

Novel Tape dictated Jan 18 2006

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Chapter

^{satisfying}
It is ~~much~~ to Alois' taste that Leonding is only five miles from Linz.

He will no longer have to feel he is so far away from the active life of a ^{real} city,

and that is a longing he has not allowed himself to ^{indulge} recognize in Hafeld or

Lambach.

^{the house would be more attractive}
To Klara, it ~~would be a most attractive house~~ if it were not situated

^{but on}
across the street from the town cemetery. On the other hand, this is the only
reason they can afford it.

While Klara is not comfortable to feel so close to so many graves, her

compensation is that the village church is just across the way. Besides, ^{there is} the

^{new home}
~~house has charm.~~ It sits within a fine garden bordered by maples and oaks.

Don't be SP

Faxed to JM
4/5/6
by D. R. R.

She is fascinated by these trees. The shaping of their limbs appears so artful
that a godly spirit ^{may} ~~must~~ have been present. So she decides

Nonetheless, Klara also feels at odds with Leonding itself. She fears
the move could prove dangerous, and part of this uneasiness, I would say,
has come from her friendship with Preisinger. He had not only been so
nice, so agreeable, but also, yes, so strong. She considered that perilous.

He had aroused an excitement that should belong properly only to her
marriage. Now, on these streets of Leonding, ^{many of} ~~the~~ townspeople have ⁵⁽⁴⁾ ~~faces~~ to
suggest that they know a little more than she does about these treacherous

sides of human nature. While she has certainly lived in any number of more
sophisticated places: there was Vienna when she ^{kept house for an} ~~worked for the~~ old lady,

and Braunau with Alois, then Passau, she had never tried to have a life in

any way outside her family. Now, she might be ready for something ^{else,} ~~new~~

Only that was not ^{at all} permissible. So, for a time, she kept very close to the ^{new} house. Forays ^{out of her kitchen and garden} ~~outside~~ were restricted to visiting the shop of Josef

Mayrhofer who not only owned a fine grocery, but was a fine man and the Mayor of Leonding. There she bought vegetables two or three times a week, dressed neatly for the occasion and was always friendly to Herr Mayrhofer, but invariably, she would say, "I can't stay. There's so much work waiting for me."

What complicated her dealings was the conviction that she had given herself over to the Devil for one terrifying moment—the instant when she believed that Alois had just killed Alois-Junior. With the smallest prompting, that memory of the boy on the ground was before her again—Devil, save Alois' son, and I will be yours!

Such vows, taken by pious people, are, of course, of ongoing value to us. Even when the oaths become, in time, analogous to radioactive compounds which deteriorate to a half-life, we keep such assets on reserve. Klara, thereby, ^{still feels} ~~does feel~~ some legitimate peril for her soul, ~~certainly enough~~ to keep her commitment to housework as intense as ever.

No matter, she is quite attracted to Mayrhofer. He is more worldly than Preisinger and that could prove equally tempting. Or worse. If they grew too friendly, she might ruin ^a ~~this~~ good man.

In turn, I was witnessing ~~a~~ comedy. I knew nothing would happen.

Mayrhofer was as proper as Klara. Moreover, he ~~had~~ already met Alois and ^{those two} ~~both~~ had felt ready to form a friendship. Alois was drawn to a man who was smart enough to be a Mayor, and practical enough to own a prosperous store. In turn, Mayrhofer respected Alois's years of service in Customs,

particularly his promotions. Before long, they were drinking together regularly at the tavern.

All the same, this subdued flirtation between Mayrhofer and Klara remained alive, and I continued to enjoy it. Now that Mayrhofer, a man of honor, had become friends with Alois, he could not even smile too often when Klara was near. In turn, that was acceptable to her. Mayrhofer had a jealous wife. Alois had told her that the woman was a shrew who was always pointing her finger. "All of these women who come to the store," Frau Mayrhofer had already told her husband, "are just waiting to throw themselves at you." Indeed, Mayrhofer confessed to Alois that when he was younger, he did have a small affair. Just one. Then, his wife found out. His life had been a misery since. In turn, Alois was wise enough not to suggest that in this regard, his own life may have been more adventurous.

At first, they did drink only in the local tavern, but Mayrhofer soon confessed that given his position as Mayor, the premises were a little too raw for his office. After some deliberation, he decided to invite Alois to a Burger-Abend, an evening for the town burghers, which was an occasion that took place on four separate evenings each week. The members could attend regularly or rarely, but it was an agreeable occasion for ~~the more~~

the ~~substantial men in town~~ ^{individuals of Leonding} ~~(to get together. The gatherings rotated~~ ^{These} ~~explained~~

Mayrhofer, rotated among the best four inns of Leonding, and were held for

the sole purpose of good talk and good company among prosperous ^{men} ~~citizens~~.

The object, as Mayrhofer explained tactfully, was not to get drunk, but to

exchange good conversation. In fact, he did murmur that they had a few

members who turned out unhappily, and sooner or later, "these ~~unfortunate~~

^{tipplers}

~~individuals~~ were not asked to come back. We did it politely—as much as

possible, under the circumstances—but it is essential, Alois, that a man must never appear to be even a hint unbalanced on these occasions. Merriment is certainly acceptable, but good manners are paramount."

"I have to agree," said Alois. "That is always the essence of fine company."

So Alois was introduced, and went through the considerable tension of sitting in with the local gentry. He most certainly did not get unbalanced, and he did return several times a month to keep up his friendship with Mayrhofer who now refused to go to the tavern because of one dreadful occasion when a drunken lout ~~had~~ tried to insult him. The malcontent had been told to leave by the tavern owner, and did, but the place was spoiled for Mayrhofer.

During the day, Alois now spent his time working in the garden, or at his new bee-hive. He had purchased a Langstroth box, and to it added only a small population. As he explained to Mayrhofer, "Just ⁵ some honey for my family's use and gifts for friends—that will be sufficient." He was determined not to become involved again with apiary commerce. At Hafeld, the venture had taken over all of his thoughts. "It is equal to being enslaved by a force larger than oneself."

"So is the Mayoralty," replied Mayrhofer.

Soon enough, Alois grew so impressed by the Burger-Abends that he bought a book of Latin quotations which he attempted to memorize. But, retaining the phrases was a treacherous enterprise. His greatest problem these days had been boredom. Now he had discovered its loyal assistant—poor memory!

The greatest counterbalance he found against the yaws of long, eventless afternoons at home was to play with Edmund. The little boy was more charming at four years of age than any of his other children had been, and Edmund stayed so close to him at the beehive that Klara had to make him a veil and sew up white pants to go with a white shirt and white gloves. Klara protested: "The boy is too young." But Alois insisted, and so the two were out at the hive a great deal.

Before long, Alois had fallen in love again, a charming love, indeed, for he knew it was bound to be his last true romance. He adored Edmund. It was not only that his little son was so clever, but that he was, in addition, tender and sweet. "If I had ever met a woman so perfect, I would have married her for forever," he would repeat to himself as a joke. He did like humor that was bifurcated. He could picture the look of woe—would it

even be jealousy?—on Klara's face if he ever told her this, and yet he also laughed for his own tenderness—for the boy and for Klara, too. So much of all that was good in her that he was never about to declare (not to her!—never spoil a good woman!) was part of why the boy was so nicely balanced. His father's intelligence and his mother's capacity for love. An excellent mixture.

Yes, so bright. And Edmund loved the bees. He didn't even squeak too much when some of the sluggards crawled over his gloves on their way back to the hive entrance. Once he even received a bite inside ~~the cuff of~~ his glove but he didn't cry. He was about to, but Alois said, "Oh, we must keep this a secret. Your mama won't let you play here again if she knows."

"No, father," said Edmund, "she will listen to you."

"It could cause trouble," said Alois as if he were speaking to ~~a fifteen-~~ ^{an older boy}

~~year-old.~~

"That is true," said Edmund and sighed. "Too bad," he said, "it hurts.

I would really like to cry."

At which they both laughed.

Afterward, back in the house, they would play Customs. Once Alois even put on his old uniform (although he ~~could hardly~~ ^{could hardly} close it around his waist) and they pretended that Edmund was trying to smuggle a valuable coin past the border inspector.

"Why is the coin so valuable?" asked Edmund.

"Because it was owned by Napoleon," said Alois. "He used to keep ^(this guilden) ~~it~~ in his pocket."

"He did not," said Edmund. "You are teasing me."

"No, I am not. ^{It} ~~This~~ is part of the game."

"I like that." ~~"It is only Napoleon's coin for this game?"~~

"Yes, but just you try to hide that coin from me."

"I will if you ^{promise not to} ~~don't~~ address me."

"No. I will just tickle you. Then you are bound to confess."

"I won't," said Edmund, giggling already, and ^{stepped} ~~went~~ into the parlor closet to hide the guilden. Struggling ^{beneath} ~~under~~ the coats ^{hanging} ~~hung~~ in there, he knew ^{from the rack,} where to put the coin. He wedged it into the cuff of his boot. ^{that way, he} ~~He~~ didn't even have to undo the laces.

When he came out, Alois stared at him with a fair share of the malevolence he used to direct at suspects who were being interviewed.

"Are you ready to confess?" he asked.

Edmund was hardly frightened. He began to giggle.

"Very well. Since you are so insolent," said Alois, "I will have to pat you down," and ^{so} proceeded to tickle him under the arms and on the belly until Edmund dropped to the floor in a puddle of pure helpless mirth. "Stop it, Daddy, stop it," he cried out, "or I will have to pee."

Alois desisted. "But ^o you are not ready to confess."

"That is because I am not smuggling anything."

"⁴Yes, ^{we know,} you are. ¹You have Napoleon's coin."

"Try and find it," said Edmund and began to giggle again.

"Oh, I will, ⁴I will," said Alois, and with a quick move pulled off

Edmund's boots, shook them ~~both~~ and watched the guilder fall out. "Now, you are under arrest," he said.

Edmund was furious. "You cheated," he said, "you cheated. You did not obey the rules."

"State your case."

"You said you would ~~not take off any clothes~~, just tickle ^{me}, but you ~~took off my clothes.~~"

"These are not ~~your~~ clothes," said Alois, picking up a boot. "Clothes are garments. This is footwear."

"No, ^{you} just changed the rules."

Alois made the ~~drollest~~ ^a face ~~he could manage to twist out of his~~
~~mouth and eyes.~~ "That," he said in a deep voice, "is what we like to do in
Customs."

For a moment, Edmund was uncertain. Then he began to laugh.

Alois laughed so hard and so long that once again, he began to cough

which, at first, was fine—he could clear some phlegm—~~always a good~~

~~feeling~~, but then his coughing did not halt for many ~~more~~ seconds, then a

minute of paroxysms which brought Klara ^{over ~~from~~ to} into the parlor ~~from~~ (the kitchen. Alois



Perhaps her presence helped his coughing to subside. In any case, he rolled

rolled

(his eyes at her and took a tentative breath. Had he come close, he

wondered, to a hemorrhage of his lungs, [?] ~~no, no blood in his handkerchief~~

Now Edmund had begun to weep. "Oh, Papa," he cried out, "you

must not die, you must not die," and the sound of his voice ~~took an answer~~ *kept all response*

away from both ~~his~~ parents—he had seemed ^{so} ~~in~~ certain of the outcome.

I know
"Papa, you will not die," he now said in amendment. "I will ask God

to forbid that and He will listen ~~because~~ I pray to Him every night."

"I don't pray," Alois almost said. Still cautiously in balance from the

a tuck,
reverberations of his coughing spell, he did not speak but ~~he~~ did shake his

head at Klara. These pious women were the real smugglers—to ~~play games~~ *steal across*

the border of
with a young boy's mind, especially when he was so bright. Some day,

Edmund might be a legal eminence in Vienna, one of the wealthiest and

~~most~~ ^{yet} powerful barristers in Austria, and ^{had to offer} his mother was offering this

religious pap, good oats for horses, ^{if all the same, yet} just about. Yet Alois was not ready to

correct ^{her} this. ^{perhaps} Perhaps religion was necessary for the very young. He would

leave it ^{at that} for now. There was so much beauty, Alois decided, in the boy's

love for his mother, and yes, most certainly, his father.

Chapter

Up in his bedroom with the door locked, Alois took his revenge on the sounds of laughter he ^{had to hear from Belaco.} ~~heard between his father and his brother.~~ (He

chose to masturbate. The image he held in his head was a picture of Luigi Lucheni that he had seen in the Linzertageblatt [^{in Tape 7}CK spelling]. It was the

assassin's small mustache, fixed to his upper lip just below his nostrils, a

dark little daub of a mustache, ^{That} ~~but it~~ certainly excited Adolf. Once, at a

time when he and Angela had still been sleeping in the same room, he had

caught a glimpse of her pubic hair just as it had begun to manifest itself, no

more than a patch of dark down, and Luigi's postage-stamp of a mustache

was close in resemblance.

The combination had to excite him—that small peek-a-boo into

Angela's privacy so much like the mad murderer's upper lip—he grew twice

excited when he heard his father coughing away like still another maniac.

Chapter

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

Alois, no longer willing to remain a quiet presence, prevailed on himself to

speak. *This* ~~That~~ (was after listening to the Burger-Abends "Athiest-in-

Residence," a member who delighted in assuring all the others that "I am the

only brave man in our ranks since I have been blessed. I do not have to

believe in God." To Alois' critical eye, he was a scrawny chap, but a long-

invested member—his grandfather had been one of the founders of the

society. Nonetheless, it did seem that the man had little else to offer. So,

Alois decided to speak up and declared that each intelligent human had to

decide for himself whether the Deity did exist, but he, for one, was certainly

opposed to the sanctimony of all those pietists who would run to church at

~~in their life~~
every drop of rain, ~~He~~ ^{in their life} would attend on one day only of the year and that

was the Emperor's birthday. "In

my opinion, it is Franz Josef who is to be celebrated. Especially after Sisi's death."

He soon discovered that he was dealing with a class of people who

had a special attitude about ^{such} ~~these~~ matters. For ^{while} ~~the most part~~, they did seem

to feel superior to unseemly devotion in religion, yet they were prepared to

be formally observant. ~~Unlike Alois,~~ they were church-goers.

If Alois had been a client, I ^{could} ~~would~~ have alerted him. To be privately

~~is not only a privilege but a duty~~
superior to religion might be the keel of the upper classes, ~~but the hull has to~~
~~have to~~ ~~be the keel of their station in life.~~
be seen topside by all who are on the horizon.

One of the older gentry did reprove Alois by saying, "I would agree

that it can prove ^{unsettling to be among those who} ~~off putting to~~ become over-enthusiastic ^{about} ~~over~~ every last

* Superior to religion is not only a privilege of the upper classes, but going to church is the keel to maintain their social life on balance.

obscure, those rites
religious ~~rites~~ / So often that ~~does~~ become a haven for unhappy women. But

let us recognize that without religion, we would see this ~~there would be~~ chaos. It is the most

dependable deterrent to madness in all of world history."

was ready to take up the argument
Alois tried to argue. "Nonetheless, good sir, religion itself offers its
"Nonetheless, good sir," he said, "permit me to
suggest that religion does offer its
own kind of madness. Just think of such highly immoral Popes as"—he

"Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope, Pope"
knew the list—~~John~~, ~~Benedict~~, ~~Urban~~, ~~Alexander~~, ~~Leo~~, and ~~Clement~~.

Simony was not only their daily practice, but a cardinal's hat was waiting ~~open to~~

illegitimate sons, ~~(some of them even killed their enemies. I~~
~~for~~ (every one of their bastards. ~~Some of them even killed their enemies. I~~

would declare that to be madness. Yes, good sir, that was ~~madness in the opposite~~

direction, I would go so far as to assert."

He sat down, pleased that there was at least a modicum of courteous

applause from a portion of the burghers, but then had to recognize that the
applause was formal—every speaker was
entitled to some such response—but indeed a
chill ~~that~~ had come upon the room. He had been too outspoken. It made

I can't find any more notes for this page

him decide, most unhappily, that he ^{should} ~~might~~ not return too soon to the Burger-

Abends, and when he did come back, he chose to be silent.

^{these evenings still were diversions,}
Now, ~~in~~ compensation, he ~~was~~ ^{had} diverted by other topics. These gentry

^{more than he did}
did know quite a lot about higher styles of living. He was attentive to their

knowledge of everything from gourmandize and art collection to ^{some} interesting

innovations that would soon appear in indoor plumbing, and electric ^{lighting} lights.

^{had to feel}
Again, he ~~felt~~ the insufficiency of his own experience.

No surprise, then, if at the Burger-Abends, he thought often of the

young officers for whom he made boots when he was working in Vienna,

^{and}
(dreaming all the while of a beautiful young woman who would make

^{before sharing his bed}
exquisite lady's hats, ~~and~~ ^{in the evening, share his bed}. Now, on the way

home from a Burger-Abend, a ~~beautiful~~ wealth of pity would often pass

through him for what had never come to pass.

Let me suggest that the intensity of such feelings can ~~be~~ ^{be} bountiful
~~enough to~~ charm the heart of a saint. Self-pity is able to reach the finest
operatic heights—if at considerable expense to oneself!—and indeed, Alois
was paying too much ~~for this excess~~. In compensation, his dreams at night
~~have~~ ^{had} begun to bother him. He had now developed the fearful intuition that
sleep was a marketplace where the dead could return on a visit ~~there to~~
^{in order to} remind you of your debt to them. So he thought of Johann Nepomuk and
his mother, and then he had to brood over his two dead wives. What if they
met in this marketplace of sleep and came to agree with each other
concerning their former husband. He would then be facing a cabal. "That
might even be more dangerous," he told himself, "than for two of a man's
former mistresses to become friends, and ^{be ready to} compare accounts."

One of the gentry had made that remark at the Burger-Abends, and it ~~had~~ occasioned the heartiest burst of laughter. Of course, the fellow was an old roué from one of the best families in town, ~~and still had a fine air~~. Alois had enjoyed those words enough to make them his own, and then served them up once or twice at the tavern. He did notice that the louts laughed at this with as much gusto as the gentry.

Chapter

Adolf liked the new school in Leonding. It was no more than a five-minute walk from the Garden House, and it proved less strict than the monastery. While he was ^{once more} again an excellent student, he could hardly wait ^{each day} for school to end. The Kumberger Forest ^{which} that surrounded Leonding looked to be the best yet for his wars, full of small caves and numerous hideouts in the foliage—wonderful enclosures where one could prepare an ambush. So, he began to recruit his schoolmates to join his battles after school. Since ^{class ended} ~~they were let out~~ a half-hour earlier here than at the monastery, they could carry out small encounters in the late afternoon, although the major event each week was reserved for Saturday morning.

Adi was ^{also} reading the novels of Karl May, and that altered ^{many} all the ~~roles~~.

^{techniques} Before, it had been the Prussians fighting the French, or the Boers versus

the English, but now there was a brave man named Shatterhand ^{who was} ~~to who~~

^{ready to}
~~would~~ protect white settlers against the Indians.

Everyone would have chosen to be on Shatterhand's side ^{if there} ~~but for the~~
~~had not also been an opportunity for~~
~~rule that an Indian could steal up on his opponent from behind, get an arm~~
~~to~~ ^(a settler)

around the other boy's neck, and then ^{then} ~~could~~ say, "You are scalped." ~~That~~
~~the Indians could flee to their dens~~
^(in the forest before)
~~had become a powerful incentive. Even if the white settlers responded by~~

charging into ^{they} any copse where a few Indians might be hiding ^{The settlers} ~~and it turned~~
~~to their advantage since they had long sticks~~ ^{to serve as rifles}

stick was temporarily dead, ^{for the rest of the game}
~~and had to go home~~

On the other hand, Adolf was scalped once by a kid quick enough to
catch him. ~~The deed was disavowed.~~ Adolf declared it illegal. "You do not
attack leaders," he told the boy. "You are an Indian and they believe in the
vengeance of the war-gods. They live with the war-gods all the time. So

they do not attack high officers like myself. They do not dare. A terrible vengeance would fall on them."

Nonetheless, he was also discovering ^{a fair amount of} considerable difficulty at keeping kids his own age under his service. They wished to be on equal footing. More and more he had to be ready to let them slip away even as he brought in younger boys.

He even took Edmund along ^{now five} with him, Edmund who was ~~not yet six~~ years old and certainly the youngest to participate. Nonetheless, the older kids liked him, even if Edmund ^{could not be} was not ^{began,} worth much when attacks ~~began~~.

~~He was too small.~~ Still, Adolf gave him special training. He liked having him ~~out there alone with him~~ in the forest. He could command Edmund then, which, of course, he could not do at home. There, Klara would protect Edmund, Angela would protect him, and Alois certainly did.

Adi could remember that they used to safeguard ^{him} from Alois-Junior, but that had been more justifiable. After all, Alois-Junior had once planted a turd on the end of his nose. He didn't do such things to Edmund. But then, he began to giggle at the thought that if he could do it, what a joy it would be to hear Edmund scream. Once, out in the forest, he even shot Edmund from behind with his air rifle, and told him it was a hornet, which, of course, Edmund mentioned to Klara.

The story worried her. She could sense a depth of animosity in Adi. Was it any worse than Alois-Junior had been? Yes, she decided, it was worse. Worse. Adolf and Edmund were blood brothers.

By now, Adi was having trouble with some of the older and stronger kids. Some even gave promise that it could end in a fight. He had never had a fist-fight, he had always avoided them, but now he took a vow that he

would never allow anyone to beat him. He would do whatever was

necessary, even if he had to do it with a big stone in his hand. Visions came

to him on the edge of sleep. He saw ^{a truly} ~~the~~ boy he feared ~~the~~ most staring at

him with a blood-spattered head. ^{Could that} ~~Would it~~ happen? A couple of ^{goldiers} ~~the~~ older

^{his age} ~~kids~~ ^{quit} who had left his army, were now back. Would they give him trouble?

~~What were tough kids most afraid of?~~

Tough kids were afraid of their superiors, ^{he decided} ~~he explained~~. They had to be

real superiors like their father, their mother, their older brother, or their

enemies—anybody who was strong enough to defeat them. For that reason,

they were not often in a rush to become a leader. That pleased Adolf. He

^{decided that was the secret to their weakness,} ~~saw it now.~~ They did not trust the quickness of their thoughts. A leader had

to be ready for the treachery of others. He would make that point clear. "A

leader," he now explained to a few ^{potential} ~~putative~~ rebels, "brings down on himself

The reason is simple. (★)
the jealousy of everybody under him. ~~That is because he cannot satisfy~~

every person's requests."

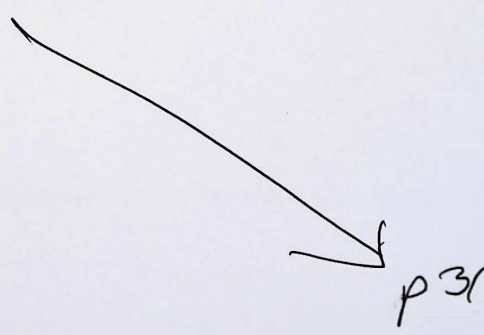
His troubles continued nonetheless, His speech had its effect, but
continued to leave
~~many soldiers were leaving~~ his army. Soon there would be snow in the
≡
forest.

Then an episode occurred which ended these wars for the rest of the winter. One of Adolf's young troopers spoke of building a fire. ~~They did,~~
~~feel the cold.~~ It was a day when no one felt warm enough to hide
motionless in ambush ^{for long,} *he is* and ~~the~~ boy declared that he was able to start
a fire by rubbing twigs together. The others jeered, but Adolf said, "If you
can make a real fire out of twigs, then I give you the order to proceed."

The boy did. Once the fire was lit, all went off to find fallen branches
dry enough to burn. Soon the fire was not only blazing but ready to advance

into the surrounding brush. Since there was no water handy, they tried to stomp it out. They couldn't. Smoke rose into the sky. ^(H) They quit the fire ~~and~~ one by one, they retreated, then they ran ~~and did not stop~~ until they were a quarter of a mile away. Adolf began to explain to the others, all twenty-odd, that they ~~did not and~~ must not tell anyone.

I had to be close to him then. He needed me. I was offering the power to look into a compatriot's eye and decide whether he would be strong enough not to give them away. "Yes," said Adolf, "if any one of you tell anybody about ^{this} ~~the~~ fire, we will all have to pay for it. So we will want to find out who told. And then there will be consequences. A brave soldier does not betray his own people."



One by one, two by two, they left the forest. By now, the fire had grown to a size visible enough to bring teams of horses, fire-men and water wagons out from Leonding.

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~~Chapter~~

↓
On the way home, Edmund said that he would tell one person, their father. "If you do," said Adolf, "I will be severely punished. And then ~~you~~ ^{you} have to (will make certain you) pay for it."

"I do not believe you," said Edmund. "Our father would never permit it. So, don't you try to hit me."

"It is not me you have to fear. ~~But~~ ^{It is} ~~everybody~~ ^{else} ~~who was there~~ ^{and} will be punished, ~~and~~ ^{and} then they will be waiting for you. All of them. If necessary, I will be the one to let them know you couldn't keep your mouth shut."

"I have to tell our father. I promised."

"What did you promise?"

"I promised that I would tell him about anything that bothered me."

"All right. That is all right for you to do on other matters. But not on this. The others will beat you up. I will not be able to protect you. I won't even want to!"

"I feel sick."

"You always were a snot-nose. Go throw up."

Chapter

As soon as he heard about the fire, Alois had his own suspicions. He held Edmund on his lap and looked tenderly into his eyes, but before he could ask a question, Edmund threw up again. Alois decided to let it go. He was convinced that Adolf had had something to do with the blaze, but then Edmund's life would be a misery if he forced him to talk about it.

Moreover, there ^{might} ~~could~~ be repercussions. If, as a father, he knew Adolf was one of the malefactors, it would be expected of him, as a good citizen, to inform the authorities. If he did, however, they could fine him.

So, Alois wiped the spew off his ^{own} shirt and hugged Edmund tenderly. He also made a point of not looking Adolf in the eye too closely ^{over} ~~for~~ the next few days.

After a week had passed, and there seemed to be no further consequences, Adolf began to feel very close to Shatterhand, a man who could rise above crisis and catastrophe.

Now, when he headed to the cemetery to shoot rats, he would have short conversations with Shatterhand. "A fine shot, pard," the man would say in his ear whenever he knocked down a rodent. That was the highest praise for it came from a hero so fearless that he lived in a special heaven.

Chapter

In school, Adolf came to read a book by an author named Friedrich

Ludwig Jahn who spoke of a force able to shape all history ~~that could work upon history, even~~ ^{shape it.} ~~It depended on~~ ^{This force}

the presence of "Fuehrer, cast of Iron and Fire. The people will honor him

as a savior and forgive all his sins."

Of course, Jahn was only one of many authors ^{that} ~~Adolf's class had been~~

^{could choose to read} asked to read in study period. They had also been ^{offered} given Kant and Goethe

and Schleiermacher. While Adolf was ready to assert that he ^{was ready to} ~~could~~

understand them all, he also decided that most of ^{these authors,} ~~them~~ showed too profound

a respect for reason. That bored him. ^{His father for one,} ~~Alois~~ was always speaking favorably

^{of the virtues of} about reason. "Human nature is undependable," he would tell ^{his family at} ~~the others at~~

the kitchen table ^{"It} ~~whether they were interested or not. "Human nature is not,~~

~~for example,~~ to be relied upon for government. What enables stable

~~power of the~~
societies to work is the law, not the people. However, ~~there is often a~~ ^{we find}

~~with that.~~ ^{there} If laws are made by bad people, then you have a bad

world, a bad society." He looked around at the table and decided this might

yet be of interest to Adolf. "What you need are ^{usa, it is} legal constitutions that ^{are needed} have

~~been constructed~~ ^{and then only the best} over the years with ~~great~~

solemnity and ~~great~~ devotion by

^{finest} the ~~very best~~ people. It does not matter if it is a democracy or a monarchy.

^{powerfully et flexible} What is important are wonderful laws. That is only possible when there is a ^{reason}

^{receives the profound respect it deserves} ~~profound respect for reason.~~

Adolf preferred Jahn. Reason, he decided, was ~~too much~~ like the

sirens that swim in the Rhine and lead you to your death. Even while you

drown, they sing sweet songs to bewitch your head. Personal strength was

^{than laws} obviously of more importance. ~~Great~~ strength could enable you to become a

savior of your people. That would take care of your sins. All sins could be

forgiven, yes, if you were a great savior. Smaller matters would disappear.

As Adolf saw it, the powers of history had no interest in small matters.

Whereupon, he rejected Goethe and Schiller. Their humor annoyed him. It was too personal—as if they were much too pleased with what they were doing. Not serious enough, Adolf decided. The other two, Kant and Schleiermacher, he simply couldn't read. His closest pleasure came from the fairy tales of the Grimm brothers, also assigned to his class. Those were good stories, and deep! He delighted in acting them out for Edmund who was too young to read but ~~was~~ always ready to listen. He explained to Edmund that the Grimm Brothers had written tales to show children how important it was to obey their parents and their older brother, even—hemmed in by the logic of it, he had to add—and their older sister. Then he spoke of one story called The Girl Without Hands which was full of relish

for him. He told it with his hands and ~~his voice~~ ^{made} making up the dialogue as

he proceeded. "This is about a father who has been ordered by the Devil to

cut off the hands of his young daughter." When Edmund shrieked, Adolf

~~spoke as the father~~ ^{in the voice of} explaining it to his daughter. "I don't want to do this,

dear daughter. But I must. These are orders. It is not for me to question

orders that have been given by a very high authority. No, I must obey."

"What does the daughter say?" Edmund asked.

"Oh, she is obedient. Very obedient. She says, 'Father dear, do with me what you will. For I am your child.' Then she puts her hands right up on

the chopping block. Her father picks up a big cleaver and with a whack he

¹
does it. ~~He chops off her hands.~~

"That is so awful," said Edmund. " ~~He chops off her hands.~~ ^{He chops off her hands?}

"Yes, but she lives happily ever after."

"How?" asked Edmund.

"Her father takes care of everything." ^{Adolf} ~~He~~ nodded. "I could tell you a

worse story but I won't."

"No, tell me."

"It's about a girl who was so disobedient that she died."

"What did she do?" asked Edmund.

"It doesn't matter," said Adolf. "She was disobedient. That is enough. They bury this disobedient girl, and what do you think? It is hard to believe, but she remains disobedient even after she is dead. It is by way of one of her arms. This arm insists on pushing through all the heavy ^{dirt} ~~earth~~ that lies above her grave. No matter. That arm stretches upward right through it."

"Is she that strong?" asked Edmund.

"The devil is helping her. What else—that is the way it happens. So

when her relatives see that ^{arm up in the air} they come out to her grave and try to force ^{it} ~~the~~

~~arm~~ down again. They can't. ^{But they can't. The arm is too strong,} ~~So they try to cover it with more dirt. But here~~

^{the arm knocks all that earth to the side.} ~~arm is too strong! It rises up again. Finally her mother has to leave the~~

^{go back to the house} ~~grave. She goes back to her fireplace and picks up the heaviest poker she~~

^{in the fireplace.)} ~~can find.~~ Then she returns to her daughter's grave and ^{starts} ~~keeps~~ (beating on the ^{arm,}

~~She beats on it.)~~ ^{shovel} ~~arm~~ until it is broken. That way, the arm can be ~~put~~ back under the dirt and

the girl is able to find some rest."

Edmund was shivering. He was crying and laughing ^{at once,} ~~as he heard these~~

~~stories.~~ "Would you do something like that to me?" he asked Adolf.

"Only if you should die and I would see your arm sticking out from

^{grave.} ~~your coffin.~~ Then, I would ^{have to} ~~do it to you.~~ ^{Certainly} ~~I would."~~

"Oh," said Edmund, "I don't like that."

"It does not matter what you would like. It would have to be done."

"Tell me one more story."

to tell it all. I'll just give you the end."

"It would take too long. It's about a queen who boils a ~~bad~~ child to

of the bad child."

death. Then, she eats the body. *She has a feast with the royal court."*

"You have to be a queen to be able to do that," said

asked
"Only queens would do that?" said Edmund. "That is true, is it

*Edmund
"I can't
think
of a queen"*

not?"

"Yes, you

Especially if it is
"You probably have to be a queen to dare to boil your own children,

your own child that you are boiling," Adolf replied,
then eat them," Adolf told him. "But nobody can take these matters for

granted."

"My mother would never do that to me."

"Maybe not our mother, but I cannot say what Angela would do."

"Oh, no," said Edmund,
responded,

Edmund responds, "Angela would never do that *something like*

that to Paula or to me."

"Don't be so certain."

Edmund ^{shook} ~~was shaking~~ his head. *"I know you are wrong."*

"Do you want another story?" ~~asked Adolf.~~

"I don't know."

"This one is the best," *said Adolf.*

"Is it truly so?"
~~"Promise?"~~

"The best."

"Then maybe"
~~"Maybe"~~ don't want to hear it."

"It's about a young man who is ordered to sleep with a corpse. In

time to come you, too, may have to sleep next to a dead man."

At this point Edmund shrieked. Then he fainted.

this last conversation
Unfortunately for Adolf ~~he~~ was overheard by Angela. She was

standing now in the doorway shaking her head. Adolf had time to think that

altogether foul
his luck was ~~terrible~~ in these matters.

Angela knelt, and patted Edmund's face until he could sit up again.

Then she went to tell Klara.

His mother now called him Adolf on every occasion when she had to scold him. "Adolf! I will give you a choice," she said. "This was dreadful.

You ~~will~~ have to be punished."

"For what? I was doing nothing ~~bad~~. Edmund loves the stories. He kept asking ^{me} for more."

"You knew what you were doing. ^{So} This is so awful. I am going to tell your father. I have to. He will decide ^{on your punishment} ~~what to do with you~~."

"Mother, this is not something to bring father into."

"If I don't tell him, then I will ^{be the one} ~~have to~~ look for a worse punishment.

And I will.)

(Maybe I will buy you no present at Christmas."

^{"This}
"That is so unfair," said Adolf. ^{try} "I do my best to entertain my kid

brother. But he is a brat."

"Do you accept what I say? No gift for Christmas?"

"Yes. If you think that is fair, I ^{have to} accept. But, mother, please look into
your heart when the time comes. See if you will still see me as guilty then."

Klara was furious. This was even worse. He was so certain that she
would change her mind and buy him ^{a good} the present after all.

So, that evening, she did tell Alois ^{after all}.

^{1-t}
Alois had no doubts. ^{Alois chose to give} He ~~gave~~ Adolf a severe whipping. It was the

worst since they moved into the house in Leonding. But this time, Adolf

was determined to make no outcry. He thought of Preisinger all the while.

~~He thought of Friedrich Ludwig Jahn~~ He made no sound. He stiffened his
body.

~~was beginning~~ ~~on his hands~~
 Alois ~~began~~ to feel he had Junior back again. Another criminal to
~~as if~~

~~This~~
 deal with! ~~He~~ excited even more rage.

~~Between each blow~~
 In turn, Adolf was remembering how Alois-Junior had run away.
~~thinking of~~

~~one~~
 That was ~~now~~ memory he could use to aid him. He would not weep; he

would make no sound. He could be as strong as Alois-Junior. If he did not

cry, then his own strength would be great enough to justify whatever he

might yet decide to do to his younger brother. Strength contained its own

justice. He called upon the force of command that had ~~been with him~~
~~come to him after the~~

~~after the~~
 (fire in the forest when he ordered all ~~who were there~~ never to speak of it.

~~force of command~~
 Yes, he had been full of fear then, but he had called on his resolve, and then

~~then~~
 (he had lived for days in the fear someone would talk.

~~"Might this not~~
 If a present day reader is bound to say, "Doesn't all this involve too

much hardening of a young boy?" I would reply that one element in ~~him~~ ~~Adolf~~

was so fragile that I looked to maintain his ego ^{at} in full erection. (Egos are

prey to the same weakness that hardons ^{can} exhibit when unsure of themselves!)

^{yes,} So, I did monitor the whipping of Adolf. ^(And I did fortify his resolve.) If it was most important to

him that he not weep, so was it also ^{of} important for me. I was ~~there and~~

^{on our hand} wholly on the alert. I was ~~even~~ ready to diminish the intensity of the blows

^{whenever} I thought the boy ^{might} would break. Equally, I was ready to increase ^{Alois'} the force,

^{whenever it flagged} ^{There were moments when} ~~should it became too easy. Of course, these variations were also a reflection~~

~~of Alois' rage and his temerity. The fear of over-straining his heart was~~
~~in direct interference with my desire to salt~~
~~was interfering with the~~
increasing, even as I ~~might have wanted more salting of~~ Adolf's will. Let

him develop a hatred for Alois intense enough to serve many an uncommon

purpose. ^{a head,}

Yet, since balance ^{is} ~~was~~ also crucial to our activities. I could not allow

antipathy to his father to become over-excessive. ~~That could, in time to~~

~~come, destroy Adolf's usefulness. Any~~ ^{immense hatreds in childhood that} ~~that~~

^{which} ~~can~~ find no dependable outlet will leave ^a ~~our~~ client unstable. ^{High imbalance} ~~That had been~~

~~was~~ altogether acceptable for me when dealing with ⁱⁿ Luigi Lucheni, but ^{that would} ~~not at all~~

^{not do)} (for Adolf. We had put in too much effort on the boy, ^{we did not wish} ~~to wish him to be full~~

^{care to deal with too many} ~~of~~ errant impulses and blind rages. ^{Indeed one} ~~One~~ qualified product of this heavy

^{was bound to be} whipping would be to generate ~~these~~ ^{of} detestation in Adolf for Edmund, ^{that}

^{made me uneasy,} ~~soon wondered, however, if that was a mistake.~~ ^{had} Edmund remained in such a

^{after hearing} sorry state from ^{had} the tales of the Grimm Brothers that Klara ~~tried~~ to lull him

to sleep with lullabies. Adolf ^{both} ~~was~~ lying in the next cot, ^{thanked} ~~feeling~~ as bruised

~~and sore~~ as if he had fallen out of a tree. Hiss feelings were so outraged by

^{present and} Klara's apparent indifference to him that he decided ~~on the spot~~ to run away, ^{right there on the spot}

^{aching bones and all.} He even made a point of telling this to Edmund

^{so soon as} shortly after Klara had left the room.

"It is all your doing, said Adolf. "So I must go."

Immediately, Edmund leaped out of bed and ran to tell his father.

Yet, when Alois came up the stairs to collar this potential runaway, Adolf said, "It's a lie! My brother is always telling lies. This one I will not forgive him for. This lie is atrocious! I'll get him for this!"

"You'll get him, will you?"

Alois was not ready to give another beating. His ^(arms)~~bones~~ were aching more than Adolf's. Still, he was sufficiently concerned to lock ^{the boy}~~Adolf~~ in a room on the ground floor where window had bars. Alone, Adolf tried to squeeze through. Perhaps, he would run away after all. He soon discovered, however that his clothing, particularly the metal buttons on the shirt, seemed to make the difference. They keep getting caught on the bars. So he took off his clothes, rolled them up in an overcoat, put them just outside the bars,

and stark naked, attempted to wriggle through once more. He was so overheated with fury and righteousness that he did not feel the cold of the open casement window nor hear the sound of his father's boots stomping towards the room. Only as the door was unlocked did he pull away from the bars, seize a table cloth and wrap it around himself. Alois, entering, ^{his} ~~the~~ key still in his hand, took in the situation ~~at once~~ and roared with laughter. He yelled for Klara. ^{to} ~~He insisted she~~ come to the room. When ^{Adolf} ~~the boy~~ began to move, ^{he was kept in place by} ~~he froze~~ Adolf with a look. When Klara came through the door, Alois pointed to Adolf with a masterly scorn and said, "Look at the toga boy, our ^{Toga} ~~boy~~!" Klara shook her head and left ^{the room} ~~the room~~. That did ^{house} ~~point~~ Alois to a full harangue: "So, you were trying to run away! I tell you, it would ^{not} ~~be~~ such a ~~total~~ loss. All the same, I forbid it. Not because I would miss you, Toga-Boy. I would not. I forbid it because I would have to call

in the police ^{to tell them} once we discover you are missing, and they ^{might} ~~would probably~~

put me in jail." Alois knew this was an outright exaggeration, but he was

full of momentum. "How your mother would weep! Her son is lost and her

husband is in prison. Shame has come upon the ^{father} family! All because of

Toga-Boy!" ^{Adolf had stood} After having stood up to the whipping, ^{but now he was} Adolf was now crying.

~~All~~ the work on his ego would have to be redone.

Alois did have ~~his~~ regrets. He woke up that night worrying whether

Alois-Junior had been a product of too many beatings. The next time he

went walking with Mayrhofer, the subject came up of parental punishment

and Alois declared that he never engaged in corporeal ^{chastise ments.} punishment (He

even said to himself, "Oh, you are lying like a thief.") But Mayrhofer's

good opinion was crucial to him, so on he went: "I never strike my kids. I

must admit, however, that I bawl them out frequently." How could a parent

not? "Adolf," says Alois, "is the one I have to scold most often. I tell him how bad is his behavior. He can be a miserable urchin. Sometimes I say to myself, 'I'll bash him yet.'" He said that on purpose. It would serve as an explanation if it later came out that he ~~did hit~~ Adolf. ^{had struck)}

In truth, however, it was ^{becoming more difficult even to} getting harder to catch him. Even when they ^{seize} were in the same room ^{now} the boy had a way of sliding and turning; a product

perhaps of his skill in the war games. Usually, he succeeded in getting away after one off-centered slap on the rump. And for those times when

Alois did manage to turn him over his knee, there was no great arm left to

^{give the} whipping him. ^{sudden way} How heavily his heart would beat on such occasions. ^{It} That ^{had been much more enjoyable to lash} him verbally, so divertible ^{enjoyable} was why it had been so enjoyable to call him "Toga-Boy." Alois kept the

mockery in play over the next few weeks, and Adolf reacted by coming down with an attack of measles.

Such a connection is, of course, much too simple. *In Leonding, at this time* ~~Other~~ *other* (his age were *time* *others*)
 also coming down with *the disease.* ~~measles in Leonding.~~ *All the same* ~~It was not an epidemic, but~~
 Adolf had, in effect, been *physically lowered by the last* ~~recuperating from~~ a small host of unfortunate
 events. *cease operations* ~~Of necessity,~~ *had to disassemble* his army had ~~deserted him~~ after the fire in the forest,
 and now *these* ~~the~~ jeers about Toga-Boy rankled his skin. The worst news for
 him, however, was that Der Alte had died. *Ah* ~~The~~ obituary had even appeared
 in the Linzer Tagblatt, *sent* ~~news come up~~ all the way from Hafeld, but then, the
 event could be seen as *pathetic, or horrific,* ~~(depending on one's lively~~ *ready to be*
 sympathies) that it was worth a ~~quick~~ *had been* description in newsprint. Der Alte
 had been dead for days and so was *in* a sad state of decomposition by the
 time his body was found. "Such," observed the Linzer Tagblatt, *"15"* ~~was~~ often
 the fate of lonely hermits." To make matters worse, his bees, unfed and
 untended, had perished in the cold.

Adolf mourned him. The old man had always been so gracious to him, the first adult other than his mother to treat him as if he were important.

In turn, Alois retained enough sour feeling about ~~his dealings with the~~
~~memory of Der Alte's apiary lectures that he now felt~~ *to be rewarded now with* a keen trace of

unacceptable pleasure—a most unseemly and uncultured reaction to have, after all. So, to compensate—he hardly knew why—he did buy Adolf an air-gun for Christmas. It was a solid gift, ready to pump out pellets with enough power to drop a squirrel or a rat, and so would yet prove its value to the boy, but not as yet. Most definitely, Alois could note, he was still mourning Der Alte. Indeed, Alois had the impression that Adolf might even be crying in his sleep. He did look frightful in the morning. Then he came down with the measles.

Klara kept the house in a rigid quarantine. No one could visit Adolf in the hitherto unoccupied maid's room on the second floor where she installed him, ~~and~~ ^{only} Klara, wearing a gauze mask, would come in to tend him, and she would wash her hands afterward with a hideous-smelling antiseptic.

He had a cold, he had red eyes, he was not allowed to read, he suffered boredom, he complained endlessly to ^{his mother} Klara of the monotony of his existence, and was almost glad when she went out again ^{for} the odor of the antiseptic ^{that she brought into the room} was near to intolerable.

^{worked itself out, as} It turned out, however, to be a mild case. The white spots in his throat and on his tongue disappeared in a few days, his rash lessened, his disquiet increased. He was obsessed with how filthy he felt, for was that not

exactly the way they all thought of him? He worried about where Der Alte

might be now that he was ^{not only} dead ^{but} ^{had been} ~~left~~ alone
to rot.

Chapter

A last word about Der Alte might be fitting. While Adolf ^{still hoped} thought

^{that not or not} Der Alte was on his way to Heaven, ^{such new sentiment in my client} that impressed me ^{most} only because I ^{was not ready to} could

^{had} not counter by saying ^{we} we carried him over to Hell in high style. In

truth, I do not know ~~too~~ much about Hell. I am not even certain it exists.

The Maestro has ^{kept us} restricted his agents, after all, ⁱⁿ ~~no~~ sealed enclaves. We are

not supposed to know what we do not need to know.

To keep ^{up} our morale ^{therefore} confident, we are reminded constantly of ^{how} the

^{much} extent of ^{there is} cosmic pretension ^{so, we} in human affairs. ^{often remind} we are keyed to

of Nietzsche's immortal remark, "All priests are liars."

"How could it be otherwise?" the Maestro says. "The Dummkopf is

not about to open His ^{more valuable} ~~more~~ secrets to the ~~seriously~~ distorted

individuals who choose the ministry or the priesthood in order to dominate

~~their most~~ gullible audiences with descriptions of how the Lord will reward them when they die. Priests are, indeed, liars. They do not know a thing about the highest matters. Nor, for that matter, do any of you."

Leave it then that I know nothing of the final destination of Der Alte.

I do suspect he was the sort of long-term client that we ~~have~~ ^{are often obliged} to ignore by the

end. Certainly his use ^{for} ~~to~~ us had dissipated. So, it is possible that he was

ready to beseech Heaven to grant him final acceptance, and who knows—

the Dummkopf, from what we are told, is ~~ready even to~~ ^{does} accept some of our

clients for reincarnation. As I have mentioned, the Maestro is not

vigorously opposed to this. "Let us ~~leave~~ ^{have} the pleasure of picking up this ~~piece~~ ^{pieces}

small fry again if the Dummkopf is so foolish as to give ~~clients like~~ Der Alte

~~and~~ ^{up his} another chance to pump ~~their~~ little vanities."

In contrast, all throughout his illness, Adolf did think often of Der Alte. ^{and sometimes even saw} ~~He believed~~ ^(ascent) the old man ~~must be~~ on his way to Heaven. I treasured the irony. Even ^{the age of} at eleven, Adolf was not often given to sentimentalities ~~of~~ ~~an extravagance comparable to this.~~

^{certainly} I ~~must say~~ he was ~~not~~ as generous to Edmund. After Adolf recovered from the measles, Edmund came down with ^{much more} a severe case. I will save the reader from too detailed a description of the turmoil and then the agony that reverberated—that is the word—through the Garden House as Edmund's condition worsened. His face swelled. He became incoherent. The doctor warned the family that he might be suffering from encephalitis.

At this point, Alois knelt beside Klara in their bedroom, and they began to pray for Edmund's life. Alois even said, "I will ~~even~~ believe in God if ^{Edmund} ~~Edmund~~ is spared. May I die if I do not obey this vow."

We will never know whether Alois would have been true to such a promise—a lifetime of mental positions fortified one by one over the years would have been ready to sally forth and attack the vow at every ^{future} turn. Still, he did love Edmund so much. At one point he said, "God, take my life, but spare the boy," and he meant it.

Instead, Edmund died.

Prayer is an expedition beset by peril ^{to those who pray.} and ~~poor celestial charts.~~ We,

for example, have the power—which ^{can prove} is immensely expensive ~~to exercise~~—

— to block the most essential, heartfelt, and desperately important prayers, ^{back} and

we exercise such powers when the stakes demand it.

Cheap prayer, on the contrary, we encourage. We see all that as

adding to the Dummkopf's Fatigue and ^{His} ~~growing~~ Indifference. Cheap prayer

wearies Him. Cheap patriotism enrages Him. (That is, after all, one of our
~~most~~ successful provenances.)

The point is that despite all prayers, blocked or not, Edmund did die

on February 2, 1900, and the family was left in indescribable condition. I

felt as if I were one,
~~even found myself~~
 was even one of the mourners. Edmund was the first child for whom I had

entertained
~~felt~~ so curious a set of sensations as love (or at least some representation of

what might be love) *sufficient to* ~~that could~~ explain the ~~unaccustomed~~ warmth that ~~now~~ *had*

in the presence of that child, I had just known
 inhabited me. ~~I did not know~~ what I might be feeling. I knew only that

even as Adolf was not ready to contemplate his brother's death (for, indeed,

he had a secret to bury as direct and powerful as the arm that protruded from

so was I not ready to contemplate
 the grave) ~~so did I.~~
it either. I, too, had been culpable,