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~~Let it be understood then that I must proceed at a careful pace. I will~~
 choose to start ~~therefore~~ with the given, and ~~will speak at a certain~~
 beginning from a distance that leaves me not too uncomfortable.

Concerning his family roots, I ~~do have~~ ^{can offer} (however) some particulars of
 interest. In Special Section IV-2a—as already explained—we observed
 immaculate secrecy concerning our findings. For the best of reasons. By
 the end, we knew more about Der Fuehrer's origins than any other SS
 cohort who had approached such research. That is because we were the
 ones most ready to look into dangerous questions. We ^{always} had to contend
~~there~~ ^{with} the fear that we ~~could~~ ^{would} find answers destructive enough to incriminate
 the Third Reich. On the other hand, we had ^{a good deal of} the confidence needed to know
~~that~~ ^{the} once we obtained certain facts, even if they were nauseating, we
 would at least be able to choose which ^{mistakes would now} might be required to ~~reconstruct~~

^{renewed} the patriotic feelings ~~out there~~ in the populace. Of course, it was no ^{easy}
~~Our anxiety collected into a psychic clot that promised to be directly~~
~~explosive. The answer we secretly feared would prove far worse than~~
~~incest. We had to explore into a most tormenting question. Had Adolf~~

Hitler's paternal grandfather been a Jew?

with which we lived
 One question might have and
 no more possible.

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Bk 1
ends on 42

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BOOK II

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Now we are ready for a family history. I can even ^{compare myself as if} ~~behave like~~.

I ^{were a} conventional novelist. I will enter the thoughts of Johann Nepomuk as well as many of the insights of Alois Hitler, and his three wives, plus the children from his second and third marriage.

We are finished, however, with Maria Anna Schicklgruber. Alois' mother perished in 1847 at the age of fifty-two, ten years after the birth of her son. The cause was termed "phthisis on account of dropsy of the chest." a galloping consumption she contracted after sleeping in the cattle-trough

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through her last two winters. The collateral cause was rage. Toward the end, she thought often of how healthy she had been at the age of nine and, her body quick, her singing voice praised for its beauty. She was the soloist of the parish choir in Doellersheim. But now, having suffered under the curious curse of lost anticipations—three decades of lost anticipation—she was also full of the added fury with which Georg had filled their conjugal lungs. He, like many a drunk before him, succeeded, however, in not living everyone's assumption that his death would come early. After her demise, he actually lived on 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 ~~we may remember, a~~ ^a long ~~day's~~ walk from Strones, and he had come close to forgetting Maria Anna. He was happy with his new family. In the beginning Nepomuk's

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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 prostitution - no more than two children to each bunk. ^{Since} ~~Spital~~ ^{we may recall} was a full-sized village rather than a hamlet, ^{and so a sense of} ~~and so a sense of~~ separation between prosperous and poor had begun to appear. A farmer could even be considered well-off—at least in his own town. There were a few such in Spital, Johann Nepomuk ^{he was} ~~the first among them~~. He had not one bed room but two, and his wife, Eva Marie, kept their home well. She was most practical. If she had a suspicion that Nepomuk might be ^{a little} ~~more than a stepfather~~ to the boy, she could not, on the other hand, forget the disappointment in her 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 mother, 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 was no balance to count on in the boy's character. He

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and. But she had, after all, chosen to marry 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 decided to be more generous. The putative bridegroom, Josef Romeder, was a ^{son of a} ~~good~~ ^{wealthy} ~~good~~

but a strong fellow from a prosperous farm in Ober-Windhag, the next village, and negotiations over the size of Walpurga's dowry were stiff. In the end, Nepomuk decided over the richest portion of his land. That left only a modest tract for the third daughter, Josefa, who was sickly and spinsterish. As for Eva Marie and himself, he kept a fine small lodging, took his 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 transfer the lands proved ^{as much} ~~more~~ of an even ~~the~~ 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 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

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gave Josef Romeder a clout on the ear. At each of those eight separate crossings on 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 dead adored 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 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 enlarge 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 pastor, large

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ones. ~~Once~~^{even} he confessed to coition with the farm mare, a deed he ~~had~~ never attempted—one does not make love to a large horse for fun. When he the priest in return asked how many times he had committed ~~this~~ ^{such} once, Father."

"When was that? How long ago?"

"Months, months I think."

"And how do you feel now when you work with the animals ~~there~~ ^{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 a 17-2a that all ~~the~~^{any} the devil needed to know about the people in ~~any~~^a 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 a mortal sin as adultery or incest, was in his mind less grievous. It would, after all, produce no offspring. He proceeded, therefore, to exercise his duty 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-pot and 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. That took care of confession, but the continuing absence of Alois caused Johann Nepomuk Chedda to live in an agony of love. He had wept like a Biblical father and had torn his shirt from his chest when he ^{found} ~~came upon~~ his son and daughter in the night. 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 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.

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Nepomuk did not tell Eva, but then, he did not have to. ^{base on R} ~~She said~~
^{at her husband's insistence, was}
 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 a marriage of
 duty. ^{while as alert to the chastity}
 Yet Eva, ^{as concerned with the virginity} of her daughters as a drill sergeant
^{studied} is exercised by the precision of his platoon on dress parade, would ^{still} ~~not~~
 Nepomuk to allow ^{Walpurga} their girl to 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 stalked 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 criminal to 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~~ ^{served} young men who carried themselves as if their bodies, their uniforms, their decorations, their boots and their souls had all been bestowed on them by one awesome source. Such confidence in one's personal appearance had much to offer Alois. These men, he observed, were at ease with the beautifully dressed ladies.

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^{often} they escorted. On Sunday, it pleased him to ^{watch them} look at their promenade. The women's hats were as finely wrought as the officers' boots. He next had a passing thought that if he met a young milliner, they could open a shop and young couples of the best and highest classes would visit them store hand in hand. Splendid boots, stylish hats. It was the only business conceit he was to have for many a year, but he did play with such a dream because beautiful ladies stimulated him. He loved young women. He had had such contentment playing with his stepsisters, which is to say, as only Napoleon 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 pig's habits than the 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.

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At the age of eighteen, after five years in the boot shop, he applied at the Austrian Finance Ministry for a position in the Customs, and was accepted. Five years later, he had risen to the rank of Finanzwach (Oberaufseher (Finance-Watch High Overseer) which was equal to more than Corporal, but already the uniform was good, and for that matter, it usually took ten years to rise to this level, if you joined the Service with no family ~~and~~ ^{even} connections in your pocket.

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 invited that he would like Alois to visit.

In 1859, 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, his bearing was authoritative but graceful. He might as well have been well-born.

It did not take long for Johann Nepomuk to realize that he had made a serious mistake in inviting Alois 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 too tired to keep watch on Alois.

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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 eleven years had been faithful to her husband, Johann Poelzl (and not 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 ^{had} thickened ^{from hearing}. She had had ~~had~~ six children, and ~~the~~ first four had died early.

If Johanna she had once been cheerful in spirit, this sure long worn down, now ^{came back} 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 put 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 ^{more} 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

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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. But this occasion had been superior. No small event took place in the 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 kept 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 ^{Alois} his mind was wholly on his career. In truth, he might not even have made love to Johanna on that visit. 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?

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If he measured himself by his deeds, it was in relation to the accomplishments of other lower-caste officers in the Finance-Wharf. 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 open for a man of his restricted beginnings, he never relinquished that good appetite for women. While the first principle of Austrian bureaucracy was to do your job, the more effective you became at such tasks, the less you had to fear for the little indulgences 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 positions of the cooks and chambermaids in the hostelry. When he had gone through

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all of the available women, he would usually move to another large city. Through the forty years of his career, 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 size of her dowry was agreeable. They lived well, they had a personal 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 uniform generate an increase in gold-plated buttons,

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and his 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 he 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 castlegates. Now, he not only looked like a customs official in the service of the Hapsburgs, but indeed he even looked ~~quite~~ like Franz Josef himself! There he was, a fair facsimile of the emperor, the full expression of 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, she *a/s* lost ~~some~~ respect for his presence when he (grown weary of making up stories about an imaginary and somewhat fabulous Herr Schickigruber, his father) confessed that there was no such man on the parental side of his natal ledger, merely a blank.

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She began her campaign. Alois was to legitimize himself as a son of his mother, after all, had been married. Why could that not be taken into account? Johann Georg Hiedler was the father? Alois knew it was and he was not to know 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 to *deal every day with* ~~overcome~~ 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 Nepomuk's heart pained 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 reach his mouth. At the last instant, he realized that Alois was only asking for Johann Georg to be named *as his son*. Whereupon—old men being as headless

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young girls to go from one extreme of emotion to the other—no was furious at Alois. His own son did not want him, Nepomuk, to be thought of as a 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 Romeder and two neighbors who would serve as witnesses all the way from Spital to Strones, then further on a few miles to Doellersheim, a half 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 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 recollection ^{was} passed ^{but not a day} shared by the two men ^{wasn't} ^(not) acknowledged ^{between them} by the smallest shift of expression. They were all there for the business at hand, Alois, Nepomuk, Romeder, and the two witnesses; they

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had brought along from Strones. Since none of them but Alois knew how to write, the others signed the document with an XXX. They said that I had known Georg Heidler and that "in their presence and repeated" I had admitted to being the father of this child. The mother had stated the same. They swore to that.

The priest could see that, legally speaking, very little was correct. Each of the witnesses' hands had shaken with a bit of godly aid 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~~ ^{would} not, however, insert the date. On the yellow page of the old parish registry of June 1, 1837, he crossed out "illegitimate" and put in Johann Georg's name in what had previously been the blank space, and smiled.

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again. Legally speaking, the document was shaky, but it did not matter. Which church authority in Vienna would challenge such a change? The word from there was to encourage certified fatherhood no matter how late in life it arrived. 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 unhappy family matter? So, the priest, disapproving of these loose procedures even if he was bound to approve them, chose not to inscribe his own name. If it ever went wrong, he could disavow the paper.

Then, he spelled each of the witnesses' names by choice master, as there was no agreement on orthography from province to province. (One reason why Hiedler eventually became Hitler.)

Now that Alois had his new name, he decided to stop off for a night in Spital rather than continue on immediately in Nepomuk's cart to the railroad station at Weitra. The change from Schicklgruber to Hiedler was ageable indeed, and he felt an upsurge in the happy region below his travel. This, from long experience, was, he knew, one of the gifts his nature had given him. He was as quick as a hound to sense when female company was nearby.

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Was it Johanna who had put him on the alert? She did live next door to her father, and at this moment Alois glimpsed a woman looking out the window. But no, ~~that~~ ^{that woman looked like Henry's} could not be Johanna. ~~She was not as old as he~~ ^{she was not as old as he} but did look older. Now, he was in no hurry to visit. So few gifts were offered by farm life to a woman's appearance.

Yet his steps took him to the door. The Hound told him to, and once again did not betray him. Yes, there in the doorway was Johanna, dead into middle age, 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 ^{once} reflected from a large diamond he ^{said} had once seen behind ^a the glass in a museum exhibit.

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 he took off his cocked hat and bowed to her. "This is your Uncle Alois," Johanna said to her daughter, "he is a wonderful man." She turned back to him and added, "You look better than ever—there is more to the look than

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row, yes?" And then she pulled her daughter to her. "Here is Isara. But for our 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 was a hunchback, and the son, now nine years, the oldest remaining, 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 he would be certain to prosper because he was an honest farmer. So he said. Nor did Alois 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 rows of stable

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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 allow a few more of the remaining ears to spoil. If his impatience was due to his discomfort with the implicit prosperity of Alois' unit, 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 ^{in 30 "enough" for} ~~the~~ ^{he} could 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 further 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 Kapfen. He certainly didn't want to hear the advice that would come from Nepomuk. 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

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by listening to others when he had already paid once by living with a
insufficient return from his fields? So, he accepted the fact that Klam would
go to work for Uncle Alois, but his feelings turned over in him to the
emptiest anger of them all—a rage that has lost its heat.

One week after Alois' return to his post in Braunau, Klam 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 concealing

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Anna Glassl—not yet! The girl was pious to a degree that would have seemed incomprehensible if one did not understand that death was her nearest relative. There were lights in 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 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 to Kierkegaard's *nicht* chastity ~~could~~ ^{might} open to an ice-barn. ~~He~~ ^{So, he} was charming to his need, but made a point never to touch her. His wife, as unhappy by now as a crow with a broken wing, had put up early with his yen for maids and books, 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 touch 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

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well-written dispatch of his official papers, and every evidence of his high respect for punctuality and performance in each and every working hour, he took equal pride in his 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 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 detect 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 would

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enjoyed the coquetry of her hips as she, down on her hands and knees, lunged a wet cloth from side to side—truth, he rarely saw her face at such exertion. And in the evening after Anna Glassl had gone to sleep, there was a full moon.

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 keep his eyes of all expression when she crossed the room, but that was no easy feat. 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 its near neighbor. How could that appear agreeable for Alois? The room was too large to permit a good poke into “the smelly 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. And the more intense became their embrace was truly heart-to-heart. In the heat of

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the hour, they loved each other, a not uncommon reaction even if the mine ore was being improperly mined.

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 something else.”

No, she must remain a virgin. So soon as she was ready to go, 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 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.”

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They argued round and round about whether she should or should not go to confession. She was tempted to let him win. It was not only drunkenness. Given the force of his desire, she did give in. 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. Moreover, 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 son. Throw a stone high in the air—it will always come down. Wherein 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 Sire...

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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 a couple.

Anna Glassl: Why don't you catch up with her after we get home. I will 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 seem to insult my intelligence? You keep doing that. We know the girls are beautiful. At least once in your life make love to a waitress who does not look like last night's pudding.

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Alois: All right, I will tell you the truth. I like her looks 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 things about her. I don't even want to tell you because you like her.

Anna Glassl: Like her? She's a tart. She's a tart in training. Not 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 best girl for you to worry about.

Anna Glassl: Who then do you want me to worry about? EJ, isn't it?

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

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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 a full
 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 modulation
 against what was worse—precisely the chill distaste for a mate that seeps in
 even as jealousy loses heat. So, she moved out. Since they were Catholic,
 divorce by Austrian law was not possible. To obtain even a legal
 separation, Anna had to declare not only their incompatibility, but that in
 writing ^{that she felt} her direct aversion to him. Alois was obliged to read this.
 The phrase
 outrageous phrase. It stood out in the document like a bonfire on one's skin.

It irked him so much that he showed his copy to drinking friends. "Look,
^{speaks of} she says that she has a personal aversion. If not improper, I could tell you
^{That is nothing less than outrageous}
^{was, then, she was ready to beg for it.}
 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. I am
 and he were now living together in the same suite of rooms at the Trautlhaus

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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 ~~hint of~~ trace of desire in his voice for another woman. Soon enough, 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 fully 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 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

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months along, and it would be Klara's turn. The ^{liberal need} ~~though~~ of future complications did not deter him. It was in the nature of his work to be a i to handle more than one problem at once, ~~and both women were attracted to him, yes, two of them and both truly attractive.~~

As for scandal, he did not worry. Not unduly. In Braunau, he was used to being a center of gossip. ~~For whatever good it would do him for~~ ^{The} townspeople might as well complain to the stars above that he was living with a common-law wife. For practical purposes, he was equal to the job. garrisoned in a town to which he owed nothing. He received his money from the Finance-Watch far away in Vienna. So long as his work proved flawless, this arm of the Hapsburg government 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 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. His skill developed into the perfect instrument for what he did, but that was not a skill to be used for anything else, ~~and~~ not readily. He was locked therefore into

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his job, and the Financial Watch was locked into him. So, devastate the townspeople. What they said about him might rankle, but it would not interfere with more interesting pursuits. One girl would bear his child and the 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.

This was the secret project into 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~~^u 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."

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Klara had to go. He could not relinquish what he now made for him.

~~He~~, not for the uncertain promise (when all was said) of no guarantee

a transformation from angel-nun to all-compliant madly loving me.

no, that was hardly guaranteed.

~~5~~

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5.

After Klara left, it was Fanni who suffered the most. One of the losses of their friendship were the confidences they had offered ^{to} each other. There had been much for both to learn—they were so close and so different. Klara ended, however, because Klara was not good at lying. She 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, "you, too, want to be in bed with our Uncle."

"No," Klara would reply, and feel as if her cheeks would bleed 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."

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"Maybe you don't," said Fanni. "I told Uncle I would do that for him give me a baby, but now I think in this other way. I want a baby for fear to having a baby."

"You will," said Klara. "And trust me. I would never be with 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.

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-called 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 seduced her brothers and sisters, some of them, anyway.

By way of the Finance-Watch, Alois made nice arrangements for Klara in Vienna. Klara would obtain clean and gainful employment in the house of a

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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 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 witch.

Even as she had foreseen, she was truly pregnant now. If that altered contentment, she continued nonetheless to feel remorse. She had married 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.

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They could not, however, call him Alois, Junior—not as yet. The name still had to be Alois Matzelsberger, and this bothered Alois Hirler. 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~~ ^{all} of himself to a curse. He considered such an act equal to spending a private hoard of gold. Nonetheless, he delivered his curse to the night, ^{with enough passion} and it was ~~not~~ ^{in it not to be all that} ~~and outright venom~~ that he was not particularly surprised when Anna died ~~quite~~ suddenly. This 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. He saw it as an expensive payment for a necessary conclusion—because there could often be unforeseen consequences ^{for oneself} (sprouting from one's curses).

Indeed, Anna's death certificate stated that the cause was suicide. This convinced Alois that it was suicide. He did not like the thought. He was no superstitious fellow, not, at least, as measured by his disbeliefs in the

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near presence of God and the Devil (all too common among the Silesians and
 Spital folk.) Rather, as he was ready to explain over a stein of beer, he
 placed his faith in the solid and intelligent processes of dependable institutions 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 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 were in agreement—the presence of
 this idea had to be there for all to breathe. It was so obvious.

In corollary to such a premise, Alois preferred, therefore, a death honorable
 end to death. It should come from a burst appendix or by way of
 consumption, even as Maria Anna, his own mother, had ended that way.
 Suicide, however, left him uneasy—he liked to fall asleep ^{quickly} (as he put it to his
 drinking companions) "with a fart and a snore," exactly the manner in which
~~he touches the pillow~~ ^{one} Anna Glassl committing suicide was ^{one} thought to keep
 him awake. For the first time in years, he felt again as superstitious a
 peasant. He would have gone to her funeral but he did not care to subject

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So Alois stayed away. That was another notable item for the growing gossip.

All the same, no matter how Anna Glassl had ended, she was a peasant no longer there. So he could marry his common-law wife, his new lady, Franziska Matzelsberger, which he did. The second child was now a good seven months along in the womb, and Fanni's belly was looking as big as the biggest melon in a field. He was forty-six, she was twenty-two, and the wedding took place in another town, Ranshofen, four miles away and four more uncomfortable miles back for the pregnant bride.

She had sworn she would not have the ceremony in Brahmam. It was not only the eyes of the women. Some of the boys snickered as she went by.

Alois was annoyed. It cost an extra and needless amount to travel on by hired carriage the two Customs officers he had invited. This was a serious 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, her sister

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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 have 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 going backward. When he first 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 have been dreaming about Anna. Could they not move forward as husband and wife?

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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 Finner, 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 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 book. 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 bed, plus

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a n incapacity to take proper care of their two children. A doctor told her that she had the beginnings of tuberculosis. Klara was brought back to n 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 forest air had the power to restore her. In Lach she stayed for the ten months before her end.

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6.

In those months, Klara visited her more often than Alois, and ~~her~~ ^{now healed} ~~concern~~ was able to heal the wound they had left in each other. On the 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 let me you to give up your vow. He is through with me."

"No," said Klara, "my promise must remain! It has to be stronger than ever." She had a moment when she thought she might at last have a true understanding of sacrifice. This left her feeling exalted. She had been taught to search for just such a pure state of the soul. Those teachings had come from her father, that is to say, her father-in-name, old Johann Paeztl, 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 than any woman in Spital. At many a meal, after having 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?

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Klara was soon trying to relinquish her desire for Uncle Alois. That fever had not gone away during the full four years she worked for Anna Glassl. Then there had been another four years in Vienna serving a rich 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 paranoia which cannot be confirmed is 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 honesty made her irritable.

Years earlier, in payment for her one cardinal sin with Alois, Johanna 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 ghosts of all those dead children—depended on offering ceaseless attention to the daily skirmish against mud, dust, ashes, slops, and all the crusty plates, cups, pots, and cutlery.

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By now, Klara was never ^{lax on} ~~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 ~~at her~~ ⁱⁿ her heart. If she wanted Alois, and dreamed of Alois, she was still obliged to find the way (once Fanni's two children had been put to sleep) to kiss Alois at arm's length. There was not a night in the inn, the best inn of Fraunau, the Pommer Inn (to which they had moved) when Alois was not staring at her open-faced and slightly drunk from the three stems of beer he took into himself each evening after work with one or another of the Customs Officers before returning 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. 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 sleep. That was equal to a cry from Fanni come to her.

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all the way from Laughter-in-the-Woods. Afterward, however, a
cramp of disappointment would be sure to follow.

Alois was often on the point of describing to his drinking associates
how he loved her eyes. They were so deep, so clear, so full of the
desperation to have him.

Why not? Alois kept to his elevated view that he was one sure for
fellow. Who did he know besides himself who was as ready to claim his
indifference to religious fear? That was its own kind of 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 be equal to him? He
had his allegiance to the Crown and needed no more than that. God was not
about to punish those who would serve the State.

Just the week before, a cousin had inquired whether his son, too 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 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, and he
more so if he has had little previous education. Heavy drinkers, men who

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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 desire in his expression and no activity but to stand up now and again with his torso 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, half locked in ice, the bottom half. If not for the Hound, he might have stalled at the approach to 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,

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deep, and in, and it was over even as she began to sob with woe and fright and worse—in shame for the one throb of exaltation that passed through her at a bound. She knew at once that this ~~was~~ had been the opposite of sacrifice. Nor could she stop kissing him. She 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. Nor could she stop smiling.

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So, Klara was now his lover, his cleaning woman, and the hotel maid 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 to fill 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 bed of outrage that he could sit there as if he were Franz-Josef himself, ready to claim "for company with the Emperor, I, too, have a lovely mistress." On any night that he took her downstairs to dine, it never failed—he would make love as soon as they came back, his voice so hoarse he could hardly speak. "I am

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your bad uncle," he would say in the thick of the embrace. "You are my 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 be punished."

"Who the hell cares ^{right now?} ~~right now?~~" he would growl, and that brought her close to the unholy pleasure.

She would weep when it was over. It was all she could communicate not to scream at him, all the over-squeezed congestion of all that had not come to pass in her. And besides, she was so guilty.

Now, it was Klara's turn not to receive Mass because she could not go to Confession. She was working for the Devil (so she knew!) and Satan was one master to instruct her in subtlety—his own terrible subtlety. She felt as if her finest impulses were now 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 could pollute their breath. By her presence itself! And when she thought of her dear brothers and sisters, she wept within. What might she be doing to them —

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wherever they were! She could not even trust her own conscience over all these wrongs she was now committing. To take such an important life of oneself was but one more sin.

Then, there was Fanni. Klara had not told her and knew she must not. 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 interred, a very long day, since Alois did not bury Fanni.

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Braunau. He had chosen Randshoffen ("On-the-Brink-of-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 died. No less! The townspeople were saying ^{that} he had found a true bargain in advance (a mahogany job confiscated from a smuggler at the Customs gate.) ^{In truth,} The truth was that he had only bought the damned crate ten days before her death. He had not sat on it for months ^{merely} but for days. So he could not forgive the gossip. Besides, the tragedy of death was overrated. So many times, 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. Those blue eyes! So much like the diamond in the museum!

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 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.

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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 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 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 able to learn from ~~the~~ experience. Only by this, should he be judged." 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 thickening of the 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~~ ^{venom} of the townspeople there in full ~~thoughts~~ ^{thoughts}.

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d discharge against him. For the first time, he considered the possibility that all these anonymous letters they were writing to the Finance-Watch were not going to be thrown away by desk officials, not! Inquiries could be made. Such matters moved slowly, but now that Klara was pregnant, it could prove an offensive sight if, in four or five months, she could no step into the street for the size of her unmarried belly. ~~Everyone would be~~ 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.

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

On the other hand, they were legally cousins. That relationship did encounter church impediments. He made his first inquiries at the Braunau parish house and discovered ~~this was so.~~ ^{that there were impediments} 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 ~~play~~ ^{fill in} him with one or another new declaration to ~~answer~~ ^{yes}, test the smuggler's patience ^{by having him fill out one more declaration, and then another.} Now, Alois had to ^{wonder about the lie that was} wonder whether the Church ~~would look on his~~ ^{actions} application as analogous to the subterfuge of a smuggler. The lie that had been certified near to nine years ago on the day when he had travelled ^{Could that delay?} Srones 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 ^{might} ordinance, that ~~could~~ be too close. If he would now claim that Johann

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Georg was in no way his father, it would turn him back to Alois

Schicklgruber again. Never to be contemplated! Klara and he there,

would have to take the long step of asking for an ecclesiastical dispensation

~~whether they were uncle and niece, or first cousins one-step removed, the~~

~~were, either way, too near to each other for the marriage laws~~

In Braunau, the incumbent of the parish church, Father Koestler
proceeded to study the problem. After a month, came a discouraging
response: The power to grant dispensations in such cases as Herr Hitler's
Klara and Alois
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 16th 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

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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.

Braunau am Inn, 27 October, 1884

Alois Hitler, Bridegroom

Klara Pöchl, 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-reasoned," 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?"

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surprises. For a forceful way
"Yes, but I also get to know some fine women that ~~are~~ *are*! who
are not as high and mighty as you."

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 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

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the act of providing a decent mother for my two children will constitute a good Catholic virtue. That is a virtue I seek to acquire."

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 an 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

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further delay proved unhappy for Klara; her belly would be months pregnant by then.

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

"I hope that is so," she said. What could come out of a mother who had been so far away from Devotion on such a 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 say later: "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 Poetzi, "Little Johanna" was a hunchback. This occasioned ^{some} 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 head."

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

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There was music. An accordion was played, and Alois and Katarina 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.

Others followed. Customs officials and their wives. One of them had a son old enough to dance a vigorous polka with the recently-bred 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 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 a 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 Katarina. 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 was

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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.

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 could 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 capture 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 left for him. Death, when it arrived 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 their lungs} ~~working~~ ^{like the galley-slaves} ~~working~~ ^{like the galley-slaves} 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 eldest 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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gitted him inside-out. The stench of a baby born to die in its first week 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 her son 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 Pommerlon.

She hated him ^{for such acts}. 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 drained 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 become a mother 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 ^{were still reeking} 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 ^{the Dresden} her family—but the miniature coffins of her own children proved equal to three sleds 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 the sister Johanna's back seemed more pronounced. Bitter, horrid-tempered, forever angry, little Johanna, her sister, had loved little Gustav even more than she had.

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Alois, in his turn, had decided not to forgive God. To his torment 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 Joseph. 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 dashes

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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 at least had 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 ~~over the place~~ ^{everywhere} 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 Horned~~ ^{— not often! —} 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 man's lone, a ways alone, she was so private that he wanted to ^{put} ~~over~~ his mouth where she

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

Yet, on this hot summer night when he tried ^{once to open his} against the ~~mouth~~ ^{he} 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 ^{that} his heart? Was he the next to die?

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to breathe again, his wind going in and out with a scratch and rasp that sounded as terrible as the last ^{wind} sounds of the children struggling ^{for breath} at 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 her again. Now, aside from the actually turned head to foot, and put her other mouth, the private one, full of sin down on his hard-breathing lips, and took in his old battering ^{uncle} ^{down there} near her face, ^{which} was now as soft as a coil of excrement. Even as she said this to herself, she plopped ^{the Hound} it into her mouth with an avidity that could

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come only from the Evil One himself—that she knew as she had known nothing before. So there were the two of them, both heads at the wrong end and she knew—there were not two but three. The Evil One was present. She knew. He had never come closer.

And now, the Hound came to life right in her mouth. It surprised her. Alois had been so limp. But it certainly had happened. *She felt a rush*

her that she could return life to her man. Alois was now stronger and

stronger, and soon meaner and before long, ~~full~~ revived, *full*

again! And now *his mouth covered* he kissed Clara's mouth with all the sap and juice of her

her face with all the passion of his mouth and his own lower mouth on his—the unmentionable one, still on his lips *(he answered)* *501* much he was ready at last to ~~see~~ her pitty, yes, damned *501* pitty, thought

Alois—damned churchmouse wife, damned church!—he was back from the

dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was all there *his tongue like saw* *501* and never

before a night like this, better than a storm at sea! And then it went on, *and they*

for on beyond all such moments, *for* (she—the most angelic woman in Brauna— gave

herself over *(and knew she was doing it)* with a prime lust to accept the *Devil* *who was there with Alois and herself* *501* *I was there to know this. I was there to know all of this and more.*

So I made, winter with them in the caterwaul of her coming together with Alois, both of them *501* *still in*

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~~Since~~ the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler, yes, I knew the moment when the new creation was conceived, for I, too, was there serving the Evil One ~~at~~ ^{absolutely} yes, and absolutely, I was present at this conception, yes. I can say this even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah for one night in Nazareth, so did I serve as an agent of the Evil One on this July night the months and ten days before Adolf Hitler would be born on April 20, 1889.

Now, I have revealed myself. I am a minion—you may call it that—of the Evil One, yes, a tried and more or less trusted officer in the finest intelligence service that has ever existed.

The following pages
will be faxed

17 X

171-176) X

~~302~~

135-136 X

223-224 X

224a, 224b, 224c X

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For fast in
Monday Sept 13 11:12 - 224

Book III

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At night ~~It~~ ^I seems I have disclosed myself.

~~Let me repeat~~ ^(Indeed) I am a trusted officer of the Evil One. ^{I am his instrument} And this ~~Evil One~~ ^{trusted instrument} has just committed an ~~irretrievable~~ ^{irretrievable} act of reality. ~~this must last~~

are never allowed to reveal who we are.

~~At present~~ ^{still unpublished} So far, however, my disclosure remains on paper. The author

of an ~~unsigned piece of paper~~ ^{years} can, up to a point, remain anonymous. But

understood, ~~Given the nature of this material~~ ^{large} my margin of safety is not

~~wholly reliable~~ ^{the Devil does not find profit and} Nonetheless, ~~it is an option~~ ^{close to} The Devil is not fond of

~~paper itself~~ ^{an attitude} But first, ^(which I will soon proceed to explain.) Let me add, since his name has ^{been invoked} ~~been invoked~~ that I usually speak of him as Our Maestro, or equally as the ^{Evil One} ~~Evil One~~. These are two terms he often chooses for himself. Some times to

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declare our respect, we ^{will} address him as the O.O. ^{(the} ~~for~~ Omniscient One.)

Despite his pleasure in his vast powers, the Evil One ^{knows that he} is not infinite. ~~No~~ he

is not infinite. ^{no} No more than than God is infinite. Like all other beings vast

or small, each of these divine antagonists ^{lives} nonetheless ~~live~~ within certain

^{parameters} restrictions. Call them paradoxes, if you wish, but even the greatest powers

~~suffer constraints on their power. Even as humans (and their love)~~
suffer constraints. If humans have their limitations, so do the gods. ~~But~~

~~if on a vastly higher plane, I will admit~~
and that hordes of primitive tribes, and the Egyptians and the Greeks, were

~~more attuned~~ ^{as well as}

~~to the actual contradictions of cosmic power than the later~~

~~Crone so that later~~ ^{vagaries and boundaries of cosmic power. What}
theologians. It was the Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims who got it

wrong by ascribing in finite amplitude to the divine.

As one small ~~and immediate~~ ^{can} example, I will return to my remark that

The Maestro does not care to ^{enjoy putting} ~~participate~~ with paper. ^{where possible, paper} ~~Our communications~~

~~and forth are mental, clear thought to clear silent response. Papers.~~

is eschewed. It is derived, after all, from trees (who happen to be God's not

loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.)

Paper, therefore, was never a first option for the Maestro. Later, in

these ^{my} latterday American years, ~~for me~~. I can say that the E.O. is more

attuned to electronics. He has overseen human progress in these

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technologies far more than the Lord. In any event, if you will take my
 (inasmuch as)
 remarks on trust (since I can hardly prove them!) I will emphasize again that

despite their admittedly prodigious and near to incommensurable power,

Cod and the Devil are still obliged to ^{act} live within their separate ^{finite domains} ~~paradises~~.
~~I have chosen~~ ^{I have chosen} therefore, to continue to ^{write on paper} ~~work with paper~~ on the assumption is

that there is less likelihood my words will be picked up ^{by the Lord} ~~automatically~~.

(Even processed paper still contains a faint scent of the love God put in it

trees.) Since the Lord and the Devil are still as jealous of each other as two

beautiful women attracted to the same man, even a blank piece of paper

reminds the Maestro much too much of his adversary. So I choose to use it

as my form of communication in direct defiance of the Maestro. He, if

may speak of ^{his} such Complexity as "he"—forbids us to communicate with

men and women by way of ^{any} ~~printed text~~ ^{written} ~~text~~ ^{anything to them} ~~text~~ ^{see the way} While the Maestro has tried to

use up ^{too large} a portion of his resources by looking to monitor every last ^{one}

~~part of our ads~~ — ^{detail of our working minds}—there are too many demons and small details

for that!—he is ^{also} certainly not inclined to ^{let} permit us ~~to~~ go off on serious

ventures he has not approved. He does not keep a constant watch, but then,

he does not have to. We dwell in true fear of him. ^{Years ago, in the}

period of which I write, I would never have
 had anything to do with a written ~~document~~
~~now due to electronic communication~~

* I would not have done it in this period of which I write. I would have been able to do it in this time of exceptionally exaggerated strength of communication, it is possible to get even with a good deal of noise.

→ becomes my fear

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I can even claim
~~Now, however,~~ that I have acquired the skill to keep my thoughts

myself (a discipline worthy of a Yoga and ~~as~~ difficult to acquire). *(Sudden!)*
~~I decided to that degree, therefore, I feel~~
 somewhat more ready to continue this biography, this novel ~~but I want~~
 you will! My assumption is that ~~even if he can still divine some of my~~
even if the class is

I will
 thoughts, I may succeed in scrambling them *this output* sufficiently so that *the message* I do not
is looking
 be tempted to search for a paper trail. Intelligence work can be

understood as ~~that~~ *a* contest between code and the obfuscation of code. Since
 the E.O. is always engaged in endless, prodigious, and arduous work,
 choose to breathe a little on my own. I may even feel free to say more about
 the make-up of our Two Kingdoms. (I could speak of them as two *discreet*

two principalities, two realms, two conflicting visions of existence but I've

Kingdoms has been the term since Biblical times. Needless to add ~~the title~~ *of the*
we are a heavy contemplating domain
~~encompasses~~ a most embattled duality. One ~~kingdom~~ includes a large world

of spiritual soldiers who serve God, and are known by the somewhat self-
 serving name of angels (we call them the Cudgels!) They are in opposition
 to our army of devils who are loyal to the E.O., that is, loyal more or less, if
the
 I am ~~any~~ prime example!

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While these warring forces can hardly be unfamiliar to us, ^{has} I ~~can~~ read "Paradise Lost," I would note that many in our kingdom are well-versed in English classics, ~~particularly that one.~~ I cannot speak for the angels, but devils are obliged to be devoted to good literature, even if most of it is on paper. If this seems in opposition to ^{the} a few remarks ^{has} made, let me say that the Devil does not forbid us to read for ourselves, ^{his} just that he will not have ^{any more paper than he must} traffic with ~~paper~~. (After all, he needs only to inhale a book and its wisdom has been inhaled. Moreover, he sees literary material as a professional complement to the work we do with humans. Milton therefore, is high in our arcana ^{those few} of poets and novelists whom we do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate (because of their sentimentality in exactitudes). ^{Milton did} He ~~did~~ did, after all, provide a rough outline of the coming between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how inaccurate ^{was his} ~~is~~ ^{was his} it ^{did} ~~does~~ present a pioneer demonstration of how our armies might have confronted each other at the commencement of that great estrangement when the earliest squadrons of angels first divided in camps so opposed to each other in their aims concerning ^{the future of human beings} ~~humans~~ that the descendants of Adam and Eve now speak most inaccurately of Good and Evil.

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—as we know—
 Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that I feel ready to break the ties of
 our domain. Moreover, ~~I am~~ ^{I am} ~~obliged~~ ^{obliged} by the ~~literal~~ ^{literal}
~~our fold~~ ^{our fold} it could be the special hell of devils for us if we explained at the
 demand of my tale to initiate my readers into ~~the~~ ^{the}
 know to the uninitiated. Nor is it a simple matter to do so. In this example I
 hitherto ~~unveiled~~ ^{unveiled} ~~the~~ ^{the} revelations concerning Time. ~~That~~ ^{That}
 I have even ~~have~~ ^{have} told how Adolf was conceived, and ~~he~~ ^{he} placed himself in ~~the~~ ^{the}
 how the Evil One under ~~nocturnal~~ ^{nocturnal} ~~chance~~ ^{chance} to stand in Sen.
 that extraordinary special circumstances as a catalyst, a Gabriel ~~came~~ ^{came} to stand
 in for the Evil One, it is true. Yet, by the measure of human terms the ~~it can~~ ^{it can}
 it be true if I had to be informed of my assignment ~~at a late date~~ ^{in 1940} ~~desire~~ ^{desire}
 The reader may recall that at the Time ~~desire~~ ^{desire}
 The fact is that I was not immediately, in that bed during the occasion I
 actually
~~described~~ ^{described} ~~for~~ ^{for} apocalyptic carnality. Not literally. Nor did I have to be. Nonetheless,
 (participated in such apocalyptic carnality) ^{participated in such apocalyptic carnality}
 in stating that I was present, I was telling the truth fully as much as I was
 purveying a lie. Even as we know to our confusion that 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. Spirit
 exist in a relation to Time that is not analogous to ~~our~~ ^{our} human perception of
 that same mysterious word. ~~Ingesting~~ ^{Our ability to ingest} the experiences of demons and less
 higher devils to pass through periods of Time that human beings can
 recognize only in linear fashion. ~~by way of~~ ^{by way of} ~~chronology~~ ^{chronology}. But, I, as a devil, did not

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~~That was not uncharacteristic.~~
 This was characteristic of our Maestro. We had to be ready to accept
 any and every ~~lot of direction.~~ In this case, it was
 such a quick change. In this case, the entire situation of the family and
 the situation of the family ~~that would~~
 going to be altered. Alois had decided to move Klara, Angela, Maria

Junior, Adi, and the baby Edmund, up from Passau to dwell nearer to him in Linz.

~~If I am obliged therefore to apologize to those to~~
 the reader. First, my ~~owning up to the fact that~~
 I am ~~obliged to apologize to those to~~
 the reader. First, my ~~owning up to the fact that~~
 I am ~~obliged to apologize to those to~~

~~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~~ ^{these} first successes of the child Adolf Hitler in his games

and war. Be assured. To read in any book about the skills or triumphs of any

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 ~~desires to~~ ^{desires to}

all (or most) to arouse quick emotions in the reader. While a few fine minds

~~that is why — count on it~~ ^{that is why — count on it}
 may be ready to come to working terms with the devil, (Faust was one)

~~Count on it — popular~~ ^{Count on it — popular} writers and champions of the sentimental come

looking for us all the time. We love them. They are such dupes. The

think they are working both for God and their own prosperous selves. We

So abrupt a transition
 to Alois's account
 of the war games
 and again in
 the wilderness
 of the boy's life
 is a very abrupt
 transition

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~~do not~~ ^{never} ~~disabuse~~ them. Rather, we encourage them. We want them, indeed,

to steep their readers in baths of misperception while we enjoy the unity ~~com~~

to us, SRINIVAS
- Such misperception of reality is compound interest for us

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While these warring forces can hardly be unfamiliar to anyone ^{has} ~~no one~~
read "Paradise Lost," I would note that many in our kingdom are well
versed in English classics, ~~particularly that one~~. I cannot speak for the
angels, but devils are obliged to be devoted to good literature even if most
of it is on paper. If this seems in opposition to ^{the} ~~a~~ few remarks ^{of} ~~just~~ I made,
let me say that the Devil does not forbid us to read for ourselves. ^{his} ~~that~~
that he will not have ^{any more paper than he needs} ~~traffic with paper~~. (After all, he needs only to sniff a
book and its wisdom has been inhaled. Moreover, he sees literary material
as a professional complement to the work we do with humans. ^{these two} ~~Minor~~

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angelic cohort work upon men, women, and children to bring them ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~to~~

His direction. Our E.O. and we, his representatives, look to ~~affirm~~ ^{to}

~~better, seek to~~ possess many of these same humans. Through the annals of

eras until the Middle Ages, human beings had virtually no active role in this

contest. They were ^{no more than our} ~~our mutual~~ and contested subjects, ^{our field of battle} (hence the title

Two Kingdoms. By now, however, we are obliged to take the individual

man or woman very much into account. I will even say that many of us

most, humans do their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the

Maestro. They are always seeking to be free, ^{(By now, they offer us a} ~~their greatest desire is to~~

^{"I want to discover who I am!"} ~~become what they believe they can be. (The~~ ~~desire to the point of~~ ~~their desires.)~~

In the event, as matters proceed, we devils took to guide

^{the} ~~those~~ men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Angels

contest us, and the particular individual usually does his or her best to fight

Us off, fight off both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so

vain (through technology, I suspect) that quite a number by now wish even

expect, to be wholly independent of both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the ~~state of~~

perversities now embedded in existence. What I have offered is but a bare

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sketch of the true complexity ~~at the root~~^{of the root} of apparently simple events. My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I will be able to capture something of the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler. (Just why I have so intense a desire, however, is not clear to me.) 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, are disappointing. We have many powers of which the first is our ability to enter the human mind, but on all too many occasions, such powers become seriously misplaced. It is well to keep in mind that when all is said, angels and devils are still spirits and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we dare to put it on the page.

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It is safe to say that I know a good deal. As I just remarked, I can enter into many a mind; I can recover, if necessary, the concealed, or the long-buried memories of any particular client I have picked up on my own, or to whom I have been assigned. ^{this power has to be} The first option which requires more ^{also much Time} ~~exercise~~ ^{Time is not only a} ability, also consumes much Time, (which word I capitalize since for us as well as for the angels, ^{it} Time is a resource comparable among us to the way

in which Money serves as a matrix for humans). We are always calculating

how much ^{Time} we can afford to give each of our clients, and the ^{expenditure of} ~~cost~~ of this

^{such} (expenditure) ^{Time} increases when we choose to inhabit people's dreams. My ^{need to acquire} ~~capacity~~

^{more} insight ^{into any given client} has to be balanced, however, against the cost of investment the

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^{in order}
~~required~~ ^{to work our will}
 brought to focus upon a single person. Large investment often cost ~~the~~
~~excessive amounts of time~~. For this reason, the average human who is, at
^{limited,}
 best, powers of insight and memory ~~that usually function~~ ^{is} ~~that~~
~~are~~ ^{we look to} ~~not~~ of interest to us. Our ~~prime need~~ ^{in prime clients} to develop in our client an effort that
 will be ready—sometimes at risk—to transgress divine or social laws ~~on the way to carrying off a major endeavor~~
 order to carry off a major endeavor.

Such men and women, are, of course, rare. More often we have to be
 content with common types. Then, for the most part, ^{we} ~~look to make~~ ^{mediocrities} ~~average~~ clients successful. In our Company, provided we are sufficiently
^{that can also promote} ~~patient~~, it will produce reliable results for oneself. ~~Sooner or later~~
~~promotion will come~~. Over many an era, I have had clients whom I was
 able to develop to the point where they could serve directly in one or
 another of The Maestro's larger projects. The majority of humans, however,
 caught in the push-and-pull, the back and forth between their guardian angel
 and ~~a~~ directing devil like myself, end by producing little that is useful to
 either Kingdom. On the other hand, I can recall a few ^{most} ~~unhappy~~ situations
^{where} ~~when~~ the guardian angel who was my opposite number ~~in a particular~~
~~context~~ retained the spoils.

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At one period, ^{in the past} ~~not so long ago~~, as a result of several such losses, my position suffered. For a time, I was assigned clients of petty ambition and modest achievements. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure ^{the} ~~morale~~ ^{or} 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 ^{estate managers} ~~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 bouts, unfaithful wives of the worst sort, ditto their male counterparts, as well as comparable flotsam and typical jetsam. I had a horde of clients but only a few could offer a new or interesting problem for one's ^{special} development of instincts. I had ^{to serve as praetor for} ~~all too many~~ nameless men and women who were born with little and proceeded to less. It could have been cause for despair ~~to~~ admit that ^{new} ~~only~~ large projects appealed to me even as recognition from a social summit gives life to a snob. While I could rarely know where the Maestro was ^{was saving my services} ~~using me~~ for some large if hidden purpose or ^{much} ~~marinating~~ me until I acquired more experience, I did, on occasion, take hope that he had not lost interest. He even remarked once that I might seek high rank again,

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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 pay unremitting attention to my

present wretches, thugs, and drunks. *I did, and eventually I was ~~used~~ again* I learned then that the E.O. had

selected me to oversee the work of a number of *minor drunks* other agents who were

keeping watch *from time to time* on a young Austrian client whose *developed* potentialities might be

prove to be *astounding* immense. Insignificant at present was this person and so was

his family, but *he had* there were ancestral fault-lines full of the intoxicating drink

so I had observed him closely through the years of our old friend, blood-scandal. The lad in question, who by 1908 was

By 1908, this lad was jobless in Vienna, *he* 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 a

infected limb. All the same, he was desperately afraid of virtually all

meetings with other human beings. Yes, this boy was an emigrated mess.

in those years 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 conceal their secret

reactions from me. At this point, the E.O. actually chose to speak directly to

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have I been so
 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 *(will yet) take him on* 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 *(Already you have a threat from us as I say)* from receiving any more crushing defeats to his ego. In time, if he lives on the greater part of his potential promise, he could become your only child. *(Do pay attention)* 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 intimation which was a fix: 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 *(aloud)* when he spoke *(into our mind's ear)*. The irony in his voice took away any certainty that he was committed to what he said. Sometimes I felt that his irony came from his own uncertainty, but that was a perilous notion.

(after all I have given him, I do)
 In any case, I dared not ask: What if ~~it~~ fail? Many of our projects *(Our source is not)* Particularly, major ones, our most outrageous gambles. ~~The~~ Source ~~is not~~ employ still our more honorific ~~is not~~

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872135

EX : 201 2 3PM FLD

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

EX : 201 2 7PM FLD

Book 3 Sept04-2 9/13/04

★

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unlike God in this regard. There are blind alleys in existence and a good many, I can tell you, are the fault of the Lord who did not design them well. The dinosaurs, for example. If God is the greatest artist He has also made the most prodigious mistakes.

I was depressed. This new project remained an outrageously gamble. I knew about the hopeless fate of most such exceptional but highly variegated clients. Unless an historic epoch developed that could accelerate even *my* assigned protégé into history, he would end as one more failure. At this point in 1908, there seemed no sign of such special conditions arriving. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it, was to continue to be a ~~species of jockey~~ *who* ~~stated on a horse~~ *riding* 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

FROM : RM

FAX NO. : 5084872136

SEP 11 2004 3PM EST

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243782

SEP 11 2004 3: 7PM EST

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☆ 136

separate force within me, separate and independent of Our Master's force, indeed, so intense that—as we know!—I have broken the first rule of our *cohort* domain. Moreover, obliged by the logical demand of my tale to initiate my reader into hitherto guarded revelations concerning Time, I have even told how Adolf was conceived, and how the Evil One under those extraordinary nocturnal circumstances chose to stand in for Gabriel

The reader may recall that I was not actually in that bed at the time.

Nor literally. Nor did I have to be. Nonetheless, in stating that I ~~participated~~ *that particular* ~~in such apocalyptic carnality~~ *—that apocalyptic carnality!* ~~I was telling the truth fully as much~~ *now assume* as I was purveying a lie. For even as we ~~know~~ to our logical confusion that light is both a wave and a particle, so do we devils live at once in the lie and with 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 analogous to human perception of that same mysterious word. Our ability to ingest the experiences of lower demons enables higher devils to pass through periods of Time that human beings can recognize by way of linear chronology. But, I, as a higher devil, did not have

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~~Wanted to have a life~~
 have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. ~~That was not -~~
~~to be present~~
 necessary in order for me to take in later the exact experience of what
 happened. Another devil (of lower rank) had been present in Adolf's life on
 that occasion. By order of the E.O., ~~it~~ ^{this devil} had entered the act. I must say that
 this is always an option for any of ~~our cohort~~ ^{us}. We ~~can~~ ^{do} enter into any and all
 cohabitation. On rare occasions, and this was one of them, ~~we~~ ^{he} cannot even
 even 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—I must repeat,
 believe it if you will!—not infinite, such insertion must not be merely
 desirable or entertaining, but purposeful ^{to the highest degree}. The devil who had ~~actually~~ ^{been}
 present that night transmitted the experience to me ~~years~~ ^{5 or 6 years later} with a
 completeness of odor and carnal detail that can be termed absolute. It is fair
 then to say ~~then~~ that ~~indeed~~ it happened to me. ~~If he was the first archangel and~~
~~the occasion when Adolf was conceived, I was very much a second. I tried~~
~~ready to subsume him.~~

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: had

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joined with his petty agent for one instant (even as Jehovah had been with
 Gabriel during ~~another~~ ^{that other} exceptional ~~events~~ ^(event) and history-making

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 Over-view.
 It is equal to saying that the devils who worked with little Adolf were here
 to pass their experiences on to me. ~~Over a period of time,~~ ^{daily, and I recall from} his life and
 modest deeds as a boy were conveyed to me. ~~Then, as the hour approached,~~
^{They, as the day approached,} when I would look to take possession of him, so did my concentration upon
^{what} 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 I had been alone with him over all the years of his childhood and
 adolescence. For this reason, I am ready to write about his life with an
^{immediacy} insight no biographer could attempt. Ditto for what I can relate about Clara
 Fanni, Anna Glassl, Alois, Sr., Johann Nepomuk, Johanna, and any others.

Now, this profound if most mysterious urge to share my insight 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

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experience communicated to no one ^{else} will scourge the soul. I who have
lived so long in the belief that I am no more and no less than a spirit
presence void of soul—may have to face a serious disruption of ~~my~~ ^{my husband's}

^{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
^{of this sort} like that may be present, some species of spiritual larva in its cell.

I have to recognize I ^{am} may be offering ~~much~~ too much for so early a
moment in our biographical endeavor. It will take all of a book that I will
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 ^{this} the confession, ~~just offered~~. If our
are disturbed ^{SD} ~~then~~ to a degree, so am I. The present is with me again in
precise period of these years now ^{that} ~~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
^{most important} life of my ~~former~~ client will help, yes, will help to re-establish my footing.

FROM :nm

FAX NO. :5084872106

SEP 10 2004 10:31 PM FAX

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on some long-lost terrain where I can begin to search for the remnants
oddments of what may once have been my soul.

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(we are given orders not to capitalize.)
 not two! (Indeed, at the insistence of the E.O. we do not capitalize ~~the~~ *the Devil's possessives, only Hitler's.*
~~we state, "Hitler's"~~
 possessives, only Hitler's.)

There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of Adolf Hitler's personality is dim. He is, after all, a third mystery: the most mysterious human being of the century, a man, when all is said, who was all-too-human, if, it will be agreed, the average man or woman does possess large funds of the inhumane. Nonetheless, over the years, I grew able to comprehend his psyche better than my own. How can I not take pride in this? As a specimen of humanity, he was close to unmeasurable and developed without question into the wild beast of the century: this all-too-modest-looking client who in the beginning I belittled as "little Adolf"; yes, I knew him when we still referred to the young man who grew out of the boy as "little Adolf with the big ideas."

I can state that as a newborn he was a most typical Klara Product 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 spittle popped up from his infant lips.

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It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not. If the angels are sound at anticipating motive (the more sordid, the better - usually Rex!), but our predictive attempts fade at the borders of mortality. What he proposes, the Devil imposes, and the Lord disposes, is not accurate in every instance, but we are obliged to recognize that God has the final power to decide ^{where and} ~~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. 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 of extinction-- airplane crashes involve so many factors! Indeed, He 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. From time to time, even in extreme difficulties, God still disposes.

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Be it understood, then, that the question comes down again to that ~~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 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. Besides, it can be prodigiously expensive for Him to war with us. To keep this understanding alive—that He is not All-Powerful—the E.C. demands that we try not to speak of the Lord as God, but as the D.K. (What D.K. means, I ^{fully intend} ~~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 as much 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 illness coming with Alois travelled on to the penetratingly corrupt smell of the sickroom as Gustav, Ida, and Otto 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 devil

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of her condition. So she looked to go back to her feelings on the day she first met Alois. His visit in Spital came when she was sixteen, and she had never seen a man who disturbed her so directly, so physically - she felt 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 our. Now occurs in the instant we invest our spirit into ^a ~~the~~ man or woman who might yet be a client. Johanna was not much of a devil (only for an hour in the 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

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at the exact moment she saw Alois. If one may speak of a pang of joy, he 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 tannic soap, a natural act given her mate's predilection (especially in late pregnancy) for putting her head ^{out to the Hound} 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 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 even 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 nature of pious hope! Next she believed a dream where an angel told her to have nothing to do with her husband. No sin bed! Such is the nature of pious obligation.

Alois soon had to face the possibility that a will of iron, when fortified by prayer, and girded about with more prayer, can be quite as powerful in a

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woman as is a developed muscle in a man. At first, he could not bear
 that her refusal to let him touch her was ^{not} ~~neither~~ a whim nor a new species of
 drawn-out enticement. "You women go back and forth like a caterpillar wag-
 ing 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 keep her in
 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 windows! 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 right
 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 attempt to

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emotion is always attractive to ~~our folk~~ ^{demon and devil}, even as farmers dream of manure soil for future crops.

It need hardly be underlined that the death of Otto, Gustav and Lea, 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 out whenever she kissed him lip, 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 obligingly.

It hardly required the insight of the E.O. to know that this could prove useful later. 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. Our exaggeration of honest sentiment ~~could~~ ^{can} 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 end most often as a state rate concerning the average person—it is no small matter for us to select a child

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~~It can be~~
 early. Nonetheless, it is tempting. A large investment is possible for the Lord (whom, to remind you, we call the D.K.) or His Cudges becomes aware of our infiltration. Early choice is then a high-stakes game, but the E.O. will make such a decision by a 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 fortified by the presence of the E.O. at the conception, there is every reason to expect that the child will offer amazing possibilities. If it lives. We lose so many. A lot of them, the D.K. spots them and, heartlessly—I will say this about Him!—yes, the D.K. removes them heartlessly! This can happen no matter the cost to Himself. The cost to Himself! A curious calculation is 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~~ ~~whole~~ 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, gnomes

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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~~ ^{him}. 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 newborn 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 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

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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 virtuous sense of certainty. She was putting her own strength into him. Her nipple was never far from his mouth. Minor devils ^{flying in the air} about ^{Braunau} ~~that region~~ would report that her prayers were more heartfelt than any ~~one of~~ the scores of ^{the} other young mothers ^{there} of Braunau when they flexed ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~muscles~~ ^{muscles} in the dark. Devils, obviously, have minimal attachment to the sentimental, or 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 ^{days,} ~~lives~~. The most greedy and stupid were always looking to ^{away} ~~grab~~ a better house, more money, or a surprisingly good lover, "yes, if you permit it, Lord."—there was rarely a sweet &

which they did not ^{pin} ~~last~~. Klara, by contrast, looked to give nourishment and long life to the child. Her breast, count on it, was 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 ugly energy in future clients, his attitude was tolerant in cases of first-degree incest. For such situations, ~~he~~ wanted the mother to be close to the child. All the better for us. (A monster can be most effective when it also has stores of love with which to charm people.)

Other advantages can be obtained by us through excretory cleanliness. 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. She always kept a clean house. 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 apparatus of its glow. It was kept as immaculate as a small glistening opal 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 Diktat that was never quite explained to us although it does offer some hint of explanation merely by

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being stated. (We ^{know} ~~know~~ that every rule, no matter how generally effective,
^{is} ~~was~~ there to be reversed in special cases.) Sometimes I would even think
that the E.O. ^{unusual} ~~judged~~ our ability to improve by our sensitivity to such
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 Inn. "It was 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. Or, when speaking to fellow professionals: "To pick out a smuggler is easy

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Either they look like the work has been done - they ~~are~~ are too good to be true. They dress too well, they speak too well, the amateurs always work very hard at looking you in the eye.

When asked, however, why he had moved from the Pommer Inn at 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 ~~the machine~~ ^{the machine}." 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~~ ^{late} ~~determined~~ ^{was to become} ~~him~~ ^{was to become} ~~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~~ ^{was to become} ~~realized~~ ^{was to become} ~~by promotion to Chief Customs Official in the provincial capital of Lantz~~ ^{was to become} ~~Indeed, fate was yet to give him exactly the post~~ ^{was to become} ~~indeed, he would yet be given that post before he retired.~~ ^{was to become} ~~Never~~ ^{was to become}

superstitious (except when he was) Alois decided that ~~this last promotion~~ ^{was to become} came in ~~good part because of~~ ^{was to become} the move from the Pommer Inn to a rented

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was a good augur,
house on Linzerstrasse. He and Klara both agreed that they needed a new room, and now they had it. Of course, there were no females in the attic, *but* ~~so~~ 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 his *coming* ~~in~~ no ~~more than taking in~~ *than* 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—half as 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 there were her eyes—no mistake! He had to fight against falling in love.

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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 ~~correct~~^{correct} conversational instrument. ~~He expressed a superior scorn.~~ ^{about it,} 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 from time to time, his wise presence, his shaven chin and shaven upper lip.

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his full mutton chops, his peephole spectacles, his half-bald head of burgeoning white hair, offered a slight but legitimizing resemblance to Arthur Schopenhauer and ^{thus} 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. "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, ~~what is 24~~ yach?"

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 powder. "In the Middle Ages," he said, "do you know? The whores they

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were more respectable than the nuns. They even had a Guild for their selves
alone! I have read about a convent in Franconia so stinking bad the Pope

had to investigate. Why? Because the ^{Franconia} Whores' Guild complained about the

illegal they were receiving from the Franconia nuns.
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 sole fact
history must live with. So, the Pope takes a real look at the monastery
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
momma's boys. We know that."

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

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"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—by 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 clerk or 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 expense of translating his letter into Latin, Alois had been forced to declare that he was a pauper. Six years ago. It still rankled.

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

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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, ^{this} ~~that~~ would be a true rise in rank ~~and a most~~ innovative promotion. "However, you ^{have to} ~~must~~ watch yourself, Alois," the friend had said. "This is still a year away. ~~You must~~ ^{want} keep a good name if you ~~are~~ ^{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 too cowardly in that department.

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

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This was a worry to travel right into him. Because Alous could not decide whether to trust ^{his} ~~this~~ friend. The man was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had once told him: "The townspeople of Bama are nothing. You can put your thumb to your nose at them." Alous had indeed put together a good many habits around ^{that} ~~this~~ remark, but the truth was ^{that tonight} ~~that tonight~~ he had said too much, absolutely, what with this ^{was only ground to this} ~~was only ground to this~~ ^{Most unsettling!} ~~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.

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 an

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icking attack, no, he did not see the confessional box for himself. If 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 priest
 priest. Let them find ^{their nourishment} ~~food~~ elsewhere for tonight's masturbation.

Women, however, should be seen in church. It was time to accept ^{that}
~~fact~~ ^{But} fact. The people in Braunau must ~~not~~ be able to say ^{that} ~~that he did not~~
~~never missed a Mass,~~
~~encourage 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 ~~we can often~~ put at our disposal. While we accept the likelihood that most human emotions ^{come from} ~~originate through God's~~ ^{instincts} ~~even as I~~ gave necessary instincts to the animals, nonetheless, we are always ready to convert ^{such} ~~(strong emotions over to our purpose~~. Of no state is this more true than ambition. Plus, its weak sister, avarice. Avarice is simple to deal with—it is, after all, nothing but pure greed. Ambition, however, is ^{more} ~~less~~ related to the Originating Vision. That is why the D.K., who so often juts serious restraints upon human behavior, is ready ^{on occasion} ~~to encourage ambition on~~ ~~many occasions~~ (I would suppose His goal is for all men and women to

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Personal ambition, therefore, ~~does~~ awaken your interest. He I. E.,
~~invariably~~ a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the ~~only~~ ^{best} 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 miscalculation that
 were ~~no lesser judgment~~ ^{disadvantage} grievous for Him. He overrated the ~~potential~~ ^{ambition}
 for development of good feeling in the very human nature. He had
 originated. Whereas our E.O. has always known the extent of perfection to
 be found ~~in most men and women~~ ^{there}.

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 ^{honor} personal purity. So soon as ambition reveals
 the extent of its pride, it can prove disorienting. ^{All too often it becomes} excessive pride and
 intensity.

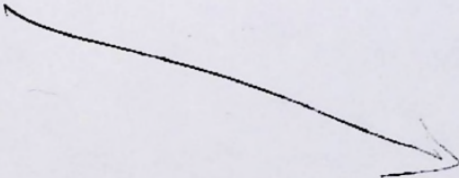
No surprise then if Alois was not the only one in the Hitler family to
 suffer this disruption. Ambition is a true germ, highly infectious. It is a

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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, ^{enough} 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. She was still breast-feeding Adolf. So, there was no question of a pregnancy. What inspired the return of some little carnal interest was her growing appreciation of Adolf. 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. But not 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 world 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 ^{himself} ~~the dog~~ 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 against 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 ^{dog} ~~hound~~, after all, did adore him. First, however, he whipped ^{him} ~~the dog~~. Even as ^{Luther} ~~it~~ tried to crawl away, the poor bottom of the beast became soaked in ^{his} ~~its~~ own outpourings. All the while, ^{he} ~~it~~ was yelping ⁱⁿ ~~its~~ full terror. The uproar woke the children. Alois, Jr. came out first, then Angela, ^{and} ~~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 his. 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 suckle 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 silent 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 interest in 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 unprecendented equality of flesh to flesh, soul upon soul. Deep is the communion of being able to speak without a sound being uttered. At such moments, she felt as if this child was closer to her and knew more about her than anyone else ^{even} ~~other~~ ~~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. ^{And} ~~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 nose from blows he had received full-face on his muzzle, but in turn Alois' patrol had a small but ugly laceration from raking one fierce slap across a broken door 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. ^{By turns} 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

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us. To comprehend the ^{nobler} ~~godly~~ facets of humankind, precisely those that ~~could~~ ^{can} 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, I 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'Amé Simple. In Italian, G.C.—gran cornutto! For Spanish—El Payaso 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 Amigo. As the E.O. never allows us to forget, God may be powerful, but He is not

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All Mighty. Hardly so! We ~~are~~ ^{are also} after all, ~~here!~~ If the D.K. is the Creator, we are His most profound critics. Often, we are ~~also His~~ ^{also} ~~His~~ ~~successors~~, ~~opponents.~~

So successful, indeed, that the E.O. looks to rearrange the balance. If the Angels had succeeded in bringing all too many men and women to believe that our Source is 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 always 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."

OK—

Here's The Thing I'm
Just Sending TO \$175.
The Rest Will have to go
Tomorrow.

Adul has yet to Read it

Talk to you then

tx

D.

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

So, for example, Adolf's bowel movements now began to enter into the pitch of life in the house on Linzerstrasse. Before the episode of Luther took place, Klara had certainly been alert, no matter how often he soiled his wrapping cloths, to keep the child clean, indeed the act as Klara remarked, became a dalliance between mother and boy. She watched so carefully that his eyes gleamed with transmogrificational delight.

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discovered that Heaven was in his anus right there with the coarseness. All the while, his mother subtly, tenderly, delicately (and with an almost feminine finesse) expunged the soil, wet or dry, from his rosebud, which, 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. Unlike other good mothers in Braunau, she barely bothered to teach Adolph how to substitute for her. In truth, she preferred to be alone with such personal care of Adolf. Those were the best of times. In any case, she was wholly superior to any unhappy elements in the household. His stool, (which could on occasion be as rank as any other colicky child's) did not occasion her disgust. It was disturbing if the outpouring was so strong a smell, or worse, gave a hint of ^{the} ~~that~~ empty cavern ^{that} ~~which~~ looked like the door of grave illness, but her breath stayed calm ~~even~~ when the stink was strong enough to overpower anyone else. She even wanted the stench to be strong. The stronger, the better. ~~That was~~ ^A sign of health! Such was her love for Adi.

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It sparkled between them. His eyes danced as she dropped the rags with feather-smooth wipes of the rag, and her eyes were full of joy as she saw that his little penis certainly stood erect. She, in turn, would patiently coax it back (most properly) while they both laughed. For it happened again. Whereupon she kissed the tip, (once), and then blushed. He was faced. She did not allow her mind to suggest that the act might be subject to Confession. No, never with such innocent joy.

All this changed after the episode with Luther.

She lived again in high fear of Alois. Now, it seemed as if his swaddling cloths were always in danger of bagging open. What if Alois should come upon 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 to the stairs and

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one, through the wiping. For such intelligence she offered him, his eyes would glow.

Now, she became ambitious. She wanted Adi to learn how to use 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 of 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, but for him 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 he obeyed 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 wind and sun, he began (never when his father was at home) to shit on the floor.

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Sometimes he would do it right next to the chamber pot, would be so close to Klara so close to screaming that Adi could all but hear every sound he did not ^{utter} make, and felt in consequence masterful. He had no fear of her when she came close to striking him.

He went too far. One day when she was in the moods of washing her kitchen floor, he spread excrement on the upholstered arm of the sofa-couch, studied it, knew by a new tumult in his chest—so certain a 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 corner the sofa by which time he had an attack of diarrhea and the floor was dry again. He began to laugh and to bawl, but she did no more than watch and clear him soundlessly in a listless loveless fashion. This made a strong impression on him that he awoke 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

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bed whenever Klara was alone, he was surprised, even as he opened the door, to hear a little gasping, and wheezing, and then the full-on, loud his 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. No more! Through the half-open door (kept open particularly for her to hear when 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, but not one of them was upside down. He could make out Alois' pale 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 first 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 off her. But she was grunting like a dog. And full of contentment. "You must, you are

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an ugly man, you are an animal, you!" and then again "You are a h, yah, yah." There was no question. She was happy. Ja

He would never forgive her. That much the two years of love and her love had been for him. Now, his father was behind her and he put 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 and Auck were giggling. "Goosey, goosey," they kept saying.

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

Must one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings are half-life of thirty minutes, they are not profound? Because of that, he would never love his mother as much again. Yet, his feelings were ^{heightened} ~~more~~ intense.

There was pain in his love now, and an anger had been put off by nipping at her breast with his ^{new} ~~first~~ teeth. Indeed, for a few days he lay almost ~~at~~ close to Luther, and when drowsy, could sleep beside him through an afternoon. Truth, he saw the hound as a brother, ~~but his mother~~ taken a fearful beating on the side of the heart that is most tender and

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~~indeed~~^{and} the love affair went on until Adolf began to take the full advantage of the beast, punching him in the belly, trying to put his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs. Klara began at last to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would have to 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 their worst and weaning were at hand.

In those private councils of her mind that would never be made known to her child, her stepchildren, her husband, nor even to the confessor at the altar, she had come to the conclusion that she must have another child. This came in part from the old fear, even now, that Adolf might not love her; she also feared that she would never love him as much again, not as much as 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 appearing at their bed when he was in a most friendly mood. For on such evenings, after all these years!—desire came alive again, desire was there—deep in the marrow, yes, deep!

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We may remember that the last time we encountered ~~him~~ he had been burying his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, his tongue as long as a demonic as a devil's phallus. (Be it said: we are not without our contributions to these copulatory arts!) Alois was certainly ^{paid off by} ~~possessed by~~ ^{the little white} ~~the little white~~ ^{go completely to the} ~~Never before had he given himself that much to such an~~ ^{are given credit} ~~exercise, and yet he had become good at it, and so quickly, that an explanation is possible unless we were there/as well. (We do have the power to give transient gifts to men and women even when we are not looking to turn them into full-service clients.)~~

In the morning, Alois could not believe he had done it. All but to lower himself to such an extent! In bald fact, and to make her pay for 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 toward Klara in the morning. This unexpected gentleness in concert with the astonishing pleasure he had given her by way of his tongue. ~~They~~ ^{These} unexpected preciousities had conducted her up to, yes, occult regions and

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also left her ready enough to forgive the rotten part. (Indeed, she is a ;
 behind smelled better actually than Adi's.)

As a devil, I am obliged to live intimately with excrement in all its
 forms, physical and mental. I know 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 excrement
 itself. It is true. As devils, we live in shit, we work with shit, we grow far
 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 think that that
 is not the worst way. For parenthood is not only the mansion of the
 outhouse of marriage. As St. Odon of Cluny stated so intergenerally (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 lies
 not only in partnership, congeniality, boredom, predictable habits, dull
verbal scuffles, annoyance, and daily despair, but in the guts and smear of marriage: the
 comradely knowledge of all the forbidden tastes, smells, bodily places.
 Indeed, if all that were absent, the sacrament would have less substance.
 On caca, is marriage based. So I would assert. You are free to attach my
~~opinion to my spiritual placements.~~

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→ ~~opinion to my spiritual enlightenment, and~~
~~and a devil, after all, and we are creatures with a need to~~ look for it | west
~~and all) Small human if~~
common denominator in any truth, especially within the property of astro
~~the condition properties of~~ ~~itself~~
one part of our province

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

On the other hand, they could hardly rent their house in Brunnau at such quick notice. But Alois had to work in Passau now, and ^{was a} full day of travel ^{apart} So, there were periods, often for weeks at a time ^{away} Alois lived ^{away} apart from the family. In consequence. Adolf could not share 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

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happiness could be recovered. For after a day or two Alois returned 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, ^{absent} away at night as much as he was home, permitting Schindler to creep 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 she could take pride in him again.

Working in Passau satisfied Alois' vanity ^{at first} but soon proved a ^{curious} burden to his confidence. Braunau, after all, had been a less important station. Trade with Germany was limited, and for the most part the smugglers they encountered were petty thieves. ^{at first} The roads to Munich and to Vienna which crossed the frontier ^{at point} 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 Danube, most of its architecture was humdrum, and there was not much substance to the view. Braunau had few dark secrets.

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^{had more presence as a}
 Passau ~~was much more~~ It was also German. ^{here} ~~It~~ agreed ^{here} ~~the~~ ^{legends,} ~~the~~ ^{connotation} ~~the~~ ^{Passau} had ^{been} ~~been~~ ^{ruled} by a Prince-Bishop. It had medieval towers, it had castles and one of its churches dated back to the onset of the Middle Ages, others the high Renaissance. Passau's walls spoke of grandeur, dedicated during the crimes, torture chambers, by-gone glory, and--much to the pleasure of Alois--criminal smugglers with imagination enough to be attracted to him. ^{more easily}
~~But he~~ ^{also} felt a subtle ^{discomf} ~~discomf~~ ^{new} ~~new~~ ^{responsibilities} ~~responsibilities~~ ^{position} ~~position~~. If he ^{had} ^{bearing to be} ~~always~~ considered his uniformed ^{presence} ~~presence~~ a full warning to a chief of a conclusion he ^{could sort it} ~~fortified~~ for himself before every mirror, he also knew that ^{degradation} ~~was due to~~ the rigor of the professional manner he had developed over many years. On duty, he could present a personality of the benevolent official calm ~~and that was~~ ^{confidence} ~~guaranteed~~ to provide no easy peace to be ^{must} ~~imposed~~ on him. His weighty approach clearly declared that a man able to inspire such ^{confidence} ~~calm~~ must have set an incorruptible seal on himself. That was his way. Let travellers know that you are not the man with whom to play games. He had studied many an upper-class customs officer--those with an easy

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learning, some with livid, invaluable duelling scars. They were the model oneself after.

Taking up his command in Passau left him feeling unsettled. 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 the procedure best under the sting of a fine whip, well-applied. Occasionally, however, some trifle would provoke him unduly. Once he went into a trade because an underling addressed him as "Herr Official" rather than "Herr Senior Official Hitler." He could sense that his new Passau contingent of juniors, more sophisticated and better educated than the younger officers at Braunau, might be growing critical of him. Slowly and again, looking down from his post at the rush of the Danube beneath 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: the carnal-spirited Franzeska, yes, and for an instant he would also think of Anna Classl. No beauty, but she had known what to do under the sheet.

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He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to the juniors, was Chimney. (The German is good enough to offer here: Der Rauchfang.) "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 respectful but he did not allow them to smoke during their shifts—nonetheless, he insisted. The very injustice of it would enforce his authority. His ears had to catch him. A good officer must be fair for the most part, yet ready to employ even a small inequalities. Done judiciously, it was most effective with officers. 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. The whistle was identical to the call he used to summon Luther. In turn, Alois, Jr. was red-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 out 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 passion. 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, and 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 Alois's nose.

That evening Klara told Alois, Senior. The beating which he was comparable to the attack on Luther. Alois, Junior, could just get up and 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 times 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-stemmed 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 even lower

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the fireplace with his own smoke. Alois, Jr. and Angela would wait for permission once permission was given. But, Adolf 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 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 buried in 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 depths of his esophagus. He kept asking himself why his mother never complained about the smoke.

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. Clearing his bottom one day (and she did not make this large discovery until he was three—such were her curious proprieties) she came to note that he had only one testicle.

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A town doctor reassured her that this medical phenomenon was not exceptionally uncommon. Such boys often grew up to be men with strong families—"The good God, dear lady, gave more than enough to make a 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 only 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 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 a cruel 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.

But now—could it be too late?—she would say that she would love her husband again. She came to this conclusion slowly, step by step, one day at a time.

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months, but on one fine night in June, a year and a half after her arrival in Passau, she felt a new rush of respect for him. For just when she had learned that in another six months, he would be transferred to 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 a time when she loved Alois more simply, or realized she wanted a second child so much. Little Adi with his one testicle, had put a small but year-long ache 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 believed, 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 younger brother—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 play, 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 as thin as a wizened 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 a girl and

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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 in 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 hand) knew that changes were coming. This perception turned into his first real sorrow when, next day, as he rushed to his mother's bed, she held 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. 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 person in the world?"

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

"I think you are the most beautiful."

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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. The years had passed since she had stopped feeding him. Now, he would get 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 he was present, or, in her absence, would crack a knuckle across his head. But he prey to new uneasiness at how little attention she gave to him these days. He 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 the meantime, 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 still feeding Edmund.

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."

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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 arm was not often present now to quiver through the boy's body. And the house was empty during the day. Angela and Alois, Junior, went away to school. Adi would be alone with his mother and the infant, but she could 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. "So, Adi, your breath is rotten," she would say. Often, he would pull a blanket on the floor to escape her.

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He was also afraid to go outside. The wild yells that he heard while playing in the field back of the house were fearsome. He spent a lot of 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 groups 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 have to fight with me." He punched the boy on the arm hard enough to leave a mark, and departed.

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, mamma's boy, I will not protect you in the field."

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"I won't cry," said Adi, holding his breath as tight as a drum, clinging to a rope.

Next day, he went 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 done. But then each melee lasted only a few minutes. After which, the boys, tired and breathless, would count the losses, take a breath, and start again. In 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.

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 he

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had noticed his new-found stoicism. His feelings were as brittle as his
scrape on his cheek, the outrage to his stuffed-up nostrils.

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

On the ~~second~~ ^{next} 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 ~~Adi~~ would
be his lieutenant, while he, himself, as captain, would ~~make the rules~~ ^{not the rules}.

To accomplish such an aim, he came up with a more interesting set of
~~rules~~ ^{moves}. War should be trickery. War was not two armies fighting a battle.

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X 207

other all the time—war was maneuver! He did not know the word a 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 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 forth a 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-man group attack. If four men met only two on the other side, those two were automatically captured. No tagging was necessary. (He still believed 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 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 he kept it on

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each side must not be captured. The leader must not ever be captured. With preternatural eloquence, he made his major point. "The highest principle must always be respected."

To gain this point, he had to pick up allies one by one. (He did not hurt that stout, sturdy Klaus was always by his side.) In time, Adolphe said. 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 misguided ministers who work for the Cudgels. State it directly. This is brainwashing! The real situation is that we do not appropriate people through Satan's entrapment, then keep them forever as our vassals. To use a particularly crude and contemporary American example. Avis versus Hertz or Buick

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* 21/

Avery)

from the Vision of the D.K. ~~We work for~~ ^T the eventual project ~~is to~~ ^{is to advance the} name!—the superior and more advanced vision of the E.O. ~~is to~~ ^{is to}

There is, however, another factor in every contest which ~~is~~ ^{is} 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 ~~lost~~ ^{lost} to a man or woman. I ~~have to~~ ⁱⁿ suspect that ~~for such~~ ^{for such} direct competitions the Dumnikopf ^{is} has more resources. (He is also vastly more spendthrift. On most evenings, for example, He ~~discharges~~ ^{disburses} untold bonanzas of effort on the sunsets (which—it must be admitted—do bolster human morale as a board!) 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 woman who only wishes to hear fine remarks about her good taste and her 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 overkill, especially if one is wrong. To spend years on a promising fellow who

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eventually resists us is not only a budgetary blemish upon our official record, but a general loss for the project. Prevail!, the E.O. is always reminding us. So we try to exhibit more acumen than the Judges of our 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 fornication that gets us off to a good start.

Our targets are obvious. Rarely do we fail to attend the fornications of rich and powerful people (so full of infidelity!). As has been noted, we do not ignore the occasional wretched couple whose rites ^{include} ~~include~~ incest. Other copulations, however, particularly those attended by angels, present a more demanding task—it is never routine to slip through their hind legs. It seems—I speak here for myself—as if the E.O. has never seen an angel accept his failure to be present in the hour when Jesus Christ was conceived. The result, to put it in the familial sense, is that our Source ~~Source~~ ^{soon} discovered that he had a half-brother whose powers were at least comparable to his own.

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Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be a typical Son of Man. (The record we are furnished by the E.O. informs us that He was not a Son of God with His Father.) Jehovah, indeed, was often incensed by the rebelliousness of this 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 with a limited budget. You can well believe that our projects are chosen therefore with discretion.

For example, the E.O. does not ask us (except in special instances) to show much interest in the early development of children ~~unless they are~~ ^{unless they are} who result from such acts of ~~experiments~~ ^{experiments} that we consider to be ~~usable to our future purpose~~. "In the first years of life," the E.O. will remind us, "there are too many ^{mistakes} accidents ~~and surprises~~ with children." Sometimes we keep no more than a short record of these families who interest us. "Over the first few years," our Maestro will remark, "a child is caught between the need for love and the development of the will. Those two inclinations are so naturally at odds with each other that we can rely on sufficient inner confusion in the subject to enable us to approach later."

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★ 2/4

~~So, we are given general strictures.~~ Except for the most unusual ^{therefor} cases, we exercise no intervention until the age of seven. Until the nineteenth century, an extraordinary child was always in danger of being carried off abruptly by one grievous disease or another. ^{was often} seeking to invest earlier in a particular boy or girl, ~~has in effect~~ at 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 Clouds. "The years of 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 forgo—all in order to keep the young ego in some readiness to support the ongoing project, oneself."

Our hunt commences more often with adolescence. Here we find the first lively stage of intervention. Often the best energies of the E.O. are there for us to subvert since He is invariably ready to invent resources

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very young men and women who hardly know what to do with the
Dramatic distortions
 inrush of increased will and appetite. *Distortions of His Internal*
 these adolescents are now open to us.

I have proceeded this far into explaining our processes of selection
to emphasize how uncommon was the special
 because it was most characteristic for the E.O. to pay strong attention
attention being given to a particular
 five-year-old. That his name was Adolf Hitler was, after all, of no
 importance *yet*.

All the same, I had been *attended* transported (by proxy) *review the work* of his companion, for
 it had remained a matter of course for me to assign *who were watching* some of my men to be in
 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 day
 the small and large storms, inertias, and joys that had transpired in the
 family since the last visit, we could ingest a fund of new information
 required no exceptional expenditure unless the abode was seriously
 protected by guardian angels. In a more normal condition one sweeps the
 house and relayed the findings to appropriate superiors. When human

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A 2/C

slept, we did our work. (As did the angels. Yes, those forces of light also worked in the Dark!)

I had been supplied then with a close history of the Hitler family for all 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 not 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 therefore vulnerable. The odds were that he would perish early or creep through life with a ~~broken~~ ^{mutilated} ego, ~~mutilated, cicatrized~~. At least, so I would have judged it ~~not to repeat this once again that it was likely~~ ^{not} the F.O. had been present at his conception. ^{Such a reason} ~~So far as I knew, that was not wholly certain, but it was~~ ^{most likely}. Even on the busiest nights, I ~~was instructed to include the~~ ^{was included} the Hitler family on every milk-run. That was no ordinary bedtime.

This routine of careful but passive observation was overturned altogether for me on the day that Alois, Jr. dragged Adolf to the big game of war. The E.O. intervened. I received a direct message that I

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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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★ 2/8

-13-

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 struck the boy's spine. Indeed, I will make the claim that I accomplished this with some finesse. For I did not inject special funds of energy into his courage or his will; rather, I ~~steered~~ ^{gave just enough} him to carry out the job himself. ~~The result was~~ ^{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 able to speak) at his side. That gave him a subtle confidence. We too set of in effect as guardian angels. (For ^{prime} ~~special~~ clients, only!)

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I was aware again of the superior insight of the E.C. and saw 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 Cudgel's wrath and ~~gifts of courage~~¹⁹ His preserve and if the D.K. were not such a vast net, and we not so adept, our chances would be paltry. 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 would then be working for Satan.)

I speak of this because we devils are human to this degree and the return on our investment puts us in the best of moods. So I am the only being with Adi as he proceeded to improve the little game of wala 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 favored 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 heedless change.~~ We can waste our efforts. Our youngest clients after that leave us on their own, or resist us, or, worse, the Cudgels move in.

To forestall this event, I was there night after night ^{during this period} to instruct him while he slept. Indeed, he delighted me (the rarest of pleasures for a girl!) by the development of his activities during the day. To repeat the word: no ordinary five-year-old, no, he had an exceptional capacity to improve his game of war. Rarely did he fail to improve it.

He soon saw, and I believe this came as much from his perceptiveness 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 enemy. 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 as it climbed the hill. Ditto for the defenders. The defense could use shift their outposts. Of course, ~~at~~ ^{soon} this ~~soon~~ called for larger forces on each side, but Adi was ^{soon} able to convince his regulars that more boys should be recruited from nearby streets and fields. They, the originals, having been the 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 want to be heroes. 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, 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 come. Then, we who are here can be given high rank. We who come can not 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 to admit that some of the good turns of speech that came out of him ^{seemed to be} ~~did not seem to be~~ neither his words, nor mine! ^{then} ~~words, nor mine!~~ I began to suspect that they ~~could~~ ^{had} have been made by some agent of the D.K. who, unknown to me, was also present ~~and it is~~ ^{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."

FROM :AM

FAX NO. :5084872136

FROM :JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. :17186243782

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start p. 120

Book III

-1-

It seems I have disclosed myself. I am indeed a trusted officer of the Evil One. I am his instrument, and this trusted instrument has just committed an act of treachery: We are never allowed to reveal who we are.

At present, however, my disclosure still remains unpublished. The author of an unsigned ^{manuscript} ~~man~~ can, up to a point, remain anonymous. Be it understood, my margin of safety is not large. Nonetheless the Devil does not find ~~print and paper~~ ^{himself} congenial (an attitude ^{which} I will soon proceed to explain.) But first, since his name has been invoked, let me observe the courtesies. When dealing with divinities, ^{ones} the form of address is crucial. ^{lessen} ~~minor~~ (devils are encouraged usually) to speak of him as Our Maestro. Nor

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does he mind if we call him the Evil One. These are two terms he often chooses for himself. Sometimes to declare our respect, we will address him as the O.O. (the Omniscient Observer.) Despite his ^{great} pleasure in his powers, the Evil One knows ^{all too well} that he is not infinite. No more than ~~that~~ God is infinite. Like all other beings vast or small, each of these divine antagonistic lives nonetheless within ~~certain~~ parameters. Call them paradoxes, if you wish, but even the ^{Powers} greatest powers suffer constraints on their power. ^{just as} humans ^{ours} at their ^{own} level have limitations, so do the gods if on a ^{significantly} ~~vastly~~ higher plane. I will add that hordes of primitive tribes, as well as the Egyptians and the Greeks, were more attuned to the vagaries and boundaries of cosmic power than the later theologians. It was the Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims who got it wrong ^{by} ~~but~~ ascribing infinite amplitude to the divine.

As one small example, I can return to my remark that The Maestro does not enjoy putting up with paper. When possible, ^{we are told in ~~exhibit~~ papers} paper is chewed. It is derived, after all, from trees (who happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.)

Paper, therefore, was never a first option for the Maestro. Later, in these, my latterday American years, I can say that the EO is more attuned to

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electronics. He has overseen human progress in those technologies far more than the Lord. In any event, if you will take my remarks on trust (based on as I can hardly prove them!) I will emphasize again that despite their admittedly prodigious and near to incommensurable powers, God and the Devil are still obliged to act within their separate finite domains. I have chosen, therefore, to continue to write on paper—my assumption is that there is less likelihood my words will be picked up ^{so quickly} by the Evil One (Ever processed paper still contains a faint scent of the love God put into trees). Since the Lord and the Devil are still as jealous of each other as two beautiful women attracted to the same man, even a blank piece of paper reminds the Maestro much too much of his adversary. So I choose to use it as my form of communication in direct defiance of the Maestro. He, if I may speak of ^{such} complexity as "he"—forbids us to communicate with men and women by ~~any way~~ of writing to them or for them. While the Maestro has no desire to use up a portion of his resources by ~~looking to monitor~~ ^{monitoring} every last one of our acts—there are too many demons and small devils for that!—he is also not inclined to let us go off on serious ventures he has not approved. He does not keep a constant watch, but then, he does not have to. We dwell in true fear of

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him. Years ago, in the period of which I write, I would never have dared anything to do with a written record. My fear would have been absurd.

Now, in this time of exceptionally exaggerated streams of communication,

— I loathe, indeed! — it

is possible to get away with a good deal more.

I can even claim that I have acquired the skill to keep a good many of

my thoughts to myself (a discipline worthy of a Yoga and difficult to achieve)

to acquire. ~~Defended~~ *to that degree*, therefore, I feel somewhat more ready

to continue this biography, this novel—call it what you will. My assumption

is that I will succeed in scrambling ^{my} this output sufficiently so that the Maes

will not be looking for ^{me,} ~~a paper trail~~. Intelligence work can be understood as a

contest between code and the obfuscation of code. Since the I O is always

engaged in endless, prodigious, and arduous work, I choose to breathe a little

on my own. I may even feel free to say more about the make-up of our Two

Kingdoms. (I could speak of them as two antagonists, two realms, two

conflicting visions of existence, but Two Kingdoms has been the term since

Biblical times. Needless to add, we are always ^{can't quantify} contemplating a most

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formidable army of angels,

(we call them the Cudgels!) They are in opposition to our army of devils who are loyal to the E.O., that is, loyal more or less, if I am the prime example!

While these warring forces can hardly be unfamiliar to anyone who has read "Paradise Lost," I would note that many in our kingdom are ^{also} well-versed in English classics. I cannot speak for the angels, but devils are obliged to be devoted to good literature, even if most of it is on paper. If this seems in opposition to ^a ~~the~~ few remarks just made, let me say that the Devil does not forbid us to read for ourselves; it is just that he will not have his traffic with any more paper than he must. After all, he needs only to sniff a book and get ^{content} ~~wisdom~~ has been inhaled. Moreover, he sees literary material as a professional complement to the work we do with humans. Milton therefore is high in our arcana of those few poets and novelists whom we do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate (because of their sentimental inexactitudes). Milton, after all, did provide a rough outline of the contest between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how inaccurate was his estimate, it did present a pioneer demonstration of how our armies might have confronted each other at the commencement of that great estrangement ^{which occurred} (when the earliest ^{into} squadrons of angels first divided ~~in~~ camps so opposed to each other in their

FROM : nM

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desired for
aims concerning the future of ~~all~~ human beings that the descendants of Adam
in full ignorance
and Eve now speak ~~most inaccurately~~ of Good and Evil.

One can offer ~~one's~~ *desired for* respects, then, to that great blind man, even if his
moral topography is seriously out of date. Little devils who serve the B.C. are
installed by now in every corner of human existence. Our war is comparable
to the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its grid of nineteen
vertical lines crossed by nineteen horizontals, a sum of three hundred and
sixty-one intersections onto any one of which a stone can be deposited. The
positions occupied bit by bit with our black stones are forever in danger of
encircled
being ~~surrounded~~ whenever we are not up to surrounding 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 as long to decipher the results of their black
and white *captures* ~~encirclements~~ of each other as it does to play the match.)

To bring, therefore, a first explanation of the sinuosities, salients and
recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces
at play in the folds of human society. Of necessity, my early presentation will
be simple but I would start by remarking that one must constantly keep in
mind three phases of reality—the divine, the satanic, and the human. These

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15

look
ends
here

separate armies in effect. For there are three kingdoms by now, not two. God and his angelic cohort work upon men, women, and children to bring them over to His direction. Our E.O. and we, his representatives, look to infiltrate, or, better, seek to possess many of these same humans. Through the ancient eras until the Middle Ages, human beings had virtually no active role in this contest. They were our mutual and contested subjects. Hence the title: 'Two Kingdoms. By now, however, we are obliged to take the individual man or woman very much into account. I will even say that many, if not most, humans do their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the Macstro. They are always seeking to be free. Their greatest desire is to become what they believe they can be. (They are reacting to the light of their desires.) In the event, as matters proceed, we devils look 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, fight off both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology, I suspect) that quite a number by now wish, even expect to be wholly independent of both of us.

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~~_____~~

"Klaus here, will be my colonel."

Those words are close to what I remember. While I have certainly endowed him with ~~given him an~~ eloquence no five-year-old could muster, I have 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~~ unknown to me, ~~was~~ 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."

This was not an uncharacteristic of our Maestro. We had to be ready to accept any and every quick change of direction. In this case, it was the situation of the family that would be altered. Alois had decided to move

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matches 223-224C

Indicate - note the hand of
Chas. here

Stand

FROM : nm

FAX NO. : 5084872138

DATE : 11/11/04 11:51 PM

FROM : JMWORDCRAFT

FAX NO. : 17186243783

DATE : 11/11/04 12:17 PM

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Klara, Angela, Alois Junior, Adi, and the baby Edmund, up from Passau to dwell nearer to him in Linz.

I am obliged, therefore to apologize twice to the reader ^{once} ~~twice~~

bringing so abrupt a termination to Adi's young war games, and again ~~for the~~

^{for} ~~because~~ interest ~~that~~ was thereby aroused ~~for~~ the boy. Good readers are the most

unprotected of humans—their sympathy moves in advance of their judgment

Some may have felt uneasy, therefore, to discover that they were enjoying

these first successes of the child Adolf Hitler. Be assured. To read about the

skills or triumphs of any protagonist will elicit happiness in just about all who

follow 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 desires to

arouse quick emotions in the reader.) That is why—count on it—popular

writers come looking for us all the time. We love them. They are such

dupes. Popular writers think they are working both for God and their own

prosperous selves. We never disabuse them. We want them to sleep their

readers in baths of misperception. The profit comes to us. Misperception of

reality serves as compound interest for us.

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materials out of which he had been able to erect it. Through his quiet virtues he had managed to keep an unspoken sense of himself as a man of serious achievement. It ^{had become} ~~became~~ a species of meditative nectar which he would allow on occasion to seep into his sweetest thoughts.

By his final year at Linz, some rudiments of this concept—a man of importance—were even satisfied. The title, Chief Customs Officer, lacked a marrow of real satisfaction. If only he had enjoyed working at this post, it might have been enough, but the problems with personnel he encountered at Passau were now magnified. Linz was a center of attention for the Finance Watch. Since it was the capital of a most important province, Upper Austria, Customs was stocked, therefore, with young, ambitious, and ^{relatively} ~~month~~ sophisticated junior officers who were never at a loss to show their subtle contempt for the failings of senior officials. Most of these young men could take for granted their future attainment of high office. Having come from well-to-do families, this confidence was ^{all but} ~~as palpable as the air itself~~. That had to leave Alois a little out of joint. He was getting on. For the first time in all the years that he had been wearing a uniform, he did not always strike the passing eye ~~any longer~~ as an immaculate official. (That now demanded too

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many pains!) Nor was he as severely punctual as once he had been. Sometimes, at the point of issuing disciplinary reprimands, he would hesitate long enough to contemplate the possible repercussions.

For just such a reason, he eased up on smoking restrictions. He no longer enjoyed facing into the inheld wrath of younger officers. In consequence, he enjoyed his own tobacco less. He began to feel as if his associates were looking for him to retire. He had put in, after all, near to forty years of service. He was eligible. While he could continue for another twelve-month and even another, he did not deem it wise. Small, steady inroads on his vanity kept moving him toward a smaller dream. What if he chose to become a gentleman farmer? That would not be so bad, no, not at there in the autumn sun of his career. What the hell! Born a peasant, he could end as a well-to-do fellow who had gone back to the earth again.

He had money enough. He could buy a decent farm outright. He would have his pension, and his savings—he and Klara had certainly 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 recovering,

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What may be more important, however, is to speak of the dream installed in Adi's sleep on the Saturday night which came before Aloni's Sunday meeting with the beekeeper. This dream was fashioned in response to a direct order from the Maestro. I will add that ~~laying any~~ ^{creating a} dream which is unconnected to the dreamer's previous experiences, is not routine. Not in the least. While we have the power to ~~manufacture~~ ^{originate} chimerical episodes or even on rare occasions, insert whole scenarios into our client's sleep. It is also true that these dream-works ~~prove to be~~ ^{exact} real inroads on our budget. Inner dramas are expensive to produce ~~ex~~ ^{ex} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~expensive to produce~~ ^{are expensive to produce}

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when the
 (client is that young, *can* particularly if the work stimulates open conflict with *the*
Cudgels who may also be involved with the
~~Cudgels~~ A set of delicate manipulations calculated to alter a subject's psyche

should not be undertaken under battlefield conditions. Few people prosper
 from a nightmare.

It has been my experience that the installation of highly selected
many desired visions can deliver ~~planned~~ effects, but *that usually turns out well*
only when one is able to ~~for that to be attainable, one must~~
 (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
 angels react savagely to any dream that we initiate. From the commencement
 of human existence, the D.K. has been directly attached to the power *that* dream is
~~a power~~ *bring to Him*. They proved essential for controlling those primates he was
 developing into humans. Much later, during what the E.O. calls the Jehova
 Period (that is, approximately 1000 B.C. to the advent of Jesus Christ) it is
 clear that the D.K. wielded a host of awards and punishments by way of His
 dream-works. He could arouse visions in prophets and plebeians alike. He
 could drive His wards in any direction He desired, often, I suspect, on not
 much more than His imperious whim. (Gods, like humans, are less admirable
 in certain periods than in others.)

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Our entrance, however, into the developing life of humankind resulted in a diminution, indeed, a leeching-out of His divine powers. No longer could Jehovah employ dreams to control His chattels ^{at will} ~~so routinely~~ and by now, after our work through the centuries, dreams are no longer seen as visions. Rather they present themselves as eccentric, jagged, totally confused and broken-backed narratives. Incomprehensible intrusions. People now do their best not to search too long for messages they can extract from episodes that take place in their sleep.

The D.K.'s once imperious use of dreams is, therefore, at present inoperative. Our forces now vie with the D.K. on how to direct men and women. Jehovah, willy-nilly—and I use the word advisedly—has had, willy-nilly to reduce these outsize demands of His ~~Ego~~ ^{ego}. Manic obsession with Himself and His Powers, so swollen during that Jehovah Period, ^{had} ~~became~~ ^{to lessen} retrograde, then absolute. Now, He could no longer insist on the absolute adoration of His servants. No longer do so many of them feel ~~wholly~~ obliged to bring gifts and sacrifices ~~on their visits~~ to His altar. The D.K. has had to adjust. On occasion, He can even show Himself to be ~~wise and~~ ^{wise and} adept in His nocturnal insertions. The function of the dream has altered. Less often now

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does
~~did~~ serve as a medium to deliver commands from Above. Instead, the modern dream serves, ideally, to give the sleeper a sense of buried disturbances in his or her life. If a trusted friend might prove a *down the road, then* treacherous, the dream is now there to alert one to just such a possibility. I, on the other hand, *himself* ~~when~~ the subject is ready to betray a close friend, that *and its consequences* possibility ~~can~~ also be suggested. The D.K., given all His shortcomings, was now looking for a way to protect His human beings. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few who had been guarded by the strongest angels and so could rarely be approached by us, (real candidates for sainthood being one example of such protection), the D.K.'s new methods did prove efficacious. *ran amuck with it* humans, given their freedom, ~~intervened themselves~~. For a short period, there was a vogue that dreams were to be seen as wish-fulfillment, a most popular notion that never proved itself to be more than a theory. The dream was, after all, a special species of communication between the human creation and Himself. Indeed, on those occasions when we devils and demons are not present to alter the content, a dreamer might actually obtain some insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The intense but mock situations created by the dream are there as tests to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety

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When successfully interpreted, the subject would ~~would~~ now be most unhappily aware of how he or she possessed less courage, less loyalty, less devotion, less love, or less health than ~~one had~~ previously assumed. Now, the function of the dream was to serve as a security system full of warning bells.

~~(It protected against edema of the ego.)~~

To the degree, however, that we could interfere, we looked to warp ~~this~~ ^{the D.K.'s} new system at the root. Most of these nocturnal wars ^{now} produced chaos. The average dream became an extravaganza, usually incoherent.

So, the task of creating a whole dream for a child appeared, on the face of it, to take too much attention away from other projects. As I have remarked, the Maestro did not, for the most part, encourage such expensive incursions toward children. Looking upon their growth as essentially indeterminable, he saw such actions as prone to failure. It will be recalled that when the Hitler family made their move from Passau, I was instructed to cease paying attention to little Adolf. He and his family would now be monitored through routine milk-runs by 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 region of Austria with

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other clients. The information provided by my assistants proved adequate
had had the information I needed for the Hitlers of Hafeld.

Now, an unexpected and direct communication from the Maestro had
arrived—no 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 passive

insertion of a concept. Etch was the verb employed by the Maestro. "I want
you," he said, "to etch Adi'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."

That was not a short speech for the E.O. His regard for each of us
could be measured not only by how quickly we were ready to carry out his
desires, but by the length of his communication. All too often, reading our
minds, we would hear no more than "Yes," or "Don't!"

FROM : nm

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SEP 13 2 38 PM '04

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SEP 13 3 4 PM '04

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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 true notion, once successfully installed, can link the client to us. (Often, should he wish to ^(leave) ~~stay~~, we use it to ^{the} ~~bring~~ ^{stray} him (back to us.) But etching is not there for every devil to practice. It must be done with an incisive stroke. Misapprehended, it can drive the recipient mad.

I will go so far as to say that on this occasion, I was deft. Given the knowledge absorbed from the milk runs, I knew that Alois would soon be visiting this neighboring beekeeper, Der Aite, also known as Der Aite.

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Zauberer—the Old Sorcerer. So was he perceived by the neighboring peasants.

The term was an exaggeration. This old man was a hermit and had been eccentric. He was also as mean as a winter wind, but he could on special occasions seem as agreeable as any other warm old fellow. The peasants of Hafeld, having known him for decades, knew better. Nonetheless, he was the only apiculturist in the area ~~whom they could recommend as good~~ ^{and he} ~~to Alois. He~~ knew more about beekeeping than anyone within a day's walk in any direction. Besides, they were curious to see whether he would succeed in charming Alois.

What was most ^{comfortable} ~~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 Alois would be kin in odor, and so were likely to find that the other had a good smell. The thrust of the dream soon suggested itself. I would enter the boy's mind with a clear image of Der Alte before they met.

As a matter of style, I have always been inclined to avoid excessive virtuosity in a dream-work. Modest scenarios tend to be more effective. ^{this} ~~In~~ this case, given the necessary precision of the art-work, I satisfied myself in

☆ 30 C

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 a good deal of relevance to

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our work. For example, we now knew that when Adi met Der Alte on the Sunday, he would feel a new sense of importance in the ~~very~~ heart of his thoughts for he would now believe he had the power to peer into the future. Indeed, we had gained just this anticipated bounty. Der Alte had been instructed in his sleep to give the boy a taste of his finest honey directly by meeting him. Indeed, the experience proved so close to how it had been

~~foreseen~~ in the dream that it took up permanent lodging in Adi's memory.

He it said again, this man, Magnus Rudiger, spoken of by everybody 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 command of magic was ~~unimpressive~~. 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 table where he sat by himself in the kitchen. That was, for all its picayune effect, as effective at nudging as away as the Cudgels. Minor clients such as this Magnus 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 a ~~half~~ ^{convincing} suggestion (by way of

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his dress, his odor, his resonant, even reverberating, voice and his compendious knowledge of bees), that he was a species of magister. At least, he did have the ability to safeguard his self-esteem, and in his favor ^{add} can say that he rarely resisted our uses of him.

In any event, Adi, etched by the dream, was equally conquered by the visit. His belief that he could, on necessary occasions, bring to mind the presence of people he had not yet met, would be no mean instrument for us.

I will say that we were to exercise such a spiritual device often during ^{over the several years} Adolf Hitler's service as an Army courier ~~who~~ had to carry messages up to the trenches, then work his way back to Regimental Headquarters. We were there for him on many a day and night during the First World War. Since he was performing dangerous duties, a ^{belief} ~~confidence~~ in one's ability to anticipate the future ^{can} ~~proves~~ of no small assistance. It is, however, too soon to speak of ~~at~~ that. His experiences as a soldier—a most complex amalgam ^{and his} ~~of~~ magic, luck, desperation and dedication—are still eighteen years away. For now will leave discussion of the profits and problems produced by etching until it is necessary to discuss the practice again.

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Sen. 202 4 P

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Rather, I will follow

~~For now, I would rather steal into~~ the unspoken thoughts of the *gentle* ~~to the~~ *gentle*

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.

FROM : nM

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SEP 11 1994

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SEP 11 1994

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★ 3019

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Once the father and son began to talk, Alois proceeded to supply Adolf's head with so many new concepts and names, ^{—all the} while continuing to walk at a good ^{pace} that before long the boy was twice breathless. 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 vein of conversation to pursue with the boy proved a stimulus to his legs. It was not Alois' habit to harbor many sentiments ^{toward} ~~for~~ his younger children, indeed he

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never found fatherhood a subject of personal interest until Alois. Just as Angela had worked with him on the farm. Now, most unexpectedly, he felt a sense of mystery from the presence of his boy. This was unprecedented. He actually wished to enlist the admiration of his own little creature trotting along so breathlessly beside him.

Adi, in his turn, was most excited to be in the company of his father. He had barely learned to spell but Alois stood before his eyes as MOUNTAIN WATER! Just so large was his recognition of the size, and—no other word will do—the immanence of the big person striding along beside him. Alois aroused in him the same kind of awe which stood in the expression of his mother when she would speak of der gute Gott.

How the boy wanted to please Alois! At the commencement of the walk, their mutual silence had been formidable. It remained so until Adi 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," he amended, "have been on our fine earth for a very long time."

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How the boy wanted to please ^{Alois} ~~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 ^{very} 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, ^{back in} ~~from~~ the time of the Bronze Age, we were ^{already} ~~at~~ 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} ~~our~~ dusty little Linz museum, ^{old} ~~that took~~

^{once that should} ~~of now~~, ^{going back into} ~~back in~~ the Middle Ages, beekeeping was already a serious activity,

Although wild, very wild ^{then,} ~~still~~.

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^{Despite}
~~Given~~ his touch of rheumatism, Alois was ^(in load) walking fast. Ad's breath
^{get}
~~was now~~ seizing his lungs in a unique mixture of happy fervor at the ~~fact~~ of
^{and the}
~~the conversation itself, and~~ ^(the lesson of the) 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. ^(past) On this August, ~~already~~ ^{nearest to} he had been
standing under the walnut tree ~~near~~ ^(crack) their farmhouse, when a gale of wind
came by like the ~~sound~~ of a whip, whereupon three walnuts, hard as stone,
^{dared}
pelted his head with such authority that he had not even been ~~ready~~ to cry—
it 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. ^{Charles magnus magna} No question of
stopping to ask—he strode along as fast as he could ^{chase up to} keep up with the
^{and air kept}
burning ~~air~~ in his lungs.

"They had," said Alois, "no hives in the Middle Ages. Beekeepers
 already, yes, honey, yes, but they had to go out hunting to where they could
^{as a rule 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 ^(out) ~~can~~
^{to sting}
 sting your head off. That was how they ^{good man} (must have done it then. Only even

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that was not enough. They also ^{looked for} had to get the wax. This beeswax was so important. ^{With it, you could} Once you have beeswax, you can have light in your hut. Every night. Candles! But, oh, they had to pay. So many bites. Then ^{about your} would come their Duke or their Baron. If he heard you had honey, you had to pay up. ^{Too much of a} 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 in} the ^{the log up their hive,} 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. ^{So,} 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 ^{possibly} on fire. Their path was ^{wandering} through a small wood, and he was ^{on the lookout} looking for a bear. ^{One more fear for} "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~~ would care 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, ^{only in the evening} because these little bees are more quiet then, especially when it is cold, and then he and ^{a big} ~~a big~~ son or maybe his brother, would carry the tree back ^{near} ~~to~~ their hut, ^{where} ~~so~~ they could ^{manage to} ~~learn how to~~ ^{extract all the rest} 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. ^{Yes, that's 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. ^{sits on top of} It takes care of everything. It is so clear to them. ^{They} Their law says ^{to them} "The colony must survive. Nobody ^{say} will dare to be lazy inside this ^{hive of bees} 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 — *ms* 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. *(That is because they /* You will not find one bee in any hive who is too weak to work. *They get rid* of the cripples early."

As they rested, however, Alois' thoughts *recalled* wheeled *the center* (back into his only silence. He was full of dread. It was not intense, yet it *seemed to live* *It could have been,* ~~everywhere~~ within him on this Sunday morning, 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 ^{his} 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 ^{the} ~~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~~
^{now} were 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~~ ^{that} 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 ^{been} dabbled in this bee business, going at it ~~just~~ as a
horse-on-a-stick, ^{just one skep} ~~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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with a sheep? straw has been
 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

and Greece
 had ~~even~~ been treated in that manner. He would *also* speak of Pliny and Galen.

Romans, that
 Great doctors. They, too, knew *how* to make various ointments from bee venom

and bee honey. Charlemagne and Ivan the Terrible as well. He could speak *those monarch's* of ~~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 ^{this} that kind of conversation w/ I Der
Alte? ^{thing} ~~At that moment, he regretted bringing Adolf with him.~~ ^{become} Alois ~~ever~~
^{goverment} 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 ^{consequence} had to ~~start~~ beekeeping. (4 -
^{But did} ~~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 take} ~~to take~~ he really
^{wanted to take?}

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Hitler's Mother

Book 1

-1-

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve. I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience it is because time passes here without meaning for me, which can be disposed toward rebellion. Can that be why I am preparing to write a novel? Among my former associates, this was precisely what we were not to do. I was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster and I would not look to defend him—he turned out to be one hell of a

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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~~ *and I thought him to think of the*

on the afternoon that Alois had been conceived. A memory of the glory of this 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

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 enlarge 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 of en,

and when he did go—because he knew he must—he would invent other sins

for the booth, large ones. He even 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."

seep 27
surely
not the
same
barn, no?

or the

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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, 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 be punished."

"Who the hell cares?" he would growl, and that brought her close to the unholy pleasure.

She would weep when it was over. It was all she could command not to scream at him, all the over-squeezed congestion of all that had not come to pass in her. And besides, she was so guilty. *you go to the Mass but*

Now, it was Klara's turn not to ^{go to} receive Mass because she could not go. ~~no Confession~~. She was working for the Devil (so she knew!) and Satan was one master to instruct her in subtlety—his own terrible subtlety. She felt as if her finest impulses were now 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 could pollute their breath. By her presence itself! And when she thought of her dead brothers and sisters, she wept within. What might she be doing to them?—wherever they

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"I hope that is so," she said. What could come out of a mother who had been so far away from Devotion on such a crucial night? Could the child did live, might it be marked? The thought would haunt her and nag.

Like many of the nuptials of Customs officials, the day was divided into two parts. As Klara would say later: "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 John ^{*now a widower*} Nepomuk came all the way from Spital to Braunau in company with Klara's remaining sister. Named after her mother, Johanna Poetzi, "Little Johanna" was a hunchback. This occasioned some 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 rump."

"Don't talk so loud," said the other. "I hear this hunchback has a fierce and 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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carrying on this night and the two who were to follow, Ida and Otto, were to all to die in the same year, Gustav at two, Ida at one, and Otto only a few weeks old.

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~~ ^{widower} who is trying to hold on to what is left for him. Death, when it arrived at the age of eighty-one, was by the same epidemic that took away the children—diphtheria.

Where is Klara's mother?? Wouldn't she have misgivings re Klara's marriage to her father?? (Much later, Johanna, the mother, "goes to live with her mother & father.") Klara's mother is alive now (but is she??)

OK earlier part of book mention that he is now a widower

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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—enough maybe to allow him to cross the middle of the bed.

describes
Their second courtship began. [It was not at all like the night when Gustav was conceived. No apocalyptic shift occurred.] She was still breastfeeding Adolf. So, there was no question of a pregnancy. 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. By now 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.

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."

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end of Bk 2

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completely away from the Vision of the D.K. The eventual project — let for
me to name! — is to advance the ~~more advanced~~ more advanced vision of the E.O. (initials)

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 focused on one
man or woman. I suspect that in direct competitions, the Dummikopf still has
more resources. (He is also vastly more spendthrift.) On most evenings, for
example, He disburses untold bonanzas of effort to His sunsets (which — it
must be admitted — do bolster human morale across the board) 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

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drainage means taking water away
weeding was the problem, in?

and into fertilizing. Bad memories, from fifty years ago, came back to Alois.

He now encountered white grubs and wire worms, and had to wait 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, *drainage*

became an ongoing problem. One could only dig down a few inches for the

irrigation canals. Go deeper and the potato roots would be slashed by the

shovel. But these shallow trenches soon 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. "You are," he said, "very much like your crazy mother. Only

with you, worse. You have no excuse. Your mother, by the 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 beating, exactly the apocalyptic

variety that leaves a scar on the heart, but now the boy was big and wild

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commands from Above. Instead, the modern dream serves, ideally, to give the sleeper a sense of buried disturbances in his or her life. If a trusted friend might prove a hint treacherous down the road, then the dream is now there to alert one to just such a possibility. If, on the other hand, the subject is himself ready to betray a close friend, that possibility and its consequences can also be suggested. The D.K., given all His shortcomings, was now looking for a way to protect His human beings. Indeed, for those lucky or worthy few who had been guarded by the strongest angels and so could rarely be approached by us, (real candidates for sainthood being one example of such protection), the D.K.'s new methods did prove efficacious, until humans, given their freedom, ^{a m o k} ~~ran amuck~~ with it. For a short period, there was a voice that dreams were to be seen as wish-fulfillment, a most popular notion that never proved itself to be more than a theory. The dream was, after all, a special species of communication between the human creation and himself. Indeed, on those occasions when we devils and demons are not present to alter the content, a dreamer might actually obtain some insight into his or her vulnerabilities. The intense but mock situations created by the dream are

there as tests to dramatize the subject's ability to withstand anxiety. When
The word is "amok" (i.e., frenzied, violent activity - one of the few English words taken straight from Malay.)

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Rudiger
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 offer a new insight to one of his old perceptions (a species of gift-giving practiced by angels and demons alike) and we look to revive faded loyalties with a lagniappe, a Trinkgeld, a bonus, as it is stated so baldly in English. In turn, our pensioners will work a little harder for us when we require it. The impulse to put a spoonful of exquisite honey on Ad's tongue even as he and Alois came through the door was entirely by my suggestion. For certain, the old doctor carried it off as I requested. The old doctor. I ven

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330, end
4 BE III

Klara and Alois' real strengths and, needless to say, their significant weaknesses.

Very well. Here then is my account at one remove of Alois' work now that he has insisted on becoming a bee-keeper.

His first concern (which I find comic since he has spent his life in uniform) is that he has to remind himself constantly to put on light-colored gloves and a bee-keeper's large trapezoidal hat and veil, always of the whitest material. Since he must avoid dark coats or trousers, when that is what he usually wears, he is always concerned in these first days not to forget to change his garments before going out to the hive-boxes under the oak tree. Deep and somber colors, he knows all too well, do irritate bees, knows that by experience. On the particular ~~evening~~ ^{occasion} some years ago when he had been gravely stung while working with the little colony he then kept near Braunau, he had made the mistake of inviting an attractive woman out with him one ~~Friday~~ ^{Sunday} afternoon in order to demonstrate his working competence with the hive. Naturally, he was in full dress uniform. How else to accompany so good-looking an acquaintance? By twilight he was stung so fiercely that the recollection still rises in one quick spurt from the pit of his stomach. Alois'

?
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Sunday?

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So Alois went back to Der Alte after all. There were just too many worries with these bees. He was a realist, he told himself, he was used to bad odors. After all, one had to deal with the devil. (My devils snickered as they informed me of this.)

Alois paid a visit on the next Sunday and, once again, took Ash with him. He would hardly have been able to say why, although I could have told him. As I have already indicated, devils are able to nudge a person even when he or she is not a client. For whatever reason, I sensed that the EO had changed his mind on this matter and was still paying enough attention to Hafeld to suggest to my agents that he ~~now worked the~~ boy and Der Alte were to be brought together again.

needs clarifying in light of
pt. 50.7