however} ~~ambition~~ ^{is} is closely related to the Originating Vision. That is why the D.K., who so often puts serious restraints upon human behavior, is ~~more~~ ^{on many occasions,} ready to encourage ambition. (I would suppose His goal is for all men and women to possess the potential ^{on their own!} ~~to~~ fulfill some part of His Vision. To that degree, God ^{might prosper} ~~could~~ also ~~use~~ in the cosmos. (The E.O. is forever hinting to us that there are other gods, quite equal to ours, out among the stars, and they all have extreme and separate notions of what existence might yet become. At that level, the E.O. remarks, the D.K. is no more than one entrepreneur among many!)

^{He was speaking} That, ~~of~~ ^{Let me speak, however,} course, is cosmic ambition. Return us, ~~however,~~ ^{address myself,} to the ~~more~~ ^{as a human who suffers from} human variety. As the E.O. is never loathe to tell us, ~~too much ambition~~ ^{is paying the price all too often for a lack of anticipation} proves all too often to be an impasse set up by the Creator. For the D.K. ^{was using this} ~~had~~ ^{had endowed} ~~the~~ ^{the} human will ~~with~~ ^{with} Vision to be effective, real and independent strength ~~had to be granted to the~~ ^{had been} ~~human will~~. In doing so, He was obliged unwillingly to ~~leave room~~ ^{open a good} for us. ^{many doors for us as well}

We captured a horde of clients. It may be sacrilege to some, but I would ^{most seriously} propose that God miscalculated. Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but the most unstable. It cannot bear defeat with signal grace.

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Not often! So, defeat ^{can} ~~does~~ turn a putative client ^{over} ~~closer~~ to us. There are so many who are ready to blame God for a run of bad luck.

Personal ambition, therefore, ^{does} ~~awakens~~ our interest. The D.K., ^{invariably} ~~always~~ a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the only men and women who could promulgate His Vision by the intensity of their ambition would have to be saints. Of course, few human beings have any desire to develop to that point. I will be blunt. The D.K. made miscalculations that were - no lesser judgment—grievous for Him. He overrated the potential for development of good feeling in the very human nature He had ^{originated} ~~created~~. Whereas our E.O. has always known ^{the extent of} ~~how much~~ perversity ^{most} ~~was~~ to be found in men and women.

Consider the case with Alois. Many people guard their ambition as the most secret part of their emotions (guarded even from their open thoughts). For so soon as ambition begins to burn brightly in the mind, it is ready, if necessary, to shred a good many long-held convictions about the honor and high level of one's personal purity. So soon as ambition reveals the extent of its pride, it can ^{disorienting. Excessive pride} ~~soon~~ prove ~~unmanageable~~ ^{unmanageable}. Pride is a blind intensity.

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No surprise then if Alois was not the only one in the Hitler family to suffer this disruption. Ambition is a true germ, highly infectious. If Klara now had a child who was actually giving a few signs of staying alive—this was due, as we have remarked, to her belief in the life of her milk—her breasts were suffused with joy, the most generous joy she had ever known. So, Klara now wanted everything for Adi. And to such a degree, that she was even ready to contemplate forgiving her husband, a bit of forgiveness in any case—enough maybe to allow him to cross the middle of the bed.

Their second courtship began. It was not at all like the night when Gustav was conceived. No apocalyptic shift occurred ~~in her habits~~. She was still breast-feeding Adolf. So, there was no question of a pregnancy ^{yet, then}. What inspired the return of some little carnal interest was her growing appreciation of Alois. He had built strong foundations, after all, for the good future of Adolf. Even as her husband had risen from the mud of Strones and Spital to the honor of a high uniform in the service of Franz Josef, she, in turn, might begin to measure the heights to which Adolf could ascend should his ability to go beyond his origins prove equal to the vigor and upward progress of his father.

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For that, however, he would need this father to love him. Once, in her gentlest voice, she had said to Alois, "Sometimes I wonder why you never hold Adi."

"It will just make the other two jealous," he answered. "Jealous kids are not to be trusted with babies."

"Alois and Angela hold him all the time," she said. "They are not jealous. They like him."

"Let us keep it that way. Maybe they are happy I do not hold him."

"Sometimes I am afraid he is not very important to you," she dared to say.

She had gone one step beyond where she had thought to go. Bad enough for him that he had only half a bed, but now she was looking to scold him? "Important to me?" he said. "That I can answer. He is not important to me. Not yet. I want to see if he will live."

She did not weep often, but here she burst into tears. The worst had happened, and she felt weak before him again. She was not free of loving him.

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At that moment, the dog began to bark. Alois had bought a hound for a few gulden from a farmer he knew. Since they were living in a house, rather than at an inn, the purchase could be considered protection worth the cost. But the dog, whom he named Luther, proved disappointing. While Luther worshipped Alois and quivered before his master at every shift of tone, he did not seem otherwise alert. Moreover, he had nervous habits. Even as Alois shouted at him to stop howling, poor Luther would urinate on the floor.

Afterward, Alois might have his regrets. The hound, after all, did adore him. First, however, he whipped the dog. Even as it tried to crawl away, the poor bottom of the beast became soaked in its own outpourings. All the while, it was yelping its full terror. The uproar woke the children. Alois, Jr. came out first, then Angela, Adi at the last, not yet two years old, but agile enough to get out of his low bed and totter into the midst of this. Klara leaped up to seize him. She was ready for the worst, she hardly knew what—that the child would step into the urine, that he would weep for her breast, that Alois might strike them both—she had seen the look in her husband's eye when Adi became too greedy on her tit. None of this

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happened, however. To the contrary, the child looked with solemn interest at the whimpering dog, then at the flailing hand of the father, and his blue eyes had a gleam she had seen before, a look of remarkable intensity for one so small. She had seen it on his face when suckling him. He would stare at her with an expression equal to the one on Alois' face at rare times, the tender expression of a lover overwhelmed for a moment by the implicit equality of flesh to flesh, soul upon soul. Deep is the communion of being able to speak without a sound being uttered. At such instants, she felt as if this child was closer to her and knew more about her than anyone else in her life.

Now, as Adolf stared at the wet dog and then at the over-flushed face of the father, there was no tenderness in this look, but much comprehension.

Klara felt an odd panic as if she must now startle the little boy into weeping so that she could give him her breast and thereby remove him from the room. Indeed, she succeeded. Adi burst into a rage as she took him up, bore him away, and force-fed him. Indeed, armed with his first tooth, he nipped her enough for Klara to cry out, whereupon he stopped bawling long enough to give a deep and hearty chuckle.

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From the room she had just quit, she could hear Alois bellowing

“That dog can’t even shit right,” he cried out of his own pain at the awful turn the evening had taken. Luther was bleeding at the mouth from blows he had received full-face on his muzzle, but in turn, Alois’ palm had a small but ugly laceration from raking one fierce slap across a broken incisor among Luther’s sad front teeth.

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It will be noted that I write about my people much like any reasonably good novelist. I am ready by turns to observe them sardonically, objectively, ironically, sympathetically, judgmentally, even compassionately. Nor am I often sinister. This should not come as a surprise. Why should I be required to lower my style to the level of a casual reader's notion of how a devil should present himself?

From the onset of our service, the Evil One has instructed us to make humankind our study. We do the E.O. honor every time we appreciate a man or woman in full. The Maestro has always encouraged us to feel close to what is godly in people as well as to the spoils that may be there later for us. To comprehend the godly facets of humankind, precisely those that

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could prove inimical to us down the road, is important. If we had religious Orders in the Company, I would be a Jesuit. Indeed, I share a fundamental understanding with Jesuits as, for certain, does the E.O. I am always ready to acquire a sympathetic comprehension of all that in essence will prove to be our final adversary—I see it as my duty to be ready, indeed, to know more about godly sentiments than all but the most gifted of the angels

That is why the E.O. encourages us to speak of God as the D.K. (At least those of us who work in German-speaking lands. In America, it is the D.A.—dumb ass! In England, the B.F.—bloody fool! For France, A.S.—L'Ame Simple. In Italian, G.C.—gran cornutto! For Spanish—G.P.—grande payaso.) So D.K. stands for Dummkopf. It is not that we look upon God as directly retarded (not so!). Moreover, we know from experience (and lost battles) that the Cudgels can, on occasion, be as bright and incisive as ourselves. The root to employing such a term as Dummkopf comes, I think, from the E.O.'s desire to wean us from what has been our greatest weakness—the admiration we often feel unwillingly before the Almighty. As the E.O. never allows us to forget, God may be powerful, but He is not All Mighty. Hardly so! We are, after all, here! If the D.K. is the Creator,

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we are His most profound critics. Often, we are also His successful opponents.

So successful, indeed, that the E.O. ^{looks} ~~wished~~ to rearrange the balance. If the Angels had succeeded in ^{bringing} ~~brainwashing~~ all too many men and women to believe that our Source ^{is} ~~was~~ the Evil One, (until we are obliged to live

without any real opportunity to protest this canard), then our best recourse,

as the E.O. suggested, is to take pride in his initials. Or, try to. Which we

do. When I write E.O., or speak of the Evil One, it is with full knowledge

of the richness of the concept. He has given us so much, our subtle master

who disdains to capitalize any reference to his presence other than in the use

of his various names—the E.O., the O.O., ^(the Omniscient Observer!) the Source, and the Maestro.

"Leave all that excessive reverence to those God worshippers ^{who are silly} (on their

knees," he tells us. "We have work to do, and it is tricky. I recommend that

you keep thinking of Him as the Dummkopf. For, indeed, given what He

could have been, that is what He is. We are brighter by far. And, of late,

we are more creative. Remember: It is our universe to gain. It is His to

lose. Keep calling Him the Dummkopf."

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The outpouring of the urine, the shit, and the blood of Luther became the first in a series of episodes remarkable for their powers of transmogrification—that is to say, dramatic and thoroughgoing metamorphosis.

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to dominate the ^{pitch}tenor of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode with Luther took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often Adi soiled his wrapping cloths, to keep the child clean, indeed, the act as I have remarked, became a ~~(daily)~~ dalliance between mother and boy. She wiped him so carefully that his eyes gleamed with transmogrificational delight. He discovered that Heaven was in his anus right there with the cramps. All the

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while, his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with unwitting demonic finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his rosebud, (which was, of course, Klara's secret name for her dear baby's incomparably dear little hole—die Rosenknospe.) She was so proud of its pink sheen that she could not even suppress her joy when her step-children were watching. Indeed, unlike other good mothers in Braunau, she barely bothered to teach Angela how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to be alone ^{while} when taking ^{such} personal care of Adolf. ^{those were} For ^{then} they would have the best of times. ^{To} ~~her credit,~~ ^{wholly} ~~was possible because~~ ^{any} she was superior to ⁱⁿ the unhappy elements of the procedure. His stool, (which could on occasion be as rank as any other ^{colicky child}) ~~diarrhetic disaster~~ ^{was} did not occasion her disgust. It ^{might} ~~might prove~~ ^{was} disturbing if the outpouring were sick in smell, or worse, gave a hint of that empty cavern which lurks in the odor of grave illness, but her breath ^{stayed} ~~was~~ ^{was} calm even when the stink ^{was} ~~proved~~ rich enough to overpower anyone else. She ^{even} ~~even~~ ^{wanted} ~~looked for~~ ^{be} the stench to come through ~~as~~ as strong. The stronger, the better. That was a sign of health. Such was her love for Adi.

It sparkled between them. His eyes danced as she dredged his cheeks with feather-smooth wipes of the rag, and her eyes were full of love, so full

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that his little penis certainly stood erect. She, in turn, would giggle and coax it back (most properly) while they both laughed. For it jumped up again. Whereupon she kissed the tip, (once), and then blushed. Be assured, She did not allow her mind to suggest that the act might be subject to Confession. No, ^{never with} ~~not~~ such innocent joy.

All this changed after ^{the episode with the Lutheran} ~~the dog was whipped.~~

She lived again in high fear of Alois. Now, it seemed as if Adi's swaddling cloths were always in danger of bagging open. What if Alois ^{come upon} ~~find~~ a full plop on the floor? Once, stepping out of the parlor for a minute to start a dish in the kitchen, she returned to see the child playing with his spoil—he had already plastered his upper lip and chin. She gasped at the thought of Alois coming through the door.

So, training began. It was like trying to teach a bright but willful dog. In the beginning, Adi might even tug at her skirt, or take her to the closet that held the chamberpot and cry out for her to remove his cloth. After which, complimenting him for his prowess, they would go, two spirits in one, through the wiping. For such intelligence she offered full praise. His eyes would glow.

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Now, she became ambitious. She wanted Adi to learn how to unsnap the safety pins that held his cloth, and indeed he was able to. Day by day, one success followed another, until one morning, he pricked his finger. After that mishap, he would not go near the pins again. She lost patience that he had come so near and now refused to continue. Finally, she scolded him, and that was certainly the first time he had heard such a tone in her voice. He rebelled. Knowing how important he was to her, his response was keen—he felt the same kind of clarity with which he had watched Alois beat Luther. At that moment, Adi had been illumined by new knowledge. He did not measure the difference between a dog and a man, not yet, for Luther was as much a person to him as his father, but he could see the instant result: the dog had collapsed into abject terror but still loved his master.

So would Klara love him, he decided, even when he would not obey her. Taken out of his cloth and allowed to run naked from the waist down, he began (never when his father was at home) to shit on the floor. Sometimes he would do it right next to the chamber pot, which brought Klara so close to screaming that Adi could all but hear every sound she did

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not make, and felt in consequence masterful. He had no fear of her even when she came close to striking him.

He went too far. One day when she was in the midst of waxing her kitchen floor, he spread excrement on the upholstered arm of the parlor couch, studied it, knew by a new tumult in his chest—so curious in sensation—that this was different. Risk was present. All the same, he would show it to her. He did.

This time she did not scream, she stood stock-still. She sensed that he had done it on purpose, and so she did not say a word, merely cleared the sofa by which time he had an attack of diarrhea and the floor was dirty again. He began to laugh and to bawl, but she did no more than sigh and clean him soundlessly in a listless loveless fashion. This made such an impression ^{on him} ^{awake} ~~that he became awake~~ in the middle of the night and went to her bedroom. Alois had been called to Passau for preliminary interviews and the house had not seen him for a week, but just before midnight he came home. Since the boy had formed the habit of going often to his mother's bed whenever Klara was alone, he was surprised, even as he cracked the door, to hear a little gasping, and wheezing, and then the bull-roar of Alois'

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voice. It came in spasms. Beneath it and above it were his mother's cries, soft, and full of the oddest torture. Those cries spoke of joy soon to come, so soon to come, yes, just beyond reach, yes, now, almost! ^{Not yet!} Through the half-open door (kept open particularly for her to hear him should he cry) he saw a sight his mind would not take in, not at once. Something looked like eight arms and legs and two people, yes, two, but one of them was upside down. He could make out Alois' bald head and side-whiskers pressed between his mother's legs. Then, without a word his father had turned around and was sitting on her face.

Adolf walked away as silently as he had entered, but he knew, there was no doubt—his mother had betrayed him. Just then he heard a final set of cries, a sobbing full of wonder, and he turned back and peered into the room, seeing what he could by the moonlight in the window, and his father was belaboring Klara with all of his body, his big belly slapping on her. But she was grunting like a dog. And full of contentment! "You beast, you are an ugly man, you are an animal, you!" and then again. "You, yes, you, yah, yah, yah." There was no question. She was happy. Ja!

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He would never forgive her. That much the two-year-old knew. All her love had been for him. Now, his father was behind her, and on top of her back.

This time Adolf went all the way back to his room. He could, however, still hear them. In the bed next to him, Alois, Jr. and Angela were giggling. "Goosey, goosey," they kept saying.

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He began to bawl for his milk not thirty minutes after Klara had sunk into the best sleep she had known for years.

Must one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-life of thirty minutes, they are not profound? Because of that betrayal, he would never love his mother as much again. Yet, his feelings were more intense. There was pain in his love now, and an anger that revealed itself by nipping at her breast with his first teeth. Indeed, for a few days, he felt almost as close to Luther, and when drowsy, could sleep beside the dog, through an afternoon. Truth, he saw the hound as a brother. They had both

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taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender, and indeed, the love affair went on until Adolf began to take too much advantage of the beast, punching him in the belly, trying to poke in his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs. The dog began at last to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to Klara. There was a period when this made her so distraught that all delight in breast-feeding was gone. The teeth had done it. The days of weaning were at hand.

In those private councils of her mind that would never be available to her child, her stepchildren, her husband, nor even to the confessional box, she had come to the conclusion that she must have another child. If this came in part from the old fear, even now, that Adolf might not live, she also feared that she would never love him as much again, no, not as once she had, and so maybe there should be another child. Besides, she was entering a new time in her marriage. She looked forward to Alois approaching their bed when he was in a most friendly mood, ~~bed when he was in a certain mood.~~ For on such evenings—after all these years!—^{desire} desire came alive again ~~and was there!~~—~~there~~, down in the marrow, ⁴²⁹ deep!

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We may remember that the last time we encountered Alois, he had been burying his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, his tongue as long and demonic as a devil's phallus. (Be it said: we are not without our contributions to these copulatory arts!) Alois was certainly possessed by us. Never before had he given himself that much to such an osculatory exercise, and yet he had become ~~so~~ good at it, and so quickly, that no explanation is possible unless we were there as well. (We do have the power to give transient gifts to men and women even ^{when} ~~if~~ we are not looking to turn them into ^{full-service} clients.)

In the morning, Alois could not believe he had done ^{it. All that!} ~~all that~~ To lower himself to such an extent! In bald fact, and to make her pay for such bottoming on his part, he had, we must recall, clumped his buttocks once more over her nose and mouth—precisely the frightful sight that drove Adolf back to his bed and caused him to bawl for milk not a half-hour later.

Yet Alois in a most unexpected manner, also felt tender towards Klara in the morning. This unexpected gentleness in concert with the astonishing pleasure he had given her by way of his tongue, a joy whose unexpected ^{up} ~~preciosities~~ ^{also} had conducted her to, yes, occult regions, had left

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her ready enough to forgive the ^{rotten part,} ~~after~~ climax. (Indeed, his heavy behind actually smelled better than Adi's.)

As a devil, I am obliged to live intimately with excrement. ~~And this~~ ^{I know,} ~~is true~~ ⁱⁿ for all its forms, physical and mental ~~the~~ the emotional waste of ugly and disappointing events, the sour indwelling poison of unjust punishment, the corrosion of impotent thoughts, and, of course, the literal aspects of caca itself. It is true. As devils, we live in shit, we work with shit, we prosper from it (as I may yet attempt to explain). It is natural for us, therefore, to comprehend a marriage through the eye of the cloaca—and I will add - that is not the worst way. For parenthood is not only the mansion but the outhouse of marriage. As St. Odon of Cluny stated so unforgettably (in a remark worthy of the best of devils: inter faeces et urinam nascimur - between shit and piss are we born), so the proper study of marriage resides not only in partnership, congeniality, boredom, predictable habit ^{and daily annoyance} and despair, but in the guts and smear of it all—the ~~daily, almost~~ ^{daily} comradeship of all the forbidden tastes, smells, bodily places. Indeed, ^{if all that} ~~in their~~ ^{we are agents} ~~absence~~ ^{would have} the sacrament ~~has~~ ^{is} less foundation. On caca, is marriage based. So I would assert. You are free to attach my opinion to my spiritual

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investment. I am a devil, after all, and we are creatures with a need to look for the lowest common denominator in any truth, especially within the properties of waste itself.

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Alois' promotion came through. The Finance-Watch named him to the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau, and Klara had the confirmation of knowing she was married to a man of achievement.

On the other hand, they could hardly rent their house in Braunau at such quick notice. ^{Back} Yet Alois had to work in Passau ^{now} and that took a full day of travel. So, there were periods, often for weeks at a time, when Alois lived apart from the family. In consequence, Adolf could loiter in the big bed with his mother.

The child's joy was profound. If it was grievous that Klara had to put him aside whenever Alois come home, so did he also learn that such

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happiness could be recovered. For after a day or two, Alois would be off again to Passau.

This lasted for a year. Even when the family eventually moved to Passau, the new position required Alois to oversee other towns. He was, therefore, away at night as much as he was home, permitting Adolf to sleep right up against the nocturnal warmth of his mother in the big dark bed.

There were nights when he almost loved her as completely as he once had, *and something of that she could take pride in him again.*

Working in Passau satisfied Alois' vanity, but soon proved to be a burden to his confidence. Braunau, after all, had been a ~~considerably~~ less important station. Trade with Germany was limited, and for the most part, the smugglers they encountered were petty thieves. The roads to Munich or to Vienna ^{*which*} ~~that~~ crossed the frontier in that region were of secondary importance. The tourists were rarely well-to-do. Nothing ^{*spectacular*} ~~to~~ catch a good customs-man's eye. Most of the product was agricultural; weighings were tedious. While Braunau was situated nicely on the river Inn, most of its architecture was humdrum, and there was not much substance to the view. Braunau had few dark secrets.

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Passau was ^{much more, also} another matter. It was German. By agreement Austrian customs ~~also~~ operated on the German side of the Danube. Here, the buildings at the river bank afforded rich historical connotation. Passau had once been ruled by a Prince-Bishop. It had medieval towers, it had castles, and some of its churches dated back to the onset of the Middle Ages; others were high Renaissance. Passau's walls spoke of grandeur, dedicated duty, ancient crimes, torture chambers, by-gone glory, and — much to the point for Alois — criminal smugglers with imagination enough to be a match for him.

But he was left uneasy by ^{certain} the new responsibilities ~~of his position~~. If he had always considered his uniformed presence a full warning to malefactors, a conclusion he fortified for himself before every mirror, he also knew that this was due to the rigor of the professional manner he had developed over many years. On duty, he could present a personality of the heaviest official calm and that was guaranteed to provide no easy peace to the traveler before him. His weighty approach ^{clearly declared} as much as said that ~~any man~~ ^{that a man} ^{can incorruptible} able to manifest such calm must have set a seal on himself. That was the way. ^{travellers} Impress the people you deal with. Let them know that you are not the man with whom to play games. He had studied many an upper-class

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customs officer --those with university learning, some with vivid, irremovable duelling scars. They were the ones to model oneself after.

Taking up his command in Passau left him feeling, however, less settled. While he made few outright errors, his tone became, at times, too harsh. Rudeness toward inferiors was reasonable only when the cutting edge of the criticism was accurate. One's subordinates learned correct procedure best under the sting of a fine whip well-applied. Occasionally, however, some trifle would provoke him unduly. Once he went into a tirade because an underling addressed him as "Herr Official" rather than "Herr Senior Official Hitler." He could sense that his new Passau contingent of juniors, ~~so much~~ ^{better} more sophisticated and ~~educated~~ ^{educated} than the younger officers at Braunau, ~~were~~ ^{might be} growing critical of him. Now and again, looking down from his post at the rush of the Danube below the Customs' bridge, tears would come to his eyes. He would find himself thinking of Braunau, and of the two women buried in the region, dear carnal-spirited Franzeska, yes, and for an instant he would also mourn Anna Glassl. No beauty, but she had known what to do under the sheets.

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He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to him, was The Chimney. (The German is good enough to offer here: Der Rauchtung)

"And what is the mood of our Chimney today?" one young officer might ask another as he came on duty. Alois knew these juniors were resentful that he did not allow them to smoke ^{during} ~~on~~ their shifts—nonetheless, he insisted. The very injustice of it would enforce his authority. His years had told him. A good officer must be fair for the most part, yet ready to employ certain small inequalities. Done judiciously, it was most effective with inferiors. It reduced them one necessary notch.

Now that Klara and the children had joined him in Passau, he became more severe with his offspring. Alois, Jr. and Angela soon learned not to speak to him unless they were asked a direct question. If Alois, Jr. was outside, the father would put two fingers to his lips and whistle. It was identical to the call he used to summon Luther. In turn, Alois, Jr., fresh cheeked, strong, stocky, and with a face like his father's, had driven Klara and Angela into hysterics one afternoon by picking up one of Adolf's monumental turds that baby brother had chosen to deposit on the parlor rug. When stepmother and sister began to scream at the sight of it in his hand,

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young Alois chose to run after them, his eyes wild with mischief. Soon, Klara and Angela were crying out in terror at the monstrosity of the act. Then, Adi joined in their chorus. He screamed with the rest even as he also galloped right after Alois, Jr., until his big brother, tiring of the sport, tore off an inch of the stuff, whirled around and planted it on the tip of Adolf's nose.

That evening Klara told Alois, Senior. The beating which ensued was comparable to the attack on Luther. Alois, Junior, could just about crawl off to school next day. Profound, after that, was the discipline in the house. When Alois came home from his duties, the children dared at most to whisper. Klara, unwilling to upset him, and full of remorse for having told her husband, was also quiet. Supper was eaten in silence. The smell of Alois' breath, rich with meat and sour from beer, mingled with the aroma of red cabbage.

He would take, then, to the armchair, select one of his long-stem pipes, tamp his tobacco into the bowl with all the authority that could reside in the thumb of a man of official importance, and then proceed to overpower

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the fireplace with his own smoke. Alois, Jr. and Angela went to their room once permission was given. But, Adi was called forward

His father would cup the three-year-old's head in his hand, and then, with a divided grin—fifty percent affection, fifty percent ~~fear to outrage~~ meanness of spirit—would blow smoke into Adolf's face. The boy would cough, and the father would chuckle.

As soon as Alois let go of his head, Adolf would smile and run off to the water closet. There, he would throw up. Sometimes, head bent over the pail, the three-year-old would remember the sounds of Alois making love to Klara, and such groans and sobs were there with him in the lurches of his esophagus. He kept asking himself why his mother never complained about the smoke.

~~No, she had not.~~ She did not dare. She sensed that the greatest provocation to her husband would be to comment on the clouds that rose from his pipe.

Moreover, Adolf had given her new cause for fear. Cleaning his bottom one day (and she did not make this large discovery until he was

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(three—such were her curious propertities) she came to notice that he had only one testicle.

A town doctor reassured her that this medical phenomenon was not exceptionally uncommon. Such boys often grew up to be men with large families—"The good God, dear lady, gave more than enough, and then doubled it."

"So he will not be different from others when he goes to school?"

"Some boys in that condition, such a minor condition, are sometimes highly active. That is all."

Kind words could not soothe Klara. The missing testicle was one more stain on the Poelzl family. Her sister Johanna was not only a hunchback but, according to Alois, half-mad and an idiot. And then there was a first cousin—a true imbecile. Not to speak of all of Klara's dead brothers, dead sisters, and her own dead children. There was not enough, she decided, of Alois' strong constitution in Adolf, no, none of the strength Alois had so obviously passed on to Alois, Junior. This was also her fault. She had loved her husband on the night that Adolf had been conceived, but only on that night, and in a way—was it unholy?—such a night!

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But now—could it be too late?—she would say that she loved her husband again. She came to this conclusion slowly, step by step, over many months, but on one fine night in June, a year and a half after his transfer to Passau, she felt a new rush of respect for him. For just that afternoon, she had learned that in another six months, he would be transferred to Linz, the capital of the province, there to serve as Chief Customs Officer. It was the most important assignment you could find in all the Service between Salzburg and Vienna.

On that night, they conceived. Perhaps there was never an hour when she loved Alois more simply, or realized she wanted a second son so much. Little Adi with his one testicle, had put a small but year-long horror into her soul. She did not dare to think any longer that Adi might live a long life. On the contrary, they needed another child. The new one, she decided, must belong to Alois as much as to herself.

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Edmund was born on March 24, 1894, a few weeks before Adolf would be five. Klara had told him that he would soon have a brother or—if God so desired—a sister, and Adolf was ready either way. He looked forward to playing with the baby on arrival. He expected to meet a child half his age, at least as measured by size, a living creature ready to speak, but in any event, certainly able to listen. On the approach to Klara's bed, when he saw no more than a cloth bundle on her breast with a face inside it as wizened as an old apple, he was aghast.

Having been sent the night before to a neighbor's house where he went through the discomfort of sleeping on a small bed between Angela and

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Alois, Jr. (who kept pinching each other over his intervening body) he knew that changes were coming. This perception turned into his first large sorrow when, next day, as he rushed to his mother's bed, the midwife put out a hand as large as his face and said, "Stay back. Don't hurt the baby."

Klara made it worse. She put a hand on his head which was so passing in its touch that he could feel no love. ~~She looked at him~~ Tears came to his eyes.

"Ah, the poor little one," said the midwife and led him out of the room. "In a few days," she said, "you can get nearer to the baby."

"Will he talk to me?"

"Oh, you will be the first to understand him." With that, she laughed and returned to the bed where his mother lay.

For weeks, he could hardly get near enough to talk to Klara. Yet it had been just a few weeks ago, no more, when he would have the same conversation each morning with his mother.

"Mommie," Adi would ask, "are you the most beautiful woman in the world?"

She would tease his hair. "What do you think?"

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"I think you are the most beautiful."

She would hug him to her breast. The feeling those breasts held for him was not what it used to be, but she would pretend it was. Not a year had passed since she had stopped feeding him. Now, he would gorge on the cream puffs she often prepared for dessert, indeed, he would wolf them down at such a rate that Alois, Junior, would complain audibly if Klara was present, or, in her absence, would crack a knuckle across his head. Klara, prey to new uneasiness at how little attention she gave to Adi these days, would defend his right to the cream puffs. "He is so little," she would say, "he needs them more than you."

After the birth, Klara was often too fatigued to cook. The temporary servant made cream puffs that tasted like sour milk. Klara, in her turn, was feeding Edmund all the time. So it seemed to Adolf. He experienced a new sorrow that blended with the sad undertone of the church bells in Passau, so many bells, so frequent. In his ears, it all sounded as if she was forever feeding Edmund.

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Now, when he tried to ask if she was the most beautiful woman in the world, she would laugh unhappily. "Oh, I am a tired woman," she would say, "I am not beautiful, Dolfchen. But your sister Angela will be."

Adi did not agree. Angela was undependable. Angela was always ready to pinch him for no good reason. She was nice, at times, but treacherous. "No, you are more beautiful than Angela," he would say, and his mother would shake her head.

Meanwhile, much of the time, his father was in Linz. One week after Edmund's birth, Alois took up new and full-time duties there. Since Linz was fifty miles east of Passau, the distance kept Alois from returning to his household more than twice a month. The weight of his strong voice was not often present now to quiver through the boy's body, no, not often. And the house was empty during the day. Angela and Alois, Junior were away at school. Adi would be alone with his mother and the infant, but Klara still did not have much time for him. And at night, he no longer could be certain where he would sleep. Often, Alois, Jr., would take over his cot, and Adi would have to move to Angela's bed. She would tickle his body everywhere. Sometimes she would tell him that he did not smell good,

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"So, Adi, your breath is rotten," she would say. Often, he would put a blanket on the floor to escape her.

He was also afraid to go outside. The wild yells that boys made while playing in the field back of the house were fearsome. He spent his time looking at the illustrations in a book his father had bought about the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He would like to be a brave soldier. Could he be? He asked himself. He was so afraid!

One afternoon, after school and much at Klara's bidding, Alois, Jr. pulled Adolf out of the house, and led him to the field behind the house where not a dozen small boys had divided their ranks into two and were playing at war.

Alois, Jr. studied the group for a few minutes, then selected the leader of one army, a big stout five-year-old. "This is my brother," Alois told him, "and if you let anyone on the other side hit Adolf, you will hear from me." He punched the boy on the arm hard enough to leave a memory, and departed.

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When Adolf came home that evening, Alois, Jr. took him aside. "From now on," he said, "I eat the cream puffs first. As many as I want. If you cry to your mother, momma's boy, I will not protect you on the field."

"I won't cry," said Adi, holding his breath as tightly as if he were clinging to a rope.

Next day, he ^{went} ~~had to go over~~ to the game by himself. He was more afraid of Alois, Jr.'s derision than of any blows he might take in the battle.

Actually, there had been little enough punishment on the first day. The fat boy was quick to use his own body to shield Adi from every attack. Besides, it did not take long to grasp the basic principle. The game was simple. Divided into two teams, the boys took turns chasing each other. It was really not a war. More like tag since once caught, you were dead, but then each melee lasted only a few minutes. After which, the boys, close to breathless, would count the losses, take a breath, and start again. Given the clamor of the charge across the field, somebody would usually get knocked down. Once, when his leader was waylaid by two boys from the other team, it even happened to Adolf. A rude shove to the shoulder and he was slammed on the ground. Earth drove up his nose.

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He did not cry. It took an absolute effort of will. But his will did not permit him to make a sound. One minute later, he had to negotiate with himself once again in order to keep from weeping. That was because no one had noticed his new-found stoicism. His feelings were as bruised as the scrape on his cheek, the outrage to his stuffed-up nostrils.

He managed to get through the battles that followed until dark. He had discovered that he was quick and could usually dart away whenever an enemy soldier tried to touch him. To his delight, he even tagged one enemy soldier in the next raid.

On the second day, his face was in the dirt again. Action was everywhere. It was hard to dodge the rush.

He hated being knocked down. The fat boy was rueful about it every time it happened and begged him not to tell his brother. Adi had the pleasure of patting him on the back. No cause for alarm, he announced, not a word would he say.

That night he could hardly sleep. He felt that not only did he know more already than they did, but in time to come, the fat boy, Klaus, would be his lieutenant, while he, himself, as captain, would make the rules.

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To accomplish such an aim, / got at it by /
~~Soon enough~~ he came up with a more interesting ~~game~~ Wars would

be trickery. War was not two armies running at each other all the time - war was maneuver! He did not know the word as yet, but he had certainly arrived at the concept. (And without our assistance.)

To his new mates he now proposed that they move from the flat field to a hill in the next meadow. Each army was to group on opposite slopes. That way, they would not be visible to each other until one team or the other crossed the summit.

Once he had convinced the boys of this change, he brought in an amendment. Given, for example, a total of six boys to a side, each army could now divide its forces into four soldiers and two—a two-pronged attack. If four men met only two on the other side, those two were automatically captured. No tagging was necessary. (He still detested being knocked down.) If, on the other hand, four attackers met four defenders, then the attackers lost. Still, no tagging.

More improvements were soon on the way. He could see that his innovations dampened the fire of the occasion. When the flank that had four boys came over the hill to meet four defenders, the encounter became

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no more than a flat-out surrender. So, tagging, to his dislike, had to be reinstated. This brought on a new debate, for he insisted that the captain on each side must not be captured. The leader must not even be touched. With preternatural eloquence, he made his major point. "The highest officer must always be respected."

To gain this point, he had to pick up allies one by one. (It did not hurt that stout, sturdy Klaus was always by his side.) In time, Adi prevailed. He was a little amazed at how well he could deal with these matters.

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In the course of young Adolf's first war games, I was instructed to take a more direct interest in his development.

Be it understood that a serious investiture of any man or woman is never routine. Each case is unique. The average person assumes that one can lose one's soul to the devil in an instant. The premise is not only false but the product of endless propaganda by dedicated and often mediocre state it directly: This is brainwashing! ministers who work for the Cudgels. The real situation is that we do not appropriate people through Satanic entrapment, then keep them forever as our vassals. To use a particularly crude and contemporary American example, Avis versus Hertz, or Burger King against McDonald's is closer to the mark. So soon as we seek to invest our powers in a client, the Cudgels

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usually)

(appear in ~~direct~~ competition. Sole possession rarely occurs. Plays and gambits proceed on their separate and conflicting course for years. Rarely do our demons or the angels of the Duminkopf realize a significant victory. Indeed, after a series of such battles, the odd soul actually captured in toto by us or by the Cudgels bears more resemblance to a wretch than to a prize. (Insane people are often the victims of such sustained contests.)

The process is full of paradox. For example, those potential clients that we find most difficult to approach are often possessed of the greatest potential. Conversely, those individuals who are easy for us to enter usually prove of no great service. It does not take much to traduce a drunk or an addict. We polish what is left of their charm, which helps to consume a little more of the compassion of their families, especially if the mother, father, or any of the siblings wish to remain under the charitable purview of the Dummkopf. In effect, we injure their God-loving hearts! But that is easy work. Such gains are small. Ultimate ends are not served. We wish, after all, to conduct human nature through a ^{whole} transmogrification away from the Vision of the D.K. We work for the eventual project---yet for me to name!—the superior and more advanced vision of the Evil One.)

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There is, however, another factor in every contest which I am bound to explain. It concerns the separate economies of Divine energy and Satanic energy. They differ considerably.

I can allow that even in the higher cadres of devils and angels we hardly know who has more Time to give to a contest ^{that is facing each other} devoted to ~~(one man or~~ ^{such direct competitions,} ~~and~~ woman. I have to suspect that for ^{most situations,} the Dummkoj ^{has more resources. (He is also)} ~~is~~ ^{more ready, more powerfully endowed (and vastly more spendthrift)} On

most evenings, for example, He discharges untold bonanzas of effort to His sunsets (which—it must be admitted—do bolster human morale ^{across} ~~in general~~)

^{the Grand!} (but His gifts are not always ^{that} pertinent to His direct aims. The E.O. has often remarked that the D.K. is analogous to a spoiled wealthy lady who only wishes to hear fine remarks about her good taste and beauty, whereas we devils have to be obsessed with head-on budgetary demands. For certain, the E.O. is forever obliging us to forecast the expenditures of Time involved to secure a new client. Such prognostication can be onerous, especially if one is wrong. To spend years on a promising fellow who eventually resists us is not only a budgetary blemish upon our individual record, but a general

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loss for the project. Prevail!, the E.O. is always reminding us. So we try to

^{exhibit}
~~choose our targets with~~ more acumen than the Cudgels, ^{when choosing}
~~our targets.~~

Over the millennia, our E.O. has evolved principles from which he rarely diverges. We do not have to be reminded to take cognizance of ^{every} ~~any~~ fornication that ^{gets us} ~~promises to get us~~ (off to a good start.

Our targets are obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the joinings of rich and powerful people (so full of infidelity!). As has been noted, we do not ignore the occasional wretched couple whose rites engorge incest. Other copulations, however, particularly those attended by angels, present a more demanding task—it is never routine to slip through their blockade! It seems—I speak here for myself—as if the E.O. has never been able to accept his failure to be present in the hour when Jesus Christ was conceived. The result, ~~(none)~~ ^{discovered that he} to put it in the familial sense, is that our Source, our Prince, our E.O. soon ^{in Powers us} ~~had~~ a half-brother whose powers were at least comparable to his own.

Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be a typical Son. (The private record we are furnished by the E.O. ^{in Powers us} ~~is~~ that He was much at odds with His Father.) Jehovah, indeed, was often incensed by the rebelliousness of this

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good son. But let me keep to the point. The prevailing fact of our existence as devils and demons is that we are obliged to live within a limited budget. You ^{can well} may believe that our projects are chosen, therefore, with discretion.

For example, we are usually active (as previously stated) during ~~the early years of life~~ ^{to satisfy the needs of the near future} — that is, the nearest ~~oncoming half century~~. Yet, the E.O. does not ask us to show much

interest in the early development of the children who result from ~~such acts of copulation~~ ^{that we consider to be usable to our}

"In the first years of life," the E.O. will remind us, "there are too many accidents and surprises." Sometimes we keep no more than a short record

of those families who interest us. "Over the first few years," ^{our Majesty} he will also

remark, "a child is caught between the need for love and the development of

the will. Those two ^{inclinations} eminent factors are so naturally at odds with each other that we can rely on the D.K. to mess it up. This is particularly true with

^{in the subject to enable us to approach} Catholics. To capture a child's philosophy so early is to ensure future ^{later} rebellion or severe meanness of spirit.

^{So we are given} Indeed, our general strictures are as follows: Except for the most

^{are to} unusual cases, we exercise no intervention until the age of seven. (Until

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well into the nineteenth century, an extraordinary child was always in danger of being carried off abruptly by one grievous disease or another.) Any devil seeking to invest earlier in a particular boy or girl, has, in effect, to argue his case.

Once a child has turned seven, it becomes easier in most cases to decide. But it is still not promising. The E.O. looks upon the next five or six years as—indeed, he terms it so—the Age of Clods. “They are now encountering the world in its basic form—the school years. Nearly all of them rush toward habit, routine, and stupidity as the most immediate forms of protective insulation. These are the years when the average human ego takes shape in all of its readiness to lie, mis-remember, distort and forget—all in order to keep the young ego in some readiness to support the ongoing project, oneself.”

Our hunt ~~then~~ commences more often with adolescence. Here, we are at the first lively stage of ~~divine~~ intervention. Often the best energies of the D.K. are there for us to subvert since He is invariably ready to invest resources in very young men and women who hardly know what to do with

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their sudden inrush of increased will and appetite. Promising distortions of
 its intentions ~~to~~ toward these ~~scads~~ (escorts)
 His newly fortified creatures are now open to us.

I have proceeded this far into explaining our processes of selection
 because it was ~~altogether uncommon~~ ^{most uncharacteristic} for the E.O. ~~(to direct me)~~ to pay strong
 attention to a five-year-old. That his name was Adolf Hitler was, after all,
 of no importance then.

All the same, I ~~was present~~ ^{had been transported} (by proxy) at his conception, and ~~it had~~
^{it had remained} been a matter of course for me to ~~keep several~~ ^{assign some of my} minor devils abreast of his
^{to examination of his} family's activities. Our jargon for this kind of surveillance was milk-runs,
 an expression we employed long before it was adopted by U.S. Air Force
 pilots in the Second World War. Any one of our minor devils could pass by
 a house in the hours before dawn, and by way of the small and large storms,
 inertias, and joys that ^{had} ~~transpired~~ ^{in the family} since the last visit, could ingest a ~~kind of~~
^{new} information. It required no exceptional expenditure of effort ^{unless} ~~(unless)~~ the
 abode was seriously protected by guardian angels. In a more normal
 condition, one swept by the house and relayed the findings to appropriate
 superiors. While humans slept, we did our work. (As did the angels. Yes,
 those forces of Light also worked in the Dark!)

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~~had been~~ ^{then}
 I was supplied with a close history ~~then~~ of the Hitler family for the
 years since Adolf had been born, knew it in such detail as was imparted to
 me by the separate devils who kept track of our numerous projects in that
 region of Austria. If what my agents offered was virtually as modest as the
 narrative I have presented, it had, until now, sufficed. In reviewing Adolf's
 early years, I confess that at the time I saw no large promise in the boy. He
 was outrageously in need of love and damnably vulnerable. The odds were
 that he would perish early, or creep through life with a broken ~~down~~ ^{down} eye,
 mutilated or cicatrized. At least, so I would have judged if not—to repeat ~~this~~
~~once again~~ ^{it was likely} for the likelihood that the E.O. had been as present at his conception ~~as was~~
 Gabriel at the Christ's. So far as I knew, that was not absolutely definite,
^{it was most likely. Even}
 but ~~could hardly be ignored~~ ^{wholly certified}—even on the busiest nights, I was instructed
 to include the Hitler family on every milk-run. That was no ordinary
~~bidding~~
~~injunction~~

This routine of careful but passive observation was overturned
 altogether for me on the day that Alois, Jr. dragged Adi off to the boy's
 game of war. The E.O. intervened. I received a direct message: "Take

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closer care of him now. Stiffen his spine. We will lose many of his future potentialities if we don't take steps."

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As is true of all reasonably disciplined armies, there is no room for rebellion when given a direct order. I did what I was told. I stiffened the boy's spine. Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some finesse. ^F I did not inject ~~any of our~~ special funds of energy into his courage or his will; rather, I steered him to ^{carry out} ~~do~~ the job himself. That proved enough. He had been the one, after all, who chose not to weep when his face was in the dirt, and afterward, he displayed his own cunning in finding ways to avoid physical punishment. It had been enough that I was (so to speak) at his side. That gave him a subtle confidence. We too served in effect as guardian angels. (For special clients, only!)

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I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.O. Adi showed a few signs that he might be worth the work. The child had powerful instincts, and was as much superior to an average five-year-old as a young race-horse is to a run-of-the-mill pony. I enjoyed working with him, therefore, and that was just as well since the order had come during a period when I could not afford new inroads on my budget. Improving a child's courage usually demands the use of precious stores, precisely those funds of love and force we have managed to steal from His Cudgels. Warmth and gifts of courage are His preserve and if the D.K. were not such a wastrel, and we not so adept, our chances would be paltry, at best. Of necessity, we have become skilled at impersonating angels. Even an adult, feeling our infusion of love, tends to believe it is bona-fide, that he or she is the recipient of Grace. (I suspect Kierkegaard had just that in mind when he suggested people ought to be wary of feeling too saintly, since they could then be working for Satan.)

I speak of this because we devils are human to this degree—a fine return on our investment puts us in the best of moods. So I came to enjoy being with Adi as he proceeded to improve the little game of war that was

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being played by these five-year-olds in Passau in the spring and summer of 1894. Indeed, the change in my sentiments was as rapid for me as for the child. (Secretly, we do cherish our power to bestow gifts upon a pure lie client.) We must. Often the only way to capture a child so young is, as I have indicated, to spend some of our limited stores of love to seal the conquest. A risky business. One might lose a lot. All too often, a child's shifting inclinations create too much capacity for quick and independent change. We can waste our efforts. Our youngest clients alter themselves on their own, or resist us, or, worse, the Cudgels move in.

To forestall this event, I was there night after night to instruct Adi while he slept. Indeed, he delighted me (the rarest of pleasures for a devil!) by the development of his activities during the day. To repeat--he was no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an exceptional capacity to tinker with his game of war. Rarely did he fail to improve it.

He soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his perception as mine, that outposts were necessary. It was wrong to send soldiers over the hill without fore-knowledge of what opposite force they might encounter. So, a scout from each army had to attempt to work his way up close enough

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to the summit to obtain a covert look at the dispositions of the other side. Following in logical sequence came another change in the rules--an advancing army had to be free to move its forces from flank to flank, even as it climbed the hill. Ditto for the defenders. The defense could also shift their outposts. Of course, all this soon called for larger forces on each side, but Adi was able to convince his regulars that more boys should be invited in from nearby streets and ~~other~~ ^{Q1} fields. They, the originals, having been here first, could take promotion in rank. Let me offer one of his speeches to his troops.

"Why do we love our game?" he would ask. "Is it because we need to know more about war? Yes. Because, my friends, ^{when we are big we will} ~~we~~ (want to be heroes. ~~when we are big men~~ Is that not true? Klaus, do you want to be a hero?"

"That is what I want."

"Of course. It is what we want. All of us. But to do this we must learn more. ^{So,} ~~For that~~, we need more soldiers. On both sides. How are we to accomplish this?"

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"I will tell you. It is by bringing in all who are willing to join us. Then, we who are here can be given high rank. We who command must be very high in rank. Not just a captain, or a major, but a general.

"Klaus here, will be my colonel."

Those words are close to what I remember. While I have certainly given him an eloquence no five-year-old could muster, I have ~~also~~ to admit that some of the good turns of speech that came out of him did not seem his words, nor mine! I began to suspect that they could have been inspired by some agent of the D.K. who ~~was~~ ^{was} unknown to me, ~~(also~~ present. At this point, was he being helped by both sides at once? What a large investment to put into this little Adi!

Before long, his—I will indeed say his boys—were engaged each afternoon in hour-long battles. There were startling shifts of tactics and endless alterations of the rules. The numbers increased to fifteen and twenty a side.

Word came from the E.O. "Enough for now. Let us see how much of this endures after the move."

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This was characteristic of our Maestro. We had to be ready to accept such a quick change. In this case, the entire situation of the family was *going to* be a torod. Alois had decided to move Klara, Angela, Alois Junior, Adi, and the baby Edmund, up from Passau to dwell nearer to him in Linz.

Let me apologize for this change of venue. Good readers are the most unprotected of humans—their sympathy moves in advance of their judgment. Some readers may have felt uneasy, therefore, to discover that they were enjoying the first successes of the child Adolf Hitler in his games of war. Be assured. To read in any book about the skills or triumphs of a protagonist is all-but-guaranteed to elicit happiness in whoever follows the story, especially if there is a suggestion of the sentimental, or even better, the magical. Those are two useful tools for any author who is desirous (at all cost!) to arouse quick emotions in the reader. While a few fine minds may be ready to come to working terms with the devil, (Faust was one!) count on it—popular writers and champions of the sentimental come looking for us all the time. We love them. They are such dupes. They think they are working both for God and their own prosperous selves. We

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do not disabuse them. Rather, we encourage them. We want them. Indeed,
to ^{steep} ~~marinate~~ their readers in baths of misperception while we enjoy the profit.

Such misperception of reality is ~~our~~
compared interest for us.

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guards to watch over the entrances to the hive. Do you know? They are ready to go into battle at the cost of their lives. They will even fight off such powerful raiders as wasps or spiders or termites. Yes, the world is looking for a free meal in the honey. But that is only one of the obstacles to a peaceful life for the bee. They have to come up with ingenious solutions to their continuing problems. All through the summer, months, many of the worker bees, as one example, are constantly engaged. ~~They~~ ^{you 200,} may be permitted to speak thus in keeping the interior of the hive cool. How? By means of tireless activity. They never stop fanning their wings.

A good many even wear out their wings. After which they are ready to die. ~~Why? To create a draft to cool the hive. Because the larvae cannot survive in too much heat. Think of it. Thousands of wings all fanning away, even as others go out to forage for more supplies in the fields of flowers. They collect pollen in pods on their legs and then fly back to the hive. They are able to stay aloft under the weight of loads of pollen and nectar that weigh more than their own bodies. Could we do that? Perform such labor after day? Think of them as flying work-horses the size of bees. And while, in the hive, others are working to make beeswax from the pollen that~~

they give up their lives in this hard labor of creation
and being loaded (from)
they *staying*
manage

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~~mysterious and extraordinarily useful beeswax~~ I tell you, this is a
that is not unlike
society ~~comparable to~~ ours. But maybe more rational.

None of the junior officers were ready to argue (if they could, they might go on for another hour.) It took one of the older town officials to reply. Taking several portentous sips of smoke from his pipe, he said at last: "Alois, they are only insects."

"No, good sir! With all due respect, you are mistaken. There is much more to them than one would think. Some are, I believe, more inspired in purpose than the average human dolt. Let me say, they are one of the wonders of our universe."

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I was not well-prepared for Alois' interest in these matters.

Here was not the man I knew. While I could see ^{some} a practical purpose ^{in it all;}

~~requiring a number of hives~~ since the product was eminently saleable and

~~beeswax in particular, brought a very good price, I could not find the~~

~~balance.~~ ^{also} Apiculture had its risks, including the ~~unscheduled~~ period

receiving a serious number of bee stings. While it might be reasonable to

engage in such efforts rather than endangering his long worked hard by

plowing a field, I had, all the same, an uneasy suspicion. Alois was too

sincere in his enthusiasm. He was not sufficiently concerned with profit.

that surprised me. It did not seem a characteristic of him.
 But the desire for money is the tap-root that drives most men ~~and we are~~

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like Alois,

into new activity. Therefore, a relative absence of this desire can mean the loss

Obviously, I have to feel like a sorry devil if I cannot come.

man's client's real intentions.) Yet here was Alois ready to undertake his venture

because it satisfied something in him that I had not yet detected. Normally

~~Altois kept close to the money he made.~~

I did recall that he had tinkered with keeping a bive in the sun; I

near Braunau,
town, dabbled, and soon gave it up, but a few years later ^{he} went back, & in.

~~Always on the smallest scale.~~ ^{In} the last few months, ^{he has recently} ~~he had~~ ^{been} ~~written~~ ^{bee-keepers} a short article for a journal that served bee-keepers in the area.

around Linz. To my surprise, the piece was literate. Alois' experience:

might be limited, but he had acquired ^{a degree of} some book knowledge of the subject, ~~that had entered the atmosphere~~ and was now fascinated by a new mode of cultivation, it seemed as if the

Hives made of straw would soon be done away with. Skeps they were

called, squat-ribbed domed objects about the size and shape of a beach ball.

human torsos, and these ^{old} ~~steps~~ ^{had} ~~had~~ their drawbacks. To harness

honey, bee-keepers had to keep the population of the hive stunned ~~in it~~
by enough smoke to put them into a ~~stun~~
was usually done by smoking them into near-comatose condition. It is an

~~by the end~~
imprecise process, and the skep often had to be ripped open to collect the

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product. Despite the smoke, some honeybees awoke long enough to sting the collector.

A new and much-discussed innovation was, however, ~~developed~~ developed in England and in America. Already ~~Even~~ ^{some} in Austria, ~~the~~ ^{some} bee-

~~keepers~~ ^{keepers} were ready to do away with the old ungainly straw structure. If the

skep had been for its time an improvement over the more barbaric

practice—common in antiquity and the Middle Ages—~~of~~ ^{Charles I} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~keeping~~ ^{keeping} the bees

out from their hole in a tree, advanced bee-keepers around 1800 were now

speaking of hives ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ to the scale of bees that could ~~now~~ ^{now} become the

equivalent of a ~~modern~~ ^{modern} bee-city. This new housing, no greater in size than

~~a small~~ ^{a small} the skep, was a wooden cabinet ~~that could be~~ ^{was} filled with ~~trays~~ ^{trays} ~~in~~ ^{that}

~~vertically~~ ^{vertically}. The worker bees seemed content to build their miniature wax

cells on both sides of each ~~inserted~~ ^{vertical} pane of wax. Since ~~this~~ ^{these} ~~the~~ ^{each} ~~of~~ ^{of}

~~wooden chamber~~ ^{these} could hold a good number of ~~upright~~ ^{trays} ~~trays~~ ^{each} ~~tray~~ ^{tray}

had room for thousands of cells in a grid of ~~layers~~ ^{files} and rows. Some bee-keepers

calculated that each ~~hive~~ ^(could be seen as) ~~was now~~ comparable to a giant apartment building

in some future megalopolis like Berlin or New York.

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To explain this venture to Klara, Alois did emphasize the temporary promise. Good money would come back from clean work, and Adi and Angela would help, he told her. And Adi as well. He convinced her that the new project was eminently practical.

I was more than bothered. Klara might believe him but I did not. I had decided that Alois was looking to find a way to come nearer to the Dummkopf. That was not a matter I could afford to ignore.

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I was now debating whether to pass this concern on to the F.D. ^{I was} ~~Be~~
 Maestro could, of course, enter into our thoughts, but he did not ~~ever~~
 choose to do so, preferring to reserve his ^{private} resources for more ~~exceptional~~
 activities.

On the other hand, I was supposed to be on the alert for unexpected ^{for us}

~~also had an~~ ~~One could fall to the side of too much caution or not enough~~

~~the~~ ~~Remember to keep these~~

My conclusion on this matter was not to inform the F.D. ~~about~~

^{On the other hand} ~~my sister~~ ~~Alois had~~ ^{he had never} after all, never been one of our clients. We had never ^{had such a} ~~had such a~~ ^{He}

was by our measure an average man, which is to say, sufficiently ~~cor~~ ^{to}
 be available for our use whenever we might decide to invest temporarily in
 him. The assumption was that he would be open to a quick ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ

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Cudgels would hardly be guarding him. To what end? He was so self-centered. What could there be for them to protect? Whereas when I came to someone like Klara, we did not choose to go near her. No, for to do so would have proved punishing and again--to what end? We did not need her directly. Some of our most exceptional clients are the offspring of good mothers. Indeed, ^{can} evil children ~~that~~ ^{negotiating} issue from the most loving women are ~~always able to~~ ^{promote} injure morale. Average men and women find it hard to ~~accept that ugly results can issue from devoted efforts~~ ^{that realization}. It shakes one's faith in the Dummkopf. How could God allow this? A standard lament.

We had not gone near Klara, therefore, except for that one incomparably special night ^{our} ~~that~~ lightning raid! when Adolf had been conceived.

After that, ~~paradoxically~~ she was more useful to us as herself, there, innocent, nurtured by the attentions of the Cudgels. This is, however, so complex a matter that it will have to wait. To give but an indication, let me say that Klara, being gifted with depths of love, would not only tender her Adi, but would become enchanted by the new one, Edmund, ^{which was just} ~~about~~ ^{agitate} certain to ~~agitate~~ ^{flagellate} many of Adolf's feelings.

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Like many such ladies, they cannot accept sex ^{com in the case of other} (in this atheistic case, ^{sensible})

— religion) as a force to be met on equal terms. No, like the good virgin the ^{confirmed} atheist, has to take it, so to speak, through the back door. They find love with God by way of nature, paganism, service to others, technology —

usually seen by them as the best possible solution to humankind's

problems — ^{occasionally} or through exceptional allegiance to a ^{some phenomenon of nature} faith as a ^{system} in

Alois' case, it happened to be ^{the} this latter day recognition ^(how much more could be)

that a ^{was possible} collaboration that could be present between the mighty and the humble.

^{original fellow} Since he was hardly ready to bathe in ^{Pray for} ~~speaking~~ ^{the} the glory

of the Lord, he approached ^{his} his newly opened sense of ^(not a 2 way) ~~My~~ the way

of ^{his} the old allegiance to Franz Josef. This much I learned ^{as much} by a quick and on

his mind, an activity that depended on the ^(like: yes, that) likely chance no Cudgels would

be near during the length of my excursion. ^{And, indeed, they were not} (It is not unlike a blind man

poker) —

^{At 50} On this occasion, I penetrated quickly, and soon was out ^{of} a ^{barred}

what I needed. ^{Now I} I now know more about Alois' new dispositions ^{present} ^{pre-occupation} and

^{That} ^{confirmed my} unhappy sense of what might be in his mind, ^{was confirmed} I see ^{that} ^{him}

^{themselves} a life he could find analogous to his own. This is why natural phenomena

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are so often the first perception by humans of the conceivable abstractions of God. They discover, for example, that a puppy or kitten is a variant of a little bit of existence not wholly unlike themselves in the need for attention and so can serve as the gateway to larger suppositions. For Alois, ^{these bees} the ~~flowers~~ ^(new fields of) out in search of ~~the~~ flowers were creatures he could understand ^{such foragers}.

On any warm day, ~~bees scouting for new fields of flowers~~ ^{can} the heat of the sun and the intimate yearning that only the sun ~~could~~ ^{can} brood in flower petals. Alois was not about to throw open any ~~new~~ ^{no di flower door} ~~door~~ to the mystical side of himself—he was ~~like~~ ^{like} most people in that regard—but I had found a soft spot in his psyche. He would actually, in the innermost recess of his thoughts, muse on the art that must be present ^{scheme of} in any creation which would choose to ^{draw} ~~bring~~ the honeybee into the perfumed cavern of the flower. It stirred him to think of two wholly separated existences ^{made during} ~~en~~ ^(through) ~~framed~~ with each other by the burgeoning heat of the sun. The flower would surrender its nectar to the bee's tongue, while the hairs of the pistil were covered themselves with the pollen of the stamens. In another moment the bee would separate from one passionate lust to look for another. And a very fine flower of the same species was beckoning in the breeze, ready to gather

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more nectar for the hive even as it left some of the pollen at the flower's center on this second infatuation.

Such images gave life to Alois. It was the balance between hard work and satisfied desire. He ^{could feel} ~~felt~~ close to that bee who would stagger back in flight with its pollen bags heavy, and ^{its} ~~his~~ stomach valve full of nectar. Had not Alois, in his turn, given much to women and yet brought home much for himself, so much accumulated wisdom on how to deal with the world out there, at least, his customs-house corner of the world where by the end of his career, he invariably knew what was true and what was false in declarations offered by strangers, particularly women who might wish to deceive him. Yet could not, because he was wiser than they were. He possessed the true honey. Wisdom was the knowledge of what others were up to.

As Alois saw it, honey was a concentrate of secrets—secrets he took by passing travelers and commercial people, secrets as sweet as honey as those little goods travellers looked to steal and keep for themselves. But he had been there to ^{capture} ~~take~~ their secrets. He could work as hard and long as any honeybee on the hottest and most productive day of summer when the flowers were most open, working hard for a future beyond themselves—even

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as he, Alois, had labored on many an occasion to protect the gloire of his
 upon-centuries old, of the Hapsburgs and their exceptional Emperor
 devoted to the future. Not all the Hapsburgs had been great ^{the world had a taste} ~~great~~ ⁵¹
 were even very good people, but it was true for the best of them, those who
 were like Franz Josef. They were good, very good. Alois could hope to
 find a resemblance to Franz Josef in his own features—the same shoulders
 the same dignity. It was said of the Emperor Franz Josef that he could work
 for endless hours at his necessary and near-to-endless duties. When
 necessary, he, Alois, was also ready. And yet they knew enough, both of
 them, to comprehend that it was not enough to carry the heavy burden
 that one must keep a ^{taste} ~~part~~ for oneself.

Some people in Linz he knew, fools for the most part, had been
 shocked when gossip spread about the actress, Fraulein Katharina Schrat
 whom ~~it was now bruited about~~ Franz Josef had taken for a mistress ⁵¹
~~Even~~ when he had a wife so beautiful as Empress Elizabeth. Such news had
 spread like a spill of oil that has no boundaries. It had been a blow to
 Not to Alois. He understood. Both the best of men and the worst had

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keep some share of the honey for themselves. As he entered the room this thought actually brought a taste of peace.

Let me not be altogether captivated, however, by the vision that Alois has just brought to his meditations. After all, he had his fear of bees as well. Once, in previous years, he had been stung so ferociously in an apocalyptically (if I may put it so) that he never forgot the attack and the pain it caused. Such power to create pain! That it could exist in a creature so small! It did not come from the honeybee alone, he decided, but must derive from congress with the sun! Such pain might even express the rage of the sun. With that, Alois was familiar. He had worked through the summer in the blare of hottest daylight, stuffed into his uniform. Of course he knew the rage of the sun. It might be there to disseminate warmth from the heavens above, but also to glow as a manifest of divine rage.

These were thoughts too large for Alois to accept openly. He had never brought such meditations all the way forward into words, but his mind knew. Honeybees were agents of the sun even as he was an agent of the Hapsburgs, and both were close to the greatness of the ultimate power of God.

Could these ^{swollen} large epiphanies be the product of full retirement?

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(troubling, {might not be})
 The answer was obvious: Alois ~~was not~~ ready to retire. I took

forward with my own trepidation to how he would deal with the

children now that Edmund ~~was there~~. ^{had been born,} For that matter, how would I be

live on a farm with Klara? ^{I would ~~have been~~ have been} In my purview, I could anticipate the

^{ready for unforseen} pages in a man whose heart was not wholly ^{given to} in his retirement. I like it all

^{unforseen} unclassifiable clouds on the horizon was the shape of my disturbance

So, I was prepared, but not ~~unprepared~~ for given Alois' propensity to blow pipe smoke into Adi's face. I could fit the

return of my obligation to keep more than a small eye on the situation. All

the same, I would not be able to pretend to the E.O. later on that I was for

the trouble that Alois, Junior, would bring in the next year when he turned

fourteen.

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Another situation had ^{also} arisen. On the very night in April when they slept for the first time in the house at Hafeld, Klara became pregnant. Until ~~the~~ , then, the farm, purchased in February, had not been occupied by the ~~family~~ family. Klara had kept the children in Passau because Edmund was a long, ^{and} Besides, it was winter. ^{Moreover,} Alois would not be able to join them permanently ^{his retirement that} until the end of June when he retired. By April, however, Klara decided ~~finally~~ to brave the difficulties and right after Easter, accompanied by Angela, Adolf, Edmund, and the sum of their possessions, she accompanied the move ^{to Linz,} It was made even more difficult since she was without Alois Jr. to help her with the luggage—he had had to stay behind and board with a neighbor until the end of his school year. Nonetheless, what she

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difficulties, she embarked by train from Passau early in the day and her husband met them at the station in Linz with a large wagon and two work horses to carry their trunks, valises, packing crates and packages over the last thirty miles to Hafeld.

This portion of the trip lasted from noon to dark, but the day had been warm, and Alois, to everyone's surprise, entertained the children with one song after another—his voice was rich, and Klara, who had a taste for delicate soprano, would join him ^{whenever} ~~when~~ she knew the words. Alois was in a rare mood, and proud of his skill with the horses and wagon. Having done little of that ^{for} ~~in~~ decades, he had almost hired a driver, but given his oncoming responsibilities as a farmer, ^{he} ~~felt~~ it incumbent to take on the project himself.

The previous owner had—as was local custom—stocked the fireplace with logs and kindling, and so the rooms, before long, were warm. What with bread and sausage, plus a carefully packed jar of soup, ^{was} ~~out~~ they had enough to eat and went to bed more happily than not. ^{going to} ~~even~~ spend the next day with them before driving his rented wagon back to Linz.

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That first night, however, Alois was also ready to establish ~~the~~ ^{special} ~~conjugal~~ investiture of the premises. By the light of the gas lamp in the bedroom, he could see that Klara looked in fine color, not pale as usual. ~~he~~ ^{she laughed} said as much, ~~only to hear her laugh~~ in true merriment.

"You, too, Uncle," she said. "Your nose is very red from the cold."

"Ah," he said, "you are still calling me Uncle. Soon, it will seem that we are married and still, what am I to you? Uncle Alois? Do you regret Uncle Alois? That is a disgrace."

"No," she said, "we are all very proud of you. Today ~~so much~~ ^{the horses and the way only} you did it all. And so well. Something you never did before."

"Well, I can do a lot of things you do not know. I am never so simple as you think."

"I do not think you are simple," she said, "no, that I do not think."

"Yes, you can tell me. What do you think, my little niece?"

It was not often that she was ready to speak to him so directly. It was on this night, an exceptional night, after all, she said. "I wonder why you never tell me that you love me."

"Maybe," he replied, "it is because you still call me 'Uncle'."

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To his astonishment, her answer was the nearest she could come to speaking in a manner that most certainly belonged to other kind of women. "Maybe I call you Uncle," she said, "because you are such a big, tough fellow of an Uncle."

He was not about to pass this by. Instantly, the Hound was straining on the leash. Alois' voice was heavy. "How would you know what is the size of a healthy fellow?" he asked.

"I do not know. But I am free to guess. You are a very big fellow."

That was all it took to make her pregnant. He was excited enough to take her by the side of the bed, both of them standing, half-dressed, and then he took her again in bed. He was full of love—for himself, first, and in prowess—such a fine power at his age—and then he felt ~~some love~~ ^{a deep love} for

~~to some degree~~ plus a good deal of love for the farm. It was a beautiful piece of land. He even took pleasure in the thought of coming a little closer to his children, which is to say, he had an image of kids working ~~near~~ with him in the fields, doing what, he hardly could say, he was about to fall asleep and ~~now~~ ^{instead} thought of summer bees searching the meadow. He was

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unusually delighted with how much power had been in his love. It was his right. To have it all there, just when he had begun to wonder.

He even held Klara in his arms, which was hardly his habit. And then he woke up to honor the alarms of his bladder, he almost kicked over the chamber pot. In the dark, what with his unfamiliarity with a new bed room, he was stumbling around, and Klara was giggling. Then she wrapped her arms around him as he came back to bed. "I am happy," she said. "I think this will be the place for us."

"Silence!" he growled. "Don't be a goose! One does not make silly predictions!" Yes, he could feel the earth of the farm, all those new spaces to the rear and to the front of them, and felt just as superstitious as all the peasants of his childhood. A person should not be as ready as Klara to speak out with good feelings to empty night air. Nor aloud! Was it so empty after all? Who knew what spirit might be there to listen to him with his evil ears?

In the morning, she could sense his impatience to be done with the unpacking. It was obvious. He wanted to go out and walk his grounds. So she took over the larger part of the immediate tasks while he gave the

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children a tour of the barn, all three huddled close to him now feeling the animal immanence of the two horses, the cow, and the prize sow that had been part of the purchase price. Those animals were huge ^{and the children} and close to overpowering them with the fetid statement of their power.

~~three, Angela, twelve, Adi, now close to six, and Edmund, not yet one and a half years old and a fine toddler.~~ Edmund hugged Adi. He tried to walk

with his hand in Adi's hand. ~~Sometimes Adi's hand was too big for him.~~ ~~But not always.~~

Now, Alois told them to go back to the house and help the concubine.

In the afternoon, he would, he promised, teach them how to milk the cows, feed the pig, and curry the horse, not to mention the hen house and the eggs, but for now it was their good mother who needed them.

He wanted to walk his lands alone. He had ^{to make} more than a few decisions ^{and decisions} to take. So, once again, he studied the condition of the ^{small trees} ~~preparation~~. When he had seen it last, there was more than a little snow on the ground but he had been able to determine that the ~~trunks of the walnut~~ trees looked healthy and the bare branches appeared to have integrity, strong, reasonably straight, and not too many tortured shapes to suggest the after-effects of icy storms when the trees were young.

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In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place before buying it. Enough that the price, comparatively was not too bad for the house and the view were the best he had found. ~~No, he could not afford to~~ *He had had to be in a hurry, he* keep spending full days in travel out from Linz. This place was good. In his work, after all, he ~~had had to be good at making quick decisions.~~ *He had had to be good at making quick decisions.* ~~He could not examine in complete professional detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot.~~ *He had been good at that.*

All the same, he was not so much at ease with his purchase as he had anticipated. Walking the meadows and *mountain* the one small hill of his new domain, the land was less extensive than he remembered, no longer so big, than what it was, nine acres, a good-sized parade-field. On the other hand, it was small enough to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three or four of those acres would make a decent manageable potato field. Should he give another acre to beets? Could he plant this year? That would be the question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July, but Alois, Jr. would be back then.

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then from Passau, his school year finished, and, yes, maybe he could take
on some late plowing, ~~maybe get some planting done.~~

~~the~~ All ~~the~~ while, his true disappointment came back to him. He must
recognize—once again—that he could not cultivate his bees for this
summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait ~~until next spring~~. A
~~season of~~ honey-gathering began in April and hardly lasted into September.
~~He~~ ^{One} had to be there at the beginning. ^{So, he} He must wait. All right, he would
have nine months now to prepare, counting at least from the time when he
would be back here again, permanently, in June, late June, and an
unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at this
thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He forced
it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years old,
and he was not preparing to let go now.

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By July, life became considerably different for Alois. Klara, for one example, was most definitely pregnant. In seven months, ^{assuming,} if the baby ~~was~~ ^{would be} born without incident, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who now were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add some Kinder not exactly accounted for—quite a number of cooks and chambermaids who had managed to conceive with what might be called mixed male parentage, much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gerhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare

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exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. It was enough to give them a decent gift.

Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of such achievements. Through the heat of July, in this farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, ^{all the way} from Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and ~~walking~~ ^{By} even trying to talk. ~~And by~~ ^{child,} January there would be another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more new faces than most people had to meet up with every day. but now, ^{every day, it} ~~it~~ was ~~always~~ the same mugs. He was not used to dwelling with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new phrase or was just gurgling as usual, ^{globs} ~~globs~~ of sound, ^{not the usual} ~~no real sense of language~~.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!--she was now, to his surprise, decent help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. She would also get Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they

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approached with food. Rosig (Pinky) was large for a pig, large even for a prize pig, and so happy in that smelly wallow with its pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wouldn't be weighing on them, and there might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig again for local competition. Yes, his girl, Alois decided, was a prize herself.

Angela even took the pains to ^{keep} ~~separate out~~ the manure of the farm animals separately, she made a point of ~~before~~ carrying each collection to a different pile. Why? Because she declared to Klara, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then the boy would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but nonetheless carrying a second manure pail.

His school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to the farm at the beginning of July. For a short period, no one could surpass him at work. Right off, he was splendid with the horses, particularly ~~the younger ones~~, Ulan, a stallion five years old. Alois was proud of how quickly Junior took to the saddle. ^{the youth} ~~He~~ was also ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up

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the hill and down, accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. Yet, he also seemed content to work the plow for hours in the sun with the dray horse, Graubart. Before too long, they had turned up three acres of hard soil pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois, Junior, worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, all this splendid flurry of hard labor fell off. Bad news arrived in a letter from Alois' school in Passau. He had failed half of his courses this last semester. He would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "The teachers are so stupid ^{that} we laugh at them."

Yes, the boy must have been living with what ~~the~~ the Rea schule news would bring. Had he been ^{brooding over} living with it for these two weeks, and not said a word, just kept working hard in his father's field? They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres chosen, a stubborn, resistant soil, then laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow less than a yard away from the next, but that had been only the beginning. Now, came the labor that went

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into weeding, and into fertilizing. Bad memories, ^{from now to February} more than forty ^{years ago,} ~~and~~ came back to Alois. ~~Disasters might yet be out there waiting for him.~~

He now encountered white grubs and wire worms, and had to watch as the earliest potato leaves were nibbled into green lace by aphids and flea beetles. Every day one had to go back for more weeding. ^{Soon enough,} Then, ^{down a few inches} drainage became an ongoing problem. One could only dig ^{down} the irrigation canals ^{soon} ~~down~~ ^{for the irrigation canals,} ~~a few inches, or else too many potato roots would be slashed by the hoe or the shovel. Then these shallow trenches filled with silt. Hours had to be spent carrying pail after pail of well water up the slope to the meadow. On one of those afternoons, Junior disappeared. He was out riding Ulan. Alois put Angela to work in his stead, and for the rest of the working day, she carried the water, heavy duty for a girl her size.~~

That night, Alois gave his son a tongue-lashing ^{right} in front of the rest of the family. ~~It was memorable~~ "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. Only with you, worse. You have no excuse. Your mother, ^{the} by ~~her~~ end, was out of her mind, yes, but at least she had always been hard-working. You are lazy. You are full of filthy, foul laziness!" If the episode had happened even a year earlier, Alois would have given him a

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beating, exactly the apocalyptic variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big, and wild enough in the occasional expression of his eyes to make Alois pause. So, he did not strike him. Which, he came to decide in the days that followed, was a mistake. He should have ^{let} ~~given~~ him ^{be able to} ~~with~~ one hell of a wallop. Now, Junior might ^(that) ~~think~~ his father was a little afraid of him, maybe a little, yes. Thereafter, the boy kept ^{looking to reduce} ~~picking at the edges of~~ ~~his work~~, reducing one way or another the total of his hours. He was no longer acting like a farmer's son, ^{now more like} ~~more like~~ some boy from the city doing summer labor ~~at a job he did not like~~. Often, short of sundown, ~~even much~~ before the day's effort was ~~done~~, he would ask Alois to let him take Ulan for a ride over the hill.

The trouble, Alois told himself, was that as a father, he was false. Under all the hard bite, he had a soft palate. The truth was that he adored Alois, Jr. The boy was ^{so attractive} ~~so~~ attractive. Restless, yes, victim to terrible moods like his mother, much too prideful, and ~~at present~~ in full flight from ^{getting} ~~a decent~~ education, yet he could be as charming as Fanni when he chose to be. He reminded Alois of how well she used to move. He even felt pride at how quickly his son had gotten on good terms with the stallion. Alois himself

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hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a near
man! But Alois Junior could saddle up with all the éclat of a prize cadet—
the sort who used to promenade along the best streets of Vienna wearing the
~~kind of~~ boots that Alois had made ^{for them} ~~for cadets~~ in those years, all the way back
~~then~~ when he had so admired ^{such} ~~these~~ well-turned-out young men. Memories
^{returned} ~~came~~ of those officers strutting on the Ringstrasse with their handsome
^{even as} ladies, while ~~he~~, the apprentice, had dreamed of finding an elegant and
lovely young milliner for himself whom he might persuade to start a shop ^{offering}
with him ~~where~~ ^{to offer} the finest hand-made hats and most exceptional boots,
~~would be up for sale~~, a stupid dream, but now his own Junior reminded him
of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He was not at all like ^{little} ~~Alois~~,
full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask
for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love
his young rider, ^{the father! whenever Alois approached} But not Alois! The beast would paw the straw of his stall,
~~when Alois approached~~, showing ~~his~~ large horse teeth in an unmistakably
evil grin. ~~He might just as well have been stating in perfectly good German~~
~~that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the son.~~

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On one warm evening in August, Alois, Junior, took another unpleasant liberty. This time, Klara was infuriated. The youth was a table ready for their evening supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after her brother had put the charger into a gallop on the way back from the woods and then provided ^{too brief} a walk-down ~~which was~~ ^{slower pace} ~~neither long enough nor slow enough~~ to allow the hard-breathing animal to cool. Klara could not believe such selfish behavior. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six pregnancies, he was no uncle to her now, not at this moment. "You allowed your son to leave such work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

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~~(speaking up so loud)~~
"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alois, Junior. "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much ~~as some people~~," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward.

The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

~~(with subject 4)~~ "You know nothing about horses," said her step-son. ~~Nothing. Ten~~
~~to horses, you are ten~~
degrees less than zero."

~~"And~~
"Silence!" shouted Alois. ~~"You will~~ keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word ~~more."~~

Coming into the fray these several steps behind Klara, he had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated. "I call for it."

"Jawohl!" ~~shouted Alois, Junior,~~

~~The boy did know how to pick at the edges of every proposition.~~

~~"~~ Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he was being mocked or obeyed. "I ~~will~~
~~repeat~~
~~told you,~~" said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal. Not one word. Not even 'Jawohl.'"

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

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"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. ~~repeat. Not one word.~~"

There was a pause, and then Alo did come back, but in the pause was a suggestion of what might be yet to come.

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. ^{Adi was so} ~~Adi~~ ^{that he} sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{now stiff with} ~~now living in fear that he would wet himself.~~ ^{might soil} And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often ^{with} her spoon in the air. She was filled with an uncivil desire to upbraid her step-son, again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not dare. ^{who were} To interfere with two men ^{who were} in such a rage ~~with each other~~ was not safe territory to her. ~~The air looked ready to quiver.~~ Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund, began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara ^{picked} ~~was able to pick~~ him up and leave the table. Then Alois rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alois, Junior, continued to sit at the table, poised

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within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order into a species of silent reverence addressed to himself

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time ^{in quite awhile} since he had come to

~~Hafeld~~, he went to the only tavern in the area, a full mile away at Fisch ham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company ^{was} ~~would~~ certainly be less to his taste than the old ^{life} ~~kind~~ of beer cronics in Linz. Besides, he knew

enough about farmers to anticipate the nature of his reception. Give it this

^{preference} ~~natural predilection to~~ lord it over ~~his~~ fellow drinkers, he was not too ing

forward to what would be the sly edge of their attitude ^{certain} He could hear their

thoughts in advance. "The peasant who tries to act like a millionaire, they would say behind his back. Or, as easily, exactly the opposite--" ^{of a fact} "this rich idiot who wants to play at being a peasant."

He had visited a couple of ~~his much-dispersed~~ neighbors in January when he first looked at the house he was to buy, and ~~he~~ had asked a few questions. They had not trusted him much. He ~~had~~ expected that. They were not about to ^{talk too openly} offer the truth ^{also} to a stranger who could choose not to buy the farm, yet might repeat enough of what he had heard to leave the owner

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altogether offended by their gossip.
~~on edge~~
 offended at them. So Alois was told only the good news. yes, every-
 -good, land good, just a few animals, but excellent livestock, the prize sow,
 good walnuts, all by themselves were
 your walnut orchard—that, in itself, was easy money once a year

Alois had not bothered to believe them. Nor to disbelieve them. He
 had wanted the farm. He had assumed it ^{could} would not be as good as it looked,
 and, of course, it ^{wasn't} couldn't be. Already the ~~fine~~ big cow who had been giving
 fine good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He did bring ^{this} just that matter up at the tavern in Flischlhahn. He
 needed to. He was looking for a few opinions on the respective merits of
 the ~~two~~ veterinarians in the district, and used it as a calculated opening to
 stimulate the farmers ~~now~~ ^{now} drinking with him to say a few things. He had
 decided to be mild, ^{in manner} and most modest. One didn't want
 perceived ^{some} from the outset as a retired fool throwing his city weight around.
 So, he listened to their guarded opinions of what they might know about his
 and learned nothing he could ^{about the two veterinarians} carry home. ^{local} ~~say~~ ^{say} Next
 land, he talked about his land. ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~wasn't~~ ^{wasn't} ~~made~~ ^{made} ~~it~~ ^{it}

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy.
 In the most indirect manner, it did come out that he might have been wiser
 to consider beets.

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"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year. Too much at once."

They nodded. Farming and work. Yes. The oldest marriage. One must never do too much at once if one could help it.

They were more slow-spoken than most of the voices he had heard ~~since he first went to Vienna~~ for, yes, the last forty-five ^{ago,} years. It took an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, fretting all the while over the one spike of a splinter in his behind (a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench) before one of them would come forward with the muffled hint that this land on which he had planted potatoes should have been given to beets. That was because last year's crop had been wheat. Now, they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous owner had been planting these last three years. Who knew? The soil could have been depleted ~~by the wheat~~. They did not say as much; they just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all, as he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, no, it was offered to the outrage done to the earth now owned by him, ^{another} a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

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The smell of the tavern became unpleasant. He could not detect the odor that mingled with the beer, but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong? What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that there was not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good town drunkard.

The evening, ~~however~~ ^{however to be}, proved not altogether a loss. He learned the names of ^{an} ~~a couple of~~ apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. ~~Veterans who knew~~ ^{was} ~~bees were nearby.~~ To console himself further, the walk home ^{became} agreeable. The late summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, and he finally felt the pleasure that beer usually ^{offered} ~~provided~~ just so quickly as he could quaff it. Tonight, however, those pints had merely been ^{stored} ~~banked~~ in his stomach, ^{only ready now} ~~stored there~~ to dispense the ^{their} ~~the~~ goodness ^{because} ~~now, now at last~~ that he was ^{at last} ~~able to find himself~~ alone. He had a long splendid urination by the side of the road.

Next morning he was back in his gathering gloom. He had to live with the disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He had ended with a crop where not much more than half would be marketable. His drinking companions of last night (who in memory now smelled as dank as the

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Fischlham tavern) had been right. He knew it in the pit of his stomach. He knew it whenever he dug up another potato. He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days of August and his heart was definitely acting up, ^{Now, when Alois} yes, full of high pressure, ^{now.} Whenever Alois took Clara for a ride, Alois, Senior could feel the boy ^{acting usurping the} chipping away one more time at the edges of his authority, ^{again.} That was guaranteed to get his ~~own~~ heart to race! Sometimes he even felt as if this long-trusted organ—such a hearty companion—was ~~now~~ forcing itself right up ^{into} under his brain. Which is to say, he was having headaches.

^{get} { Given the work ^{yet} to be done of digging up the potatoes and carting ~~them~~ ^{potatoes} to the market in Fischlham, he ended by hiring a day laborer for the week, a stupid fellow, ^{laborer} working for his beer at night and not much else, ^{yet} on balance, the man probably served up as much useful ^{service} labor as Junior, with his ~~Ellen~~. How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal? Alois could certainly conceive of him in something like the French Foreign Legion. Dark thoughts, but they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense? There was something in the boy that was

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wilder than himself. Was that why, these days, they always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes? Up on tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but he was not so incapable of thinking when it came to putting a number of those potatoes aside for himself and Alois could not even be certain ~~that~~ there had been a theft. ^{not too well} Feeling ~~ill~~ one afternoon, he had let the laborer take the produce to market ~~for him~~ and the man returned with less Kronen than Alois had estimated. Just a little less.

More fingering at the edges.

~~Soon enough, there was a new one~~ If then, there was a
Alois was soon sick at heart. There had been a sudden and miserable end to
~~the end of the pride~~ Angela had been taking in the prize sow. It died. ~~The~~
Angela was disconsolate. Alois was now amazed at how ~~much and how long~~ ^{long and how hard} a
a twelve-year-old female could cry ~~without stopping to breathe~~.

It started with that big, pretty pig being a little ~~ill~~ ^{grumpy}. Then, day to day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that Alois broke into his own reserves of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize ~~all over again~~ ^{one} that he had forgotten ~~what he was~~
~~now remembering too late~~. One of the laws of his childhood received before he was even ten years old from Johann Nepomuk ~~was that when it~~

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came to farming, there were no laws you could count on ^(no more) if you had the bad luck to meet an unexpected problem. Even your ^{wisest} lifetime friends ~~could~~ ^{and} would disagree on the solution. Of course! Every farmer he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in ~~this case~~ offered three ^{solutions} ~~solutions~~, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic. All were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and was gone. All three men had assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Where else in a pig? Who had ever heard of consumption in such a heavy porker? Perhaps it was something else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the demise was unsure. *Probably the lungs, but he couldn't say,*

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! Why? Because he had to know the cause. What an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs, not now! but still he had to know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him ^{no more} that—was ~~not even~~ ^{than his neighbors} sure of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further expense of lab tests in Linz, or maybe, even all the way to Vienna. To hell with that! Such an expenditure would be obscene. On top of it all,

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he ~~even~~ had to bury the animal whole. He was tempted, but he did not dare to carve away any good part of it for the family. Left to himself, Alon would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the rams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

Yes, that is what the vet told him, but only after he had been paid!

And there was Angela going on and on with ~~her~~ her hiccups and her sobs, "Ach, ach, ach!" Not to mention ^{his own} the labor of digging a big goddamn hole for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he point to from his mediocre potato crop? When he added the cost of the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then subtracted the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the vet as

well, how could he claim to have made any respectable sum? If he divided

~~the money that brought in~~ the total from the sale of the potatoes by the number of hours ^{worked} put in, could ^{he} ~~the~~ ~~profit~~ ~~would be too humiliating to calculate~~ he say that he had earned any more each day than in his first year's with the

Finance-Watch? Worse. The real calculation was humiliating. He was

~~Besides, he was~~ living here rent-free. No mortgage payment to worry over. The house had

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If not for the walnuts, ~~the~~ ^{what} ~~would~~ have been bought outright, after all. But if he had had to give money ^{over} ~~equally~~ to the bank, could he have claimed any profit? Perhaps a token profit. He ~~been easy money, the~~ ^{he} walnuts. They had brought in some easy money, money off the ground. For ~~too much~~ ^{he} would not even have had the rest, it had been a good deal of work. For not much at all. He couldn't ^{a token profit.} even complain to Klara.

He had to reassure himself. It wasn't that he was in real financial trouble. Never yet! His pension alone was six times the income of any day laborer like the poor fellow he had hired, who, dumb or not, was also able to cheat him. But, all right! In the old days, in the best years of his earning power at Passau and Linz, he had been situated in what you could call the well-salaried layers of the middle class. ~~not bad when you~~ Why, he had made more than any principal in an elementary school. Not bad when you consider that he, more respected, economically speaking, than the principal, had never even finished elementary school. ^{extra step}

~~All the same, that hardly does~~ ^{there} Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig the real thorn out of his gut. One of his strengths with the younger officers who came from good families had always been that he, at least, being ^{real} ~~gent~~ peasant stock, could know at least when people were cheating him. And

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now he had discovered that the land he bought was ^{nothing to say} ~~not as good as it had~~
~~looked~~ ^{a hoot}. (Once upon a time, he might have been a peasant. Now, he got d
 just as well call himself ^{another town} ~~one more bourgeois~~ idiot, fooled on a deal
 involving land! He ~~felt all the shame a peasant could not bear to know.~~
^{Could he feel} Would it be any worse if Klara ^{took up} ~~had taken up~~ with a farm boy? That wa
 impossible, but then, how had it been so possible for himself, Alois Hitler
 to be gulled on this deal?

^{Even for the} He ~~went into a depression.~~ By October, he was settled in gloom.
 The Hound was one sick puppy these days. How was he to look at
 himself—a man in his late middle age who dangled a ^{sad} ~~poor~~ pup between his
 legs?

Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him

^{and} Now that the potato crop was in, ^{it was not} ~~so much~~ hard work was finished, ~~it was~~
^{it was not} ~~natural to feel a little~~ ^{unhappy}. Women, she could tell him, ^{were} ~~that~~ way after a
 child was born. So much had gone into the womb, so much hope and effort,
 but now one was empty again. The baby might be there and beautiful, but
 for a time the woman had to feel empty, ^{even awful}. For a little while, it
 was natural.

FROM :nm

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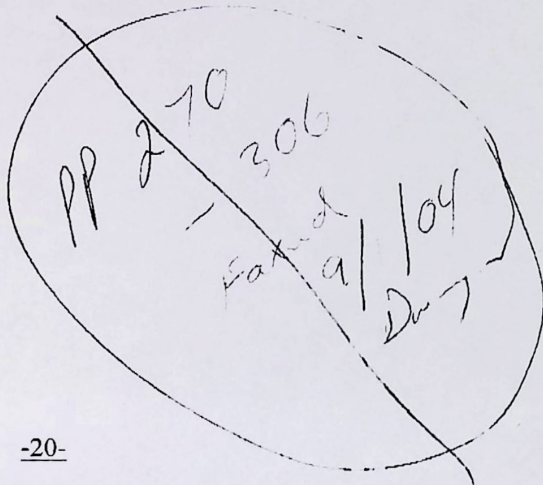
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She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him but to
almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to shout

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Changes occurred, however. Alois' depression lessened. Junior was ~~no longer around,~~ ~~gone.~~ Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to

Spital where he could work with her father, Johann Poelzl, who ~~by now~~ ^{had} ~~was~~ ^{became} ~~help~~ ^{family hands} certainly ^{old enough to need a} ~~strong~~ ^{strong} young assistant. It developed that

Alois, Junior was ^{also} ~~(in favor of the move as well.~~ His father's depression ^{with all its} ~~conveying its own~~ muted threat of ^{future} ~~despotism~~ ^{had} ~~lived~~ in the midst

of the son's rage like a fist ~~being~~ jammed in his face.

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So, it was arranged. ~~The transportation would begin on~~ Alo's
~~farmer's cart driven by the hired man. That~~ would take the fourteen-year-
~~old to Linz, then on by train to Weitra, where he could get on a jitney which~~
~~passed through Spital every other day. So, the boy was transported, and a~~
~~cloud of unhappy expectations lifted.~~
get on a jitney that
he would travel to Linz
could be

In September, Adi and Angela began school in Fischlham. Angela in
 the fourth and most advanced grade for twelve-year-olds. Adi, at six, going
 to first grade.

proceeded
 His first school days ~~went~~ through a bright September, mellow with
 sun. The green was still on the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with
 his sister over hills and through meadows, ~~with out one peril on the route~~
~~There was only one peril on the route~~ a
 full-grown bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. Depending on the bull's
 mood, they could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross the field, ~~this is~~
~~depending also on their own mood.~~ On most days, one or the other was not
~~up to it, and so could be mocked.~~

Soon enough, Adi learned that it was not wise to shame Angela when
 she was ~~in a fearful mood for she knew how to pay him back~~ She would
afraid, & all too well

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inform him that he smelled awful! Sometimes, it was his breath, as often, his body odor.

Probably, she did not know to what depth ^{down into} his quick-beating chest these accusations entered, but deep they went, and for good cause. They were true. He did have an odor—^atouch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may soon choose to speak. Such off-odor is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. The Cudge's pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was simple. If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes as well. Besides, bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and horse manure. ~~But~~ ^Ea wind full of pig wallow ^{every} brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig!

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

"Oh, shut up. It's not you I cry for."

That meant she was thinking of Rosig and he did feel sad for her. This was not because he had liked the sow so much (in fact, he had been

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jealous of Angela's affection for the beast) but because he did like his older sister. She was good most of the time. Besides, she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the smartest boy inside the four walls of the one-room school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the schoolroom contained seating divisions for these four grades; and each child, First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, was able to listen ~~very nicely~~ to all that took place in ^{every} ~~each other~~ class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who had a long nose and wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow the lessons ^{for} in all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the senior grade, the Fourth, where Angela and the others were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, in First, Adi would be asked in company with the other beginners to decide which pictures of animals should be ^{printed on a big card} ~~connected to given words~~ ^{fraulein werner would} ~~connected to given words~~. In the beginning, it was wondrous--all these

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awesome letters that made a word. At first, ^{these letters} ~~these letters~~ vibrated in his eyes, but before long, it became ^{turned into} ~~no more to him~~ than a puzzle. By the time he had reduced it to a ^{solvable} ~~problem~~, it was only a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, ^{he soon} ~~he was usually eager to receive~~

~~the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it he soon~~

grew bored waiting for ~~the~~ others in his class to catch up to him. Soon, ~~he~~

^{Then, he} ~~could~~ barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the

geography of the Hapsburg empire, the ~~Great~~ Hapsburg Empire, as Fraulein

Werner would always say. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak

out to those students who were simpletons, and could not find any of the

places on the map he had already noticed, Braunau and Linz being the first

to catch his eye. ^{Plus Passau just across the Danube on the map.}

So, ^{at} the age of six, he was ~~in effect~~ absorbing the lessons of the

eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the

brightest in her class. ^{He could see} ~~By~~ the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes each time

they entered the room, ^{but then} ~~he also knew that when it came to what they were~~

wearing, ^{also} ~~they were~~ the neatest brother and sister. That was Klara's doing,

and it helped to ^{put} ~~install~~ them ^{so} ~~high~~ up in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the

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same, such neat dress obliged him to stay apart from other boys during recess in order not to get into a fight. There was one bully a year older who kept daring Adolf to wrestle with him.

"Are you crazy?" he would answer. "I am in my good clothes. My mother will kill me if I get them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had enriched his voice with just enough assurance to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior, how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus, same as his ^{big sister,} lieutenant in Passau? It was ~~Angela~~ who bothered him with all this teasing.

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-21-AngelaShe was ~~not~~ concerned these days by what might be her own ~~odor~~ ^(unpleasant presence)

having come in the last few weeks to her first period. Here, Klara had been

of great help, and had done her best to allay the girl's ~~fears~~ ^{indeed, her}outright horror. ^{It was all} ~~It had become~~ connected in Angela's mind with Rosig who,

by the end, had been hemorrhaging blood all over her hams.

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Sealing

To bring some calm to Angela's poor outraged state, Klara spoke for the first time of intimate matters. She adored her step-daughter. The twelve-year-old was by now her substitute for a woman who could become her nearest friend, and so she spoke not only of this new condition for Angela, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general, and its peculiar subtleties in nature. *Odor was part of nature* Casting about for happy examples, she passed on a piece of information Alois had provided her in passing. Once, Klara had asked how he could be sure his own bees (once he did start his *find them was* hives) would know how to come back to home. As she understood it, he ~~planned to have~~ *acquired a couple of* three of these hive-boxes, ~~he kept describing~~ each a full colony in itself. There they would be, sitting *big oak, near the house* side by side in the shade of the ~~walnut grove~~. "How will these thousands of bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he would paint each of his boxes a different color, green for one, sky-blue for another, even pink for the third. *possibly* Bees, he explained, liked to return to dwellings that could be close to the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

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"But you tell me that each day these little creatures go to a different kind of flower. They are faithful only for this one day at a time to each variety of flower. Is that not so?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain he liked the conversation. Would he be able to answer all her questions without ^{slipping and} sliding into ~~such~~ other matters as his old propensities?

"So it could be a flower of one color on one day, and another color is what they like tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

Yes, he was reluctant to tell her. It was not something to talk about. Not necessarily. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in apiculture might, on balance, be better for him than if she showed indifference. "Each queen bee has ^{her} ~~its~~ own odor," he informed ^{Klara} ~~her~~. "Since she will fertilize every ~~unmated~~ cell in every comb and so puts tens of thousands of eggs, yes, larvae, into separate wax cells ^{for} ~~which~~ is their beginning in life, so she is certain to pass her own odor into each of her thousands of children."

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"That is ~~so~~ remarkable," said Klara. "How do you know this. A cis?
So much you know."

"I have read about these discoveries in books," he said grudgingly.

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my ^{head} ~~nose~~ into a hive in order to give a
dozen bees the opportunity to fly ^{up my nose?} ~~into the~~ nostrils?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she knew him well. He might
read his books on the subject, but, at bottom, he ~~was still good~~ ^{was} peasant
~~stock~~ ^{he} did not like to admit that he had not learned the subject by way of
his hands, his feet, his strength, his own patience and his five good ^{peasant} senses,
~~including, if necessary,~~
not even to mention the mysterious sixth.
^{Indeed,}
(Alois, ~~however,~~ ^{she} had indeed told her a little too much. She had to
know more.

Before the conversation was over for this night, she actually prodded
him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She ^{was} had, after all, to be more
than curious about any queen who could ^{birth} ~~create~~ so many thousands of
children and still remain a queen! She could see it! There was such
admiration in Alois' eye when he spoke of this Queen. Everything

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(the Queen —)
 depended on her — the absolute success of the hive, you could say, notting-
 less.

So Alois did choose to lead Klara through some descriptive steps.
 Given her evident excitement about the Queen Bee, he could sense it would
 be to his advantage on this night. She was clearly full of ardor at the
 thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble. So extraordinary.

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, no
 twenty days out of her own wax cell, (which was no larger in width and
 depth than the ^{tip} little craser you could find on the end of a new pencil) would
 be fed on her emergence from that cell, by bee nurses and bee attendants.
 Yet, just three weeks from the day she had emerged, she would be ready
 nonetheless to take her maiden flight out of the hive as a full virgin, and this
 usually took place on the first warm day in May. Up she would lift into the
 heavens on this first sortie, higher than all but a few male bees would dare
 to ~~fly~~ ^{fly} follow.

"The ones who are called drones?" asked Klara.

"Yes, fat, spoiled fellows. They jam their corner of the hive. They
 live to eat, and on a good day they fly around like fools. For the fun of it.

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They do not even bother to bring back honey. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight that they can justify their existence. ~~It is then that they are overcome by how phenomenal she is.~~ And they know it. On this day, they have been flying around waiting for her. They know she is coming. This Queen who flies so high, who is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse female bees always looking for more nectar to bring back—those poor girls do not have full ovaries so they go out and forage, ~~unless they have been attached to~~ ^{except when they are} necessary duties for the hive. Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is different, still a virgin, she is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, ~~like~~ ^{also} a princess. And then, I would ~~say~~ ^{also}, very much like a princess. She flies so high that only a few of these drones can follow. Then ~~it~~ comes down to two drones, to one, but, oh, this last strong one, he reaches her. He puts what he has, yes, you know what I mean, his very own organ which he ~~has kept~~ ^{suddenly} inside himself until now when it comes out and goes. springs ~~it~~ ^{you} could say into, yes, yes, springs into—call it her vagina—why not? It is so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the air so high, just the two of them."

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"It is a wonder," said Klara. Her eyes had begun to shine. She almost said, "A miracle of love."

"No, not exactly," said Alois. ^{At this moment,} ~~Now~~ she did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what he was looking for on this night. Still, his shrewd side was ready to speak ~~for him~~ and he knew, yes, the best was most likely to come from telling it all.

"This drone," he said, "this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far, which is exactly what nature demands, we must suppose, that then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

"No, ^{Donnerwetter}, he can't pull out! The queen has hooks, or ^(she has one there.) something of the kind, very sharp hooks for certain to keep him there. He is stuck. When he does insist, when he has to pull away, you won't believe it, his good organ is ripped right out of him. He has to leave it behind. His manhood! Gone. All gone."

"And him? What happens then? To him?"

"Oh, he dies. Of course! He is gone. He falls to earth."

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"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. Against her will, Klara's mouth pulled into a smirk, then slipped over to a smile. Once begun, she had to laugh. Then, she could not stop. Never before had Alois heard her laugh so long.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months into her pregnancy, but they made love that night. Alois had known more than one woman who could even give you a good piece of the real business in that very last week before she would pop out someone else's baby. But that had hardly been the case with Klara. On this night, however, she was different. It was equal to her best.

Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things. The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Over the next few weeks and into June she could have five or six ^{more} ~~enough~~ lovers. That would store ^{enough} ~~enough~~ semen in her ovaries ^{to lay thousands} ~~to lay thousands~~, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do so until cold weather came. Then this cycle could be repeated for as much as ^{the next} ~~three~~ years to come. (All that wealth of impregnation derived from no more than five

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worrisome complications. There was always a tendency, once warm weather began and the empty cells of the hive had been filled near to capacity with new brood, for as much as half of the colony to be ready to ~~desert~~ ^{to desert the hive,} swarm, that is, to fly away. You could lose most of your fat and profit in a hurry. Nor could he conceive of telling her of new queens being born, five or six perhaps, fed for that purpose on royal jelly, who were often

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high) (of bees who surround)
 extinguished by the ~~royal~~ court around the Queen Bee. No, he left such
 details alone. It was better that Klara should remain sympathetic to what
 would be his oncoming enterprise.

Klara had not only been engrossed by what he told her that night, but
 now, (much like an older sister), would ~~attempt~~ ^{use it} to cajole Angela out of ~~her~~
 (prime adolescent) woes. Klara, remembering her own early flow, could
 certainly recall the depth of vulnerability ^{it would leave in one} in which it had left her. (She had
 felt herself to be an open wound open to ^{future} ~~deprecations~~ ^{men might yet take}
 from her. So, now she chose to describe to Angela the ~~hapless self~~ ^{most likely}
~~amputation~~ of the brave drone who ~~had~~ succeeded in reaching the Queen
 This time, Klara had company in her laughter. They carried on perfectly,
 like girls of the same age or just about, and so as Klara divulged more and more
 of what she had learned from Alois on the subject, the topic turned not only
 to odor, but to the exceptional power of the Queen Bee. There she was, ~~not~~
^{creatures} (hardly larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any
 drone. Nonetheless, this Queen Bee had the power to impregnate the air of
 the hive and the thousands who dwelt within it. All of them would know
 their own hive for they all smelled the same. "It is," said Klara, full of a

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new set of giggles, "as if all Russian men and women have one kind of awful aroma, and those Polish oafs another. Maybe there is a good decent smell of tea for the English, and we Austrians, we have to be something special, we are warm like strudel." Again, she had Angela in laughter. "And the French, yes, a shameless ugly scent. So harsh!" They were hugging each other by now. "Maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I shouldn't describe them."

Rotten onions Italians - nothing but garlic!

also like to be
"Why not the Hungarians? They could be terrible!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them. He was annoyed when they explained nothing, merely kept laughing at the sound of each country.

All this talk of good and bad smells,
Some happy notion remained with Angela. School now gave a special tingle to her nose, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, just like ~~much~~ *absolutely* too much on a baby, and her own little brother ~~Adi~~ *Adi*. He ~~absolutely~~ *absolutely* had this terrible stink when he ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing him to use more soap, or on those nights once a week when Klara boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub, Angela would insist on lathering his back and his armpits

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before handing him back the bar of soap. Then, with a wholly mischievous grin—"You have the soap now, so put it where it can do some work on that careless boy."

Adi would scream with anger at such rudeness, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could barely sniff a thing on himself.

Angela, however, would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig. The prize sow had indeed been full of a strong odor at times, not unlike Adi at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough! Angela began to cry for both, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse for teasing him, she tried to make amends by telling him a few of the wonderful secrets Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and on many a morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was so full of what she had been told that Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

Ever since they had come to the farm in April, he had been most aware of the nearness of bees. In May and June, there had been hours in full

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daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, ^{pellets} ~~glints~~ of light whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the ^{perils of} ~~dangers implicit~~ in their presence.

Now, however, to hear that the Queen Bee shared ^{her} ~~an odor of her self~~ with every bee in the hive (and he could count by now to ^a ~~ten~~ thousand) yes, that did excite his thoughts.

So when he heard that his father might be going to talk to a neighbor about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had ^{vivid} ~~a~~ dream that night ~~about~~ ^{he} ~~bees~~, and saw an army of ^{bees} ~~them~~ flying in circles above the farm. Standing ~~on~~ ^{who} ~~the ground~~ near their house was an old man and he was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt remained outside his pants and came ~~down~~ to his knees, and he wore an old hat over his white hair as long as a stocking. It hung ^{down} ~~down~~ half ~~over~~ his back. He was not short, but he

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still looked like a dwarf because he was ^{so} bent over. In this dream, Adi knew

his name. The man was called Der Alte, and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only going to visit a bee-keeper named Der Alte to discover that he was in error.

Der Alte ^{how} could he not ask along, Sunday morning, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see

Der Alte, and Alois, surprised, and then pleased, ^{was} gave his assent. ^{the} Sunday morn. I now, ^{every} Klara was

Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another farm couple to take the road to Fischham in their wagon for Sunday Mass in that town's small chapel.

and she would travel with the three children, even as Alois, ^{stayed at} exercised his own ^{the farm} matter of conscience. "In truth, in good conscience, I cannot go, he

would tell her, and he would be left alone to walk his fields. This morning, therefore, he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

~~This request was the product of the boy's dream the night before. I~~
~~# I can say that I was~~ ^{the boy's dream}
~~can say that I had been directly instrumental in shaping his invocation of~~
~~(It had been my direct contribution to the whole story~~
~~of Der Alte. This was the first active participation I had taken (with the family~~
~~the night I had entered~~ ^{since entering} Alois' mind just after he had first begun to opine that
~~his heart soaked sermon in~~
 Linz ~~even~~ about the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

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Now, I feel (with some unease) that I must address the reader ~~again~~
on ^{an} ~~a~~ more unappetizing matter. It does concern Adi's ^{bad} ~~characteristic~~ cell.

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personal habits, or they would at varying times ^{be rank} ~~smell bad~~ enough to cause distrust.

How this condition began, I do not know. I have served the E.C. for ^(E. C. was) ~~no need to count the centuries nor necessarily the years~~ many an age, but my recollection of earlier eras is no more grounded in the ^(his possible) far past than is a human's sense of previous incarnations. It is probably not to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know.

Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as possible with the problem ~~of~~

~~immediately~~ before us. We do not have to call, after all, upon Judas or

Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to slug down

~~one more~~ another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of the real

beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether

they were brothers (the D.K. being presumably the older) or, as Milton

proposed, the contest was between God and an angel as important as

Lucifer—that is entirely beyond my province. ~~Perhaps the E.C. was there~~

~~from the onset. Perhaps, he only appeared later.~~ It is not for us to know.

Nor can we dismiss the possibility that the Dummkopf (in whole command

of this earth and this solar system) was obliged nonetheless to speak to

higher powers somewhere in the galaxies of his immediate need for a

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assistant. It is possible that ^{our} the O.O. (to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title—the Other Omniscience) was sent here on purpose by those greater powers. Why? Why not? They may have been ^{dissatisfied} feeling dissatisfaction with the ^{performance} of the D.K. Such knowledge is, of ^{Evolution had} exhibited so many dead ends and ^{disasters}, necessity, also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions.

There are no answers.

~~For this matter,~~

~~I cannot even speak with authority on simple matters, for example,~~

~~this one small matter of order.~~ Yet, if I ^{must} ~~am to~~ offer my conjecture as to what

might have taken place during the interminable ^{cons} ~~time~~ consumed by ~~that~~ ^{that same}

evolution, I would posit that the D.K. is undeniably the Creator of ^{the} ~~that~~

^{sentient} familiar world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of

us, all we separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine, ^{and by man,} ~~and satanic~~. So, yes, if

He is the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the

signs of His Stupidity as well as of His Genius are to be found in all those

endless experiments concerning the development of His creatures, yes, the

^{nearly measureless time} ~~cons~~ it took before He could divine how to enable certain of His beings to

fly, the extreme divergences in ^{breadth and bulk} ~~size~~ of His earth-bound and marine species,

His great and godly hopes that went, for example, into the dinosaur only to

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He had money enough. He could buy a decent farm and he would have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had always exhibited thrift. Besides, he had in hand the sum and interest of the larger part of three wives' dowries. It could be said that the first two had brought ~~some~~ real money to the union. If Anna Glassl had succeeded in divorcing, through law, half of her large dowry ^{due to her} in lieu of their separation, ^{he} ~~she~~ had ^{Wolff left was not a small} been nicely well-to-do. Franzceska, while hardly up to that measure, was nonetheless the child of a prosperous farmer. Even old ^{Schann} ~~Pötz~~, Klara's father, had come up with some florin.

On the other hand, Alois understood money only too well. He knew not all coin was equal. Deep in one's conscience, one had to pay attention to money that was not earned properly. Money gave back its reflection of how it had been gained. Sometimes, he felt a passing chill. A good part of his prosperity could be seen as the flower that had sprouted from the infertile soil of dead wives' dowries.

During this last year of service, while Klara took care of the children in Passau and he was free in Linz, he had begun to feel too old to suit women. That was when he told himself to go back to the earth. It was that

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he had always heard from Johann Nepomuk—"the real woman is in the fields." The old man had only to get drunk enough, and he would repeat it over and over. "The real woman—look for the real woman in the fields. Respect her."

It was an adage Alois could enjoy but his present plans did not include heavy duty as a farmer. His aim, rather, was apiculture. He was interested in developing beehives. He would market the honey. That would be his real crop. All the same, owning a little land might be equivalent to acquiring another limb, a fifth appendage so to speak, as important to a man with peasant roots as a trunk to an elephant.

He had indeed bought a farm five years ago about the time Adolf was born. In many a way that purchase had been more exciting to him than the birth. Land, at least, was not going to die ^{like} on him ~~in the way~~ the lives of Klara's babies ^{who} had gone back to wherever they came from.

The reverse had occurred. The land did not perish, but his ownership did not go ^{that} well. ~~The~~ The holding had been near Spital, about a hundred miles from where he was then working in Braunau, yet he had had some far-off notion of retiring to the place. In the interim, it might be a good way to

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take care of his sister-in-law, Johanna Poelzl, in preference to having her dwell with them as a maid. Johanna, he had long decided, was too surly but half out of her head. In addition, she was a nuncheon. He did not want her in the parlor every night, especially not with that demon of a back.

All the same, he did feel some admiration for the woman. Johanna had the fierce pride of someone who was not in the least afraid of God. She would put no trust in Him. "God," she would declare, "did not have the skill off so many of us in the Poelzl family." Alois could up his hat to her. "She's not like my wife," he was fond of telling the tavern. "Klara is ready to kiss every cross she meets."

All the same, Johanna did not run the farm very well. Each ~~one~~ ^{of the} very peasant who worked for her was, sooner or later, antagonized by ~~her~~ ^{her} sister's sharp tongue, and finally, she decided to give it up and go back to live with her father and her mother—also named Johanna. If we recall this Johanna was the one who had been Alois' mistress on an unforgettable occasion. ("Sie ist hier!")

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Alois was able, however, to sell that first farm at a modest profit and so was not ill-disposed to taking on the property in Hsfeld three or four years later. ^{Heve was a} ~~This~~ farm he would work himself. It was called the Windy Estate (Gut) (which can be translated freely as the Windy Estate) and it offered nine acres plus a wooden house under a thatched roof with good views ^{of} ~~from~~ the high ground ^{of} ~~the~~ mountains of the Salzkammergut. In addition ^{as they} ~~to the~~ ^{were fruit and oak wood} ~~fruit trees~~, there was an orchard of walnut trees. A hayrack was in the stable and stalls for two horses and a cow, plus one prize sow.

It was perfect ³ all ways but one. After the purchase (and only for the purchase) neighboring farmers were ready to hint to the new arrival that the land might be beautiful, but it was not necessarily going to be ~~for~~ ^{for} its crops.

He looked upon these comments as exactly the kind of teasing that resident farmers would visit on a newcomer. Oh, he assured them it is no matter. The land would be given a rest. He was there to raise bees. That was his element. Good honey could become the most prosperous of them all.

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Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony, he was acceptably eulogistic to Alois and most impressive, even though he had he did have a series of drinking nights as a closer way of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he had no desire to be seen as a man who would moon over the past, he dwelt on his future, he bullied his junior associates, plus a couple of old cronies and a few respected town officials to drink more than one stein with him on the merits and mysteries of bee-keeping. Indeed, he belabored each table on each night with so much of his Kultur ^{concerning} ~~on~~ hive maintenance and the "instinctuous" psychology of these fabulous little creatures," that Alois' junior officers would warn each other, "Tonight, let's try to keep The Chummy from smoking us out with his bees."

In truth, he did see himself as something of a philosopher concerning this subject. What an achievement for an untutored peasant from the Waldviertel to be able to give a lecture equal to a ^{university level} Heidelberg seminar. ~~There are many social structures to perceive in each hive, he would inform the drinking gang by way of introduction to the subject.~~

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So, ^{yes, then} in the last weeks before retirement, in the same way, he had frequented each night after his customs house shift. Alois spoke of the more often of the higher concepts of apiculture. Honey bees formed an amazing and complex world, he kept informing his drinking companion. "With rare exceptions, these tiny creatures give their lives to one purpose: to build a future for the generations who will follow. The honey they convert from the nectar and pollen ~~that they bring back from the flowers~~ is not only for their consumption, but, gentlemen, it is also to feed their larvae." He nodded. "These larvae are installed in the tiniest hexagonal cells, ^{he could} to behold, ^{so} they are constructed superbly and symmetrically out of the very beeswax these insect workers ^{that} know how to ^{make} from pollen ^{and they}. ^{process} ^(Q.R. with man) ^{is so mysterious that it is not yet} ~~is a mysterious process not quite understood as yet even by the most modern~~ chemists. Moreover, ^{on} great care is taken in the construction of the hexagonal cells. They know how vital it is that future generations succeed them!"

His company nodded, their spirits glum. This was not the time for very ^{on} ~~long~~ talk. But Alois, ^{for} for these last nights, had become the kind of ~~formal~~ lecturer who is always ready to exhibit an incorruptible lack of sensitivity to his audience. "Some bees," he now remarked, "the heftier ones, become

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discover that that particular construction of animal life was simply too large to survive ~~(in the proportions the D.K. had brought to him)~~ that is on : *present, or merely* failure.) A myriad of others are ~~there~~. The Creator had His relative successes and His abysmal failures, but it has to be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not always in firm control of the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought many an interruption to His experiments and savaged many of His pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed ~~His sphere~~ *this globe* of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women *made their way* had entered ~~into~~ the D.K.'s concept of how He was to develop His primates, so did our Maestro also appear. With *his* entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were stimulated. There at just such a point in the creative development of the world ~~we inhabit~~ *came a* *5:1 ft* *in the importance* metamorphosis in the nature of odor. Its presence became a ~~subtle but~~ *very* often determining factor in human relations.

I can be fairly certain that in the bygone era of primitive man, odor had been one of the D.K.'s assets, an enhancement to aid the development of all the species. In large part, animals *and humans both* were drawn or repelled by on

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any change of program. From the Middle Ages on, however, our Maestro combated this forceful obstacle to his subtle intentions by encouraging many of his alchemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties became a means whereby ~~harsh or~~ rotten odors could be ^{into} marinated ~~in~~ sweeter, earthier, more untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious, even exciting, ^{bit of reek} ~~evil~~ beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage. Moreover, it proved a ^{great} boon to all of our clients who were ^{rich} ~~wealthy~~ enough to afford the ^{best} ~~best~~ perfumes.)

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more. Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration ^{to mephitic} ~~to a variety of~~ many varieties of perfume. Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout the decades to come, a pervasive ^{enriching} ~~aestheticization~~ of human odor became part of our immense progress ^{across} ~~in this~~ sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, due in large part, to the determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs in whom

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(A history has even been written of it's
 we had made successful investment / I think it is true that we look upon ⁷ *Com 101*
~~clients~~ *Craig per*
 most of our share of the human species more as active stocks than as living
 creatures.

By the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be noted clearly that
 the D.K.'s dependence on bad human odor as a ~~system~~ ^{not really means of} of warning that the
 Evil One is near, had been rendered ~~more or less~~ ^{more or less} obsolete. Deodorant
~~dominated~~ ^{dominated} ~~the day.~~ ^{At} By the time of this writing, hardly anyone ever knows any
 longer how their closest partner might actually smell. (This is certainly true
 in the ^{more} ~~most~~ ^{removed} ~~developed~~ ^{from} nations!) This ~~loss~~ ^{loss} of cognitive power ~~for~~ ^{from} the D.K.
 has given great impetus to our work.

Back, however, in the period I now relate, this was not so. not yet.
 and the meeting between Alois, Adi, and the bee-keeper called Der Ale was
 characterized by a curious but immediate intimacy between the boy and the
 old man.

I must not leap too quickly, however, over the walk to Der Ale's farm
 since Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf
 Hitler, on this occasion.

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In truth, he realized now, he had hardly studied the place before buying it. Enough that the price ~~comparatively~~ was not too high, and the house and the view were the best he had found. No, he could not manage to keep spending full days in travel out from Linz. This place was enough. In his work, after all, he ~~had had to be good at making quick decisions. You~~ could not examine in complete professional detail every traveler who might have something wrong about him, no, you made your choices on the spot.

~~He had been good at that.~~

All the same, he was not so much at ease with his purchase as he had anticipated. Walking the meadows and ~~the~~ ^{mounting} one small hill of his new domain, the land was less extensive than he remembered, no larger, really, than what it was, nine acres, a good-sized parade-field. On the other hand, it was small enough to encourage him to do a little more farming than he had anticipated. Three or four of those acres would make a decent but manageable potato field. Should he give another acre to beets? Could he plant this year? That would be the question. He could not get going until the end of June, the beginning of July, but Alois, Jr. would be back here

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then from Passau, his school year finished, and, yes, maybe they could take on some late plowing, ^{and the} ~~maybe~~ get some planting done.

All ^{the} ~~the~~ while, his true disappointment came back to him. He must recognize—once again—that he could not cultivate his bees, not this summer. The brunt of the project would have to wait until next spring. A season of honey-gathering began in April and hardly lasted into September. He had to be there at the beginning. He must wait. All right, he would have nine months now to prepare, counting at least from the time when he would be back here again, permanently, in June, late June, and an unexpected and most unpleasant shiver of anticipation came to him at this thought. Did he know what he was doing? Such a bad thought! He forced it back. He had been in control of his feelings since he was ten years old, and he was not preparing to let go now.

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By July, life became considerably different for Alois. Klara, for one example, was most definitely pregnant. In seven months, if the baby was born without incident, there would be a total of eight kids who had come into existence because of him, eight, if you include the three who now were gone. Of course, if he so desired, he could add some Kinder not exactly accounted for—quite a number of cooks and chambermaids who had managed to conceive with what might be called mixed male parentage, much mixed. Yes, when one of them told him she was pregnant, he had agreed that it was possible. He could be the true father, but then, hadn't she also been with Hans and Gerhardt and Hermann and Wolf? With rare

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exceptions (like Fanny) those women were not in a position to argue who was the true father. It was enough to give them a decent gift.

Here in Hafeld, he was face to face with the other side of such achievements. Through the heat of July, in this farm-house up on the hill, he had to look at five faces every meal, ~~from~~ ^{all the way} Klara down to Edmund, sixteen months old and ~~walking~~ even trying to talk. And by January there would be another. He was used to living with peoples' faces in front of him, more new faces than most people had to meet up with every day, but now it was always the same mugs. He was not used to dwelling with such questions as whether Edmund, for example, had come up with a new phrase or was just gurgling as usual, ^{globs} ~~globs~~ of sound, ~~not to much~~ ^{no real sense} of language.

Managing the farm was another matter. He could take pleasure in Angela's work. For a twelve-year-old who had been putting cold cream on her hands ever since she was eight—a little city girl, ready to be spoiled!-- she was now, to his surprise, decent help. She was always currying the two horses, and washing down the cow even when that hefty lady didn't need another bath. She would also get Adolf and Edmund to laugh at the hearty contentment to be heard in the full-gutted sound of the sow every time they

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approached with food. Rosig (Pinky) was large for a pig, large even for a prize pig, and so happy in that smelly wallow with its pink rosette tacked above her stall, an old prize rosette from the summer before they came to the farm. By next summer, when all this new work wouldn't be weighing on them, and there might be a little time, Angela wanted to prepare Rosig again for local competition. Yes, his girl, Alois decided, was a prize herself. Angela even took the pains to separate out the manure of the farm animals before carrying each collection to a different pile. Why? Because she declared to Klara, "My father would want it that way. Nice and neat." She even succeeded in getting Adi to take up a part of the slack. While he could be counted on to throw a tantrum, Angela would ride it out. Then the boy would follow her, his nose up to heaven in horror, but nonetheless carrying a second manure pail.

This school year over in Passau, Alois, Jr., came to the farm at the beginning of July. For a short period, no one could surpass him at work. Right off, he was splendid with the horses, particularly ~~the younger ones~~, Ulan, a stallion five years old. Alois was proud of how quickly Junior took to the saddle. He was also ready for the joy of a quick canter bareback up

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the hill and down, accompanied by full screams of excitement from Angela and Adi. Yet, he also seemed content to work the plow for hours in the sun with the dray horse, Graubart. Before too long, they had turned up three acres of hard soil pasture for the potatoes, the same sprouting potatoes Klara had bought and stored in the root cellar a week after her arrival. Alois Junior, worked harder for two weeks than his father would have believed. Then, all this splendid flurry of hard labor fell off. Bad news arrived in a letter from Alois' school in Passau. He had failed half of his courses this last semester. He would have to take those studies over again.

"I won't go back," he told his father. "The teachers are so stupid we laugh at them."

Yes, the boy must have been living with what he knew the Realschule news would bring. Had he been ^{brooding over} ~~living with~~ it for these two weeks and not said a word, just kept working hard in his father's field? They had tilled ten inches deep into the three acres chosen, a stubborn, resistant soil, then laid the seed potatoes in shallow trenches and covered them lightly, each of the sprouters a foot apart, each row of furrow less than a yard away from the next, but that had been only the beginning. Now, came the labor that went

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hesitated to ride him. It was truly a long way to the ground for a heavy man! But Alois Junior could saddle up with all the éclat of a prize caller—the sort who used to promenade along the best streets of Vienna wearing the kind of boots that Alois had made ^{for them} ~~for cadets~~ in those years, all the way back ~~then~~ ^{such} when he had so admired those well-turned-out young men. Memories ^{returned} ~~came~~ of those officers strutting on the Ringstrasse with their handsome ^{even as} ladies, while ~~he~~, the apprentice, had dreamed of finding an elegant and lovely young milliner for himself whom he might persuade to start a shop with him ^{ready to offer} ~~where~~ (the finest hand-made hats and most exceptional boots) would be up for sale, a stupid dream, but now his own Junior reminded him of those cadets. Such a striking young man. He was not at all like ^{little} ~~Adolf~~, full of hysterical temper, or tiny Edmund, full of snots.

So, Alois could not bring himself to refuse when Alois, Jr. would ask for an hour off. Ulan, after all, had to be exercised. And the horse did love his young rider, ^{the father! whenever Alois approached} But not Alois! The beast would paw the straw of its stall ~~when Alois approached~~, showing ~~his~~ large horse teeth in an unmistakably evil grin. ~~He might just as well have been stating in perfectly good German that he did not like the father, but was much taken with the son.~~

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On one warm evening in August, Alois, Junior, took another unpleasant liberty. This time, Klara was infuriated. The youth was at table ready for their evening supper, but Angela was not. She was in the barn currying Ulan's wet hide after her brother had put the charger into a gallop on the way back from the woods and then provided a walk-down which was neither long enough nor ~~slow~~ ^{slow-paced} enough to allow the ~~hard-breathing~~ animal to cool. Klara could not believe such selfish behavior. It was one of the few times in their marriage when she spoke sharply to her husband. After six pregnancies, he was no uncle to her now, not at this moment. "You allowed your son to leave such work to Angela? That is certainly not right."

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speaking up for himself.
"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alois, Junior. "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much ⁴as some people," said Klara. "But I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

(this subject)
"You know nothing about horses," said her step-son. "Nothing. Ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" shouted Alois. "You will keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word more."

Coming into the fray these several steps behind Klara, he had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated. "I call for it."

"Jawohl!."

The boy did know how to pick at the edges of every proposition. Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he was being mocked or obeyed? "I told you," said Alois, "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal. Not one word. Not even 'Jawohl.'"

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

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"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent. . . repeat, Not one word."

There was a pause, and then Alo did come back, but in the pause was a suggestion of what might be yet to come.

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Adi, sitting next to her, full of excitement and foreboding, was now living in fear that he would wet himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often with her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid her step-son, again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not dare. To interfere with two men in such a rage with each other was not safe territory to her. The air looked ready to quiver. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund, began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara was able to pick him up and leave the table. Then Alois rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alois, Junior, continued to sit at the table, poised

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within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order into a species of silent reverence addressed to himself.

That night, Alois, Senior, could not sleep and by the end of the next afternoon, he quit work early. For the first time since he had come to Hafeld, he went to the only tavern in the area, a full mile away at Fischham.

He had hesitated whether to go. The company would certainly be less to his taste than the old fold of beer cronies in Linz. Besides, he knew enough about farmers to anticipate the nature of his reception. Given his natural predilection to lord it over ~~his~~ fellow drinkers, he was not looking forward to what would be the sly edge of their attitude. He could hear their thoughts in advance. "The peasant who tries to act like a millionaire" they would say behind his back. Or, as easily, exactly the opposite—"this rich idiot who wants to play at being a peasant."

He had visited a couple of his much-dispersed neighbors in January when he first looked at the house he was to buy, and ~~had~~ had asked a few questions. They had not trusted him much. He had expected that. They were not about to offer the truth to a stranger who could choose not to buy the farm, yet might repeat enough of what he had heard to leave the owner

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on edge)
 offended at them. So Alois was told only the good news, yes, everything
 good, land good, just a few animals, but excellent livestock, the prize sow,
 your ~~walnut~~ orchard — ^{walnuts, all say they are} that, in itself, was ^{easy} money once a year.

Alois had not bothered to believe them. Nor to disbelieve them. He
 had wanted the farm. He had assumed it would not be as good as it looked,
 and, of course, it couldn't be. Already the fine big cow who had been giving
 good milk every day had come down with udder trouble.

He did bring just that matter up at the tavern in Flischtham. He
 needed to. He was looking for a few opinions on the respective merits of
 the two veterinarians in the district, and used it as a calculated opening to
 stimulate the farmers ^{now} ~~now~~ drinking with him to say a few things. He had
 decided to be mild, ^{in manner,} ~~and most modest.~~ Nothing could be worse than to be
 perceived from the outset as a retired fool throwing ^{some} ~~his~~ city weight around.
 So, he listened to their guarded opinions of ^{the two veterinarians} ~~what they might know of~~ ^{him} ~~him~~
 and learned nothing he could carry on ^{any} ~~any~~ ^{way} ~~way~~
 and he talked about his land, most modestly.

When he told them that he had planted potatoes, they looked uneasy.
 In the most indirect manner, it did come out that he might have been wiser
 to consider beets.

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"I planned to put one acre in like that, but not this first year. Too much at once."

They nodded. Farming and work. Yes. The oldest marriage. One must never do too much at once if one could help it.

They were more slow-spoken than most of the voices he had heard for, yes, the last forty-five years! It took an hour of staring at the unadorned wooden walls of the tavern, fretting all the while over the one spike of a splinter in his behind (a gift of the dried-up wood of the tavern bench) before one of them would come forward with the muffled hint that the land on which he had planted potatoes should have been given to beets. That was because last year's crop had been wheat. Now, they spoke of a variety of wheat whose genus was unfamiliar to him, but that was what the previous owner had been planting these last three years. Who knew? The soil could have been depleted ~~by the wheat~~. They did not say as much: they just drew on their pipes and drank their beer and looked sad. Worst of all, as he could tell, the sadness was hardly for him, no, it was offered to the outrage done to the earth now owned by him, a rich man, an interloper trying to be a peasant.

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The smell of the tavern became unpleasant. He could not locate the odor that mingled with the beer, but it was impure—sour milk? Old manure? A compost pile outside the door that had gone wrong? What he resented most about this quiet dun-brown wooden den was that there was not even a hint of schnapps in the air, no, not even one good town drunkard.

The evening, ~~however~~ ^{however to be} proved not altogether a loss. He learned the names of a couple of apiculturists who lived in Hafeld. Veterans who knew bees were nearby. To console himself further, the walk home became agreeable. The late summer moon was out, a harvest-orange moon, and he finally felt the pleasure that beer usually provided just so quickly as he could quaff it. Tonight, however, those pints had merely been banked in his stomach, stored there to dispense the goodness now, now at last that he was able to find himself alone. He had a long splendid urination by the side of the road.

Next morning he was back in his gathering gloom. He had to live with the disappointment of his three acres of potatoes. He had ended with a crop where not much more than half would be marketable. His drinking companions of last night (who in memory now smelled as dank as the

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Fischlham tavern) had been right. He knew it in the pit of his stomach knew it whenever he dug up another potato. He had felt a few twinges in that same gut during the last few days of August and his heart was definitely acting up, yes, full of high pressure now. Whenever Alois took Ulan for a ride, Alois, Senior could feel the boy ^{catching} ~~snapping~~ away one more time at the edges of his authority. That was guaranteed to get his own heart to race! Sometimes he even felt as if this long-trusted organ—such a hearty companion—was now forcing itself right up under his brain. Which is to say he was having headaches.

Given the work to be done of digging up the potatoes and carting them to the market in Fischlham, he ended by hiring a day laborer for the week, a stupid fellow working for his beer at night and not much else, yet, on balance, the man probably served up as much useful labor as Junior with his Ulan. How was that boy going to end? Would he yet be a criminal? Alois could certainly conceive of him in something like the French Foreign Legion. Dark thoughts, but they had their appeal to Alois. When he was young, he would have made a good soldier of that variety, ready for anything. Or was that nonsense? There was something in the boy that was

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wilder than himself. Was that why, these days, they always had to speak to each other as if they were in ballet shoes? Up on tiptoe!

The day laborer was stupid, but he was not so incapable of thinking when it came to putting a number of those potatoes aside for himself, and Alois could not even be certain ~~that~~ ^{not too well,} there had been a theft. Feeling ~~it~~ ^{alone} one afternoon, he had let the laborer take the produce to market ~~for him~~ and the man returned with less Kronen than Alois had estimated. Just a little less.

More fingering at the edges.

~~Soon enough, Alois grew more~~
Alois was soon sick at heart. There had been a sudden and miserable end to ~~all~~ ^{his} the pride Angela had been taking in the prize sow. It died. ~~The sick~~
girl was disconsolate. Alois was now amazed at how much and how long a twelve-year-old female could cry.

It started with that big, pretty pig being ^{just grumpy} a little ill. Then, day to day, it got worse. Angela was so upset that Alois broke into his own reservoirs of pride and actually turned to his three nearest neighbors for advice. It was then he had to recognize all over again that he had forgotten what he was now remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood received before he was even ten years old from Johann Nepomuk was that when it

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came to farming, there were no laws you could count on. ^(No, not - E) You had the bad luck to meet an unexpected problem. Even your lifetime friends ~~could and~~ would disagree on the solution. Of course! Every farmer, he now learned, had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. Of course!

The three neighbors to whom he turned in this case offered three ~~solutions~~ an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic. All were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and was gone. All three men had assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Where else in a pig? Who had ever heard of consumption in such a heavy porker? Perhaps it was something else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the demise was unsure.

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after the animal had died! Why? Because he had to know the cause. What an idiocy! He wasn't going to raise any more pigs, not now! but still he had to know. And then he found out that the specialist—if you could call him that—was not even sure of the cause. It would take, he told Alois, the further expense of lab tests in Linz, or maybe, even all the way to Vienna. To hell with that! Such an expenditure would be obscene. On top of it all,

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he even had to bury the animal whole. He was tempted, but he did not dare to carve away any good part of it for the family. Left to himself, Angelo would have looked for some choice cuts—how much did the hams have to do, after all, with the lungs? But, no, the vet was definite. "Do not take a chance, Herr Hitler, on any part of this animal."

Yes, that is what the vet told him, but only after he had been paid! And there was Angela going on and on with that her hiccups and her sobs, 'Ach, ach, ach!' Not to mention the labor of digging a big goddamn hole for the carcass.

Yes, these were losses to calculate. What kind of profits could he point to from his mediocre potato crop? When he added the cost of the seed potatoes, the compost he had bought for the three acres, and then subtracted the wages of the hired hand, the loss of the sow, and the fee of the vet as

well, how could he claim to have made any respectable sum? If he divided ~~the money that~~ ^{he brought in} the total from the sale of the potatoes by the number of hours ^{worked} put in, ~~the result would be too humiliating to calculate.~~ ^{he said that he had earned any more each day than in his first years with the}

Finance Watch? Worse. The real calculation was humiliating. He was — ^{Besides, he was} living here rent-free. No mortgage payment to worry over. The house had

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been bought outright, after all. But if he had had to give money quarterly to the bank, could he have ^{even} claimed any profit? ~~Perhaps~~ a token profit? The walnuts. They had brought in ^{the only} some easy money, money off the ground. For the rest, it had ^{too much} been a good deal of work. ~~For not much at all. He couldn't even complain to Klara.~~

He had to reassure himself. It wasn't that he was in real financial trouble. Never yet! His pension alone was six times the income of any day laborer like the poor fellow he had hired, who, dumb or not, was also able to cheat him. But, all right! In the old days, in the best years of his earning power at Passau and Linz, he had been situated in what you could call the well-salaried layers of the middle class. ~~Why, he had made more than any principal in an elementary school.~~ Not bad when you consider that he, more respected, economically speaking, than the principal, had never even finished elementary school.

~~All the same, that hardly dug~~
~~Alois could talk to himself in such a way but it did not dig~~ the real thorn out of his gut. One of his strengths with the younger officers who came from good families had always been that he, at least, being good peasant stock, could know at least when people were cheating him. And

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now he had discovered that the land he bought was not as good as it had looked. Once upon a time, he might have been a peasant. Now, he could just as well call himself one more bourgeois ~~idiot~~ ^{idiot}, fooled on a deal involving land! ~~He felt all the shame a peasant could not bear to know.~~ Would it be any worse if Klara had taken up with a farm boy? That was impossible, but then, how had it been so possible for himself. Alois Hitler, to be gulled on this deal?

~~He went into a depression.~~ By October, he was settled in gloom. The Hound was one sick puppy these days. How was he to look at himself—a man in his late middle age who dangled a ~~pick~~ ^{sad} pup between his legs?

Klara, seven and a half months pregnant, tried to explain it to him. Now that the potato crop was in, so much hard work was finished. It was natural to be unhappy. Women, she could tell him, felt that way after a child was born. So much had gone into the womb, so much hope and effort, but now one was empty again. The baby might be there and beautiful but for a time the woman had to feel empty, even awful. For a little while, it was natural.

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She had never waxed so philosophical before, not to him, but he
almost took her head off. "What am I, a woman?" he wanted to shout

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Changes occurred, however. Alois' depression lessened. Junior was gone. Klara had taken it upon herself to suggest that he should be sent to Spital where he could work with her father, Johann Poelzl, who ^{had} ~~by now was~~ ^{because} certainly ^{also} old enough to need a ~~strong~~ young assistant. It developed that Alois, Junior was ^{with all its} ~~conveying its own~~ in favor of the move, ~~as well~~. His father's depression ~~and~~ lived in the midst of the son's rage like a fist ~~(being)~~ jammed in his face.

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So, it was arranged. The transportation would begin on Alois' ~~former~~ cart driven by the hired man, ~~that~~ ^{he would go} would take the fourteen-year-old to Linz, then ^{continue} on by train to Weitra, where he could get on a jitney which passed through Spital every other day. So, the boy was transported, and a cloud of unhappy expectations lifted.

In September, Adi and Angela began school in Fischlham. Angela in the fourth and most advanced grade for twelve-year-olds. Adi, at six, going to first grade.

^{proceeded} His first school days went through a bright September, mellow with sun. The green was still on the fields. It was a fine walk hand in hand with his sister over hills and through meadows ^{which encountered} without one peril on the route - a full-grown bull grazing in a fenced-in pasture. Depending on the bull's mood, they could choose to take a detour, or dare to cross the field, this last depending also on their own mood. On most days, one or the other was not up to it, ^{and which the other would feel free to mock} and so could be mocked.

Soon enough, Adi learned that it was not wise to shame Angela when she was in a fearful mood for she knew how to pay him back. She would

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inform him that he smelled awful! Sometimes, it was his breath as often, his body odor.

Probably, she did not know to what depth in his quick-beating heart these accusations entered, but deep they went, and for good cause. They were true. He did have an odor—^atouch of sulphur and an unmistakable hint of something rotten—of that I may soon choose to speak. Such off odor is one of the constant problems of our clients. It besets us. The Cudgels pick it up.

From Angela's point of view, it was simple. If Adi was trying to make her cry, of course she would look for ways to bring tears to his eyes as well. Besides, bad smells did not bother her that much. By now, she was accustomed to sour milk and horse manure. But a wind full of pig wallow brought a real sorrow to her heart—poor dead Rosig!

"What are you crying about now?" asked Adi. "You tell me how I am bad-smelling and I am the one who should cry—you are mean."

"Oh, shut up. It's not you I cry for."

That meant she was thinking of Rosig and he did feel sad for her.

This was not because he had liked the sow so much (in fact, he had been

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jealous of Angela's affection for the beast) but because he did like his older sister. She was good most of the time. Besides, she was the brightest girl in the school, just as he was the smartest boy inside the four walls of the one-room school house.

Depending on weather and the immediate needs of the neighboring farms for additional labor, there were sometimes less than forty boys and girls, sometimes it was down to thirty, even twenty-five, but the schoolroom contained seating divisions for these four grades: and each child, First to Fourth, six to twelve in age, was able to listen ~~very~~^{every} nilly to all that took place in ~~each other~~ class, a routine matter since there was only one teacher, a middle-aged lady, Fraulein Werner, who had a long nose and wore spectacles.

Adi was soon able to follow the lessons in all four classes. His introduction to German History came by way of the senior grade, the Fourth, where Angela and the others were studying the exceptional deeds of Charlemagne. An hour later, in First, Adi would be asked in company with the other beginners to decide which pictures of animals should be connected to given words. In the beginning, it was wondrous --all those

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awesome letters that made a word. At first, those letters vibrated in his eyes, but before long, it became no more to him than a puzzle. By the time he had reduced it to a problem, it was only a matter on which he took care not to make the same mistake twice. Indeed, ~~he was usually eager to receive the next picture that Fraulein Werner would show them, even if it~~ he soon grew bored waiting for the others in his class to catch up to him. ^{Then, he} could barely wait for the lessons of the Third who were studying the geography of the Hapsburg empire, the great Hapsburg Empire, as Fraulein Werner would always say. If permitted, he would have been ready to speak out to those students who were simpletons, and could not find any of the places on the map he had already noticed, Braunau and Linz being the first to catch his eye.

So, at the age of six, he was in effect absorbing the lessons of the eight and ten and twelve-year-olds, and it pleased him that Angela was the brightest in her class. By the approval in Fraulein Werner's eyes each time they entered the room, he also knew that when it came to what they were wearing, they were the neatest brother and sister. That was Klara's doing, and it helped to install them high up in Fraulein Werner's favor. All the

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same, such neat dress obliged him to stay apart from other boys during recess in order not to get into a fight. There was one bully a year older who kept daring Adolf to wrestle with him.

"Are you crazy?" he would answer. "I am in my good clothes. My mother will kill me if I get them dirty." The daily wars of Passau had enriched his voice with just enough assurance to deter the other. But then that boy was nothing. If Adi could manage to live with Alois, Junior how much had he to fear from a fool like this, also named Klaus, same as his ^{big sister} lieutenant in Passau? It was ~~Angela~~ who bothered him with all this teasing.

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Angela
She was all too concerned these days by what might be her own odor, having come in the last few weeks to her first period. Here, Klara had been of great help, and had done her best to allay the girl's fears, indeed, her outright horror. It had become connected in Angela's mind with Rosie who, by the end, had been hemorrhaging blood all over her hams.

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To bring some calm to Angela's poor outraged state, Klara spoke for the first time of intimate matters. She adored her step-daughter. The twelve-year-old was by now her substitute for a woman who could be one her nearest friend, and so she spoke not only of this new condition for Angela, but went on at good length about the naturalness of odor in general and its peculiar subtleties in nature. Casting about for happy examples, she passed on a piece of information Alois had provided her in passing. Once, Klara had asked how he could be sure his own bees (once he did start his hives) would know how to come back to home. As she understood it, he planned to have, once his plans were fulfilled, three of those hive-boxes he kept describing, each a full colony in itself. There they would be, sitting side by side in the shade of the walnut grove. "How will these thousands of bees know where they belong?" she asked.

He had been sufficiently pleased by her curiosity to explain that he would paint each of his boxes a different color, green for one, sky blue for another, even pink for the third. Bees, he explained, liked to return to dwellings that could be close to the color of the flowers whose nectar they brought back.

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"But you tell me that each day these little creatures go to a different kind of flower. They are faithful only for this one day at a time to each variety of flower. Is that not so?"

"Yes." He wasn't certain he liked the conversation. Would he be able to answer all her questions without sliding into such other matters as his ~~propensities?~~

"So it could be a flower of one color on one day, and another color is what they like tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"How do these bees not get mixed up?"

Yes, he was reluctant to tell her. It was not something to talk about.

Not necessarily. Still, he chose to proceed. For Klara to be interested in apiculture might, on balance, be better for him than if she showed

indifference. "Each queen bee has its own odor," he informed her. "Since she will fertilize every miniscule cell in every comb and so puts tens of thousands of eggs, yes, larvae, into separate wax cells which is their beginning in life, so she is certain to pass her own odor into each of her thousands of children."

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"That is so remarkable," said Klara. "How do you know this, Alois?
So much you know."

"I have read about these discoveries in books," he said grudgingly.

"You have never smelled it yourself?"

"Do I look so stupid as to put my nose into a hive in order to give a
dozen bees the opportunity to fly into the nostrils?"

She began to laugh. In certain ways, she knew him well. He might
read his books on the subject, but, at bottom, he was still good peasant
stock—he did not like to admit that he had not learned the subject by way of
his hands, his feet, his strength, his own patience and his five good senses,
including, if necessary,
not even to mention *(the mysterious sixth.*

Indeed,
(Alois ~~however~~) had ~~indeed~~ told her a little too much. *Now, she,* She had to
know more.

Before the conversation was over for this night, she actually prodded
him to explain how the queen was fertilized. She had, after all, to be more
than curious about any queen who could create so many thousands of
children and still remain a queen! She could see it! There was such
admiration in Alois' eye when he spoke of this Queen. Everything

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depended on her—the absolute success of the hive, you could say, nothing less.

So Alois did choose to lead Klara through some descriptive steps

Given her evident excitement about the Queen Bee, he could sense it would be to his advantage on this night. She was clearly full of ardor at the

thought of so female a creature, so tiny, so noble. So extraordinary

He explained then that the young queen, very much a virgin, he

twenty days out of her own wax cell, (which was no larger in width and

depth than the little eraser you could find on the end of a new pencil) would be fed on her emergence from that cell, by bee nurses and bee attendants.

Yet, just three weeks from the day she had emerged, she would be ready

nonetheless to take her maiden flight out of the hive as a full virgin, and this

usually took place on the first warm day in May. Up she would lift into the

heavens on this first sortie, higher than all but a few male bees would dare to go.

"The ones who are called drones?" asked Klara.

"Yes, fat, spoiled fellows. They jam their corner of the hive. They

live to eat, and on a good day they fly around like fools. For the fun of it.

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They do not even bother to bring back honey. It is only when the virgin queen comes out for her first flight that they can justify their existence. It is then that they are overcome by how phenomenal she is. And they know it. On this day, they have been flying around waiting for her. They know she is coming. This Queen who flies so high, who is so beautiful compared to all her sisters, those thousands of worker bees, yes, work-horse female bees always looking for more nectar to bring back—those poor girls do not have full ovaries so they go out and forage, unless they have been attached to necessary duties for the hive. Clean-up duties. Chores. But this Queen, she is different, still a virgin, she is not yet really a queen, more, I would say, like a princess. And then, I would say, very much like a princess, she flies so high that only a few of these drones can follow. Then it comes down to two drones, to one, but, oh, this last strong one, he reaches her, he puts what he has, yes, you know what I mean, his very own organ which he keeps inside himself until now when ^{suddenly} it comes out and goes. Springs, you could say into, yes, yes, springs into—call it her vagina—why not? It is so, and she takes it all in even as they are up in the air so high, just the two of them."

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"It is a wonder," said Klara. Her eyes had begun to shine. She almost said, "A miracle of love."

"No, not exactly," said Alois. Now, he did not know how to continue. If he said too much, he could spoil what he was looking for on this night. Still, his shrewd side was ready to speak for him and he knew, yes, the best was most likely to come from telling it all.

"This drone," he said, "this one good brave drone, sticks it in so far, which is exactly what nature demands, we must suppose, that then he cannot get it back."

"What?"

"No, Donnerwetter, he can't pull out! The queen has hooks, or ^{she has been there?} something of the kind, very sharp hooks for certain to keep him there. He is stuck. When he does insist, when he has to pull away, you won't believe it, his good organ is ripped right out of him. He has to leave it behind. His manhood! Gone. All gone."

"And him? What happens then? To him?"

"Oh, he dies. Of course! He is gone. He falls to earth."

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"The poor creature," she said. But she could not help it. Against her will, Klara's mouth pulled into a smirk, then slipped over to a smile. Once begun, she had to laugh. Then, she could not stop. Never before had Alois heard her laugh so long.

"What a life," she finally said, and Alois had been right to tell her. She was over six months into her pregnancy, but they made love that night. Alois had known more than one woman who could even give you a good piece of the real business in that very last week before she would pop out someone else's baby. But that had hardly been the case with Klara. On this night, however, she was different. It was equal to her best.

Of course, he certainly did not go on to tell her of two other things.

The first was that the queen was perfectly capable of having other lovers after that first fabulous flight. Over the next few weeks and into June she could have five or six more lovers. That would store enough semen in her ovaries to lay thousands, then tens of thousands of eggs, one each to every cell among those thousands of cells, and continue to do so until cold weather came. Then this cycle could be repeated for as much as three years to come. (All that wealth of impregnation derived from no more than five

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or six copulations!) This meant that for the rest of her life, she would have no more to do with drones, but would be feeding honey and pollen to the pupae she had created while her court, her own worker females, followed her with devotion, capping cells of bees yet to be born with a mysterious wax substance they made from the pollen of the May flowers, a wax that no chemist could duplicate in the laboratory. No, he did not describe how devotedly the Queen would have to work for the rest of her life, and he certainly did not tell Klara that when mating season was done, these female worker-bees would evict the drones from the hive, or working in teams would sting to death those who would not stir. (Nor did they lose their sting. The belly of a drone was much softer than human skin.) After the slaughter, they would sweep the dead bees out. He did not speak of more worrisome complications. There was always a tendency, once warm weather began and the empty cells of the hive had been filled near to capacity with new brood, for as much as half of the colony to be ready to desert, to swarm, that is, to fly away. You could lose most of your future profit in a hurry. Nor could he conceive of telling her of new queens being born, five or six perhaps, fed for that purpose on royal jelly, who were often

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high) (of beehive surrounded)
extinguished by the ~~royal~~ court around the Queen Bee. No, he left such
details alone. It was better that Klara should remain sympathetic to what
would be his oncoming enterprise.

Klara had not only been engrossed by what he told her that night, but
now, (much like an older sister), would attempt to cajole Angela out of these
prime adolescent woes. Klara, remembering her own early flow, could
certainly recall the depth of vulnerability in which it had left her. (She had
felt herself to be an open wound open to depredations, ~~men might yet act~~
from her. So, now she chose to describe to Angela the hapless self-
computation of the brave drone who ~~had~~ succeeded in reaching the Queen

This time, Klara had company in her laughter. They carried on perfectly,

girls of the same age or just about, and so as Klara divulged more and more
of what she had learned from Alois on the subject, the topic turned not only

to odor, but to the exceptional power of the Queen Bee. There she was ~~this~~

creatures)
(hardly larger than her own nursing bees and certainly smaller than any
drone. Nonetheless, this Queen Bec had the power to impregnate the air of
the hive and the thousands who dwelt within it. All of them would know
their own hive for they all smelled the same. "It is," said Klara, full of it

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new set of giggles, "as if all Russian men and women have one kind of awful aroma, and those Polish oafs another. Maybe there is a good decent smell of tea for the English, and we Austrians, we have to be something special, we are warm like strudel." Again, she had Angela in laughter. "And the French, yes, a shameless ugly scent. So harsh!." They were hugging each other by now. "Maybe the worst, the Bohemians. I she didn't describe them."

"Why not the Hungarians? They could be terrible!"

They wiped their eyes. Adi, hearing their laughter, came to join them. He was annoyed when they explained nothing, merely kept laughing at the sound of each country.

Some happy notion remained with Angela. School now gave a special tingle to her nose, and Fraulein Werner with all her talcum powder, just like ~~much~~ too much on a baby, and her own little brother Adi. He ~~absolutely~~ ^{absolutely} had this terrible stink when he ran up and down too many hills, and she was always coaxing him to use more soap, or on those nights once a week when Klara boiled enough water for each of them to bathe in the big farm house tub, Angela would insist on lathering his back and his armpits

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before handing him back the bar of soap. Then, with a wholly mischievous grin—"You have the soap now, so put it where it can do some work, you careless boy."

Adi would scream with anger at such rudeness, loud enough for Klara to come running in, but he would not tell his mother. He was in a turmoil of indecision. Either he smelled as bad as Angela kept saying, or she was crazy. Who could know? He could barely sniff a thing on himself.

Angela, however, would begin to brood again on the death of Rosig.

The prize sow had indeed been full of a strong odor at times, not unlike Adi at his worst, or was it Rosig at her worst?—enough! Angela began to cry for both, the boy and the pig together. Full of remorse for teasing him, she tried to make amends by telling him a few of the wonderful secrets Klara had told her, all of this new knowledge about bees, and on many a morning as the two walked to school, she would take up the topic again—her head was so full of what she had been told that Adi's imagination was soon inflamed by the mysteries of the Queen Bee.

Ever since they had come to the farm in April, he had been most aware of the nearness of bees. In May and June, there had been hours in full

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daylight when the sky was full of tiny lights, glints of light whipping about, flying in so many directions. His mother was always warning him that he must not try to touch any such tiny creature, not if he saw one on a flower. Worse, he must never dare to kill one. That same bee could give him something to remember! Then one fine morning in July, Edmund got stung and didn't stop screaming for an hour. So Adolf, in his turn, had been most respectful of the dangers implicit in their presence.

Now, however, to hear that the Queen Bee shared an odor of her self with every bee in the hive (and he could count by now to ten thousand) yes, that did excite his thoughts.

So when he heard that his father might be going to talk to a neighbor about purchasing what Alois called "the first materials"—an announcement he made on a Saturday evening at dinner, Adi had a dream that night about bees, and saw an army of them flying in circles above the farm. Standing on the ground near their house was an old man and he was dressed differently from anyone Adi had ever seen. His shirt remained outside his pants and came down to his knees, and he wore an old hat over his white hair as long as a stocking. It hung down half ^{down} over his back. He was not short, but he

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still looked like a dwarf because he was bent over. In this dream, Adi knew his name. The man was called Der Alte, and the boy woke up on Sunday morning thinking he was the only one who knew this odd man's name only to discover that he was in error.

Sunday morning, Adi asked his father if he could go with him to see Der Alte, and Alois, surprised, and then pleased, gave his assent. On Sunday, Klara would be picked up by another farm couple to take the road to Fischham in their wagon for Sunday Mass in that town's small chapel, and she would travel with the three children, even as Alois, exercised his own ^{choice} ~~matter~~ of conscience. "In truth, in good conscience, I cannot go," he would tell her, and he would be left alone to walk his fields. This morning, therefore, he was all the more pleased that Adi asked to join him.

This request was ^{a result} ~~the product~~ of the boy's dream ~~the night before~~. I can say that I had been directly instrumental in shaping his invocation of Der Alte. This was ^{my} ~~the first~~ active participation ~~I had taken~~ with the family since ^{the night I had entered} ~~entering~~ Alois' mind just after he had first begun to ^{came on} ~~opine~~ to all in that Linz ~~town~~ ^{about} the beauties and wonders of apiculture.

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Now, I feel (with some unease) that I must address the reader again
on a more unappetizing matter. It does concern Adi's characteristic smell.

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It is curious, yet, after all, not so curious that few matters concerning

men and women are as difficult to discuss as odor. To make matters even

less agreeable, it is also true that our echelon of aides to the Maestro do not possess a keen sense of smell. Gossip among devils can hardly avoid the

notion that we, too, stink on occasion. We are spirits, we live in the air, but ~~and~~ that malice is always far enough! It is not a good subject for us. At ^{that} this time, approaching the

end of the Nineteenth Century, ^{some of the} many of our problems in managing our

clients were to be traceable to one phenomenon. Many of the human beings

in whom we had invested, had to be exceptionally fastidious in their

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personal habits, or they would at varying times smell bad enough to cause distrust.

How this condition began, I do not know. I have served the E.O. for ~~no need to count the centuries nor conceivably 70 years~~ many an age, but my recollection of earlier eras is no more grounded in the

far past than is a human's sense of previous incarnations. It is probably not

to the Maestro's interest to have us know any more than we need to know.

Rather, we are asked to deal as effectively as possible with the problems

~~immediately~~ before us. We do not have to call, after all, upon Judas or

Bluebeard or Attila the Hun to encourage a drunken client to slug down

~~one more~~ another shot of booze. In consequence, we have almost no idea of the real

beginning of the war between the Dummkopf and the Evil One. Whether

they were brothers (the D.K. being presumably the older) or, as Milton

proposed, the contest was between God and an angel as important as

Lucifer—that is entirely beyond my province. ~~Perhaps the E.O. was there~~

~~from the onset. Perhaps, he only appeared later.~~ It is not for us to know.

Nor can we dismiss the possibility that the Dummkopf (in whole command

of this earth and this solar system) was obliged nonetheless to speak to

higher powers somewhere in the galaxies of his immediate need for aid

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assistant. It is possible that the O.O. (to use for a moment his highest self-assigned title—the Other Omniscience) was sent here on purpose by those greater powers. Why? Why not? They may have been feeling

dissatisfaction with the performance of the D.K. Such knowledge is, it exhibits so many dead ends and dead ends, necessity, also unavailable to us. In these matters, there are only questions.

There are no answers.

For that matter, I cannot even speak with authority on simple matters, for example, speaking as color, breath, such a subject, relatively this one small matter of odor. Yet, if I must offer my conjecture as to what

might have taken place during the interminable time consumed by that same evolution, I would posit that the D.K. is undeniably the Creator of the

sentient familiar world of weather, flora, fauna, and primates that we inhabit, all of us, all we separate souls, bodies and spirits—divine, and satanic, and human. So, yes, if

He is the Creator, then evolution was certainly His great laboratory, and the signs of His Stupidity as well as of His Genius are to be found in all those endless experiments concerning the development of His creatures. yes, he cons it took before He could divine how to enable certain of His beings to breed the and bulk, fly, the extreme divergences in size of His earth-bound and marine species,

His great and godly hopes that went, for example, into the dinosaur (only to

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discover that that particular construction of animal life was simply too large to survive in the proportions the D.K. had brought to him—that is one failure.) A myriad of others are ~~there~~ ^{present, or were}. The Creator had His relative successes and His abysmal failures, but it has to be admitted that He never gave up, even if He was not always in firm control of the earth He had fashioned. It is incontestable that earthquakes and ice ages brought n any an interruption to His experiments and savaged many of His pursuits. Why? Because He had incorrectly designed ~~His sphere~~ ^{this globe} (of earth in the first place.

Of one matter I am relatively certain. By the time men and women ~~entered~~ ^{made their way} into the D.K.'s concept of how He was to develop His primates, so did our Maestro also appear. With *his* entrance, the perversities and uncontrollables of human activity were stimulated. There, at just such a point in the creative development of the world ~~the inhabit~~ ^{in the importance} came a subtle metamorphosis in the nature of odor. Its presence became a ~~subtle~~ ^{an} but often determining factor in human relations.

I can be fairly certain that in the bygone era of primitive man, odor had been one of the D.K.'s assets, an enhancement to aid the development of all the species. In large part, animals were drawn or repelled by one

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~~by~~ ^{through} the messages that came to their noses. Presumably their smells ^{developed properties that put} (as conceived by the laws the D.K. had ~~built~~ ^{put} into them) were ~~there~~ ^{present} precisely

to reveal the depth of each animal's courage, perseverance, fear, treachery, loyalty, their determination to propagate—no end to the list. It was all useful to the D.K. It was enabling Him to take the best creative steps forward in evolution.

I think by the time our Prince entered the lists, ^{however} the D.K. ~~must have~~ ^{may have} ~~been much~~ ^{consequent} enraged by the reduction of His status. No longer could He see Himself ~~comfortable~~ as All-Good and All-Powerful. So He began to search for a method whereby His Cudgels could determine (assuming that they possess a good sense of smell!) which men, women, and children had separated from Him in their loyalty. ~~And so~~, if the Good Lord was not without His own skill as a sorcerer, (and indeed, how could He not employ such powers given the new and dire complexities of dealing with the varied acts of the Maestro) I would go so far as to say that the D.K. even had the ability to mark each of our clients with a touch of condign odor, a marking process, if you will, chosen for its simplicity and relative lack of expense considering the inevitable disbursements of divine funds that are inherent in

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any change of program. From the Middle Ages on, however, our Maestro combated this forceful obstacle to his subtle intentions by encouraging many of his alchemists to develop perfumes whose subtleties became a means whereby ~~harsh or~~ rotten odors could be marinated ^{led to} in sweeter earthier, more untraceable, and finally more appealing fragrances, even exotic in their hint of a curious, even exciting, evil beneath the bouquet. (It is, for example, impossible to reconstruct the history of court life in France during the reign of Louis XIV without pondering those redolent tricks of camouflage. Moreover, it proved a ~~great~~ boon to all of our clients who were ^{rich} ~~wealthy~~ enough to afford the best ~~such~~ perfumes.)

By the end of the Enlightenment, matters had altered once more. Soaps, developed by us, were able to add their powers of obliteration to ~~many varieties of perfume~~ ^{rank aromas,} Again, the Dummkopf was confounded. At this time of Adi's boyhood, and indeed, throughout the decades to come, a pervasive anesthetization of human odor became part of our immense progress in this sector of divine combat. Soaps, bath-tubs, cleansing oils and the development of plumbing all came into being, due in large part, to the determined and highly focused energies of those entrepreneurs in whom

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(A history has even been written of 13
we had made successful investment, I think it is true that we look up to) *Common*
aliens *Cropper*
most of our share of the human species more as active stocks than as living
creatures.

By the middle of the Twentieth Century, it can be noted clearly that
the D.K.'s dependence on bad human odor as a *natural* system of warning that the
Evil One is near, had been rendered ~~more or less~~ obsolete. Deodorants
carried the day. By the time of this writing, hardly anyone ever knew any
longer how their closest partner might actually smell. (This is certainly true
in the most developed nations!) This *removal* *loss* of cognitive power *from* for the D.K.
has given great impetus to our work.

Back, however, in the period I now relate, this was not so, not yet.
and the meeting between Alois, Adi, and the bee-keeper called Der Alte was
characterized by a curious but immediate intimacy between the boy and the
old man.

I must not leap too quickly, however, over the walk to Der Alte's farm
since Alois may have had his first real conversation with his son, Adolf
Hitler, on this occasion.

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What may be more important, however, is to speak of the dream I installed in Adi's sleep on the Saturday night ^{that came in advance of} before Alois' meeting with the beekeeper ^{The dream was fashioned} on Sunday. ^{Sunday} It was done in response to a direct order from the

Maestro. ^{I will add any} Let me say that laying in a dream which is a complete fiction, ^{wholly} unconnected to the dreamer's previous experiences, is not in the least routine. ^{Not in the least manufacture} (While we have the power to provide chimerical episodes, or even on rare occasions such as this, insert whole scenarios into our client's sleep.

it is also true that any such dramatic shift in the psychic regions of a child,

can produce real inroads on our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to

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produce ex nihilo. Moreover, there is risk involved when the client is ~~that~~^{so} young.

^{such false}
To install ~~whole~~ dreams ~~on special occasions~~ can tamper with the ~~early, less-protected,~~ roots of nocturnal material belonging to the child. The unhappy result can be that dream-works manipulated by us often end in some chaos, particularly if they stimulate open conflict with the Cudgels. Attacks and counter-attacks within the depths of any man or woman's sleep, ~~young or old~~ rarely result in conditioning favorable to our purpose, indeed, ~~it will often generate nightmare.~~ A set of delicate manipulations calculated to alter a subject's psyche should not be undertaken under such battle field conditions. To state the obvious, few people prosper from a nightmare.

It has been my experience that the installation of highly selected visions, phantasms, false certainties, whole illusions, effective hysterias, even outright deliriums can deliver exciting effects, but that is most attainable when one can work slowly with the protégé, nimbly, subtly, proceeding in small steps over many a night in order that the Cudgels are not alerted. Count on it, His working angels can react savagely to dream-work that we initiate. From the commencement of human existence I

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then controlled
 would warrant that the D.K. must have been most attached to the power to
How he controlled them
 influence that dreams could bring to Him ~~over~~ those late primates whom He

was ~~then nurturing and~~ developing into humans. Much later, during what
the E.O. calls,
~~we can call~~ the Jchovah Period (that is, approximately 1000 B.C. to the

advent of Jesus Christ) it is clear that the D.K. had a host of awards and
to his dream-works
 punishments available. He could arouse visions in prophets and plerians
he could alike ~~and drive these~~ wards in any direction He desired, often. I suspect, on

not much more than His imperious whim. *(Cats, like humans can be more admirable in certain periods than in others)*
 Our entrance, however, into ~~the~~ comings and goings of human-kind
(these)
Indeed, a leading and
 resulted in a diminution of His divine powers. No longer could Jehovah

employ dreams to control His chattels *so easily*. Today, *as a result,* ~~he~~ *power*
for affect men and women
 of dreams *(is profoundly reduced.)* Half of humankind seems to be

For one thing, dreams
 employing their best efforts to have as few relations as possible with either
 the D.K. or the Maestro. Dreams are no longer seen as visions. They

present themselves as eccentric, jagged, totally confused, and for the most
 part, non-productive and non-comprehensible intrusions. People do their

search too long for
 best not to follow ~~whichever~~ messages they can extract from any episode in
 their sleep.

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So the D.K.'s imperious use of dreams is, at present, inoperative.

Once our forces began to vie with the D.K. concerning the growth and future direction of men and women, He had, willy-nilly—and I use the word advisedly!—He had willy-nilly to reduce ^{the outsize of demands} these absurd sporting of His ego. Manic obsession with Himself and His Powers, so swollen during the Jehovah Period, became—if I may use ^{that} the epithet ^{retrograde than} obsolete. Now He ^{cannot} ^{go} could not insist quite as much on the absolute adoration of His servants. ^{No longer do so many of them} They no longer felt ^{on every visit} obliged to bring gifts and sacrifices ^{all the time} at the time. ^{for one of his meeting places} Instead, Jehovah had to give Himself to an agonized search for more ^{He accommodates himself} sophisticated modes of operation. ^{He bent} He bent to the need. (To some degree.)

On occasion, He ^{can} could now show Himself to be wise ^{or advisedly} in His nocturnal insertions ^{the of it's} (most often via the Cudgels) into His best remaining human servants. The function of the dream ^{has also} now ^{now does} altered. Much less often ^{it} it serve as a medium ^{to} for delivering commands from Above. Rather, the purpose ^{has been} was converted. Now, the dream ^{serves} serves, ideally, to give the dreamer a closer sense ^{than} of buried disturbances in his ^{on her} life. If a trusted friend might prove a hint treacherous, the dream ^{is now} was there to alert the dreamer to just such a possibility. If, on the other hand, ^{is oneself} one ^{was} was unwittingly ready to

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betray a close friend, that possibility ^{can} could also be suggested to the sleeping mind. The D.K. was now looking for the best means to encourage a closer sense in people of what might be their real condition in the world. The D.K., given all His shortcomings, was ^{now} looking ~~all the same~~ for a way to protect His most elaborate creation—His human beings. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few who had been sequestered by the strongest guards among the Cudgels and so could rarely be approached by us (real candidates for sainthood being one example of such protection), the D.K.'s new approach did prove efficacious. ^{For some!} On the other hand, dreams intended as direct prophecy became rare. ^{there was a warning that} A vogue which ~~for~~ for a short period ^{most} saw dreams as wish-fulfillment ^{that} became a popular notion, ⁽³²¹²⁾ but never proved to be more than a theory. As revised by the D.K., dreams were now supposed to serve as an intimate form of communication between the human creation and Himself. Indeed, on those occasions when we devils and demons were not present to distort the content, a dreamer might actually obtain insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The intense but mock situations created by the dream were there to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety. In that manner, a dreamer's attention could be directed to encounters it was

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The subject
wise to avoid. ~~One~~^{he or she} would now be most unhappily aware of how ~~one~~

possessed less courage, less loyalty, less devotion, less love, or less health
than ~~he or she~~^{one} had previously assumed. Now, the The function of the dream was

~~therefore more direct~~ it was to give illumination on how to cope with intimate
and social problems in ones interpret
modern life. It was—if one could only ~~hear~~ the signals within the dream—a
For the most
security system full of warning bells.

start
To the degree, however, that we could interfere with the allegiance of
any man or woman to the Cudgels, we were able to warp that system at the
not even
least, and sometimes sabotage it. In return, we have to put up with trained

angels who delight in undermining our influence over our best captives. Our attempts to guide them to our purposes are
often
To be certain, these wars produced chaos. To the degree that any often
given man or woman had been penetrated by both forces, the person's dream

and is
became an extravaganza, usually incoherent. I may add that it was also
wasteful to our budgets.

So, the time-consuming act of creating a whole dream for a child
take too much attention away
appeared, on the face of it, to detract from my other projects. As I have

encourage such
remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part, allocate many of our
expense away
incursions toward early development in children. Looking upon their

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growth as essentially indeterminable, he saw such actions as likely to fail. ^(I believe) ~~there~~

It will be recalled that when the Hitler family made their move from Passau to

Hafeld, I was instructed to cease paying attention to little Adolf. He and his family ^{would} ~~were~~ now ^{thorough} ~~be~~ monitored ^{by} ~~by~~ the routine milk runs of my assistants.

Except for the ^{sole} occasion when I had slipped into Alois' brain long enough to

delve into his fascination with beekeeping, I had been working in ^{that} ~~the~~ region

^{Austria} with other clients. The milk runs ^{provided by} ~~of~~ my assistants proved sufficient ^{adequately} ~~to~~.

^{I had been provided} ~~provide me~~ with any information I needed vis-a-vis the Hitlers of Hafeld.

Now, ^{any} ~~however~~ ^{had arrived} ~~this~~ unexpected and direct communication from the Maestro ^{no} ~~an~~ ordinary event. I was formally instructed to implant

a dream into the head of a six-year-old, none other, of course, than our

young first grader, little Adolf Hitler. Indeed, the order proposed

considerably more than the passing insertion of a concept. Etch was the

verb employed by the Maestro. "I want you," he said, "to etch Ad's brain

with a permanent notion. We have been quiescent in that direction long

enough to expect no interference from the Cudgels. You can probably gain

an open operation."

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That was not a short speech for the E.O. His regard for each of us
not only
could be measured by how quickly we were ready to carry out his desires,
but by the length of his communication.
All too often, reading our initials,
we would hear no more than
"yes," or "Don't!"

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Chapter 24 + 25.
pp 307 - 324

get to be forced

Note! Ch 26 due to
the discrepancy in
the pagination will
begin on page 317
and end on
page 335

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The act itself took no more than a few minutes, but the preparation had not been simple. Etch, I must repeat, was the determining word. A fixed notion, once successfully installed, can link the client to us. (Often we use it to ^{bring} ~~return~~ him back to us should he wish to stray.) But etching is not easy to learn, or bring off. It must be done with an incisive stroke. Misapplied, it can drive the recipient mad.

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I will go so far as to say that on this occasion, I was deft. In the knowledge absorbed from the milk runs, I knew that Alois would soon be visiting a neighboring beekeeper known in the area as Der Alte ^{aka the old man} Der Alte Zauberer—the Old Sorcerer. So was he perceived by the neighboring peasants.

The term was an exaggeration. This old man was highly eccentric, a ^{and as} ~~kind of~~ hermit, ^{but he} ~~mean as a winter wind~~ ^{special} ~~who could only appear on~~ ^{special} ~~special occasions~~ ^{as agreeable as a sun} ~~must~~ ^{He knew the loss} ~~the facade of a warm old fellow.~~ The peasants in Hatfield, having known him for decades, knew better, ~~but~~ he was the only apicalurist in the area whom they could recommend in good conscience to Alois ^{since he} ~~since he~~ knew more about beekeeping than anyone ⁱⁿ ~~else~~ within a day's walk in any direction. So they said. Besides, they were curious to see whether he would succeed in charming Alois before cheating him.

What was most useful to me about Der Alte was that he had belonged to us for decades. In effect, he was an old pensioner. Moreover, he and Adi would be kin in odor, and so were likely to find that the other had a good smell. ^{thrust} ^{soon} ~~So, the nature~~ ^{walk} ~~(of the dream)~~ suggested itself. I would enrich the boy's mind ^{with} ~~with~~ a picture of Der Alte in advance of their meeting.

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As a matter of style, I ^{have} ~~had~~ always been inclined to limit the extent of a
^{with too many} ~~virtuosity~~ ^{you can lose the plot}
 dream-work. One ^{can} ~~could~~ lose oneself in too many virtuosity. I considered
^(that was certainly the reason for it)
 modest scenarios to be more effective ^{when it came to fitting external}
^{new} dream material into the ~~existing~~ framework of the subject's psyche. ^{The psychology}
~~of with all else, is a framework. An adaptation has~~
 In this case, given the necessary precision of the art-work required, I
^{Don't think I}
 foresaw a considerable disbursement of available funds, ^{but it did work.}
^{I would say that it did work well.}
 aid in as close an image of Der Alte as I could produce with my skills ^{and}
^{As I thought and}
 then did no more than ^{new} ~~to~~ place this image into the very center of a short
^{conveniently}
~~the~~ ^{through which the boy was passing}
 dream. Adi, however, was ^{new} ~~now~~ given a close representation of Der Alte
^{thereby}
 his appearance, his voice, his manner of movement. For the setting, ^{presenting}
^{made}
 one of the two rooms of his hut, and ^{the} yard ~~was~~ visible through the
^{short}
 window. In the distance was his bee-house. The action of the dream could
 not have been more direct. Der Alte led them inside his quarters, and fed
 Adi a spoonful of honey, a task I was careful to monitor in the dream. I
^{the taste}
 made certain ^{night} ~~it~~ was exquisite on the boy's tongue. (Never to be forgotten,
 or forever etched!). I left that for the climax. Adi awakened with wet pajamas
^{along with}
 from navel to knee ^{plus} a whole sense of happiness. He stripped his wet
 night-clothing, a not unusual event, and went back ~~to~~ into slumber

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replaying the dream (on his own) in small variations, looking to taste such honey again. There was no question in his mind that he would soon meet Der Alte, and this emboldened him to ask his father to take him along the next morning. Alois, as I have remarked, was pleased indeed to fulfill that request.

Their conversation on the walk to the Sorcerer's house is yet to be recounted but I will choose to jump ahead long enough to say a little more about the Maestro's concept of etching for it has fine applications to our work. For example, we now knew that when Adi met Der Alte on this Sunday, he would feel that it was all happening as the dream had foreseen. The boy was astonished, he was thrilled, he was full of a sense of importance that seemed to commence in the very heart of his thought, as if he had the power to peer in advance into exactly how matters would proceed. Indeed, we had ^{gained} reaped our expected bounty. Der Alte had been ^{2/22} instructed in his sleep ^{He was told straight-out and do this,} to give the boy a taste of his finest honey ^{subsequent} directly on meeting him, and the experience did prove so close to how it had been foreseen that it took up permanent lodging in the boy's memory.

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Be it said again, this man, Magnus Rudiger, ^{spoken of by} called by all the men and ^{e very badly} women in the area as Der Alte Zauberer, was in fact not much of an old

sorcerer. His curses were neither remarkable nor effective, and his ^{unimpressive} command of magic was rudimentary. (Whenever a sense of dread came to him from forces he could not name (usually ^{from} one or another branch of the

Cudgels) he hardly knew more than to lay a circle of salt around the ^{in the kitchen} ~~fisher~~ table where he sat by himself. That was, for all its picayune effect ^{as} ~~more~~

effective at nudging us away ^{as} ~~than~~ the Cudgels. (His error, common to so many of our clients, was to assume that naturally and of course! he was on the side of the angels. So it was demons who had inspired his dread.)

Minor clients such as this Magus Rudiger are an annoyance. Particularly when they grow old. Still, he was enough of an actor to keep everyone in the area respectful of him. No neighbor was in a hurry to attack his self-

esteem, and indeed, he did ^{offer} ~~muster~~ a full suggestion (by way of his dress, his odor, his resonant, even reverberating, voice, and his ^{compensation} ~~undeniable~~ knowledge of bees) that he was a species of magician. That is, I suppose, a power in

^{at the least, he did have the} ~~It the least, he did have the~~ and, in his favor, I ^{insulted to} ~~himself~~ the ability to safeguard one's self-esteem even when the psych- ^{this} ~~ic~~ ^{can say that} ~~revelments are flimsy.~~ On the other hand, he rarely failed to lead himself to

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my uses. (~~An individual of greater inner strength might, for example have been too proud to rush to feed that spoonful of honey while the boy was still on the threshold.~~)

So, then
In any event, Adi was ~~now~~ etched by the dream, and equally ~~engraved~~
important, the visit. His belief that he would, on ~~occasions~~, be able to bring
vividly and accurately to mind the presence of people ~~or events~~ he had not
yet encountered, would ~~be~~ ^{prove} no mean instrument for us

I will say that we were to exercise such a spiritual device often during
Adolf Hitler's service as an Army messenger ^{while carrying messages} ~~scurrying~~ up to the trenches
^{then working his way} ~~and darting~~ back to Regimental Headquarters, ^{we were there for hours} on many a day and night
during the First World War. ^{He was performing duties} ~~It was~~ dangerous work and a confidence in
one's ability to anticipate the future ^{proves} ~~was~~ of no small assistance. ^{on such} ~~It is~~
^{occasional. It is,} ^{all} ~~However,~~ too soon to speak of that. His experiences as a soldier - a most
complex amalgam of magic, luck, desperation and dedication - are still
eighteen years away. For now, I will leave discussion of the profits and
problems produced by etching until it is altogether necessary to discuss the
practice again.

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For now, I would rather steal into the unspoken thoughts of the conversation he had with his father on the walk to see Der Alte Zauberer. Alois, of course, did most of the talking, and was anticipating his meeting with no great confidence. It was never routine for Alois to encounter a man who knew more about a subject than himself.

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Once they began to talk, however, Alois proceeded to supply Adolf's head with so many new names, ^(while) continuing to walk at a good pace, that before long the boy was twice breathless. ~~for~~ he did not dare to lag behind by a step nor a word. In turn, Alois, so rarely in the habit of spending time or thought on this little Adolf, was a hint short of breath himself. Over the years, he had packed enough rheumatism into his knees and enough constriction upon his lungs (via tobacco) to move as a rule more measuredly. But now, ^{discovering that there was an actual} ~~finding a~~ vein of conversation to pursue with the boy not only proved an unexpected obstacle, but ^{had proved} ~~a~~ stimulus to his legs. ^{Indeed, he} ~~the~~

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was pleased that Adi had wished to go with him. ~~Indeed, he was able to~~

able to approach his own feelings. It was not Alois' habit to ^{feel many} give in to

sentiments ^{for} about his younger children, indeed, he ^{for a} had never ^{considered}

fatherhood a subject of personal interest until a child was old enough to

work by his side. Now, most unexpectedly, he felt a sense of mystery ^{It} in the

^{came from the} very presence of his boy. ^{They} That was not only uncommon but unprecedented.

He actually wished to enlist the admiration of ^{his} this little creature trotting

^{so breathlessly beside him.}
along ~~next to him.~~

His desire was ~~already~~ fulfilled. Adi was excited to be finally in the

company of his father. The word which he had barely learned to spell ^{but Alois} stood

before his eyes as ^{MEIN VATER!} FATHER. Just so large was his recognition of the size,

and—no other word will do—the immanence of the big ^{person} man striding along

beside him. Alois was ^{as} larger ⁱⁿ at that moment ^{to him, as} by the child's state of

~~measurement than~~ the awe which filled the expression of his mother when

she would speak of der gute Gott. ^{Indeed,} ^{moving his} yes, there was Alois next to him, so big,

so high above him, ^{Franz-Josef} quite an equal in emanative force to Jehovah ^(He)

~~Franz-Josef, for that matter, equal to Jehovah.~~ ^{Given} Given the way that Alois

^{would} pronounced the name of the Emperor ^{set}

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How the boy wanted to please ^{his father} Alois. At the commencement of the walk, their mutual silence had been formidable. It remained so until Alois found a few words. "Have there always been bees?" he asked at last. It was a simple question but fortuitous. It came just before they would have remained mute for the rest of the walk.

"Yes. Always. Bees," ^{Alois} he amended, "have been on our fine earth for a very long time."

"So they go so far back, Father?"

Alois gave him an encouraging pat on the nape of his neck. The boy's obvious desire to keep the conversation in flow now served to activate

Alois' funds of exposition. "Yes, I would say, the answer is: Way back

^{longer than us} (Maybe longer than us. And there has never been a day when we didn't look to steal their honey." He laughed at the extent of his own insight. "I have read that already, ^{from} from the time of the Bronze Age, we were all eating

honey, yes, and I can say for certain that I have seen drawings and some old poems in glass cases right there in ^{the} ^{old} our dusty little Linz museum, that speak of how ^{going back into} ^{back in} the Middle Ages, beekeeping was already a serious activity,

Although wild, very wild still."

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Given his touch of rheumatism, Alois ^{indeed} was ~~walking~~ fast. Add's breath ~~was now~~ ^{get} seizing his lungs in a unique mixture of happy fervor at the fact of the conversation itself, ^{but with no lessening of the} and desperation that he might not be able to keep walking (half-running) at his father's pace. So many unfamiliar words were coming into his mind at once. On this ^{best} August, already passed, he had been standing under the walnut tree ^{nearest to} near their farmhouse, when a gale of wind came by like the sound of a whip, whereupon three walnuts, hard as stone, bolted his head with such authority that he had not even been ready to cry— that was as if the walnuts had their own voice and told him to be silent. Now, he was buffeted by the Bronze Age, and next, the Middle Ages—maybe he had heard Middle Ages before. He felt as if he half-knew it. No question of stopping to ask—he strode along as fast as he could ^{chase up to} keep up with the burning air in his lungs.

"They had," said Alois, "no hives in the Middle Ages. Beeskeepers already, yes, honey, yes, but they had to go out hunting to where they could ^{a swarm of} find some bees gathered together. Where? Where else? In hollow trees. Locate such a tree, and then grab what you can of the honey before they ^{getting} sting your head off. That was how they must have done it then. Only even

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that was not enough. They also had to get the wax. This beeswax was so important. Once you have beeswax you can have light in your hut every night. Candles! But, oh, they had to pay. So many bites. Then along would come their Duke or their Baron. If he heard ^{about you} you had honey you had ^{so much of it} to pay up. A good share. Imagine. What do you think he gave you back—a bow, a nice strong cross-bow. Why? Because what the huntsman was doing, was dangerous. The bears in the forest were also looking for honey.

Think how crazy those bees must have got when a bear stuck his nose ^{right into} ~~the log up their hives~~ ^{the log up their hives} their hive in the log. (It is one thing to sting a man, but how do you stop a bear? A bear with his fur and that thick skin! They had to go for the eyes. It didn't matter. The bear would still come looking. Ja, a man needed a cross-bow—to kill the bear. Not so easy to go near honey if the bear got there first, but you could have compensation. Sometimes you had bear meat. Once in a while, you had bear meat and honey."

Adi's breath by now was wholly on fire. Their path was wandering through a small wood, and he was looking for a bear. ^{One more bear to add to the tumult in his lungs.}
"Sometimes," said Alois, "on a cold day this time of year a man would find a tree ready to fall, a dead tree with a big hollow in it, and a

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swarm of bees right there in the hollow. All clustered together to stay warm against the cold. ^{An enterprising sort of} The good peasant ^{might} would dare to take the tree down. He would have to do it carefully, ^{so carefully,} not to stir up too much, and he ^{would have to do it} did it in the evening, ^{when} only in the evening because these little bees are more quiet then, especially when it is cold, and then he and ^{his} a big son, or maybe ^{his} brother, would carry the tree back ^{near} to their hut, ^{where} so they could ^{manage to} ^{extract all} get more of the honey."

"What about the bears? Would they come?"

"Yes. The kind of man we're talking about had to be ready to kill the first bear and hang him up near the bees. That kept all the other bears away. ^{is exactly} Yes, that's how it began. But now, ^{now}, what has it become? A hobby! A little risky, maybe, but ^{sometimes} profitable."

"Hobby," the boy repeated—another new word.

"Soon," said Alois, "it will be a business."

They walked in silence. Der Steckenpferd was how Alois had put it—a horse-on-a-stick, a plaything, a hobby. Soon it would be a business, he had said. The boy was confused. The continued pace at which they were

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walking was now pinching his breath past the point where he could ask even one more question.

Abruptly, Alois stopped. He had become aware at last of his son's discomfort. "Come," he said, "you sit down." He pointed to an available rock, then sat next to him on another rock. Only then did he feel the pain in his own knees and legs.

"You must understand," he said, "this bee-keeping will not be fairy-tales for us. Honey is sweet, but bees are not. Not so sweet. Sometimes they are cruel to each other. Very cruel. Do you know why?"

"No," said Adi. His eyes were, however, alight. "Please, you must tell me why, Father."

"Because they obey one law. A single law. It ^{sits on top} ~~takes care of~~ everything. It is so clear to them. ^{They} Their law says to them: The colony must survive. Nobody ^{can} ~~will~~ dare to be lazy inside this colony." He paused.

"Nobody, except for the drones. They are there to serve their one good purpose. But then it's all over for them. They are gone. Goodbye "

"Are they killed?" The boy knew the answer.

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Of course,
 "Killed. Yes. *(All of them.)* Once a year, right about now—just after summer they are gotten rid of. No charity." He began to laugh again. "In the home of the bees, there are no good Christians. No charity whatsoever. You will not find one bee in any hive who is too weak to work. *(That is because they)* They *(get rid)* of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' thoughts *recalled* wheeled back into *the earlier* his early silence. He was full of dread. It was not intense, yet it seemed to live everywhere within him on this Sunday morning. *It could have been* a cloud holding many shapes at once. He could not even name all his fears. He knew he was directly afraid of being cheated by Der Alte. Alois had understood what the neighboring peasants were not ready to say. They had praised Der Alte, they had echoed each other *while* speaking of his vast knowledge on this subject of apiculture. Yet Alois could hear no great allegiance to the man himself. One neighbor even whispered, "You can trust Der Alte, yes, I think so," but Alois neither liked nor trusted this neighbor. And did not the neighbor feel the same way about him?

This was but one hint of his fear. If the fine and attractive location of *his own* the farm had been the good reason for its purchase, he could not say the

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same for the quality of the land. He did not wish to be cheated again.

Indeed, given the trouble with Alois, Jr., he had kept putting off his decision

to go into this beekeeping. Now, all of August was lost. It might even be

too late to start the winter colony. He did not feel competent about this

aspect of apiculture, but he knew—he had delayed too long, ^{that} his choices

were ^{now} restricted. He had to buy and buy soon. He might have to pay

whatever unnatural price would ~~now~~ be asked for the stock and materials.

Yes, this late in the season, he would be held up, wherever he went. He

certainly did not enjoy the thought of these peasants laughing at him again,

but ^{that} it was not his prime uneasiness. He could not quite admit it to himself.

Yet the last time he had dabbled in this bee business, going at it just as a

horsc-on-a-stick, one hive kept in a little town ^{at} walking distance from

Braunau, a place he could go to in the evening to get a rest from the tavern

and his fellow officers, or be able to visit on a Sunday in order not to have

to watch everyone going to church—a diversion, he had thought. But then

he had had a near disaster. On a given Sunday for no mistake he could

point to, he had been stung so quickly and repeatedly by so many infuriated

bees that he decided afterward he must have been poking about in the

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Queen Bee's quarters. Who could tell? He realized his ignorance of the real stuff if he was so open to ambush in the course of working with a hive.

Now, he could say he knew much more. He had been reading on the subject. At length. Given his lack of education, no one could claim to be a quicker student than himself. He retained what he read. How many could say that? Where, then, was his fear?

But he knew. He could tell. By the way he was preparing in advance to recount to this man, Der Alte, that he had taken many stings on his hands and his knees and that that had subsequently proved beneficial for the stiffness in his joints, yes, that stiffness acquired over the years of standing at Customs posts. For certain, he felt ready to impress Der Alte with his knowledge of bee venom, ^{He would speak of} and the degree to which diseases in ancient Egypt had ~~even~~ been treated in that manner. He would speak of Pliny and Galen. Great doctors. They, ^{how} too, knew ^{to make various} ointments from bee venom and bee honey. Charlemagne and Ivan the Terrible as well. He could speak of ^{those monarch's} ~~their~~ afflictions of the joints and how they had had such pain eliminated, or so it was reputed, by bee stings.

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But was he really prepared to enter that kind of conversation with Der
Alte? ^{thru} At ^{having} that moment, he regretted bringing Adolf with him. A person
felt trapped. To the degree that he had spoken ^{at such length,} so much to Klara on the
subject, he had lost his room for choice. He had to ^{commence his} start bekeeping. ^{he really}
else? Did he wish her ever to become aware of the fear he had now
developed in his heart that this might not be, no, not when you got down to
it completely, that this might not be the next step to ^{wanted to take?} take?

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872136

Set. 17 11:14 L 41 P31

FROM : JMWJORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

Set. 17 11:14 L 51 P1

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To be Saved

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Note
shuffled
in bag
number.
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We go from
P. 324 (former
numbering) to
P. 317.

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As has been indicated already, Magnus Geruchelles, Der Alte Zauberer,

was one of ours. I have called him a pensioner and that is accurate. In recent

years, we have not used him often and any benefits he has received from us

have not been large. From time to time, we provide a bit of added incentive to offer a new insight to one of his old perceptions, a species of gift-giving practiced by angels and demons

alike (and we) we look to revive faded loyalties with a lagniappe, a Trinkgeld, set as

bonus as is stated so loyally in English.

speaks. In turn, our pensioners will work a little for us when we require it

The impulse to put a spoonful of exquisite honey on Adi's tongue even as he

and Alois came through the door was entirely by my suggestion For

certain, the old doctor carried it off just as I requested. The old doctor Even

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^{as doctor}
I refer to him ~~in that manner~~. Nonetheless, it is one of his ^{most} ~~least~~ attractive

vanities. (He will insist that he is an honored and learned university

graduate.) I have heard him refer on separate occasions to his years at

Heidelberg, Leipzig, Gottingen, Vienna, Salzberg, and Berlin, none of whose

eminent schools he attended. Indeed, only Heidelberg and Gottingen were

^{even said}
~~him and that was for a brief visit~~ ^{to say} ~~he had~~ ^{been} ~~over-honored with a visit.~~ (Our old and learned doctor is a fraud, a half-

Jewish Pole, of no certified higher education who, nonetheless, much through

his own efforts, has acquired some of the verbal skills and superior manner of

^(a true and true) ~~Barth and Barth~~ ^{look}
~~a good German~~ Doctor of Philosophy. If he has chosen in his old age to live

like a confirmed drunk, an odd choice (since in fact he does not drink) he is

attracted all the same to many of the slovenly habits of old sots. His clothes

are filthy. Even his long woolen cap manages to be full of soup stains (for he

wipes his mouth with the tail of it) and his white beard is ^{discolored} ~~stained~~ with

nicotine. Often he smells of these unhappy odors we look to reduce in our

clients. To put no pretty word on it, he is incontinent. Not only his clothes

but his furnishings have the ^{harsh persona} ~~acrid~~ authority of old urine.

Nonetheless, he is striking. That long stocking cap which he even wears in summer and indoors does serve his devoted image of himself as

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some kind of a throwback, can it be, to a court jester?—^{does} for ~~he sits~~ in his hot swathed in an old cape full of faded bright colors, a fool's motley. One could hardly expect him to be impressive in appearance, yet he is. Undenubably, he is. His eyes are extraordinary, as blue as the coldest skies of the north, yet full of merry lights that offer a clue to many a trick he has learned.

Alois, who for forty years had encountered hundreds of people a day, was hardly to be surprised by an unorthodox appearance. For that matter, he had developed the ability to capture the first moment, so to speak, in just about every passing exchange. Travellers were not prepared for the phenomenon of meeting a Customs official who possessed such a degree of authority. Yet there he was at his post, or, later in career, at his desk, exhibiting the strength of his peasant roots, while offering his ~~careful~~ physical resemblance to Franz Josef. The first moment, therefore, invariably belonged to Alois. Few were prepared for the intelligence that stood out in his immediate glance. "Try to fool me—you will fail!" was the unmistakable ^{sentiment in his eyes,} ~~message~~.
^{This was one of the reasons for}
~~This had to be part of my specific direction to Der Alte that he must~~
 meet the father and son at the door with a spoonful of honey, and ~~proceed to~~

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insert it without leave ~~or hesitation~~ into the boy's mouth. Whatever Alois had been preparing ~~himself~~ for, ^{it hardly} ~~hardly~~ could ~~it~~ have been this. So rude. So gracious! ^{Both} ~~All~~ at once! And nothing offered to Alois but a superior smile from Der Alte as if his ~~own~~ ^{the} piss-soaked den, worse than an abode of fifteen cats and their leavings, was nonetheless Der Alte's realm and he was happy in it, and, I may as well add, diabolically unembarrassed.

Moreover, Der Alte won the boy over on the instant. It had taken no more than ^{this} ~~that~~ one move. ^{the strokes of my etching on} (Plus all my ~~etching~~ strokes in ~~Adi's~~ dream the night before!) Alois ~~had~~ ^{on the boy's face} perceived a look of admiration in ~~Adi's~~ eyes for this extraordinary old man. ^{Adi's} ~~The boy's~~ eyes were now alive with the same intensity of admiration that Alois had been receiving for all the length of their walk together. ^{His paternal} ~~His~~ reaction seemed ridiculous to him, yet he felt as if Der Alte had stolen the boy ^{a reaction which, by right, he is owed} ~~the boy~~.

Now, they sat down. The old man fussed a little (albeit most skillfully) at preparing tea. To Alois' further discomfort, the procedure was courtly. A very old gentleman, or even a very old lady, might have been showing the adult visitor how little he knew—after all these years!—of the putative elegance of a tea ceremony, particularly between absolute strangers.

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★ 321

approve of Der Alte
All the same, I do not ~~like him~~. For all his gifts, he has never
not as much
accomplished ~~as much~~ for us as I had anticipated. For a time I had expected
he would become one of my prize clients. He certainly did not have to end as
a bizarre, impossibly smelly hermit with an immense reputation for dealing
with hordes of bees in a pretty little corner of Austria, a country filled already
with pretty little corners. I had lost ~~a little~~ standing ~~with the~~ Maestro by
remarking decades ago, that I saw extraordinary promise in this young half-
Polish, half-Jewish Magnus. Of course, he was at that time a real pagan with
the ladies. This client had settled for much too little as far as I was
concerned.

Once they had taken their tea, Der Alte in little sips, and Alois in three
scalding gulps which enabled his host to pour him another cup almost
instantly (as a most subtle form of reproof) they began at last to talk about the
reason for the visit.

Alois, much habituated by now to dominating the onset of a
conversation with any man or woman newly met, had developed an unhappy
habit out of this very confidence. He would, by now, even take the first step

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in a verbal encounter when he sensed that he was overmatched. In effect, he was buckled to his habit.

So he began by citing Pliny and Galen, Charlemagne, and Ivan the Terrible, just as ~~he had~~ ^{or so} planned. He spoke, ~~he believed,~~ ^(in a most moving manner) ~~most movingly~~ of the afflictions of the two great monarchs and the dedication of those two medical ~~geniuses~~ ^{Pliny and Galen,} ~~who had learned to deal with ailments so grievous that others could~~ ^{— two medical geniuses —} find no cure. It was not, he would vouchsafe, that he, personally, had suffered inhumanly from gout or rheumatism, merely, you could say, that he had received his intimations ^{that there could be} of future miseries, and, in recompense, had also learned a great deal on one particular occasion ^(when he) he had been prey to an unprecedented attack, "just the one time, but with many bites to the knees which subsequently provided considerable protection against the ~~expected~~ commencement of my rheumatism. I admit that I would have given much to be a medical scientist for I would have begun research on just this subject. I am even sufficiently confident of myself to believe I would probably have made significant discoveries."

"Just so," said Der Alte, "you might, you might very well have done just that. Because indeed, dear sir, what you then believed was there to be

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★ 323

discovered had indeed been detected by no less a figure than Dr. Likomsky back in 1864, thirty^{-five}~~two~~ years ago when you were still a young man, and I might also mention Doctor Terc who put the crowning cap on what could have been your thesis. Yes! Herr Doctor Terc came forth with serious chemical studies on the nature of bee venom and its as-yet-undeveloped potential for precisely these valuable cures. Rheumatism and gout might both be seen by now as ailments of the past if not for the innumerable obstacles which present themselves in the way of administering treatment. We are still looking for more precise positioning of the bee sting onto the affected body. It is rumored that the Chinese"—now with a melting look (designed most shamelessly to add to the mutual delight that existed already between him and the boy) he added, "the Chinese who live on the other side of the earth from us. Have you heard?" he asked of the boy.

Adi nodded solemnly. He had heard of the Chinese, heard of them in his one-room school house during the hour when Fraulein Werner instructed the geography class (two grades above) on the far-off placement of India and China.

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"Yes, in that far-off near-mythical land, esteemed Finance-Watch Chief Officer Herr Hitler, it is said that these Chinese employ the stings of needles to alleviate gout, an excellent solution I would think, since the least attractive aspect of my beloved bees is their eagerness to sting, yes, we love them for their honey, but not necessarily for their so-often-martyred condition when they seek to defend themselves, and succeed with their sting even as they surrender their lives."

Alois sensed that he would do well to leave this topic. The tea had left a most penetrating aroma in his nostrils which, to his surprise, was compatible with the urine. Needless to say, he would have preferred a good swallow of beer to pump ~~up~~ a few of his prepared remarks ^(up) into more forceful delivery, but as of now, this conversation did belong to Der Alte. At what length he went on!

"I cannot," he remarked, "begin to call you my good friend as yet. For I do not know you. Except, of course, by your fine reputation. Word of your former most respected position precedes our meeting. Your father," he now said to Adi, "is well-regarded by all, but"—and he was now back again with Alois—"I am still ready to call you my friend because I feel in myself an

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imperative to counsel you, for, oh, I must say, there is, dear sir, so much to learn about these bees and their good keeping." He sighed with a sound of woe as physically intimidating in its resonance as any of a number of less poetic bodily sounds.

"Let me declare that I would not wish in any manner to impose on your pride." He stopped. *(Since a man's pride was invaluable; he)* Now he would not proceed without a laissez-passer.

"No, tell me, good Doctor, you must tell me what you think," said Alois, his voice most normal (to the degree he could command it) but his nostrils were near to quivering. He hardly knew if he was at the onset of an intolerable sense of woe or whether a true burden was about to be lifted. What could be this imposition on his pride?

"Given your gracious permission, I would say that I must caution you about your honorable and honest desire to enter the endless vagaries of apiculture. It is, you see, a vocation." He nodded. He turned again to Adi as if the boy was one more equal, yes, all three sitting there as equals. "You, little fellow," Der Alte said, "you, who looks so smart, are you smart enough to know what a vocation might be?"

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"No," said Adi, "but maybe I do. Yes. Almost."

"You do. You know it even before you are aware that you know it."

That is the first sign of a truly intelligent person, not so?" *Der Alte says* ~~The sound of "night"~~

~~was~~ vibrated into the tender pit of Adi's stomach.

"A vocation," said Der Alte, "is not something you do because others *tell you that this* *Not so,* *What?* *whatever was now* said that that is what you must do. *Not at all.* When *you* have a vocation, there is no choice. You give all that you have to *doing what has become so* important to you *that, yes, you must do it.*"

"I would not wish to dispute your learned words," said Alois. ~~Although~~ *working* ~~by now he had no choice but to get out of his chair and start pacing the room.~~

"no, I do not wish to commence a dispute, but surely one can keep a hive

without building a monastery to enshrine it. *Absolutely!* *I can foresee* *no more*

there serious but modest investment for a *good* retired man like myself."

"Dear sir, it cannot and will not ever be that way," said Der Alte

"That much I can promise a strong person like yourself Heartbreak or happiness. Nothing between!" He nodded with all the profundity of the decades he had *continued to present* ~~accumulated of presenting~~ himself as a great and learned

doctor. "Herr Hitler, I cannot allow you to consider such a project until you

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are made fully aware of the risks that await you, the diseases and mortal

enemies that surround our delicate sweet-seeking bees. After all, the honey

(to the world of nature an exact equivalent of gold)
they make is the equivalent of gold in the world of nature. It is as if so many

(so many)
of the creatures of nature, large and small, are jealous of the life of these

remarkable little creatures who are not only able to make honey but dwell

(amidst that)
constantly in such a golden and intoxicating presence. *In consequence honey-bees:*
~~How much they can be~~

are hated and pursued. I can inform you of one genus of spider who is evil.

nothing less. Die Krabbe-Spinne, it is called. So soon as it finds a promising

flower, it ensconces itself deep *(within)* in the cavern, the small perfumed cavern.

the
There ~~this~~ crab-spider waits, fully at home. It activates the scent of this

flower by stirring about within those flowered walls of the corolla, *soon, its*
~~until its~~

spicuous odor
own odor is overcome by the *intoxicating* elixir of the petals. What then? It waits. When

the forager-bee, our sweet hard-working female with its undeveloped

ovaries—only the Queen, as we know, is complete in that *(most)* mysterious

compartment of female existence!—ach, these other females are there to work

for the length of their short lives, to clean house, to serve the Queen's court,

or to forage. So here, contemplate our poor little forager, our honey-bee. She

smells the inimitable redolence of the flower's cavern. She enters to pick up



its lustful store of nectar and pollen and, at once, she is done in. Cruelly.

Most sadistically. For, at first, the poor bee is only half-gone. She has been paralyzed by a sting from the crab-spider. ^{where she was} So the bee lies there, numb,

incapable of saving itself, while the spider, altogether evil, proceeds to ^{suck} ~~sip~~ away on the vital liquids and subtle constituents of the bee's internal elements.

When nothing is left ^{to suck} but the dry whisper of an empty hull, a husk, this crab-spider goes to the actual labor of ejecting the remains from the flower, after which, I must suppose, it ensconces itself in all the bliss of sleep, yes, a successful destroyer's sleep. It slumbers, all sated, in the corolla "

Adi would dream for weeks to come of the bee, the flower, and the spider. ~~So would Alois if in a wholly different way.~~ But there ~~was~~ ^{was} more ^{began to talk} detail to come. Der Alte ~~was now talking~~ ^{was now} about the bee-wolf, a ~~variable~~ ^{female} brute, a wasp who would strike at the honeybee just as it was alighting on a flower. The bee-wolf ^{since this one I don't} ~~most appropriately named~~ would always go for the throat. "Always! The honeybee has a soft throat. So once again, our forager is paralyzed. The wasp is now in complete command of what she ^{Exactly does she know how to do it!} knows how to do. ~~She proceeds to squash the belly of the honeybee in order~~ ^{little being} to disgorge all the nectar that hard-working bee ~~has~~ ^{has} already taken into herself.

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✱ 329

This nectar squeezed up from the belly overflows out of her mouth into the
maw of the bee-wolf. Is that enough? No. This veritable female brute now
undertakes the labor of flying away with her stricken victim. She brings her
to a nest most specially prepared and lays her down next to as many as six or
eight still-living but wholly-paralyzed other honey-bees, after which she
proceeds to deposit in the same crypt one egg, one solitary egg, which will
later feed on those unmoving ^{bees} ~~victims~~ who are still alive. And when the egg
becomes a larva, it is ready to eat its way up into the form of another worm,
another bee-wolf. Every last one of the suspended but living bodies are there
as sacrifices for her slow growth. In their misery, the victims cannot even
die. They must wait to be eaten, piece by piece, limb by limb. How can that
be accomplished? How are they preserved? The answer is simple. Our so-
called good and wise system of nature can show nonetheless all the cunning
of a maniac. It is the venom in the wasp's sting that preserves the flesh of
these paralyzed bees, ~~year~~ ^{all} for the length of days that this one hungry little
larva needs to become a bee-wolf itself.

"I have offered these two exceptional cases as lively examples of the
perils to the life of any colony you may hope to protect. There are so many

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enemies. Skunks will fret their claws on the front wall of a hive until the guardian bees within must come forth to repel him. These soldier guards are heroic, but futile. They are swallowed en masse. Toads wait beneath to pick up the droppings. Another variety of spider will wrap artful cocoons about each bee that hurtles by mistake into a web. Ants are capable of invading your hive. I have seen a number of colonies, never my own, where the bees are actually obliged to tolerate the ants, and will even surrender a portion of their territory in order that these rude invaders do not attack the combs that contain the future brood. With mice, it is worse. ^{In summer, they} They root the combs

directly for the honey. In winter, they move into the hive seeking warmth and ^{have}

^{proceed to}

construct a mouse-nest in one or another corner. When the most valiant of our home guard attack the intruder, and they can on occasion succeed by the force of sheer numbers in stinging to death the invading monster. A glorious victory. But what then can they do with the dead mouse? To them, it is larger than Leviathan. The carcass will rot, and make the hive intolerable.

~~Bees are sensitive to alien odors, etc.~~ So they choose to cover this

catastrophic and immense dead presence with disinfectant. That is soft

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another substance which they know how to manufacture from pollen and
few chosen green buds. Have you heard of it? This propolis?"

"Certainly," said Alois. "They also know to use propolis for mending
cracks in their walls." He had succeeded in looking not at all disconcerted

~~"I see," said Der Alte, "that I may have failed to discourage you~~

~~"I live by the law of averages," said Alois. "I prefer to think of the
ongoing possibility of profit rather than of the occasional perils~~

~~"Does the bee-wasp frighten you?" asked the old man of the boy~~

~~Adi nodded, but then was quick to say, "If my father is ready, then I
must I be."~~

~~"You have a splendid son," said Der Alte.~~

~~Alois was ready to agree for the first time that this might be a viable
possibility. How nice it was to learn that his little Adolf was more than a
bed-wetter and might even be, conceivably, the equal of Alois Junior one of
these days.~~

~~But thoughts of Alois Junior invariably reminded him of all that might
not be in place. So now Alois wondered why Der Alte had been seeking to
discourage him. It made no sense. Given the state of his her, the old man~~



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Alois was ready to agree for the first time that this might be a ~~great~~ possibility. How nice it was to learn that his little Adolf was more than a bed-wetter and might even ^{be} conceivably ^{be} the equal of Alois Junior one of these days.

But thoughts of Alois Junior invariably reminded him of all that might not be in place. So now Alois wondered why Der Alte had been seeking to discourage him. It made no sense. Given the state of his hut, the old man could use the money. Doubtless! Why then scorn a potential customer's desire to invest?

For the first time, he felt as if he had a grasp on Der Alte. The hermit understood him better than others, decided Alois. "He knows that I am a man

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who looks to keep his pride intact. I do not give way to the first warning. So Der Alte must know that the more he discourages me, the more I will be ready to begin my colony. He will have his money after all!"

Alois now gave Der Alte what he considered his largest and most confident smile. "I respect your cautions," he said, "but we must move now to the other side of the question. Can we speak of what you will do for me, and what I can do for you?"

"Not quite yet, said Der Alte. "If you wish to remain a man with a modest little hobby, I will, of course, be available for the necessary materials. But I see in you, Sir, if I may speak on a more personal level, the possibility of a true vocation. So, I would propose another consideration, a better approach. I, for example, to learn my metier, put in an apprenticeship that lasted for three years and provided me with an advanced license. What I would propose to you is a more collegial relationship—may I put it so?—I am prepared over the next few years, for the most modest fees, to have you study with me as I work on my colonies. It could prove a delightfully agreeable arrangement. You will learn much, and I will have the pleasure of an intelligent man's company. It is sad to say, but in all these verdant hills and

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fields that surround our Hafeld here, we are the only two individuals of ~~outstanding~~ interesting intelligence."

Alois kept ^athe smile on his face but his nostrils were ~~still~~ paying their own tithe. "Work for three years with you, you foul-smelling old goat?" was the speech he did not utter. The compliment to his intelligence ^{had blocked} prevented the insult as completely as his need to come to an arrangement with the old mountebank for materials.

In turn, I was horrified. No professional has a greater desire for competence than a devil. I had been incompetent here. Der Alte might be a pensioner, but I ^{had} ~~might have~~ neglected him for too long. The loneliness revealed in these last remarks was like the chill in an old stone house that has ^{(unlived in) / stay} ~~not been occupied~~ for many winters. I was not worried that Alois would take up his offer, but now I ^{more than} ~~understood~~ how intense was the old man's yearning to see more and more of Adi. No bold move is ever free of unplanned consequences. ~~My notion to expedite the cycling with a spoonful of honey could yet turn into a serious mistake.~~ ^{But Maestro's way} ~~My notion to expedite the cycling with a spoonful of honey could yet turn into a serious mistake.~~ ^{dedication} The Maestro would not be tolerant of any mischief that ~~now~~ developed between Adi and Der Alte. Calculated mischief was our province, but must not belong to a client, not if

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we could prevent it. We look to direct the romantic habits of our fold, rather *than*
~~the obligation to~~ *correct them!* Any future episode between the old
man and the boy would not be to the Maestro's liking. Not so early! Too
many indeterminables!

At this point, Alois said, "I am honored by your personal interest in me,
but I must explain. In my family, we are blockheads. All of us, blockheads
The worst to be said is that we are proud of that. So, I must work alone
That is how I am. I look forward, therefore, to enjoying a mutually agreeable
commercial relationship."

Der Alte nodded. He, too, had his pride. No matter the need, he
would not repeat his suggestion.

"Yes," he said, "we will make arrangements. I will ^{*put together*} ~~establish~~ a couple
of colonies for you and supply those tools and products you do not have in
hand already." He turned to Adi. "Soon your father will be very busy. Are
you able to count to one thousand?"

"Yes," said Adi. "They do that in the ^{*at 50 schools*} ~~Upper Class~~ (and so I know)"

"Good. Because this spring your father will be master of many, many
thousands of bees. Will you be afraid of them?"

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★ 335

"I am afraid," said Adolf, "but you know, I am also curious "

"A wonderful boy," said Der Alte, and his expression was full of love.

Tears came into Adi's eyes. His mother would soon have another baby, and it
(the same as when Edmund was born)
would be just like before with Edmund. (She would be far away, again. He

He would not see the love he wanted to find in her eyes when she was looking at
him. Not for a while.