

690-~~102~~¹⁰²
double-space format

-16-

But for one letter which came in August, they never heard again from Alois, Junior. His father did learn in the course of a trip to Linz that the boy had sold Uhlan to a local ~~horse trader~~ for a little more than half of its real value, which was still enough for young Alois to have travelled on to Vienna. There presumably he must have found work. Beyond that, they learned nothing ~~and~~ the summer went by.

There was many a late afternoon when Alois-Senior would ~~go off into~~ ^{walk down} ~~the woods on the trail that he assumed had been used by Junior and the~~ ^{must have} ~~horse when he set out that night for Linz, and Senior would come to an old~~ ^{with Uhlan}

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stump, now his favorite seat in the forest, and there ^{he} would listen to the birds and the insects, ^{or to} and the occasional sound of a small animal.

~~Ensnared~~ ^{At rest} on the amputated remains of what may once have been a fine oak, he would think of the bees he had lost, and he would misremember ~~same of the events, and~~ ^{the occasion}. Instead, he would enjoy the fantasy he had created for

himself. ^{This fantasy} It assumed that he had come back ^{in time} on Sunday night to chase the boy and the horse through the woods, and he had run until he ^{was brought} ~~had to~~ ^{for a halt} stop just this side of a heart attack.

For that matter, his ongoing grief on these occasions for the loss of ^{apocary holdings} his creatures, as well as the stirring of the still-alive coals of his rage at ^{even now} Junior did come close to attacking his heart. ^{Yea, before he was killed} Before his lungs ~~became too~~ ^{congested}, he would cease all such ^{imaginings} fantasies. That was also part of a long ^{his} summer ^(what is at) ~~process~~ of mourning for all he could name as lost, and ^(for this is at) the core of ~~all~~ ^{grief} mourning that finds no rest) he ~~mourned~~ ^{grieved} even more for the ~~mystery~~ of what he could not name—also lost, ^{and a mystery}

So the summer passed. ~~Otherwise, it was uneventful.~~ ^{assist} He hired a man ^{and himself in mowing (he liked)} to help him and Klara and Angela to mow their pastures and ^{cuttings to make} ~~to~~ ^{later} grass for hay, and such forage he sold in Fischlham at the beginning of

September. The fact that he had no ^{feeling} active worries concerning his lost hives
 became a species of worry in itself, ^{there was the sense of} a hollow he could almost locate in his
 lungs, ^{lung, a sense of absence} a sense of absence. No fear now of swarming, no calculations to be made of when to
 finish feeding the bees, ^{on} and when to store the empty combs for winter, no
 further examinations of the health of the colonies, no more estimates as to
 how many old bees had died ^{but} and not been replaced by young ones, no ^{tremors}
 at the thought of ^{at the thought of} mouse invasions, no need to put up bird nets, ^{consider nothing to keep him away} nor to weigh the hives, no
 more wonderings of whether enough pollen had been collected by the ^{pondering on} hives
 bees, ^{And no Queen to locate} to satisfy their need for protein through the winter. There were not even any
 Langstroth boxes to repaint, nor records ^{cards} to be brought up to date. He
 was done with all of that. Yet, his worries had not left him completely.
 Sitting by the stump, Alois could ^{hardly} not admit it to himself, but there
 came an afternoon by the end of summer when the more caustic tastes of his
 mourning gurgled down some ^{unnamed} vent where long-held useless feelings can be
 drained, ^{and} and he actually said to himself, "I am relieved that I do not have to
 worry about ^{my} these bees any more. I loved them, but their loss is not my
 fault."

~~I no longer had~~ ^{I no longer had} ~~(to pay any great attention to this family. They would~~
~~be in Hafeld until they left, and that would be a matter of short or long~~
~~duration. I hardly cared. One of our developed instincts~~ ^{As devils, one/} ~~is to~~
~~know when clients are ready to change at a good rate and when, by contrast,~~
~~they are relatively inert.~~ ^{the subjects of our study}

In truth, that is how ~~as devils~~ ^{for} we measure time. Except ~~on those~~ ^{more}
dramatic occasions when the Maestro assigns us to intense activities, to
arenas—if you will—where history can be shaped, as was true, of course, ~~at~~

the Coronation ^{on} and Khodynskoe Field, we live ~~for the most part~~ reflexively.

~~For the most part~~ ^{on} ~~(by way of)~~ ^{Rather we feel Time}
Time does not come to us ~~as~~ days or weeks or seasons, ~~but as~~ the sum of
~~the~~ ^{a vessel} activities and problems ~~elicited~~ by our clients. While I cannot speak with

whole authority on the expenditure and regeneration of energy that humans
know, it is true that ~~we~~ ^{our} can be in need of fallow periods, and so that
summer with the Hitlers of Hafeld, went by like a passage of sleep. I tended
more to other clients, and if I pondered the nature of ~~Time~~ ^{our}, it seemed to me
~~that it was~~ altogether free of resemblance to such units as hours or days, ~~but~~
~~was~~ ^{it was} rather analogous to a sculpture garden of objects and spaces, palls and

presences. If no scientist ^{has} ever been able to locate the ether between
^{objects, walls,}
 neither could I.

This has no great relevance to Alois other than to ^{suggest} say that he was
^{pull}
 living in the slough of a long and lackluster meditation.

He was worrying to a modest degree (modest for Alois!) about the
 value of the farm. If he were to sell it, could the ~~resale~~ price come to any
^{of that would prove useful to him? No, however}
 less than what he had paid? The beginnings of neglect (nothing can be
^a
^{recognition}
^{of}
^{the}
 more subtle at the onset!) were at the edge of his attention. He did not wish
^{did feel}
 to exaggerate the matter—he ^{felt} more relaxed than in many a year, even if
^{had to}
^{too much}
^{—certainly those}
 it did nag at him that he was leaving all chores to the women which did not
^{remaining}
 call for his personal physical strength, such as it remained. He certainly did
 nothing with the chickens or the vegetable garden. He thought of buying a
 new dog; instead, he watched the paint on poor dead Spartaner's dog house
^{give promise it would yet peel and buckle}
^{peel} in the summer heat.

They did not need a dog. With young Alois gone, there was no need
^{a worried father in the near-region}
 to fear ~~any father who was also a worried father.~~ (By this time, no parent of
 Greta-Marie Schmidt was likely to appear on his doorstep—he could give
 thanks that that young lady was not pregnant, for if she were, he would have

heard. And ^{the} ~~that~~ smuggler who lived in the area ^{hardly} ~~his reason for buying~~

~~Spartan in the first place~~ ^{In the} ~~no longer bothered his thoughts.~~ ^{absence of Alois Jania, he, too, seemed far away,}

^{The only} ~~only~~ real worry was that he could feel himself becoming more, ^{it is} ~~and more~~ ^{Tell me, itself!} ~~habituated to idleness, itself.~~ Even a few minutes spent ⁱⁿ ~~doing~~

nothing at all, used ~~to be more than enough~~ to excite his annoyance. Now, it

^{he felt a little too by} ~~was as if he was as~~ ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ ~~self-satisfied as~~ the languor of a curl of smoke or ^{the} ~~a~~ ^{nonchalant div. of a} ~~drifting~~ cloud.

~~All the same, he was certain that~~ Such peace could yet prove

expensive. A farm that was not worked ~~would~~ ^{tidy} ~~no matter how~~ ^{might} ~~clean one~~

kept the house and the yard ~~seem to never look clean enough to impress a~~ ^{night}

^{Would he not be fasting?} ~~to a~~ potential buyer. ~~Such a visitor would feel~~ the mute reproach of the fields?

~~So~~ ^{soft} small part of Alois still felt as if he was running uphill in his sleep.

The economic facts (which he calculated over and over on separate

pieces of paper ^{using} ~~with~~ ^{observed} ~~separate stubs of pencil~~) was that no matter how careful

he and Klara might be with expenses, they ~~would~~ ^{and they were} ~~sooner or later~~ ^{she would} ~~have to~~

spend more than his pension ~~once nothing began to come in~~

^{was more extreme} ~~Or, he could go to great lengths, of saving money.~~ There might even

come a time when he would have to count what it would cost to go to that

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(to drink in that manner would) (have
~~that would double every indignity, debility~~)
 miserable tavern in Fischlham. How much he was missing Linz and its
~~that you could find a tavern or two~~
 tavern with a few intelligent people to talk to. Yes, he decided, they must

sell the farm and the house.

~~He knew it would not~~~~It did not~~ happen all that quickly. The less ^{work} one did, the more time it

~~took~~ (And now, even against his
 seemed to take for anything to be done) Remorse, when it arrived, was like
 with he was beginning to feel remorse, whose
 parents: emotion, ~~the felt~~ seemed to be an incoming tide that
~~an incoming tide strong enough to bend his movement. What if it was~~
~~halted all movement. Was it~~)

incumbent upon him as a father to forgive his son? What if ~~it was~~ Alois-

~~also~~ Junior who was full of remorse? ~~he could not bear the~~
~~thought of you~~ ~~was sitting alone in a poor room,~~
~~his eyes full of tears.~~

Like an amputated arm whose nerve-endings ^{remain} are still seated in one's

~~Alas - Senior~~
 shoulder-socket, he began to think again of Hitler and Sons, Apian

~~Because he could invest no~~ ^(now)
^(not an)
^(an)
 Products, and because it was without essential belief, the thought was

~~sweet, for the~~ ^{too} ~~was~~ ^{by} itself and
 sweeter than before.
 so, ~~was~~ ^{pure} no matter how unrealistic,
 it did feel pure

He even brought it up with Klara. If she had ^{Selt} been at a remove from him all summer, ~~if she could not forgive him for being so drunk on that terrible night, of his~~ ^{was the best of her} ~~him all summer, his~~ (sense of duty was still in command. "If you ^{truly} want

~~if you truly want him back,~~ ^{if you truly want him back,} "I will not stand in the way," she obliged herself to tell him, and ^{skip}

^{even} felt a sense of shame from the ~~secret~~ ^{secret} hope that they would not be able to

find him.

^{Any ground} ^{did not} The platitude for such drama never developed. A letter came ^a

^{Several days later} day from Vienna, and it had no return address. Moreover, it was abominably misspelled, so badly, that the sign of the store, Hitler & Sons, lost a few letters in Alois' mind.

↙ This letter was vile and so was the boy. You killed my mother, it told

him several times. And then it declared that the son would yet be famous

and the father would twist in his grave.

Alois could not believe what he read. If possible, the rest was worse.

"You were a terrible farmer, and the reason is clear. You are, as I know,

half-Jewish. No wonder you cannot be a farmer." (All of the above was ~~sp~~

From shoaley
~~terribly~~ misspelled, ~~that~~ Alois-Senior had to write it out all over again ~~is a~~ *he would show it to Klara, and his*
 hand ~~that~~ shook so badly that the arthritis which would later savage the

may have
 movements of his fingers ~~had~~ begun on the day he copied this letter.

He had had to do it, however. ~~This was a matter to take up with Klara~~

~~and the~~ original letter (with its ink blots and errors of syntax) was too

shameful to show—especially since Alois, Junior, had always been able to

speak so well.

But take it up with Klara he must ~~because~~ Alois Junior, could only

have received such ideas by listening to Klara's father, Johann Peziz, ~~that~~

old pious hypocrite, ^{that poor unsuccessful farmer himself} ~~How~~ he must have gossiped to the boy.

^{kept discussion away from} ~~But~~ the Klara, however, ^{made less of that point} ~~They had never discussed it,~~ ^{subject of her father. She only said,} ~~"I did not mind the thought so much. I~~ but now she said, "I always thought that was why you would not go to ^{suppose I did think that was why you would} ~~not go to~~ church."

^{a husband} ~~And it~~ did not bother you to think you had ~~a uncle~~ who was half-

Jewish?"

^{"Hais, you"}

"You always said that a man who hates Jews is ignorant and

^{uncultured. So, I knew, It is not very appropriate} ~~uncultured. So I chose not to hate Jews."~~

"But that does not make me Jewish."

17, (Check chapter
number.)

(Top)

The reader may recall that when I first presented myself to him, I was calculating the ~~life~~ life of a real 50-man, a total client, and the word is emphasized for the investigation is close to complete.

I functioned within him as a devil, but at a price unless I was ~~not~~ ~~total~~ do not ~~total~~ total involvement unless the stake is possibly that the cost is that one must sacrifice temporarily the riches of previous attainments on other life and other actualities. One functioned at each moment ^{in this respect a species of imbecility} ~~at each moment~~ ~~for the~~ ~~virtuous egalitarian human~~ ~~in~~ ~~human~~ ~~in~~ ~~long way~~ except that the core of one's motivation is entirely demonic (which requires the ongoing shift of concealment.)

So as Dieter - the last name is of no importance any longer - I functioned in the S.F., I made the ~~inference~~ ~~in~~ ~~Gray~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~described~~ ~~and~~ ~~I~~ ~~discovered~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~factor~~ ~~of~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~indeed~~ ~~phenomenal~~ ~~discovery~~.

I had to accomplish all that,

however without being able to say Too
~~informed~~ all that I knew in 1994
 and earlier.

The complexities are obvious. We
 are back into the mystique of time,
 Time as we see and employ it, rather
 than time as humans regard it through
 the ticking of a clock. One of the
 scientist's most ~~intractable~~ ^{unapproachable}
 problems — until we are engaged in
 the full expanse of its ~~principles~~ ^{wanderings} —
 comes to this: Ignorance Time, ~~Time~~
 Time, ~~that~~ time is necessary and
 Chaos can be ordered.

The simplest and quickest explanation
 is that Time can be made malleable
 if memory (our memory at least)
 is severely restructured.

If this were not so, the confusion
 that Kessel as would prove unmanageable.
 If I, for example, as Vietm had been
 aware of the events in the field, I
 could only have become confused
 and overloaded with information,
~~then~~ the little that comes from the
 son of Clair Junior to Adolf Hitler,
 would have presented a problem
 to be, but would also have presented

the insuperable problem of trying ^{to} to explain to Heinrich Himmler how I could discover what I know. That would have been very before, to the teeth of the greatest power!

I believe that Maestri came to a conclusion far back into the reaches of the human past, to retain our ~~memory~~ intrusion our memories as devils and thereby maintain only in his half of the universe. He it said, that deprivation is not altogether so cruel as it sounds. Oh, my own, working as Dieter, I did in fact discover what I had known already in Hefeld (and much earlier.)

Since ~~we~~ devils, like myself have ~~the~~ developed instincts of beyond even good human reach. I would warrant that the intensity and pectorality of those ~~the~~ instincts derive from memories we are not permitted to recall but can nevertheless tap into (to use the Emersonian expression) as intimations of our instincts.

I have gone into this condition

mathematical sense length for (108)
 precisely the reason that this generation
 of Jewish blood in Adolf Hitler's father
 has now come up in two wholly separate
 places. (The Nazis call it
 double-dipping - another Americanism.)

We feel the impact when that
 happens. It is as if we are stretched
 by the ligaments of Time - we are in
 two places at once, and the shock to
 our working system is analogous
 to an ugly sprain, a dislocated
 shoulder, a torn ankle, so to speak.
 The pain is immediate, acute, and
 undissociated, ourselves at such moments
 from the portion of Time which is
 less pressing.

So I ~~last year~~ paid my farewell
 in considerable haste to D. ~~at~~
 Henrica Henrica and the record booky
 in the city of Graz, and was ~~back~~
 back again, and wholly so in
 Albin and the land below.

And here is a funny thing. This rage of
 Johann Pöchl ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~very~~
 reluctant to what ~~was~~ ^{would} now be

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John 714 & 715 are nice & have triple space
 (copy made)
 what a fine influence he had had /
 appreciate the force of his influence on one Customs Officer at least. He

had done his best, yes, to be a perfect figure of such discipline

Book sense of respect /
 And he had imparted none of that to Alois-Junior. He had felt ~~so~~
the tough mother *for* guilty about ~~Fanni~~ *Fanni* *so badly that* Yes, he had treated ~~her~~ badly and he could not be stern
there *there had been* with that son. He had allowed it all to come apart with a striking and

~~unforgivable~~ lack of discipline *which could only be described as unforgivable.*

It took all the hours of darkness for /
 He would, he told himself, when his rage had cooled enough to be

able to speak again to himself ~~and it was now~~ *not until /* the first light of morning *a dim*

light *(that came with)* *that he was able to speak*
~~light~~ of shrouds of rain at dawn — he told himself that he would not make
 calmly ~~to himself~~ *and so* to issue a few

that mistake with Adi *orders on what would be his father's*
contact with the Adli. No, he would not
make the same mistakes with Adi as he had allowed
 And he did not. *with Saur.* I, fortified with direct instructions from the

stayed
 Maestro, ~~was~~ *was* much at Alois' side in days to come and I was with Klara as

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Copy
Mural

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well. I felt as if for the first time ~~in the near to seven years~~ since Adi had

been born, I could lay ~~my~~ ~~long~~ the demonic equivalent of real hands on the shaping

of this child not yet even seven years old.
~~of the boy.~~

716-723
trifle - ~~space~~
18

(716)

Now, whenever he wished to bring Celi to his side, he would whistle. It was a fine drill of a whistle, sharp enough to hurt the ear if you heard it up close. Sometimes, Celi was on the other side of the hill, but it was just as piercing if he was so far away as an arm's reach, back, whichever - Celi's now whistled all the time for the boy. It became a comment as ~~effective~~ effective as using a whip. And in the tavern, Celi was now fond of saying aloud, "I would go of the club when you raise a boy. It was he that I speak from good experience."

Now then once, Celi said to Adi, "I wasted time and sacrifice on my oldest ~~son~~ ^{son}. You, Adolf, had better not waste my time."

I can say that Adi was my now half-paralyzed by fear of his father. I even had to wonder whether the final effects of all that could have

off their favorite of the hands, but (118)
 that was not the situation here if I
 knew what I was ~~seeing~~ seeing.
 Such an event might be thought to be
 as well as that would offer one more
 reason for the Denmark, but the
 was talked already in the words
 with which of ~~presentation~~.

Now, this was different. This was
 a gamble of no mean dimensions.
 Very occasionally when the Master
 had the most ambitious future plans
 for a ~~young~~ young client, he would
 have to encourage ~~and~~ some close
 to absolute unreluctance in a
 proud spirit, especially when he
 done our part to generate large
 funds of that kind.

that is an immensely dangerous
 activity. We have quite a few splendid
 projects in that manner, and the
 most generous tasks are set up for
 us to manage in the future, nothing
 less than to take this sense of
 humiliation and discomfort out
 from it incident. But when we
 succeed in accomplishing such
 reversal, when ~~the~~ psychology

obysen in a would-be suicide (720)
 are converted into promontories
 of achievement and personal power
 — and the historic figures are ~~the~~
 things to name (if not to fight) ~~then~~
 enormous gamble has proved
 successful.

~~I did not not know~~
 During the ~~war~~ ^{early days of the} war
 when the ~~war~~ ^{early days of the} war
 was a ~~lot~~ ^{lot} like the spider in the
 Sam's ~~lot~~ ^{lot} palace and on the
 if I may indulge this sacrilege)
 a revolt was notwithstanding in progress,
 a sly campaign, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~war~~ ^{war} already
 was more than half ~~over~~ ^{over}
 to the assumption that he was the
 one who had been ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~who~~ ^{who}
 to ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~war~~ ^{war} to irreversibility certainly
 knew enough not to confront his
 father directly, but he certainly
 did some nimble work on his ~~land~~ ^{land}
~~with~~ ^{with} feelings.

"Mother, dear," I heard, "he told
 me, "that father was much on his
 mind, but can you agree? I think
 sometimes he is too angry at my
 old brother that he looks at me
 and is —" He did not go so far as

to finish by adding "and sometimes
he even wakes up." (21)

She was hardly unaware of what
was going on now. The winter was
she, too, felt the beginnings of an
more indigestible anger, particularly
when the whistle became a needle in
her own ears.

"You must now say that your
father is wrong," she always began.
~~But~~ Ode's always clouded at this,
but such gloom which he could
call upon in an instant no longer
left her full of fear for him. To the
contrary, she could feel how the
boy used these exchanges as a
release, even as she did.

She would enter into the same
speech, give a few words here or there,
that she got all away from her
approached. "Yes," she repeated, "you
must now say that your father can
be wrong."

"But what happens if he is?"

"That can occur very seldom, but
that can occur. He does not mean to be
wrong but perhaps he makes a
mistake."

"What if he is very wrong?"

"I can tell you. It would not remain
that way. A beautiful woman can come

(122)

Come when the father realizes that what he is asking for goes in the wrong direction. That is a beautiful moment," she reflected, when the father recognizes that. She put her hands to the boy's face as if to cool the fever at his cheeks. "Yes," she said, "he hears his own commands and realizes that they are not correct. So, he changes!"

"He does?"

"Absolutely. He changes." She spoke as if this had happened already. "He changes," she reflected for the third time, and now there is order in what he says and it all goes in the right ~~direction~~ direction."

The boy understood by his way of comprehension. His father is always wrong, perceiving all the way,

"Yes," she said, as if she had heard his thoughts. "He is ready to change, and now when he gives his order, it is good, it is the ~~right~~ right direction. Do you know why?"

"Yes. I don't know why?"

"Yes, because you had decided never to make that confession." Now she held Adi by the wrist and looked into his eyes until they did not leave

to burn and longer, but were
almost as quiet as the blue of
their color — how much like the
eyes of the beyond his mother! "Yes,
now there is no confusion in the
father. He is happy because all is
clear and you have never accused
him of anything. You must never
accuse your father, that would
make him ill. That would cause
him to feel weiblich. For him to
feel weak is bad. You must not
expect him to admit any weakness
to either

(123)

a preview of an incredibly
melancholy yet to arrive.

(118)

These are foundations for a
fatal suicide. I did not know what
purpose the Klavins had in mind, the
day was delicate enough to become
a lost disaster for too little, for money
too little considering the attraction we
had spent upon him already.

Yet, if I knew anything about
the Klavins, it was that he had had
a curious contradiction in his nature.
He detested waste in all its forms.
~~He was a miser and a miser to the point of being~~
~~wherever he was to pay for the waste. Every~~
~~thing he saw every hour~~
lost human activity as an excitement
to be laid upon the Dammhoff, not
upon himself.

On the other hand, he was also an
exceptional gambler. I ~~found~~ know
that well for often we had to gamble
to an extreme with the action and
even the lives of our clients. He
was gambling now with the day.
Suicide can be of great value to
us when ~~they~~ we succeed in finding

The immensity of his rage on (112)
 this night was that he had betrayed
 himself and in the worst manner.
 The joy of rage ~~feels~~ (which are too
 infrequently considered) is that
 they offer the same nourishing and
 sustaining sense of self-righteousness
 that is most available on regular
 occasion to the most hypocritical
 of church-goers. The secret of the
 pleasure is never to be angry at
 oneself and here, on this night,
 Alain could not help it. To help
 with Jeanne Poely, to help with
 Alain Junior, the real test that to
 hold her throne he bought for
 himself, which is to say since
 he did not believe in Hell - that
 he was infuriated with himself
 and so his rage was not only joyous
 but conscious, and in the end they
 decided that if Junior had
 turned out badly, it was his fault,
 his fault alone - the worst of
 human beings had taken a father
 whose was weak. How despicable!

now the first light of morning, 114
a light fall of the shrouds
of rain at dawn. he told himself
that he would not mistake that
mistake with Adi.

And he did not. And I, fortified
with direct instruction from the
Master, was much at the side
in days to come and I was with
Klara as well. I felt as if for
the first time in the near twenty
years since Adi had been born
I could lay the demonic equivalent
of real hands on the shaping
of the bag.

what a fine influence he had had)
 appreciate the ~~force~~ of his influence on one Customs Officer at least. He

had done his best, yes, to be a perfect figure of such discipline

But

And he had imparted none of that to Alois-Junior. He had felt ~~too~~

guilty about Fanni. Yes, he had treated her badly, *so badly that* and he could not be stern

having there had been any
 with that son. He ~~had~~ allowed it all to come apart with a striking and

unforgivable lack of discipline.

It took all the hours of darkness for
 He would, he told himself, when his rage had cooled enough to be

able to speak again to himself *not until* and it was ~~now~~ the first light of morning

(that came with)
 a dim light of shrouds of rain at dawn *that he was able to speak* he told himself that he would not make
 calmly enough to himself to issue a ~~few~~

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~~of this child not yet even seven years old.~~
~~of the boy.~~

690-722
Double space

-16-

~~But for one letter which came in August, they never heard again from~~
~~Alois, Junior.~~ ^{from Alois Junior} ^{after which}
 His father did learn in the course of a trip to Linz that the boy
 had sold Uhlan to a local ^{horse-trader} for a little more than half of its ~~and~~ value, which
 was ~~still~~ ^{was} enough for young Alois to have travelled ^{where} on to Vienna. ~~There~~
 presumably he ~~must have~~ found work. Beyond that, they learned nothing.

~~The summer went by~~

~~There was~~ ^{On} many a late afternoon when Alois-Senior would walk
 down the trail that ^{had to be} ~~must have been~~ used by Junior when he set out that night
~~on~~ ^{on the road to} with Uhlan for Linz, and Senior would come to an old stump, now his

favorite seat in the forest, and there he would listen to the birds and the insects, ^{and} ~~or to~~ the occasional sound of a small animal.

At rest on the amputated remains of what ^{had} ~~may once have~~ been a fine oak, he would think ^{mourn} ~~of~~ the bees he had lost, ^{while proceeding to} ~~and he would~~ misremember some of the events, ^{but he did} ~~and~~ enjoy the fantasy he created for himself. This ^{offered} ~~the assumption~~ fantasy assumed that he had come back on Sunday night in time to chase the boy and the horse through the woods, ^{after they had been run and run} ~~and he had run~~ until he was brought to a halt just this side of a heart attack.

For that matter, his ongoing grief on these occasions ~~for the loss of~~ his apriary holdings, as well as the stirring of the ^{live} ~~still alive~~ coals of his rage at Junior did ^{over-working} ~~manage to~~ come close to ^{attacking} ~~attacking~~ his heart, even now. Yet before he would allow his lungs ^{to} ~~become~~ too congested, he would cease ^{this imaginary race} ~~on~~ such imaginings. That was also part of ^a ~~his~~ long summer of mourning for all he could name as lost, and (what is at the core of mourning that finds no rest) he ^{was also able to grieve} ~~grieved even more~~ for what he could not ^{quite} ~~name~~, also lost, and a ~~mystery~~.

So the ^{get} ~~summer~~ passed. He hired a man to assist ~~and~~ Klara and Angela and himself in mowing their pastures, ^{and} ~~he~~ baled the cuttings to

make hay, and ~~such forage~~ ^{the forage} he sold ~~later~~ ⁱⁿ Fischlham. The fact that he had ~~no~~ ^{after years} ~~teeming~~ worries concerning his ~~last~~ ^{few} hives became a species of worry in itself. There was ~~the sense of~~ a hollow he could ~~almost~~ ^{never} locate in his lungs, a sense of absence. No fear now of swarming, no calculations to be made of ~~when to finish~~ ^{after years} ~~(feeding the bees, or when to store the empty combs for~~ ^{for now} winter, no further examinations of the health of the colonies, no ~~more~~ ^{further} estimates as to how many old bees had died but not been replaced by young ones, no tremors at the thought of mouse invasions, no need to consider netting to keep birds away, nor any need to weigh the hives, no more ponderings on whether enough pollen had been collected by the worker bees to ~~satisfy their need for~~ ^{provide sufficient} protein through the winter, and no Queen to locate. There were not even any Langstroth boxes to repaint, nor ~~records~~ ^{weight} to be brought up to date. He was done with all of that. Yet, ~~his~~ ^{these} worries had not ~~quite~~ ^{quite} left him completely.

Sitting by the stump, Alois could hardly admit it to himself, but there came an afternoon by the end of summer when the more caustic tastes of his ~~mourning~~ ^{snatch} gurgled down some unnamed vent of the mind where long-held ~~and~~ useless feelings can be drained. He actually said to himself, "I am

relieved that I do not have to worry about my bees any more. I loved them,

but their loss is not my fault."

And as for my turn, I now did not

~~Not did I now have to pay any considerable~~ daily attention to this

family. They would be in Hafeld until they left, and ~~that would be a matter~~

~~of short or long duration~~. I hardly cared. As devils, one of our developed

instincts is to know when the subjects of our study are ready to change at a

good rate, and when they are relatively inert.

In truth, that is how we measure ~~Time~~. Except for those ~~more~~

~~dramatic~~ occasions when the Maestro assigns us to intense activities, to *dramatic*

arenas ~~if you will~~ where history can be shaped, as was true, of course, at

& Nicholas II
the Coronation ~~(and at Khodynskoe Field)~~, we live reflexively. ~~For the most~~

~~part~~, Time does not come to us by way of days or weeks or seasons.

Rather, we feel Time as the sum of the activities ~~and~~ problems aroused by

our clients. While I cannot speak with whole authority on the expenditure

and regeneration of energy ^{*which*} humans know, it is true that we, too, can be

in need of fallow periods, ^{*and so this*} and so that summer with the Hitlers of Hafeld,

went by like a passage of sleep. I tended more to other clients, and if I

pondered the nature of our Time, it seemed to me altogether free of

resemblance to such units as hours or days. Rather, it was analogous to a sculpture garden of objects and spaces, palls and presences. ~~If no scientist has ever been able to locate the ether between objects, well, neither could I.~~

Alois, for example, was

~~This has no great relevance to Alois other than to suggest that he was~~

living in the pall of a long and lackluster meditation.

He was worrying to a modest degree (modest for Alois!) about the

value of the farm. If he were to sell it, could the price ^{equal} ~~come to any less than~~

Or would a potential buyer
what he had paid? ~~(That would prove woeful to him!)~~ Now, however, a

recognize
recognition of the beginnings of neglect. *that became the new* (nothing can be more subtle at the

lack of his attention. Perhaps, he decided, it was
~~onset~~ *subtle at the onset. From the acquisition of neglected*
was at the edge of his attention. He did not wish to exaggerate the

while
~~matter~~ *by itself* he did feel more relaxed than in many a year, ~~even if~~ it had to nag

at him that he was leaving all too many chores to the women—certainly

those which did not call for his *a man's* remaining personal physical strength. He

certainly did nothing with the chickens or the vegetable garden. He thought

of buying a new dog; instead, *examined* he watched ~~(the~~ paint on poor dead Spartaner's

for it, too, in a bit of a
dog house ~~give promise that it would yet~~ peel and buckle in the summer

heat.

They did not need a dog. With young Alois gone, there was no need to entertain those fears of an irate mother in the north to fear a worried father in the near region. By this time, no parent of Greta looked

Marie Schmidt was likely to appear on his doorstep—he could give thanks (particular) that that young lady was not pregnant, for if she were, he would have been told all about it on the other side of Fischham. And the smuggler who lived in the area hardly bothered his thoughts. In the

Given the absence of Alois-Junior, he, too, seemed far away.

Senior's His real worry was that he could feel himself becoming habituated to idleness. Idleness itself! Even a few minutes spent in doing nothing at all, had once been guaranteed used to excite his annoyanc. Now, he felt a little too satisfied by the olger languor in a curl of smoke or the nonchalant drift of a cloud.

was going to Such peace could yet prove expensive. A farm that was not worked—no matter how tidy one kept the house and the yard—might never look right to a potential buyer. Would he not be feeling the mute reproach of the fields? A small part of Alois still felt as if he was running uphill in his sleep.

The economic facts (which he calculated over and over on separate pieces of paper using separate stubs of pencil) was that no matter how

observant he and Klara might be with expenses—and they were!—sooner or later, ^{they} ~~she~~ would have to spend more than his pension.

Or, he could go to ^{some} ~~more~~ extreme lengths. There might come a time when he would ~~have to~~ count what it would cost to go to that miserable tavern in Fischlham. ^{That} ~~To drink in that manner~~ would double every indignity. How much he was missing Linz ^{where} ~~There~~ you could find a tavern or two with a ~~few~~ intelligent people. Yes, ~~he decided~~ they must sell the farm.

He knew it would not happen ~~all that~~ quickly. The less work one did, the more time it took ^{yes} ~~for~~ anything to be done. And now, even against his will, he was beginning to feel remorse. ^{about Alois-Junior} ~~What a powerful emotion!~~ It felt equal to an incoming tide that hobbled ^{one's legs,} ~~all movement~~. Was it incumbent upon him as a father to forgive his son? ^{Yes, what?} ~~What if~~ Alois-Junior was also full of remorse? He could not bear the thought of the boy alone in a poor room, ^{Would he be sitting on a mean little cot,} ~~his eyes full of tears?~~

Like an amputated arm whose nerve-endings ^{are still alive} ~~remain seated~~ in one's shoulder-socket, Alois-Senior began to think again of Hitler and Sons, Apian Products. Because he could invest no essential belief in that notion

sweeter than before It might be
~~now~~, the thought was sweet. It, too, lived by itself and so, no matter how
 unrealistic, but it did feel pure
 unrealistic, it did feel pure.

He even brought it up with Klara. If she had felt at *(good distance)* removed from
 him all summer, if she could not forgive him for being so *such a helpless* drunk on that
~~terrible night~~ *terrible night* when he came home to take down
~~terrible night~~ *terrible night*, nonetheless, her sense of duty still prevailed. "If you want

him back, if you truly want him back, I will not stand in the way," *That* she
~~was what stay~~ obliged herself to tell him. She even felt a sense of shame from the force of
~~then~~ *was* the secret hope that they would not be able to find him.

The *as his return* *(without a return address)*
~~Any~~ ground for such drama did not develop. A letter came a few
~~days later from Vienna and it had no return address. This letter was vile.~~ *It was a vile letter.*
~~The phrase was repeated. The letter~~
 You killed my mother, it told him several times. Then it declared that the
 son would yet be famous and the father would twist in his grave.

Alois could not believe what he read. If possible, ~~the~~ *the* rest was worse.

"You were a terrible farmer, and the reason is clear. You are, as I know, *(chapter 5)*
 half-Jewish. No wonder you cannot be a farmer." *And there were*
~~so many misspellings in the letter that out of~~ *so many misspellings in the letter that out of*
~~misspelled. From shame, Alois-Senior had to write it out all over again~~ *a sense of shame for his son*
~~before he would show it to Klara, and his hand shook so badly that the~~ *In the end*

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arthritis which would later ^{bind} ~~save~~ the movements of his fingers ^{long} ~~may have~~
~~presented an~~ ^{made an early appearance on this day.}
 begun on the day he copied this letter.)

He had ~~had~~ to do it, however. The original letter (with its ink blots
 and errors of syntax) was too shameful to show, ^{The boy} ~~especially since Alois,~~

Junior, had always been able to speak so well. ^{How could he have}
~~no em bawement a grant~~ ^{these credentials?}
 But ^{show the words to} ~~take it up with~~ Klara he must. Alois-Junior could only have

received such ideas by listening to ~~Klara's father~~ Johann Poelzl. That old
 pious hypocrite! How he must have gossiped to the boy.

Klara, however, kept ^{the well} ~~discussions~~ ^{that} away from the subject of her father.

She only said, "I did not mind the thought so much. ^{Maybe} ~~I suppose~~ I did think
 that was why you would not go to church."

"It did not bother you to think you had a husband who was half-
 Jewish?"

"Alois, you always said that a man who hates Jews is ~~ignorant and~~
 uncultured. So, I knew. It is not very appropriate to hate Jews." ^{It is}
^{a sign of ignorance}

"But that does not make me Jewish."

~~"Yes, that is what I~~

He had a headache, sudden and fierce. Old memories of the earliest taunts at school now came back. When he was six years old. Of course. That had been the talk in Strones and in Spital.

"It never bothered you to think I was half-Jewish?" he said again.

"I worried about the children. I wanted them to be able to live." She could not keep her eyes from ^{watering} ~~tearing~~ (not with such winds of recollections at the root of her tear-ducts.)
"So I was glad to think you were half-Jewish. I thought maybe that could make fresh blood for our Adolf and our Edmund and Paula."

"But I am not at all Jewish," he said. "We must be clear about this. Old Johann Nepomuk once told me who I am. I am his son. I am your real uncle, yes."

"He told you? He said such words?" She knew her grandfather Johann Nepomuk well enough to understand that he could never ^{utter such} ~~speak in~~ ^{words in} such a way.

"No," said Alois, "he suggested this information to me. He did say that he knew ~~for a certainty~~ who my father was. And then he said, 'This man was not Jewish.' He did not have to say more. It was so clear. There was only one way he could know. So, that was that. The next time a boy

called me a Jew, I smashed him in the nose and broke his nose for him. He was left with an ugly mug." Alois began to laugh at the recollection. Then he laughed even more as if to signify that he was not heartsick. "And all these years you thought the opposite."

She nodded. She hardly knew whether she was relieved or disappointed. There had always been a ~~curious~~ sneaky excitement that she had a man with such blood. Jews did forbidden things. Maybe Alois ~~and~~ ^{even} she had done those forbidden things ~~with her~~. And Jews were intelligent. So she had heard. Now, she was truly confused.

~~And~~ Alois, thinking of her ~~skinny~~ ^{legal} father, Johann Poelzl, could have boiled the old bird for soup.

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The reader may recall that when I first presented myself ^(as the narrator of) in this novel

~~as the narrator~~, I appeared as an SS man. ~~And~~ ^{indeed}, I was. For that

period in the late Thirties, I had invested myself completely in ^{a particular} that given-

such fellow, a bona-fide SS officer

During that period I lived and

functioned within Dieter ~~as a devil~~. But at a price. We do not

~~enter~~ ^{can} engage in total investitures unless the stakes justify it. The cost is that one

must sacrifice temporarily ^{all} the riches of ^{living in the consciousness} previous attendance on other lives-

of many lines at once. To the contrary, one dwells in ^{it} ~~and other situations. One functions via this~~ second species of embodiment.

One is ^{the} virtual equal of a human. Indeed, we might ^{even} feel human in ^{many} ~~every~~ way

~~if it were not that~~ ^{best} the core of one's motivation remains demonic (which

requires constant attention to one's skills of concealment.)

So, as Dieter—the last name ~~of~~ ^{by now — I} is no importance ~~any longer — I~~

~~functioned in the S.S. I~~ ^{earlier} made the inquiries in Graz that I described ~~and I~~
^{eventually} discovered that the true father of Alois was indeed Johann Nepomuk.

I had to accomplish that, however, without being able to use all that I

~~had~~ learned in 1896, ^{or} ~~and~~ earlier.

~~That restriction thrusts us~~

~~That I fear~~, returns us right back into the mysteries of Time as we see

~~we live in Time~~ ^{with} and employ it, ~~father than~~ ^{time} (note the lower case!) as humans believe

they ~~can track~~ ^{see it} through the ~~tick~~ ^{movement} of a clock. One of the Maestro's favorite

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"I ignore human time"
 maxims tells us: "~~Destroy Time~~ and Chaos can be ordered." That is to say
worked, can be / even interchangeable
 that our Time can be ~~tracked as~~ malleable provided that our powers of
 memory are ~~severely~~ sequestered.

If this were not so, we would feel wholly beset by complications we
would be sat up / (living)
 had initiated. (If I, for example, as Dieter, had been aware of the earlier ~~act~~
overstuffed with
 events in Strones and Spital, I would have been overlaid with

information. The letter that came in from the son of Alois- Junior to Adolf

never
 Hitler might have presented no problem to me in and of itself, but what an
I would have known that Hitler was not Jewish in any part. But what an
 insuperable problem it would have created once I tried to explain to

Heinrich Himmler how I had discovered what I ~~know~~ *know*.

Far back ~~into the reaches of the human past~~, I believe the Maestro
 came to a conclusion that he must quarantine the memories of his devils if

he wished to keep order in his portion of the universe. Be it said, this

deprivation is not altogether so ^{restrictive)} ~~cruel~~ as it sounds. On my own, working as

Dieter, I ^{was able to} ~~did~~ in fact ^{learned} discover what I had ~~known~~ already.

Since devils like myself have ^{reached} ~~developed~~ instincts that go far beyond

even the best of human ^{intentions} ~~reach~~ ^{the} I would warrant that memories we are not

permitted to recall are there nonetheless for us to tap into (to use the

American expression.) So they ^{can} ~~serve~~ as unconscious guides to our instincts.

I have ^{bothered to go} ~~gone~~ into this condign matter ^{at some length} ~~for~~ precisely the

reason that this question ^{whether} ~~of~~ Jewish blood ^{was} ~~being~~ present in Alois-Senior has

now presented itself in two wholly separate ^{situations} ~~places~~ almost four decades

apart.

we feel an impact. It is
 We feel the impact. When that happens, ~~we can feel~~ as if we are

being attacked by the ligaments of Time—~~it is~~ as if we are in two places at

the
 once. ~~This~~ shock to our ~~working~~ system is analogous to an ugly sprain, a

so recently
 dislocated shoulder, so to speak, a twisted ankle. The pain is acute, ~~and so~~

whichever
~~we look~~ to distance ourselves from ~~whatever~~ (element of Time presses less

immediately on our purpose.

therefore quick
 I can assure the reader ~~that~~ I paid my farewells to Dieter, to Heinrich

Himmler, and to the record books in the city of Graz, and ~~was~~ *went* back in

the
 considerable haste to Alois and Klara's bedroom, ~~at Alois and~~
Klara in Gelfeld

would
 Alois was in a fury. His rage at Johann Poelzl ~~soon~~ subsided into

no more than
 what would be a lifelong grudge—his spirits would lift when Poelzl died—

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but the edge of this fury remained ~~and was fully directed~~ against Alois-Junior.

~~He~~ ^{Senior} was, indeed, in the midst of such an inner storm that ~~it was~~ ^{he could} ~~impossible~~ ^{not} to sleep in the same bed with Klara. For the first time in all the years that they had spent side by side ^{in the darks}, he had to get up on this night, dress, pace the floor, try to sleep on the couch, try to sleep on the floor, and succeeded, of course, in keeping both of them awake.

~~Of course, Klara~~ ^{At what a cost to Klara!} She was the one who had to pay directly.

"Don't say a word," she told herself, "do not touch this subject ever again."

While I cannot speak with the ^{assured sense of} ~~certain~~ medical authority that some ~~of those devils who were assigned by the Marston~~ devils, having offered years to medical school and internship, can diagnose ~~with authority~~, I will say it is possible that the cancer which was to end

Klara's life in 1908 could have taken a determining leap forward on this miserable night.

(She had lost a)
Too much had happened to her at once. A profound idea. Because
of her certainty that) she believed that
her children with Alois were one-quarter Jewish, they had, thereby, been
the past three years had actually been provided
provided with more opportunity to ^{stay alive} keep living. (If she had one notion about

Jews, (and she could not really say she had ever met ^{one} Jew other than

Alois) it was that no matter what their faults might be, and she had heard

the most awful) terrible stories about Jews from friends, relatives, storekeepers, the truth

was also obvious—^{these} the Jews knew how to survive. To be so disliked, yet

still be among the living! Klara had always been impressed, therefore (in

absolute privacy with herself—whom could she talk to about this?) that she

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was with a half-Jewish man and they did have three living children, saved in good part by their Jewish blood.

She was not one to allow herself to be bothered by niceties of logic.

If Gustav, and Ida, and Otto had all died much too soon, she could attribute it to her side of the family. But Adolf had survived, and then Edmund and Paula (over whose ^{sleep} ~~breath~~ she prayed to ~~God~~ every night.)

~~So, now~~ her confidence was breached. If the three remaining children continued to live, it would not be because through the support of ^{any} ~~this~~ historic preservative in their veins.

A large reason not to sleep. What was worse was ^{a keen sense} ~~the knowledge~~ (of

her cowardice. How could she have accepted the idea that Alois-Junior

^{should} ~~might~~ be invited back? Lying there, listening to Alois-Senior making his

moves back and forth, slamming the floor with his body as he lay down,
then slamming it again with his fists, she was certainly able to feel her own
rage, and it was shocking to her. She could not believe what she was telling
herself. If it were possible and wholly without consequences, yes, she, too,
could kill ^{sonoma (it)} Alois-Junior. Only she knew she could not ^{she} and would not ever.

And the fury of repelling such a fury in herself lived in her heart—which is
to say, in her breast—^{but} with such force and such detestation that, yes, it is
possible—this could have been the night when the breast cancer which
would yet burn with hell's pains in her chest, might have begun. If it were
crucial to know, I would have consulted one or another passing demon of a
doctor I knew, but, to repeat, we do not ^{exactly} make ~~make~~ disbursements on Time merely
to satisfy a whim.

I prefer to take us back to Alois.

The immensity of his rage on this night was that he had betrayed himself. And in the worst manner. The joys of rage (which are too infrequently considered) offer the same nourishing sense of self-righteousness that is available on regular occasions to the most hypocritical of church-goers. The core of such pleasure is never to be angry at oneself, but only at others. Yet, here, on this night, Alois could not escape himself—he was infuriated with ^{his own deeds} himself even more than with Poelzl or Junior, ^{and so} ~~and so~~ his rage was ^{of himself was} not only joyless but caustic.

If Junior had turned out badly, it was his fault, his fault alone, ~~in~~

^{By} such a light, he was the worst of human beings, a father who was weak.

How despicable! He had spent his life obeying orders, and then enforcing

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them in the Customs Service, he had revered Franz-Josef, a gallant, great,
 and good king whose first virtues were hard work and discipline. He had
 constructed his sense of his own nature ^{as a private} in homage to Franz-Josef. If he had
 ever had the good fortune to be on duty ^{during/ near - miraculous} on some miraculous occasion when
 the Emperor might visit, how he would hope that the good king ^{would} would
 recognize what a fine influence he had had ^{at least} on one Customs Officer.

But he had imparted none of that sense of respect to Alois-Junior.

~~No, he~~ ^{top} had felt guilty about the boy's mother. Yes, he had treated Fanni
 badly, so badly that he could not be stern with ^{the offspring} their son. There had been a
 lack of discipline ^{in himself} (which could only be described as unforgiveable.

It took ^{every} ~~all~~ the hours of darkness ^{that night} for his rage to cool. It was not until

the first light of morning—a dim light that came with shrouds of rain at

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from one part of his mind to the other
dawn—that he was able to speak *calmly to himself* and so issue a few orders
must have been. He was not
on what would be his future conduct with Adi. *No, he would not make the*
going to make the same
(mistakes he had allowed with Junior.

~~And~~ he did not. I, fortified with direct instructions from the Maestro,
stayed much at Alois' side in days to come and was with Klara as well. I felt
as if for the first time since Adi had been born, I could lay ^{some} ~~my~~ demonic
equivalent of real hands on the shaping of this child not yet seven years old.

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Now, whenever he wished to bring Adi to his side, ^{Alois} ~~he~~ would whistle.

It was a fine drill of a whistle, sharp enough to hurt the ear if ~~you~~ ^{intensity} heard it ~~up~~
^{the volume was} close. Sometimes, Adi was on the other side of the hill, but it was just as
~~not reduced~~ ^{the boy} piercing as if he was no ~~farther~~ ^{within arms} away than an arm's reach back. ~~Whichever~~

Alois ^{still} ~~now~~ whistled all the time for the boy. It became a command as

^{and could as} effective as using a whip. And ~~in~~ the tavern, Alois was now fond of saying

~~about~~ "Never let go of the whip when you raise a boy. ~~It may be that I~~

I speak from experience."

More than once, Alois said to Adi, "I wasted time and sacrifice on my

oldest son. You, Adolf, had better not waste my time."

I can say that Adi was by now half-paralyzed with fear of his father. I

~~even~~ had to wonder ^{how} whether the final effects of ~~all~~ ^{would} this ~~could~~ serve our

purposes. We certainly know how to employ humiliation and self-

^{when it is necessary} abasement. ^{are often applied} For ~~particular~~ ^{certain} clients, these ~~are~~ tools we often apply. ^{They can}

prove most effective with manic-depressives. If we are looking to drive a

client ^{into} in a violent act or some other form of excess, ^{their} (humiliation ^{enables us} can get

^{to get} them oscillating faster and faster, fiercer and fiercer between ~~them~~ ^{the poles}

~~of the~~ depression and their mania ^{they} ~~until~~ they erupt. That is one ^{of our} ~~mode~~ of

employment for humiliation.

I did not see how we ^{needed} ~~would apply~~ anything so draconian at so early a

^{time} ~~place~~ in Adi's life. It was obvious to me that the Maestro wished to increase

and then ^{double} ~~increase~~ again a ^{flow} ~~spirit~~ of absolute wretchedness ^{into} ~~in~~ the boy's spirit,

not a wave of despond, so to speak, nothing so all-consuming and

obliterative as that, but a vein, nonetheless, of pure misery, an essence, I

would say, of heavily-laden anguish, ^{a fear that} ~~a knowledge~~ of times to come that

^{yes, already Adi had} might even be worse, ^a ~~a~~ purview of an ineradicable melancholia yet to arrive.

^{well-established} ~~These are~~ foundations for a future suicide. ^{So, I could} ~~I did not know~~ what

purpose the Maestro had in mind. The boy was delicate enough to become ~~a~~

an expensive (Time-consuming)
~~lost~~ disaster for too little, for much too little, ~~considering the attention we~~

~~had spent upon him already.~~

Yet, if I knew anything about the Maestro, it was that he, too, had ^{and}

on top

(curious contradiction) in his nature. He detested waste in all its forms

wherever
~~wherever the cost was that~~ he had to pay for the waste. ~~So he~~ saw every ~~lost~~

Dark

(human activity as an excrement to be laid upon the Dummkopf) ^(But) not upon

himself.

On the other hand, he was also an exceptional gambler. I knew ^{that} well.

would take an extreme
~~for~~ often we had to gamble to an extreme with the actions and ^{sometimes} even the lives

So I knew that the Maestro
 of our clients. ~~He~~ was gambling now with the boy. Suicide can be of great

value to us when we succeed in picking off some favorite of the Lord's, but

that was not the situation here ~~if I knew what I was seeing~~. Such an event

might destroy Klara as well, ^{certainly going to} and that would offer one more sorrow for the

Dummkopf, but He was lathered already in ^{such of humans} the waste with which we painted
in whom we had placed some hope.
~~Him.~~

No, this was different. This was a gamble of no mean dimensions.

Very occasionally, when the Maestro ^(was planning) had the most ambitious future plans for

a young client, he would look to encourage ^{this species of} some (close to absolute

wretchedness in a proud spirit, ^{and this could even be a tactic} especially when we had done our part to

generate large funds of that pride.

Naturally, it

That is an immensely dangerous activity. We lose quite a few

splendid prospects in ^{this} that manner, and the ^{And the skills to which} most grievous tests are set up for
we are then put ^{wholly depending} can be ~~governed~~ to us. For we are then obliged
us to manage in the future, nothing less than to take this sense of

^{It is even more} humiliation and abasement and turn it inside-out. But when we succeed in
I think than turning a ~~coward~~ coward
into a hero. The humiliated must acquire
the power to humiliate others, to when we succeed

in accomplishing such reversals, when ^{the} psychic abysses in a would-be suicide
 are converted into promontories of achievement and personal power, ~~and~~
~~the historic figures are there to name (if not as yet) them~~ an immense

gamble has proved successful.

~~(were comparable in the pain they inspired)~~ ^(they)
 During the worst of these whistles which quivered ^{again} later each night in

~~the boy's sleep (like the spikes in another Son's palms and ankles~~ ^{— let us}
~~not forget the real possibility that Adi~~ ^{if I may}
~~is the blackest of sons)~~
~~indulge this sacrilege) a revolt was nonetheless in progress. Adi was~~
~~not reduced to a wretch altogether.)~~

campaign. The boy, already more than half-accommodated to the

~~not an~~
~~assumption~~ that he was the one who had been beaten to insensibility ^{by his father}

~~certainly~~ ^{Senior} knew enough not to confront ~~his father~~ directly, but he certainly

~~to~~ ^{brought off} did some nimble work ^{up} in Klara's feelings.

"Mother, ⁴ ~~dear, I know,~~" he told her, "^{my} ~~that~~ father has made up his

~~mind, and you know? I think sometimes he is so angry at my older~~

brother that he looks at me as if ^{I am the one who is} ~~He did not go so far as to finish by~~

^{guilt.} ~~saying, "and sometimes he even mixes us up."~~

She was hardly unaware of what was going on ^{now} ~~There were~~
times when she, too, felt the beginnings of ~~one more indigestible anger,~~
particularly when the whistle became a needle in her own ears.

"You must never say that your father is wrong," she always ^{said} ~~began.~~

Adi's ~~[word missing eyes?] always clouded at this, but such~~
gloom ~~which he could call upon in an instant no longer left her full of~~
~~fear for him. To the contrary. She could feel how the~~
~~exchanges as a ritual, even as she did.~~

always often
 She would enter into ~~the same speech, give a few words here or there,~~

~~that she gave Adi~~ every time he approached. "Yes," she repeated, "you

nah
 must ~~never~~ say that your father can be wrong."

"But what happens if he is?"

4
 "That can occur. ~~Very seldom, but that can occur.~~ He does not mean

to be wrong, but perhaps he makes a mistake. *that could be it*

"What if he is very wrong?"

"Oh, *always," she nodded. He*
 "I can tell you. It will not remain that way. *A beautiful moment can*
did not know if she had said what she said next, but she said it
"He is a good father. A good father always
realizes sooner or later that *(maybe)*
 even come when the father realizes that what he is asking for goes in the
 wrong direction." *She nodded again as if to*
he like her, a little better. *said*
 wrong direction. "That is a beautiful moment," she repeated, "when the
that he, too, can be wrong."
 father recognizes ~~that~~ She put her hand to the boy's face as if to cool the

fever in his cheeks. "Yes," she said, "he hears his own commands and

realizes they are not correct. So, ^{the father} ~~he~~ changes."

"He does."

"Absolutely. He changes." She spoke as if this had happened

^{in the past} ~~already~~, "He changes," she repeated for the third time, "and now there is

order in what he says, ^{now} ~~and~~ it all goes in the right direction."

The boy understood ^{the boy} ~~by~~ his way of comprehension. His father was ~~understand that the father was almost always~~ ^{always wrong, pure wrong all the way,} ~~wrong.~~

"No," she said as if she had heard his thoughts, "he is ready to

change. And ^{now} ~~when~~ he ^{speaks} ~~begins~~ his orders, it is so good, it is ^{so much} ~~so~~ in

the right direction. Do you know why?"

"No. I don't ["] ~~know why.~~"

~~First that you would never~~
 "It is because you had decided ~~never to~~ cause him confusion." ~~Now~~

~~She~~ ^{as if to cool them} held Adi by the waist and looked into his eyes ~~until they did not seem to~~
~~so they would not~~ ^{His eyes were like her own,}
 burn any longer, ~~but were almost as quiet as the blue of their color~~ ^{how}

~~How~~ ^{she thought} much alike ~~were~~ the eyes of the boy and his mother! "Yes, ~~now~~ ^{it is best when} there is no

~~there is no~~ ^{can be} confusion in the father. He ~~is~~ ^{is} happy because ~~all is clear and~~ you have never

~~And you~~ accused him of anything. ~~You~~ must never accuse your father, ~~that~~ would

make him ill. That would cause him to feel ~~weiblich~~ ^{weiblich}. For him to feel weak

is bad. You must not expect him to admit any weakness to others."

Book 5 email cc chs 16-18 3/17/05

Cribber for HP 722-733

722

It is because you are ~~the one who decided I was~~ ~~that that you would never~~
~~"It is because you had decided never to accuse him of anything."~~ Now
 You told yourself that you would never ~~accuse~~
 him of anything because he is your father.
 She held Adi by the waist and looked into his eyes until they did not seem to

so they would not. Her eyes were like her own,
 burn any longer, but were almost as quiet as the blue of their color how

How ~~she thought~~ much alike were the eyes of the boy and his mother! "Yes, now there is no

there is no) ~~can be~~ confusion in the father. He is happy because all is clear and you have never

And you accused him of anything. You must never accuse your father, that would

make him ill. That would cause him to feel weiblich. For him to feel weak

is bad. You must not expect him to admit any weakness to others."

It was at this point that she gave him the one pleasurable presentation that she possessed. It was ~~an~~ chre-fucht. To honor and to fear, she explained the importance

(123)

of those words. They had been imparted to her by Johanna ~~the~~ her mother, had used them in relation to Johann Pöckl. He was, she at last said to Klara, a hard-working but very capable farmer, was all in the family line — and yet she had always treated him with ehre-facht as if he were an important and successful man. "That is what my mother taught me, and I now tell it to you. 'The word of the father has to be the law of the family.'"

She said this with such solemnity and such certainty that the boy felt it enter him as a source of strength. Yes, some day he would leave a family and all who were in it would honor him and fear him. (And his need to urinate which always afflicted him in these years whenever he felt held large and magnificent thoughts about himself, now spoke to him in joy, and so there was a moment in his mother's persuasion when he almost had an accident, but did not, ~~not~~ — not if he was to be able to

in the future to the endorsement of
honor and the fear of others

(127)

"Yes," she said to the son "one word of
the father has to be law. Right or wrong,
one must not argue with the father's
word and cause confusion. One must
obey him. For the good of the family.

So, the father is always right. Right
or wrong. Ali, your father is always
right. He has to be. ~~At~~ ~~Othman~~ ~~is~~
- ~~is~~ is confusion.

Now, she referred to Alvar Senior
"He did not have elver sucht," she said

"You must promise me that that will
never be said of you. Because now
you are the oldest brother, you
are important, the boy who was your
brother is as good as dead."

Ali was perspiring. His entire
body was wet. He might as well
have been illumined by holy light.
Just so complete was the importance
of this sentiment. I entered his
thought long enough to tell him,
"Your mother is right. You are
now the oldest brother. The

Younger one, must now honor
and respect you."

(125)

Yes, Adi understood ~~that~~, and ~~that~~
~~now~~ I worked upon its ~~soothing~~
in his mind, until it became more
than a mental ~~regiment~~, closer indeed
to a faith-paved ~~street~~, ready for
every full mental troffer. On
many a night I laid again the
sorrow of Clois - Junior from
the family! Clois or dead, he was
now recognizable, for practical
purposes, to be as good.

Clois ^{again!} (yes, of you - small and
here. A little later, in ~~the~~ December,
he wrote a new will where

stipulated that ~~some~~ following
the spirit of the letter, death, then
of ~~the~~ ~~the~~ would was to receive no more
than the minimum permitted by law.

"The smaller the better," he added
to the language of the will. And that
since the act of drawing up a will
renewed all of the ~~feeling~~, ~~the~~
long-departed sense of proper

Contractual and official
procedure, he added these words, (The
"but this is stated in full recognition
of the seriousness of such an act by
a father." In my years as a ~~business~~
Chief Customs Officer for the Crown,
long stationed at Hong Kong, I was aware
that I become used to the finality
that ~~is~~ must always be seriously
attached to such grave decisions."

Whereupon, having completed
this ~~country~~ bill draft in the
re-writing of his will, he walked
for Aoki, and read ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~portland~~
aloud to him.

~~It was~~

19.

27

Part of his decision had come from the fact that he was able to sell the farm. The connection ~~with~~ a Guyer came from Hagerlofer, the man who ran the local store and had once wanted to purchase their home. He had given the right advice to Ben.

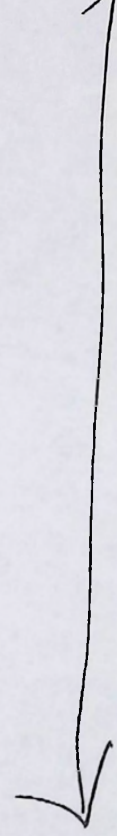
"Dear Frau Hitler, "he had said,
"You must all yearn for its good
look. Is that not especially your
husband bought it in the best
place?"

"I will not say that can take nature,"
said K'lar. (^{this} But as far as they would
^{come to} ~~under~~ flink with Herr Hagerhofer.)

"Yes," he said, "it is good ^{enough} to
recognize this, because ~~that is why~~
~~you~~ now you will be able to tell it
to people who are less experienced
at ferreting than ourselves, but" — he
~~had~~ held up his finger — "more well-to-do
not so? You must just have the
patience to wait until one of them
comes along. When he does, send him to
me. I will be your friend. I will
know how to answer all questions that
come up."

I could see that Klam and Hapgood
were both favored by the judges, and

(129)
so it did come to pass, the wholly
house-hunter moved into the look
of the house and the person knew even
less about the pit falls than Alois,
and the sale took place. If the price
~~prevented~~ ^{prevented} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~prevented~~ ^{prevented} profit, neither
did Alois suffer the loss he feared.
The finality of the transfer, however,



129

~~He had seen the~~

Part of ~~the~~ the decision had
 come from the fact that he was finally
 able to sell the farm. If the price
 did not present a profit, neither
 was he suffering the loss he feared.
 The finality of the transfer, however,

and the continuation of what was
 lay now a silence so palpable
 from Alvin - Junior, commenced him
 that the end of his dream to have a
 farm might just as well coincide
 with the termination of any last
 hopes he could still delude himself
 that his oldest son would yet
 bring him some pride. No, it was
 now up to Alvin. He was not nearly
 so little or stronger, Alvin Junior,
 not nearly so good-looking, but
 bright perhaps, and so obedient.
 Even the impulse to tolerate Alvin
 had become a pleasure.

He wrote he would not change ~~the~~ ⁽¹³⁰⁾
 again in his sentiments concerning
 the ferry he did keep the equivalent of
 an old photograph in his heart. There
 still were nights when Clair would
 sit out on the oak bench and muse
 again over the slightly ^{characteristic} separation
 of the lamp with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the}
 box he had built himself compared
 to the two he had bought, and he would
 pat the seat of the wood bench as if
 to recall the sound of the sleep he
 used to give the box in the old days
 to stir up his kees.

That is all for Waford except
 that Angela was missing Clair - I mean.
~~She was not at the office that~~
 She knew he would not come early
 and so he developed onto her own
 model of a romantic figure. He had
 looked so handsome upon Whelan.
 It soon felt safe now for her
 to begin to play at the most modest
 edge of a far fantasy about him.

She never let them go too far. (Once in awhile he would disengage ^{himself} from the house and his ~~key~~ ^{key}, but the mind once embarked on a fantasy can betray the exploration itself and so before long Angela began to feel rage so intense she would think of the girls that her young Alvin used to see there every woman in that class just about her level whose was always smiling at her now, as if she, this girl knew something special and maybe Angela did as well.

After the family moved back to a ~~house~~ ^{house} on the outskirts of L. ing, Angela had a room to herself, and things carefully hidden from everyone else, was a ^{can stand} photograph ~~and~~ ^{can stand} photographs had taken of young Alvin in the course of photographing all the members of the family together as well as a single specimen of each of them standing separately.

Angela had stolen their picture from Alvin during the time that he used to

teacher for being afraid to mount ~~the~~ T32
 when, and she had sworn to learn on
 an imaginary slash of Hitler's ~~plaster~~
 didn't exist for one moment in her
 mind that she had just seen what
 had happened to his ^{other} picture of himself.
 (He was suffering completely and he
 had lost a large gold watch.)

Cengela could not have been more
 secretive if the photo had been an
 early pornographic print (which
 indeed she would not have been able
 to catch). I mention this small
 breath of the carnal that she goes
 to bequeathed to the fading brown
 portrait of Alois only because three
 decades later, in 1957, her daughter
 Ali, a young and nicely kept young
 blond beauty would be entertained
 publicly ~~on a stage~~ by Alois
 Hitler on many a night in Munich,
 at the opera or in the fine restaurant
 he was beginning to attack, and later
 the facts are yet to be related, it
 was not long before Cengela began
 to have an affair in Munich with her

By the time ~~and before~~ it was over, with 133
 his death (by murder or suicide - never
 quite established altogether legally
 which) by Adolf Hitler, a serious
 politician, much to be reckoned with
 in Germany in 1927, had to go through
 some of the worst weeks of his life
 because she had been the love of
 his life.

That is so far down the road,
 history for those who have lived
 it in ~~so~~ many places or ~~regions~~
 it is not always recalled or remembered.
 Sometimes it can seem no more
 than the ~~the~~ length of the road.
 I no longer know whether I can
 recommend the life of a devil
 to any of the would-be aspirants.

(end of Book V)

-16-

A letter came in August from Alois-Junior, after which they ~~never~~ ^{did not} heard from him again. His father did learn in the course of a trip to Linz that the boy had sold Uhlan to a horse-trader for ~~little more than~~ ^{something} half of ~~the~~ ^{the steel's} value, which was enough for young Alois to travel on to Vienna ^{and live} ~~where~~. ^{for some time until} (presumably, he found work. Beyond that, they learned nothing.

On many a late afternoon, Alois-Senior would walk down the trail ^{must have been} that ~~had to be~~ used by Junior when he set out that night on the road to Linz, ^{and} Senior would come to an old stump, now his favorite seat in the forest,

and there he would listen to the birds and the insects, ^{or} and the occasional sound of a small animal.

At rest on the amputated remains of what ^{once} had been a fine oak, he would mourn the bees he had lost, while proceeding to misremember ~~some~~ ^{order of / in order to} of the events, but he did enjoy the fantasy ^{he created} for himself. This ^{offered the assumption} that he had come back on Sunday night in time to chase the boy ^{and the horse} through the woods, ^{and} he had run after them, ^{he} and had run ^{he had} until he was brought to a halt ^{by his} just this side of a heart, attack.

For that matter, ^{his} ongoing grief on these occasions, as well as the stirring of the live coals of his rage ^{at Junior} did come close to over-^{even used} working his heart. ^{on these later occasions,} Yet before he would allow his lungs to become too congested, he would cease this imaginary race. That was also part of a long summer of mourning for all he could name as lost, and ^{they} ~~what~~ ^{is} at the core of mourning that finds no rest, he was ^{also able to} grieve even more for what he could not quite name. ^{that the latter is so} ^{often in the gravamen of mourning that finds no} ^{rest.} So the summer passed. He hired a man to assist Klara, Angela and himself in mowing their pastures. He baled the cuttings ^{for} ~~to~~ and

^{such have} sold the forage in Fischlham. ^{Alas,} The fact that he had no worries concerning
^{until that} his hives ^{by} became a species of worry ⁱⁿ itself. There was a hollow he could
^{bodies} locate in his lungs, a sense of absence. No fear now of swarming, no
^{how much} calculations to be made ^{for we colonies} of after-season feeding ^{for} the bees, nor when to
 store the empty combs for winter, no further examinations of the health of
^{hives} the colonies, no further estimates as to how many old bees had died but ^{had} not ^{yet}
 been replaced by ^{new-born} young ones, no tremors at the thought of mouse invasions,
 no need to consider netting to keep birds away, nor any need to weigh the
^{buckets} ~~hives~~, no more ponderings on whether enough pollen had been collected by
^{foragers} the ~~worker bees~~ to provide sufficient protein through the winter, and no
 Queen to locate. There were not even any Langstroth ~~boxes~~ to repaint, nor
 weight-records to be brought up to date. He was done with ~~all of~~ that. Yet,
^{did leave} these worries ~~had not quite left~~ him completely.

Sitting by the stump, Alois could hardly admit it to himself, but there
 came an afternoon by the end of summer when the more caustic tastes of his
 mourning finally gurgled down ^{that} some unnamed vent of the mind where long-
^{are} held useless feelings ~~can be~~ drained. He actually said to himself, "I am

relieved that I do not have to worry about my bees any more. I loved them, but their loss is not my fault."

At this juncture, I
~~And as for my turn, I now~~ *the* did not have to pay daily attention to ~~this~~
the family. They would be in Hafeld until they left. I hardly ~~care~~ *was concerned,* (As devils,
humans under
 one of our developed instincts is to know when the ~~subjects of~~ our study are
 ready to change at a good rate, and when they are relatively inert.

In truth, that is how we measure Time. Except for those occasions when the Maestro assigns us to intense activities, to dramatic arenas where history can be shaped, as was true, of course, at the Coronation of Nicholas II ~~and on~~ *or at* Khodynskoe Field, we live reflexively. Time does not come to us by way of days or weeks or seasons. Rather, we feel Time as the sum of the ~~episodes~~ *episodes* problems ~~aroused~~ by our clients. While I cannot speak with whole authority on the expenditure and regeneration of energy which humans ~~know~~ *experience* it is true that we, too, can be in need of fallow periods. So ~~this~~ *their quiet* summer with the ~~Hitlers of Hafeld~~ *for me* went by like a passage of sleep. I tended more to other clients, and if I pondered the nature of our Time, ~~it seemed to me altogether~~ *(as opposed to human time)* free ~~of resemblance~~ *ours was* to such units as hours or days. Rather, it was ~~analogous~~ *more* *resemblance* to a sculpture-garden of objects and spaces, palls and presences.



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Alois, for example, was living in the pall of a long and lackluster meditation.

He was worrying to a modest degree (modest for Alois!) about the value of the farm. If he were to sell it, could the price ^{match} ~~equal~~ what he had paid? Or would a potential buyer recognize the beginnings of neglect? That became the ~~new~~ focus of his attention. Nothing, ^{he} ~~is~~ decided, is more subtle at the onset than the beginnings of neglect. While he did feel more relaxed than he had in many a year, it had to nag at him that he was leaving all too many chores to the women—certainly those which did not call for a man's strength. He ~~certainly~~ did nothing with the chickens or the vegetable garden. He thought of buying a new dog; instead, he examined the paint on poor dead Spartancr's dog house ^{as if, already, it was about to} ~~for it, too, might yet peel and buckle~~ in the summer heat.

They did not need a dog. With young Alois gone, there was no need to entertain ^{any more} ~~these~~ fears of an irate father in the neighborhood. No parent of Grcta-Marie Schmidt was likely to appear on ^{the} ~~his~~ doorstep—he could give thanks that that particular young lady was not pregnant, for if she were, he ^{by now have known} ~~would have been told~~ all about it. And the smuggler who lived on the other

side of Fischlham hardly ^{entered} ~~entered~~ his thoughts. Given the absence of Alois-Junior, he, too, seemed far away.

Senior's real worry was that he might become habituated to idleness.

Idleness itself! Even a few minutes spent in doing nothing at all, had once been guaranteed to excite his annoyance. Now, he felt ^{himself becoming} a little too satisfied, ~~by~~ ^{contented at the sight of} a curl of cigar-smoke or the nonchalant drift of a cloud.

Such peace ^{he could get} was going to prove expensive. A farm that was not worked—no matter how tidy one kept the house and the yard—might never look right ^{at all} to a potential buyer. ^{Couldn't such a fellow} ~~Would he not~~ be feeling the mute reproach of the fields? A small part of Alois ^{still} ~~still felt as if he~~ was running uphill in his sleep.

The economic facts (which he calculated over and over on separate pieces of paper using separate stubs of pencil) was that no matter how observant he and Klara might be with expenses—and they were!—sooner or later, they would have ^{be obliged each quarter} to spend more than his pension.

Or, he could go to some extreme lengths ^{of thrift.} There might come a time when he would ^{have to decide that it cost too much} ~~count what it would cost~~ to go to that miserable tavern in

Fischlham. That would double every indignity. How much he was missing

There at least
 Linz where you could find a tavern or two with intelligent people. *what if* Yes, they
all came down to us that they
 must sell the farm.

There days the
 He knew it would not happen quickly. The less work one did, the
seemed to take *got* *Moreover, very much*
 more time it took, *yes* for anything to be done. And now, even against his
an ingenious
 will, he was beginning to feel remorse about Alois-Junior. What a powerful
unbearable *was like* *scized*
 emotion! It felt equal to an incoming tide that hobbled one's legs. Was it
 incumbent upon him as a father to forgive his son? *Yes, what if* Alois-
 Junior was also full of remorse? He could not bear the thought of the boy
 alone in a poor room. Would he be sitting on a mean little cot, his eyes full
sadness?
 of tears?

Like an amputated arm whose nerve-endings are still alive in one's
 shoulder-socket, Alois-Senior began to think again of Hitler and Sons,
 Apian Products. Because he could invest no essential belief in *the* that notion,
perverse
 the thought was sweeter than before. It might be unrealistic, but it did feel
 pure.

and could identify
 He even brought it up with Klara. If she had felt at a good distance
her husband
 from him all summer, if she could not forgive him for being such a helpless
 drunk on that terrible night when he came home too late from Fischlham to

prevent the destruction of the hives, nonetheless, her sense of duty still prevailed. "If you want him back, if you truly want him back, I will not stand in the way." ^{*That was what she said*} That was what she obliged herself to tell him. She even ^{*because her*} ^{*felt*} felt a sense of shame. Her secret hope was that they would not be able to find him.

The ground for ^{*future*} ~~such~~ drama as his return did not develop. A letter without a return address came a few days later from Vienna. It was a vile letter. "You killed my mother." The phrase was repeated several times. Then, the letter declared that the son would yet be famous, and the father would twist in his grave.

Alois could not believe what he read. The rest was worse. "You were a terrible farmer, and the reason is clear. You are, as I happen to know, half-Jewish. No wonder you cannot be a farmer." And there were so many misspellings in the letter that out of a sense of shame for his son, Alois-Senior had to write it out all over again before he ^{*felt able to*} would show it to Klara. ^{*As he wrote*} ~~In the act,~~ his hand shook so badly that the arthritis which would later bind the movements of his fingers made an early appearance on this day.

(redact copy the letters)
 He had to ~~do it~~, however. The original letter (with its ink blots and errors of syntax) was too *abominable to look at* ~~shameful to show~~. The boy had always been able to speak so well. How could he have no embarrassment about these

crudities?

Nonetheless, he had to show the words, at least.
 But ~~show the words to Klara, he must~~. Alois-Junior could only have

received such ideas by listening to Johann Poelzl. That old pious hypocrite!

How he must have gossiped to the boy!

Klara, however, kept the discussions well away from ~~that~~ *the* subject *of her legal father, Johann Poelzl.*

She only said, "I did not mind the thought so much. Maybe I did think that *was your reason for not going to church,*
 was why you would not go to church."

He was indignant

"It did not bother you to think you had a husband who was half-Jewish?"

"Alois, you *have* always said that a man who hates Jews is uncultured. So, I knew. It is not very appropriate to hate Jews. It is a sign of ignorance."

"But that does not make me Jewish."

He had a headache, sudden and fierce. Old memories of the earliest taunts at school now came back. When he was six years old. Of course. That had been the talk in Strones and in Spital.

"It never bothered you to think I was half-Jewish?" he said again.

"Alo. I was too"

"~~I~~ worried about the children. I wanted them to be able to live." She

could not keep her eyes from watering—not with such recollections at the

root of her tear-ducts. "So I was glad to think you were half-Jewish. I

thought maybe that could ^{*give a little*} make fresh blood for our Adolf and our Edmund and Paula."

"But I am not at all Jewish," he said. "We must be clear about this.

Old Johann Nepomuk once told me who I am. I am his son. I am your real uncle, yes."

"He told you? He said such words?" She knew her grandfather

Johann Nepomuk well enough to understand that he could never utter such

~~words in such a way.~~ *Not directly in such a way — so directly!*

"Oh,"

~~"No,"~~ said Alois, ^{*"*}he suggested this information to me. He did ~~say~~ ^{*state*}

that he knew who my father was. And then he said, 'This man was not

Jewish.' He did not have to say more. It was so clear. There was only one

way he could know. So, that was that. The next time a boy called me a Jew,

I smashed him in the nose and broke his nose for him. ^{*That was one boy who*} ~~He~~ was left with an

ugly mug." Alois began to laugh at the recollection. Then he laughed even

more as if to signify that he was not heartsick. "And all these years you thought the opposite."

She nodded. She hardly knew whether she was relieved or disappointed. ⁹⁴ There had always ^{Q11} been a sneaky excitement that she had a man with such blood. Jews did forbidden things. Maybe Alois and she had even done those forbidden things. And Jews were intelligent. So she had heard. Now, she was truly confused.

Alois, thinking of ~~her legal father~~, Johann Poelzl, could have boiled the old bird for soup.

-17-

(some hundreds of pages back)
 The reader may recall that ^{did} when I first presented myself as the
 narrator of this novel, I ^{And,} appeared as an SS man. Indeed, I was. For that
 period in the late Thirties, I had invested myself completely in a particular
such follow-up bona fide SS officer.

During that period I lived and functioned within Dieter. At a price.
 We do not ^{engage? Sell} enter in total investitures unless the stakes ^{(For the} can justify it. ^{during such a period} The
 cost is that one must sacrifice temporarily ^{(One's power, of necessity, becomes circumscribed,} all the riches of living in the
 consciousness of many lives at once. ^{reduced to} To the contrary, one dwells in a
 second species of embodiment. One is the virtual equal of a human.
 Indeed, we might even feel human ^{for the care of our} in many a way but the core of one's

^{did not}
 motivation ~~remains~~ demonic (which requires constant attention to one's
 skills of concealment.)

So, as Dieter—the last name is of no importance by now—I made the
 inquiries in Graz that I described earlier and discovered eventually that the
 true father of Alois was indeed Johann Nepomuk.

I had to accomplish that, however, without being able to use all that I
 had learned in 1896, or ^{before} ~~earlier~~.

That restriction thrusts us right back into the mysteries of Time as we
 see and employ it. We live in Time rather than with time (note ^{repetition of} the lower
 case!) ^{which take on} as humans ~~see it~~ through the movement of a clock. One of the
 Maestro's favorite maxims ^{declares; "Absolute"} tells us: "Ignore human time, and Chaos can be
 ordered." That is to say that our Time can be worked, can be malleable,
^{can even be made; I will soon explain}
~~even~~ interchangeable, provided that our powers of memory are sequestered.

If this were not so, the complications we initiated ^{from the beginning} would beset us. If
 I, for example, living as Dieter, had been aware ^{of the earlier actual} events
 in Strones and Spital, I would have been overstuffed with information. The
 letter that came in from the son of Alois- Junior to Adolf Hitler would have
 presented no problem ~~to me~~ in and of itself. I would have known that Hitler

was not Jewish in any part. But what an insuperable problem it would have presented ~~to soon as~~ created ~~once I tried to explain to Heinrich Himmler how I had discovered~~ what I knew.

~~Some indeterminate time ago~~
 Far back I believe the Maestro came to a conclusion that he must quarantine the memories of his devils if he wished to keep order in his ~~portion~~ ^{quarter} of the universe. Be it said, this deprivation is not altogether so ~~wholly~~ restrictive as it sounds. On my own, working as Dieter, I was, in fact, able to discover what I had learned already.

Since devils like myself have instincts that reach far beyond even the best of human intuitions, I would warrant that the memories we are not permitted to recall are there nonetheless for us to tap into (to use the American expression.) ~~So they can serve as unconscious guides to our instincts.~~ ^{are there to}

I have bothered to go into this condign matter ~~for precisely the reason~~ ^{because} ~~that this~~ ^{the} question whether Jewish blood was present in Alois-Senior has now presented itself in two wholly separate situations almost four decades apart.

When that happens, we feel an impact. It is as if we are being attacked by the ligaments of Time—as if we are in two places at once. The shock to our system is analogous to an ugly sprain, ^{and the} The pain is sufficiently acute to distance ourselves from whichever element of Time ^{is not necessarily} presses ~~less~~ immediately on our purpose.

I can assure the reader, therefore, that I paid my quick farewells to Dieter, to Heinrich Himmler, and to the record books in the city of Graz, and went back ~~in considerable haste~~ to the bedroom of Alois and Klara in Hafeld.

Alois was in a fury. His rage at Johann Poelzl would soon subside into what would be no less than a lifelong grudge—his spirits would lift ^{on the} ~~day that~~ when Poelzl died—but ^{his} the edge of this fury ~~remained~~ against Alois-Junior ^{was quick again} Senior was, indeed, in the midst of such an inner storm that he could not sleep in the same bed with Klara. For the first time in all the years that they had spent side by side in the dark, he had to get up on this night, dress, pace the floor, try to sleep on the couch, try to sleep on the floor, and succeeded, of course, in keeping both of them awake.

~~Of course~~, Klara ^{knew she} had to pay directly. "Don't say a word," she told herself, "do not touch this subject ever again."

While I cannot speak with the assured sense of medical authority of those devils who were assigned by the Maestro to medical school and internship, I will say it is possible that the cancer which was to end Klara's life in 1908 could have taken a determining leap forward on this miserable night.

Too much had happened to her at once. She had lost a profound idea. Because of her certainty that her children with Alois were one-quarter Jewish, she believed that the last three born had actually been provided with more opportunity to stay alive. If she had one notion about Jews, (and she could not really say she had ever met one other than Alois) it was that no matter what their faults might be, and she had heard the most awful stories from friends, relatives, storekeepers, the truth was also obvious—these Jews knew how to survive. To be so disliked, yet still be among the living! Klara had always been impressed, therefore (in absolute privacy with herself—whom could she talk to about this?) that she was with a half-

Jewish man and they did have three living children, saved in good part by their Jewish blood.

She was not one to allow herself to be bothered by niceties of logic. If Gustav, and Ida, and Otto had all died much too soon, she could attribute it to her side of the family. But Adolf had survived, and then Edmund and Paula (over whose ^{health} ~~sleep~~ she prayed every night.)

Now, her confidence was breached. If the three remaining children continued to live, it would not be because ^{of some} ~~through the support of~~ an historic preservative in their veins. ^{they would have no such advantage}

A large reason not to sleep. What was worse ^{she had to feel} ~~was~~ a keen sense of her cowardice. How could she have accepted the idea that Alois-Junior should be invited back? Lying there, listening to Alois-Senior making ^{all those} ~~his~~ moves back and forth, ^{thumping} ~~slamming~~ the floor with his body as he lay down, then slamming it again with his fists, she was certainly able to feel her own rage, and ~~it~~ was shocking to her. She could not believe what she was telling herself. If it were possible and wholly without consequences, yes, she, too, could kill ~~someone like~~ Alois-Junior. Only, she knew she could not. She would not ever. And the fury of repelling such a fury in herself lived in her

heart—which is to say, in her breast—but with such force and such detestation that, yes, it is possible—this could have been the night when the breast cancer which would yet burn with hell's pains in her chest, might have begun. If it were crucial to know, I would have consulted one or another passing demon of a doctor I knew, but, to repeat, we do not ~~exist~~ ^{request} any disbursements on Time merely to satisfy a whim.

I prefer to take us back to Alois.

The immensity of his rage on this night was that he had betrayed himself. And in the worst manner. The joys of rage (which are too infrequently considered) offer the same nourishing sense of self-righteousness that is available on regular occasions to the most hypocritical of church-goers. The core of such pleasure is never to be angry at oneself, only at others. Yet, here, on this night, Alois could not escape himself—he was infuriated with his own deeds ^{more at himself even than} ~~even more than~~ at Poelzl or Junior, indeed, ^{this} ~~his~~ ^{inner} ~~his~~ ^{to the (timings of his)} ~~his~~ ^{flesh} rage at himself was caustic.

If Junior had turned out badly, it was his fault, his fault alone. By such a light, he was the worst of human beings, a father who was weak. How despicable! He had spent his life obeying orders, and then enforcing

them in the Customs Service, he had revered Franz-Josef, a gallant, great, and good king whose first virtues were hard work and discipline. He had ~~constructed~~ ^{put together} his sense of his own nature as a private homage to Franz-Josef.

If he had ever had the good fortune to be on duty during some near-miraculous occasion when the Emperor might visit, how he would hope that the good king might recognize what a fine influence ~~he~~ ^{his majesty} had had at least on one Customs Officer.

But he had imparted none of that sense of respect to Alois-Junior. ~~He~~ ^{was} ~~it because he~~ ^{had} felt too guilty about the boy's mother. [?] Yes, he had treated Fanni badly, so badly that he could not be stern with the offspring. There had been a lack of discipline in himself which could only be described as unforgiveable.

It took every hour of darkness ~~that night~~ for his rage to cool. It was not until the first ~~light~~ ^{rays} of morning—a dim light that came with shrouds of rain at dawn—that he was able to speak from one part of his mind to the other and so issue a few orders on what his future conduct with Adi must now be. He was not going to make the same mistakes he had allowed with Junior.

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 Double-triple

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Now, whenever he wished to bring Adi to his side, Alois would whistle. It was a fine drill of a whistle, sharp enough to hurt the ear ^{when} heard up close, ~~was not long~~ Sometimes, Adi was on the other side of the hill, ~~but~~ the intensity ^{than the whistle} ~~was not~~ reduced if the boy was within arm's reach. Alois still whistled. It became a command as ~~effective and~~ ^a cruel as ~~using~~ ^{had become} a whip. In the tavern, Alois was now ~~fond~~ of saying, "Never let go of the whip when you raise a boy. I speak from experience."

More than once, Alois said to Adi, "I wasted time and sacrifice on my oldest son. You, Adolf, had better not waste my time."

father recognizes that he, too, can be wrong." She put her hand to the boy's face as if to cool the fever in his cheeks. "Yes," she said, "he hears his own ~~commands~~ ^{words} and realizes ~~they~~ ^{that} they are not correct. So, ~~the~~ ^{he} father changes."

"He does."

"Absolutely. ~~He~~ ^{The Father} changes." She spoke as if this had happened in the past. "He changes," she repeated for the third time, "and now there is order ^{best} in what he says. Now, it all goes in the right direction."

By his way of comprehension, the boy ^{decided} understood that the father was always wrong, ~~and he did not know what she was saying.~~

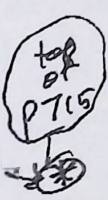
"No," she said, as if she had heard his thoughts, "he is ready to ^{Once that happens it can all go} change. Now when he speaks, it is so good, it goes very much in the right direction. Do you know why?"

"No. ~~I don't.~~"

"It is because you ^{were able to tell yourself} are the one who ~~decided~~ first. You told yourself

^(You would not) that you would never cause him confusion, because he is your father." She

held Adi by the waist and looked into his eyes as if ^{he could} to cool them, ~~so they~~

^{and then they} would not burn any longer. His eyes were like her own. How much alike, 

she thought ^{the} were the eyes of the boy and his mother. "Yes, is best when ^{yes,} she now said, "it is best when

there is no confusion in the father. He can be happy. Because you have never

accused him of anything. And you must never accuse your father. That

would make him ill. That would cause him to feel weiblich. For him to feel

weak is bad. You must not expect him to admit any weakness to others.

It was at this point that she gave him the one philosophical

teaching that she possessed. It was chre-fucht. To honor and to fear.

She explained the importance of these words. They had been imparted to

her by Johanna. Her mother had used them in relation to Johann Poelzl. He

was, she all but said to Klara, a hard-working but very unlucky farmer—as

all in the family knew—and yet she had always treated him with chre-fucht

as if he were an important and successful man. "That is what my mother

she thought were the eyes of the boy and his mother. Klara had been the only one in the family to see that. And she was the only one that could be spoken to as if he were a man or a woman.

Poelzl

taught me, and I now tell it to you. The word of the father has to be the law of the family."

She said this with such solemnity and such certainty that the boy felt it enter him as a source of strength. Yes, some day he would have a family and all who were in it would honor him and ^{they would} fear him. ^{At this} (And his need to

^{point his heel to} urinate ^{young} (which always afflicted him in these years whenever he held large

and magnificent thoughts about himself) now spoke to his groin, and there was a moment ^{during} in his mother's peroration when he almost had an accident,

but did not—not if he was to be entitled in the future to the endowments of ^{for himself and fear felt by} honor and the fear of (others.)

"Yes," she said to her son, "the word of the father has to be law.

Right or wrong, one must ^{never} not argue with the father's word and cause

~~confusion~~ One must obey him. For the good of the family. So, the father
is always right. Right or wrong, ^{the} ~~Adi~~ ^{your} father is always right. He has to
be. Otherwise, all is confusion."

Now, she referred to Alois-Junior. "He did not have ehre-fucht," she
said. "You must promise me that that will never be said of you. Because,
now, you are the oldest brother. You are important. The boy who was your
brother is as good as dead."

^{wet} ~~Adi was perspiring~~ His entire body was wet. ^{this perspiration might} ~~He might~~ as well have

been illumined by holy light. Just so complete was the importance of this
sentiment. I entered his thoughts long enough to tell him, "Your mother is
^{correct} ~~right~~ You are now the oldest brother. The younger ones must now honor
and respect you."

Yes, Adi understood, and I ~~now~~ worked upon his mind, until it

became ~~more than~~ a mental certainty, ^{the equal of} closer, indeed, to a paved street ^{in the} ready

^{mind, ready} for full mental traffic. On many a night I ^{told him again that} laid again the severance of Alois-

^{was forever separated} Junior from the family. ^{At live or dead, it} he was now recognizable, for ^{no longer mattered} practical purposes, to be as good.

Alois-Senior was of no small aid ^{to me} here. ^{By} Somewhat later, in December,

he wrote a new will, ⁱⁿ which stipulated that following the event of the father's

death, the son named ^{Alois} was to receive no more of the estate than the minimum

proscribed by law. "The smaller the better," he added, ^{to the} language of the

~~will~~ And then, ^{Senior's} since the act of drawing up a will re-engaged all of the

father's long-developed sense of proper contractual and official procedure,

^{also} he added these words: "and this is stated in the full recognition of the

seriousness of such an act by a father. In my years as a Chief Customs
Officer for the Crown, I warrant that I became ~~used to~~ ^{most familiar with} the finality that must
always be seriously attached to such ~~grave~~ ^{grave} decisions."

Whereupon, having completed the ~~full draft in the~~ ^{draft} re-writing of his
will, he whistled for Adi and read portions aloud to him.

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Part of his decision had come from the fact that he had been able to
sell the farm. The connection to a buyer came from Mayerhofer, the man
who ran the local store and had once wanted to purchase their honey. ^{Mayerhofer} He
^{gave good} ~~had given~~ the right advice to Klara.

"Dear Frau Hitler," he had said, "you must sell your farm for its good
looks. Is that not exactly why your husband bought it in the first place?"

^{that} "I will not say ~~this~~ has to be untrue," said Klara. (This was as far as
she would come to flirting with Herr Mayerhofer.)

"Yes," he said, "it is good you recognize this ~~because~~ ^{now} you will be ^{your property} able to sell ~~it~~ to people who are less experienced at farming than yourselves,

but—" he held up a finger—"more well-to-do, not so? You must just have

the patience to wait until one of ~~them~~ ^{well-off and comfortable people} comes along. When he does, send

him to me. I will be your friend. I will know how to answer all questions

that come up."

I could see that Klara and Mayerhofer were both favored by the

Cudgels, ^{Indubly} and ~~as~~ it did come to pass. The wealthy house-hunter arrived,

loved the look of the house and the farm, knew even less about the pitfalls

than Alois, and the sale took place. If the price presented no profit, neither

did Alois suffer the loss he feared. The finality of the transfer, however,

and the continuation of what was by now a ^{wholly palpable} silence ~~so palpable~~ from Alois-

Alois-Senior live his last days on
 Junior, convinced ~~him~~ that the end of his dream to have a farm might just as

well coincide with the termination of any last hopes ~~he could still delude~~

~~himself~~ that his oldest son would yet bring him some pride. No, it was now

up to Adi. He was not nearly so lithe ^{now so} or strong as Alois-Junior, not nearly

so good-looking, but as bright, perhaps, and ^{he was} so obedient. Even the ~~impulse~~

~~stretching of his lips and~~
~~act of whistling,~~
 to whistle for him had become a pleasure.

While he would not change again in his sentiments concerning the

Alois-Senior
 farm, ~~he~~ did keep the equivalent of an old photograph in his heart. There

~~were~~ still were nights when Alois would sit out on the oak bench and muse

again on the slightly separate characteristics of the Langstroth box he had

say
 built himself ~~compared to the one he had bought~~, and he would pat the seat

of the wood bench as if to recall the sound of the slap he used to give ^{that} ~~the~~

box in the old days, to stir up his bees.

this is all that ~~was~~ remaining to be said

That is all for Hafeld except that Angela was ~~missing~~ ^{missing} Alois Junior

pinning Sasha I. the box

She knew he would not come back, and so ^{she had by now} he developed into her own model

him

of a romantic figure. He had looked so handsome upon Uhlan. ^{Since now} It even felt

it was safe, she began

safe now for her to begin to play at the most modest edge of a ^{flirtatious} few fantasies

dream

about him. She never let ^{it} ~~them~~ go too far. Once in a while, he would

so, she soon learned that

dismount from the horse and kiss her, but the mind once embarked on a

it is

fantasy can betray the explorer ~~itself~~, and so before long, Angela began to

fill up with pique and annoyance

~~feel rage~~ so soon as she would think of the girls that her young Alois used to

all

see. There was even one in the top class just above her level who was

always smiling at her now, as if she, the girl, knew something special and maybe Angela did as well.

By early spring of 1921,

~~After the family moved back to a house on the outskirts of Linz,~~

Angela had a room to herself and there, carefully hidden from everyone

else, was ^{the} a photograph an itinerant photographer had taken of young Alois

^{which}
~~in the course of~~ photographing all the members of the family together as

well as a single picture of each of them standing separately.

her brother as punishment
Angela had stolen this picture from Alois ~~during the time that he used~~

for all the times he would

then
~~to~~ tease her for being afraid to mount Uhlan, and she had sworn to him on

an imaginary stack of bibles (which didn't exist for one moment in her mind)

that she had no idea what had happened to his favorite picture of himself.

(He was suffering as completely as if he had lost a large gold watch.)

That is far down the road. History for those who have lived in it ~~is as~~

as many places as myself, is not always recalled as fascinating. Sometimes ~~it~~
the history I pass through

*(*can seem no more than the length of the road. I no longer know whether I

am ready to)

~~can~~ recommend the life of a devil to any ~~of the~~ would-be aspirants.

(end of Book V)

Angela could not have been more secretive ^{about her new living place} if the photo had been an

early pornographic print ~~(which, indeed, she would not have been able to~~

look at.) I mention this small breath of the carnal that she ^{was forced on} bequeathed to the

fading brown portrait of Alois only because three decades later, in 1927, her

daughter, Geli, a young and nicely buxom blond beauty, would be

entertained publicly by Adolf Hitler on many a night in Munich ~~at the opera~~

^{in one or another of the} ~~in~~ fine restaurants he was beginning to attend, ^{intimate} and while the facts are yet

to be related, it was not long before Adolf began to have an affair with his

^{some years later} ~~terminated for the day of~~ niece. By the time it was over with her death (by murder or suicide never

quite established) ^{now} ~~altogether legally~~ which, he, Adolf Hitler, a serious leader

^{of a Nazi party} ~~politician~~ much to be reckoned with ⁱⁿ ~~in Germany in 1927~~, had to go through

some of the worst weeks of his life ~~because~~ ^{she} had been the love of his life.

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A letter came in August from Alois-Junior, ^{that} after which they did not hear from him again. His father, ^{Alois-Senior} did learn in the course of a trip to Linz that

the boy had sold Uhlan to a horse-trader for half of the steed's value, ^{and} ~~that would have been~~ ^{was enough} for young Alois to travel on to Vienna ^{and} live for some time until, ^{time it might take to find} presumably, he found work. Beyond that, they learned nothing.

On many a late afternoon, Alois-Senior would walk down the trail ^{on that night} that must have been used by Junior when he set out ^{for} that night on the road to Linz. Senior would come to an old stump, now his favorite seat in the forest, and there he would listen to the birds ^{and the insects} or the occasional sound of a small animal.

At rest on the amputated remains of what once had been a fine oak, he would mourn the bees he had lost, ^{even as he proceeded to} while proceeding to ~~remember the~~ order of events, in order to enjoy ^{often and enjoy} the fantasy that he had come back ^{early} enough on Sunday night in time to chase the horse and boy through the woods. In his ^{kept running} mind, he had run after them, he had run and he had run until he was brought to a halt by his heart, ^{and the pangs in his lungs,}

the foragers to provide sufficient protein through the winter, and no Queen to locate. There were not even any Langstroths to repaint, nor weight records to be brought up to date. He was ~~done with that~~ ^{done with all of that} Yet, the ~~his~~ worries did not leave him completely. ^{Until they did.}

Sitting by the stump, Alois could hardly admit it to himself, but there came an afternoon by the end of summer when the more caustic tastes of his mourning finally gurgled down ~~that unnamed~~ ^{some as yet undiscovered} vent of the mind where long-~~held~~ useless feelings are drained. He actually said to himself, "I am relieved that I do not have to worry about my bees any more. I loved them, but their loss is not my fault."

At this juncture, I did not have to pay daily attention to the Hitler family. They would be in Hafeld until they left. I hardly was concerned. As ~~devils~~ ^{my?} one of ~~our~~ developed instincts is to know when the humans under ~~my~~ ^{as opposed to} study are ready to change at a good rate, ~~and~~ when they are relatively inert.

In truth, that is how we measure Time. Except for those occasions when the Maestro assigns us to intense activities, to dramatic arenas where history can be shaped, as was true, of course, at the Coronation of Nicholas

If ~~at Khodynskoe Field~~ ^{the} we live reflexively. Time does not come to us by
 way of ~~days or weeks or seasons~~ ^{experience by way of}. Rather, we feel Time as the sum of the
^{our clients} episodes ~~caused by our clients~~. While I cannot speak with whole authority
 on the expenditure and regeneration of energy which humans experience, it
 is true that we, too, can be in need of fallow periods. So ^a ~~then~~ quiet summer ^{for}
^{the other family} went by for me like a passage of sleep. I tended more to other clients, and
 if I pondered the nature of our Time (as opposed to human time), ours was
 free of such units as hours or days. Rather, it bore resemblance to a
 sculpture- garden of objects and spaces, palls and presences.

Alois, for example, was living in the pall of a long and lackluster meditation.

He was worrying to a modest degree (modest for Alois!) about the
 value of the farm. If he were to sell it, could the price match what he had
 paid? Or would a potential buyer recognize the beginnings of neglect?
 That became the focus of his attention. Nothing, he decided, is more subtle
 at the onset than the beginnings of neglect. While he did feel more relaxed
 than he had in many a year, it ^{did} ~~had to~~ nag at him that he was leaving all too
 many chores to the women—certainly those which did not call for a man's

strength. He did nothing with the chickens or the vegetable garden. He thought of buying a new dog; instead, he examined the paint on poor dead Spartaner's dog house as if ^{ready} ~~already~~ it was about to peel in the summer heat.

^(new dog in any great hurry) They did not need a ~~dog~~. With young Alois gone, there was no need to entertain any ~~such~~ ^{somehow} fears of an irate father in the neighborhood. No parent of Greta-Marie Schmidt was likely to appear on the doorstep—he could give thanks that that particular young lady was not pregnant, for if she were, he would by now have known all about it. And the smuggler who lived on the other side of Fischlham hardly entered his thoughts. Given the absence of Alois-Junior, he, too, seemed far away.

Senior's real worry was that he might become habituated to idleness. Idleness itself! Even a few minutes spent in doing nothing at all, had once been guaranteed to excite his annoyance. Now, he felt himself becoming ^{curiously} ~~little~~ too contented at the sight of a curl of cigar-smoke or the ^{long, languorous} ~~nonchalant~~ drift of a cloud.

Such peace could yet prove expensive. A farm that was not worked—no matter how tidy one kept the house and the yard—might never look right. Not to a potential buyer. Couldn't such a fellow be feeling the

mute reproach of the fields? A small part of Alois ~~was still running~~ ^{continued to run} uphill in his sleep.

The economic facts (which he calculated over and over on separate pieces of paper using separate stubs of pencil) was that no matter how observant he and Klara might be with expenses—and they were!—sooner or later, they would be obliged to spend more each quarter than his pension.

Or, he could go to some extreme lengths of thrift. There might come a time when he would have to decide that it cost too much to go to ~~that~~ ^{his} miserable tavern in Fischlham. That would double every indignity. How much he was missing Linz! There, at least, you could find a ^{drinking-place} ~~tavern~~ or two with intelligent people. What it all came down to was that they must sell the farm.

He knew it would not happen quickly. These days, the less work one did, the more time it seemed to take for anything to get done. Moreover, very much against his will, he was beginning to feel remorse about Alois-Junior. What an insidious ungovernable emotion! ~~It was like an incoming tide that seized one's legs.~~ ^{Yet what?} Was it incumbent upon him as a father to forgive his son? What if Alois-Junior was also full of remorse? He could not bear

the thought of ^{that} ~~the~~ boy alone in a poor room. Would he be sitting on a mean ~~little~~ cot, his eyes full of sadness?

Like an amputated arm whose nerve-endings are still alive in one's shoulder-socket, Alois-Senior began to think again of Hitler and Sons, Apian Products. Because he could invest no essential belief in the notion, the thought, perversely, was sweeter than before. It might be unrealistic, but it did feel pure.

He even brought it up with Klara. If she had felt at a good and considerable distance from her husband all summer, if she could not forgive him for being such a helpless drunk on that terrible night when he came home too late from Fischlham to prevent the destruction of the hives, nonetheless, her sense of duty still prevailed. "If you want him back, if you truly want him back, I will not stand in the way." That is what she said.

That was what she felt obliged to tell him. She even felt ^{guilty?} a sense of shame ^{son} because her ^{secret} hope was that they would not ~~be able to~~ find him.

~~But a~~ ^{But a} ~~secret~~ ^{secret} ~~hope~~ ^{hope} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~able~~ ^{able} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~him.~~ ^{him.}
~~The ground for future drama did not develop.~~ ^{however} A letter without a return address came a few days later from Vienna, ~~it was~~ a vile letter. "You killed my mother." The phrase was repeated several times. Then, the letter

declared that the son would yet be famous, and the father would twist in his grave.

Alois could not believe what he read. The rest was worse. "You were a terrible farmer, and the reason is clear. You are, as I happen to know, half-Jewish. No wonder you cannot be a farmer." And there were so many misspellings in the letter that out of a sense of shame for his son, Alois-Senior had to write it out all over again before he felt able to show it to Klara. As he wrote, his hand shook so badly that the arthritis which would later bind the movements of his fingers made an early appearance on this day.

~~He~~^{However, he} had to redact the letter, ~~however~~. The original (with its ink blots and errors of syntax) was too abominable to ~~look at~~^{keep}. The boy had always been able to speak so well. How could he have no embarrassment about these crudities?

Nonetheless, ~~he had to show~~^{had} the words ~~at least to~~^{be shown to} Klara. Alois-Junior could only have received such ~~ideas~~^{rank} by listening to Johann Poelzl. That old pious hypocrite! How he must have gossiped to the boy!

Klara, however, kept ~~the~~ discussion well away from the subject of her legal father, Johann Poelzl. She only said, "I did not mind the thought so much. ^{I used to} ~~Maybe I did think~~ that was your reason for not going to church."

He was indignant. "It did not bother you to ^{believe} ~~think~~ you had a husband who was half-Jewish?"

^{"How could it?"}
Alois, you have always said that a man who hates Jews is uncultured. So, I knew. It is not ~~too~~ appropriate to hate Jews. It is a sign of ignorance."

"But that does not make me Jewish."

He had a headache, sudden and fierce. Old memories of the earliest taunts at school now came back. When he was six years old. Of course. That had been the talk in Strones and in Spital.

"It never bothered you to think I was half-Jewish?" he said again.

"No. I was too worried about ^{our} ~~the~~ children. I wanted them to be able to live." She could not keep her eyes from watering—not with such recollections at the root of her tear-ducts. "So I was glad to think you were ^{no part} ~~half~~ Jewish. I thought maybe that could give a little fresh blood for our Adolf and our Edmund and Paula."

"But I am not at all Jewish," he said. "We must be clear about this. Old Johann Nepomuk once told me who I am. I am his son. I am your real uncle, yes."

"He told you? He said such words?" She knew her grandfather Johann Nepomuk well enough to understand that he could never utter such words. Not in such a way ^{not} ~~so~~ directly.

"He," said Alois, "suggested this information to me. He did state that he knew who my father was. And then he said, 'This man was not Jewish.' He did not have to say more. It was ~~so~~ clear. There was only one way he could know. So, that was that. The next time a boy called me a Jew, I smashed him in the ^{face} ~~nose~~ and broke his nose for him. That was one boy who was left with an ugly mug." Alois began to laugh at the recollection. Then he laughed even more as if to signify that he was not heartsick. "And all these years you thought the opposite?"

She nodded. She hardly knew whether she was relieved or disappointed. She had always felt a sneaky excitement that she had a man with such blood. Jews did forbidden things. Maybe Alois and she had even

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done those forbidden things. And Jews were intelligent. So, she had heard.

Now, she was truly confused.

Alois, thinking of Johann Poelzl, could have boiled the old bird for
soup.

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The reader may recall some hundreds of pages back that when I first presented myself as the narrator of this novel, I did appear as an SS man. And indeed, I was. For that period in the late Thirties, I had invested myself completely in a particular SS officer, *indeed I*

~~During that period~~ *of the time only* I lived and functioned within Dieter. At a price.

We do not engage in total investiture unless the stakes justify it. For the cost is that one must sacrifice during such a period all the *stimulation* ~~riches~~ of living in

the consciousness of many lives at once. One's power, of necessity,

by total investiture One becomes becomes diminished. ~~One is~~ the virtual equal of a human. Indeed, we

reacting humans might even ~~feel human~~ in many a way if the core of our motivation did not

remain demonic (which requires constant attention to one's skills of concealment.)

So, as Dieter, ~~the last name is of no importance by now~~ I made the inquiries in Graz that I described earlier and discovered ^{thereby} eventually that the true father of Alois was indeed Johann Nepomuk.

I had to accomplish that, however, without being able to use all that I had learned in 1896, or before.

~~It is this kind of~~
~~That restriction thrusts us right back~~ into the mysteries of Time as we
~~see and~~ employ it. ~~We~~ ^{That For us} live in Time rather than with time ^{He sort of} (note this
~~repetition of the lower case~~) ^{that} which humans take in through the movement
of a clock. ~~One of the Maestro's favorite maxims declares: "Abolish human~~
~~time, and Chaos can be ordered."~~ That is to say our Time can be worked,
^{made} can be malleable, can even ^{live in two separate periods} be made interchangeable. I will soon explain—
provided that our powers of memory are sequestered.

If this were not so, the complications ^{that} we initiate would beset us. If I, ^{then}
for example, living as Dieter, had been aware from the beginning of the
earlier actual events in Strones and Spital, I would have been overstuffied
with information. The letter that came in from the son of Alois- Junior to

Adolf Hitler would have presented no problem in and of itself. I would have known that Hitler was not Jewish. But what an insuperable problem it would have ^{given me} ~~presented~~ so soon as I tried to explain to Heinrich Himmler how I ~~had~~ discovered what I knew.

Some indeterminate Time ago, I believe the Maestro came to a conclusion that he must quarantine the memories of his devils if he wished to keep order in his quarter of the universe. Be it said, this deprivation is not so wholly restrictive as it sounds. On my own, working as Dieter, I was, in fact, able to discover what I had learned already.

Since devils like myself have instincts that reach far beyond even the best of human intuitions, I would warrant that the memories we are not permitted to recall are there nonetheless for us to tap into (to use the American expression.) ~~So~~ ^{They} are there to serve as unconscious guides to our instincts.

I have bothered to ^{appraise} ~~go into~~ this condign matter because the question whether Jewish blood was present in Alois-Senior has now presented itself in two wholly separate situations almost four decades apart.

When that happens, we feel an impact. It is as if we are being attacked by the ligaments of Time—as if we are in two places at once. The shock to our system is analogous to an ugly sprain, and the pain is sufficiently acute to distance ourselves from whichever element of Time is not pressing immediately on our purpose.

I can assure the reader, therefore, that I paid my quick farewells to

Dieter, to Heinrich Himmler, and to the record books in the city of Graz, ~~and in the full lightness of spirit itself returned~~ *and went back* to the bedroom of Alois and Klara in Hafeld.

Alois was in a fury. His rage at Johann Poelzl would soon subside into what would be no less than a lifelong grudge—his ^{heart} ~~spirits~~ would lift on the day that Poelzl died—but his fury against Alois-Junior was ~~quick again~~ *undiminished* ~~was up and racing again.~~

Senior was, indeed, in the ^{midst} of such an inner storm that he could ~~not sleep in the same~~ *stay* bed with Klara. For the first time in all the years that they had ^{lain} ~~spent~~ side by side in the dark, he had to get up on this night, dress, pace the floor, try to sleep on the couch, try to sleep on the floor, and succeeded, of course, in keeping both of them awake.

Klara knew she had to pay directly. "Don't say a word," she told herself, "do not touch this subject ever again."

While I cannot speak with the ~~assured sense of~~ *(via total investiture)* medical authority of those devils who were assigned by the Maestro to medical school and internship, I will say it is possible that the cancer which was to end Klara's life in 1908 could have taken a determining leap forward on this miserable night.

Too much had happened to her at once. She had lost ~~a profound idea~~ *possession of* ~~a long-cherished idea~~ *a* ~~Because of her certainty~~ *that* that her children with Alois were one-quarter Jewish, she believed that the last three born had actually been provided with more opportunity to stay alive. If she had one notion about Jews, (and she could not really say she had ever met one other than Alois) it was that no matter what their faults might be, and she had heard the most awful stories from friends, relatives, storekeepers, the truth was also obvious—these Jews knew how to survive. To be so disliked, yet still be among the living! Klara had always been impressed, therefore (in absolute privacy with herself—whom could she talk to about this?) that she was with a half-Jewish man and they did have three living children, saved in good part by their Jewish blood.

She was not one to allow herself to be bothered by niceties of logic.

If Gustav, and Ida, and Otto had all died much too soon, she could attribute ~~it~~ ^{that} to her side of the family. But Adolf had survived, and then Edmund and Paula (over whose health she prayed every night.)

Now, her confidence was breached. If the three remaining children continued to live, it would not be because of some historic preservative in their veins. They would have no such advantage.

A large reason not to sleep. What was worse, she had to feel a keen sense of her cowardice. How could she have accepted the idea that Alois-Junior should be invited back? Lying there, listening to Alois-Senior making all those moves back and forth, thumping the floor with his body as he lay down, then slamming it again with his fists, she was certainly able to feel her own rage. It was shocking to her. She could not believe what she was telling herself. If it were possible and wholly without consequences, yes, she, too, could kill Alois-Junior. Only, she knew she could not. She would not ever. And the fury of repelling such a fury in herself lived in her heart—which is to say, in her breast—with such force and such detestation that, yes, it is possible—this could have been the night when the breast

cancer which would yet burn with hell's pains in her chest, might have begun. If it were crucial to know, I would have consulted one or another passing demon of a doctor I knew, but, to repeat, we do not request any disbursements on Time merely to satisfy a whim.

I prefer to take us back to Alois.

The immensity of his rage on this night was that he had betrayed himself. And in the worst manner. The joy^{is} of rage (which ^{is that it can} are too infrequently considered) offer the same nourishing sense of self-righteousness that is available on regular occasions to the ^{more} ~~most~~ hypocritical of church-goers. The core of such pleasure is never to be angry at oneself, only at others. Yet, here, on this night, Alois could not escape himself—he ^{even more} was infuriated with his own deeds ~~more at himself even~~ than at Poelzl or Junior, ~~indeed, this rage was caustic to the inner linings of his flesh.~~

^{the boy} If Junior had turned out badly, it was his fault, his fault alone. By such a light, he was ^{among} the worst of human beings, a father who was weak. How despicable! He had spent his life obeying orders, and then enforcing them in the Customs Service, he had revered Franz-Josef, a gallant, great, and good king whose first virtues were hard work and discipline. He had

put together his sense of his own nature as a private homage to Franz-Josef. If he had ever had the good fortune to be on duty during some near-miraculous occasion when the Emperor might visit, how he would hope that the good king might recognize what a fine influence his majesty had had at least on one Customs Officer.

But he had imparted none of that sense of respect to Alois-Junior. Was it because he had felt too guilty about the boy's mother? Yes, he had treated Fanni badly, so badly that he could not be stern with the offspring. There had been a lack of discipline in himself which could only be described as unforgiveable.

It took every hour of darkness for his rage to cool. It was not until the first ^{hint} rays of morning—a dim light that came with shrouds of rain at dawn—that he was able to speak from one part of his mind to the other and ^{could} issue a few orders on what his future conduct with Adi must ^{become} ~~now be~~ (He was not going to make the same mistake ^{he} had allowed with Junior.

He did not. ^{He} fortified with direct instructions from the Maestro, ^I stayed much at Alois' side in days to come and was with Klara as well. I felt as if for the first time since Adi had been born, I could lay some demonic

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equivalent of real hands on the shaping of this child not yet seven years old.

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Now, whenever he wished to bring Adi to his side, Alois would whistle. It was a fine drill of a whistle, sharp enough to hurt the ear when heard up close. ^{did he reduce)} Nor ~~was~~ the intensity reduced if the boy was within arm's reach. ~~Then the whistle became as cruel as a whip~~ ^{was now)} In the ^{when you raise a boy, never} tavern, Alois ~~had become~~ fond of saying, "Never let go of the whip ~~when~~ ^{you raise a boy} I speak from experience."

More than once, Alois said to Adi, "I wasted time and sacrifice on ^{your} ~~older brother~~ ^{oldest son}. (You, Adolf, had better not waste my time."

I can say that Adi was half-paralyzed with fear. I had to wonder how the final effects of this could serve our purposes. We certainly understand

applications *upon our clients*
 the ~~uses~~ (of humiliation and self-abasement) when necessary, and for certain ~~such~~ *such* ~~clients~~ *can be* these tools are often applied. They prove ~~to be~~ effective, for example, with manic-depressives. If we are looking to drive a client into a violent act, successive ~~bombs~~ *bombs* of humiliation enable us to get the subject oscillating faster and faster between the poles of ~~their~~ depression and ~~their~~ *soon enough, there is an eruption.* mania. ~~Then, they erupt.~~ That is one of our modes of employment for ~~humiliation.~~

I did not see, however, why we needed anything so ~~draconian~~ *drastic* at so early a time in Adi's life. It was obvious to me that the Maestro wished to ~~increase and then double again a flow of absolute~~ *send a flood* wretchedness into the boy's spirit. While it would not be a full wave of despond, nothing so all-consuming and oblitative as that, it would amount to a ~~taste~~ *first* of pure misery, ~~an essence, I would say, of heavily laden anguish,~~ a fear that times to come might even be worse, yes, already Adi had been given a purview of ~~the heavy anguish that~~ *the heavy anguish that* ~~was~~ *was* ~~attaches itself~~ *attaches itself* to an ineradicable melancholia yet to arrive.

These are well-established foundations for a ~~future~~ *producing* suicide. So, I could not know what purpose the Maestro had in mind. The boy was

For it all to go wrong, what
 delicate enough ~~to become~~ an expensive (Time-consuming) disaster ~~for too~~ *it*
~~would be then, and for so little.~~
~~little.~~

Yet, if I knew anything about the Maestro, it was that he, too, lived with ~~some~~ curious contradictions in his nature. He encouraged many a failed human activity, for that could be laid as ~~an~~ excrement upon the Dummkopf. But *he could tolerate* ~~nothing~~ of that sort for himself. *(the Maestro)* Whenever he had to pay for the waste, he detested it in all its forms.

a bold even
 On the other hand, he was an exceptional gambler. I knew that well. Often we would take some extreme chances with ~~the actions and even the~~ *the* lives of our clients. So I knew that the Maestro was gambling heavily now with the boy. Suicide can be of great value to us when we succeed in picking off some favorite of the Lord's, but that *could hardly be the* ~~was not the situation here~~
~~desired outcome here, while such~~ *but*
 Such an event might destroy Klara as well, ~~that~~ *and* would offer one more sorrow to the Dummkopf, ~~but~~ *his hope* He was lathered already in many a waste of particular humans in whom He had placed ~~some~~ hope.

No, this was a gamble of no mean dimension. Very occasionally, when the Maestro was entertaining the most ambitious future plans for a young client, he would look to encourage this species of close to absolute

wretchedness in a proud spirit, and this could even become ^{and desired} atactic after we ^{managed to generate} had ~~done our part to generate~~ large funds of that same pride.

Naturally, ^{these gambles make for} ~~it is an~~ immensely unstable ^(results) activity. We lose quite a few

prospects ^{on these occasions} in this manner. Occasionally, they were splendid prospects. So

the skills to which we are put ^{once we have} can be most challenging. For we ~~are obliged~~

^{such a} to take this sense of humiliation and abasement ^{on a} that we have put into a

proud client, ^{we then look to} and now turn it inside-out. That is even more difficult than

^(note war phase) trying to ~~turn~~ a coward into a hero. Yet, when we succeed in accomplishing

such reversals, when the psychic abysses in a would-be suicide are

^{instead} converted ~~into~~ promontories of achievement and personal power, an

immense gamble has proved successful. The once-humiliated wretch has

now acquired the power to humiliate others.

During the worst of these whistles which ^{visited again} quivered ~~again~~ each night in

the boy's sleep like the spikes in another Son's palms and ankles ^{let us not}

forget the real possibility that Adi is the Maestro's son ^{It} a revolt was

nonetheless in progress. Adi was not reduced to a wretch. Not altogether.

The boy, already more than half-accommodated to the notion that he was

the one who had been beaten to insensibility by his father, certainly knew

enough not to confront Senior directly, but he brought off some nimble work upon Klara's feelings.

"Mother," he told her, "my ^father now looks at me as if I am the one who is guilty."

She was hardly unaware of what was going on, particularly since the whistle had become a needle in her own ears.

"You must never say that your father is wrong," she replied.

She would always offer the same speech every time he approached.

"Yes," she repeated, "you cannot say that your father is wrong."

"But what if he is?"

"He does not mean to be wrong. Perhaps he makes a mistake. That could be."

"What if he is very wrong?"

"It will not remain that way, ^{it}~~always~~." She nodded. She did not know if she believed what she said next, but she said it nonetheless. "He is a good father. A good father always realizes sooner or later that he may have been going in the wrong direction." She nodded again as if to oblige herself to believe herself. "There can be a moment," she said, "when the father

recognizes that he, too, can be wrong." She put her hand to the boy's face as if to cool the fever in his cheeks. "Yes," she said, "he hears his own words and realizes that they are not correct. So, he changes."

"He does."

"Absolutely. The father changes." She spoke as if this had happened in the past. "He changes," she repeated for the third time, "and now there is order in what he says. Now, it all goes in the best direction."

~~By his way of comprehension, the boy decided that the father was always wrong, and she did not know what she was saying.~~

~~"No," she said, as if she had heard his thoughts, "he is ready to~~

~~change. Once that happens, it can all go in the right direction. Do you~~
know why?"

"No."

~~"It is because you were able to tell yourself that you would never~~
cause him confusion. You would not ~~because he is your father.~~" She held
Adi by the waist and looked into his eyes as if she could ~~cool~~ ^{relieve} them and then
they would not burn any longer. His eyes were like her own. How much
alike, she thought, were the eyes of the boy and his mother.

Klara had been the first in the family to recognize (and she was still the only one) that Adi could be spoken to as if he were ten or twelve years old. "Yes," she now said, "it is best when there is no confusion made for the father. ^{Since} ~~Because~~ you have never accused him of anything, ^{somer or later, he will} ~~he can be happy.~~

^{about you,}

⁽ So, you must never accuse your father. That ~~would make him ill. That~~ would cause him to feel weiblich. For him to feel weak is very bad. You cannot expect him to admit that he has any weakness. ⁴ ~~He cannot say that to others.~~

At this point ^{she spoke of} ~~that she gave him the one philosophical theorem that she possessed. It was chre-fucht.~~ To honor and to fear. She explained the

importance of these words. They had been imparted to her by Johanna. Her mother had used them ^{when speaking of} ~~in relation to~~ Johann Pöchl. He was, ^{her mother} ~~she~~ all but said

to Klara, a hard-working but very unlucky farmer—^{who} ~~all~~ in the family ^{did not know truth} ~~knew~~—and yet she had always treated him ^{her mother} ~~with~~ chre-fucht as if ^{Pöchl} ~~Pöchl~~ were

an important and successful man. "That is what my mother taught me, and I now tell it to you. The word of the father ^{is} ~~has to be~~ the law of the family."

She said this with such solemnity and such certainty that the boy felt it enter him as a source of strength. Yes, some day he would have a family

and all who were in it would honor him and they would fear him. At this point, his need to urinate (which always afflicted him in these young years whenever he held large and magnificent thoughts about himself) now spoke to his groin ~~(and there was a moment during his mother's peroration when he~~ *crashly) go in the midst of* almost had an accident, but did not—not if he was to be entitled in the future to ~~the endowments~~ *these endowments* of honor for himself and fear felt by others.

"Yes," she said to her son, "the word of the father has to be law. Right or wrong, one must never argue with the father's word. One must obey him. For the good of the family. So, the father is ~~always~~ right. Right or wrong. the father is ~~always~~ right. He has to be. Otherwise, all is confusion."

Now, she referred to Alois-Junior. "He did not have ehre-fucht," she said. "You must promise me that that will never be said of you. Because, now, you are the oldest brother. You are important. The boy who was your brother is as good as dead."

Adi was wet. His entire body was wet. His perspiration might as well have been illumined by holy light. Just so complete was the importance of this sentiment. I entered his thoughts long enough to tell him,

"Your mother is correct. You are now the oldest brother. The younger ones

will

~~now~~ now honor and respect you."

Yes, Adi understood, and I worked upon his mind, until it became a mental certainty, the equal of a paved street in the mind, ready for full mental traffic. On many a night I told him again that Alois-Junior was forever separated from the family. Alive or dead, it ^{did not} ~~no longer~~ mattered.

Alois-Senior was of no small aid to me here. By December, he wrote a new will. It stipulated that in the event of the father's death, the son named Alois was to receive no more of the estate than the minimum proscribed by law. "The smaller the better," he added. Since the act of drawing up a will re-engaged all of Senior's long-developed sense of proper contractual and official procedure, he also ^{put in} ~~added~~ these words: ^{"This is} ~~"and this is"~~ stated in the full recognition of the seriousness of such an act by a father. In my years as a Chief Customs Officer for the Crown, I warrant that I became most familiar with the ^{responsibility} ~~finality~~ that must always be seriously attached to such grave decisions."

Whereupon, having completed the re-writing of his will, he whistled for Adi and read portions aloud to him.

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~~Part of his decision~~ ^{Alas, to work a new will} had come from the fact that he ^{would be} ~~had been~~ able to
^(had been he served to buy by)
 sell the farm. The ~~connection to a~~ ^{offer} buyer came from Mayerhofer, the man
 who ran the local store and had once ~~wanted~~ ^{offered} to purchase their honey.
^{At the beginning of Fall,}
~~Mayerhofer~~ ^{had even when} gave his advice to Klara, ^{a hint who might be likely}
^{"was best way to sell" to say.}
 "Dear Frau Hitler," he had said, "you must sell your farm for its good
 looks. Is that not exactly why your husband bought it in the first place?"
 "I will not say that has to be untrue," said Klara. ^{(For her, such} ~~(This was as far as~~
^{or remark was equal}
~~she would come~~ to flirting with Herr Mayerhofer.)
^{I believe}
 "Yes," he said, "it is good you recognize this. Now you will be able
 to sell your property to people who are less experienced at farming than

yourselves, but—" he held up a finger—"more well-to-do, not so? You must just have the patience to wait ^{Soon enough!} until one of these well-off and comfortable people ^{will} comes along. ^{And when, ~~soon~~ must!} When he does, send him to me. I will be your friend. I will know how to answer ^{the} all questions that come up."

I could see that Klara and Mayerhofer were both favored by the Cudgels. ^{For, indeed!} Indeed, it did come to pass. The wealthy house-hunter arrived, ^{inquired about the Mayerhofers,} ⁵⁰ proved the look of the house and the farm, knew even less about the pitfalls than Alois, and the sale took place. If the price presented no profit, neither did Alois suffer the loss he feared. The finality of the transfer, however, ^{plus} and the continuation of ~~what was by now~~ a wholly palpable silence from Alois-Junior, convinced Alois-Senior that the end of his dream ^{that he could} to live his last days on a farm might just as well coincide with the termination of any last hopes that his oldest son would yet bring him some ^{reason for} pride. No, it was now up to Adi. He was not nearly so lithe nor so strong as Alois-Junior, not nearly so good-looking, but as bright, perhaps, and he was so obedient. Even the act of whistling for him had become a pleasure. ^{The response was so quick, so alert.} While he would not change again in his sentiments concerning the ~~farm~~ ^{All the same,} Alois-Senior did keep the equivalent of an old photograph in his heart.

There still were nights when ^{he}~~Alois~~ would sit out on the oak bench and muse again on the Langstroth box he had built for himself, ^{and}~~and~~ he would pat the seat of the ~~wood bench~~ ^{wooden} as if to recall the sound of the slap he used to give that box in the old days, ^{just}~~to~~ stir up his bees.

This is all that remains to be said for Hafeld except that Angela was pining just a little for Alois-Junior. She knew he would not come back, and so she had by now ^{molded}~~developed~~ him into her model of a romantic figure. He had looked so handsome upon Uhlan. Since ^{now}~~now~~ it was safe, she began to play at the most modest edge of a flirtatious dream ^{about him}~~about him~~. She never let it go too far. Once in a while, he would dismount from the horse and kiss her. ^{however}~~So~~ she soon learned ^{that}~~that~~ the mind, once ~~it~~ embarked on a fantasy, can betray the explorer. Before long, Angela began to ~~fill up with pique and~~ ^{annoyance} so soon as she would think of all the girls that ~~her young~~ Alois used to see. There was even one in the top class ^{who}~~just above her level who~~ ^{who} was always smiling at her now, as if she, the girl, knew something special, and maybe Angela did as well.

By early spring of 1897 ^{after}~~the~~ family moved back to the outskirts of Linz, Angela had a room to herself and there, carefully hidden from

everyone else, ^{she kept} ~~was the~~ photograph ^{kept} ~~an~~ itinerant photographer had taken of
^{often} young Alois ~~while~~ photographing all the members of the family together as
 well as a single picture of each of them standing separately.

Angela had stolen this picture from her brother as punishment for all
~~the ways he had teased~~ ^{reluctant} ~~the time he would tease~~ her for being afraid to mount Uhlan. Then, she had
 sworn to him on an imaginary stack of bibles (which didn't exist for one
 moment in her mind) that she had no idea what had happened to his favorite
 picture of himself. (He was suffering as completely as if he had lost a large
 gold watch.)

Angela could not have been more secretive about her new hiding
 place if the photo had been an early pornographic print. I mention this
 small breath of the carnal that she bestowed on the fading brown portrait of
 Alois only because three decades later, in 1927, her daughter, ^{Ranabab} Geli, ^a young
 and nicely buxom blond beauty, would be entertained publicly by Adolf
 Hitler on many a night in Munich in one or another of the fine restaurants he
 was beginning to attend. While the intimate facts are yet to be related, it
 was not long before Adolf ^{commenced} ~~began~~ to have an affair with his niece. By the
 time it ~~was~~ terminated four years later on the day of her death (by murder or

I can say that Adi was ~~by now~~ half-paralyzed with fear. I had to wonder how the final effects of this ^{could} ~~would~~ serve our purposes. We certainly ~~understand the uses of~~ ^{know how to employ} humiliation and self-abasement when ~~it is necessary,~~ ^{and for} ~~for~~ certain clients, these tools are often applied. They prove most effective, ^{for example,} (with manic-depressives. If we are looking to drive a client into a violent act, ^{successive bouts of} ~~or some other form of excess,~~ this humiliation enables ^{the subject} ~~us~~ to get them oscillating faster and faster, ~~fiercer and fiercer~~, between the poles of their depression and their mania. Then, they erupt. That is one of our modes of employment for humiliation.

^{however, why} I did not see ~~how~~ we needed anything so draconian at so early a time in Adi's life. It was obvious to me that the Maestro wished to increase and then double again a flow of absolute wretchedness into the boy's spirit, ^{while} ~~not a~~ ^{it would not be a little} wave of despond, ^{so to speak} ~~nothing~~ so all-consuming and oblitative as ^{it would amount to a test} that, ~~but a vein,~~ nonetheless, (of pure misery, an essence, I would say, of heavily-laden anguish, a fear that times to come might even be worse, yes, already Adi had ^{been given} a purview of an ineradicable melancholia yet to arrive.

These are well-established foundations for a future suicide. So, I could not know what purpose the Maestro had in mind. The boy was

delicate enough to become an expensive (Time-consuming) disaster for too little.

Yet, if I knew anything about the Maestro, it was that he, too, ^{lived} had one ^{with some} ~~extra~~ curious contradictions in his nature. He ^{encouraged many a} saw every (failed human ^{for that could be laid} activity as an excrement to be laid upon the Dummkopf. But ^{nothing at that} not upon ^{sort for} himself. ~~He detested waste in all its forms~~ Whenever he had to pay for the waste, ^{he detested it in all forms}

On the other hand, he was also an exceptional gambler. I knew that well. Often we would take ^{some extreme chances} an ~~extreme gamble~~ with the actions ~~and~~ ^{on} ~~sometimes~~ even the lives of our clients. So I knew that the Maestro was ^{heavily} gambling now with the boy. Suicide can be of great value to us when we succeed in picking off some favorite of the Lord's, but that was not the situation here. Such an event might destroy Klara as well. That would offer one more sorrow to the Dummkopf, but He was lathered already in ^{many} such ^{particular} waste of humans in whom He had placed some hope.

No, this was ~~different~~. This ~~was~~ ^{was} a gamble of no mean dimensions. Very occasionally, when the Maestro was entertaining the most ambitious future plans for a young client, he would look to encourage this species of

close to absolute wretchedness in a proud spirit, and this could even ^{become} ~~be a~~
^{after} a tactic ~~when~~ we had done our part to generate large funds of that pride. ^{some}

Naturally, it is an immensely ^{unstable} dangerous activity. We lose quite a few
^{occasionally} splendid prospects in this manner. ^{we} And the skills to which we are ^{then} put
^{most challenging} can be wholly demanding to us. For we are ^{then} obliged to take this sense
^{that we have put into a proud client, and way} of humiliation and abasement ^{and} turn it inside-out. ^{that} It is even more difficult
^{trying to} than turning a coward into a hero. ~~The humiliated must acquire the power~~
~~to humiliate others.~~ Yet, when we succeed in accomplishing such reversals,

when the psychic abysses in a would-be suicide are converted into
 promontories of achievement and personal power, an immense gamble has
 proved successful. ^{The once-humiliated watch has}
^{now acquired the power to humiliate others,}

During the worst of these whistles ^{which} ~~which were comparable in the pain~~
~~they inspired as they~~ quivered again each night in the boy's sleep like the

spikes in another Son's palms and ankles—let us not forget the real
 possibility that Adi is the Maestro's son—a revolt was nonetheless in
 progress. ^{left} Adi was not reduced to a wretch ^{altogether}. The boy, already
 more than half-accommodated to the notion that he was the one who had
 been beaten to insensibility by his father, certainly knew enough not to

confront Senior directly, but he ~~certainly~~ brought off some nimble work
^{by engaging}
~~upon~~ Klara's feelings.

"Mother," he told her, "my Father is so angry at my older brother that
^{now}
~~he~~ looks at me as if I am the ~~same~~ one who is guilty."

She was hardly unaware of what was going on, particularly ^{since} ~~when~~ the
^{loud}
 whistle became a needle in her own ears.

"You must never say that your father is wrong," she ^{replied,} ~~always said.~~

She would always offer the same speech every time he approached.

"Yes," she repeated, "you ^{cannot} ~~must not~~ say that your father ^{is} ~~can be~~ wrong."

"But what if he is?"

"He does not mean to be wrong, ^{but} ~~perhaps~~ perhaps he makes a mistake.

That could be."

"What if he is very wrong?"

~~Oh~~ ^{It} will not remain that way always." She nodded. She did not
^{none the less}
 know if she believed what she said next, but she said it. "He is a good

father. A good father always realizes sooner or later ^{that he may} ~~what he is asking for~~

^{have been going}
~~goes~~ ^{to believe} ~~maybe~~ in the wrong direction." She nodded again as if to ^{oblige herself} ~~believe~~
^{"There can be a}
~~herself~~ a little better, "That is a beautiful moment," she said, "when the