

Turned
on Sunday
the 1st

41-59 triple emailcc

How, then, to explain her love of fire? She ^{was about to} would not ponder such

matters. It was enough for her to understand that Adi ^{would} must be full of awe

^{watching}
~~as he watched~~
when the blacksmith heated a piece of iron in his furnace until it was white-hot

^{before attaching}
~~and~~ hot and then attached another piece, also white-hot, and out of the joining ^{would}

come further joining ^{to make so}

came the beginning of so many useful objects and tools, everything from

^{mended} ^(mended ploughs)
carriage axles to ~~iron~~ wheels.

Soon enough came ^{an} the occasion when she visited the smithy.

The handle on the kitchen's water-pump had
downstairs because because one of her iron pots now had the beginnings of

~~cracked.~~

a crack in it. The crack was soon mended but then, to her surprise, she

stayed a little longer and ^{they} began to talk. Soon enough, ^{the man} he invited her to

come back whenever she would like a cup of tea.

brute old man, this/ had
 To her amazement, this Priesinger was ~~one brute of a man with nice~~
~~manners. A widower, he was perhaps (a much)~~
~~manner.~~ *not only* He ~~always~~ treated her with the greatest respect, ~~but~~ *but* how he could

talk! He was an uneducated ~~a person~~ as herself, yet he had a full and easy

manner as if, indeed, he always knew what he was talking about. He did not

brag, but ~~he~~ did leave the impression which she found most agreeable (even

as she had ^{once} had just such sentiments
~~as she had felt that way about Alois from the commencement~~) that he was a

person of natural importance. She could hardly believe how *agreeable* ~~easy~~ it was to

listen to him as she sat in the one good chair of his shop while Adi stood

beside her close to ~~being altogether~~ transfixed.

Priesinger's active business was not only with farmers in the area, and

occasionally with travelers whose horses were having trouble with a shoe,

but, as he explained, many merchants in the area depended upon him for

various repairs. Moreover, he was ready to admit, he also knew a good bit about equine ailments. "I have on occasion, Frau Hitler, doubled as a veterinarian. Yes! I am excellent at that if I must say so myself. There are occasions when I do know more than the vets."

"Can you really say that?" asked Klara, and blushed at her own straightforwardness.

"Frau Hitler," answered Priesinger, "I have seen valuable animals hobbled to where they could barely walk. Why? For the simplest reason. The veterinarian, however good a fellow he might be concerning other animal diseases, did not know as much about a horse's hoof as was necessary."

"I suppose one can appreciate that," said Klara.

"Young Adolf ^{may} ~~can~~ tell you. I am able on market days to shoe ^(as many as twenty) ~~a dozen~~

^{if necessary,} ~~On one occasion, it was an even twenty~~ horses.

"Yes," said Klara, "there must be a lot of work ~~in winter on market~~

~~days~~ when there is ice on the ground."

"I see," ^{"that} ~~"Yes, Frau Hitler,"~~ he answered, "I see you have a natural

appreciation of these matters."

^{Again, Klara blushed} "That ^{(replied,} ~~That was a good formal compliment. Klara had again to blush. "The~~
~~farmers certainly need you on such days," she)~~
~~farmers come to you so the shoes can be changed, is that not so?" she asked.~~

"Yes, ^{exactly} ~~exactly~~ so. 'Give me a better foothold on the ice,' is what they

~~are~~ always asking for. Once, I had to shoe twenty-five horses ^{on a freezing} ~~in a day, no~~

^{day,} ~~that was on two occasions,~~ and how they wanted me to hurry up."

"Yes, but he wouldn't," said Adolf. "Herr Priesinger even told me,

'One nail misplaced, and that horse will never trust you again.'" Adi's

cheeks were also flushed, but that was because he could not tell Klara what

else the blacksmith had told him. "Young fellow," Priesinger had said,

"there were nights when I couldn't sit down because I had the horse's name

on my behind."

"The horse's name?" Adi had asked.

"His hoof. I can recognize horses by their hooves."

"You can?"

"Old Clubfoot. Old Ironsides. What name would you like? I can

find it for you on my backside."

kicked for your trouble. ✓ There you are ~~sprawling~~
sprawling on the floor"

"How often does that happen?" the boy asked and he was obviously seeing the event in his mind so clearly that Priesinger took himself quickly ^{such} out of any ~~image of himself on the~~ off that metaphorical floor.

"No longer," he said. "Not even once a year now. In this work, you have to be very good or you don't last."

With Klara, he obviously ^{Pacifism} did not proceed in ^{such a} that direction. Rather, he ^{was ready} came to discuss ~~over other visit~~ how he might take off old shoes and caulk the hooves—he was proud of the various kinds of ^{problems he} such compounds he had

was ready to solve "The shape
made into pomades before he replaced the old shoes. "Different pastes are,

"
~~necessary. The shape~~ and condition of the hoof, the flaws and strength of a

~~particular hoof.~~" He could certainly go on, and while he spoke, she looked

at the occasional imprint of horses' shoes on his dirt floor, there in the dark

dusk on the earth floor. She certainly did like this man. She could share his

was making
pride in the sea-anchor he ~~had made~~ for a rich man who kept a boat on the

— no
Danube, ~~and Priesinger showed the sketches he had made in advance—no,~~

ordinary problem, an anchor—one had to be certain there were no

weaknesses between the shaft and the seat. [CK part names]

After her third visit in two weeks, he insisted on coming ~~back~~ upstairs

with her to collect all her knives which he then proceeded to sharpen in his

He refused
smithy, ~~while refusing~~ all payment. What impressed Klara even more was

that his work clothes were black, and yet he moved with such a sense of *who*
and where he was that ~~he~~ *were left* left no marks *(in her kitchen)*

Then, on a Saturday night when he must have known by ~~no more than~~ *way*
the rhythm of Alois' predictable habits that Herr Hitler ~~was back~~ *would be a way* at the inn
for an hour having his beer, so did Priesinger come up for a visit *this time* bathed and
dressed in his Sunday shirt and suit.

That caused no little perturbation in Klara (and in Angela) but he was
uncomfortable and sat on the edge of the sofa, and their conversation lacked
much of its usual flair.

Yet Klara would look back on this occasion as her best meeting with
him. That was because Alois was even more disturbed than his wife when
came back,
he ~~returned~~ and there was Priesinger, huge hands clamped together in his

^{most} lap, and ~~apologetic~~ for once. He left soon after Alois' return but did bow to

Klara and manage to say, "Thank you for the invitation."

Alois sat on ^{a number of} ~~his~~ accumulated furies until ^{he and} ~~Klara and~~ he were alone in their room. Then he began.

She ^{was} ~~had to be~~ contrite. "No, I didn't invite him, well, yes, I suppose I

did," ~~and~~ ^{and} on it went. Finally Alois ~~allowed her to explain~~ ^{allowed her to explain}. She had been

courteous, merely courteous. Adolf ^{had been spending} ~~spent so much time down below that~~ ^{with Herr Preisinger that} ~~she thought it would be courteous to make a suggestion, no more, that he~~

visit them for her strudel someday—she had not specified. It had not been a true invitation.

"But you did serve him strudel?"

"Well, I had to. Does one offer a guest nothing?"

"A guest?"

"Well, a neighbor."

Afterward, she never knew how much ^{of all this she might} ~~had happened by itself.~~ Had

^{how} ~~she~~ [?] ~~planned any of it?~~ She would ^{deny} ~~have denied~~ such a possibility ^{but still,} ~~except that~~

it had ~~all~~ worked out so well ^{for her.}

Not two days later, Alois informed her that he had sent a letter to a friend in the Customs House at Linz inquiring whether real estate was available in Linz or nearby. "I am ~~so~~ bored here," he told her.

A week later, an answer came. There was a fine little house at a ^{very} good price in Leonding ^{just} five miles from Linz.

It became one of those

In the pre-arranged decisions that marriage often breeds, they knew

It was a

that they would buy that house before they even saw it, each full of,

not uncharacteristic agreement. Each was

Said of the same
determination for altogether opposite reasons.

-9-

This would be all I need to narrate about Priesinger (since they would never see him again after the move to Leonding) but I cannot leave ~~him~~ ^{the way}

without remarking on one of his last conversations with Adi ~~before Klara~~ ^{now that}

Klara would soon be
~~was~~ gone.

Needless to say, Priesinger had fallen in love with her, ~~hopelessly as~~ ^{~~it had to~~}
~~be hopeless in love~~ ^{It could not be love}
~~with a hope for the outcome~~
he knew for an obvious variety of reasons, and yet he had felt a quickening

in her that might be a match for his own. So Priesinger, full of his own

man-made and hard-acquired dignity, was desolate when he ~~knew~~ ^{heard} that she

and the boy would soon be gone.

He acted, therefore, in the only way he could. He took the liberty of offering guidance to young Adolf, ~~and before the family departed, he~~ becoming a surrogate father for young Adolf and (delivered the depth of his working philosophy)

~~wisdom~~ philosophy and experience to the boy before the family departed. This little fellow might be only nine years old, but ~~but~~ by Preisinger's estimate there was ~~any~~ ~~that was any~~ ~~he had an~~ eagerness to know more that few could equal.

Preisinger asked, "Why is iron so strong?" and answered his own question "That is because it is in its spirit to be strong." He paused. Any further exposition would depend on the boy's reaction to what he would next be told. "Every material," Preisinger said, "has its own spirit to offer. Some are strong, some are gentle."

~~Adolf~~ Young Adolf did not reply but he certainly nodded, his eyes ~~were about~~ ~~that was often~~ Preisinger decided to go on. "Guss," he said

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-6-

~~I received orders~~

At this time ~~that~~ ^{I had} to move from Austria to Switzerland. There I

~~I had~~

was occupied for the next few months in overseeing the transmogrification

of a petty criminal into a wholly impassioned assassin.

Naturally, given ^{the} ~~var~~ variety of clients I had ^{accumulated} ~~to leave who remained a~~

^{area} ~~extraordinary~~ ^{the area of} ~~Lin~~

part of my responsibilities, I was back in Austria more than once to ^{to be} ~~acquaint~~

^{account of} ~~myself not only with their condition, but the effectiveness as well of my~~

^{in the area} ~~cohort~~ of devils still there. So I did keep up to a reasonable degree with

events at the grain-mill in Lambach, ^{however} ~~but~~ I will not ^{of} ~~those~~ matters

until I ^{tell a little more about my} ~~expatiate~~ ^{lin} on the success of my temporary assignment in Geneva. To

those ~~of my~~ ^{man, be, my} readers who are by now wary of any occasional expeditions off

to other narrative venues, I will add that ^{this time,} I will not be away from young

Adolf for ^{more than} ~~nearly so long a period this time, no, just for~~ an interesting chapter

or two.

To some small degree, it concerns Mark Twain. He was never my

client—I would not have dared to make that attempt! In truth, if such a

possibility had existed, the Maestro, given his ^{avowed} ~~large~~ ^{great} admiration for the very ^{writers,} best novelists might have looked to bring off that seduction himself. "They

^{teach a bit,} ~~do touch us so much,~~ he has often said.

In ^{the} ~~any~~ event, Twain, a most complex man of letters, was not ^(considered to be) suitable

~~(He was much too fine)~~ material. Some of his ^{close} ~~associates~~ were, however, and so I knew ^{temporary}

IMHO
teach
not
touch

enough about him to respect the passion with which he ~~was to write so well~~ ^{was wrote}

about the assassination in Geneva on September 10, 1898 of the Empress

Elisabeth of Austria, Married in 1854 to Franz Josef, Emperor of the

Austro-Hungarian Empire, she had ^(long) been ~~seen~~ ^{considered the most} for all of her reign as the most

beautiful queen in Europe, ^{she} and ^{was esteemed for being} was also renowned as the most cultivated

monarch of her time. Indeed, her favorite poet was Heinrich Heine. What

added to ^{the lady's} ~~such~~ exotic status was that she remained dressed always in black

after the double suicide in 1888 at Mayerling of her beloved son, Crown

Prince Rudolph, and his ~~most beloved~~ ^{the Empress} young mistress, Baroness Vetsera, ^{was dressed only in black}

That tragedy, known to all of Europe ^{as "Mayerling"} by where it took place, ~~Mayerling~~

was ^{indeed that} an event in which I had played no small part ^{(which may have been the}

prime reason for my selection as the ~~lead~~ ^{chosen} devil ^{closely} to work upon Luigi Lucheni

after the Maestro had sighted him as a putative assassin with the high~~est~~
murderous ambitions.

"He's a dreadful piece of work," ^{told me,} said the Maestro, "but you will enjoy

his mind. He is made to order for us. A most unbalanced little malefactor.

He sees himself as an ^auntutored but serious philosopher, and ~~he~~ is most

sincere in his belief that ^{only the most} exceptional deeds ^{will} are required to leave a lasting

^{on} influence the public. So, go to it!"

I did. I worked ~~a good deal~~ ^{I expanded} with Luigi Lucheni. I inflated his sense
the gaseous irresolutions of ~~his~~ ^{his} projects
until his ego had the ~~size~~ ^{size} of a
of himself to the size of a huge high-altitude balloon, a necessary expansion
~~I expanded~~
in the volume of his spirit enlargement to provide sufficient drive for his
then compressed ~~such~~ ^{such} passions ~~until they~~
were as ~~loosened~~ ^{loosened} as ~~an~~ ^{an} arm and his knife. This is but another way of saying that assassins, even
~~a slowtorch assassin, even~~
^{common}
more than most murderers, need many magnifications of their ego in order

to leave a small but incisive hole in the flesh of a beautiful old woman.

(Such is the equation connecting the materiality of the flesh and the gaseous,

irresolutions of the average unbalanced human psyche.)

I did not fail { *an impoverished*
In any event, I succeeded. (Lucheni, born poor and remaining poor, *poor man, all his*

came to live with the Swiss,
chose to become an anarchist after he immigrated to Switzerland. In

Geneva, where he ~~came to live~~, he found anarchists who accepted him with *albeit* ~~14~~

who also ~~happened also to be~~
(misgivings. Those ~~who were~~ Italian chose to call him Il stupido (which

doubled the daily compression of his spirit and the concomitant expansion

~~of his ego~~). Yet, he was destined (as I so convinced him) to put an end to

the life of some very high member of the very highest and most oppressive

classes. I believe *me* ~~it~~ helped that he was being ridiculed by those who should,

he felt
have been ready to applaud him. *"Convince them"* "Spread belief by way of your actions," I

kept telling him over and over, driving the adage through all the deflations
~~take the life of someone who is very high~~
~~among the oppressive classes.~~
~~and in spiritings of his ego, and, indeed, he did bring it off.~~
 "You will know when you see him. Or, when."

Poor Empress Elisabeth! She was so proud and so poetic that she

when she was on vacation
 allowed only a few bodyguards to escort her, and even then, they had to stay

No matter that
 at a remove of ten paces from her person even when strangers approached—
~~might approach,~~
 her. After all, the in request was usually for an autograph. So, as she stood by

herself on a promenade along the banks of the Rhone, Lucheni came up
 approached,

took out a rat-tail file and thrust it into her heart.

He was immediately apprehended, his quarters were searched, and his
 diary examined. All the world soon knew that he had written: "How

I would like to kill someone—but it must be someone important so it gets in
 the papers."

He might have chosen Philippe, Duke of Orleans who was in Geneva then on a visit, but so was the beautiful Sisi—Empress Elisabeth. Sisi, I

knew, would count for more. Even as I had led the ^{anathematic} ~~anathematic~~ priest by

his long nose to the gateway where Adi was smoking, so did I direct ^{Luchem?} ~~the~~

~~this~~ ^{to the exact} ~~the~~ Empress Elisabeth intensities of ~~my~~ assassin toward the esplanade on the Rhone where

~~Elisabeth~~ was looking at the water, mourning once again for Rudolf, her lost

~~son.~~

If it is a ~~matter of~~ discomfort to the reader that I can, ^{present myself} ~~on the one hand,~~

^{as} ~~and~~ seem a calm, reasonably ~~fair and~~ ^{perceptive} observer, capable of a

balanced narrative, and yet am also able to aid and abet the most atrocious

acts without a moment of regret, let ^{it} ~~that~~ not come as a surprise. ^{Devils} ~~Like most~~

^{regime} ~~good~~ devils, I need two natures. Part of me is civilized. What may be less

^{palatable (and)}
 (visible) on most occasions is that our ^{ultimate} aim is to destroy civilization, ~~and that~~
^{Our} enterprise must be able to call on ^{ones} ~~my~~ readiness to "do what it takes"—a fine
 expression I ^{picked up} ~~did not know about~~ until years later ^{from} ~~when I had~~ a minor client
^{who worked}
 on a film crew.

In any event, no need to digress. ~~The murder of Sisi left me most~~
~~impressed with myself.~~ ^{my} The immediate effect of the deed was exceptional.

I will, however, leave ^{that} the description ~~of that~~ to Mark Twain himself.
 What a writer!

-7-

ask Dwayne
on Monday to
check the spelling.

The author

Twain was resting then in Kaltenlaubeben, a small Austrian town

forty miles from Vienna. ~~In America, he had gone bankrupt~~ By way of the

failure of his ~~failed~~ investment in the Paige Compositor, a new linotype

machine, he had become a bankrupt.

(his home in / travelled) ~~them~~
So, he ~~had~~ left Hartford and to travel through Europe giving
~~in the attempt~~ garnering lecture fees
(large enough)
numerous lectures to take care of some of his debts. He was
resting in Kaltenlaubeben when the murder
of Elisabeth ~~occurred, and that~~ sent (after)
He dashed off a letter to a friend as soon as he
which said: "This murder will
~~be heard~~
still be talked of and described
and printed a thousand years
from now."

A I cannot begin to speak

~~"The Empress is killed by a madman and I am
living in the midst of world history again. This
murder will still be talked of and described and
painted a thousand years from now."~~

~~I cannot begin to speak~~ of the elation with which I read these

words. My own opinion of the importance of the deed had now

been confirmed by a ^{master of prose,} ~~great writer,~~ ^{was} Indeed, Twain ~~as~~ so affected ~~by~~

~~the matter~~ that he soon wrote a essay full of ^{the incomparable} ~~his masterful~~ flow of

his language, ^{although} ~~which~~ later, for a myriad of reasons too labyrinthine

~~to enter,~~ ^{to catalogue,} he chose not to publish, ^{it. I, however, who came into} but I, in possession of these pages

by way of one of his servants, ^{do} ~~I~~ wish to present it.

~~"The more one thinks of the assassination," Twain wrote,~~

#

The more one thinks of the assassination,
the more imposing and tremendous the event

becomes. The destruction of a city is a large event, but it is one which repeats itself several times in a thousand years; the destruction of a third part of a nation by plague and famine is a large event, but it has happened several times in history; the murder of a king is a large event, but it has been frequent.

The murder of an empress is the largest of all events. One must go back about two thousand years to find an instance to put with this one. . . . The assassination of Caesar himself could not electrify the world as this murder has electrified it. For one reason, there was then not much of a world to electrify. The news traveled so slowly that by the time it reached the remoter regions, it was no longer a fresh event, it was history. But the world is enormous now, and prodigiously populated—that is one change;

and another is the lightning swiftness of the flight of tidings, good and bad. "The Empress is murdered!" When those amazing words struck upon my ear in this Austrian village last Saturday, three hours after the disaster, I knew that it was already old news in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, San Francisco, Japan, China, Melbourne, Cape Town, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and that the entire globe with a single voice was cursing the perpetrator of it.

... And who is the miracle-worker who has furnished to the world this spectacle? All the ironies are compacted in the answer. He is at the bottom of the human ladder, as the accepted estimates of degree and value go; a soiled and patched young loafer, without gifts, without talent, without education, without morals, without character, without any born charm or any acquired one that wins or beguiles or

attracts; without a single grace of mind or heart or hand that any tramp or prostitute could envy him; an unfaithful private in the ranks, an incompetent stone-cutter, an inefficient lackey; in a word, a mangy, offensive, empty, unwashed, vulgar, gross, mephitic, timid, sneaking, human polecat. And it was within the privileges and powers of this sarcasm upon the human race to reach up—up—up and strike from its far summit in the social skies the world's accepted ideal of Glory and Might and Splendor and Sacredness! It realizes to us what sorry shows and shadows we are. Without our clothes and pedestals we are poor things and much of a size; our dignities are not real, our pomps are shams. At our best and stateliest we are not suns, as we pretended, and teach, and believe, but only candles; and any bummer can blow us out.

And now we get realized to us once more another thing which we often forget—or try to; that no man has a wholly undiseased mind; that in one way or another all men are mad. *[and] one of the* ~~There are no healthy~~ ~~minds, and nothing saves any man but accident—the~~ ~~accident of not having his malady put to the supreme~~ ~~test.~~

One of the ~~One of the~~ commonest forms of madness is the desire to be noticed, the pleasure derived from being noticed. . . . It is this madness for being noticed and talked about which has invented kingship and the thousand other dignities. . . it has made kings pick one another's pockets, scramble for one another's crowns and estates, slaughter one another's subjects; it has raised up prize-fighters and poets, and villages' mayors, and little and big politicians, and big and little charity-founders, and bicycle champions, and

banditti chiefs, and frontier desperadoes, and
 Napoleons. Anything to get notoriety; anything to set
 the village, or the township, or the city, or the State,
 or the nation, or the planet shouting, "Look—there
 he goes—that is the man!" And in five minutes' time,
 at no cost of brain, or labor, or genius, this mangy
 Italian tramp has beaten them all, outstripped them
 all, for in time their names will perish; but by the
 friendly help of the insane newspapers and courts and
 kings and historians, his is safe and will thunder all
 down the ages as long as human speech shall endure!
 Oh, if it were not so tragic, how ludicrous it would be!

I rushed to present this to the Maestro. ^{do not know that I had} I had ~~never~~ taken myself so
^{ever} seriously before. I knew that I was, at last, an actor in history, ~~and a devil~~
~~worthy at last of the highest commendation by my commander.~~

To my surprise, to my woe, he was scathing. ^{4(I may value} "I put too much into ^{too much."} ^{4Look at how exaggerates the event} great writers, he said. "Even Mark Twain shares their worst buried ~~buried~~." ~~It is hysterical!~~

~~tendencies. At bottom, they are hysterical. They exaggerate.~~ A thousand

years! That is absurd. Sisi will be lucky to be remembered in Austria. She

~~will be forgotten by all the world in twenty years."~~

^{4Does the event} I did not dare to ask, "Did it serve no large purpose?"

~~My thoughts were heard,~~ "Oh,"

~~"Oh,"~~ he said, "it's a bit of help. But you, like Twain, are much too

impressed by mighty names. They count for so little once they are gone. I'd

like to clean the snobbery out ^{Only an} of all of you. It's not the name. ^{One truly}

~~exceptional client that we develop~~ ^{— on virtually, ex nihilo —} ex nihilo, or close to that, can affect

history to our serious and continuing advantage."

~~I was obliged~~ ~~had~~ ~~to agree with him.~~ I could not agree with him ~~altogether.~~ ^{not} In

truth, I had a poor idea of what he was talking about.

"There was one nice advantage to it all," he said. "And our great

author did ~~have some~~ ^{retain his goal} ~~(sense of that)~~ ^{there} ~~He pointed to the end of the essay.~~

~~There,~~ ^{also} Twain had written:

Among the inadequate attempts to account for the
assassination, we must concede high rank to the many
which have described it as "ordained from above." I
think this verdict will not be popular "above." If the
deed was ordained from above, there is no rational
way of making this prisoner even partially
responsible for it, and the Genevan court cannot
condemn him without manifestly committing a crime.
Logic is logic, and by disregarding its laws, even the
most pious and showy theologian may be beguiled

into ^opre~~fer~~ring charges which should not be ventured
upon except in the shelter of plenty of lightning-rods.

"Yes," said the Maestro, "when it comes to being aware of us, that

good fellow, Mark Twain, does have his nose pressed ^{closely} against the ^{window} ~~glass~~. ~~I~~

^{must have been}
I think he ~~was~~ very close to saying, "Ordained from below." ^{Thank}
~~God, he didn't.~~

How the Maestro could laugh on those rare occasions ^{when} ~~that~~ he found
^{a matter}
~~something~~ sufficiently droll to leave him merry.

Famously
NM on
Sat P.M.

PP 41-51

+triple-space

How, then, to explain her love of fire? She would not ponder such matters. It was enough for her to understand ^{that Adi must be} why Adi was so full of awe

when the blacksmith heated ^a ~~one~~ piece of iron in his furnace until it was

white-hot and then attached another piece ^{also} of white-hot iron, and out of ~~it~~ ^{the}

joining came the beginning of came so many useful objects and tools, everything from carriage ^{axles} ~~axles~~ to

iron wheels, ~~not to mention~~ pots and pans.

Soon enough,

There even ^{shop} came the occasion when she visited Priesinger because

the smithy downstairs because one of her ^{iron} ~~pots~~ ^{new bed} ~~had a beginning~~ had the ^{beginnings of a} ~~beginning~~ ^{crack in it.} (*)

To her amazement, this Priesinger was one brute of a man with nice manners. He always treated her with the greatest respect, but ~~only~~ how he could talk! ~~For ever~~ He was as uneducated a person as herself, yet he had a tall and easy manner as if, indeed, he always ~~certainly~~ knew what he was talking about. He did not brag, but he ~~certainly~~ did leave the impression which she ⁷⁴¹ (*)

(*) The crack was soon mended, but then to her surprise, she stayed a little longer and they began to talk. Soon enough, he invited her to come back whenever she would like a cup of tea.

found most agreeable (even as she ^{well} felt
that way about Alois from the
commencement) that he was a
person of natural importance.
She could hardly believe how easy
it was to listen to him as she sat
in the one good chair of his shop
while Adli stood beside her close
to being altogether transfixed.

43

43

slightly
that sort, for Alois to become subtly jealous. Something might be made of

that about the time Alois feels Preisinger is becoming too important.

active business was not only/
Preisinger's business is with the farmers in the area, and occasionally

we're having
with travelers whose horses have lost shoes, or have trouble with a shoe, but,

as he explained, many merchants/
Merchants in the area depend upon him all the time, and on top of that, as he

Moreover, as he was ready to admit
points out to Klara and to Adolf, at the fireside and all ears, he does know

he also knew a good bit about equine ailments.
quite a bit about the diseases of horses. "I have on occasion, Frau Hitler,

Yes!
doubled on occasion as a veterinarian. I am excellent at that if I say so

myself. There are occasions when I do know more
myself. We know more than the vets, do when it comes to understanding

"Can you really say that?" asked Klara
and blushed at her own straightforwardness.
"Even then," answered Preisinger, "I have
trouble with horses' hooves. I have seen valuable animals hobbled to where

why? For the simplest reason. The
they could barely walk because the veterinarian, however good he might be

Concerning/
for other animal diseases, did not know as much about treating the hooves as
a horse's hoof as was necessary.

Adolf. "I suppose one can appreciate that,"
said Klara.

"Young Adolf will tell you. I am
able on market days to shoe a dozen
horses. On one occasion, it was ~~even~~ as many
Twenty."

Adolf's
confidence
in his
own
ability
to
do
the
work
is
evident
in
his
drinking.

Klara
must
She is
down
there
on a
plank
to
get
Alois
ceased
to
jealous.
This
is
Klara's
inspiration

"Yes," said Klara, "there must be a lot of work in winter on ~~other~~ ^{the} market days when ~~it is~~ ^{there is} ice on the ground."

"Yes," Frau Hutter ^{he answered}, "I see that you have a natural appreciation of these matters."

That was ~~the~~ ^a good ^{formal} compliment. Klara had again ^{to} blush. "The farmers come to you so the shoes can be changed, is that not so?" she asked.

"Yes, exactly so. 'Give me a better foothold on the ice,' is what they are always asking for. Once, I had to ~~25~~ horses in a day, no, that was on two occasions, and how they wanted me to hurry up."

"Yes, but he wouldn't," said Adolf. "Herr Preisinger even told me, 'One ~~ship~~ ^{ship} ~~had~~ ^{had} a nail misplaced, and that horse will never trust you again.' Adli's cheeks were also flushed, but that was because he could not tell Klara what else the blacksmith had told him ~~that~~ ^{that}." "Young fellow," Preisinger had

(46)

said, "There were nights when I couldn't sit down because I had the horse's name on my behind."

"The horse's name," Adi kalashy,

"His hoof. I can recognize horses by their hooves."

"You can?"

"Old Clubfoot, Old Ironsides. What name would you like? I can find it for you on my backside."

He ^{high} laughed, but then seeing that Adi was bewildered and did not laugh with him, Preisinger was quick to add, "I am only joking. But what a blacksmith knows is just you dare to drive a nail incorrectly and you can get kicked for your trouble."

"How often does that happen?" the boy asked and he was obviously seeing the event in his mind so clearly that ~~the~~ Preisinger took himself quickly off that metaphorical floor.

"No longer," he said, "not even once a year now. In this

work you have to be very good or you don't ~~success~~ last (46)

With Klara, he obviously did not ~~take such~~ proceed in that direction. Rather, he came to discuss over other visits how he might take off old shoes, and caulk the hooves — he was proud of the various kinds of such compounds he had made into pomades before he replaced the old shoes. "Different pastes are so necessary, the shape and condition of the hoof, the flaws and strength of a particular hoof. He could certainly go on, and while he spoke she looked at the occasional imprints of horses' shoes on his dirt floor, there in the dark dusk on ~~black~~ ^{the} earth floor. She certainly did like this man. She could share his pride in the sea-anchor he had made for a ~~man~~ rich man who kept a boat on the Danube, and Preisinger showed the sketches he had made in advance — no ordinary ~~problem~~ ^{problem} as an anchor. One had to be certain there were no weaknesses between the shaft &

* and the seat. (45 — there are technical terms for the parts of an anchor.)

(47)

re Susy all pay ment. what impressed Klara
even more was that his
work-clothes were black
and old. He used to wear
that he left no marks in her hair.

47
After her third ~~visit~~
visit in two weeks, he ~~insisted~~
insisted on coming upstairs with
Klara to collect her knives
which he then proceeded to
sharpen ~~down stairs~~ in
his smithy while ~~she waited, and~~

Then, on a Saturday
night, when he must have known
no more than looking out his
fog clouded windows the weather
of Alois' predictable habits that
he came upstairs again. ^(Hev Hitler) That he
was back at the inn for a
hour having his beer, so did
Preisner come up for a visit
he bathed and dressed in his
Sunday shirt and suit.

That caused no little
perturbation in Klara (and in
Angela) but he was uncomfortably
and sat on the edge of the
sofa, and ~~at~~ their conversation
lacked much of its usual flow.

Yet, Klara would ~~not~~ look
back on this occasion as her
best meeting with him. That
was because Alois was even

* But you did serve him strudel?
"Well, I had to. Does one
"A guest?"
"Well, a neighbor."

more disturbed than his (48)
wife when he returned and
there was Preisinger, huge
hands, ~~in his~~ clamped together
in his lap, and apologetic
for once. He left soon after
Alois' return but did have
to Klara and manage to say,
"Thank you for the invitation."

Alois sat on his accumulated
furies until ~~they were~~ Klara
and he were alone in their room.
Then he began.

She had to be contrite. "No, I
I didn't invite him, well, yes, I
suppose I did," and on it went.
~~the head of tail of one etc etc~~
Finally Alois allowed her to explain.
She had been courteous, merely
courteous. Adolf spent so
much time down below that
she had thought it would be
courteous to make a suggestion,
no more, that he visit them for
her strudel, ^{some day} ~~some day~~ ^{some day} she had not
~~Did you serve~~ ^{had not} ~~really been~~ ^{specific}. It's
a true invitation. *

(49)

Afterward, she never knew how much had happened by itself, had she planned any of it? She would have denied such a possibility except that it had all worked out so well for her.

Not two days later, Alton informed her that he had sent a letter to a friend in the Customs House at Linz ~~inquire~~ inquiring whether real estate was available in Linz or nearby, "I am so forced here," he told her.

A week later, an answer came, there was a fine ~~little~~ ~~house~~ house at a good price in Leonding five miles from Linz.

In the pre-arranged decisions that marriage often breeds they knew that they would ~~buy~~ ~~see~~ that house before they even saw it, each full of determination for altogether opposite reasons.

(could chabla)

9.

This would be all I need to ^{narrate} ~~relate~~ about Preisinger (since they would never see him again after the move to London) but I cannot leave him without remarking on one of his last conversations with Adi before ~~the Hitler Hitler~~ Klam was gone.

Needless to say, Preisinger had fallen in love with her, hopelessly as he knew for an obvious variety of reasons, and yet he had felt a ~~great~~ ^{growing} ~~growing~~ in ~~her~~ ^{her} that ~~was~~ might be a match for his own. So, Preisinger, full of his own man-made and hard-acquired dignity was desolate when he knew that she and the boy would soon be gone.

He acted, therefore, in the only way he could. He took the

liberty of becoming a surrogate
father for young Adolf and
delivered the depth of his
philosophy and experience to
the boy before the family departed.

Done 15

Dwayne - FHR H12
On Monday Feb 27?

All → Double-space
25-40

-6-

At this time I had to move from Austria to Switzerland, ^{and was} ~~There I was~~
^{active there in Geneva} ~~occupied~~ for the next few months ^{while} ~~in~~ overseeing the transmogrification of a
petty criminal into a ^{an} ~~wholely~~ impassioned assassin.

Given the variety of clients I had accumulated in the area of Linz, I
was back in Austria more than once to take account of their condition, ^{and} ~~as~~
~~well as the effectiveness of my cohort of devils.~~ So I did keep up to a
reasonable degree with events at the grain-mill in Lambach. I will not,
however, speak of those matters until I ^{relate} ~~tell~~ a little more about my
assignment in Geneva. To those readers who may, by now, be wary of my
~~occasional~~ expeditions off to other narrative venues, I will add that this

time, I will not be ^{absent} ~~away~~ from young Adolf for more than an interesting chapter or two.

Moreover, a few pages of my text will quote
~~To some small degree, it concerns~~ (Mark Twain. He was never my client—I would not have dared to make that attempt! In truth, if such a possibility had existed, the Maestro, given his avowed admiration for ~~the~~ great writers might have looked to bring off ^{such a} ~~that~~ seduction himself. "They ~~do teach us a bit," he has often said.~~

In the event, Twain, a most complex man, was not considered ~~to be~~ suitable material. Some of his temporary associates were, however, and so I knew enough about him to respect the passion with which he wrote about the assassination of the Empress Elisabeth of Austria in Geneva on September 10, 1898. Married in 1854 to Franz Josef, ~~Emperor of the~~ Austro-Hungarian Empire, she had long been considered the most ~~most~~ beautiful queen in Europe. She was also esteemed for being ^a ~~the most~~ cultivated monarch ~~of her time~~. Indeed, her favorite poet was Heinrich Heine. What added to the lady's exotic status was that after the double suicide in 1888 at Mayerling of her beloved son, Crown Prince Rudolph, and his young mistress, Baroness Vetsera, the Empress dressed only in

~~The~~ ^{involving Rudolph and} black. ~~That~~ tragedy, known to all of Europe as "Mayerling" was an event in which I had played no small part, indeed, that may have been the prime reason for my selection as the devil chosen to work closely upon Luigi Lucheni after ~~the Maestro~~ ^{he been} had sighted ~~him~~ as a putative assassin with high murderous ambitions.

"He's a dreadful piece of work," the Maestro ^{said} ~~told me~~, "but ^{he is} ~~you will~~ ~~enjoy his mind.~~ ~~He is~~ made to order for us. A most unbalanced little malefactor. He sees himself as a serious philosopher, and is most sincere in his belief that only the most exceptional ^{individual} deeds will leave a lasting influence on the public. So, go to it!"

~~I did~~ I worked with Luigi Lucheni. I expanded the gaseous irresolutions of his psyche, then compressed such ^{vapors} ~~passions~~ until ^{they} ~~we~~ were as focused as a blowtorch. Assassins, ~~even~~ more than common murderers, need many magnifications of their ego ~~in order to leave a small but incisive~~ ~~hole in the flesh.~~

I did not fail. Lucheni, an impoverished young man, chose to become an anarchist after he came to live with the Swiss. In Geneva, he found anarchists who accepted him, at best, with misgivings. Those who also

happened to be Italian, chose to call him Il stupido (which doubled the daily compression of his spirit.) It helped me that he was being ridiculed by those who should, he felt, have been ready to applaud him. "Convince them by way of your actions," I kept ^{saying to} telling him. "You are here among us to take the life of someone who is very high among the oppressive classes."

"Who is this person?" he asked.

"You will know when you see him. Or her."

Poor Empress Elisabeth! She was so proud and so poetic that she allowed only a few bodyguards to escort her when she was on vacation.

Even then, they had to stay at a remove of ten paces from her person. No matter that strangers might approach. After all, ^{it was usually a} ~~their request was usually for~~ ^{tourist asking for} an autograph. So, as she stood by herself on a promenade along the banks of the Rhone, Lucheni came up, took out a rat-tail file, and thrust it into her heart.

He was immediately apprehended, his quarters were searched, and his diary examined. All the world soon knew that he had written: "How I would like to kill someone—but it must be someone important so it gets in the papers."

He might have chosen Philippe ^{the} Duke of Orleans who was in Geneva then on a visit, but so was the beautiful Sisi—Empress Elisabeth. Sisi, I knew, would count for more. Even as I had led the anathematic priest by his long nose to the gateway where Adi was smoking, so did I direct Lucheni to Empress Elisabeth.

If it is discomfort ⁱⁿ to the reader that I ^{usually} ~~can~~ present myself as a calm observer, capable of a balanced narrative, and yet am also able to abet the most atrocious acts without a moment of regret, let it not come as a surprise.

Devils require two natures. Part of me is civilized. What may be less palatable ^{apparent} (and ~~visible~~) on most occasions is that our ultimate aim is to destroy civilization. ^{Such an} Our enterprise must be able to call on one's readiness to do what it takes—a fine expression I picked up years later from a minor client who worked on a film crew.

In any event, the immediate effect of the deed was exceptional. I will, however, leave that description to Mark Twain himself. What a writer!

do
what
it
takes.

-7-

The author was resting then in Kaltenlangen^teben, a small Austrian town forty miles from Vienna. By way of the failure of his investment in the Paige Compositor, a new linotype machine, he had become a bankrupt.

So, he left his house in Hartford and travelled through Europe ^{giving popular lectures for} ~~generous~~ lecture fees large enough to take care of some of his debts. He was resting in Kaltenlangen^teben when the murder of Elisabeth occurred, and that left him distraught. He sent off a letter to a friend ~~soon after~~ which said: "This murder will still be talked of and described and painted a thousand years from now."

} Close-up

I cannot begin to speak of the elation with which I read these words. My own opinion of the importance of the deed had now been confirmed by a master of prose. Indeed, Twain was so affected that he soon wrote a essay full of the incomparable flow of his language although later, for a myriad of reasons too

labyrinthine to catalogue, he chose not to publish it. I, however, who came into possession of these pages by way of one of his servants, do wish to present it.

lengthen
the
Jews
to
here

The more one thinks of the assassination, the more imposing and tremendous the event becomes. The destruction of a city is a large event, but it is one which repeats itself several times in a thousand years; the destruction of a third part of a nation by plague and famine is a large event, but it has happened several times in history; the murder of a king is a large event, but it has been frequent.

The murder of an empress is the largest of all events. One must go back about two thousand years to find an instance to put with this one. . . . The assassination of Caesar himself could not electrify the world as this murder has electrified it. For one reason, there was then not much of a world to electrify. The news traveled so slowly that by the time it reached the remoter regions, it was no longer a fresh event, it was history. But the world is enormous now, and prodigiously populated—that is one change;

and another is the lightning swiftness of the flight of tidings, good and bad. "The Empress is murdered!" When those amazing words struck upon my ear in this Austrian village last Saturday, three hours after the disaster, I knew that it was already old news in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, San Francisco, Japan, China, Melbourne, Cape Town, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and that the entire globe with a single voice was cursing the perpetrator of it.

... And who is the miracle-worker who has furnished to the world this spectacle? All the ironies are compacted in the answer. He is at the bottom of the human ladder, as the accepted estimates of degree and value go; a soiled and patched young loafer, without gifts, without talent, without education, without morals, without character, without any born charm or any acquired one that wins or beguiles or attracts; without a single grace of mind or heart or hand that any tramp or prostitute could envy him; an unfaithful private in the ranks, an incompetent stone-cutter, an inefficient lackey; in a word, a mangy, offensive, empty, unwashed, vulgar, gross, mephitic, timid, sneaking, human polecat. And it was within

the privileges and powers of this sarcasm upon the human race to reach up—up—up and strike from its far summit in the social skies the world's accepted ideal of Glory and Might and Splendor and Sacredness! It realizes to us what sorry shows and shadows we are. Without our clothes and pedestals we are poor things and much of a size; our dignities are not real, our pomps are shams. At our best and stateliest we are not suns, as we pretended, and teach, and believe, but only candles; and any bummer can blow us out.

And now we get realized to us once more another thing which we often forget—or try to; that no man has a wholly undiseased mind; that in one way or another all men are mad and one of the commonest forms of madness is the desire to be noticed, the pleasure derived from being noticed. . . . It is this madness for being noticed and talked about which has invented kingship and the thousand other dignities. . . it has made kings pick one another's pockets, scramble for one another's crowns and estates, slaughter one another's subjects; it has raised up prize-fighters and poets, and villages' mayors, and

little and big politicians, and big and little charity-founders, and bicycle champions, and banditti chiefs, and frontier desperadoes, and Napoleons. Anything to get notoriety; anything to set the village, or the township, or the city, or the State, or the nation, or the planet shouting, "Look—there he goes—that is the man!" And in five minutes' time, at no cost of brain, or labor, or genius, this mangy Italian tramp has beaten them all, outstripped them all, for in time their names will perish; but by the friendly help of the insane newspapers and courts and kings and historians, his is safe and will thunder all down the ages as long as human speech shall endure! Oh, if it were not so tragic, how ludicrous it would be!

I rushed to present this to the Maestro. I do not know that I had taken myself so seriously ever before. I knew that I was, at last, an actor in history.

~~To my surprise~~ To my woe, he was scathing. "I may value great writers ^{"but look"} ~~too much,~~ he said, "Look how Mark Twain exaggerates the event."

It is hysterical. A thousand years! That is absurd. Sisi will be forgotten in twenty [“]~~years.~~[”]

I did not dare to ask, "Does the event serve no large purpose?"

My thoughts were heard. "Oh," he said, "it's a bit of help. But you, like Twain, are much too impressed by mighty names. They count for so little once they are gone. I'd like to clean the snobbery out of you. It's not the name. Only an exceptional client that we develop ex nihilo—or virtually ex nihilo—can affect history to our ~~serious and~~ continuing advantage."

I was obliged to agree with him, ^{but} ~~I could not agree with him. Not~~
~~altogether.~~ ^{only} ~~In truth,~~ ^{then} I had a poor idea of what he was talking about.

"There was one nice advantage to it ^{all}, he said. "And ^{our} great author did retain his good sense ~~there~~ ^{on that point.}"

Twain had also written:

Among the inadequate attempts to account for the assassination, we must concede high rank to the many which have described it as "ordained from above." I think this verdict will not be popular "above." If the

deed was ordained from above, there is no rational way of making this prisoner even partially responsible for it, and the Genevan court cannot condemn him without manifestly committing a crime.

Logic is logic, and by disregarding its laws, even the most pious and showy theologian may be beguiled into proffering charges which should not be ventured upon except in the shelter of plenty of lightning-rods.

"Yes," said the Maestro, "when it comes to being aware of us, that good fellow, Mark Twain, does have his ^{face} nose pressed ^{to the} closely against the ^{glass,} window. I think he must have been very ^{near} close to saying, 'Ordained from below.' Thank God, he didn't!"

How the Maestro could laugh on those rare occasions when he found a matter sufficiently droll to leave him merry.

-8-

I have, as I ~~have~~ related, been at a distance from Lambach until after the assassination, and by then the Hitlers no longer lived in the grain mill

nor even, indeed, in Lambach. They had moved to a larger town (pop. ^(Leonding pop.)

3000) and that ^{at first} in the beginning was not only much to Klara's satisfaction,

^{for it was the} but was a result of her own subtle manipulation. ^{& Alois} (It had taken her a long

time to begin to understand how to motivate her husband; she had ^{9/16/24/31} been

much too pure and God-fearing to use the marital implements so close to

hand, but after ^{living} these twelve years of ^{at last} being together, she had come ~~finally~~ to

understand that the secret was simple, if nasty—she had to put a little fear ~~of her~~

into ^{him.} ~~his weak places.~~ She knew where ^{his weak places,} they might be, but until they lived at

the mill, it ~~had~~ never occurred to her that ^{she could stir them up,} there might be some advantage to

^{one, and away she could} be taken, and the first of them was to make him jealous.

Klara, who had never been able to believe in all these years that she was ~~really~~ worthy of her husband—he was still so preeminently an uncle!—

now came to realize that ^{Alois} he might even need her. Even if he did not love

her beyond measure—which was obvious—he needed her ~~altogether~~.

To ^{the breath of} For Klara, for whom love was ^{among} a partnership between all the member's ^{while remaining subservient to the love of} of one's family ~~and~~ God, it had never occurred to her that marriages could ^{also}

~~also~~ exist on need as powerfully as ~~on~~ love. Indeed, one did not even have to exist on need. →

~~Adi~~
~~necessarily~~ like one's mate. ~~There was enough to hold the marriage together~~
~~as long as there was need.~~

So it finally occurred to her that Alois was ~~finally~~ ^{to} at an age when he
~~could~~ feel jealous and she, in turn, so long as she broke no covenants but
~~merely~~ ^{just} bent them a little, might, yes, might, make Alois jealous enough to wish
to move.

The possibilities ~~were in place~~ ^{they} came in the form of the big,
soot-covered man downstairs, the blacksmith, Priesinger. Adi was
fascinated by him; Adi often spent hours at a time watching him work, ~~and~~
listening to him talk. She could hear their voices ~~below~~ even as she worked
in her kitchen on the floor above and the sounds that came up ~~from below~~
were ~~sometimes~~ ^{those she made} curiously engaged with hers above, the splash of water

from a pail to a basin seeming to be ^{answered her /} her answer to a few ringing blows on
^{an} ~~the~~ anvil.

She knew why Adi was ~~so~~ eager to be with the blacksmith. ^{The way} It was

^{such a} that he worked with fire. She did not wish to explore the thought, as far as

^{she} ~~she~~ cared what the reason might be, it was best not to search. One never

^{from, you had} knew where each thought might have originated. She had known this ^{since} from

childhood. God was everywhere, and so was the Devil. So long as one did

^{oblige oneself to} not think, the Devil could have no access to you and God would be there to

protect your ignorance. ^{also know} For Klara did know ^{a price} that one had to pay (for refusing

to follow one's thoughts, but ~~the price was, of necessity, acceptable~~ The

^{the} most important obligation in life was to keep the Devil away.