

Hitler's Mother

Book I

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

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The room in which Himmler used to instruct us was a modest lecture theater with dark walnut panelling and twenty seats raked upward in four rows of five. My emphasis will not often be, however, on such details, since I prefer to concern myself with Himmler's more private ideas. There sits my purpose—I wish to tell a tale resistant to conventional belief. Let me put it more directly: I am ready to sail into a sea of turbulence.

The first ^{upheaval} is that I, an accomplished veteran of mendacity, must now try to recount the truth. What a cacophony ^{now} erupts within! After all, we were ^{always} ~~not only~~ ready professionally to warp the truth ^{and} ~~but~~ looked to gain momentum from such distortion. Mendacity, after all, possesses its own art.

Now I am burdened with a contrary impulse: the desire to tell it—as Americans say— straight out! For a serious intelligence officer, this inclination was impermissible. But then, I no longer know exactly ^{why} where ~~I find myself where I am dwell~~ my thoughts are located ~~I am~~ (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion. This man, whose nickname, behind his back, was Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four truly important leaders in Germany. Yet his most private intellectual pursuit was the study of incest. It was more than a signal point of interest. It dominated our secret research. Our closed lectures often returned to the prevalence of this problem. Through the centuries, incest, Heini would propose, had been rife among the poor of all lands. Even our German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even as late as the Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned society cares to speak of this matter," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be done. Who would bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified offspring of incest? No, every establishment of every civilized nation tries to sweep it under the rug."

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Now I am more ready to speak of the obsession we shared with Himmler. It revolved around Adolf Hitler, who, I confess, lived often in the center of my thoughts. It is certainly fair to say that all of us in IV-2a were so obsessed. But then, what ^{brings} ~~causes~~ a dark cloud ^{to} in the mind ^{more} but the ~~need~~ ^{quickly transition} to keep living with a question that remains unanswerable? One's power to ^{provide} ~~bring~~ answers to one's perplexities is ~~thereby~~ rendered numb. ~~Much is lost.~~ Not only for IV-2a but for most Germans, the first obsession even today is Adolf Hitler. Who among us does not try to understand him? Yet, where is the man or woman who is content with the answer?

Let me surprise you. I do not have this particular trial. I live with the confidence that I am in a position to understand Adolf. For the fact is that I know him. I must repeat. I know him from top to bottom. To borrow from the Americans, given their rough grasp of reality, their instinctive, even lemming-like approach to vulgarity, I am prepared to say: "Yes. I know him from asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am still obsessed. But by a different problem. When I think of relating how I know what I know, I am seized by a heavy sense of oppression. I can describe it as a fear comparable to the expectation that ~~one must dive at night from a great height~~ *for a long way down* ~~into black water.~~ *tonight*

Let it be understood then that I will proceed at a slow and careful pace. I will start only with the given that is available to others.

Concerning his family roots, there are particulars of interest to offer. In Special Section IV-2a—as already explained—we preserved an immaculate secrecy concerning our findings. For the best of reasons. That is because we were the ones most ready to look into dangerous questions. So, we always had to contend with the fear that we might find answers destructive enough to imperil the Third Reich. On the other hand, we had

to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to pay great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree, let alone the First! For indeed, how could such a Satan not be ready to distort the exceptional possibilities that are ready to arise from the doubling of God-given genes? All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm with the Vision in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. As I knew already, we at IV-2a had been promulgating an irony rather than a false legend. The story I believed I had concocted out of no more than barely feasible evidence happened as I soon learned, to be true. It was Johann Nepomuk Heidler who did supply the money and Alois Schicklgruber was his secret child. Yet the irony within this irony was that Hitler was not merely a First Degree Incestuary One-step- removed, but had been conceived in the very center of incest. The niece, Klara Poelzl Hitler, Alois' third wife and Adolf Hitler's mother, was not only Alois' wife but also his blood daughter. Of that relationship, I am now ready to offer quite a good many details.
~~a few things.~~

mouth where she was most private, and then he would slip the Hound into her mouth. He would show her where the real Church was located.

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

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to breathe again, his wind going in and out with a rasp that sounded as terrible as the last winds of his dying children.

"All right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. For she thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had come to her after Fanni's death was in her again. Now, astride him, she actually turned head to foot, and put her ^{most uncomfortable part} ~~mouth~~ ^{her mouth} down on his hard-breathing lips, and took in his old battering ram so near her face. ^(But) Uncle was ~~now~~ as soft down there as a coil of excrement. Even as she said this to

herself, she plopped ^{it} ~~the Hound~~ into her mouth with an avidity that could

come only from the Evil One himself—that she knew ^{she knew from} ~~as she had known~~ ^{when the impulse had come} ~~nothing before.~~ ^{So, now they both had} ~~So there were the two of them,~~ both heads at the wrong end,

and she knew—~~there were not two but three.~~ ^{also} The Evil One was present.

She knew. He had never come closer.

And now, the Hound ^{began to come} came to life right in her mouth. It surprised her.

Alois had been ^{limp} so limp. But ^{now} it ^{certainly} ^{was} ^{happening} had happened. She felt such power—
~~She was returning~~ ^{she felt such power that} that she could return life to her man. Alois was ~~now~~ stronger, and soon

~~meaner and~~ before long, revived, full revived, a man again! And now, his

mouth covered with all the sap and juice ^{from} of her other mouth—the ^{private and most unmentionable mouth—} ~~unmentionable one~~—still on his lips, he embraced her face with all the ^{own lips} passion of his ~~mouth~~ and became so ready at last to ^{ground it into} soil her piety, yes, damn

all piety, thought Alois—damned churchmouse wife, damned church!—he

was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was

all there, his tongue like a sword, and never before a night like this, better

than a storm at sea! And then it went on beyond such moments, for she—

the most angelic woman in Braunau—gave herself over with a prime lust to

^{yes, she knew he} accept the Devil who ^{all three now} was there with Alois and herself. And so was I there ^{drinking in lust and I was the third and knew} to know this, knew all of this, for I rode with them into the caterwaul of her

^{figs} coming together, Alois and myself filling the womb of Klara Poelzl Hitler,

yes, I knew the moment when this new creation was conceived, for I, too,

~~representing~~ ^(serving him! yes)
 was there ~~serving~~ the Evil One, I was present at this conception, ~~yes~~,
 absolutely. I ~~can~~ say that even as the Angel Gabriel was the servant of
 Jehovah for one night in Nazareth, so did I ^{appear} ~~serve~~ as an agent of the Evil One
 on this July night nine months and ten days before Adolf Hitler would be
 born on April 20, 1889.

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

Book III

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If Yes,
~~I have disclosed myself.~~ I am indeed an officer of the Evil One. I am
 his instrument. And this trusted instrument has just committed an act of
It is not acceptable to
 treachery: ~~We are never allowed to~~ reveal who we are.

At present, however, my disclosure still remains unpublished. The
 author of an unsigned and unpublished manuscript can ~~often~~ *attempt to* remain
 anonymous. Be it understood, the margin of safety is not large.
 Nonetheless, the Devil does not find paper congenial (an attitude I will soon
 explain.) But first, since I have invoked his name, let me observe the
Just
~~primal~~ courtesies. ~~When dealing with divinities,~~ *the terms of love* address is crucial. We
refer to
 lesser devils ~~are usually encouraged to~~ speak of him as the Maestro. Nor

does he mind if, occasionally, we ^{use E.O. for} ~~do make reference to~~ call him the Evil One. These ~~two~~ ^{are} are

terms he ~~often chooses~~ ^{has chosen} for himself. Sometimes to declare ~~our~~ ^{absolute} respect, we

will ~~address~~ ^{speak of} him as the O.O. (the Omniscient Observer.) ~~Despite his great~~ ^{Notre that}

~~we use~~ ^{we do not} employ Omnipotent. ~~Despite his~~ ^{Notre that} great

~~plethora of~~ powers, the ~~Evil One~~ ^{Maestro} knows all too well that he is not infinite. No more

than God is infinite. Like all other beings, ~~vast or small, each~~ ^{also} of these divine

antagonists ~~has to~~ exist nonetheless within parameters. Call them

paradoxes, if you wish. ~~But~~ ^{also} even the Powers suffer constraints on their

power. I will add that hordes of primitive tribes, as well as the Egyptians

and the Greeks, were more attuned ^{then later} ~~than the~~ ^{Christian theologians} to the vagaries and boundaries of cosmic

power ~~than the later theologians~~. It was the Jews, the Christians, and the

Muslims who ~~got it wrong by rushing~~ ^{were determined} to ascribe infinite amplitude to the

divine, ~~and they were in error~~

As one small example, I ~~can~~ ^{to me} return to my ~~remark~~ ^{passing} that The Maestro

does not ~~enjoy~~ ^{encourage us to use} putting up with paper. We, ~~his minions~~ ^{it Paper}, are often instructed

to do our best to eschew ~~paper~~ ^{it Paper}. It is derived, after all, from trees and they

happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.

Lately, in these, my latterday American years, I can say that the E.O.

is more attuned to electronics. He has overseen human progress ~~in those~~ ^{in to those}

technologies far more ^{close/y} than the Lord. In any event, despite their prodigious and near to incommensurable powers, God and the Devil ~~are still obliged to~~ ^(They have their limitations!) act within ~~their~~ finite domains. I have chosen, therefore, to write on paper—my assumption is that there is less likelihood my words will be picked up ^{as} quickly by the Evil One. (Even processed paper still contains an ineluctable hint of the ~~love~~ ^{tenderness} God put into ^{His} trees.) Since the Lord and the Devil ~~are still~~ ^{remain} as jealous of each other as ~~two~~ beautiful women attracted to the same man, ^{it takes no more than} even a blank piece of paper reminds the Maestro ~~much too~~ ^{too} much of the power of his adversary rather than the intoxication of his own strength. So I ~~choose~~ ^{dash} to use paper as my ~~form~~ ^{mode} of communication. While the Maestro has no desire to use up ^{any part} a portion of his resources by monitoring ^{all of} every last one of our acts—there are too many demons and small devils for that!—he is also not inclined to let us go ~~off~~ on serious ventures he has not ~~selected~~ ^{selected while he} approved. He does not keep a constant watch, but then, he does not have to.

We dwell in ~~true~~ fear of his displeasure. Years ago, I would never have dared to embark on ^{this} a written record. My fear would have been absolute. But now, especially in America, in the inundations ~~Now, in this time of exceptionally exaggerated streams of communication and engorgements of mass media, it~~ floods, indeed!—it is possible to get away with a good deal more.

I can even claim that I have acquired ^{a wave!} the skill ^{By now, I} to keep a good many of ~~can keep~~
 my thoughts to myself (a discipline worthy of a Yogi.) ~~Girded to that degree,~~
~~Ergo,~~ ~~therefore,~~ I feel ~~some what~~ more ready to continue this biography, this

novel—call it what you will! My assumption is that I will succeed in

concealing my output sufficiently so that the Maestro will not be searching
 into my mind ~~for it~~ too often. Intelligence work can be understood as a contest

between code and the obfuscation of code. Since the E.O. ~~the Evil One~~ is

always engaged in endless, prodigious, and arduous work, I choose to

~~present existence is more arduous than ever~~
~~he feels closer to eventual victory! I now~~
 venture out a little on my own. I may even feel free to offer some,

~~So, I will attempt an~~
 explanation of our Two Kingdoms. (I could speak of them as two

antagonists, two realms, two conflicting visions of existence, but Two

Kingdoms has been the term used by Them since Biblical times.) Needless

to add, we ~~are always confronting~~ ^{devils are confronted daily by} a most formidable army of angels ^{(we call}

them the Cudgels!) ~~They are in opposition to our army of devils who are~~

loyal to the E.O., that is, loyal for the most part, despite my notable

~~exception!~~

While these warring forces ^{will not} ~~can hardly~~ be unfamiliar to anyone who

has read "Paradise Lost," I would note that many in our kingdom are well-

^{literary}
 versed in ~~English~~ classics. I cannot speak for the angels, but devils are
 obliged to be devoted to good ^{writing.} ~~literature.~~ If this seems ^{at} ~~in~~ opposition to ~~a~~
~~few~~ remarks just made about the use of paper, let me say that the Devil does
 not forbid us to read; it is just that he will not have us ^{do the writing.} ~~write.~~ He sees
 literary material as a complement to the work we do with humans. Milton,
 therefore, is high in our arcana of those few poets and novelists whom we
 do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate (because of their
 sentimental inexactitudes). Milton, after all, did provide a rough outline of
 the contest between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how inaccurate were his
 details, he did present a pioneer demonstration of how our armies might
 have confronted each other at the commencement of that great estrangement
 which occurred when the earliest squadrons of angels first divided into
 opposed camps concerning the future desired for human beings.

One can offer respect, then, to that great blind man, even if his
 description of us is seriously out of date. Devils who serve the E.O. are
 artfully installed by now in every corner of human existence. Our war is
 comparable to the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its
 grid of nineteen vertical lines crossed by nineteen horizontals, a sum of

three hundred and sixty-one intersections onto any one of which a stone can be deposited.) ^{Any} The positions ^{by any of} occupied ¹⁵ one by one with our black stones ~~are~~ forever in peril of being surrounded ^{by white stones,} even as we are looking to encircle the ^{in the same manner,} white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take as long to tally up the captures of each other as it wass to play the match.)

To bring, therefore, a first explanation of the sinuosities, salients, ~~and~~ ^{neuterings and} (recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer ^{my} ~~my own crude~~ outline of the forces at play ^{now} in human society. Of necessity, ~~this first presentation will be simple~~ ^{by} ~~but~~ I would start by remarking that ~~one must constantly keep in mind that~~ there are three phases of living reality—the divine, the satanic, and the human. In effect, ^{there are} three separate armies. ~~In that sense, there are three~~ ^{by} kingdoms ^{now}, not two. God and His angelic cohort work upon men, women, and children to bring them under His direction. Our E.O. and we, his representatives, look to possess many of these same humans. Until the Middle Ages, human beings ^{could bring} ~~had virtually no active role~~ ^{to} in this contest. They were no more than pawns ^{on} ~~in~~ our field of battle. Hence the title: Two ~~Kingdoms. By now, however, we are obliged to take each individual man~~

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of which a stone can be
(deposited.) The positions occupied one by one with our black stones are

forever in peril of being surrounded even as we are looking to encircle the white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take as long to tally up the captures of each other as it wass to play the match.)

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Kingdoms. By now, however, we are obliged to take each individual man or woman very much into account. I will even say that many, if not most,

humans, are at present doing their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They seek to be free. They often remark (and most sententiously) "I want to discover who I am!" All the while, we devils guide the men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and many a particular individual does his or her best to fight off both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology) that more than a number expect by now to become independent of both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the perversities embedded in existence, a sketch of the true complexity of apparently simple events. My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I will yet be able to capture a good bit of the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler who was most certainly my client. (Just why I have so intense a desire, however, is not clear to me.) Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but my weaknesses. I promise: No devil is without a profile! We can be as complex as men and women, and, on occasion, as disappointing. We have special powers of which the first is our ability to enter the human mind, but on all too many occasions,

or woman very much into account. I will even say that many, if not most, humans, ^{at present} are ~~now~~ doing their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the

Macstro. They ~~are~~ seeking to be free. ^{By now,} They often remark (and most ^{sententiously}) ~~monotonously~~ "I want to discover who I am!" All the while, we devils

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special/

many powers of which the first is our ability to enter the human mind, but

on all too many occasions, ~~such~~ ^{these} powers become seriously misplaced. It iswell to keep in mind that when all is said, angels and devils are ~~still~~ spirits*not souls,*

(and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to

encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as

familiar to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we

dare to put it ^{right here,} ^{also} on the page. Since we ~~have~~ the power when necessary to

exist within a human body, it is with our mind and the client's hand that the

writing is ^{sometimes} done.

It is safer that way. The Maestro can enter our spirits in an instant but to sally into an embodiment requires more effort. So, to write this book, I have chosen to ~~hide~~ ^{hide} in ~~the human~~ ^{this book} who would be of no particular attraction to the Maestro, a nonentity, ~~unpleasant~~ ^{unpleasant} to one ~~and~~ ^{American} devil who passes me ^(a whole lot) ~~as a whole~~ ^{uninteresting} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~another~~ ^{another} (Couch-Potato, Pat it that I am in my own Private Witness Protection Program. So neither angels nor demons will hover for long near the baleful glow of a television set.

these powers become seriously misplaced. It is well to keep in mind that when all is said, angels and devils are spirits, not souls, and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we dare to put it right here on the page. Since we also have the power when necessary to exist within a human body, it is with our mind and the client's hand that the writing is sometimes done.

*has no difficulty in following
Our Maestro can follow our spirits when
can enter a body*
It is safer that way. The Maestro can enter our spirits in an instant, but ~~we enter~~ *we enter* a man or woman's thoughts, with great effort to sally into an embodiment requires more effort. So, to write this book, I even from here.

have chosen to hide in the body of a human who would be of no particular interest to the Maestro, *for (he is a virtual) should a devil pass* a nonentity. To any devil who passes *good American* my American abode, I would seem one more wholly uninteresting Couch Potato. Put it that I am in my own private Witness Protection Program. Neither angels nor demons will hover for long near the baleful glow of a television set.

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4 Years ago, ~~under~~ within the normal
~~under the normal routine of a~~
~~requiring devil, I ~~was able to~~ could~~
 As I just remarked, I can enter into many a mind, I can recover, ~~if~~
~~when~~ necessary, the concealed, even long-buried memories of any ~~particular~~
 client to whom I have been assigned. This power, however, consumes ~~Time~~
~~Time is and that is~~ Time. (Time is, indeed, a word I capitalize since for us, as well as for the
~~Time is a ~~guardian~~~~ ~~reserve~~
 angels, it is a resource comparable to the way Money serves as a ~~matrix~~ for
 humans.) We ~~are~~ ^{way} always calculating how much ~~we can~~ ^{Time (could)} afford to give each
 of our clients, and such expenditures of Time increase when ~~we choose~~ ^{do} ~~to~~ ^{a devil}
~~to~~ ^{a person's} ~~inhabit~~ ^{The} people's dreams. My need to acquire more insight has to be
 balanced, then, against the investment required to work ~~our~~ ^{be able to} will upon ~~a~~ ^{your} ~~subject,~~ ^{the}
~~person.~~ For this reason, the average human is not often of interest to us.

Their powers of insight, memory, and ill intent are ~~not~~ ^{might be ready} limited. Rather, we look to find men and women who look ~~to~~ ^{might be ready} transgress divine or social laws ~~or~~ ^{a long} the way to carrying off a major endeavor for us.

Such men and women are rare. More often we have to be content with mediocrities, ~~whom we look to make more successful.~~ ^{It then becomes our task, and I did have} In our ~~Company, provided we are sufficiently patient, that can produce promotions~~ ^{them} ~~for oneself.~~ ^{Land with me} Over many an era, I have had clients whom I was able to develop ^{Some were even able to work on} to the point where they could serve directly ~~for one or another of the~~ Maestro's larger projects. The majority, however, caught in the push-and-pull, ~~the back and forth~~ ^{It ended} between their guardian angel and a directing devil like myself, ~~and by producing little that is~~ ^{was} useful to either Kingdom, and I can certainly recall a few unhappy situations ^{when} where the guardian angel ~~who~~ ^{gathered} ~~was my opposite number~~ came away with the spoils.

At one period in the past, as a result of several such losses, my position suffered. For a time, I was assigned clients of petty origin or modest achievements. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure the morale of their company by desertion, I served workers and peasants who looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few

priests in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, or estate managers who pilfered funds. I served petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I might as well list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, unfaithful wives ~~(of the worst sort,~~ *matchal* ~~and by~~ *ditto* (their male counterparts) as well as comparable flotsam and typical jetsam. I had a horde of clients, but only a few could offer a new or *stimulate one's more developed* interesting problem for one's special instincts. I had to serve as proctor for *for the worst party* *who soon* ~~all too many~~ nameless men and women who were born with little ~~and~~ *I was enough* *of a snob to miss the brio that* *recognition from a social summit gives life to a snob, only large projects* *more* *talents* *future* *appealed* to me. While I could rarely know whether the Maestro was saving my services for some ~~large~~ *hidden* purpose or merely marinating me in ~~the~~ *various backwaters until I acquired more experience, I did, on occasion,* *perhaps* *for on one occasion he did* *take hope that he had not lost interest. He even remarked once that I might* *yet be given* *seek high rank again, a post comparable to some of the epic encounters of* *Yes, all* *our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. And* *that might be there for me once more, provided I was ready to pay* *unremitting attention to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I did and*

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eventually, I was again promoted. I ~~learned then that the E.O. had~~ selected me to oversee the work of a number of ~~other~~ minor demons who were keeping watch from time to time on a young Austrian client whose ~~developmental potentialities might yet prove astounding. Insignificant at~~ present was this person ^{as} ~~and so~~ was his family, but he had ancestral fault-lines full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. So I ^{was to} had observed him closely through the years. By 1908, this lad was jobless in

Vienna, and stricken with timidity. He had quit school too early, was an avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read (particularly when he could not understand it,) and was, in addition, lazy, prone to temper tantrums, and possessed of an ego as swollen as an infected limb. All the same, he was desperately afraid of virtually all meetings with other human beings. Yes, this boy was an unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not, in those years, hide my curiosity from the E.O. any more than my agents were able to conceal their active reactions from me. At this point, the E.O. actually chose to speak directly to my thoughts. He said: "Why have I been so interested in this boy? Can it be that he possesses the largest ambition one could possibly

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encounter in a young man who is not already insane? I may propose that you will yet take him on full-time. But, remain at ease! It is still no more than a project. It could certainly fail. He will need endless instruction. His terrors must be allayed by the most reassuring experiences you can arrange for him. And you must guard him from receiving any ~~more~~ crushing defeats to his ego. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could, as I say, become your only client. Must I say more? Do pay attention. We are looking at a major project."

All this was uttered by the E.O. with characteristic irony. Since he usually responded with an unvoiced intimation which was all we needed (in much the way a dog can rise from his sleep and shake himself at his master's silent command), we never knew how serious The Master was when he spoke aloud into our mind's ear. The irony in his voice took away any certainty that he was committed to what he said. Sometimes I felt that this ~~irony came from his own~~ *could derive from his* *an unvoiced* ~~uncertainty, but that was a perilous notion.~~

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

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

^{Spent this time}
 I was depressed. This new project remained an outrageous gamble. I
~~know about the hope for a most such exceptional but highly warped~~
 clients. Unless an historic epoch developed that could accelerate, even
 thrust, my assigned protégé into history, he would end as one more failure.
 At this point in 1908, there seemed no sign of such special conditions
 arriving. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany
 had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it, was to continue to be a jockey
 who guided a horse running against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee
 further demotions for myself.

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

felt as
 if I
 knew
 too
 much,
 and
 this
 knowledge
 seemed
 to
 exist

participated in such carnality—such apocalyptic carnality!—I was telling the truth just as much as I was purveying a lie. For even as we now assume to our scientific confusion that light is both a particle and a wave, so do we devils live in both the lie and the truth, side by side.

The explanation—provided one is ready to follow!—is considerably less difficult than, let us say, Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. For example, the past (or History, as Napoleon once described it) is a record of the lies that prevailed even as the present offers its fleeting possibility that ^{will be} ^{for an instant in the} truth ~~can be perceived that is as close as humans can come to that~~ reality of Time. Spirits like myself, however, bear a relation to Time that is more complex. Our ability to ingest the experiences of lower demons enables higher devils (princes) like myself to inhabit separate periods of Time that human beings recognize only by way of linear chronology. But, I, as a devil of sufficient rank, did not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. That is because I was able to take in the exact experience in whole grasp of how it happened in Time by recreating the event. Another devil (of lower rank) had been present in Alois' bed on the original occasion. This devil had entered the act. I must say that that is always an option for us.

→ ^{that} ~~to~~ ^{the way it is} ~~reality~~ of Time. Spirits ^{themselves} ~~themselves~~ exist

exist as a separate force within me, separate and independent of our

Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that—as we know!—I have broken the first rule of our Kingdom. Moreover, obliged by the ^(initiative) logical demand of my

tale to initiate my reader into hitherto guarded revelations ~~concerning Time,~~

~~at~~ I have even told how Adolf was conceived, and how the Evil One under

these extraordinary nocturnal circumstances chose to stand in for Gabriel.

The reader may recall that I was not actually in that ^(actual) ~~bed~~ at the time.

Nor literally. Nor did I have to be. Nonetheless, in stating that I

participated in ^{such} ~~that particular~~ carnality—^{such} ~~that~~ apocalyptic carnality!—I was

telling the truth ^{just} ~~fully~~ as much as I was purveying a lie. For even as we now

assume to our ^{scientific} ~~logical~~ confusion that light is both a ^{(particle and a} ~~wave~~ and a particle, so

do we devils live ^{both} ~~at once~~ in the lie and with the truth, side by side.

The explanation—provided one is ready to follow!—is considerably less

difficult than, let us say, Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. ^{OP} ~~Spirits~~

^{been} ~~exist~~ in a relation to Time that is not analogous to ^{more complex.} ~~human~~ perception of that

~~same mysterious word.~~ Our ability to ingest the experiences of lower

^{(princes) like myself to inhabit separately} ~~demons enables higher devils to pass through periods of Time that human~~

^(What was the year? To it...?) ~~beings can only recognize by way of linear chronology.~~ But, I, as a higher

^{only}

For example, the past (by history as a record of the lies once deceiver it) is a record of the lies that prevailed even as the present offers its fleeting possibility that the truth can be perceived. That is as close as humans can come.

^{sufficient}
~~of superior rank~~
 devil (did not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. ^{That}
^{is because}
 Nonetheless, I was able to take in ~~later~~ ^{in whole grasp} the exact experience of what
^{of how it happened} ~~in time~~ ^{if it was by re-experiencing the event.} Another devil (of lower rank) had been present in Alois' bed on
^{the occasion} that occasion. This devil had entered the act. I must say that that is always
 an option for us. We can ^{and do} ~~enter into any and all~~ ^{have a} cohabitation. On rare
 occasions, and this was one of them, a demon can even ^{imply} ~~ask for~~ (the E.O. to be
 present as well. ^{even as} ~~So, too, can~~ the angels call upon their Master. Since the
 resources of God and the Devil are—I must repeat, believe it if you will!—
^{their presence}
 not infinite, ~~such insertion~~ must not be merely desirable or entertaining, but
^{is obliged to be}
 purposeful to the highest degree! The devil who had actually been present
 that night transmitted the experience to me somewhat later with a
 completeness of odor and carnal detail that can be termed absolute. ^{So,} ~~it is fair~~
^{it also}
~~then to say that it~~ happened to me. For all practical purposes, I ^{was} ~~had been~~
 there, yes, among us, to emphasize this point, let me say that to be given an
^{considered as together}
 exact recollection is equal to being present. So, I also knew from the
^{is comparable}
 irrevocable intensity of the occasion that the E.O. had also been present, had
^{this was the rarest of events}
~~(The E.O. had actually~~ joined with the attendant devil for one instant (even as Jehovah had ^{been}
^{his ignorance to}
 with Gabriel during that other exceptional event.)

While I ~~was not going to be exclusively attached~~ ^{would not} to Adolf Hitler for many years, ^{yet} the E.O. had ~~as I have indicated~~ placed him in my Overview. It is equal to saying that the devils who worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on to me. His life and modest deeds as a boy were conveyed to me daily. Then, as the day approached when I would look to

take whole possession of him, so did my concentration upon the sense-offerings of the minor devils in my domain take on more prominence until ~~I was~~ ^{I was} at last steeped in the life of the boy ~~and young man~~ as if I had been alone with him over all the years of his childhood ~~and adolescence~~. For this reason, I am ready to write about his life with an immediacy ^{early} no biographer ^{responsible} could attempt. Ditto for what I have already been able to relate about Klara, Fanni, Anna Glassl, Alois, Sr., Johann Nepomuk ^{and} ~~Johanna, and any others.~~

Now, this profound if most mysterious urge to share my insights ^{to} with men and women I do not know directly ~~(with~~ ^{with} unseen readers!) has to be part of the same strange force that is behind what seems to be my incontestable readiness to betray the E.O., but then, I ^{believe I} ~~may have begun to~~ understand why I am engaging such risk. Profound experience ^{when it is not anyone's} communicated to no one ^{else} ~~can~~ ^{will} scourge the soul. I, who have lived so long in the belief that I am no

more and no less than a spirit—a presence void of soul—may have to face a serious disruption of ^{this sense} ~~my understanding~~ ^{personal} of my own condition. Somewhere within, ^{there seem to be} ~~I sense~~ the remnants of something much like a soul, comparable, perhaps, to nerves still attached to an amputated limb. ^{How they} ~~nerves~~ which all but insist on promising the body that this limb ^{will} ~~may~~ yet grow again! Such is the ^{that} ~~this~~ force of this thought in me.

I have to recognize I am offering a great deal to the reader for so early a moment in this biographical endeavor. ^{Yet if I, at this instant,} ~~It will take all of a book that I may~~ ^{But they if you want to inhabit it as} ~~never be able to finish. If you are disturbed, so, to a degree, am I, now that I~~ ^{live in an America I can barely comprehend. If I am a presence, the} ~~consists of no more at this instant than the all-but-retired spirit of a devil~~ ^{who is without a serious assignment, I also sense that I must keep to the} ~~last confidence I possess~~ ^{premise} that an account of the life of my most important client will ^{help} ~~help~~ ^{and I} ~~will then be able to~~ ^{can} begin to search for the remaining oddments of what may once have been my soul.

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Given the dominance of the technological world in the new century, there seems an unspoken agreement among many of the most well-educated world citizens that there is no such entity as the Devil. Certainly, there is ^{seems,} no sympathy on the ^{most} modern intellectual horizon to postulate ^{an ongoing war today} a war between ~~the~~ ^{Satan ~~from~~ and the Lord} opposed spirit orders. (Rather, the New Technological World requires a ^{it is in need} universe that ^{is} ~~will be~~ subject to reason. God, taken alone, as a solitary mystery, may prove acceptable to ^{a few some and a horde of} ~~some~~ (scientists, high officials, bureaucrats and corporate managers, and God will always be subject to a wallow of adoration by full-service ^{believers} ~~idiot~~ who see Him as all-good, all-powerful, all One, (and most useful to themselves ^{provided they continue to} as long as they believe this!) But a

Devil is not to be posited. Not in this Twenty-First Century. There can be ~~be~~ ^{but} one mystery, ^{none of} not two! (Indeed, we are given orders by the Maestro ~~not~~ to capitalize ^{the} Devil's possessives, only His! God's.)

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

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

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive (the more sordid, the better—Anality Rex!), but our predictive attempts fade at the borders of mortality. Man proposes, the Devil imposes, and the Lord disposes, ^{hardly /} is ~~not~~ accurate in every instance, but we are obliged to recognize that God ^{does have a /} ~~has the~~ final power to decide where and when a human being will die. Take the extreme example of an airplane that has just gone down. Let us say we are responsible for the malfunction (a process that is not routine to accomplish.) Nonetheless, we do not have the power to destroy everyone on board. ~~It is~~ ^{Our} Adversary (God) ~~who~~ determines the result. In most such cases, He will have to accept what we have succeeded in bringing off. It is too costly for God to countermand us. Do not assume that it demands no exceptional effort for Him to save a few people trapped on that edge of extinction—airplane crashes involve so many factors! Indeed, He could not even save His Son, (as we are never tired of reminding our clients!) but there are occasions when a death we looked to create does not occur. From time to time, even in extreme difficulties, God still disposes.

Be it understood, then, that the question comes down again to the vulgar matter of expenditure. A most useful rule of thumb—for human endeavor as well—is that all wars are ultimately determined by who can bear the cost. Sometimes, it is ~~It can be~~ prodigiously expensive for Him to war with us. To keep this understanding alive—that He is not All-Powerful—the E.O. demands that we try not to speak of the Lord as God, but as the D.K. (What D.K. means, I will ~~certainly~~ explain before long.)

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

The attention she gave to Adolf's early days would have been seen as hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but then, Klara was living at the edge of the abyss. Recollections of her first illicit joining with Alois travelled on to the penetratingly corrupt smell of the sickroom as Gustav, Ida, and Otto were lost one by one in the same few months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them. He had chosen to ignore her. As she saw it, that rebuke could only confirm the wretched evil of her condition. So she looked to go back to her feelings on the day she first met Alois. His visit in Spital came when she was sixteen, and she had

came to understand that it was the odor of lye on her mouth. But since Alois was now driven to his side of the bed, there was no longer a need to wash with it in the morning. Therefore, she could kiss Adolf with full content even as he gurgled obligingly.

It hardly required special insight for us to know that this could prove useful. Excessive mother-love is almost as promising to us as the void of mother-love. We were keyed to look for excess of every kind, good or bad, loving or hateful, too much or too little of anything. Every exaggeration of honest sentiment contributes to our aims.

When it comes to ^{turning} selecting a child ^{into} early as a client, we ^{follow a} depend on a reliable rule of thumb. An incestuous procreation followed by swarms of mother-love ^{will} has to offer rich possibilities. When ^{has been} here, as we know, the event is fortified by the presence of the E.O. ^{at the conception}, there is every reason to expect that the child can ^{exceptional} even develop amazing possibilities. If it lives. We lose so many. All too often, the D.K. ^{is aware of} spots our choice and, heartlessly—I will say this about Him!—yes, the D.K. removes them heartlessly! This can happen no matter the cost to Himself. The cost to Himself! A curious calculation is present. The D.K. is not insensitive to

the hopes of those who surround the child. The early death of an exceptional child can demoralize a family. Even when the D.K. knows, therefore, that a given individual was subsumed by us, He hesitates, ^{Sometimes,} He ~~does not wish to take on the collateral damage~~ ^{to the} ~~does not like collateral damage,~~ ^{family,} Besides, He can always look to steal the boy or girl back from us.

So the D.K. is respectful of mother-love that is all-embracing. It can come as no surprise then that many artists, ~~gargoyles~~, ogres, geniuses, killers, and an occasional savior live to maturity because God chose not to dispose of them. The first element of mutual recognition in the struggle between the D.K. and the E.O. is probably the understanding that no single splendid human quality can ever prevail by itself, unaltered by ^{either,} ~~us or Him~~. Even the noblest, most self-sacrificing and generous mother can produce a monster provided we ~~get there first~~ ^{are for}. All the same, this is not a game where one can count on ~~what~~ the end result ~~will be~~. That is why investing in the newborn is often an unbalanced gamble for both the Maestro and the Lord.

While the E.O. was in general not sympathetic to breast-feeding since
 its absence often stimulated an ~~ugly~~ ^{ugly enough for us to employ} energy later, his attitude was tolerant in,
~~he was inevitably tolerant concerning~~
 cases of first-degree incest. ~~For~~ ^{In} such situations, he wanted ~~the~~ ^{dia} mother to be
 close to the child. All the better for us! (A monster ~~can be~~ ^{can be} most effective
 when it also has stores of love with which to charm ~~people~~ ^{new acquaintances}.)
~~Other advantages can be obtained by us through excretory dramas.~~
~~we obtain other~~

~~White~~ ^{a fine here.} dirty butt on a baby, if found daily, always sends us a signal—the
 mother is, yes, a potential client for us. ~~The~~ ^{however,} the opposite ~~can also be useful~~ ^{of use,}
 Klara is an example. ~~She~~ ^{a fine here.} always kept a clean house. Her rooms at the
 Pommer Inn were now as spotless as any home with ~~several good servants.~~ ^{needed to buy maids.}

The furnishings gleamed. So, too, did Adi's pip-squeak of an anus have its
 glow. It was kept as immaculate as ~~a~~ ^{an opal} small glistening ~~opal~~ ^{and}, and of that, too,
 did the E.O. approve—an incestuary must always be kept aware of the
 importance of his or her own excrement, even if it came down to a little
 asshole that ~~was~~ ^{is} forever being polished.

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Within the Company, we look upon ambition in men and women as a force to put at our disposal. While we accept the likelihood that ~~most~~ ^{many} human emotions ~~can~~ ⁱⁿ originate ~~from~~ God, even as He gave necessary instincts to the animals, nonetheless, we are always ready to convert ~~such~~ ^{an interesting passion.} ~~strong emotions.~~ ^{Also,} Of no state is this more true than ambition. ~~Plus,~~ its weak sister, avarice. Avarice is simple to deal with—it is, after all, nothing but ~~greed~~ ^{can be}. Ambition, however, is ~~more~~ related to the Originating Vision. That is why the D.K., who ~~so often~~ ^{so often} puts ~~serious~~ restraints upon human behavior, is ~~ready on occasion~~ ^{ready} to encourage ambition. I would suppose His goal is for all men and women to possess the potential to fulfill some part of

His Vision. ^{For to} To (that degree, God would also prosper ⁱⁿ the cosmos!) The E.O. is forever hinting to us that there are other gods, quite equal to ours, ^{we can assume they are} ^{their} out among the stars, and ^{do} they all have extreme and separate notions of what ^{the} purpose of existence might yet become. At that level, the E.O. remarks, the D.K. is no more than one entrepreneur among many!

The Maestro was speaking, of course, of cosmic ambition. Let me address myself, however, to the human variety. As the E.O. is never loathe to tell us, a human who suffers from too much ambition is paying the price ^{own} ~~all too often~~ for the Creator's ^{lack of anticipation}. The D.K., wishing His Vision to be effective, had endowed the human will with independent ^{resources, free of Him, able to shut on} strength. (In doing so, He had been obliged to open the door to us as well, ^{not} ^{had brought} Whereupon, we captured a horde of clients whose free will ^{had brought} ~~led them to us.~~ ^{thrusting to us!} ⁽ Their ambition inspired them to look for allies in forbidden places. ^{once again (had)} It may be sacrilege to some, but I would propose that God miscalculated. Ambition is not only the most powerful of the emotions but the most unstable. It cannot bear defeat ^{Not)} with signal grace. Not often! So, defeat ^{pulls} ~~draw~~ a man or woman ^{toward} to us. (So many of the most ambitious are ready to blame God for a run of bad luck.)

Personal ambition, therefore, awakens our interest. The D.K., a prodigious optimist, had not foreseen that the men and women who could promulgate His Vision by the intensity of their ambition had better be saints. Of course, few human beings have any desire to develop to that point. I will be blunt. The D.K. made miscalculations ^{and then} which proved grievous for Him. He overrated the amount of good feeling in exactly that same human nature He had ^{been creative enough to originate in the} originated. Whereas our E.O. has always known ^{first place} ~~the extent of perversity to be found there.~~ ^{in every vein of} ~~that are~~ ^{human nature,}

Consider the case with Alois. Many people guard their ambition as the most secret part of their emotions (guarded even from their own ^{knowledge} ~~thoughts~~ ^{of their impulses}). For so soon as ambition begins to burn brightly in the mind, it is ready, if necessary, to shred a good many long-held convictions about the inviolability of one's honor. All too often ambition can become ^{as} ~~a~~ blind ^{a cutting tool as a laser.} ~~intensity~~

No surprise then if Alois was not the only one in the Hitler family to suffer this disruption. Ambition being a true germ, is highly infectious. If Klara now had a child who was actually giving a few signs of staying alive, this was due, as we have remarked, to her belief in the life of her milk. Her

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

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

Mighty. Hardly so! We, after all, are also here! If the D.K. is the Creator, we are His most profound and successful critics.

All the same, we have to recognize that the Angels have succeeded in getting most men and women to believe that our ^{leader}~~Source~~ is the Evil One. We have no real opportunity to protest this canard. So, our best recourse, as the ~~Maestro~~ ^{Maestro} suggests, is to take pride in these initials. Or, try to. Which we do.

When I write E.O., or speak of the Evil One, it is with full knowledge of the richness of the concept. He has given us so much, our subtle master who enjoys the use of his various names—the E.O., the O.O., (the Omniscient Observer!), the Source, and the Maestro. “Leave excessive reverence to ~~these~~ ^{the} God-worshippers who are always on their knees,” he tells us. “We have work to do, and it is tricky. I recommend that you keep thinking of Him as the Dummkopf. For, indeed, given what He could have been, that is what He is. We are brighter by far. And, of late, we are more creative. Remember: It is our universe to gain. It is His to lose. Keep calling Him the Dummkopf.”

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

Must one suppose that because a child's deepest feelings have a half-life of thirty minutes, they are not profound? Because of that betrayal, he would never love his mother as much again. Yet, his feelings were heightened. There was pain in his love now, and an anger that revealed itself by nipping at her breast with his new tooth. Indeed, for a few days, he felt close to Luther, and when drowsy, could sleep beside the dog through an afternoon. Truth, he saw the hound as a ^{sibling} ~~brother~~, and ^{this brotherly} ~~the love~~ affair went on until Adolf began to take too much advantage of the beast, punching him

in the belly, trying to poke into his eyes, and sometimes, when standing, loosing a kick to the ribs. The dog began at last to growl at his approach and Adolf in turn would whine and run to Klara. There was a period when this made her so distraught that all delight in breast-feeding was gone. The tooth had done it. The days of weaning were at hand.

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

We may remember that the last time we ^{had been as close to} ~~encountered~~ Alois, ~~he had~~ ^{as his own skin, as he had} been burying his nose and lips in Klara's vulva, his tongue as long and demonic as a devil's phallus. (Be it said: we are not without our

contributions to these copulatory arts!) Alois was certainly full of us for that little while. Never before had he given himself so completely to that osculatory exercise, and yet he had become good at it, and so quickly, that no explanation is possible unless we are given credit as well. (We do have the power to ~~give~~ ^{pass} transient ^{Get intense} gifts to men and women even when we are not looking to turn them into full-service clients.)

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

Yet Alois in a most unexpected manner, also felt tender towards Klara in the morning. This unexpected gentleness in concert with the astonishing pleasure he had given her by way of his tongue, a joy whose unexpected preciosities had conducted her up to, yes, occult regions, had also left her ready enough to forgive the rotten part. (Indeed, his heavy behind actually smelled better than Adi's.)

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

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

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

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

He did not cry. It took an absolute effort of ^{his} will. In the following minute, he had to ~~continue to~~ negotiate with himself in order to keep from

weeping. He was hurt that no one had applauded his new-found stoicism.

His feelings were as bruised as the scrape on his cheek. His nose burned

from the outrage to his stuffed-up nostrils, but he managed not to cry. One's

~~was~~ ^{could be} as strong as a wall if one ^{was ready to} command it. ^{So, he told} ~~himself~~ ^{He was nothing if not premeditated}

He also managed to get through the battles that followed without ^{another} ~~rest of the~~ further collision. He ~~discovered that he~~ ^{was} quick enough to dart away

whenever an enemy soldier came near. To his delight, he even tagged one ~~enemy~~ ^{boy} ~~to~~

On the next day, his face was in the dirt again. Action was everywhere. It was hard to dodge the rush. ^{knocked down} ~~He was knocked~~ ^{again}

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

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

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

Be it understood that a ^{Further} serious investiture of any man or woman is ^{man or woman} never routine. Each case is unique. The average person, paralyzed by his ignorance, assumes that one can lose one's soul to the devil on an instant, ^{and permanently,} ^{it is reinvigorated every Sunday} (The premise is not only false but the product of endless propaganda ^{by} the dedicated and often mediocre ministers who ^{have been chosen to work for} ^{and then work for us!} the Cudgels. It is no more than brainwashing.) The real situation is that we do not appropriate people through a lightning flash of Satanic entrapment, ^{does not} and then keep them forever as our vassals. Rather, it is a contest. So soon

as we seek to invest our powers in a client, the Cudgels invariably appear.

~~Sole possession rarely occurs.~~ Rather, ^Ploys and gambits are developed,

~~and~~ ^{and} not all that often do our demons or the angels of the Dummkopf realize

a significant victory. Indeed, after a series of such battles, the odd soul

actually captured in toto by us or by the Cudgels ^{can} bears more resemblance to

^{a throwaway} ~~a battered wreck~~ than to a prize. (Insane people are often the victims of

such sustained contests.)

Moreover, entrapment is ^{not free} ~~full~~ of paradox. The clients that we find

most difficult to approach are often ^{those with} ~~possessed of~~ the greatest potential.

Conversely, ~~these~~ individuals who are easy for us to pick up usually prove

of no great service. It does not take much to traduce a drunk or an addict.

We polish what is left of their charm, which helps to consume a little more

of the compassion of their families, especially if the mother, father, or any

of the siblings are obsessed with retaining a sense of charity. In effect, we

injure their God-loving hearts! But that is simple work. Such gains are

small. Ultimate ends are not served. ^{Our find} ~~We~~ aim, after all, ^{is lead} ~~to conduct~~ human

^{a / together} ~~nature completely~~ away from the Vision of the D.K.

There is, however, another factor in every contest. It concerns the ^{separate} economies of Divine energy and of Satanic energy. ~~They differ.~~ They differ ~~considerably.~~

I can allow that even in the higher cadres of devils and angels, we hardly know who has more Time to give to a contest ^{so soon as} ~~when~~ it becomes focused on one man or woman. ^{But} ~~I do know that~~ on larger matters, the D.K. is a spendthrift! ~~As one example,~~ He disburses whole bonanzas of effort to ^{example on} His sunsets (which—it must be admitted—do bolster human morale.) On the other hand, His gifts are not always pertinent to His aims. The E.O. has often remarked that the D.K. is analogous to a spoiled and wealthy lady who only wishes to hear fine remarks about herself, whereas we devils have to give our attention to head-on budgetary demands. For certain, the E.O. is forever obliging us to estimate the expenditures of Time involved in securing a new client. Such prognostication can be onerous, especially if ^{ends up} ~~one is wrong.~~ To spend years on a promising fellow who eventually resists us is not only a budgetary blemish ^{on one's} ~~upon our~~ individual record, but ^{is also} a general loss for the project. Prevail!, the E.O. is always reminding us. So ~~we~~ ^{we} try to exhibit more acumen than the Cudgels (when choosing our targets). ~~We do~~

This did not come easily. I went through many years when I was ready to give up on the project.

eventually, I was again promoted. I learned then that the E.O. had selected me to oversee the work of a number of ~~other~~ minor demons who were keeping watch from time to time on a young Austrian client whose ~~possibilities were not yet realized~~ developed potentialities might yet prove astounding. Insignificant at present was this person ~~and so~~ ^{as} was his family, but he had ancestral fault-lines full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. So I ~~had~~ ^{was to} observe him closely through the years. ^{In summary, after} By 1908, this lad was jobless in ~~the death of Klara~~ ^{Adi was jobless in} Vienna, and stricken with timidity. He had quit school too early, was an

avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read (particularly when he could not understand it,) and was, in addition, lazy, prone to temper tantrums, and possessed of an ego as swollen as an infected limb. All the same, he was desperately afraid of virtually all meetings with other human beings. Yes, this boy was an unmitigated mess. ^{P 131}

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not, in those years, hide my curiosity from the E.O. any more than my agents were able to conceal their active reactions from me. At this point, the E.O. actually chose to speak directly to my thoughts. He said: "Why have I been so interested in this boy? Can it be that he possesses the largest ambition one could possibly

~~not unlike God in this regard. There are ^{many} beings in existence, and a~~

~~good many. I can tell you, are the fault of the Lord who did not design them~~

~~well. The dinosaurs, for example. If God is the greatest artist, He has also~~

~~made the most prodigious mistakes.~~

~~I was depressed. This ^{new} project remained an outrageous gamble. ^{for}~~

~~knew about the hopeless fate of most such exceptional but highly warped~~

~~clients. Unless an historic epoch developed that could accelerate, even~~

~~thrust, my assigned protégé into history, he would end as one more failure.~~

~~At this point in 1908, ^{by the end of 1908} there seemed no sign of such special conditions~~

~~arriving. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany~~

~~had not yet occurred.) My role, as I saw it, was to continue to be a jockey~~

~~who guided a horse running against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee~~

~~further demotions for myself.~~

All this is not of much interest now. We know, after all, what

happened to the horse. And I was the one who rode him (with occasional

but crucial help from the Maestro). I rode with Adolf all the way up to

glory (and down again—which is half the matter, the other half being why I

~~have already proceeded to tell this much of the tale~~
~~now propose to tell the tale). I know so much. This knowledge seems to~~

~~And yet, I can certify as much as~~
~~as who cannot?—he did it I learn, and~~
~~far better than his father—how to~~
~~humiliate others. It does go back to the whistler.~~

deposited.) The positions occupied one by one with our black stones are forever in peril of being surrounded even as we are looking to encircle the white stones of the angels. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take as long to tally up the captures of each other as it wass to play the match.)

To bring, therefore, a first explanation of the sinuosities, salients, and recesses of our war, I am obliged to offer my own crude outline of the forces at play in human society. Of necessity, this first presentation will be simple but I would start by remarking that one must constantly keep in mind that there are three phases of living reality—the divine, the satanic, and the human. In effect, three separate armies. In that sense, there are three kingdoms now, not two. God and His angelic cohort work upon men, women, and children to bring them under His direction. Our E.O. and we, his representatives, look to possess many of these same humans. Until the Middle Ages, human beings had virtually no active role in this contest. They were no more than pawns in our field of battle. Hence the title: Two Kingdoms. By now, however, we are obliged to take each individual man or woman very much into account. I will even say that many, if not most,

humans, are at present doing their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They seek to be free. They often remark (and most sententiously) "I want to discover who I am!" All the while, we devils guide the men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and many a particular individual does his or her best to fight off both of Us, God and Devil alike. Humans have become so vain (through technology) that more than a number expect by now to become independent of both of us.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the perversities embedded in existence, a sketch of the true complexity of apparently simple events. My hope—given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately—is that I will yet be able to capture a good bit of the real and inner life of Adolf Hitler who was most certainly my client. (Just why I have so intense a desire, however, is not clear to me.) Let me be ready, then, to explain not only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but my weaknesses. I promise: No devil is without a profile! We can be as complex as men and women, and, on occasion, as disappointing. We have special powers of which the first is our ability to enter the human mind, but on all too many occasions,

these powers become seriously misplaced. It is well to keep in mind that when all is said, angels and devils are spirits, not souls, and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we dare to put it right here on the page. Since we also have the power when necessary to exist within a human body, it is with our mind and the client's hand that the writing is sometimes done.

It is safer that way. The Maestro can enter our spirits in an instant, but to sally into an embodiment requires more effort. So, to write this book, I have chosen to hide in the body of a human who would be of no particular interest to the Maestro, a nonentity. To any devil who passes my American abode, I would seem one more wholly uninteresting Couch Potato. Put it that I am in my own private Witness Protection Program. Neither angels nor demons will hover for long near the baleful glow of a television set.

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Years ago, within the normal routine of a working devil, I would enter into many a mind; could recover, when necessary, the concealed, even long-buried memories of any client. Such power, however, consumes Time and that is, indeed, a word to capitalize. For us, as well as for the angels, Time is a guarded resource comparable to the way Money serves as a reserve for humans. We were always calculating how much Time we could afford to give each of our clients, and such expenditures do increase when a devil chooses to inhabit a person's dreams. The need to acquire more insight has to be balanced, then, against the investment required to be able to work your will upon the subject. For this reason, the average human is not often of

interest to us. Their powers of insight, memory, and ill intent are limited. Rather, we look to find men and women who might be ready to transgress divine or social laws along the way to carrying off a major endeavor for us.

Such men and women are rare. More often we have to be content with mediocrities. It then becomes our task to make them more successful and I did have clients whom I was able to develop. Some were even able to work on one or another of the Maestro's larger projects. The majority, however, caught in the push-and-pull between their guardian angel and a directing devil like myself, often ended by producing little that was useful to either Kingdom, and I can certainly recall a few unhappy situations when the guardian angel gathered the spoils.

At one period in the past, as a result of several such losses, my position suffered. For a time, I was assigned clients of petty origin or modest achievement. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure the morale of their company by desertion, I served workers and peasants who looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, or estate managers who pilfered funds. I served petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old

holdings, and I might as well list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, unfaithful wives (of the worst sort—matched by their male counterparts), as well as comparable flotsam and typical jetsam. I had a horde of clients, but only a few could stimulate one's developed instincts. For the most part, I had to serve as proctor for nameless men and women born with little who soon proceeded to less. It could have been cause for despair. I was enough of a snob to miss the brio that a social summit offers. Large projects did appeal more to me. While I could rarely know whether the Maestro was saving my talents for some future purpose or merely marinating me in various backwaters, I did take hope for on one occasion he did remark that I might yet be given a post comparable to some of the epic encounters of our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. Yes, all of that might be there for me once more, provided I was ready to pay unremitting attention now to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I did, and eventually, I was again promoted. The E.O. selected me to oversee the work of a number of minor demons who were keeping watch from time to time on a young Austrian client whose developed potentialities might yet prove astounding. Insignificant at present was this person as was his family,

but he had ancestral fault-lines full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. So I was to observe him closely through the years.

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

All this was uttered by the E.O. with characteristic irony. Since he usually responded with an unvoiced intimation which was all we needed (in much the way a dog can rise from his sleep and shake himself at his master's

silent command), we never knew how serious The Master was when he spoke aloud into our mind's ear. The irony in his voice took away any certainty that he was committed to what he said. Sometimes I felt that this could derive from his uncertainty, but that was an unvoiced notion.

In any case, I dared not ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly, major ones. Our Source—to employ still one more honorific—is not unlike God in this regard. There are dead ends in existence, and a good many, I can tell you, are the good Lord's fault. He did not design them carefully enough. Dinosaurs, for example. If God is the greatest artist, He has also made the most prodigious mistakes.

I was depressed. This new project remained an outrageous gamble. I felt as if I knew too much, and this knowledge seemed to exist as a separate force within me, separate and independent of our Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that—as we know!—I have broken the first rule of our Kingdom. Moreover, obliged by the insinuating demands of my tale to initiate my reader into hitherto guarded revelations, I have even told how Adolf was conceived.

The reader may recall that I was not actually in that nocturnal bed at the time. Not literally. Nor did I have to be. Nonetheless, in stating that I

participated in such carnality—such apocalyptic carnality!—I was telling the truth just as much as I was purveying a lie. For even as we now assume to our scientific confusion that light is both a particle and a wave, so do we devils live in both the lie and the truth, side by side.

The explanation—provided one is ready to follow!—is considerably less difficult than, let us say, Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. For example, the past (or History, as Napoleon once described it) is a record of the lies that prevailed even as the present offers its fleeting possibility that a truth can be perceived that is as close as humans can come to that reality of Time. Spirits like myself, however, bear a relation to Time that is more complex. Our ability to ingest the experiences of lower demons enables higher devils (princes) like myself to inhabit separate periods of Time that human beings recognize only by way of linear chronology. But, I, as a devil of sufficient rank, did not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. That is because I was able to take in the exact experience in whole grasp of how it happened in Time by recreating the event. Another devil (of lower rank) had been present in Alois' bed on the original occasion. This devil had entered the act. I must say that that is always an option for us.

We can and do enter into many a cohabitation. On rare occasions, and this was one of them, a demon can even implore the E.O to be present as well, even as the angels call upon their Master. Since the resources of God and the Devil are—I must repeat, believe it if you will!—not infinite, their presence must not be merely desirable or entertaining, but is obliged to be purposeful to the highest degree! The devil who had actually been present that night transmitted the experience to me somewhat later with a completeness of odor and carnal detail that can be termed absolute. So, it also happened to me. For practical purposes, I was there, yes, among us, to emphasize this point, let me say that to be given an exact recollection is considered altogether equal to being present. So, I also knew from the incomparable intensity of the occasion that this was the rarest event. The E.O. had actually joined with the attendant devil for one instant (even as Jehovah had offered His immanence to Gabriel during that other exceptional event.)

While I was not going to be exclusively attached to Adolf Hitler for many years, the E.O. had, as I have indicated, placed him in my Overview. It is equal to saying that the devils who worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on to me. His life and modest deeds as a boy were

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

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

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to breathe again, his wind going in and out with a rasp that sounded as terrible as the last winds ^{their last} of his dying children.

"All right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. ^{She did} ~~For she~~ not know if this would resuscitate him or end him, but thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had Fanni had told her ^{once what to do,} come to her after Fanni's death was in her again. ~~(Now, astride him, she,~~ So ~~she~~ ^{actually} turned head to foot, and put her most unmentionable part down on his hard-breathing lips ^{nose and mouth} and took in his old battering ram ^{to} ~~so near~~ her ^{lips,} face.

^{new} ~~But~~ Uncle was as soft down there as a coil of excrement. Even as she said ^{had him} this to herself, she plopped ~~it~~ into her mouth with an avidity that could come only from the Evil One himself—that she knew. She knew from where the impulse had come. So, now they both had their heads at the wrong end, and

she knew—the Evil One was also ^{with them.} present. She knew. He had never come closer.

And now, the Hound began to come to life, right in her mouth! It surprised her. Alois had been limp, so limp. But now it ^{giving} ~~certainly~~ was happening. She was ^{giving} ~~returning~~ life to her man. She felt such power, ^{he was} ~~that~~ Alois was stronger, and before long, ^{yes, really} ~~revived~~, ^{he was} ~~fully~~ revived, a man again! And now, ^{la phrase} ~~his mouth covered~~ with all the sap and juice from her ^{with something} ~~other~~ parts.

^{mouth} ~~the private and most unmentionable~~ ^{one} ~~mouth~~ Still on his lips, he ^{turned around and} ~~embraced~~ her face with all the passion of own lips ^{and face} ~~and became~~ so ready at last to ^{give it to her with the Hound's} ~~grind~~ it into her piety, yes, damn all piety, thought Alois—damned churchmouse wife, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was all there, ^{pride and honor} ~~his tongue~~ like a sword, and never before a night like this, better than a storm at sea! And then it went on beyond such moments, for she—the most angelic woman in

Braumau—^{was giving} ~~gave~~ herself over with a prime lust to accept the Devil, yes, she

knew he was there with Alois and herself, ^{and was} ~~all three~~ now drowning in lust, ^{the spirit that} ~~and I certainly knew~~ ^{for I was the third presence} ~~and I was the third and knew all of this~~ for I rode with them into the

^{caterwauling balls} ~~caterwaul~~ of this coming together, Alois and myself filling the womb of

came out of him and then onto her

Klara Poelzl Hitler, yes, I knew the moment when ^a this new creation was
~~conceived~~ ^{was created} ~~for I, too, was there representing the Evil One, serving him!~~ ^{I was}

Yes, I was present at this conception ~~secretly~~ ^{on that momentary}. I say that even as the
 Angel Gabriel was the servant of Jehovah ~~for one night in Nazareth~~ ^{so did I}
 appear ~~as an agent of the Evil One~~ ^E on this July night nine months and ten

days before Adolf Hitler would be born on April 20, 1889. ^{Yes, I}
^{was there as a high} ~~So, I have revealed myself. I am an officer in the finest intelligence~~

service that has ever existed, ~~I am the phantom in~~
~~residence for the creature just~~
~~concerned there~~

BOOK FOUR

THE PHANTOM

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BOOK FOUR

~~THE PHANTOM~~

1.

are changeable,

~~of the last~~

Titles in our domain ~~shift in their~~
~~can pass into one another.~~ ~~Given the~~
~~substantivity.~~ ~~According to the~~
~~needs~~

~~words~~ of the occasion, I ~~say~~ am
~~known~~ ~~as~~ ~~the~~ Mandarin, the
 Prince, the Impersonator, the Aide,

or, ~~since~~ I will ~~never~~ ^{not}
 present in visible ~~form~~ ^{form} through
~~the~~ events to come) I ~~say~~ will

~~particular~~ ^{term} ~~of myself~~ ~~as~~ a phantom. ~~It~~
~~no role does not matter.~~ ~~It~~ ~~remains~~
~~is no longer a role.~~ ~~It~~ ~~remains~~

~~Every~~ ~~form~~ ~~is~~ ~~an~~ instrument of the Devil

the Devil ~~is not~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~comfortable~~ ~~for~~ ~~humanity~~ ^(insect)

that ~~will~~ ~~not~~ ~~be~~ ~~comfortable~~ ~~for~~ ~~humanity~~ ^(insect)
~~which~~ with the pronounced
 dominance of the technological
 world in the Twenty-First Century

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First Century, an unspoken agreement seems to exist among many of the most

well-educated that there is no such entity as the Devil. Certainly, there seems ~~not~~ ^{not} intelligentia there ~~is~~ ^{is} a conflict
no readiness ~~whatever~~ to postulate an ongoing war between Satan and the

Lord. Rather, the New Technological World ~~shows itself to be~~ ^{while the existence of} fiercely in need of a universe ~~that is subject to reason.~~ ^{God as a solitary mystery} ~~is~~ ^{some} ~~not~~ ^{nameless} acceptable to ~~a few~~ ^{some} scientists, ~~some~~ ^{high} officials, and a horde of ~~bureaucrats and corporate managers.~~ ^{Church goers} And God Almighty will always be

~~offered a willow of adoration by full service believers~~ who see Him as ^{and} good, ^{the} all-powerful, all One, ~~(and most useful to themselves provided they~~

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the notion that there is another entity
 continue to believe that. But a Devil is not to be posited. Not in this
~~Equal or nearly equal to God is not to be~~
 Twenty-first Century. There can be one mystery, but not two! (Indeed, we
 Sophisticated ~~men and women~~ ^{do not}
 are given orders by the Master to capitalize none of the Devil's possessives.
 often ~~give~~ ^{are} evidence to the ~~supposition~~ ^{posited}
 only this: God's.)
 That God and the Devil are ~~different~~ ^{not}
 s f i l l very much in existence and ~~very much at odds~~ ^{not}
 There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of
 blurred

Adolf Hitler's personality is ~~dim~~ (He is, after all, a third mystery, the most

mysterious human being of the century, a man, when all is said, who was all-

too-human, if, it will be agreed, the average man or woman does possess

large funds of the petty and the inhumane. Nonetheless, over the years, ^{as I}
 will get my best to explain, I did grow
 able to comprehend his psyche. How can I not take pride in this? As a

specimen of humanity, he was close to unmeasurable. He developed into the

wild beast of the century, this all-too-modest-looking client with his gargoyle

of a mustache, who, in the beginning, even I belittled as "little Adolf," yes, I

knew him when we still referred to the young man who grew out of the boy

as "little Adolf with the big ideas."

I can state that as a newborn he was a most typical Klara Poelzl

product. That is, he was close to desperately unhealthy. Indeed, he terrified

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Klara every time a drop of snot oozed out of his nose or a bubble of sputum popped up from his infant lips.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive (the more sordid, the better) ~~Reality Demand~~ but our predictive attempts fade at the borders of mortality. We are obliged to recognize that God does have a final power to decide where and when a human being will die. Take the extreme example of an airplane that has just crashed. Let us say we are responsible for the malfunction. Nonetheless, we do not have the power to destroy everyone on board. Our Adversary (God) determines the result. In most such cases, He will have to accept what we have succeeded in bringing off. It is too costly for God to countermand us. Do not assume that it ~~demands~~ ^{requires} no exceptional effort for Him to save a few people trapped on that edge of extinction—airplane crashes involve so many factors! Indeed, He could not even save His Son, (as we are never tired of reminding our clients!) but there are occasions when a death we looked to create does not occur. From time to time, even in extreme difficulties, God still disposes.

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even such mental barriers
Be it understood, then, that ~~the question~~ *(comes down again to the*
to the measure)
~~overbearing matter~~ of expenditure. A most useful rule of thumb—for human

endeavor as well—is that all wars are ultimately determined by who can bear

the cost. Sometimes, it is prodigiously expensive for ~~Him~~ *God* to war with us. To

keep this understanding alive—that He is not All-Powerful—~~the~~ *our Maestro*

demands that we try not to speak of the Lord as God, but as the D.K. (What

D.K. means, ~~I will explain before long.~~ *he explained*)

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

The attention she gave to Adolf's early days would have been seen as hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but then, Klara was living at the edge of the abyss. Recollections of her first illicit joining with Alois were pervaded by the penetratingly corrupt smell of the sickroom as Gustav, Ida, and Otto were lost one by one in the same few months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them. He had chosen to ignore her. As she saw it, that rebuke could only confirm the wretched evil of her condition. So she looked to go back to her feelings on the day she first

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met Alois. His visit in Spital came when she was sixteen, and she had never seen a man who disturbed her so directly, so physically—she fell back a full step on their meeting at the door. She might as well have received a blow to the stomach.

Yet she had also admired Alois, immensely, and at once. Her mother had an expression on her face Klara had not seen before. For one instant, there in full pride and longing, Johanna did look beautiful. In the next instant, Klara felt a closeness to her mother that was more than their family sense of sharing the same bed-rags of existence, no, it was as if she inhabited her mother's heart for the blink of an eye, and then felt the full force of the pang that followed. She was able to feel all of her mother's old desire at the exact moment they both saw Alois. If one may speak of a pang of joy, she felt indeed just such a bolt.

~~We need not, however, journey again along the back and forth of Klara's passion for Alois, nor return to the depths of her piety. By the time Adolf was born, she would wash her mouth every morning with laundry soap, a natural act given her taste's predilection (especially in late pregnancy) for~~

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91 We need not, however, journey again along the back and forth of Klara's passion for Alois, nor return to the depths of her piety. By the time Adolf was born, she ~~would wash her mouth every morning with laundry soap, a natural act given her mate's predilection, especially in late pregnancy~~ ^{had formed the habit of washing} ~~for, since (Alois was now full of)~~ ^{for, since (Alois was now full of)} soap, a natural act given her mate's predilection, especially in late pregnancy ^{to} ~~for putting~~ her head onto the Hound and keeping it there, one big hand on her neck, until ^{the} ~~his~~ discharge ^{of his needs} ~~(was)~~ ^{plate}.

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

Alois soon had to face the possibility that a will of iron, when forged by prayer ~~and girded about with more prayer~~ ⁷, can be quite as powerful in a woman as ⁵¹ ~~if~~ a highly-developed biceps ~~in~~ ⁵¹ a man. At first, Alois could not believe that her refusal to let him touch her was not more than a whim, nor a

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Gott im Himmel

Just little - longer
kitten chasing its tail?

new species of drawn-out enticement. "You women go back and forth like a kitten chasing its tail," he told her. Then, deciding ~~this~~ ^{that such as this} rebellion was to be mercilessly crushed, he seized her buttocks with one hand and a breast with the other.

She bit him on the wrist hard enough to draw blood. Whereupon he cuffed her, leaving Klara with a bruised eye. Gott im Himmel! ~~Good Lord!~~ He was obliged ^{next} morning to beg her not to go out until her eye was no longer discolored. For a week, his hand bandaged, he did the shopping after work—no tavern ~~at~~ for those nights. After which, the bruise gone, he still had to give up what he considered to be his irrevocable rights, and Alois slept in a huddle on his side of the bed.

Since this state was to be maintained for close to three years, it will certainly be worth returning to the solutions he found to raise such a matrimonial siege. But, for now, we stay close to Klara. An intensity of emotion is always attractive to demons and devils, even as farmers dream of black soil for future crops.

It need hardly be underlined that the death of Otto, Gustav and Ida, proved useful to us even if we had not been the ones to effect it. Obviously,

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it intensified Klara's ^{adoration of} love for Adolf past any usual measure of large maternal love. When he began to scream every time she kissed his lips, she came to understand that it was the odor of lye on her mouth. But since Alois ^{had been} ~~was~~ now driven to his side of the bed, there was no longer a need to wash with it in the morning. Therefore, she could kiss Adolf ~~with full-~~ content even as he gurgled obligingly.

It hardly required special insight for us to know that this could prove useful. Excessive mother-love is almost as promising to us as the void of mother-love. We were keyed to look for excess of every kind, good or bad, loving or hateful, too much or too little of anything. Every exaggeration of honest sentiment contributes to our aims.

When it comes to turning a child into a client, we follow a reliable rule of thumb. An incestuous procreation followed by swarms of mother-love will offer rich possibilities. When the event has been fortified by the ^{Matr. (at conception)} presence of the E.O., there is every reason to expect that the child can develop exceptional possibilities. If it lives. We lose so many. All too often, the D.K. is aware of our choice and, heartlessly—I will say this about Him!—yes, ^{God} ~~the D.K.~~ removes them heartlessly! This can happen no matter

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the cost to Himself. The cost to Himself? A curious calculation is present.

The D.K. is not insensitive to the hopes of those who surround the child.

The early death of an exceptional child can demoralize a family. Even when

the D.K. knows, therefore, that a given individual ^{be long in good part to} was ~~subsumed~~ by us, He

hesitates. Sometimes, He does not wish to take on the collateral damage to

the family. Besides, ^{His (adversity)} He can always look to steal the boy or girl back from us.

So the D.K. is respectful of mother-love ^{when it} that is all-embracing. It can ^{with}

come as no surprise then that many artists, ogres, geniuses, killers, and an

occasional savior live to maturity because God chose not to dispose of them.

The first element of mutual recognition in the struggle between the D.K. and

the E.O. is probably the understanding that no single splendid human

quality can ever prevail by itself, unaltered by either. Even the noblest,

most self-sacrificing and generous mother can produce a monster provided

we are there. All the same, this is not a game where one can count on the

end result. That is why investing in the newborn is often an unbalanced

gamble for both the Maestro and the Lord.

But I can see by now that further explanation of ~~the~~ the conditions, limitations and inevitable flaws of the separate world that I inhabit is necessary or too little will be understood.

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If ~~God~~ The Lord, as the Mass too
never fails to remind us is
not Infinite. The unholy secret
of the local heavens is
that God and the Devil exist
within parameters. Call them
paradoxes if you must, but
even divine powers suffer
constraint. I will add that
many primitive tribes as well



~~124~~ 129

Q So, yes, ~~if~~ the war proceeds and we don't are still confronted closely

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of existence, but ~~Two Kingdoms has been that~~ term since Biblical times.

Needless to add, we devils are still confronted daily by a formidable army of

angels. (We ^{choose to} call them the Cudgels!)

While ^{as it is} these warring forces will be familiar to anyone who has read

"Paradise Lost," I would note that ^{devils are often} many of us are well-versed in literary

classics. I cannot speak for the angels, but ^(as I understand) ~~devils are often~~

^{our Maestro} good writing. He sees good literary insight as a complement to ~~the work we~~

^{John} do with humans. ^{then} Milton, then, is high in our arcana of these few poets and

novelists who are not unforgivably second-rate, because of their sentimental

~~inexactitudes~~ ^{John Milton did, after all, still} ~~He does, after all, provide some outline of the contest between~~

~~the Two Kingdoms~~. No matter how inaccurate ~~were his details~~, he offered a

^{suggestive of the manner in which} ~~pioneer demonstration~~ of how our armies confronted each other at the

commencement of that ^{divine} great estrangement when ^{hordes of early} squadrons of angels first

^{separated} ~~divided~~ into opposed camps.

One can offer respect, then, to that great blind man, even if his

^{suggestive of the manner in which} ~~description~~ is seriously out of date. Neither ^{No longer do} angels nor devils ^{and} still wage war

in phalanx. Rather, we are artfully installed by now in every corner of human

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be ~~behavior~~ ^{to present} existence. ~~Forming~~ ^{therefore}, a closer notion of the sinuosities, salients, ^{therefore central} neuterings, and recesses of our war, I would start ^{with the three elements of} ~~Presently strike~~ living reality (the divine, the satanic, and the human. In effect, ^{we are} ~~these~~ ^{speaking of} ~~compose~~ three separate armies, three kingdoms, ~~not two~~. God and His angelic cohort ^{strive to bring} ~~work upon~~ men, women, and children ~~to bring them~~ under His ^{Maestro with the aid of} ~~guidance~~. Our E.O. and we, (his representatives, look ~~to direct many of these~~ ^{other opposed} same humans in ~~opposed~~ directions. Until the Middle Ages, human beings ^{brought} ~~could bring~~ no vital role to this contest. They were ~~no more than~~ pawns. ^{original concept} Hence the ~~title~~: Two Kingdoms. By now, however, ^{have to} ~~we take~~ each individual man or woman into account. We are obliged to. Many, if not most, humans, ~~now~~ do their best ~~at present~~ to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They seek to be free. They often remark ^{if} ~~and~~ most sententially) "I want to discover who I am!" Humans have become so vain (through technology) that more than a number expect by now to become independent of both of us, God and Devil alike.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the contradictions embedded in existence, a sketch of the complexity of apparently simple

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(most certainly do
~~the do~~ do
events. That much explained, at present, I would add that I would hope to

~~present to the interested reader a portrait of the early life of this Adolf Hitler,~~
plan to draw

~~who was most certainly my client. (Just why I have so intense a love,~~

~~however, is not yet clear to me.) I would add that I do have some special~~
have

~~powers of which the first is a devil's ability to enter many a human mind,~~
skilled

it is well to keep in mind that angels and devils are spirits, not souls, and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we dare to place it on the page. Since we also have exceptional power when necessary to exist within a human body, it is with our mind and the client's hand that the writing is sometimes done. To write this book, therefore, I have chosen to hide in a body of no particular interest for the Maestro. Should a devil pass my present American abode, I would seem one more good American Couch Potato. Put it that I have chosen my own Witness Protection Program. Neither angels nor demons will hover for long near the glow of a television set. Only humans can put up with that baleful light.

SAYS FOR SPECIAL ORDER

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~~As I just remarked, I can enter into many a mind, I can recover, if~~
I can recover it,
~~necessary, the concealed, even long-buried memories of any particular client,~~
such
~~to whom I have been assigned. This power, however, consumes Time. (Time~~
~~is indeed~~ a word I capitalize since for us, as well as for the angels, it is a
resource comparable to how Money serves as a matrix for humans.) We are
always calculating ~~how much~~ the Time we can afford to give each of our clients,
and such ~~expenditures~~ costs increase when we choose to inhabit people's dreams.
My need to acquire more insight always has to be balanced, then, against the increased
investment required when ~~disbursed when~~ (working our will upon a person. For this reason,
the average human is not often of interest to us. Their powers of insight,

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memory, and ill intent are limited. Rather, we look to find men and women who are ready to transgress divine or social laws in the course of carrying off a major endeavor for us.

Such men and women, are rare. More often we have to be content with mediocrities whom we look to make more successful. In our Company, provided we are sufficiently patient, that can produce promotions for oneself. Over many an era, I have had clients whom I was able to develop to the point where they could serve directly in one or another of the Maestro's larger projects. The majority, however, caught in the push-and-pull, the back and forth between their guardian angel and a directing devil like myself, end by producing little that is useful to either Kingdom, and I can certainly recall a few unhappy situations where the guardian angel who was my opposite number came away with the spoils.

At one period in the past, as a result of several such losses, my position suffered. For a time, I was assigned clients of petty origin or modest achievement. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure the morale of their company by desertion, I served workers and peasants who

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looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, or estate managers who pilfered funds. I indulged petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I might as well list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, and unfaithful wives (of the worst sort—matched by their male counterparts). I had a horde of clients, but only a few could stimulate my developed instincts. For the most part, I had to serve as proctor for clients born with little who soon proceeded to less. It could have been cause for ~~displeasure~~ *displeasure* ~~miss the brio that a social summit offers.~~ *miss the brio that a social summit offers.*

While I could rarely know whether the Maestro was ~~reserving~~ *sabotaging* my talents for some future purpose or merely marinating me in various backwaters, I did ~~take~~ *close to* hope when on one occasion he ~~did~~ remark that I might yet be given a post comparable to some of the epic encounters of our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. Yes, all of that might be there for me once more, provided I was ready to pay unremitting attention now to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I did, and eventually, ~~I was again~~ promoted. The S.O. selected me to oversee the work of a number of minor

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~~demons~~ who were keeping watch ~~from time to time~~ on a young Austrian
~~family~~
~~client~~ whose developed potentialities might yet prove astounding.

~~embryo~~
Insignificant at present was this ~~person~~ ^{as} was his family, but he had ancestral
fault-lines full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. So I
~~was to observe him closely through the years~~
^{more after his birth}

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not, in those years, hide my
curiosity, ~~from the E.O. any more than my agents were able to conceal their~~
~~active reactions from me~~ ^{and at} ~~At this point, the E.O. actually chose to speak~~
^{Master did choose}

directly to my thoughts. He said: "Why have I been so interested in this
~~creature not yet born,~~
boy? Can it be that he possesses the largest ambition one could possibly
~~encounter in a young man who is not already insane?~~ ^(will yet) I may propose that you
~~will~~ yet take him on full-time. But, remain at ease! It is still no more than a
project. It could certainly fail. ^{I know he} ~~He~~ will need endless instruction. ^{Future} His terrors
must be allayed by the most reassuring experiences you can arrange for him.

And you must guard him from receiving any crushing defeats to his ego ~~in~~
^{in his early years. To}
time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could, as I

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say, become your only client. Must I say more? Do pay attention. We ~~are~~ ^{may be} looking at a major project."

All this was uttered by the E.O. with characteristic irony. We never knew how serious The Master was when he spoke ~~aloud~~ ^{to} our mind's ear.

In any case, I dared not ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do.

Particularly, major ones, and this new venture had to remain an outrageous

gamble. I felt as if I knew too much. ~~And now I have told too much. I have.~~ ^{I had been there after}
~~all when he was conceiving~~
~~and related how Adolf was conceived.~~

~~Many some~~
Some leaders may have noticed that I described that event in two ~~modes~~ ^{ways}.
~~Once, I speak as if~~
~~different ways. Once, I was in that connubial bed, and then again, I have~~

indicated that I was not. Not literally. Nonetheless, in ~~stating that I did~~ ^{retroactively}
~~my participation, I am~~ ^{speaking of history}
~~participating in such apocalyptic carnality, I was~~ ^{completely}
~~as I was~~ ^{telling the truth just as much}

as I was purveying a lie. For even as we now assume to our scientific

confusion that light is both a particle and a wave, so do we devils live in both the lie and the truth, side by side.

The explanation—provided one is ready to follow!—is considerably less difficult than, let us say, Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. ~~Spirit-like~~

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^{JS}
⁽³⁸⁾
⁴⁻
~~of spirits like~~ ^{the explanation} ~~provided as is ready to listen~~
~~that~~ ^{keep what I would call}
~~myself, however, bear~~ a retroactive relation to Time. Our ability to ingest the
 experiences of lower demons ~~altogether~~ ^{phases} enables higher ~~devils~~ ^{demons} like
^{I like myself} ~~to inhabit separate periods of Time that human beings can only~~
~~recognize by way of linear chronology. But, I~~ ^{two moments at once.} ~~as a devil of sufficient rank,~~
~~I~~ did not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. That is because
^{ingest} I was able to ~~take in~~ the exact experience as it happened in Time by ~~having~~ ^{feel place}
~~upon~~ ^{calling} ~~it~~ ^{upon the} ~~other devil~~ (of lower rank) ^{who} had been
~~present in Alois' bed on the original occasion. This devil had entered the act~~ ^{certainly}
 directly. I must say that that is always an option for us. We ~~can and do~~ enter
 into many a cohabitation. On rare occasions, and this was one of them, a
 minor devil can even implore the E.O to be present as well. ^{And he was} (The occasion
 demanded it! Afterward, following my assignment to Klara, Alois, and young
 Adolf Hitler, the moment of impregnation was ^{repeated for} ~~transmitted to me~~ by the devil
 who had actually been present that night, and ~~it~~ entered my senses with a
 completeness of odor and carnal detail that can be termed absolute. So, it
^{That particular time became my own}
 also happened to me. For practical purposes, I was there. ~~Yes, among us, let~~
~~me say that~~ to be given an exact recollection is equal to being present. So, I

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also knew from the incomparable intensity of the occasion that this was the rarest event. The E.O. had actually joined with the attendant devil for one instant (even as Jehovah had offered His immanence to Gabriel during that ~~another~~ exceptional event.)

While I would not be attached exclusively to Adolf Hitler for many years ~~the Maestro did~~ ~~set~~ the E.O. placed him in my Overview. ~~It is equal to saying that the devils~~ who worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on to me, His life and modest deeds as a boy were conveyed ^{to me} until, at last, I was as ~~steeped in the life of the boy as if I had been alone with him~~ over all the years of his childhood. For this reason, I am ready to write about that early life ^{a confidence} with an immediacy (no responsible biographer would feel ready to attempt.

I recognize I am offering a great deal to the reader for so early a moment in this biographical endeavor. Yet if I, at this instant, inhabiting an America I can barely comprehend, seem to consist of no more to myself than the withdrawn spirit of a devil without an assignment, I also sense that I must keep to the last confidence that I possess. It is that an account of the life of my most important client will re-establish my footing on some long-lost terrain, and I will then be able to begin to search for the remaining oddments of what may once have been my soul.

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Book III

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instrument Devil.
 Yes, I am ~~indeed an officer~~ of the ~~Evil One~~. I am his instrument.

And this trusted instrument has just committed an act of treachery: It is not acceptable to reveal who we are.

~~At present, however, disclosure still remains unpublished. The~~
~~author of an unsigned and unpublished manuscript can attempt to remain~~ *succeed in remaining*
~~anonymous. Be it understood, the margin of safety is not large.~~
~~Nonetheless, the Devil does not find paper congenial (an attitude I will soon~~
~~explain.) But first, since I have, *however, disclosed* invoked his name, let me observe the *necessary* first~~
~~courtesies. *Dealing with divinities, the terms of address are crucial.* We~~
~~lesser devils usually refer to him as the Maestro. Nor does he mind if,~~

occasionally, we ~~to~~ use E.O. ^{to signify that he is ~~the~~ called} for the Evil One. These terms he has chosen ^{demonstrably} for himself. Sometimes to ~~declare~~ ^{and} our absolute respect, we will speak of him as the O.O. (the Omniscient Observer.) Notice that we do not employ Omnipotent. Despite his plethora of powers, the Maestro knows all too well that he is not infinite. No more than God is infinite. ^(this is the unholy secret of the great heavens!) These divine antagonists ~~also exist nonetheless~~ within parameters. Call them paradoxes, if you wish, but ^{these} ~~even the~~ Powers suffer constraints ~~on their~~ power. I will add that hordes of primitive tribes, as well as the Egyptians and the Greeks, were ^(more closely) ~~more~~ attuned ~~than~~ later theologians to the vagaries and boundaries of cosmic power. It was the ^{theologians of the} Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims who were ^{ascribed} ~~determined to ascribe~~ infinite amplitude to the divine, and they were in error.

As one small example, let me return to my passing remark that the Maestro does not encourage us to use paper. We are often instructed to do our best to eschew it. Paper is derived, after all, from trees and they happen to be God's most loyal, faithful, and trusted servants.

Lately, in these, my latterday American years, I can say that the E.O. ^{monitored} ~~is more attuned to electronics~~. He has ~~crossed human progress into these~~

Outrage
can
be
paper

~~technologies far more closely than the Lord. In any event, despite their prodigious powers, God and the Devil still act within finite domains. (They have Their limitations!)~~

I have chosen, therefore, to write on paper—my assumption is that there is less likelihood my words will be picked up as quickly by the ~~Emil~~ ^{Maestro} ~~Emil~~. (Even processed paper still contains an ineluctable hint of the tenderness God put into His trees.) Since the Lord and the Devil remain as jealous of each other as beautiful women attracted to the same man, it takes no more than a blank piece of paper to remind the Maestro of the power of his adversary rather than the intoxications of his own strength. So I dare to use paper as my mode of communication. ~~While the Maestro has no desire~~ to use up any part of his resources by monitoring all of our acts—there are too many demons and small devils for that!—he is also not inclined to let us go on ventures he has not selected. While he does not keep a constant watch, he does not have to. We dwell in fear of his displeasure. Years ago,

~~At the same time ago,~~
I would never have dared to embark on this written record. My fear would have been absolute. But now, especially in America, ^{given} ~~in~~ the inundations and engulfments of mass media, it is possible to get away with more.

put as de
on separate paper

I can even claim that I have acquired ^{the} a rare skill. ^{of keeping} By now, I can keep ^{clear enough} my thoughts ^(a discipline worthy of a Yogi) to myself. ~~Ergo, I feel ready to~~
^{to be able to} continue this biography, this novel—call it what you will! My assumption
 is that I will succeed in ^{so} concealing my output ~~sufficiently~~ so that the
 Maestro will not be searching into my mind. ~~Intelligence work can be~~
~~understood as a contest between code and the obfuscation of code. Since~~
~~the E.O. is always engaged in endless works, and his present existence is~~
~~more arduous than ever—he feels closer to eventual victory!~~ ~~I now feel~~
~~free to venture out a little on my own.~~

^{There goes}
 So, I will attempt an explanation of our Two Kingdoms. (I could
 speak of them as two antagonists, two realms, two conflicting visions of
 existence, but Two Kingdoms has been ^{The w} the term ^{used by them} since
 Biblical times.) ^{still} Needless to add, we devils are confronted daily by a
 formidable army of angels. (We call them the Cudgels!)

While these warring forces will ~~not~~ ^{be} familiar to anyone who has
 read "Paradise Lost," I would note that many ^{of us} in our kingdom are well-
 versed in literary classics. I cannot speak for the angels, but devils are
^{he sees} obliged to be devoted to good writing. ~~If this seems at opposition to~~

~~remarks just made about the use of paper, let me say that the Devil does not~~
~~forbid us to read, it is just that he will not have us do the writing. He sees~~
~~good literary insight~~
~~literary material~~ as a complement to the work we do with humans; Milton, *they*
~~therefore,~~ is high in our arcana of those few poets and novelists *who are*
~~do not have to look upon as unforgivably second-rate (because of their~~
~~sentimental inexactitudes).~~ Milton, *not* after all, *he did* provide *some* outline of
 the contest between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how inaccurate were his
~~details, he did present~~ *offered* a pioneer demonstration of how our armies might
~~have confronted each other at the commencement of that great estrangement~~
~~which occurred when the earliest~~ squadrons of angels first divided into
~~opposed camps, concerning the future desired for human beings.~~ *who could*

One can offer respect, then, to that great blind man, even if his
 description ~~of us~~ is seriously out of date. *Neither angels nor devils*
~~Devils who serve the E.O.~~ *who*
~~tempo still were war in phalanx~~ *tempo* Rather, we are
 artfully installed by now in every corner of human existence. Our war is
 comparable to the immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, (with its
 grid of nineteen vertical lines crossed by nineteen horizontals, a sum of
 three hundred and sixty-one intersections onto any one of which a stone can
 be deposited.) Any position occupied by any of our black stones is in peril

of being surrounded by white stones even as we are looking to encircle the angels in the same manner. (It is even said that when Go is played by two Japanese Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take as long to tally up the captures of each other as it wass to play the match.)

← To bring, therefore, a ~~first explanation~~ ^{clear notion} of the sinuosities, salients, neuterings, and recesses of our war, ~~I am obliged to offer an outline of the forces at play now in human society.~~ ^{with the} I would start by remarking that there ~~are three phases of living reality—the divine, the satanic, and the human. In effect, there are three separate armies, three kingdoms by now, not two.~~ ^{elements)} ~~these compose~~

God and His angelic cohort work upon men, women, and children to bring them under His ^{guidance} direction. Our E.O. and we, his representatives, look to ~~possess many of these same humans.~~ ^{direct} ~~Until the Middle Ages, human beings could bring no active role to this contest. They were no more than pawns on our field of battle.~~ ^{in opposed directions.} Hence the title: Two Kingdoms. By now, however, we

~~are obliged to take each individual man or woman very much into account.~~ ^{brought no vital} ~~I will even say that many, if not most, humans, are at present doing their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They seek to be free.~~ ^{we are obliged to, many)} ^{do their best}

They often remark (and most sententiously) "I want to discover who I am!"

All the while, we devils guide the men and women we have attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and many a particular individual does his or her best to fight off both of us, God and Devil alike. Humans

have become so vain (through technology) that more than a number expect

by now to become independent of both of us, *God and Devil alike*

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the *contradictions* ~~perversities~~

embedded in existence, a sketch of the ~~too~~ complexity of apparently simple ~~events~~ *That much explained at present, I would add* events. ~~My hope, given the curious temper that has overtaken me lately, is that I will yet be able to capture a good bit of the real and inner life of a portrait of the early life of this~~ *add that I wish to present to the interested reader,*

Adolf Hitler who was most certainly my client. (Just why I have so intense *yet* a desire, however, is not clear to me.) *I would add that I do* Let me be ready, then, to explain not

only my strengths and yes, my talents for this task, but my weaknesses. I

~~promise: No devil is without a profile! We can be as complex as men and~~

~~women, and, on occasion, as disappointing.~~ We have special powers of

which the first is *a devil's* *many* *it* our ability to enter the human mind, but ~~on all too many~~

~~occasions, these powers become seriously misplaced.~~ It is well to keep in

mind that ~~when all is said~~ angels and devils are spirits, not souls, and so do

not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in

a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we dare to ^{place} ~~put~~ it right ^{it} ~~here~~ on the page. Since we also have the ^{exceptional} ~~power~~ when necessary to exist within a human body, it is with our mind and the client's hand that the writing is sometimes done. *To write this body, however, I*

~~It is safer that way. Our Maestro has no difficulty in following our spirits when we enter a man or woman's thoughts. To sally into an embodiment requires more effort even from him. So, to write this book, I~~

have chosen to hide in the body of a human who would be of no particular interest for the Maestro. He is a virtual nonentity. Should a devil pass my

present ~~American abode, I would seem one more good American Couch Potato. Put~~

have chosen ~~it that I am in my own private~~ Witness Protection Program. Neither angels nor demons will hover for long near the ~~beleful~~ glow of a television set.

Only humans can put up with that beleful light.

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As I just remarked, I can enter into many a mind; I can recover, if necessary, the concealed, even long-buried memories of any particular client to whom I have been assigned. This power, however, consumes Time. (Time is, indeed, a word I capitalize since for us, as well as for the angels, it is a resource comparable to ^{how} ~~the way~~ Money serves as a matrix for humans.) We are always calculating how much ^(Time) ~~we~~ can afford to give each of our clients, and such expenditures ~~of Time~~ increase when we choose to inhabit people's dreams. My need to acquire more insight has to be ^{disbarred when working} ~~balanced, then, against the investment required to work~~ our will upon a person. For this reason, the average human is not often of interest to us.

Their powers of insight, memory, and ill intent are ~~too~~ limited. Rather, we look to find men and women who ^{are ready} look ~~to~~ transgress divine or social laws ^{on} ~~the way to~~ ^{the course of} carrying off a major endeavor for us.

Such men and women, are rare. More often we have to be content with mediocrities whom we look to make more successful. In our Company, provided we are sufficiently patient, that can produce promotions for oneself. Over many an era, I have had clients whom I was able to develop to the point where they could serve directly in one or another of the Maestro's larger projects. The majority, however, caught in the push-and-pull, the back and forth between their guardian angel and a directing devil like myself, end by producing little that is useful to either Kingdom, and I can certainly recall a few unhappy situations where the guardian angel who was my opposite number came away with the spoils.

At one period in the past, as a result of several such losses, my position suffered. For a time, I was assigned clients of petty origin or modest achievement. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure the morale of their company by desertion, I served workers and peasants who looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests

in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, or estate managers who pilfered funds. I ^{indulged} served petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I might as well list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, ^{and} unfaithful wives (of the worst sort—matched by their male counterparts), as well as comparable flotsam and typical jetsam. I had a horde of clients, but only a few could stimulate ^{my} one's developed instincts. For the most part, I had to serve as proctor for ^{clients} nameless men and women born with little who soon proceeded to less. It could have been cause for despair. I was enough of a snob to miss the brio that a social summit offers. ~~Large projects did appeal more to me.~~ While I could rarely know whether the Maestro was ^{reserving} saving my talents for some future purpose or merely marinating me in various backwaters, I did take hope ^{when} for on one occasion he did remark that I might yet be given a post comparable to some of the epic encounters of our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. Yes, all of that might be there for me once more, provided I was ready to pay unremitting attention now to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I did, and eventually, I was again promoted. The E.O. selected me to oversee the work of a number of minor demons who were keeping watch

from time to time on a young Austrian client whose developed potentialities might yet prove astounding. Insignificant at present was this person as was his family, but he had ancestral fault-lines full of the intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. So I was to observe him closely through the years.

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

All this was uttered by the E.O. with characteristic irony. ~~Since he usually responded with an unvoiced intimation which was all we needed (in much the way a dog can rise from his sleep and shake himself at his master's silent command),~~ We never knew how serious The Master was when he spoke aloud into our mind's ear. ~~The irony in his voice took away any certainty that he was committed to what he said. Sometimes I felt that this could derive from his uncertainty, but that was an unvoiced notion.~~

In any case, I dared not ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly, major ones, ~~Our Source to employ still one more honorific~~ ^{and this} ~~is not unlike God in this regard. There are dead ends in existence, and a good many, I can tell you, are the good Lord's fault. He did not design them carefully enough. Dinosaurs, for example. If God is the greatest artist, He has also made the most prodigious mistakes.~~

~~I was depressed. This new project~~ ^{venture had to} ~~remained an outrageous gamble. I felt as if I knew too much, and this knowledge seemed to exist as a separate force within me, separate and independent of our Maestro, a force, indeed, so intense that—as we know!—I have broken the first rule of our Kingdom. Moreover, obliged by the insinuating demands of my tale to initiate my~~

~~reader into hitherto guarded revelations,~~ ^{related} I have even ~~told~~ how Adolf was ~~conceived~~
~~conceived.~~ ^{Some readers may have noticed that}
~~I described that event in two different ways~~
~~Once, I was in that nocturnal bed, and then again~~
~~The reader may recall that I was not actually in that nocturnal bed at~~
~~I have indicated that I was not. Not literally.~~
~~the time. Not literally. Nor did I have to be.~~ Nonetheless, in stating that I
 participated in such ~~formality~~ ^{such} apocalyptic carnality, ~~I~~ ^I was telling
 the truth just as much as I was purveying a lie. For even as we now assume
 to our scientific confusion that light is both a particle and a wave, so do we
 devils live in both the lie and the truth, side by side.

The explanation—provided one is ready to follow!—is considerably less
 difficult than, let us say, Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. ~~For~~
~~example, the past (or History, as Napoleon once described it) is a record of~~
~~the lies that prevailed even as the present offers its fleeting possibility that a~~
~~truth will be perceived for an instant in the reality of Time.~~ ^{retroactive} Spirits like
 myself, however, bear a ^{retroactive} relation to Time that is more complex. Our ability
 to ingest the experiences of lower demons ^{altogether} ~~(enables higher devils (princes)~~
 like myself to inhabit separate periods of Time that human beings ^{can only} ~~recognize~~
~~only~~ by way of linear chronology. But, I, as a devil of sufficient rank, did
 not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. That is because I

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was able to take in the exact experience in ~~whole grasp~~ ^{as} it happened
 in Time by ~~recreating~~ ^(having my assistants recreate) the event. Another devil (of lower rank) had been

present in Alois' bed on the original occasion. This devil had entered the
~~act~~ ^{directly}. I must say that that is always an option for us. We can and do enter

into many a cohabitation. On rare occasions, and this was one of them, a ~~minor~~
~~devil~~ ^{The occasion} can even implore the E.O. to be present as well, even as the angels

~~demanded it!~~ ^{Afterward, following my} call upon their Master. Since the resources of God and the Devil are ~~1~~
~~assignment to the Klaus, Alois, and young~~ must repeat, believe it if you will! ~~not infinite, their presence must not be~~

~~Adolf Hitler, the moment of impregnation~~ merely desirable or entertaining, but is obliged to be purposeful to the
~~was transmitted to me by the~~ highest ~~direct~~. The devil who had actually been present that night, and
~~it entered my senses~~ transmitted the experience to me somewhat later with a completeness of

odor and carnal detail that can be termed absolute. So, it also happened to

me. For practical purposes, I was there, yes, among us, to ~~emphasize this~~
~~point, let me say that~~ to be given an exact recollection is considered

~~altogether~~ equal to being present. So, I also knew from the incomparable

intensity of the occasion that this was the rarest event. The E.O. had

actually joined with the attendant devil for one instant (even as Jehovah had

offered His immanence to Gabriel during that other exceptional event.)

While I would not be attached exclusively to Adolf Hitler for ^{some} many years yet, the E.O. ~~had~~ placed him in my Overview. It is equal to saying that the devils who worked with little Adolf were there to pass their experiences on to me. His life and modest deeds as a boy were conveyed ~~to me~~ daily.

~~Then, as the day approached when I would look to take whole possession of him, so did my concentration upon the sense-offerings of the minor devils in my domain take on more prominence until, at last, I was as steeped in the~~

life of the boy as if I had been alone with him over all the years of his childhood. For this reason, I am ready to write about ^{that} his early life with an immediacy no responsible biographer would feel ready to attempt. ~~Ditto for what I have already been able to relate about Klara, Fanni, Anna Glassl, Alois, Sr., Johann Nepomuk, and Johanna~~

Now, this profound if most mysterious urge to share my insights to men and women I do not know directly (unseen readers!) has to be part of the same strange force that is behind what seems to be my incontestable readiness to betray the E.O., but then, I believe I understand why I ^{must} am engaging such risk. Profound experience when it is not communicated to anyone else can scourge the soul. I, who have lived so long in the belief

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that I am no more and no less than a spirit—a presence void of soul—may have to face a serious disruption of this sense of my personal condition.

Somewhere within, there seem to be ~~the~~ remnants of something much like a soul, comparable, perhaps, to nerves still attached to an amputated limb.

How they insist that this limb will yet grow again! Such is the force of that thought in me.

I ~~have to~~ recognize I am offering a great deal to the reader for so early a moment in this biographical endeavor. Yet if I, at this instant, inhabiting an America I can barely comprehend, seem to consist of no more to myself than the withdrawn spirit of a devil without an assignment, I also sense that I must keep to the last confidence that I possess. It is that an account of the life of my most important client will re-establish my footing on some long-lost terrain, and I will then be able to begin to search for the remaining oddments of what may once have been my soul.

-3-

Given the ^(present) dominance of the technological world in the ^(Twenty-First) Century,
^{seems to exist)}
~~there seems~~ an unspoken agreement among many of the most well-educated
~~world citizens~~ that there is no such entity as the Devil. Certainly, there
^{readiness whatsoever}
 seems no sympathy on the most modern intellectual horizons to postulate an
 ongoing war ~~today~~ between Satan and the Lord. Rather, the New
^(Shows itself to be friendly)
 Technological World is in need of a universe that is subject to reason. God,
~~taken alone~~ as a solitary mystery, may prove acceptable to a few scientists,
 some high officials, and a horde of bureaucrats and corporate managers. ^{And}
^{God Almighty / approval}
 God will always be subject to a wallow of adoration by full-service
 believers who see Him as all-good, all-powerful, all One, (and most useful

to themselves provided they continue to believe this!) But a Devil is not to be posited. Not in this Twenty-First Century. There can be one mystery, but not two! (Indeed, we are given orders by the Maestro to capitalize none of the Devil's possessives, only His! God's.)

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

I can state that as a newborn he was a most typical Klara Poelzl product. That is, he was close to desperately unhealthy. Indeed, he terrified

Klara every time a drop of snot oozed out of his nose or a bubble of sputum popped up from his infant lips.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did not live. Devils are sound at anticipating motive (the more sordid, the better—Anality Rex!), but our predictive attempts fade at the borders of mortality. ~~Man proposes, the Devil imposes, and the Lord disposes, is hardly accurate in every instance, but~~ we are obliged to recognize that God does have a final power to decide where and when a human being will die. Take the extreme example of an airplane that has just ^{crashed,} ~~gone down~~. Let us say we are responsible for the malfunction ~~(a process that is not routine to accomplish.)~~ Nonetheless, we do not have the power to destroy everyone on board. Our Adversary (God) determines the result. In most such cases, He will have to accept what we have succeeded in bringing off. It is too costly for God to countermand us. Do not assume that it demands no exceptional effort for Him to save a few people trapped on that edge of extinction—airplane crashes involve so many factors! Indeed, He could not even save His Son, (as we are never tired of reminding our clients!) but there are occasions

when a death we looked to create does not occur. From time to time, even in extreme difficulties, God still disposes.

Be it understood, then, that the question comes down again to the *overbearing /* ~~vulgar~~ matter of expenditure. A most useful rule of thumb—for human endeavor as well—is that all wars are ultimately determined by who can bear the cost. Sometimes, it is prodigiously expensive for Him to war with us. To keep this understanding alive—that He is not All-Powerful—the E.O. demands that we try not to speak of the Lord as God, but as the D.K. (What D.K. means, I will explain before long.)

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

The attention she gave to Adolf's early days would have been seen as hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but then, Klara was living at the edge of the abyss. Recollections of her first illicit joining with Alois *I have persuaded by* ~~travelled on to~~ the penetratingly corrupt smell of the sickroom as Gustav, Ida, and Otto were lost one by one in the same few months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them. He had chosen to ignore her. As she saw it, that rebuke could only confirm the wretched evil

of her condition. So she looked to go back to her feelings on the day she first met Alois. His visit in Spital came when she was sixteen, and she had never seen a man who disturbed her so directly, so physically—she fell back a full step on their meeting at the door. She might as well have received a blow to the stomach.

Yet she had also admired Alois, immensely, and at once. Her mother had an expression on her face Klara had not seen before. For one instant, there in full pride and longing, Johanna ^{did} ~~could~~ look beautiful. ^{In} ~~On~~ the next ^{instant} ~~moment~~, Klara felt a closeness to her mother that was more than their ^{family} ~~shared~~ sense of sharing the same bed-rags of existence, no, it was as if she inhabited her mother's heart ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ the blink of an eye, and then felt the full force of the pang that followed. In truth, Klara had had a visitation from us.

One fine joy ^{for} ~~we~~ devils ~~can know~~ occurs in the instant ~~we~~ invest our spirit into a man or woman who might yet be a client. Johanna was not much of a devil (only for an hour in the straw with Alois could one say that she had been more or less invested) but it was different ^{with} ~~for~~ Klara. She was able to feel all of her mother's old desire at the exact moment they both saw Alois.

If one may speak of a pang of joy, she felt indeed just such a bolt.

Book III

-1-

Yes, I am an instrument of the Devil. And this trusted instrument has just committed an act of treachery: It is not acceptable to reveal who we are.

Since I have, however, divulged his name, let me observe the necessary courtesies. We devils usually refer to him as the Maestro. Nor does he mind if, occasionally, we use E.O. to signify that he is often called the Evil One. These are terms he has chosen for himself. Sometimes to demonstrate our absolute respect, we will speak of him as the O.O. (the Omniscient Observer.) Notice that we do not employ Omnipotent. Despite his plethora of powers, the Maestro knows all too well that he is not infinite. No more

than God is infinite. (This is the unholy secret of the local heavens!) These divine antagonists exist within parameters. Call them paradoxes, if you wish, but these Powers suffer constraints. I will add that hordes of primitive tribes, as well as the Egyptians and the Greeks, were more closely attuned to the vagaries and boundaries of cosmic power. It was the theologians of the Jews, the Christians, and the Muslims who ascribed infinite amplitude to the divine, and they were in error.

All the same, years ago, I would never have dared to embark on this written record. My fear would have been absolute. But now, especially in America, given the inundations and engulfments of mass media, it is possible to get away with more.

I can even claim that I have acquired the rare skill of keeping my thoughts close enough to myself to be able to continue this biography, this novel—call it what you will! My assumption is that I will succeed in so concealing my output that the Maestro will not be searching into my mind.

Therefore, I will attempt an explanation of our Two Kingdoms. (I could speak of them as two antagonists, two realms, two conflicting visions

of existence, but Two Kingdoms has been Their term since Biblical times.) Needless to add, we devils are still confronted daily by a formidable army of angels. (We call them the Cudgels!)

While these warring forces will be familiar to anyone who has read “Paradise Lost,” I would note that many of us are well-versed in literary classics. I cannot speak for the angels, but devils are obliged to be devoted to good writing. He sees good literary insight as a complement to the work we do with humans. Milton, then, is high in our arcana of those few poets and novelists who are not unforgivably second-rate (because of their sentimental inexactitudes). He did, after all, provide some outline of the contest between the Two Kingdoms. No matter how inaccurate were his details, he offered a pioneer demonstration of how our armies confronted each other at the commencement of that great estrangement when squadrons of angels first divided into opposed camps.

One can offer respect, then, to that great blind man, even if his description is seriously out of date. Neither angels nor devils still wage war in phalanx. Rather, we are artfully installed by now in every corner of human

existence. To bring, therefore, a closer notion of the sinuosities, salients, neuterings, and recesses of our war, I would start with the three elements of living reality—the divine, the satanic, and the human. In effect, these compose three separate armies, three kingdoms, not two. God and His angelic cohort work upon men, women, and children to bring them under His guidance. Our E.O. and we, his representatives, look to direct many of these same humans in opposed directions. Until the Middle Ages, human beings could bring no vital role to this contest. They were no more than pawns. Hence the title: Two Kingdoms. By now, however, we take each individual man or woman into account. We are obliged to. Many, if not most, humans, do their best at present to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro. They seek to be free. They often remark (and most sententiously) "I want to discover who I am!" Humans have become so vain (through technology) that more than a number expect by now to become independent of both of us, God and Devil alike.

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the contradictions embedded in existence, a sketch of the complexity of apparently simple

events. That much explained at present, I would add that I would hope to present to the interested reader a portrait of the early life of this Adolf Hitler who was most certainly my client. (Just why I have so intense a desire, however, is not yet clear to me.) I would add that I do have some special powers of which the first is a devil's ability to enter many a human mind, but it is well to keep in mind that angels and devils are spirits, not souls, and so do not have the sharp outlines of character that are so agreeable to encounter in a novel. Our physical presence is tenuous and if we serve as familiars to men and women, it is by way of our voice. Especially when we dare to place it on the page. Since we also have exceptional power when necessary to exist within a human body, it is with our mind and the client's hand that the writing is sometimes done. To write this book, therefore, I have chosen to hide in a body of no particular interest for the Maestro. Should a devil pass my present American abode, I would seem one more good American Couch Potato. Put it that I have chosen my own Witness Protection Program. Neither angels nor demons will hover for long near the glow of a television set. Only humans can put up with that baleful light.

CHAPTER 18

the average human is not often of interest to us. Their power of insight, investment disbursed when working out will upon a person. For this reason,

My need to acquire more insight has to be balanced, then, against the

One early Sunday morning in April as I was typing the long poem
 asleep so it had to be Liz. She wanted to see me. A scowling J.D. let me
 in, the dogs smelled me and went back to sleep and I found my own way
 to Liz's office. Fifty thousand, she said. Fifty large. She was dressed
 as a woman in a blue dress and a white blouse. She was looking at me
 and I was looking at her. She was looking at me and I was looking at her.

She looked very much like a woman executive on her way up, leaning
 back in her large office chair, tapping a pencil on a legal pad, which
 seemed to be a fic with her. Interested?

As I just remarked, I can enter into many a mind; I can recover, if

"Sure. What do I have to do?"

"Essentially, drive a car to Georgia and back. An especially-
 equipped Cadillac. You'll be bringing back 200 keys of pure product.
 Come over here and I'll show you where you're going." She spread out a
 road map on her desk and used the pencil to point to a little town in south
 Georgia. "You'll meet a plane there, at the airfield about ten miles from
 the town itself. You drive out there ahead of time, which is eleven. When
 you hear a plane's engines, turn on your headlights and leave them on
 bright. A car at the other end of the landing strip will do the same. You
 following me?"

"How about local cops?"

memory, and ill intent are limited. Rather, we look to find men and women who are ready to transgress divine or social laws in the course of carrying off a major endeavor for us.

Such men and women, are rare. More often we have to be content with mediocrities whom we look to make more successful. In our Company, provided we are sufficiently patient, that can produce promotions for oneself. Over many an era, I have had clients whom I was able to develop to the point where they could serve directly in one or another of the Maestro's larger projects. The majority, however, caught in the push-and-pull, the back and forth between their guardian angel and a directing devil like myself, end by producing little that is useful to either Kingdom, and I can certainly recall a few unhappy situations where the guardian angel who was my opposite number came away with the spoils.

At one period in the past, as a result of several such losses, my position suffered. For a time, I was assigned clients of petty origin or modest achievement. I encouraged common soldiers, for instance, to injure the morale of their company by desertion, I served workers and peasants who

looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, or estate managers who pilfered funds. I indulged petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I might as well list petty suicides, petty thieves, drunken louts, and unfaithful wives (of the worst sort—matched by their male counterparts). I had a horde of clients, but only a few could stimulate my developed instincts. For the most part, I had to serve as proctor for clients born with little who soon proceeded to less. It could have been cause for despair. I was enough of a snob to miss the brio that a social summit offers. While I could rarely know whether the Maestro was reserving my talents for some future purpose or merely marinating me in various backwaters, I did take hope when on one occasion he did remark that I might yet be given a post comparable to some of the epic encounters of our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. Yes, all of that might be there for me once more, provided I was ready to pay unremitting attention now to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I did, and eventually, I was again promoted. The E.O. selected me to oversee the work of a number of minor

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say, become your only client. Must I say more? Do pay attention. We are looking at a major project.”

All this was uttered by the E.O. with characteristic irony. We never knew how serious The Master was when he spoke aloud into our mind's ear.

In any case, I dared not ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. Particularly, major ones, and this new venture had to remain an outrageous gamble. I felt as if I knew too much. And now I have told too much. I have even related how Adolf was conceived.

Some readers may have noticed that I described that event in two different ways. Once, I was in that connubial bed, and then again, I have indicated that I was not. Not literally. Nonetheless, in stating that I participated in such apocalyptic carnality, I was telling the truth just as much as I was purveying a lie. For even as we now assume to our scientific confusion that light is both a particle and a wave, so do we devils live in both the lie and the truth, side by side.

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myself, however, bear a retroactive relation to Time. Our ability to ingest the experiences of lower demons altogether enables higher devils (princes) like myself to inhabit separate periods of Time that human beings can only recognize by way of linear chronology. But, I, as a devil of sufficient rank, did not have to be present on the night Adolf was conceived. That is because I was able to take in the exact experience as it happened in Time by having my assistants recreate the event. Another devil (of lower rank) had been present in Alois' bed on the original occasion. This devil had entered the act directly. I must say that that is always an option for us. We can and do enter into many a cohabitation. On rare occasions, and this was one of them, a minor devil can even implore the E.O to be present as well. The occasion demanded it! Afterward, following my assignment to Klara, Alois, and young Adolf Hitler, the moment of impregnation was transmitted to me by the devil who had actually been present that night, and it entered my senses with a completeness of odor and carnal detail that can be termed absolute. So, it also happened to me. For practical purposes, I was there. Yes, among us, let me say that to be given an exact recollection is equal to being present. So, I

also knew from the incomparable intensity of the occasion that this was the rarest event. The E.O. had actually joined with the attendant devil for one instant (even as Jehovah had offered His immanence to Gabriel during that other exceptional event.)

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I recognize I am offering a great deal to the reader for so early a moment in this biographical endeavor. Yet if I, at this instant, inhabiting an America I can barely comprehend, seem to consist of no more to myself than the withdrawn spirit of a devil without an assignment, I also sense that I must keep to the last confidence that I possess. It is that an account of the life of my most important client will re-establish my footing on some long-lost

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of what may once have been my soul.

-3-

Given the present dominance of the technological world in the Twenty-First Century, an unspoken agreement seems to exist among many of the most well-educated that there is no such entity as the Devil. Certainly, there seems no readiness whatsoever to postulate an ongoing war between Satan and the Lord. Rather, the New Technological World shows itself to be fiercely in need of a universe that is subject to reason. God as a solitary mystery may prove acceptable to a few scientists, some high officials, and a horde of bureaucrats and corporate managers. And God Almighty will always be offered a wallow of adoration by full-service believers who see Him as all-good, all-powerful, all One, (and most useful to themselves provided they

continue to believe this!) But a Devil is not to be posited. Not in this Twenty-First Century. There can be one mystery, but not two! (Indeed, we are given orders by the Maestro to capitalize none of the Devil's possessives, only His! God's.)

There need be no surprise, then, that the general understanding of Adolf Hitler's personality is dim. He is, after all, a third mystery, the most mysterious human being of the century, a man, when all is said, who was all-too-human, if, it will be agreed, the average man or woman does possess large funds of the petty and the inhumane. Nonetheless, over the years, I grew able to comprehend his psyche. How can I not take pride in this? As a specimen of humanity, he was close to unmeasurable. He developed into the wild beast of the century, this all-too-modest-looking client with his gargoyle of a mustache, who, in the beginning, even I belittled as "little Adolf," yes, I knew him when we still referred to the young man who grew out of the boy as "little Adolf with the big ideas."

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Be it understood, then, that the question comes down again to the overbearing matter of expenditure. A most useful rule of thumb—for human endeavor as well—is that all wars are ultimately determined by who can bear the cost. Sometimes, it is prodigiously expensive for Him to war with us. To keep this understanding alive—that He is not All-Powerful—the E.O. demands that we try not to speak of the Lord as God, but as the D.K. (What D.K. means, I will explain before long.)

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

The attention she gave to Adolf's early days would have been seen as hysteria in any woman who had less cause for concern, but then, Klara was living at the edge of the abyss. Recollections of her first illicit joining with Alois were pervaded by the penetratingly corrupt smell of the sickroom as Gustav, Ida, and Otto were lost one by one in the same few months of the same year. She had prayed devoutly to God to save them. He had chosen to ignore her. As she saw it, that rebuke could only confirm the wretched evil of her condition. So she looked to go back to her feelings on the day she first

met Alois. His visit in Spital came when she was sixteen, and she had never seen a man who disturbed her so directly, so physically—she fell back a full step on their meeting at the door. She might as well have received a blow to the stomach.

Yet she had also admired Alois, immensely, and at once. Her mother had an expression on her face Klara had not seen before. For one instant, there in full pride and longing, Johanna did look beautiful. In the next instant, Klara felt a closeness to her mother that was more than their family sense of sharing the same bed-rags of existence, no, it was as if she inhabited her mother's heart for the blink of an eye, and then felt the full force of the pang that followed. She was able to feel all of her mother's old desire at the exact moment they both saw Alois. If one may speak of a pang of joy, she felt indeed just such a bolt.

We need not, however, journey again along the back and forth of Klara's passion for Alois, nor return to the depths of her piety. By the time Adolf was born, she would wash her mouth every morning with laundry soap, a natural act given her mate's predilection (especially in late pregnancy) for

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SEE next p. for use of
"Alo"

"Angela likes wiping Ulan down," said Alois, Junior. "I can do without it."

"I may not know horses so much," said Klara, "but I am still ready to say that he who rides a horse has his duty to it afterward. The horse sees the difference. Even if you don't."

"You know nothing about the subject," said her step-son. "When it comes to horses, you are ten degrees less than zero."

"Silence!" shouted Alois. "And keep your mouth shut for the rest of the meal. Not one word."

Coming into the fray these several steps behind Klara, he had to be masterful. "Yes, silence," he repeated. "I call for it."

"Jawohl!" shouted Alois, Junior.

Now, Alois had to ask himself whether he was being mocked or obeyed? "I will repeat," said Alois. "You are to be silent for the rest of the meal. Not one word. Not even 'Jawohl!'"

Alois, Jr., stood up and left the table.

"Come back," said Alois, "come back, sit down, and be silent."

All the variants of Alois-Junior will be
standardized as we discussed.

There was a pause, and then Alo did come back, but in the pause was a  suggestion of what might be yet to come. 

They finished the meal in silence. Angela came in, flushed from currying, started to speak, and then did not. She sat down, her face still moist from the quick wash she had taken with the dipper, and put her face to the food. Sitting next to her, Adi was so full of excitement and foreboding that he was stiff with fear he might soil himself. And Klara? She ate slowly, pausing often, her spoon in the air. She was filled with an unruly desire to upbraid her step-son, again and then—no small impulse—upbraid her own Alois as well. She said nothing, however. She did not dare. To interfere with two men who were in such a rage was not a territory to enter. Edmund, pale, pasty-faced, lip-dribbling Edmund, began to cry.

That offered a solution. Klara picked him up and left the table. Then Alois rose and quit the room. Angela and Adi gathered the plates for washing, and Alois, Junior, continued to sit at the table, poised within his own silence, gravely poised, as if he had converted his father's order into a species of silent reverence addressed to himself.

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In those months, Klara visited her more often than Alois, and the wound they had left in each other all-but-healed. On the first visit, Klara had fallen on her knees before the bed where Fanni rested, and said, "You were right. I do not know if I would have been true to my vow." In turn, Fanni wept. "You would have been true," she said. "Now I tell you to give up your vow. He is through with me."

“No,” said Klara, “my promise must remain! It has to be stronger than ever.” She had a moment when she thought she might at last have a true understanding of sacrifice. This left her feeling exalted. She had been taught to search for just such a pure state of the soul. Those teachings had come from her father, that is to say, her father-in-name, old Johann Poelzl, who was sour on all matters but Devotion. “Devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ is all of my life in each and every day,” he would tell her—he was indeed more pious than any woman in Spital. At many a meal, after saying grace, he would tell Klara (especially once she passed the age of twelve) that to give up what one truly desired was the nearest you could come to the moment of knowing the glory of Christ. But to attain that hour, one must be ready to sacrifice one’s dreams. After all, had God not sacrificed His Son?

Klara was soon trying to relinquish her desire for Uncle Alois. That fever had not gone away during the four years she worked for Anna Glassl. Then there had been another four years in Vienna serving an old lady who alternated between doting on Klara and then counting the silverware. The old lady had the real heat of suspicion—it irritated her when the silver count

was correct (as it always was) because paranoia which cannot be confirmed is more difficult to bear than outright theft. The old lady was secretly proud of the perfection with which this young servant kept house for her—it spoke of respect for her mistress—yet the honesty made her irritable.

Years earlier, in payment for her one cardinal sin with Alois, Johanna had turned into a very good housekeeper, and Klara had responded to their house duties more than any of Johanna's remaining children. It was as if the mother and daughter believed that what was left of the family—given the ghosts of all those dead children—depended on offering ceaseless attention to the daily skirmish against mud, dust, ashes, slops, and all crusted plates, cups, pots, and cutlery.

By now, Klara was never lax. Each household task required respect for the labor even when one knew how to do it well. Sacrifice, however, was different from such work. Sacrifice was an ache she felt next to her heart. If she wanted Alois, if she dreamed of Alois, she was still obliged to find a way (once Fanni's two children had been put to sleep) to keep him at arm's length. There was not a night in the inn, the best inn of Braunau, the Pommer Inn (to

which they had moved) when Alois was not staring at her open-faced and slightly drunk from the three steins of beer he took into himself each evening after work with one or another of the Customs Officers before returning to the Pommer for the meal Klara had cooked in the kitchen of the hotel and brought up to their lodgings. He would eat that meal with full gusto saying not a word, just nods to demonstrate his enjoyment. Then he would stare at her in the privacy of their sitting room, his eyes open as if to share his thoughts. It seemed as if all that was valuable in the recesses of her body was being fingered by his imagination. Her thighs burned, her cheeks burned, her breath wanted to inhale his breath. If one of the children cried out in sleep, she would jump up. The sound was equal to a cry from Fanni come to her all the way from Laughter-in-the-Woods. Afterward, however, a cramp of disappointment would be sure to follow.

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

Why not? Alois kept to his view that he was one exceptional fellow. Who did he know besides himself who was as ready to claim his indifference to religious fear? That was its own kind of bravery. He often made a point of declaring that he never went to church. Nor would he confess to a priest. How could a run-of-the-mill priest be equal to him? He had his allegiance to the Crown and he needed no more than that. Would God be about to punish those who served the State well? Hardly!

Just the week before, a cousin had inquired whether his son, now of age, would be happy working on the Finance-Watch. Alois had written back, "Don't let your boy think it is a kind of game because he will be quickly disillusioned. He has to show absolute obedience to his superiors at all levels. Second, there is a good deal to learn in this occupation, all the more so if he has had little previous education. Heavy drinkers, men who get into debt, and gamblers and those who lead immoral lives cannot last. Finally, one has to go out in all weather, day or night."

Naturally, he felt equal to the sentiments in the letter, nor did he have to think about "those who lead immoral lives." Immorality, Alois knew, was

not to be confused with the details of your private life. Immorality might be taking a bribe from a smuggler, but private life was too complicated for judgment. He did not know to a certainty that Klara was his daughter—after all, he did not have to trust Johanna Hiedler Poelzl's word. What, after all, was the point of being a woman if you could not lie with skill? Sie ist hier! True, or not true?

All the same, she might be his daughter.

Alois knew why he didn't have to go to church, or to confession, he knew why he was brave. He was ready to take the same forbidden road that drunken peasants and adolescents blundered into while sharing a bed. But he, unlike them, would not look back in fear and penitence. He would just do it. Yes, he would fuck his daughter. Yes.

Which he finally did at the end of a short evening that had been much like all the other dinners when he had looked at her with no deceit in his expression and no activity but to stand up now and again with his pants in full profile thrust forward, his proud bulge always ready to speak for itself. Then, he would poke the fire and sit down and look at her again. On this one night,

however, he did not say goodnight as she put her hand on the door to the children's room where she slept, but instead, he strode forward, caught that hand, kissed her on the mouth, and brought her to his bedroom and his bed, even as she begged him in a low uncertain voice to do no more, "please, no more," whereupon he proceeded to lay a track with his hand, so veteran at insinuating his fingers through the defenses of inner garments, all the way to the nest of hair she had so long concealed. And there it was, much like feathers—downy—much as he had expected. Half her body was on fire, but half was locked in ice, the bottom half. If not for the Hound, he might have stalled at the approach to such a frozen threshold, but then her mouth was part of the fire and she kissed him as if her heart was also in her lips, so rich, so fresh, so wanton a mouth (and all despite herself) that he exploded, exploded even as he entered her, ripped her hymen altogether, and was in, deep, and in, and it was over even as she began to sob with woe and fright and worse—in shame for the one throb of exaltation that shivered through her at a bound. She knew that this had been the opposite of sacrifice. Nor could she stop kissing him. She went on and on like a child raining kisses on the

face of the great adult beloved, and then there were other kisses, softer, deeper. He was the first man she had ever kissed as a man rather than as a relative of the family, yes, the wrong kind of exaltation. She could not stop weeping. Nor could she stop smiling.