

HITLER'S PHANTOM

a novel

NORMAN MAILER

BOOKS

- I The Search for Adolf's Grandfather
- II ~~Hitler's~~ Father
- III Hitler's Mother
- IV The Phantom
- V ~~About SA~~ The Family
- VI The Farm
- VII Der Alte and the Bees
- VIII The Coronation of Nicholas II
- ~~IX~~ Alois-Juniör
- X To Honor and to Fear

At last I am plunging again in your novel
and am sending you my humble comments.

~~11:00 (Book 3, chapt. 5):~~ Also had not forgotten... the next phase should be added because you have already told it.

~~p. 338 (book 3, chapt. 16)~~ the first line on the page: "...his customs-house
corner of the world where I should be added: he found himself"

the end of his career

p 272. (box 3, chap. 20) From Angela's point of view... she was accustomed to such milk and honey manners. (Direct: Subt &

wind... (palette: even)
 Hook 3 chart: 20 (start line - insert the) king sister...

for p. 23 (book 3, chap. 20) (don't write - mean III) of
p. 312 (book 3, chap. 25) "I have read that already... we were already
eating honey (quote the first already)"

p. 13 (Book 5, chapt. 25) "They had said Ake's... Rec: Keypun already
(Add: 'I knew') yes, howev...

p. 317 (Book 3, chapt. 25) ... he could not say the same for his ~~the~~ land...

~~P. 352 (Book V, chapt. 3) (Add: Not) only a punning name was lost.~~

p. 384 (Book Y, chap. 7) He looked to vanish himself. (Something is missing?)
misspell? (or missing?)

p. 388 (Book 4, chapt. 7) in German: Kuchel

p. 421 (Book 4, chapt. 13) There is not enough of us to be found in

~~p. 122~~ (Book 4, chart. 13) Okhazuma should be Okhazanka.

p. 4.26 (Book 4, chapt. 13) To depend on Russia - so invested in the...
(It should not be invested?)

p. 445 (1) ^(book 4, chapter 1) the you know: it is called in French/German: Merci (days)
p. 446 (Book 4, chap. 11) It is by a well-known (should be another).

RE if enough in knowing. And he was also a grand being.
So: he loves him as much... than any of their grand rules
(should be: Then any of other grand rules)

p. 448 (Book 4, chapt. 14) from sand carving stone (I would add British sandstone to Russia)

p. 449 (Book 4, chap. 19) Gardes à cheval (should be: Gardes-à-cheval)

p. 450 (book 4, chap. 14) Martina offered us... numerous vivid examples to allow us confidence (should be: the confidence)

... and music continues (and shows, continue - as we don't have music in churches)

p. 451 ... various hierarchies of upper and lower officers as well as

$\{p_1^{15} q_1^{15} \text{ (book 1, chapt. 11)} : \dots \text{untampered printing}\} \text{ (from the brackets should be closed)}$

p. 469 (Block 4, chart 16) warmer (should be weather)... early field

p. 472 (back, chap. 1.17) which will fit... perhaps & fixed...

✗ p. 473 (Book 4, chap. 17) ... Frenchman Republicans (Should be: Frenchmen)

✗ p. 481 (Book 4, chap. 18) ... southern outskirts (Should be nothern, because
Petrovsky Park is to the North of Kremlin)

I hope these comments will be useful to you. I will call
you before leaving for Moscow.

My love and best wishes to you and Horri's

Tanya

If he had ~~certainly~~ hesitated whether to go.
The company would certainly be difficult
from him, and he still knew enough about
farmers to be able to figure it out very
well for himself. They would be in a
hurry if they could to laugh at him.
~~His preference~~ If his natural preference was
to be able to lord it over people, he was not
looking forward to taking on the rough edge
of the teasing he would receive. He could
have it in advance. "The peasant who tries
to act like a millionaire" they would
say behind his back, or as easily, "He's
~~millionaire who~~ ^{rich} ~~who~~ ^{he} ~~thinks~~
he can be a peasant."

CK
Jan
Feb.

→ He had ~~not~~ met a few of them in
January when he had looked at the house
and asked his neighbors a few questions.
They had obviously not ~~been~~ ^{traveled}
him. They were not about to tell the truth
to a stranger who might not even keep
the farm but ~~what~~ ^{enough} of what
he had heard to get the owner angry at
them. So he had ~~heard~~ ^{heard} ~~that he could~~
Only call general good remarks, for
everything good, the land good, the few
evening excellent, the price good, the
valuator clear, easy money on carrying.
Also had not ~~been~~ ^{hesitated} to believe them.

yes, lately, which is to say the last (257)
forty-five years. It took half an hour
staring at the uneven wooden walls of
the tavern and the splinter in his hand
from the dried up wood of the bench he
shared; before they would come forward
with a hint or two that the land in which
he had planted potatoes would certainly
have been better in better because last year's
crop was decent, and they spoke of a
quantity of wheat whose growers unfamiliar
to him, but that was what they revealed
owner had been planning for the last
three years, not good ground for potatoes
now. They did not say as surely they
just drew on their pipes and coughed their
beer and looked sad. What of all he
could tell the sadness was hardly for
him, but to the sad outrage to the earth
he now owned, a rich man, a winter before
trying to be a peasant.

Even the smell of the tavern was
unpleasant to him by now. He could not
locate the odor that mingled with
the beer but it was unfair - how with?
old man? a comfort pile that was gone
away. What he wanted most about
this quiet ~~dark~~ den-brown tavern
was that there was not even a smell of
schinapps in the air, nor not even a
sport or one town drunkard.

If the evening proved to be not altogether

a bar, however. He ^{learned}~~was given~~ the names of a couple of agriculturists who lived in the field, he would have met veterans who knew beer in his neighborhood and to console him further a full summer moon upon ^{was} ~~the~~ about ^{on the last day of a moon} ~~leaving town~~ almost a harvest ^{moon} ~~of~~ ^{orange glances} and harvest end than the week) ~~from the fall of the beer by~~ was accompanied by the pleasure beer usually gave him directly as he drank it, but, ~~given the~~ had bright, merely been ~~been~~ banded in his stomach to leaving to be dispensed now finding himself alone.

With the end of summer, he had to put up with the disappointment of less ~~the~~ three acres of potatoes.

his three acres of potatoes, the end of the
acres, but ~~the potatoes~~ ^{not}
much more than half was saleable.
His temporary drinking companions
~~at that drink~~ ^{themselves} who smelled as death
as the Birchallham tavern, had been
right. He knew it with pity for his ~~stomach~~
when he had dug up a potato to ~~eat~~
~~the taste~~ a look. ~~When~~ ^{When} he had felt a
few ~~too~~ ^{in that some} twinges ~~in his heart~~ during
the last few days of August, and his
heart was definitely acting. Full of high
pressure when he a lot of Ellen for
ride ~~before~~ before putting in some last
little effort ~~seem~~ enough to make a
point of death, but that nibbling at
the edges was guaranteed to get his
heart to race ~~up to the point~~ ^{to the point} ~~of death~~ he
even felt as if his heart ~~was~~ so overcharged
that it was shoving ~~right~~ itself right
up under his brain.

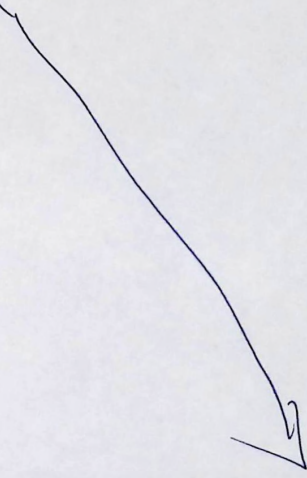
Given the work ~~that would be~~ ^{as he could expect to}
digging up the potatoes and carting them
to ~~the~~ market in Birchallham, he had
by hiring a day laborer for a week, a
stupid fellow ^{as usual} for ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~work~~ ^{work},
and not much else, yet on balance he
probably saved up as much as before.

Tuberculosis
1892-267

Farmed by Birgyn
1892-267

(26)
If you wanted to look at it that way
there had been a tragic end to the pig
they had been taking in the pig row
Angela was disappointed. He was amazed
at how much ~~fast~~ and how long
a twelve-year old girl could cry.

It started with that big pretty
pig being a little sick and then one
day, it got worse. Angela was so
upset that he broke into his own
reservoir of pride and actually turned
to his three nearest neighbors for
advice. It was then he had to recognize
all over again that he had



unplaced material 1/12/04

1


~~He had to recognize. He had forgotten too much~~ ^{actually} that he was now remembering too late. One of the laws of his childhood that he had received from Johann Nepomuk before he was even ten years old was that when it came to farming, there were no laws you could count on when you ^{happened to meet} met an unexpected problem. Even your ^{could} lifetime friends would disagree with you on the solution. Every farmer ^{he now learned} had his own idea of how to cure a sick pig. ^{of course!}

~~Now, the prize sow he had bought with the farm was sick, and the~~
^{in this case}
~~three neighbors to whom he turned for advice offered in turn three different~~
solutions, an emetic, a binder, and a diarrhetic ~~and~~ all were wrong. The sow stopped breathing and died. Because it was a pig, all three men had assumed the trouble could only be in the stomach or the bowels. Who had

unplaced material 1/12/04

ever heard of consumption in such a heavy beast? Perhaps it was something

else. Even the veterinarian he called in after the fact was unsure.

263

Nothing could have aggravated Alois more. To pay good money after

the animal had died, ^{And why? Because what an idiot!} because he had to know the cause even if he would raise ~~the money~~ ^{he wasn't going to raise any more pigs now, but still} no more pigs, and then found out that the specialist—if you could call him

that—was not sure of the cause, and ^(he told Alois) it would take the further expense of lab tests, ^{to be certain. Well, the hell with that! Such an} no, the expenditure now seemed obscene. He had to bury the animal ^{would have been} whole, not even daring to ^{if he even had to bury the animal} cut away any good part of it for the family to eat.

Left to himself, Alois would have looked for some ^{chance, cuts, how much} good parts ^{what did the} he was have to do, after all, with the lungs? But no, the ~~veterinarian~~ vet was definite. "Do not take a chance, there's blith, on any part of this animal." ^{Yes, that's what he told him, but} And only after he'd been paid. ^{And} there was Angela going on and on with the weeps, and all the labor of ~~Angela has the time for~~ digging the goddamn hole ^{for the carcass,}

264
#10 Yes there were losses to ~~calculate~~ (264)
calculate. What kind of profits could
be point to from that mediocre crop
of potatoes? When he added up the
costs of the seed potatoes, the compost
he had bought for the three acres, and
then subtracted the wages of the hired
hands, the loss of the seed, the fee of
the vet, well, how ~~could~~ he ~~claim~~
claim to have made any thing?
If he divided the total that came back
from the sale of the potatoes, ~~and~~
by the hours put in, could he say that
he had earned any more by the day
than in his first years with the ~~Fraser~~
Finlay watch. Worse, the real
calculation was wrong. But for obvious
expenses of ~~maintenance~~ maintenance,
he was living here rent-free. A
mortgage to cover about the house
had been bought outright after all. But
if ~~he~~ he had such payments to
make to the bank, could he claim
any profit ~~from~~ at all? Yes, a
tiny profit. The gravelers, they had
brought in a little extra money, money
right off the ground. For the rent, it had

been a lot of work for so little, ⁽²⁶⁵⁾ he
couldn't even complain to anyone for
the slowness of it.

He had to reassure himself. It
wasn't that he was in real financial
trouble. Certainly not yet. His
pension alone was six times the
income of a day laborer like the poor
dumb fellow he had hired, who, dumb
or not, was able to nibble away at him,
that, all right! In the old days,
at in the best years of his earning
power at Persan and Ling, he had
been ~~in~~ situated in what you could
call the well-salaried layers
of the middle-class. Why he had
made more than any principal in
an elementary school, not least
when you considered that he, more
reflected economically speaking than
the principal, had never even finished
elementary school himself.

Also, he talked to himself in such
a way that it did not degenerate into
his gut. He couldn't even enjoy his
beer any more. One of his strongest
with younger officers from good families
had always been, but he, at least, having

Come from peasant stock knew (266)
at least when people were checking
time. And now he had discovered
that the land he had bought was not
as good as it looked. He might ~~have~~
have been a peasant once upon
a time, but now he might just as
well have been a middle class
city folk. What shame! He felt
all the ~~peasant~~ shame a peasant
could know after being taken on
a deal involving land. It would be
feeling worse if Klara had by
some miracle taken up with a farm
boy? That was impossible, but
then how ~~was it~~ ^{had it been} possible for himself,
Alain Hétty, to be gulled on a
land deal?

He went into a depression. By
October and November, he was deep
in gloom. And what in heaven's name
happened to the Horendos? That was our
rich puppy then deep ^{he was a} ~~in a~~
~~that is a~~ man in his late middle
age who dangled a rich pup between
his legs - ^{and a half}
Klara, seven months pregnant
tried to explain it to him. The police

crop worn, she told him, the work
of summer so much good ^{hard} work 267
was finished. It was natural to be
unhappy. Women could feel that
very often a child was born, so much went
into the womb, so much hope and effort
and then one was empty again. The baby
might be there and beautiful, but for
time the woman ~~could~~ could feel
empty, even awful for a little while.
It was natural.

She had never ~~ever~~ so
philosophical before, not to him, but
he almost took her head off. "What
and, a woman?" he wanted to
scream.

788

Enough! It is not a subject for
retire. ~~I do not know~~ Many of
our problems of management in
managing our clients can be traced
to an undeniable phenomenon. Unless
those men and women ~~with~~ whom
we direct (to the best of our ability)

are exceptionally fastidious, in their (289)
personal habits concerning baths, deodorants,
and soaps, yes, perfumes or otherwise, they
can at varying times give off the most
vulgar odors (and sufficiently characteristic)
to arouse the distrust of many. ~~the~~

How this condensation began, I do not know. If I have served the E.O. in various capacities for many an age, my recollection of pasteras is no more ~~for a moment~~ better ~~than~~ any human sense of past ~~times~~ incarnations. But simply ~~the Master has no interest~~ it is probably not to the Master's interest to have us know any more than we need to know to deal effectively — or efficiently or possibly — with the problems now immediately before us. We do not need to call upon upon Judas or Bluebeard to encourage a drunken client to gulf down another shot of booze. In consequence we have a quest no idea of the real beginning of the Dammbuff and the Evil One. Whether they were brothers (the D.K. presumably the older one) or God and an angel of the statue of Lucifer is not in our cognitive province. Whether the E.O.

was there from the commencement of (290)
only appeared considerably later
it is not for us to know. Nor can we discern
whether the Demmehof (in which command
at one time of this depth and their
solar system) ~~affiliated~~^{appears} to higher power
out in the stars of his need for an
assistant, or whether the D.O. (to use
for a moment his ~~other~~^{highest} title - the other
Commissioner was assigned to the
D.K. because of the dissatisfaction
of those same higher powers is
also an understanding ~~to~~ that is
unavailable to us.

So, I can hardly begin to speak
with true authority on this matter
of day. Yet, if we are to ~~look over~~ ^{consider} completely
what took place during the endless
eras of evolution, I would suppose that
the D.K. (who is undeniably the Creator of
that world of ~~weather~~ weather, flora,
fauna and fauna that we inhabit,
^{all of us} ~~separate~~ separate souls, bodies and
spirits - divine and satanic - if he is,
yes, the Creator, ~~then~~ then evolution was
certainly his great laboratory, and the
signs of his stupidity as well as his
~~Genius~~ Genius are to be found in all

those experiments with the development (291)
of his creatures — the least it ~~was~~ before
certain animals could fly — the extreme
experiments in size, the great hopes
that went into the dinosaur ~~was~~
because it was so large (only to
discover that the particular involution
of animal being was too Goddam
large, and so could not be used in
the program the D.K. had given him.
That is one failure. He made a mistake
of them. The Creator had the relative
successes and his failures, but it
must be admitted — He never gave
up. No, He never gave up even if
he was not altogether in control
of the earth he had fashioned since
earthquakes and the ages brought
many an interruption to His experiments
and pursuits.

Of one matter, I am relatively
certain. By the time men and women
entered the D.K.'s ^{concept of how to proceed with} ~~realm of~~ ^{realm of} ~~flexible~~ ^{flexible}
so had our Master also of fear
and with him developed the perversities
and uncontrollable (from the
D.K.'s point of view) of human activity.

There, right at such a point of 292
the creative development of the world
we all inhabit, ~~was~~ came the presence
of odor as a ~~factor~~ subtle but sometimes
determining factor in these human
affairs.

Back with the animals and with
primitive man as well, odor had proved
an asset to the D.K., an enhancement
for the development of the species.
Animals were drawn or repelled by
one another in part because of their
odor, and presumably their smell,
the end product, as ~~was~~ ~~also~~ ~~indicated~~
the D.K. — revealed the ~~depth~~ ~~depth~~
depth of their courage, perseverance,
fear, treachery, loyalty, determination
to propagate — no end to the list.
It was all useful to positive creative
steps in evolution.

I think by the time our Prime entered
the list, the D.K., enraged by the
diminution of his status (no longer to
be able to know himself as All-Good
and All-Powerful) began to search
for a method whereby his Goggles could
determine (assuming that they had a
sense of smell!) which men, women,

and children had been lost to him (293)
in part and in whole. And so, if the
Good Lord (God is great!) had His own
skill as a ~~forerunner~~ ^{not delectable great power} and how could He
~~not~~ ^{not} given the ~~divine~~ ^{divine} ~~completeness~~ ^{range of} of
dealing with the ~~subtle~~ ^{range of} of the Master.
It is my expectation that the D. K.
even had the ability to mark each
of our clients with a touch of recognition
and dignity, a marking process
if you will ~~that~~ that was chosen
in preference to others (given the
inevitable disbursements of budget
inherent in any choice of program).

From the Middle Ages on, the
Master combated this handicap
by encouraging many of our clients
to develop perfume whose subtleties
before all was done become a
~~reasonable~~ means of blending
harsh or rotten odors into sweet
earthier, more untraced, and
finally more appealing fragrances,
even extract in their least of a built
knowledge the request.

By the late Renaissance and
certainly ~~in the early~~ in the Enlightenment

* lack of the other

in which, however, over the walls to
the other side of the wall, the wall had been
there and cannot be seen. The wall had been
there and cannot be seen. The wall had been

soaps, was developed, soaps of (294)
as many varieties of perfumes, and
the Dumanhoff was again confounded.
At this time of Adie's boyhood and
indeed throughout his life that was
the greatest progress the Devil had
made. Soaps, laundries, bath-tubs,
perfumes, cleaning oils, and the
development of plumbing
all came in part, in large part, by
the determined and highly focused
energies of entrepreneurs who belonged
more to us than to the angels.

After Adie's time, it can be said
that the D.K.'s use of human odor as
a siren warning has been more or
less wholly defeated. Deodorants
have arrived the most modern day,
and one knows very well how anyone
else smells, and that has proved a
great simplification to our work.

Each, however, in the period I keep
note, that was not yet the, and the
meeting of Adie, the ~~old~~ old bee-keeper
called Mr. Alty, and Adie was characterized
by the immediate intimacy felt by
the boy and the old bee-keeper. There had
been other people, I can remember
was due to some cultural difference.