

DWAYNE TO DO WELL 1 415/6

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On the morning of January 3, 1903, Alois was not feeling too well, and so he shortened his daily walk through Leonding and stopped at the Gasthaus ^(Steier) Staifer for a morning drink. He was depressed, and so, to cheer himself up, ^{he decided} on this morning of January 3, he did decide to have a glass of wine, ^{and as a way of rousing} In order to rouse his own good spirits, he chose to remind himself of an agreeable occasion from the past.

Back in Customs, ^{(quite) back,} a few years before, examining the possessions of a well-dressed traveler, he had come across a box of cigars whose seal ^(a well-dressed traveler) he ~~could tell at a glance~~ had been carefully removed, then re-pasted. He could tell as much by a thin welt of cement around the edge of the stamp. When the box was opened, he found a diamond under the cigars. He was even tempted to pocket it. The smuggler ^(a well-dressed traveler) certainly indicated that he could have the bauble if he didn't bring him in for trial. Alois, however, was afraid of a trap. He was also proud of his honesty. He had never indulged in such ^(Contraband) chicanery. ^(this minuscule piece of) Of course, he was tempted this time because it looked to be a most valuable stone but, indeed, he did turn it over to the authorities and thereby gained an Honorable Citation. That certainly helped to advance his promotions.

He had used this memory as a tonic to his ego more than once, but now, at the Gasthaus ^eStaifer, he did not capture the pleasure expected, ~~not~~ ^{of the wine,} ~~even~~ as he took his first sip from his ~~morning glass of wine.~~ Instead, to the consternation of the few Saturday morning drinkers, he collapsed. It was ~~absolutely~~ without warning. His last thought ^{was} had been in Latin: Acta est fabula. ^{He actually said it to himself before he passed out. "Acta est fabula."}

What else, indeed, for Alois? Those were the last words from Caesar: Caesar's

"The play is over!"

^{Now, the} ~~The~~ innkeeper and his assistant carried him to a side-room which was empty. ^{Next} ~~Then~~ the waiter suggested that he run to get a priest. A short discussion ensued. The tavern owner said, "I don't think he would want one!"

The waiter said, "Sir, can one be certain in matters like this?"

The innkeeper shook his head. "All right, ~~so~~ ^{But} get him." ~~Leave me out of it.~~

But it developed that Alois was dead before the priest arrived, dead from a pleural hemorrhage, as the doctor declared when he came in ~~next~~.

Klara and the children arrived a few minutes later, and Adolf ~~burst~~ ^{burst} into tears right after Angela began to sob for ^{she} was the first to see her father's body laid out on a table. ^{Then Adolf burst into tears. He} Indeed, Adolf and Angela embraced. He

was terrified. He had dreamed of his father's death ^{for} ~~over~~ so long a period

that when the waiter came rushing to their house, knocked once on the door,

and came in, Adolf did not believe ^{such} ~~the~~ news. He was certain his father was ^{just} ~~pretending~~ to be dead ^{that would be his way} in order to rouse a little sympathy from the family.

^{Adolf} ~~Indeed~~, he remained ^(Indeedy) convinced even as they hurried through the streets to the Gasthaus. ^{was he} Only when he saw the body, ~~did he realize he had been~~

~~wrong~~. Then, he was ^{overcome}. ~~He was terrified~~. He wept, loudly and

without cease, as if his immediate necessity was to conceal ^{every (get wiser)} ~~now all of his~~

^{we had had} wishes for the death of his father. ^{he was ready to} Indeed, ~~(hide such feelings from God. It is not for~~

^{he could!} ~~It was as if the more he wept, the more might God believe that he~~

did mourn for his father ~~after all~~. (That he was certain of God's interest in

him had been one of my ^{constant} contributions to his development. ^{I would say} ~~that it had become a keystone of his vanity~~)

Again, on January 5, the day of the funeral, he wept ~~again~~ in church.

By now, however, he had to will himself to do so. He ^{had to} ~~forced~~ his tears to

impress all the many men and women who might be staring at him. I, in my

turn, had ^{more than a little} ~~more than a little~~ work to perform. It ^{was} ~~had now become~~ my task to

convince him that God would ^{was} ~~not be~~ angry. I was posing once again as his

^{I had to reduce his terror of the Almighty,} guardian angel. That served a purpose. ^{or it would prove too difficult to} ~~It would be more difficult to~~ continue shaping him ^{if he kept living in terror of the Almighty.} While we

can, on occasion, ^{alleviate} ~~play with~~ such fear, it is an ^{a chance} ~~unbalanced~~ activity for us.

since the better we are at it, the ^{greater grows} more is the risk that the client will become

sufficiently pious to attract the attention of the Cudgels ^{and then in turn} who will then be

will be

particularly vindictive toward us since we have dared to imitate them.

Indeed the best time I played at being the Guardian Angel for another client, one of the Cudgels threw me down a flight of stone stinging. Since I was not composed at the time, there was no flesh to guise but, oh, what a pummeling to my spirit ~~I~~ ^{steel} and stone are the ^{harsh} materials to come in contact with most forms of the spirit which is why prisons are built ~~from~~ ^{of} them.

Chapter

Several days after the funeral, on the 8th of January, the Linz Tages Post wrote:

**We have buried a good man—this might we say
of Alois Hitler, Higher Collector, Retired, from the
Imperial Customs Service, who was borne here to his
final resting place today.**

Klara was proud of ^{the} ~~this~~ notice. ^{This} ~~The~~ paper had the largest circulation in ^{Upper} ~~the~~ Austria, and she read the lines over and over in order to bring back each moment of the funeral. She saw ^{Adolf} ~~Ad~~ weep again, and she felt considerable comfort from this. To herself she said, "He did love his father, after all."

Indeed, to cry at this funeral was a demand altogether different from ^{that Linz} ~~Adolf's~~ burst of weeping when he ~~first~~ saw his father dead. Now, in order to ^{locate} ~~find~~ a few sobs, he had to recover ^{the} ~~bits~~ and pieces ^{of} ~~from~~ the few good conversations he had had with Alois. It helped that he was able to admire the way his father could speak. But that was hardly enough to prime the ^{dry} ~~well~~ of his ^{most limited} ~~most limited~~ sorrow. At last, he had to think of the day when

they went to Der Alte's house for the first time. He ^{was} able to weep at this recollection, but ^{wondered if} ~~did not know whether~~ it was all for Der Alte's death, ^{and} ~~who had been~~ his kindness ^{on the day they met,} ~~so kind to him~~.

This weeping, in full view of everyone in church, took on ^{several} ~~its~~ constrictions. Given ^(the) ~~on~~ false basis, he was close to hiccups ^{as he wept} and his sobbing ^{was} ~~was~~ pinched off each time he ^{now remembered} ~~saw~~ Alois' body ^{laid out on the} ~~again on the~~ Gasthaus Steifer table. He was ^{only} ~~only~~ able to weep ^{only} when he reminded himself ^{that} ~~to think of Der Alte~~ ^{yes!} ~~the~~ poor man had died alone. So ^{awful} ~~awful~~! He had ^{to be} ~~only~~ been found ^{some} ~~some~~ days later; his remains badly decomposed. ^{Yes, with love,} ~~Yes,~~ Der Alte ~~had~~ been the kindest man he had ever known, and so before the funeral was over, Adolf was even able to weep for Der Alte's little companion, the bee with the amputated wings.

Klara felt close to Adolf on this occasion, and proud of his ability to mourn openly for his father. Then, given her maternal sensitivities, ^{not at} ~~she, too,~~ ^{all removed from some penumbra of telepathy,} she was soon thinking of bees. She remembered how ^{sometimes in Hafeld she} ~~she~~ would talk to the ^{two large} ~~two large~~ Langstroth boxes ^{in the barn} on evenings when Alois was at the tavern in Fischlham, ^{and now,} she wondered whether she might even leave a wreath on the empty beehive which still remained at the back of the house in Leonding. ^{This little} ~~That~~ hive had only given them a most modest amount of honey, but still, when ^{back} ~~back~~ in Hafeld, she had followed the old customs

of Spital and Strones, and had made a point of talking to the beehives ^{a little} to tell ~~each night about~~ them of what was going on in the family. In childhood she had been told that it was bad luck not to ^{speak to} ~~tell~~ your bees. You had to. And if you ever were so unlucky as to see a swarm land on a dead plant, why, then, a member of the family was bound to die.

~~In 1901~~ ^{when Alois had started the new hive in Leonding} she had told Alois about this practice, and asked him if he would like her to do it again. He laughed ^{it} and told her not to bother. "I can see the point if it's a ^{nest of the sort} bee-house like Der Alte had. When there's ^{such} a large investment," said Alois, "one would not wish to endanger it in any manner. So, of course, a few superstitions cannot hurt and ^{how can one say it will} ~~one never knows what~~ ^{not} will help. By all means, then, tell the few bees we have now everything about us. They would like to pass such gossip to the newspapers but as yet have not found the means to do so," and he had laughed heartily at his own ^{enough for her to} joke, ~~and she regretted~~ telling him.

She remembered how just six months ago, Alois had cursed bitterly when his bees had swarmed away. That indeed had been the end of the hive in Leonding. The ^{ugly dream} ~~dream~~ he had had in Hafeld that he would lose his bees ^{would swarm had} ~~then had~~ taken place instead, six years later, in the summer of 1902. At this ^{now, at this moment, a half year later at the} ~~moment~~ she was weeping herself, and more naturally than Adolf. She was ^{several} ~~too~~ convinced. Those treacherous bees who had swarmed away last summer

had helped to produce his lung hemorrhage. That was because she knew he had been afraid to climb the tree to which they had swarmed. So instead, he ^{was really} had ~~had~~ to carry the coal down to the cellar, so foolish an act. His

disappointment with Adolf, his heartbreak about Paula—no, she must not get into any of this, not for a moment now must she dare to think of

Edmund, and she blinked back a storm of grief. ^{for that,} ^{bottomless} ~~Her~~ throat constricted. One must weep properly at a funeral. One could not cry out, ^{and she wanted to scream,}

The priest's memoriam proved ~~most~~ acceptable. She had chosen not to tell him how irreligious was her husband, even as she knew he must have

heard many a rumor of her husband's antipathy to the cloth. All the same, this priest now served ^{so honorably} nobly and repeated the words that had been printed in

the newspaper, ^{then he} and went on to describe ^{Alois} his service to the Empire, ^{that} which ~~became~~ ^{the priest often became} the good religion of certain good men. That was also God's desire.

Later, after the funeral, as people come to visit, ^{at the Garden House.} Klara looked to

convince herself that Adolf's grief was real. He had loved his father, she

decided, ^{again.} ^{Both of} It was just that neither knew how to express such matters. ^{they}

^{them} (had lived too much in their pride, and such pride had to ^{turn into} become cloud-

banks of animosity. They were men. Anger was more natural to them. But

beneath, was love. Since such love could not be expressed directly from

one man to another, so she knew that after the death, in years to come, wisps

of grief would wander through Adolf's soul, grief with all the tenderness of a mist.

The funeral had taken place on an icy day. The roads were glass. All the trees were bare, and the skies were dark. Virtually everyone they knew in Leonding seemed to be there as well as his colleagues from the Customs' office. His closest friend, Karl Wesseley, had come all the way from Prague. He spoke to Klara for a little while and said, "Oh, we used to tease each other unmercifully, Frau Hitler, and how we laughed. Alois, as you know, loved his beer, and I had my preference for wine. 'Ach! You are nothing but an Austrian,' I would tell him, 'so you drink beer like a German, but we Czechs are elevated enough to enjoy wine.' How we joked back and forth. 'Ach! You Czechs,' he would then say to me. 'You are cruel to grapes. You torture them. You stamp all over them with your dirty feet and then, when they're feeling ~~as~~ very sour and ^{so} bitter from such mishandling, ~~then~~ you add sugar and pretend to be connoisseurs. You sip sour juice and sugar and try not to make a face. Beer, at least, comes from grain. Its feelings are not so tender.'" ^{Wesseley laughed} ~~He laughs~~ as he told her. "Your husband knew how to talk. We had fine times together."

Mayrhofer ^{spoke to} told her of the frightful day when he ^{had} told Alois about Junior's incarceration, Junior being in prison. "Dear Frau Hitler," he said, "I wake up at night and upbraid myself for having been ^{such a} the messenger."

The local paper, the Linz Tages Post ^{also} carried an ad in strong type:

**Bowed in deepest grief, we, on our own behalf,
and on behalf of all the relatives, announce the
passing of our dear and unforgettable husband,
father, brother-in-law, uncle, Alois Hitler, High
Official of the Royal Imperial Customs, retired, died
Saturday, January 3, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the
morning in his 65th year, suddenly fell peacefully
asleep in the Lord.**

In the cemetery, Alois' stone carried a photo of him protected by a
glassed frame, and beneath the picture was the following inscription:

Here rests in God

Alois Hitler

Higher Customs Officer and Householder.

Died 3rd January, 1903 in his 65th year

Adolf seethed. His mother was ^{a criminal} a hypocrite, he decided. She would ^{her husband's} honor his memory, yes, indeed! "Rests in God," indeed! All that was left of

^{now} ^{picture}
him was his photograph resting in a frame set on the headstone in the cemetery, the frame ready to protect his photograph with waterproof glass from all the wrath of the weather, his hair close-cropped, and his father's small eyes standing out ^{just} (as beady as a bird's, there above his Franz Josef sideburns ^{and} his mustache sprouting out like a dumb goat's horns. Yes, ^{have} ~~he~~ was a man who had served his Emperor, but how could anyone say he was resting in God? His mother was such a damned hypocrite.

~~CHAPTER~~
Each year, Klara would ^{now} ~~receive~~ a pension from the government which came to half of Alois' annual salary. In addition, other monies were to be paid to the children when they turned 18. Alois-Junior, being of age already, was eligible for immediate payment, but would only receive the minimum required by law, 305 kronen, plus 1000 kronen that by the will of his mother would go to him after his father's death. Adolf, Angela, and Paula were each entitled to ~~more than double that 305 kronen~~ 652 kronen directly from Alois's will. Angela, being over 18, could also count on the 1000 kronen that Fanny had left her. The money for Adolf and Paula had to be obtained from a loan on the Garden House. Alois had paid 8700 kronen for it late in 1888, of which 5200 had been in cash. Since that mortgage had not been retired, Klara's capital now consisted of 3700 kronen. The total would be enough to keep them comfortable.

Adolf could remember Alois's remarks about security in a family, and now had to recognize that it did make some kind of sense. He certainly would not have liked to go to work at this point.

new chapter

Attending the Realschule for the second half of his third year from February 1903 to June, Adolf felt that some of the students were less hostile. Was this due to the death of his father? He also felt more comfortable with his studies. Moreover, it was agreeable to be free of Alois' unspoken wrath ^{it} which had never needed more than ^{one} a quick look to detect that something unpleasant had occurred ~~that day~~ ^{that} in class. Now, free of ~~his~~ ^{that} father's displeasure, Adolf ^{felt} feels a little more ready to talk back to his teachers, one in particular, an unhappy fellow who was there to conduct ~~the~~

for several hours each week ^{of} religious instruction,

Adolf decided that instructor had to be ^{somebody's} ~~the~~ poor relative, of someone ^{some person} who had enough influence ^(at the school to obtain) to get him the job. He was a sad, dank, old man, ^{this Herr Schumann} but there he was, teaching religion.

During recess one morning, Adolf heard one of the students talking about ^a ~~some~~ medieval ~~saint or~~ churchman, the Bishop of Cluny. "I have a brother who studies Latin," the boy said, "and he gave me my first lesson.

'Inter faeces et urinam nascimur.'" So soon as this ^{was} ~~is~~ translated by the boy, Adolf ^{became} ~~is in turn~~ shocked, upset, and then thrilled. What ^{forceful} words! He was

~~aroused~~ so aroused that he decided to go to the Anatomy Museum in Linz

after school ^{was} ~~is~~ out. He managed to get in by lying about his age and so was able to see a wax penis and an open vagina, both modeled in wax, as well as a few full-sized naked men and women also in wax. The Latin kept ^{rushing through?} torturing his mind. To be born between piss and shit! How could sex be so filthy?

On the other hand, he discovered that ^{his description of} the visit ~~has~~ made him more popular with the students. ^{a number of some} They asked him for details again and again. This encouraged ^{him} to bait the teacher. After recess, he dared to mention in class the phrase uttered by the Bishop of Cluny. Herr Schwamm pretended not to understand what Adolf has said. Already a few of the boys were tittering.

"Latin must be more precise," says Herr Schwamm. "The manner ^{pronounced with precision, 'g' tated} in which you ^{utter these words is most imprecise} pronounce these words is not at all clear." ^{Adolf replies,} "I will speak in German then, ^{but that is only} since I think you have ^{asked me to do so.}" He frowned, he swallowed, then he ^{did!} enunciated ^{with clarity:}

"Zwischer der Urin und das Kot wer sind geboren."

Herr Schwamm began to weep. "I have never ^{had to listen to} such ^{such shit} rudeness," he managed to say, ^{before he} and then walked out of the classroom. For

Adi came fifteen seconds of bliss. Students who had ignored him all year ^{were clapping} (now clapped him on the back. "You're a real guy," he ^{was} ^{being told.}

For the first time in his life, Adolf received a standing ovation from ^{One by one they all got up. But then} most of the class. ^{But two monitors were soon there to escort Adolf to the} principal, Herr Doktor Trieb, ^{who told him} "If it were not so close to the ^{Adolf was then told the following:} end of the year, and if we teachers had not worked so hard to improve your grades, I would be ready to expel you. Under the circumstances, I will ^{choose to} recognize that the much-mourned death of your father may have been a ^{unspeakable} factor underlying such ^{un civil} behavior, and so I will accept your presence in school for another year provided that there will be no continuation of this behavior. You will, of course, apologize to ^{Dr.} Herr Schwamm."

That proved to be a ^{most} curious meeting. By his example, Herr Schwamm taught Adolf an unforgettable lesson. It is that ^{one knows} ~~you know~~ nothing about a person until ^{is acquired} you have acquired knowledge of a weak man's ^{weakness,} strengths or a powerful fellow's ^{weaknesses.}

Herr Schwamm was wearing his best suit on this occasion, and ^{he} spoke to the point. He did not try to look into Adolf's eyes, yet ^{was able to say} could say in a tone more severe than he ^{ever could muster} was able to muster (in class, "We will not discuss the reason you are here. Instead, I will insist that you read ^{aloud} the following prayer, ^a ~~the~~ ^{the words} ~~it had~~ been written out by him on a page of good linen paper.

FULL GLORIOUS MAJESTY, WE
 SUPPLICATE THEE TO DELIVER US FROM THE
 TYRANNY OF THE INFERNAL SPIRITS, FROM
 THEIR SNARES, THEIR LIES, AND THEIR
 FURIOUS WICKEDNESS—OH, PRINCE OF THE
 HEAVENLY HOST, CAST INTO HELL SATAN AND
 ALL EVIL SPIRITS WHO WANDER THROUGH THE
 WORLD SEEKING THE RUIN OF SOULS. AMEN.

"Do you know to whom this prayer is addressed?" asked Herr Schwamm.

"Is it not addressed, sir, to St. Michael the Archangel?"

Of course! That was one prayer he knew well enough. Adolf had an image of himself teetering on a stool, Angela's dress draped over his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he replied, "the prayer is to St. Michael the

Archangel," and he even felt an echo of his first erection. *(Only an echo — nothing else in the situation could be inductive to such.)*

Herr Schwamm was nonplussed. The short speech he had prepared on the fires and perils of hell now seemed nugatory. Indeed, he felt the most unhappy paralysis again in front of this sullen and most unpredictable young student. He could characterize the moment as the signature of ^{all} his previous experience. So little ever ^{turns} ~~turned~~ out as ^{one expects,} ~~expected.~~

He offered a few phrases to the effect that he was pleased to recognize "a sober side in you, young Hitler," and stopped before he began to stammer. There was something not quite definable but certainly unrelenting about this student's ~~responses~~ ^{all the other} "I apologize most abjectly for my actions yesterday, Herr Schwamm," this young Hitler now said and was obviously not in the least abject.

That proved to be the end of all that took place between them. Herr Schwamm felt himself close to weeping for reasons he could not name.

Was it his frustration at the loss of those ^{all the other} fiery words he had prepared, or

was it the compassionate force of his own tender sentiments that a student

as wild and sacrilegious as the young fellow before him ^{could show,} yet ~~had enough~~

^{nevertheless, a} ~~depth~~ ^{He certainly did} of religious investment to know the prayer to St. Michael the

Archangel?

Herr Schwamm could only maintain his composure by making a modest gesture of dismissal.

Once on the other side of the door, Adolf was in a fury ~~all over again~~. They were all such frauds, such hypocrites. They would not face, could not face, the simple truths of the body. They should be hog-tied and dragged to see the wax vagina at the Anatomical Museum.

Indeed, he was preparing the speech he would give to his fellow students when they surrounded him at recess to find out what transpired.

"Well," he would say, "I certainly held my own with poor old Schwamm," and said it to limn the unhappy connotations of the name ~~poor~~ ^{Schwamm—} ~~poor~~ ^{with the name} old Fungus, poor old Mushroom—this curious nonentity, Schwamm, ^{for a name}

I was not ~~as~~ pleased with the occasion. ~~I found~~ ^{presented a} Schwamm's choice of the prayer to St. Michael ~~and~~ ^{(most peculiar and unpleasant coincidence.}

The Maestro ~~did not~~ ^{never} let us forget that coincidences were not to be ignored—
they could ~~always~~ ^{serve as} be aspects of communication between the Cudgels and ourselves. If that were true ~~in this case~~, ^{the Cudgels} it would appear that they were more alert than I had assumed to our profound interventions in Adolf.

No, I was not pleased. Questions about our clients that we cannot answer are most unpleasant. I think we devils suffer even more over such uncertainties than the men and women we represent.

It ~~is~~ ^{was} a late afternoon in March ~~day~~ ^{came} when he ~~comes~~ ^{came} out of school but he initiated a snowball fight with a few students ^{until} in the twilight, while he ~~keeps~~ ^{he} repeating a phrase, "Optimism, fire, blood, and steel," and ~~is~~ ^{was} immensely pleased that the three students on his side in this impromptu and ice-cold fracas ~~repeat~~ ^{repeated} the phrase—his phrase! It has ~~not~~ ^{had sprung} come from a book, but out of his own throat: "Optimism, fire, blood, and steel." (Or were they

my words? I ^{will} do not try to remember in detail ^{every last act I have} ^{initiated} ~~all I have done~~ ^{(with each}
 client.

Leave it that ~~he~~ ^{Adolf did} picks up his volume of Treitschke when he ~~gets~~ ^{reaches} home
 and ~~proceeds~~ ^{proceeds} to memorize the following words:

**A sense of mission has been opened to us as
 Germans to recognize that the pure German is the
 universal man, the man who has been racially
 equipped to bring all other men in the world to our
 Germanic point of view. God has given all Germans
 the earth for a potential home, and this assumes that
 there will come a time when there will be a leader of
 all the world, a leader to serve as the embodiment, the
 incarnation, the essence of a most mysterious power
 which will tie the people to the invisible majesty of the
 nation."**

In late spring of 1903, his war games in the forest take on more
 dimension each Saturday afternoon. The complexities of the contest have
 developed. Now there are highly charged encounters ^{Sometimes there are} when there are not
^{as many as} only fifty boys to a side, ^{and so} but Adolf is engaged with his first problems in
 logistics. Both armies must now deal ^{not only} with their own wounded, ^{but with} as well as
 with the prisoners. Some must wait in the glen behind the lines that is

called the field hospital. When enough collect ~~there~~, other soldiers have to be detached to serve as their nurses. Different groves ~~in the forest~~, ^{therefore,} become ^{new assembly areas.} In order to keep the battle flowing, ^{they} ~~must have enough troops on both sides. Ergo,~~ some of those who were put out of play earlier are now allowed to ~~come~~ ^{return to combat} back fully recovered from their symbolic wounds. ~~The exception is for those who have been scalped—they are out of it altogether. They must even go home, which is the cruelest punishment for Saturday afternoon.~~

Even as Adolf has been seen (until recently) as a minor presence in his school, so is he, by full contrast, a generalissimo in the forest. He is the only one who can keep track of each option. Indeed, he is forever pronouncing new battle codes, then changing his own rules. On a given Saturday he will decide that once a man is captured, the only choice is to put him in prison and kill him later in the day.

Then he decides that this will end many battles too quickly. So now, when they capture a fellow, they can choose not to kill. Serious discussions ^{then} ~~also~~ arise about the ^{length} ~~periods~~ of time required for incarceration. Should it be for 30 minutes, or an hour? And who will keep time—can it be a soldier involved in other actions, or a ^{separate} ~~time-keeper~~ ^{local to neither side.} (One of the boys has a watch!)

The prisoner can gain his freedom more quickly, however, by becoming a

spy. Or, he can refuse all offers and stay in prison, but that choice is not often taken. Adolf is aware that captured men soon ^{grow} get bored.

Summer vacation which had been spent at Lohndorf at the Garden House, a summer spot had ended with Alois' hemorrhage, now this family without a

father, went to the country... Everything they needed was placed into two large trunks and Clara, Angela, Adolf and Paula traveled to Spital where

Klara's sister Theresa and the rest of the Schmidt family had lived. There,

they spent a summer for the first time. When Alois was alive, there was no question of returning. He could never stand the place. (It reminded him of

his mother and how she had had to sleep in a cattle trough.) But by now, however,

the farmer, Schmidt, married to Theresa, had a holding large enough to help

become a center for all who were in the Haudler Postal area. Johannes

Postel, Clara's mother, was also staying there, together with Clara's sister,

Johanna, the houseback. The farm came to > more than the land, the

house, the sheds, and the outbuildings, but Schmidt was a hard worker, and

he had managed, at least by the measure of Spital, to make it profitable.

With several fields to work, and woodlands to harvest for nuts, he was ready

to meet all the labor Clara could offer. "It'll be good for her sorrow to work it off," he said.

New chapter

In the late spring of 1903, school ended in June. Unlike the last summer vacation which had been spent at Leonding at the Garden House, a summer that had ended with Alois' hemorrhage, now this family without a father went to the country. Everything they needed was placed into two huge trunks and Klara, Angela, Adolf and Paula ^{travelling} ~~travel~~ to Spital where Klara's sister Theresa and the rest of the Schmidt family ~~still~~ lived. There, they spent ^{the} ~~a~~ summer ^{It was} for the first time. When Alois was alive, there ^{had been,} ~~was~~ no question of returning. He could never ^{have to go back,} ~~stand the place.~~ ^{too much,} (It reminded him of his mother and how she had had to sleep in a cattle trough.) ~~But~~ ^{however,} by now, ^{Klara's sister,} the farmer, Schmidt, married to Theresa, had a holding large enough to ^{help} ~~become a center~~ for all who were in the Heidler/Poelzl clan. Johanna Poelzl, Klara's mother, was also staying there, together with Klara's sister, Johanna, the hunchback. The farm came to no more than the land, the house, the sheds, and the outbuildings, but Schmidt was a hard worker, and he had managed, at least by the measure of Spital, to make it profitable. With several fields to work, and woodlands to harvest for nuts, he was ready to use all the labor Klara could offer. "It'll be good for her sorrow to work it off," he said.

Johanna, Klara's mother, was the one to mourn Alois most—which encourages me to comment on married love. Most of Klara's grief ^{was now} comes ~~from~~ ^{rooted in many, of old habits, all} psychic amputations, ~~there is the loss of~~ so many old married habits,

good and bad, that she ~~had~~ ^{might be} formed over the years. "What I miss," she

confesses to her mother, "is the habit more than the man."

Johanna could not believe that her daughter ^{could speak such words} ~~Johanna is furious.~~ "How can you say that?" ^{she said} "Your husband was always the most exceptional person in our family!" It is one of the few

times that Klara ^{had} ~~has ever~~ seen her mother glare at her with wrath. Johanna's

^{was} ~~is~~ ^(It was also a squall of obsession.) She ~~is~~ ^{was} in a near hysterical rush to avoid the complexities of

Klara's ~~relationship to~~ ^{and} Uncle Alois. That must not be there to ^{think} ~~think~~ about.

Tape 7 dictated 1/25/06, revised 3/24/06

REVISED April 5, 2006

CHAPTER

On the morning of January 3, 1903, Alois was not feeling too well, and so he shortened his daily walk through Leonding and stopped ^{instead} at the Gasthaus Steifer. To cheer himself up he ^{and decided} decided to have a glass of wine, and as a way of rousing his ~~own good~~ spirits, he chose to remind himself of an agreeable occasion from the past.

Back in Customs quite a few years back, he had come across a box of cigars whose seal had been carefully removed, then re-pasted. He could tell as much by a thin welt of cement around the edge of the stamp. When the box was opened, he ^{had} found a diamond under the cigars. He was even tempted to pocket it. The smuggler—a well dressed traveler—indicated that he could have the bauble if he didn't bring him in for trial. Alois, however, was afraid of a trap. He was also proud of his honesty. He had never indulged in such chicanery. ^{On this occasion, he} He was tempted ~~this time~~ because ^{the} ~~this~~ miniscule piece of contraband ^{gem} looked to be a most valuable stone but,

indeed, he did turn it over to the authorities and thereby gained an

Honorable Citation. That certainly helped to advance his promotions.

He had used this ^{recollection} memory as a tonic to his ego more than once, but now, at the Gasthaus Steifer, he did not capture the pleasure ^{he} expected ^{from} even as he took his first sip of the wine. Instead, to the consternation of the few Saturday morning drinkers, ^{he} he collapsed. It was without ^{warning} warning. His last thought was in Latin: Acta est fabula. He actually said it to ^{aloud} himself before he passed out.

What else, indeed, for Alois? "Acta est fibula." Those were Caesar's last words. "The play is over!"

Now, the innkeeper and his assistant carried him to a side-room which was empty. Next, the waiter suggested that he run to get a priest. A short discussion ensued. The tavern owner said, "I don't think ^{Heur Alois} he would want one!"

The waiter said, "Sir, can one be certain in matters like this?"

The innkeeper shook his head. "All right, get him."

But it developed that Alois ^{their patron} was dead before the priest arrived, dead from a pleural hemorrhage, ^{which} at the doctor declared ^{as soon as} when he came in.

Klara ^{with} and the children arrived a few minutes later, and Angela began to sob. She was the first to see her father's body laid out on a table. Then

Adolf burst into tears. He was terrified. He had dreamed of his father's death for so long a period that when the waiter came rushing to their house, ~~knocked once on the door, and came in~~ Adolf did not believe such news. He was certain his father was ~~just~~ ^{mevelu} pretending to be dead. That would be his way to rouse a little sympathy from the family. Indeed, even as they hurried through the streets to the Gasthaus, Adolf remained convinced. Only when he saw the body, was he overcome. He wept, loudly and without cease, as if his immediate necessity was to conceal every last wish he had had for the ^{and down fall} death of his father. Indeed, he was ready to hide such feelings from God. It was as if the more he wept, the more might God believe that he did mourn for his father. (That he was certain of God's interest in him had been one of my constant contributions to his development—I would say that it had become ^{tee} a keystone of his ^{adolescent} vanity.)

On January 5, the day of the funeral, he ^{a (so)} wept in church. By now, however, he had to will himself to do so. He ^{labor} had to force his tears to impress all the many men and women who might be staring at him. I, in my ^{a tricky task. I had} turn, had work to perform. It was now my task to convince him that God ^{In consequence, I} would not be angry. ^{now} I was posing once again as his guardian angel. I had to reduce his terror of the Almighty, or it would prove too difficult to continue ^{to my own last} shaping him. While we can, on occasion, alleviate such fear, it is a chance ^{huge fear of}

~~Good, by increasing our clients sense that Cool~~ loves
 activity for us, since the better we are at it, the greater grows the risk that the
 client will become sufficiently pious to attract the attention of the Cudgels
 and they in turn will be particularly vindictive toward us since we have
 dared to imitate them.

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Indeed the last time I played at being ^athe Guardian Angel for
 another client, one of the Cudgels threw me down a flight of stone stairs. It
 is hard to conceive ^{but true} that spirits can also take a serious fall. Since I was not
 corporeal at the time, there was no flesh to bruise but, oh, what a pummeling
 to my ^{inner} presence! Steel and stone are the harshest materials to come in
^{man, testations that}
 contact with most forms of the Spirit which is why prisons are built of them.

We have buried a good man—this night we say
 of Alois Hilfer, Higher Collector, Retired, from the
 Imperial Customs Service, who was borne here to his
 final resting place today.

Klara was proud of the notice. This paper had the largest circulation
 in Upper Austria, and she read the lines over and over. They brought back
 each moment of the funeral. She saw Adolf weep all over again, and felt
 considerable comfort from this. To herself she said, "He did love his father,
 after all."

CHAPTER

Several days after the funeral, on the 8th of January, the Linz Tages Post wrote:

**We have buried a good man—this might we say
of Alois Hitler, Higher Collector, Retired, from the
Imperial Customs Service, who was borne here to his
final resting place today.**

Klara was proud of the notice. ^{That} This paper had the largest circulation ^{item} in Upper Austria, and she read the ^{lines} over and over. ^{The lines} They brought back each moment of the funeral. She saw Adolf weep all over again, and felt considerable comfort from this. To herself she said, "He did love his father, after all."

Indeed, to cry at this funeral was a demand altogether different from that first burst when he saw his father dead. Now, in order to locate a few sobs, he had to recover the bits and pieces of the few good conversations he had had with Alois. It helped that he was able to admire the way his father could speak. But that was hardly enough to prime the dry well of his sorrow. At last, he had to think of the day when they went to Der Alte's house for the first time. He was able to weep at this recollection, but wondered if it was all for Der Alte's death, and his kindness ^{when} ~~on the day~~ they met.

This weeping, in full view of everyone in church, took on its constrictions. Given the false basis, he was close to hiccups and his sobbing pinched off each time he ~~saw~~ ^{was before him} Alois' body again on the Gasthaus Steifer table. He was able to weep only when he ^{to} ~~reminded~~ himself to think of Der Alte, ^{one who} ~~the poor man~~ had died alone. So awful to be found ^{so late!} ~~later!~~

Yes, Der Alte might have been the kindest man he had known, and so before the funeral was over, Adolf was even able to weep for Der Alte's little companion, the bee with the amputated wings.

Klara felt close to Adolf on this occasion, and proud of his ability to mourn openly ~~for his father~~. Then, given her maternal sensitivities, not at all removed from some penumbra of telepathy, she was soon thinking of

bees. She remembered how she would talk to the Langstroth boxes in Hafeld on evenings when Alois was at the tavern in Fischlham. Now, she wondered whether she might even leave a wreath on the empty beehive which still remained at the back of the house in Leonding. This little hive had only given them a most modest amount of honey, but ~~still, when in~~ ^{back} Hafeld, she had followed the old customs of Spital and Strones, and had made a point of talking to the beehives to tell them of what was going on in the family. In childhood she had been told that it was bad luck not to speak to your bees. You had to. And if you ever were so unlucky as to see a swarm ^{alight} ~~land~~ on a dead plant, why, then, a member of the family was bound ^{to be lost,} ~~to die.~~

When Alois had started the new hive in Leonding, she had told him about this practice, and asked if he would like her to do it again. He laughed. He told her not to bother. "I can see the point if it's a real beehouse of the sort Der Alte had. When there's a large investment," said Alois, "one would not wish to endanger it in any manner. So, of course, a few superstitions cannot hurt and how can one say it will not help? By all means, then, tell the few bees we have now everything about us. They would like to pass such gossip to the newspapers but as yet have not found

the means to do so," and he had laughed heartily at his own joke, enough for her to regret telling him.

She remembered how just six months ago, Alois had cursed bitterly when his bees had swarmed away. That indeed had been the end of the hive in Leonding. The ugly dreams he had had in Hafeld that his bees would ~~swarm~~ ^{desert him} had taken place instead, six years later, in the summer of 1902.

Now, at this moment ^{at the funeral} a half year later at the funeral, she was weeping ~~too, and more naturally than Adolf. She was~~ convinced. Those treacherous bees who had swarmed away last summer had helped to produce his lung hemorrhage. That was because ~~she knew~~ ^(She was certain he knew to which tree they had swarmed.) he had been afraid to climb the tree to which they had swarmed. So instead, he had been ready to carry the coal down to the cellar, so foolish an act. His disappointment with Adolf, his heartbreak about Paula—no, she must not get into any of this, not for a moment now must she dare to think of Edmund, and for that she blinked back bottomless grief. One must weep properly at a funeral. One could not cry out, and she wanted to scream.

The priest's memoriam proved acceptable. She had chosen not to tell him how irreligious was her husband, even as she knew he must have heard many a rumor of her husband's ^{a attitude toward} antipathy to the cloth. All the same, this priest now served so honorably and repeated the words that had been

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printed in the newspaper. Then he went on to describe Alois' service to the Empire. That, said the priest, often became the good religion of certain good men. That was also God's desire.

Later, after the funeral, as people ^{came} ~~come~~ to visit at the Garden House, Klara looked to convince herself that Adolf's grief was real. He had loved his father, she decided again. It was just that neither knew how to express such matters. Both ^{men} ~~of them~~ had lived too much in their pride, and such pride ^{was bound} ~~had to~~ turn into cloud-banks of animosity. They were men. Anger was ~~more~~ natural to them. But beneath, was love. Since such love could not be expressed directly ~~from one man to another~~, so she knew that ^{after} ~~the death~~, in years to come, wisps of grief would wander through Adolf's soul, grief ^{possessing} ~~with~~ all the tenderness of a mist.

The funeral had taken place on an icy day. The roads were glass. All the trees were bare, ~~and~~ the skies were dark. ^{Yet, virtually} ~~Virtually~~ everyone they knew in Leonding seemed to be there as well as his colleagues from the Customs' office. His closest friend, Karl Wesseley, had come all the way from Prague. He spoke to Klara for a little while and said, "Oh, we used to tease each other unmercifully, Frau Hitler, and how we laughed. Alois, as you know, loved his beer, and I had my preference for wine. 'Ach! You are nothing but an Austrian,' I would tell him, 'so you drink beer like a German,

but we Czechs are elevated enough to enjoy wine.' How we joked back and forth. 'Ach! You Czechs,' he would then say to me. 'You are cruel to grapes. You torture them. You stamp all over them with your dirty feet and then, when they're feeling very sour and ~~so~~ ^{a/ together} bitter from such mishandling, you add sugar and pretend to be connoisseurs. You sip sour juice and sugar and try not to make a face. Beer, at least, comes from grain. Its feelings are not so tender.'" He ~~laughs~~ ^{laughed} as he told her. "Your husband knew how to talk. We had fine times together."

Mayrhofer spoke to her of the frightful day when he had told Alois about Junior's incarceration. "Dear Frau Hitler," he said, "I wake up at night and upbraid myself for having been such a messenger."

The ~~local paper, the~~ ^g Linz Tages Post, also carried an ad in strong type:

**Bowed in deepest grief, we, on our own behalf,
and on behalf of all the relatives, announce the
passing of our dear and unforgettable husband,
father, brother-in-law, uncle, Alois Hitler, High
Official of the Royal Imperial Customs, retired, died
Saturday, January 3, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the
morning in his 65th year, suddenly fell peacefully
asleep in the Lord.**

In the cemetery, Alois' stone carried a ^{his} photo ~~of him~~ protected by a glassed frame, and beneath ~~the picture~~ was the following inscription:

Here rests in God
Alois Hitler
Higher Customs Officer and Householder.
Died 3rd January, 1903 in his 65th year

Adolf seethed. His mother was a criminal hypocrite, he decided. She would honor her husband's memory, yes, indeed! "Rests in God," indeed! All that was left of ^{Alois} ~~him~~ now was his picture resting in a frame set on the headstone in the cemetery, the frame ready to protect ^{the} ~~his~~ photograph with waterproof glass from all the wrath of the weather, his hair close-cropped, ~~and~~ his father's small eyes standing out, just as beady as a bird's, there above his Franz Josef sideburns, and his mustache sprouting ~~out~~ like a dumb goat's horns. Yes, here was a man who had served his Emperor, but how could anyone say he was resting in God? His mother was such a damned hypocrite.

Garden House, Alois had paid 1700 Kronen for it late in 1888, of which

1200 had been in cash. Since that mortgage had not been raised, Klara's

capital consisted of 1700 Kronen. The total should be enough to keep

them comfortable.

Adolf could remember Alois's remarks about security in a family, and

he now had to recognize that it did make some kind of sense. He certainly

would not have liked to go to work at this point.

CHAPTER

Each year, Klara would receive a pension from the government which came to half of Alois' annual salary. In addition, other monies were to be

paid to the children ^{so soon as} when they turned 18. Alois-Junior, being of age

already, was eligible for immediate payment, but would only receive the

minimum required by law, 305 Kronen, plus 1000 Kronen ^{from} that by the will of

his mother ^{ready to} would go to him after his father's death. Adolf, Angela, and

Paula were each entitled to 652 Kronen directly ^{from} Alois's will. Angela,

being over 18, could also count on the 1000 Kronen that Fanny had left ^{to} her.

The money for Adolf and Paula had to be obtained from a loan on the

Garden House. Alois had paid 8700 kronen for it late in 1888, of which 5200 had been in cash. Since that mortgage had not been retired, Klara's after these borrowings capital together with her pension, (now consisted of 3700 kronen. The total ~~x~~ would be enough to keep them comfortable.

Adolf could remember Alois's remarks about security in a family, and ~~it~~ now had to recognize that it did make some kind of sense. He certainly would not have liked to go to work at this point.

CHAPTER

Attending the Realschule for the second half of his third year from February 1903 to June, Adolf felt that some of the students were less hostile. Was this due to the death of his father? He also felt more comfortable with his studies. ^{now that he was} ~~It was so agreeable to be free of Alois'~~ ^a ~~unspoken wrath.~~ He had never needed more than ^a ~~one quick~~ look to detect that something unpleasant had occurred in class. Now, ~~free of that~~ ^{displeasure,} Adolf felt a little more ready to talk back to his teachers, one in particular, an unhappy fellow who was there to conduct religious instruction for several hours each week.

Adolf decided ^{this} ~~that~~ instructor had to be ^{the} ~~somebody's~~ poor relative ^{of somebody who,} ~~who~~ had enough influence at the school to ^{get} ~~obtain~~ him the job. ^{this Herr Schwamm,} ~~He was a sad,~~ dank, old man, ~~this Herr Schwamm,~~ but there he was, teaching religion.

During recess one morning, Adolf heard one of the students ~~talking~~^{saying}
~~telling others~~⁽about a medieval churchman, the Bishop of Cluny. "I have a brother who
studies Latin," the boy said, "and he gave me my first lesson. Inter faeces et
urinam nascimur." So soon as this was translated ~~by the boy~~^{by}, Adolf became
shocked, upset, ~~and~~ then thrilled. What forceful words! He was so aroused
that he decided to go to the Anatomy Museum in Linz ~~after~~^{once} school was out.
He managed to get in by lying about his age and so was able to see a wax
penis and an open vagina, both modeled in wax, as well as a few full-sized
naked men and women also in wax. The Latin kept rushing through his
mind. To be born between piss and shit! How could sex be so filthy?

On the other hand, he discovered that his description of the visit had
made him more popular with a ~~number of~~^{few} students. Some asked him for
details again and again. This encouraged ~~him~~^{him} to bait the teacher. ~~After~~^{A few}
~~days later~~^{recess}, he dared to mention in class the phrase uttered by the Bishop of
Cluny. Herr Schwamm pretended not to understand what Adolf has said.
Already a few of the boys were tittering.

"Latin must be pronounced with precision," stated Herr Schwamm.
"The manner by which you utter these words is ~~most imprecise~~^{too expressionless}."

Adolf replied, "I will speak in German then, but that is only because you have asked me to do so." He frowned, he swallowed, then he enunciated, "Zwischer der Urin und das Kot wer sind geboren."

Herr Schwamm began to weep. "I have never ^{agreed} ~~had~~ to listen to such filth," he managed to say, ^{and} ~~before he~~ walked out of the classroom. For ^{Adolf} ~~Ad~~ came fifteen seconds of bliss. ^{Boys} ~~Students~~ who had ignored him all year were now clapping him on the back. "You're a real guy," he was ^{being} ~~being~~ told.

For the first time in his life, ^{he} ~~Adolf~~ received a standing ovation from the class. One by one they all got up. But then two monitors came in to escort Adolf to the principal, Herr Doktor Trieb.

Adolf was then told ^{the following} ~~the following~~. "If it were not so close to the end of the year, and if ^{our school} ~~we~~ teachers had not worked so hard to improve your ^{poor} ~~poor~~ grades, I would be ready to expel you. Under the circumstances, I will choose to recognize that the much-mourned death of your father may have been ^{the} ~~a~~ factor ^{heavily} ~~underlying~~ such unspeakable behavior, and so I will accept your presence in school for another ^{semester} ~~year~~ provided ~~that~~ there will be no continuation of this behavior. You will, of course, apologize to Herr Schwamm."

That proved ^{to be} ~~to be~~ a curious meeting. By ^{his} ~~his~~ example, Herr Schwamm taught Adolf an unforgettable lesson. It is that one knows nothing about a

person until ~~knowledge is acquired of~~ ^{can be observed} a weak man's strength or a powerful fellow's weakness.

Herr Schwamm was wearing his best suit on this occasion, and he spoke to the point. He did not try to look into Adolf's eyes, yet was able to say in a tone more severe than he ever could muster in class, "We will not discuss the reason you are here. Instead, I will insist that you read aloud the following prayer." Whereupon, he presented a text to Adolf. In full capitals, the words had been written out on a page of good linen paper.

FULL GLORIOUS MAJESTY, WE
SUPPLICATE THEE TO DELIVER US FROM THE
TYRANNY OF THE INFERNAL SPIRITS, FROM
THEIR SNARES, THEIR LIES, AND THEIR
FURIOUS WICKEDNESS—OH, PRINCE OF THE
HEAVENLY HOST, CAST INTO HELL SATAN AND
ALL EVIL SPIRITS WHO WANDER THROUGH THE
WORLD SEEKING THE RUIN OF SOULS. AMEN.

"Do you know to whom this prayer is addressed?" asked Herr Schwamm.

"Is it not addressed, sir, to St. Michael the Archangel?"

Of course! That was one prayer he knew well enough. Adolf had an image of himself teetering on a stool, Angela's dress draped over his shoulders. "Yes, sir," he replied, "the prayer is to St. Michael the Archangel," and he even felt an echo of his first erection. (Only an echo—^{this} nothing else in ~~the~~ situation could be inductive to such.)

Herr Schwamm was nonplussed. The short speech he had prepared on the fires and perils of hell now seemed nugatory. Indeed, he felt the most unhappy paralysis again in front of this sullen and most unpredictable young student. He could characterize ^{this} the moment as ^a the signature ^{to} of all his previous experience. So little ~~over~~ turns out as one expects.

He offered a few phrases to the effect that he was pleased to recognize "a sober side in you, young Hitler," and stopped before he began to stammer. There was something not quite definable but certainly unrelenting about this student. "I apologize most abjectly for my actions yesterday, Herr Schwamm," ~~this~~ young Hitler now said and was obviously not in the least abject.

That proved to be the end of all that took place between them. Herr Schwamm felt himself close to weeping for reasons he could not name. Was it his frustration at the loss of all the other fiery words he had prepared, or was it the compassionate force of his own tender sentiments that a

student as wild and sacrilegious as the young fellow before him could show, nonetheless, ^{to} enough depth of religious investment ~~He certainly did~~ know the prayer to St. Michael the Archangel.

Herr Schwamm could ^{they} only maintain his composure ^{only} by making a modest gesture of dismissal.

Once on the other side of the door, Adolf was in a fury. They were all such frauds, ^{these hypocrites} such hypocrites. They would not face, could not face, the simple truths of the body. They should be hog-tied and dragged to see the wax vagina at the Anatomical Museum.

Indeed, he was preparing the speech he would give to his fellow students when they surrounded him at recess to find out what transpired.

"Well," he would say, "I certainly held my own with poor old Schwamm," and said it to limn the unhappy connotations of the name Schwamm—poor old Fungus, poor old Mushroom—this curious nonentity with the noun Schwamm for a name.

I was not pleased with the occasion. Schwamm's choice of the prayer to St. Michael presented a most peculiar and unpleasant coincidence. The Maestro never let us forget that coincidences were not to be ignored—they could serve as aspects of communication between the Cudgels and

ourselves. If that were true, it would appear that the Cudgels were more alert than I had assumed to our profound interventions in Adolf.

No, I was not pleased. Questions about our clients that we cannot answer are most unpleasant. I think we devils suffer ^{every} ~~even~~ more over such uncertainties than the men and women we represent.

It was a late afternoon in March when he came out of school, but he initiated a snowball fight with a few students ^{and they kept at it} until twilight. He ^{could not stop} kept repeating a phrase, "Optimism, fire, blood, and steel," and was immensely pleased that the three students on his side in this impromptu and ice-cold ^{test of battle} ~~fracas~~ repeated the phrase—his phrase! It had not come from a book. It had sprung out of his own throat: "Optimism, fire, blood, and steel." (Or were they my words? I will not try to remember in detail every last ^{inspiration I} ~~act~~ I have ^{have offered} initiated with each client.

Leave it that Adolf did pick up his volume of Treitschke when he reached home and proceeded to memorize the following words:

A sense of mission has been opened to us as Germans to recognize that the pure German is the universal man, the man who has been racially equipped to bring all other men in the world to our Germanic point of view. God has given all Germans the earth for a potential home, and this assumes that

there will come a time when there will be a leader of
all the world, a leader to serve as the embodiment, the
incarnation, the essence of a most mysterious power
which will tie the people to the invisible majesty of the
nation."

In late spring of 1903, his war games in the forest ^{took} taken on more
dimension each Saturday afternoon. The complexities of the contest ^{had now} have
developed. ^{There had become} Now there are highly charged encounters. Sometimes there ^{were} are
as many as fifty boys to a side, and ^{was now} so Adolf is engaged with his first
problems in logistics. Both armies ^{had to} must now deal not only with their own
wounded, ^{and also} but with prisoners. ^{All such victims had to} Some must wait in the glen behind the lines of each ~~side~~
that is called the field hospital. When enough ^{collected at the field hospital} collect (other soldiers have ^{had} to
be detached to serve as ^{their} nurses. Different groves in the forest ^{became} become
therefore new assembly areas. ^{But in} In order to keep the battle flowing, they ^{had to} must
have ^{enough} enough troops on both sides. Ergo, some of those who ^{had been} were put out of
play earlier ^{are} are now allowed to return to combat fully recovered from their
initial ~~symbolic~~ ^{initial} symbolic wounds.

Even as Adolf has been seen (until recently) as a minor presence in
his school, so is he ^{now} by full contrast, a generalissimo in the forest. He is the

only one who can keep track of each option. Indeed, he is forever pronouncing new battle codes, then changing his own rules. On a given Saturday he will decide that once a man is captured, the only choice is to put him in prison and kill him later in the day.

Then he decides that this will end many battles too quickly. So now, when they capture a fellow, they can choose not to kill. Serious discussions ~~then~~^{soon} arise about the length of time required for incarceration. Should it be for 30 minutes, or an hour? And who will keep time—can it be a soldier involved in other actions, or a separate time-keeper, one loyal to neither side. (One of the boys ~~has~~^{does have} a watch) The prisoner can gain his freedom more quickly, however, by becoming a spy. Or, he can refuse all offers and stay in prison, but that choice is not often taken. Adolf is aware that captured men soon get bored.

CHAPTER

In the late spring of 1903, school ended in June. Unlike the last summer vacation which had been spent ~~at Leonding~~ at the Garden House, a summer ^{to} ~~that had ended~~ with Alois' hemorrhage, now this family without a father went to the country. Everything they needed was placed into two huge trunks and Klara, Angela, Adolf and Paula traveled to Spital where Klara's sister Theresa and the rest of the Schmidt family lived. There, they spent the summer. It was for the first time. When Alois was alive, there had been no question of returning. He could never bear to go back. (It reminded him of ^{the cattle trough in which his} ~~his mother and how she had had to sleep in a cattle~~

^{mother used to sleep)} ~~(trough.)~~ By now, however, the farmer, Schmidt, married to Klara's sister,

Theresa, had a holding large enough to hold all who were in the

Heidler/Poelzl clan. Johanna Poelzl, Klara's mother, was also staying there,

together with Klara's sister, Johanna, the hunchback. The farm came to no more than the land, the house, the sheds, ~~and~~ ^{and the animals,} the outbuildings, ~~but~~ Schmidt was a hard worker, and he had managed, at least by the measure of Spital, to make it profitable. With several fields to work, and woodlands to harvest for nuts, he was ready to use all the labor Klara could offer. "It'll be good for her sorrow ^{that she's here} to work it off," he said.

Johanna, Klara's mother, was the one to mourn Alois most—which encourages ~~me to~~ ^a comment on married love. Most of Klara's grief was now rooted in ~~many~~ ^{the} psychic amputations, ~~of~~ ^{that had to be performed on} old habits, all so many old married habits, good and bad, that she had ~~formed~~ ^{put together} over the years. "What I miss," she confessed to her mother, "might be the habit more than the man."

Johanna could not believe that her daughter could speak such words. "How can you say that?" she said, "Your husband was the most exceptional person in our family!" It was one of the few times that Klara had seen her mother glare at her with wrath. Johanna's fury ^{was} ~~is~~ a storm. (It was also a squall of obfuscation.) She was in a near hysterical rush to avoid the complexities ^{attached to the marriage} of Klara and Uncle Alois. That must not be there to speak about. ^{her}

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SPECIAL INSERT TAPE 2-3 March 24, 2006

~~Der Alte was no longer alive.~~

Adi had nothing to do with the new hive. He was still bothered by the ^{because} ~~thought~~ and that was due in large part ^{repelled by} to the bee in Hafeld whose wings had been amputated, and at that point, word-

~~part became~~

~~Adi's toll boy. The old man~~

came in that Der Alte was no longer alive. He had been found dead and

~~Adi's story was even more~~ ^{had even appeared a} (Linz newspaper)

It had travelled all the way up from Hafeld alone in a state of near decomposition days after his demise. And the

was that due to the fact that Der Alte was ^{never} in a state of ~~near~~ decomposition by the time he was found

~~The~~ inhabitants of his bee-house, untended and unfed, had perished as well. Adi

his bees,

went to his room when he heard the news, but Alois, subduing ^{every trace of} his touch of

unacceptable,

also ^{pleasure} that the old man was gone, soon felt bad enough about his reaction

It was quite a gift, ready to ^{go} to buy Adi an air gun for Christmas, which could pump out pellets

with enough power)

powerfully enough to stop a squirrel or a rat and this proved to be ^{so} a

prove its value to the boy, but not as yet.

interesting and effective diversion for the boy. He had mourned Der Alte.

Most definitely, Alois could note, he was mourning Der Alte. Indeed,

Over several consecutive days, ^{even} Alois had the impression that Adolf might be

cries in his sleep. He did look ^{frightful} terrible in the morning and the promise of

~~if Adolf may be able to play with~~ ^{however, was} ~~the air gun~~

the air gun, certainly distracted him, then it was characteristic of Adi to

~~he took it out~~

na

~~the measles,~~

Came down with the measles

(22a)

It was, ~~relative to speaking a~~
a light case, but Klara kept the house
in rigid quarantine. ~~no one could~~
visit Adolf in the ~~house~~ ^{with the} ~~but~~ ^{unusually}
with Edmund. I saw the younger
boy ~~was put into~~ ^{was put into} Dorothea's
room - maid's room on the second
floor where she had installed him,
and only Klara, wearing a gauze
mask ~~could~~ ^{was} would visit. ~~here~~

He had a cold, he had red eyes,
he was not allowed to read, he
suffered boredom and complained
bitterly to Klara of the monotony
of his existence.

It was, however, a mild case.
The white spots ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ his throat and
on his tongue disappeared in
a few days, his rash lessened,
his disquiet increased. He was
obsessed with how fittingly he
felt for a that not exactly
the way they all saw him. He
worried about where Der Alte
might be now that he was dead.

(34th page)
for start

Chapter

page (23)

A last word about Der Alk might be fitting. I would not say that we carried him over to sleep in a high style or high stall. In truth, I do not know too much about that place. I am not even certain it exists. The Maestro has separated his agents, after all, into ~~totally~~ sealed enclaves. We are not supposed to know what we do not need to know.

Instead, we are reminded constantly of the extent of cosmic pretension in human affairs. Nietzsche's immortal remark, "All priests are liars," is repeated to us often as a warning.

"How could it be otherwise?"

* While Adolt
was on his way to heaven, these
impressed me only as a warning.

of the whole. Indeed, he reminds us constantly of Nietzsche's immortal

remark, "All priests are liars."

"How could it be otherwise?" the Maestro points out. "The

Dummkopf is not about to open the secrets of His Terrain ~~and the~~

Containments of His Treasured Dispositions to an untrustworthy rabble of

~~seriously distorted individuals who choose the minister~~
~~or the priesthood so that they can go about describing to~~
~~priests who go about telling their most gullible audiences of all the powers of~~

~~Lord will award them when they die, or how~~
~~the lord when they don't know a thing about the Realities I share and contest~~
~~ready we are ready to~~
~~with him. They don't know a thing about~~
~~the wisest matters, nor do they know~~
~~the Realities of the Contest. I use mention~~
~~to any of you."~~

Leave it that I know nothing ~~then~~ about the final destination of

~~der Alte, although I suspect he was the sort of long-term client that we do~~

~~ignored by the end, (his use to us now dissipated. So, it is possible that he is~~

~~exactly the sort of exhausted client who is ready to beseech Heaven ^{to grant him} for final~~

acceptance, and, who ^{knows} the Dummkopf is indeed, from what we are

told, ^{is} ready ~~even~~ to accept some of our ~~Der~~ clients for reincarnation. As I

mentioned, I believe, in some earlier context, the Maestro is not all opposed

to this. "Let us leave the pleasure of *picking* him up again if the

Dummkopf is so foolish as to give Der Alte another chance to pump up his

little vanities."

I think

~~Yes, the Maestro was also disappointed in Der Alte. I dare to say that,~~

~~much.~~ *In contrast, all through his illness, Adolf did think often of Der Alte. He ~~thought~~ ^{believed} the old man must be ~~on~~ on his way to Heaven. I treasure the irony. Even at eleven, ~~this~~ Adolf was not ~~from~~ often given to sentimentalities ~~as~~ of an extravagance comparable to this.*

Chapter

One evening, on one of his occasional visits to the Burger-Abends,

Alois, no longer willing to remain a quiet presence, *on himself*, is prevailed to speak.

That was, after listening to the Burger-Abends "Atheist-in-Residence," *a* the member