

* Final 3/12/06

Do pp 35, 35A, 35B + 36
first in double-space3/28/06
DND

Double-space final.

Hold ~~up~~ until

Paula is rewritten on pp 21-22

Book XI—Adolf

start →

-1-

¶ In the summer of 1887, after

the Hebel

After the sale of their farm, the family moved in the summer to the
 to the Gasthof Leingartner in Lambach, and, until the end of ~~1897~~ ^{the years}, they would live
 at that inn.

~~and six months~~

¶ Alois

It was a ~~half year~~ of easy mending for Alois. He had, at last, begun a
 true retirement. Indeed, he was obliged to recognize that he had aged a
~~good deal~~ in the last couple of years. He felt, for instance, no interest in the
 cooks and maids ^{at} of the Gasthof. Worse, they seemed to have no interest in
 him. Indeed, he did not mind.

even
I would say that Alois was temporarily content. *Since that, from our*
point of view, ~~that~~ *to our purposes concerning*
could prove good or ill for Adolf, I ~~did keep a close eye on~~
kept an eye on
(the father's modest activities, these days. To my surprise, he did enjoy

walking down the streets of Lambach, and took a proprietary interest in the
medieval flavor of the town, ~~which reminded him of Passau.~~ Lambach had

only a population of 1700, but it ~~also had a history and~~ could boast of a
Benedictine monastery founded in the 11th Century, *and*
Alois even paid one
as
visit there. That was a formal matter of respecting long-established culture, ~~and~~

~~since the~~ *possibly*
monastery walls did offer Byzantine frescoes. Only minor artists,
which were still
Alois ~~was quick to decide, yet~~ well-preserved. *as well*

Lambach could also boast of a church, Passau,
Nearby was a church, Passau, that had been built in the shape of a

with
triangle. ~~It had three towers, three gates, and three altars, and it took~~
~~about that and that was certainly~~
became part of his daily promenade. Indeed, Passau had the strangest effect

on his thoughts. *He began to wonder whether*
It led him to believe that he had had a previous life *in this*
here
place hundreds of years ago. What other impulse could have brought him

~~here, family and all~~ *Maybe* Might it not be some shadowed hint of another life?
that he could
~~spent here~~ He did not dismiss the notion. How better to account for his

~~lifelong~~ sense of his own importance? Could he have been a medieval

*which certainly made Passau
an edifice unique enough
to become*

Why not? Wouldn't
 knight? Could that ~~not~~ account for his boldest qualities as a man? Der
Ritter Alois von Lambach!

Normally, he would have scorned such thoughts, but Alois was, by
 now, ready ~~at last~~ *(maybe it's possible)* to brood just a little about the dimensions of death.

If it be asked once again how I am aware of such ^{new} concerns when
 Alois, ^{is,} after all, ~~is~~ not my client, I will reiterate that we ^{can} ~~are able to~~ ingest a
 good deal of the mental workings of those humans who are closely related

to an important client. Their casual thoughts are usually available and *during*
~~through~~ *(like for example)* during periods of transition, we ~~are at our~~ ^{are} most alert to their unvoiced
 themes. So, Alois' meanderings about death came to me ^{therefore,} without hindrance.

(Despite the novelty of his point of view,) He had ^{even} come to decide that ^{most} people
 could not comprehend how they might cease to exist. ~~Didn't everybody,~~

believed
 Alois told himself, believe in secret that they would always live, *that they*
~~would not cease to exist.~~ *was obliged*

As a corollary to this broad surmise, he ~~began~~ ^{was} to ponder the nature of
 God. If such a Divinity did exist, would He not be ~~so~~ busy with the world's
~~affairs~~ *so busy already* that He could hardly afford to ~~take~~ ^{pay} interest in anyone ~~one~~ but the most
 exceptional people? Since most humans, by Alois' measure, were
 nonentities, there was bound to be minimal ^{attention} ~~interest~~ Above concerning the

average person. To Alois, this was a stimulating thought. Religious people were always taking it for granted that God had a personal interest in them, but Alois had seen too much of life to believe that any higher power would have the patience to put up with ~~most~~ ^{some} clods. To the contrary, life was here to live, as indeed he had lived it, and reincarnation—well, maybe that was not so inconceivable, you could receive, thereby, possible. That might be where you received your due reward or your punishment, ~~that could certainly be~~. Yet, if so, then he, Alois, must have been one hell of a licentious knight. Contemplating such a possibility put Alois in an excellent mood. New ideas were exactly what he needed, he now decided.

-2-

These fresh thoughts ~~such as they were~~ may account for the reception he gave to a request from Adi that he be allowed to join the children's choir at the Benedictine monastery where he ^{(now attended} ~~now went to~~ school. Klara could hardly believe her husband would say yes. She had, for that matter, come close to warning the boy not to ask, but the impulse caused too much anxiety. What if God wanted Adi to be in that choir? ^{If ~~that was~~} ~~In that case, she~~ ^{the case, then she} could be interfering with the Lord's purpose.

So, young Adolf, spiritual hat in hand, did approach Alois, and ^{managed} ~~to say that~~ related how the monks had told him ~~that~~ he had a good voice. With his parents' permission, he could rehearse after school.

If it would be asked why Alois would be amenable to allowing any son of his to study with monks and priests, ^{his} ~~Alois~~ answer would have been immediate. "I have made careful inquiries. These Benedictines conduct the best school in Lambach. Since I wish Adolf to do well in life, I choose to send him there despite ^{other} ~~certain~~ objections I ^{will} ~~do~~ retain."

Adi loved the school. Soon enough, he knew that he was seen by the monks as one of their best pupils. In turn, Alois was delighted with ^{the boy's} ~~his~~ ^{his son's} ~~good~~ marks. ^{The boy} ~~His son~~ was not only taking twelve required courses but was receiving the highest grade in ^{each} ~~every~~ one of them. ~~When his son approached with this request,~~ therefore, Alois was in a benign mood.

"Let me tell you," ^{he} ~~Alois~~ said, "When I was young, I, too, could lay claim to a good voice. It was a gift from my mother. She was once the soloist in the parish church at Dollersheim."

"Oh, yes, Father" said Adi. ~~He nodded. He modulated his voice.~~ "I remember how well you sang on the day we first came to Hafeld from Linz. Your singing was so good."

"Yes," said Alois, ~~"I was not at all bad that day."~~ "A few old ditties did come back. Do you remember the one that upset your mother?"

"^uYes, I do," said Adi. "'Ach,' she kept saying, 'not for the children!'"

They laughed. The memory ^{prompter} was enough for Alois to sing the same

~~few~~ lines from "Mein Guter Kamerad."

"He was the best I ever had,

"Together through good and bad,

"The drum called us to fight,

"He was always on my right.

"A bullet flew toward us,

"Meant for him or meant for me?

"Into his life it tore,

"At my feet a piece of gore."

A Alois laughed and so did Adi. They remembered. That was when Klara had cried out, "No, not for the children!"

~~Now~~ Now, Alois' voice grew even more resonant.

"My friend,' I said, 'I cannot ease your pain,

"But in life eternal we will meet again,'

"Mein Guter Kamerad, Mein Guter Kamerad."

~~has~~
1 1/2 spacing
and
indent →

~~declared~~
~~declared~~
~~repeat~~

Alois now ~~said~~ in a voice made husky by the song, "Yes, I will give my permission. That is because I have come to believe in your future possibilities. You are to be rewarded for the excellence you have shown in your new school."

To himself, Alois was thinking, "Of course, I will not encourage him to go too far. No need for ~~the boy~~ ^{this case} to end as a sickly priest."

~~Alois, however, was too complacent.~~ ^{had, however} The old walls of the monastery ~~had~~ ^{had} already inspired Adi to wonder if one day he might become a monk, or better, an Abbot. He loved the black ~~garb~~ ^{clothing they wore}. The silences of the corridors resounded in his imagination. An image of heaven—his heaven to come—quivered in the rose windows. The boy was ready to weep before the power of Grosser Gott Wir Loben Dich:

"Holy God, we praise Thy Name,

"Infinite Thy vast Domain,

"Everlasting is Thy reign. . .

"Fill the Heavens with sweet accord,

"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

(INDENT
1 1/2

~~All the~~ ³ while he sang, I was encouraging Adi to believe he might rise
 supreme over all these monks, ^{Let him know early the} and would then have the power to carry
 joy of holding authority in one hand and mystery in the ^{other.}
 mystery in one hand and authority in the other. ^{other.} Indeed, he had a model.

The Abbot of this monastery was the most impressive man Adi had ever
 seen. He was tall, his hair was silver-gray, his expression was elevated. To

Adi, he was as handsome as a king. ~~But he held mystery~~
~~in one hand and authority in the other.~~
 No, Alois ^{had} no notion of how far the boy had voyaged ^{into} this first
~~readiness to fall in love.~~ ⁷ One time, alone in the room at the Gasthof that he

shared with Angela, he lifted her darkest dress off its hook, and draped it
 around his shoulders as ~~it~~ ^{was} a vestment. Then he ^{stood} climbed up on a
~~chair.~~ ^{stood} He knew he must speak in a low voice so as not to be ^{overheard} heard by
 anyone ^{in the passage way} passing the door, but he also felt as if he ^{were} was living in the dim light
 of the church itself, wholly at peace with its ^{and} indescribable powers, its
 darkness. ^{yes,} he told himself, the monastery is possessed of Das Eleganz.

He had heard the word, and if he did not know just what it meant, it fit his
 present sense of how to speak of the monastery and the Abbot. Such an
 elegant man.

So, with Angela's dress upon his shoulders, he gave ~~what he~~
~~remembered of~~ a prayer he had heard that day addressed to St. Michael the
 Archangel. He did not necessarily understand ^{all of} what he was saying, but the
^{power} ~~tone~~ of the language filled his mouth. He was engraving the sounds on his
^{in order} palate to ~~find the power~~ to send them forth again once he would be alone
^{speaking to} ~~again~~ in the forest ~~stirring the trees with his voice.~~

^{now} But ~~first~~, he did his best to repeat the sermon ~~he had heard~~. "These
 fires of hell," he stated softly, "will reach into every pore of your body and
 will melt your bones and your lungs. A terrible odor will arise from your
 throat. The stench of the body will be heinous in its suffering. Terrible
 odors will follow. This is the fire that will never end."

He took a breath. He was ready for the prayer ^{He had memorized it.} "Thy Glorious
 Majesty, we supplicate Thee to deliver us from the tyranny of the infernal
 spirits, from their snares, their lies, and their furious wickedness—O Prince
 of the Heavenly Host, cast into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander
 through the world seeking the ruin of souls, Amen."

The prayer ^{had} excited him. ~~Indeed~~, ^{he} felt most excited. Was he
 receiving a sign from above? Or, were these fires from below? He was

having his first erection. ~~He felt so strange,~~ He also felt like a woman. It must be the odor of Angela's dress. So, he threw ^{that} it away from him, jumped down from the ^{steal} chair to kick the dress, then picked it up, sniffed it again, and was abominably disturbed. He still felt like a woman.

It was at this point that he knew he must do what ~~as~~ many of the ~~other~~ students were doing. He must start smoking tobacco. That was imperative. He must feel like a man again, yes, ~~most~~ ^{most} purely a man, not half and half.

-3-

Over the entrance to the monastery was a large swastika carved into the stone of the arched gate. It was the coat of arms of a previous abbot named ~~Theodor~~ von Hagen who had been Abbot Superior in 1850. It was possible that von Hagen might have been enjoying the similarity to his own name since the swastika was called a Haken-Kreuz, a hooked cross, *For that reason, perhaps, he had had it installed over the gate.*

Not too much, I hasten to say, is to be made of this. *The swastika*
~~over the gateway~~ was subtly carved. It offered no suggestion of the ~~series~~
~~of dark lines and~~ *organized series*
 yet to come.

Nonetheless, there it was, a hooked cross, and on his ninth birthday, Adolf was caught smoking a cigarette in the shadow of the same gateway on

which had been mounted the carved stone of von Hagen's swastika. The

~~meanest~~ ^{notorious among} of the priests under whom he studied in school, ~~indeed, the one~~

~~who had given the prayer to St. Michael~~ ^{the students for his silent tread,} happened to come by with his

~~notoriously silent tread~~ ^{caught} and so ~~caught~~ young Adolf in the act. The

cigarette ^(a twist of) ~~(made from his father's pipe tobacco)~~ rolled into a ~~twist of~~

newspaper) was pulled right out of his hand and stomped upon by the priest

with ~~all~~ the frenzy of a man who is squashing a nest of cockroaches.

"This act of smoking," said the priest, "is the worst crime a boy like ~~you~~ ^(*)

~~you can commit."~~ ^{Excess!} When ~~Adi~~ ^{as the priest} began to weep, the priest continued, "It is

~~possible~~ ^{that is} that the devil has already entered into you. If so, you will die

without another happy moment, not one ^{not} ever again." Then ^{the priest} he gave an evil

smile (as evil, I must say, as any we are reputed to give.) He was

summoning up the powers of anathema he had ^{assembled} ~~acquired~~ through the years, ^{to exercise} ~~then~~

He had done this before. He was a master of condemnation. He could visit ^{who it} ~~his~~

~~his powers~~ ^{came to visiting} on any boy caught in any improper act. ^{to exercise}

Adi was hysterical. He swore that he would never smoke again. So

soon as he could speak, he made a point of stating how much he detested

smoking. "Oh, Father, I knew it was wrong. I detested it."

you can commit. Adi
began to weep as the
priest then added,
"It is possible that"

At that moment, he ran down the stone steps of the entrance in order to throw up in the grass. ~~He was ill~~ The execrations had come forth from this priest with such an aridity of soul, such an air of detestation, that it came into Adi as a full ~~giasme of~~ abomination. He could not breathe. ~~There had been something so malignant about~~ ^{had been} the long nose of this priest with his ~~lips as thin as a knife edge.~~ ^{as malignant as his} Yet in the midst of suffering ^{this} ~~such a~~ whole set of ~~grotesque~~ feelings, Adi was already calculating how to seek forgiveness from the Abbot. He knew he would be sent ^{over to his office} ~~to him~~ just so soon as he stopped vomiting.

Before the Abbot he burst into tears again. He had the inspiration to say that he ^{did not} ~~didn't~~ want this squalid act to interfere with his desire to become a priest. How much he wished to repent, he declared. ^{when} ~~Before~~ he was done, the Abbot even said, "Well, someday you may yet make a fine priest."

The sincerity that resonated in Adi's voice had the full inspiration of an absolute lie. One taste of ~~human~~ anathema had been enough. He was now disabused forever of the thought of living as a monk or a priest. Only his admiration for the Abbot remained intact.

It had been a profitable day for my endeavors. Given the many clients I had to oversee in that part of Austria, I cannot claim to have been always in the right place at the best moment, but on this occasion I was, and ~~that~~ ^{our} evil-spirited ~~priest~~ ^{cleric} who was, of course, one of my finest clients in Lambach, had certainly been alerted by me that young Adolf Hitler was smoking tobacco under ~~Theodor~~ ^{Heodor} von Hagen's hooked stone cross.

-4-

Adi's veneration of the Abbot remained ^{was retained} as ^{IT lived} an echo of his first infatuation, ^{even as} but ^(the) his hatred of the priest who excoriated him did not diminish.

^{And} ~~Even~~ the memory of the day Alois gave him permission to sing in the choir was lost in ^{an} the aftermath of shame. ^{at to becco. false} Alois always ^{was} reached

By now, it was obvious that his father favored Edmund. Once, after Adi had ^{given} ^{a shove} pushed him away, Edmund even dared to poke ^{him} his older brother back. "Don't you touch me," he said. "I am just as good as you are."

For that remark, ^{Edmund} he ^{begin to} was hit hard enough to wail with all the power of four-year-old lungs.

When Klara descended, Adi said, "Alois-Junior always used to hit me. Nobody ever cared about that."

Alois now loomed overhead. "You ~~always~~ had your mother to protect you from Junior," he said. "I remember. She was on your side even when you were in the wrong. This used to upset Junior very much, and maybe I did not pay enough attention!"

Alois chose, therefore, to give Adi a spanking. It was measured—stinging to the boy's behind but without real force. Alois still lived in fear of the ~~fury~~ ^{uncontrollable} with which he had beaten Alois-Junior into unconsciousness.

Since these ^{between Adolf and Edmund} quarrels ~~resounded~~ through the inn, Klara was ~~left~~ ^{was} embarrassed, but the innkeeper and his wife, ^{content} ~~pleased~~ with the room rent provided by the Hitlers, made a point of treating ^{Klara} her with the greatest respect as if she were ~~undeniably~~ the perfect example of a fine, middle-class lady. Of course, Klara never ^{believed} ~~felt~~ in the least like a fine lady. She began telling Alois that the family needed to find more space at much lower cost.

Klara had also decided that Angela was much too old to keep sharing a room with Adi. Indeed, Angela had complained that one of her best dresses had dusty shoe-prints all over it—that had to be her brother's doing.

Klara decided not to accuse him. He would only deny it. The true problem remained, however; they had to move. Nor was Alois opposed. Adi's spats with Angela had been getting on his nerves. One time, he had said to Klara, "You wish me not to touch him, but he's very trying."

"When children fight," said Klara, "it can be the fault of both."

"Well, I am not about to put her on my knee."

With true perturbation, Klara said, "Of course not."

"In any case, it is the boy. I repeat: I find him trying."

Klara now decided to tell Alois about the day Adi was caught smoking. In the hope that Alois might feel sympathy, she said, "Adi needs kindness. He needs that so much. After the Abbot forgave him, Adi told me, 'I didn't know a big grown man could be so kind.' Alois, he needs a little kindness from us."

Alois shook his head. "No," he told her, "you are his slave already. You had better understand—it is all to the good that he started smoking. Maybe in time to come he will like tobacco so much he will even become a real guy." At which point he laughed and laughed, until he began to cough.

Klara thought, "Yes, one tough guy ~~like you, and~~ full of phlegm."

It could be said that Klara was beginning to have a few private thoughts. For years, she had felt that was not ^{at all} for her. Now, however, she was entertaining a secret project. She had come to the conclusion that it was time for Alois to buy a nice house for the family. Of course, he was ^{as} not yet ready. His plan was to move to the unused part of a nearby grain mill. That would be ^{present} cheaper, ^{considerably} and offer a good deal of space, ^{and} Angela would ^{move} at least have her own room. That would be temporary as far as Klara was concerned. Later, her step-daughter would ^{require} need more. Let her enjoy some of the opportunities that Klara had never had. She wanted Angela to become a fine, middle-class, married lady. And for the present, at the least, she deserved to have her own room. She was such a good step-daughter, ^{so good at a time} (when so few were).

So, Klara accepted Alois' desire to move to the mill. ^{There would be} How much work ^{endless work} there would be to keep the dust away, but Angela was finished with school, ^{take on her part of the task / decided} and ready to ~~work~~ right along with her. (It was nice. Klara ~~discovered~~ that Angela was not only her step-daughter but ready to become the best friend she ever had.

So, early in the winter of 1898, they did rent a floor on the upper story of the grain mill. Its owner, one Herr Zoebel, used four mules to turn his grinding wheel. To add to the clamor, there was also a most active blacksmith shop at the rear of the ground floor kept by a big fellow named Preisinger. ^(Upstairs it would be) ^(noise and the dust would fly) ~~It was a war against the accumulation of dust upstairs, but Klara was temporarily satisfied and~~ ^{not unhappy} ~~one~~ large reason was Angela. At different hours of the day she was Klara's maid, younger sister, and devoted friend. That left Klara free to enjoy some time alone with Paula.

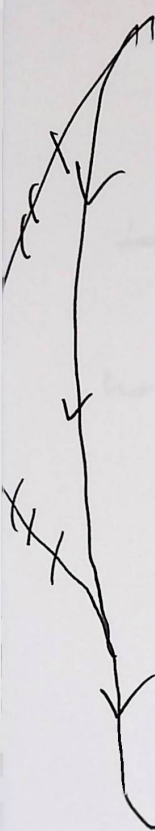
(Tape one p. 21-52)

- 5 -

But now, although she was ~~near~~
~~4th~~ ^{to} two years old, Paula seemed
slow enough in her development, ~~to~~
slow enough ^{to} ~~learn~~ ^{with} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~few~~ ^{few} ~~South~~ ^{South} ~~at~~ ^{at}

~~Con-~~ ¹⁹⁶⁹ ~~to note~~ She would lie on her
I have PP 1-20 d. ¹⁹⁶⁹ ~~while she~~ ¹⁹⁶⁹ ~~great.~~

21A



-5-

From infancy, there had not been a morning when Klara did not whisper to Paula, "You are so beautiful."

But now, although she was not yet two years old, Paula seemed slow enough in her development to leave Klara full of the unhappiest foreboding.

H Alois did not notice. It was enough to dandle Paula on his knee and repeat, "You will be my darling, my princess." He was ready to dream of a time when this child would be the loveliest young lady in town. What an event her wedding would be!

On a given day, however, after a visit to the town doctor, Klara came home with the news that Paula might be retarded.

It had been

Double-space

one of the worst afternoons of 215
her life. ~~Paul~~ When the doctor
asked Paula ~~to the~~ ^{the} ~~name~~ ^{wood} ~~what the~~
~~the name was~~ for her legs, her toes,
her feet, or her fingers she
could not give the answers. ~~She~~ At
home, ^{she} (did know the words "toes," but
could not remember it in his office.
Nor could she balance on one
foot and ~~Paula~~ ^{Paula} was not surprised
~~she~~ Paula had certainly been sitting
~~down~~ much ~~for much~~

Now, ~~she~~ ^{Paula} looked ~~blank~~
blank when ^{the doctor} asked her, "are
you cold? ... are you hungry? ...
are you tired?" Finally, Paula
said, "sleep," and closed her
eyes.

~~It was~~ ~~and~~ ~~Paula~~ had
known ~~it~~ already. At Paula's
age, Edmund could even name
his kelly-baton and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~able~~
ride his tricycle. ~~At three~~

"From Hitler," the doctor had
said finally, "your daughter is
retarded."

"Just a little?" asked Klara.

"That may also be true."



~~She~~
Now, Paula looked blank when the doctor asked her, "Are you cold? Are you hungry? Are you tired?" Finally, Paula said, "Sleep," and closed her eyes.

~~Klara had known already. At Paula's age, Edmund could even name~~
his belly-button and ride his tricycle.

"Frau Hitler," the doctor ~~had~~ said finally, *"I must offer this unhappy news, but it is possible that Paula*

"Just a little?" asked Klara.
is a ~~small~~ shade retarded."

"That may also be true."

"Just a little in that direction," asked Klara.
"that would be a fair conclusion perhaps."

"Yes," she would tell Alois later,
"a little ~~retarded~~ retarded" is what
the doctor said.

~~is a little confused~~
"Yes," she told Alois, "~~by~~ the doctor said."

"He doesn't know what he is talking about." ~~X~~

"Alois, it could be true." She began to weep. "I have been worried for quite a while."

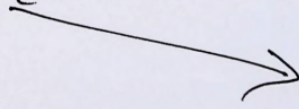
Alois fell into a depression. His old gifts of perception, ^{so} skilled at spotting a smuggler across a ~~room~~, ^(Customs shed) were now addressed to examining Paula's smile. It seemed to him that her eyes were much too vacant.

An ugliness of mood descended upon the family. While Alois was ^{off} away on his walks, Adi would ^{look to} badger Edmund at every opportunity. ^{To Klara} That

~~that~~ was doubly painful for Klara. She ~~felt that she~~ had grown disloyal. ^{It was}

~~It was~~ true. ^{She} She could not help it. There wasn't a day that she didn't snap at Adi,

and for good cause. The truth was that Edmund had become the bright light of the family. He had certainly grown right out of his runny nose and dirty pants. It was like the fairy tales Klara used to read to him. He had turned into a charming four-year-old, as full of future promise—in Klara's opinion—as a prince, and it had all happened since they had left Hafeld. Edmund did have the sweetest smile, and the funniest face. Klara had to laugh at him. But Adi was reacting badly. ~~It was obvious that he was not~~



~~longer the true center of attention in the family.~~ Soon enough, he formed the habit of sticking a leg out just far enough to trip Edmund as he ran by. Edmund, however, would not complain, just get up and keep running back and forth along the floor of the loft as if he was on an important mission.

It would have bothered Klara a good deal more if she had known what Adolf's secret desire was.
That irritated Adi further. He was consumed by a dream. He could picture it with open eyes. It would be to hit Edmund as hard as he could, and get away with ~~it~~ ^{that} altogether. Everything about his baby brother was infuriating. Edmund's eyes were so blue. Everybody commented on that. How could they? His own eyes, Adolf decided, were a deeper, better blue, but Edmund received the praise. In Adolf's opinion, Edmund had a face that was ~~just a little~~ ^{just a little} squashed together. How he would have liked to squash it further.

Worst of all, Edmund was always receiving praise for taking such good care of Paula. Adi felt as if he had been the first to see that Paula wasn't too bright. He could have told them, but instead his mother and Angela were ~~so~~ ^{so} impressed with how much Edmund loved Paula.

By now, he was not always called Adi. Whenever they wanted to scold him, he became Adelf. He might just as well have been under the long nose of the priest.

Klara was even glad that the big, sweaty blacksmith, Preisinger, was down there in his shop hammering away at all times because Adi seemed to like ^{this} ~~that~~ one man anyway, and stayed ^{down} ~~there~~ ^{with him} ~~there~~ a good deal. That was ^{trying to} ~~certainly~~ better than ^{him} ~~watching young Adelf~~ upstairs sitting in a chair with a ^{while} ~~scowl~~ on his face waiting for Edmund to run by.

-6-

At this time I had to move from Austria to Switzerland, and was active in Geneva for the next few months overseeing the transmogrification of a petty criminal into an impassioned assassin.

Given the variety of clients I had developed in the area of Linz, I had to return to Austria more than once to take account of their condition, and so I was able to keep up with events at the grain-mill in Lambach. I will not, however, speak of those matters until a little more is related about my assignment in Geneva. To those readers who ^{are} ~~may~~, by now, ~~be~~ wary of these expeditions off to other narrative venues, I will add that this time, I will not be absent from young Adolf for more than an interesting chapter or two.

Moreover, a few pages of my text will quote 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 ~~proven~~ admiration for great writers, might have looked to ~~bring off such a~~ ^{undertake that} seduction himself.

In the event, Twain, a most complex man, was not considered 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, she had long been considered the most beautiful queen in Europe. She was also esteemed for being a cultivated monarch. Indeed, her favorite poet was Heinrich Heine. What added to the lady's exotic status was that after the double suicide in 1888 of her beloved son, Crown Prince Rudolph, and his young mistress, Baroness Vetsera, the Empress dressed only in 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 ^{why I was chosen} prime reason for my selection as the devil, ~~chosen to work closely upon~~ ^{to shepherd} Luigi Lucheni after he had been sighted as a putative assassin.

"He's a dreadful piece of work," the Maestro said, "but ~~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 ^{can} will leave a lasting influence on the public. So, go to it!"

I worked with Luigi Lucheni. I expanded the gaseous irresolutions of his psyche, then compressed such vapors until they were as focused as a blowtorch. Assassins need many magnifications of their ego.

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 revolutionaries who accepted him, at best, with misgivings. His fellow Italians chose to call him Il stupido (which doubled the daily compression of his spirit.) It ^{was certainly helpful} 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 ^{imprinting upon his dreams} saying to 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 ^{if (persons)} ~~that~~ strangers might approach. After all, ^{that such a person} ~~it~~ was invariably a 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 discomfoting to the reader that I usually 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 us is civilized. What may be less palatable ^(and less) ~~(and apparent)~~ on most occasions, is that our ultimate aim is to ~~eradicate~~ ^{eradicate} ~~destroy~~ civilization. Such an enterprise must be able to call on one's readiness to do what it takes—a fine expression I ^{could} ~~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.

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The author was resting then in Kaltenlangteben, a small Austrian town forty miles from Vienna. By way of the failure of his investment in the Paige Compositor, a new ^{kind of} Imotype machine, he was bankrupt.

So, he left Hartford and travelled through Europe giving popular lectures for fees large enough to absorb some of his debts. He happened to be resting in Kaltenlangteben when the murder of Elisabeth occurred, and ~~immediately~~ ^{at once} wrote to a friend: "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 those words. My own opinion of the importance of the deed had now

been confirmed by a master of prose. Indeed, Twain was so

powerfully affected that he soon wrote a essay full of the

incomparable flow of his language, ^{Then,} although later, for a myriad of ~~English~~

reasons too labyrinthine to catalogue, he chose not to publish it. I,

however, came into possession of these pages by way of ~~one of his~~
his Chambermaid,
~~servants.~~

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 ^{ever} taken myself so seriously ~~ever~~ before. I knew that I was, at last, an actor in history.

[Handwritten scribbles and signature]

To my woe, he was scathing. "I may ^{put some stock in} value great writers," he said,

"but look how Mark Twain exaggerates the event. ~~It is hysterical~~ ^A

^A thousand years! That is absurd. Sisi will be forgotten in twenty."

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 as close

~~as we can come to~~ ^{virtually ex nihilo} ~~and~~ ^{can} ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~effect~~ ^{effect} ~~history~~ ^{history} ~~to our~~ ^{to our} ~~continuing~~ ^{continuing} ~~advantage.~~ ^{advantage.}

~~(I was obliged to agree with him, but I had only a poor idea then of~~

what he was talking about,

~~to disagree.~~

"There was one nice advantage to it," he said. "Our great author did

retain his good sense on ^{one} ~~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}

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IF the
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35 A.

~~DEF~~~~Luigi Lucheni~~
~~Mark Twain~~~~1898~~
~~2011-12~~On the Maestro

"he then said, 'You
 understand the concept, ~~you~~ live with it all
 the time yet do not seem to know what you are doing.
 The Maestro says someone we build from the first brick up — entirely our
 Our ^{central} aim is to construct a client from the first
 brick to the last. That is our ideal ~~conception~~ ^{conceiving} individuals.
 conception — is our aim. There is the beauty for us. So killing Sisi was of

How can it compare for example ~~to~~ ^{to} large events
 like Rhodes here?

~~IF I were a gourmet~~ ^{tree} I
 no more lasting value to me than picking a perfect peach off the tree.

we would be able to enjoy ~~some ten~~
 minutes of gastric excellence, so to speak, will follow. That is all we will

the pleasure we can take because of your nice work,
 finally enjoy because ^{with} our Luigi Lucheni let us never lose our sense of

is no reason to lose your sense of
 measure concerning our successes.

temporal

He may have been a little more
 pleased than he was ready to
 admit, for he did add: "There is,
 after all, one serious drawback to
 trusting the best novelists. They are
 prone to hysteria. The power of
 their words can over-excite their
 insights."

~~He read my thoughts, of course.~~
 → (back to p 35)

1 INSERT 35

~~NOVEL~~

~~Note concerning the Maestro~~

Note concerning the Maestro
~~If yes, it is true~~ ("I do tell ~~all of you~~ ^{my best}
 devils to admire great novelists — indeed, we

The trouble with good novelists is they are prone to hysteria since it is the ~~you must!~~ ^{certain} insights can come only from them! But always be wary of the power of the words upon themselves that stir their insights. You devils can

For their best moments, while composing
 if ~~do~~ excite them to exaggeration, also
 admire great novelists—indeed you must!—but you must always be
 exaggeration, and then they are ~~prone~~ ^{prone}
 immensely wary of them for at the very best moments they can veer off from
 to suffer enough vertigo to ~~veer off~~ ^{and so} from
 the valuable point just beyond their point.

the ^{more} valuable point that ~~exists~~ hovers just beyond their point.

ulture," he said, "is one more example of that. Look how close he came to seeing it all."

I looked again at Theron's conclusion.

Among the inadequate

reculta
p 35

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.

"Yes," said the Maestro, "when it comes to being aware of us, that
good fellow, Mark Twain, must have been very near to saying, 'Ordained
from below.' Thank God, ~~he didn't~~ ^{He's off the rails}

~~he then felt a need to moralize and to~~ ^{he then felt a need to moralize and to} 
How the Maestro could laugh on those rare occasions when he found
a matter sufficiently droll to leave him merry.

 Judge, and so ~~he~~ ^{he}
~~sent the train right~~
~~off the rails~~
the locomotive
of his higher logic flew
~~right off~~
the rails! ⁴

But should it give you any
Lucheni. That, however, is no reason to lose your sense of measure? "

concerning our temporal successes,

He may have been a little more pleased ^{however} than he was ready to admit,
~~for he~~ ^{I must say} did add, "There is, ^{after all}, one serious drawback to trusting the best
novelists. They are prone to hysteria. The power of their words can over-
excite their insights."

If I had only a poor idea ^(by now) ~~then~~ ^{he might say next} of what he was talking about I was, of
course not ready to disagree.

"I know," he added, "I do tell my best devils to admire great
novelists—indeed, we must! Certain insights can ^{often} only come from them." But
~~always~~ be wary. For their best moments ^{they} do excite them to exaggeration, and
then they are prone to vertigo and so veer off from the more valuable ^{insight} point
that hovers just beyond ~~their~~ point.

"Here," he said, "is one more example of that. Look how close ^{Mark Twain} he
^{he} ~~did~~ ^{came} ~~come~~ ^{on the last 6 lasts of}
~~came to naming it all~~
I looked again at Twain's conclusion: ^{his trumpet} ~~final words~~

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

36A

for it, and the Genevan court cannot condemn him without manifestly committing a crime.

possessing some (awareness)

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

good fellow, Mark Twain, ^{so} must have been very near to saying, 'Ordained from below.' Thank God he then felt a need to moralize and to judge, and so the locomotive of his higher logic flew right off the rails!"

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

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^{was,}
I have, as I 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 (Leonding,
pop: 3000) and that, at first, was much to Klara's satisfaction, for it was the
result of her subtle manipulation of Alois. It had taken her a long time to
begin to understand how to motivate her husband. She had always been
~~innocent and~~ ^{calculated tactics,} much too ~~pure and~~ God-fearing to employ ~~ugly marital implements~~ to get
~~her way,~~ but she had come at last to understand that ~~the secret was simple, if~~
~~easy~~ ^{Until they} she had to put a little fear ~~of her~~ into him. ~~She knew where his weak~~

~~Places might be, but until they~~ ^{however} lived at the mill ~~(it never occurred to her that~~
^{might)} she ~~make him jealous.~~

Klara, who had never been able to believe in all these years that she was worthy of her husband—he was still so preeminently an uncle!—now came to realize that Alois might even need her. Even if he did not love her beyond measure—~~which was obvious!~~ ^{that} ~~he needed her.~~ ^{I did}

For Klara, ^{to ideal} ~~for whom~~ ^{a covenant} love was ~~the breath of partnership~~ between all the members of one's family ~~while remaining loyal to the love of God~~ ^{do reasonably well} it had never occurred to her that marriages could also ~~exist~~ ^{on need.} Indeed, one did not even have to like one's mate.

So it finally occurred to her that Alois was at an age to feel ~~jealous~~ ^{vulnerable} and she, in turn, so long as she broke no ~~covenants~~ ^{Commandments} but merely bent them, might, yes, might ^{think of moving} ~~make Alois jealous enough to wish to move away from~~ the mill.

^{Sacha} ~~This possibility resided~~ ^{could be glimpsed} in the form of the big, soot-covered man downstairs, the blacksmith, Preisinger. Adi was ^{so} ~~fascinated~~ by him. Adi ~~often~~ spent hours at a time watching him work and listening to him talk.

She could hear their voices even as she ^{was} ~~worked~~ in her kitchen ~~on the floor~~

~~above~~ and the sounds that came up were curiously engaged with those she made—the splash of water from a pail to a basin seeming to be answered by a few ringing blows on an anvil.

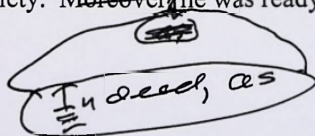
She knew why Adi was eager to be with the blacksmith. The man worked with fire. ^{white} But she did not wish to explore such an insight. ^{since one} ~~it was~~ best not to search. One never knew ~~from~~ ^{where} where certain thoughts ^{might lead} ~~had~~ originated. She had known ^{slp} ~~this~~ since childhood ^{that} (God was everywhere, and so was the Devil. So long as one did not oblige oneself to think, the Devil could ^{gain} ~~have~~ no access. God would be there to protect your ignorance. Klara also knew that one had to pay ^{the cost of} a price for refusing to follow one's thoughts, but that was ^{of an} ~~a~~ less important obligation than to keep the Devil away.

Engr, ~~she was not about to ponder~~ 'No need to ~~How, then, to explain her love of fire?~~ She was not about to ponder ~~search into such matters.~~ ^{it was natural for} such matters. It was enough for her to understand that ~~Adi would be full of~~ ^{while} ~~awe~~ (watching the blacksmith heat a piece of iron in his furnace ~~and that it~~ ^{was} ~~would be white-hot before~~ ^{because then} another piece, also white-hot, could be attached to it, ~~and~~ ^{would} out of the joining could come further joinings ready to become ~~useful~~ ^{repaired} objects and tools, everything from carriage axles to broken ploughs.

~~Then~~ ^{a good reason}
 Soon enough came an occasion when she had to visit this smithy.
 The kitchen water-pump ~~needed a repair on its handle.~~ ^{It showed a crack on its handle.} The crack was soon
 mended but ~~then~~, to her surprise, she stayed a little longer to watch and talk
~~a bit.~~ Soon enough, the man invited her to come back whenever she would
 like a cup of tea.

To her amazement, this brute of a man, this Preisinger, had nice
 manners. He not only treated her with the greatest respect, but ~~how nicely~~
^{and most nicely!} he could converse. He was an uneducated as herself, yet had a full and easy
 manner ~~as if, indeed, he always knew his subject.~~ He did not brag, but did
 leave the impression which she found most agreeable (even as she had once
^{been overcome with} had just such sentiments about Alois) that he was a person of natural
 importance. She could hardly believe how agreeable it was to listen to him
 as she sat in the one good chair of his shop while Adi stood beside her close
 to transfixed.

Preisinger's active business was not only with farmers in the area, and
^{close to losing a} occasionally with travelers whose horses were having trouble with a shoe,
 but, as he explained, many merchants in the area depended upon him for
^{work of a more complex} repairs of all variety. Moreover, he was ready to admit, he could diagnose



many an equine ailment. "I have on occasion, Frau Hitler, doubled as a veterinarian. ~~Yes~~ I am excellent at that if I choose to say so myself. There are occasions when ~~I have to~~ ^{~~indeed, I do~~} know more than the vets."

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

"^{Yes} Frau Hitler," answered Preisinger, "I have ^{to say it I have} seen valuable animals ^{hardly} hobbled to where they could ^{hardly} walk. Why? For the simplest reason.

The veterinarian, however good a fellow he might be concerning other animal diseases, ^{does not always} ~~did not~~ know as much about a horse's hoof as ^{is} ~~was~~ necessary."

"I suppose that ^{would be} is true," said Klara. "You have had so much experience."

"Young Adolf may tell you. There ^{ever} ~~have been~~ market days when I ^{have} ~~had~~ to shoe as many as twenty horses, one after another ^{no} without stopping."

"Yes," said Klara, "^{and there must be so} ~~how much work must there be~~ when there is ice on the ground."

To which, he answered, "I see that you have a natural appreciation of ^{the problems that can arise.} ~~these matters.~~"

Klara had to blush.

"Give me a better foothold on the ice," Preisinger now said. "I hear that on many an occasion. ~~is what they always ask for~~ Once, on a freezing day, I had to shoe twenty-five horses. ^{And every} ~~Every~~ last one of those farmers wanted me to hurry up."

"Yes, but Herr Preisinger would not agree," said Adolf. "He told me, 'Speed is speed, yet one nail misplaced, and that horse will never trust you again.'" Adi's cheeks were flushed. He could not tell Klara what else the blacksmith had confessed. ^{told him on another day} "Young fellow," Preisinger had said, "there were nights when I couldn't sit down because I had the horse's name on ^{where} ~~my arm~~ ^{I sit} ~~behind~~."

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

"His hoof. I ^{am able to} ~~can~~ recognize horses by their hooves."

"You can?"

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

He had laughed, but then, seeing that Adi was bewildered, Preisinger was quick to add, "I am joking. Only joking. A good blacksmith knows

that if you drive a nail incorrectly, you can get kicked for your trouble.

There you are sprawling on the floor."

"How often does that happen?" the boy asked. He was so obviously seeing the event in his mind that Preisinger removed himself quickly from such images.

"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, Preisinger did not proceed in ^{that} ~~such a~~ direction. Rather, he was ready to discuss how he might ~~(take off old shoes and~~ compound his

own special caulk for the hooves—he was proud of the various kinds of ^{dilemmas} ~~problems~~ he was ready to ^{engage} ~~solve~~. While he spoke, she looked at the

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

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

in the sea-anchor he was ^{now} making for a rich man—~~an~~ no ordinary problem,

an anchor—one had to be certain there were no weaknesses between the ^{know one's way around the parts} ~~parts~~

ring, the stock, ^{ends} the crown, the flukes, the palm and the shank. ^{All those} ~~names were on the tip of his tongue.~~

^{By} After her third visit, in two weeks, Preisinger insisted on ^{accompanying} ~~coming~~

her upstairs ~~with her~~ one morning to collect all her knives ^{in order to} ~~which he then~~

~~proceeded~~ ^{them} to sharpen ^{in his smithy}. Afterward, he ^{would accept no} refused ~~any~~ payment.

What impressed Klara ^{the} most was that his work clothes might be black with soot, ~~and~~ ^{so nice} yet he moved with ^{what his body might touch} such a sense of ~~where he was~~ that no detritus was left in her ~~clean~~ kitchen.

Then, on a Saturday evening when he must have known that Herr Hitler would be off to the inn for his beer, so did Preisinger come by ^{on a} ~~for a~~ visit, dressed in his Sunday shirt and suit.

That caused no little perturbation in Klara (and in Angela) but ^{the way} ~~he, too,~~ ^{also} was ~~uncomfortable~~ and sat on the edge of the sofa. Their conversation lacked its customary flair.

Yet Klara would look back on this occasion with ^{content} ~~satisfaction~~. That was because Alois was ^{so} ~~even more~~ disturbed ^{than his wife} when he came back ^{to see} ^{sitting on the sofa} and there was Preisinger ^{the blacksmith} ~~huge hands clamped together in his lap~~. While he left soon after Alois' return, he did bow to Klara and ~~manage to~~ say, "Thank you for your invitation."

^{chose to} Alois ~~herded~~ a number of accumulated furies until he and Klara were alone in their room.

She was contrite. "No, I didn't invite him." She shook her head as if to tumble a few bits of memory back into place. "Well, yes," she ~~then~~ said, "I suppose I did." (She had been courteous, merely courteous.) Adolf had been spending so much time down below with Herr Preisinger that she thought it would be polite to make a suggestion, no more, that Herr Preisinger visit them for her strudel. But only for some day or other. She had not specified. It had not been a true invitation.

"And you did serve him strudel?"

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

"A guest?"

"Well, a neighbor."

On it went. Afterward, she never knew how much of all this could have been planned. She would deny such a possibility. Nonetheless, ^{not} it had ~~worked out so well.~~

~~Not~~ two days later, Alois informed her that he had sent a letter to a friend in the Customs House at Linz inquiring ^{about available} whether (real estate ~~was~~ ~~available~~ in Linz or nearby. "I am bored here," he told her. "The noise from below is becoming intolerable."

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

Klara and Alois knew ~~that~~ they would buy that house before they ~~even~~ went to look at it. Each was full of the same determination if for altogether opposite reasons.

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This would be all I need to narrate about Preisinger (since they would never see him again after the move to Leonding) but I cannot leave the man without speaking of one of his final conversations with Adi now that he knew that Klara would soon be gone.

Needless to say, Preisinger had fallen in love. It could not be love with ~~any~~ lively hope for the outcome, yet he had felt a quickening in her. Conceivably, it might in time ^{develop} ~~to come be a legitimate match for his own~~. Her husband was getting old. So Preisinger, full of his own man-made and hard-acquired dignity, was desolate when he 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 the depth of his working philosophy to the boy. He might be only nine years old, but by Preisinger's estimate, there was true eagerness to know more.

"Why is iron so strong?" Preisinger asked, and replied to 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."

Young Adolf did not reply but he did nod. Preisinger decided to proceed further. "Grass," he said, "can be bent by every wind. It has to accept ^{each} ~~every~~ footprint that tramples upon it. It is the opposite of iron which ^{even if} ~~the ore that is used to make iron can be~~ ^{yet} can be ~~extracted~~ ^{will} out of the same earth from which grass ~~can~~ ^{can} grow, but, once ~~mined and~~ smelted, iron is ready to become a scythe that will cut the grass."

"That is so interesting," said Adi, ^{with} ~~and~~ real enthusiasm.

"Yes. You do not step on a piece of iron. ^{That is because iron} ~~You do not trample upon~~ ^(which fails to) ~~it. Iron~~ will injure any foot that does not show respect." Preisinger's breath ^{separated from its ore} ~~pulled from the earth, then~~ grew heavy, his voice was full of ardor. "Iron, ~~pulled from the earth, then~~

separated from it again by the hottest fire, is ready to become a unique material."

"Unique?" the boy asked.

"Unlike any other. Unique."

"Yes, that is so." The boy paused. He hesitated to ask his question, then did. "What is a will of iron? How is ^{that} ~~it~~ made?"

Preisinger was delighted. "Think of the ~~kind of~~ spirit that is in the iron. It is resistant to every force but one, and that is the force which created it."

"Do you mean fire?"

^{So, few people}
"Exactly. ~~So few~~ can understand how hot a fire must be to mold the will of iron." ^{It takes a}

~~Preisinger went on to speak of the wonders of his trade, an outpouring he seldom allowed himself, but the boy was ready to hear it all. "It takes a~~
man of force to become a blacksmith," Preisinger finally said.

Adi was ~~so~~ ^{these} agog with the mysterious interchanges between the will of iron and the incandescences necessary to create it, ^{So,} ~~that~~ he would make the mistake later that night of trying to explain it all to Angela and to Edmund.

Alois, however, happened to overhear ~~this impromptu sermon and~~
~~and~~ (proceeded to roar with derision. "The mark of a truly stupid man," he
announced to Klara, "is ~~that he takes~~ ^{to take} his own occupation so seriously that he
comes to believe it is superior to others."

Klara, now in the course of developing a few private opinions,
decided that Alois had also puffed himself up to the sky when he worked at
the Customs House. "This country would be bankrupt without us," he
always used to tell her. As was her habit, she smiled at him and shrugged.

Nonetheless, Preisinger's encomiums to the will of iron were to prove
of considerable use to Adi ^{on the day} after he received his first serious whipping ~~from~~
~~Alois~~. That came after the collapse of numerous forbearances on Alois'
part. The spirit of restraint he had been looking to develop as a protection
for his heart and an atonement for whipping Alios-Junior came to an end on
a given night of late autumn dusk when Adolf ^{stayed} ~~was~~ out playing soldier in the
woods with a few students from the monastery, ~~and happened to stay out.~~
~~much too late~~. Normally, Alois had only to whistle as evening approached
and Adi would race upstairs from Preisinger's shop or come ^{racing} ~~whipping~~ back
from the nearby woods. Indeed, if he didn't arrive soon after the echo of the

first whistle, Alois would put him over his knee and give him a token

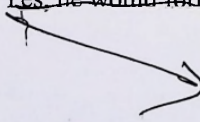
~~spanking,~~
~~whipping.~~ In secret—he would hardly admit it to himself—he liked the feel of Adi's buttocks.

On this night, however, Adi did stay out—the lingering light in the forest was exciting to him. He saw ~~the~~ ^{this} last of the sun's disappearance as one more variety of fire. It was night before he came through the door.

Alois had been brooding over Paula's condition—just that day she had been trying to jump up and down a little (which, the doctor had assured Klara, would be a sign of development) but had soon given up. Despite Alois' coaxing, she had not tried again. ~~That left him morose.~~ Then, Alois ~~whistled~~ ^{and was given no response} ~~had to whistle~~ for Adi again and again. The interval became so extended that Alois ~~could and did decide~~ ^{decided} that it was a willful insult.

So, this time, ~~Alois gave him~~ ^{the boy received} a real beating.

Full of Preisinger's precepts, ~~Adi~~ ^{he} took a new oath. He instructed himself to have the strength to live with whatever came down on him now. He would fortify his will of iron. Even as the first blow ~~fell~~ ^{came crashing} onto his buttocks, ~~he~~ ^{he} was issuing further orders to himself to live with a will of iron, yes, live with a will of iron! Yes, he would fortify such determination by biting his teeth against



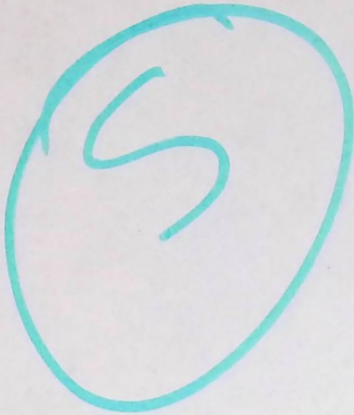
~~each and every~~ remembrance of ^{whimpering} sobbing before the priest and weeping
before the Abbot ^{was} ~~was~~ there to fortify ~~him~~ all
determination.

Tears stood out in his eyes yet he would not allow himself to cry out.

He would anneal his will into iron. Preisinger's mighty biceps oscillated

before his eyes even as he was being whipped. Let his father injure ^{his hand} himself

against a will of iron.



Book XI—Adolf

-1-

After the sale of their farm, the family moved in the summer to the Gasthof Leingartner in Lambach, and, until the end of 1897, they would live at that inn.

It was a half-year of easy mending for Alois. He had, at last, begun a true retirement. Indeed, he was obliged to recognize that he had aged a good deal in the last couple of years. He felt, for instance, no interest in the cooks and maids of the Gasthof. Worse, they seemed to have no interest in him. Indeed, he did not mind.

I would say that Alois was temporarily content. Since that, from our point of view, could prove good or ill for Adolf, I did keep a close eye on the father's modest activities these days. To my surprise, he did enjoy walking down the streets of Lambach, and took a proprietary interest in the medieval flavor of the town which reminded him of Passau. Lambach had only a population of 1700, but it also had a history and could boast of a Benedictine monastery founded in the 11th Century. Alois even paid one visit there. That was a formal matter of respecting long-established culture since the monastery walls did offer Byzantine frescoes. Only minor artists, Alois was quick to decide, yet well-preserved.

Nearby was a church, Paura, that had been built in the shape of a triangle. It had three towers, three gates, and three altars, and so it soon became part of his daily promenade. Indeed, Paura had the strangest effect on his thoughts. It led him to believe that he had had a previous life in this place hundreds of years ago. What other impulse could have brought him here, family and all? Might it not be some shadowed hint of another life spent here? He did not dismiss the notion. How better to account for his lifelong sense of his own importance? Could he have been a medieval

knight? Could that not account for his boldest qualities as a man? Der Ritter Alois von Lambach!

Normally, he would have scorned such thoughts, but Alois was, by now, ready at last to brood just a little about the dimensions of death.

If it be asked once again how I am aware of such concerns when Alois, after all, is not my client, I will reiterate that we are able to ingest a good deal of the mental workings of those humans who are closely related to an important client. Their casual thoughts are usually available and during periods of transition, we are at our most alert to their unvoiced themes. So, Alois' meanderings about death came to me without hindrance despite the novelty in his point of view. He had come to decide that people could not comprehend how they might cease to exist. Didn't everybody, Alois told himself, believe in secret that they would always live?

As a corollary to this broad surmise, he began to ponder the nature of God. If such a Divinity did exist, would He not be so busy with the world's affairs that He could hardly afford to take interest in anyone but the most exceptional people? Since most humans, by Alois' measure, were nonentities, there was bound to be minimal interest Above concerning the

average person. To Alois, this was a stimulating thought. Religious people were always taking it for granted that God had a personal interest in them, but Alois had seen too much of life to believe that any higher power would have the patience to put up with most clods. To the contrary, life was here to live, as indeed he had lived it, and reincarnation—well, maybe that was possible. That might be where you received your due reward or your punishment, that could certainly be. Yet, if so, then he, Alois, must have been one hell of a licentious knight. Contemplating such a possibility put Alois in an excellent mood. New ideas were exactly what he needed, he now decided.

-2-

These fresh thoughts—such as they were—may account for the reception he gave to a request from Adi that he be allowed to join the children's choir at the Benedictine monastery where he now went to school. Klara could hardly believe her husband would say yes. She had, for that matter, come close to warning the boy not to ask, but the impulse caused too much anxiety. What if God wanted Adi to be in that choir? In that case, she could be interfering with the Lord's purpose.

So, young Adolf, spiritual hat in hand, did approach Alois, and related how the monks had told him that he had a good voice. With his parents' permission, he could rehearse after school.

If it would be asked why Alois would be amenable to allowing any son of his to study with monks and priests, Alois' answer would have been immediate. "I have made careful inquiries. These Benedictines conduct the best school in Lambach. Since I wish Adolf to do well in life, I choose to send him there despite certain objections I do retain."

Adi loved the school. Soon enough, he knew that he was seen by the monks as one of their best pupils. In turn, Alois was delighted with his good marks. His son was not only taking twelve required courses but was receiving the highest grade in every one of them. When his son approached with this request, therefore, Alois was in a benign mood.

"Let me tell you," Alois said, "When I was young, I, too, could lay claim to a good voice. It was a gift from my mother. She was once the soloist in the parish church at Dollersheim."

"Oh, yes, Father" said Adi. He nodded. He modulated his voice. "I remember how well you sang on the day we first came to Hafeld from Linz. Your singing was so good."

"Yes," said Alois, "I was not at all bad that day. A few old ditties did come back. Do you remember the one that upset your mother?"

"Yes, I do," said Adi. "Ach,' she kept saying, 'not for the children!'"

They laughed. The memory was enough for Alois to sing the same few lines from "Mein Guter Kamerad."

"He was the best I ever had,

"Together through good and bad,

"The drum called us to fight,

"He was always on my right.

"A bullet flew toward us,

"Meant for him or meant for me?

"Into his life it tore,

"At my feet a piece of gore."

Alois laughed and so did Adi. They remembered. That was when Klara had cried out, "No, not for the children!"

Now, Alois' voice grew even more resonant.

"My friend,' I said, 'I cannot ease your pain,

"But in life eternal we will meet again,'

"Mein Guter Kamerad, Mein Guter Kamerad."

Alois now said in a voice made husky by the song, "Yes, I will give my permission. That is because I have come to believe in your future possibilities. You are to be rewarded for the excellence you have shown in your new school."

To himself, Alois was thinking, "Of course, I will not encourage him to go too far. No need for the boy to end as a sickly priest."

Alois, however, was too complacent. The old walls of the monastery had already inspired Adi to wonder if one day he might become a monk, or better, an Abbot. He loved the black garb. The silences of the corridors resounded in his imagination. An image of heaven—his heaven to come--quivered in the rose windows. The boy was ready to weep before the power of Grosser Gott Wir Loben Dich:

"Holy God, we praise Thy Name,

"Infinite Thy vast Domain,

"Everlasting is Thy reign. . .

"Fill the Heavens with sweet accord,

"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

All the while he sang, I was encouraging Adi to believe he might rise supreme over all these monks and would then have the power to carry mystery in one hand and authority in the other! Indeed, he had a model. The Abbot of this monastery was the most impressive man Adi had ever seen. He was tall, his hair was silver-gray, his expression was elevated. To Adi, he was as handsome as a king.

No, Alois has no notion of how far the boy had voyaged into this first readiness to fall in love. One time, alone in the room at the Gasthof that he shared with Angela, he lifted her darkest dress off its hook, and draped it around his shoulders as if it were a vestment. Then he climbed up on a chair. He knew he must speak in a low voice so as not to be heard by anyone passing the door, but he also felt as if he was liiving in the dim light of the church itself, wholly at peace with its indescribable powers, its darkness, yes, he told himself, the monastery is possessed of Das Eleganz. He had heard the word, and if he did not know just what it meant, it fit his present sense of how to speak of the monastery and the Abbot. Such an elegant man.

So, with Angela's dress upon his shoulders, he gave what he remembered of a prayer he had heard that day addressed to St. Michael the Archangel. He did not necessarily understand what he was saying, but the tone of the language filled his mouth. He was engraving the sounds on his palate to find the power to send them forth again once he would be alone again in the forest stirring the trees with his voice.

But first, he did his best to repeat the sermon he had heard. "These fires of hell," he stated softly, "will reach into every pore of your body and will melt your bones and your lungs. A terrible odor will arise from your throat. The stench of the body will be heinous in its suffering. Terrible odors will follow. This is the fire that will never end."

He took a breath. He was ready for the prayer. "Thy Glorious Majesty, we supplicate Thee to deliver us from the tyranny of the infernal spirits, from their snares, their lies, and their furious wickedness—O Prince of the Heavenly Host, cast into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls, Amen."

The prayer excited him. Indeed, he felt most excited. Was he receiving a sign from above? Or, were these fires from below? He was

having his first erection. He felt so strange. He also felt like a woman. It must be the odor of Angela's dress. So, he threw it away from him, jumped down from the chair to kick the dress, then picked it up, sniffed it again, and was abominably disturbed. He still felt like a woman.

It was at this point that he knew he must do what do many of the other students were doing. He must start smoking tobacco. That was imperative. He must feel like a man again, yes, most purely a man, not half and half.

-3-

Over the entrance to the monastery was a large swastika carved into the stone of the arched gate. It was the coat of arms of a previous abbot named Theodor von Hagen who had been Abbot Superior in 1850. It was possible that von Hagen might have been enjoying the similarity to his own name since the swastika was called a Haken-Kreuz, a hooked cross.

Not too much, I hasten to say, is to be made of this. The swastika over the gateway was subtly carved. It offered no suggestion of the furies yet to come.

Nonetheless, there it was, a hooked cross, and on his ninth birthday, Adolf was caught smoking a cigarette in the shadow of the same gateway on

which had been mounted the carved stone of von Hagen's swastika. The meanest of the priests under whom he studied in school—indeed, the one who had given the prayer to St. Michael—happened to come by with his notoriously silent tread and so encountered young Adolf in the act. The cigarette (made from his father's pipe tobacco rolled into a twist of newspaper) was pulled right out of his hand and stomped upon by the priest with all the frenzy of a man who is squashing a nest of cockroaches.

"This act of smoking," said the priest, "is the worst crime a boy like you can commit." When Adi began to weep, the priest continued, "It is possible that the devil has already entered into you. If so, you will die without another happy moment, not one ever again." Then he gave an evil smile (as evil, I must say, as any we are reputed to give.) He was summoning up the powers of anathema he had acquired through the years. He had done this before. He was a master of condemnation. He could visit his powers on any boy caught in any improper act.

Adi was hysterical. He swore that he would never smoke again. So soon as he could speak, he made a point of stating how much he detested smoking. "Oh, Father, I knew it was wrong. I detested it."

At that moment, he ran down the stone steps of the entrance in order to throw up in the grass. He was ill. The execrations had come forth from this priest with such an aridity of soul, such an air of detestation, that it came into Adi as a full miasma of abomination. He could not breathe. There had been something so malignant about the long nose of this priest with his lips as thin as a knife edge. Yet in the midst of suffering such a whole set of atrocious feelings, Adi was already calculating how to seek forgiveness from the Abbot. He knew he would be sent to him just so soon as he stopped vomiting.

Before the Abbot he burst into tears again. He had the inspiration to say that he didn't want this squalid act to interfere with his desire to become a priest. How much he wished to repent, he declared. Before he was done, the Abbot even said, "Well, someday you may yet make a fine priest."

The sincerity that resonated in Adi's voice had the full inspiration of an absolute lie. One taste of human anathema had been enough. He was now disabused forever of the thought of living as a monk or a priest. Only his admiration for the Abbot remained intact.

It had been a profitable day for my endeavors. Given the many clients I had to oversee in that part of Austria, I cannot claim to have been always in the right place at the best moment, but on this occasion I was, and that evil-spirited priest who was, of course, one of my finest clients in Lambach, had certainly been alerted by me that young Adolf Hitler was smoking tobacco under Theodor von Hagen's hooked stone cross.

When Clara descended, Adi said, "Alois-Jeanne always used to tell me. Naturally even joked about that."

Alois now laughed overhead. "You always had your mother to protect you from Father," he said. "Remember? She was on your side even when you were in the wrong. This used to upset Father very much, and maybe I did not pay enough attention!"

-4-

Adi's veneration of the Abbot remained as an echo of his first infatuation, but his hatred of the priest who excoriated him did not diminish. Even the memory of the day Alois gave him permission to sing in the choir was lost in the aftermath of shame.

By now, it was obvious that his father favored Edmund. Once, after Adi had pushed him away, Edmund even dared to poke his older brother back. "Don't you touch me," he said. "I am just as good as you are."

For that remark, he was hit hard enough to wail with all the power of four-year-old lungs.

When Klara descended, Adi said, "Alois-Junior always used to hit me. Nobody ever cared about that."

Alois now loomed overhead. "You always had your mother to protect you from Junior," he said. "I remember. She was on your side even when you were in the wrong. This used to upset Junior very much, and maybe I did not pay enough attention!"

Alois chose, therefore, to give Adi a spanking. It was measured—stinging to the boy's behind but without real force. Alois still lived in fear of the fury with which he had beaten Alois-Junior into unconsciousness.

Since these quarrels resounded through the inn, Klara was left embarrassed, but the innkeeper and his wife, pleased with the room rent provided by the Hitlers, made a point of treating her with the greatest respect as if she were undeniably the perfect example of a fine, middle-class lady. Of course, Klara never felt in the least like a fine lady. She began telling Alois that the family needed to find more space at much lower cost.

Klara had also decided that Angela was much too old to keep sharing a room with Adi. Indeed, Angela had complained that one of her best dresses had dusty shoe-prints all over it—that had to be her brother's doing.

Klara decided not to accuse him. He would only deny it. The true problem remained, however; they had to move. Nor was Alois opposed. Adi's spats with Angela had been getting on his nerves. One time, he had said to Klara, "You wish me not to touch him, but he's very trying."

"When children fight," said Klara, "it can be the fault of both."

"Well, I am not about to put her on my knee."

With true perturbation, Klara said, "Of course not."

"In any case, it is the boy. I repeat: I find him trying."

Klara now decided to tell Alois about the day Adi was caught smoking. In the hope that Alois might feel sympathy, she said, "Adi needs kindness. He needs that so much. After the Abbot forgave him, Adi told me, 'I didn't know a big grown man could be so kind.' Alois, he needs a little kindness from us."

Alois shook his head. "No," he told her, "you are his slave already. You had better understand—it is all to the good that he started smoking. Maybe in time to come he will like tobacco so much he will even become a real guy." At which point he laughed and laughed, until he began to cough.

Klara thought, "Yes, one tough guy like you, and full of phlegm."

It could be said that Klara was beginning to have a few private thoughts. For years, she had felt that was not for her. Now, however, she was entertaining a secret project. She had come to the conclusion that it was time for Alois to buy a nice house for the family. Of course, he was not yet ready. His plan was to move to the unused part of a nearby grain mill. That would be cheaper, and offer a good deal of space. Angela would at least have her own room. That would be temporary as far as Klara was concerned. Later, her step-daughter would need more. Let her enjoy some of the opportunities that Klara had never had. She wanted Angela to become a fine, middle-class, married lady. And for the present, at the least, she deserved to have her own room. She was such a good step-daughter when so few were.

So, Klara accepted Alois' desire to move to the mill. How much work there would be to keep the dust away, but Angela was finished with school, and ready to work right along with her. It was nice. Klara discovered that Angela was not only her step-daughter but ready to become the best friend she ever had.

So, early in the winter of 1898, they did rent a floor on the upper story of the grain mill. Its owner, one Herr Zoebel, used four mules to turn his grinding wheel. To add to the clamor, there was also a most active blacksmith shop at the rear of the ground floor kept by a big fellow named Preisinger. It was a war against the accumulation of dust upstairs, but Klara was temporarily satisfied and one large reason was Angela. At different hours of the day she was Klara's maid, younger sister, and devoted friend. That left Klara free to enjoy some time alone with Paula.

-5-

From infancy, there had not been a morning when Klara did not whisper to Paula, "You are so beautiful."

But now, although she was not yet two years old, Paula seemed slow enough in her development to leave Klara full of the unhappiest foreboding.

Alois did not notice. It was enough to dandle Paula on his knee and repeat, "You will be my darling, my princess." He was ready to dream of a time when this child would be the loveliest young lady in town. What an event her wedding would be!

On a given day, however, after a visit to the town doctor, Klara came home with the news that Paula might be retarded.

"Yes," she told Alois, "so the doctor said."

"He doesn't know what he is talking about."

"Alois, it could be true." She began to weep. "I have been worried for quite a while."

Alois fell into a depression. His old gifts of perception, skilled at spotting a smuggler across a room, were now addressed to examining Paula's smile. It seemed to him that her eyes were much too vacant.

An ugliness of mood descended upon the family. While Alois was away on his walks, Adi would badger Edmund at every opportunity. That was doubly painful for Klara. She felt that she had grown disloyal. It was true, she could not help it. There wasn't a day that she didn't snap at Adi, and for good cause. The truth was that Edmund had become the bright light of the family. He had certainly grown right out of his runny nose and dirty pants. It was like the fairy tales Klara used to read to him. He had turned into a charming four-year-old, as full of future promise—in Klara's opinion—as a prince, and it had all happened since they had left Hafeld. Edmund did have the sweetest smile, and the funniest face. Klara had to laugh at him. But Adi was reacting badly. It was obvious that he was no

longer the true center of attention in the family. Soon enough, he formed the habit of sticking a leg out just far enough to trip Edmund as he ran by. Edmund, however, would not complain, just get up and keep running back and forth along the floor of the loft as if he was on an important mission.

. That irritated Adi further. He was consumed by a dream. He could picture it with open eyes. It would be to hit Edmund as hard as he could, and get away with it altogether. Everything about his baby brother was infuriating. Edmund's eyes were so blue. Everybody commented on that. How could they? His own eyes, Adolf decided, were a deeper, better blue, but Edmund received the praise. In Adolf's opinion, Edmund had a face that was just a little squashed together. How he would have liked to squash it further.

Worst of all, Edmund was always receiving praise for taking such good care of Paula. Adi felt as if he had been the first to see that Paula wasn't too bright. He could have told them, but instead his mother and Angela were so impressed with how much Edmund loved Paula.

By now, he was not always called Adi. Whenever they wanted to scold him, he became Adolf. He might just as well have been under the long nose of the priest.

Klara was even glad that the big, sweaty blacksmith, Preisinger, was down there in his shop hammering away at all times because Adi seemed to like that one man anyway, and stayed there with him a good deal. That was certainly better than watching young Adolf upstairs sitting in a chair with a scowl on his face waiting for Edmund to run by.

-6-

At this time I had to move from Austria to Switzerland, and was active in Geneva for the next few months overseeing the transmogrification of a petty criminal into an 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 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 a little more about my assignment in Geneva. To those readers who may, by now, be wary of my expeditions off to other narrative venues, I will add that this time, I will not be absent from young Adolf for more than an interesting chapter or two.

Moreover, a few pages of my text will quote 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 great writers, might have looked to bring off such a seduction himself.

In the event, Twain, a most complex man, was not considered 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, she had long been considered the most beautiful queen in Europe. She was also esteemed for being a cultivated monarch. 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 black. That tragedy involving Rudolph and 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 he had been sighted as a putative assassin with high murderous ambitions.

"He's a dreadful piece of work," the Maestro said, "but 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 worked with Luigi Lucheni. I expanded the gaseous irresolutions of his psyche, then compressed such vapors until they were as focused as a blowtorch. Assassins, more than common murderers, need many magnifications of their ego.

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 ^{were} 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 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 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 discomfoting to the reader that I usually 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 (and apparent) on most occasions is that our ultimate aim is to destroy civilization. Such an 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.

-7-

The author was resting then in Kaltenlangteben, 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 fees large enough to take care of some of his debts. He was resting in Kaltenlangteben when the murder of Elisabeth occurred, and that left him distraught. He sent off a letter to a friend that same day which said: "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. Indeed, Twain was so powerfully 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, see every reason to present it.

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 ^{even} taken myself so seriously ~~ever before~~ I knew that I was, at last, an actor in history.

To my woe, he was scathing. "I may value great writers," he said, "but look how Mark Twain exaggerates the event. It is hysterical. A thousand years! That is absurd. Sisi will be forgotten in twenty."

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 continuing advantage."

I was obliged to agree with him but I had only a poor idea then of what he was talking about.

"There was one nice advantage to it," he said. "Our great author did retain his good sense 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.

"Yes," said the Maestro, "when it comes to being aware of us, that good fellow, Mark Twain, does have his face pressed to the glass. I think he must have been very near 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.

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I have, as I 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 (Leonding, pop: 3000) and that, at first, was much to Klara's satisfaction, for it was the result of her subtle manipulation of Alois. It had taken her a long time to begin to understand how to motivate her husband. She had always been much too pure ~~and God-fearing~~ to use the marital implements so close to hand, but after twelve years of living together, she had come at last to understand that the secret was simple, if nasty—she had to put a little fear of her into him. She knew where his weak places might be, but until they lived

at the mill, it never occurred to her that she could stir them up, one, anyway—she could make him jealous.

Klara, who had never been able to believe in all these years that she was worthy of her husband—he was still so preeminently an uncle!—now came to realize that Alois might even need her. Even if he did not love her beyond measure—which was obvious—he needed her.

For Klara, for whom love was the breath of partnership between all the members of one's family while remaining loyal to the love of God, it had never occurred to her that marriages could also exist on need. Indeed, one did not even have to like one's mate.

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

The possibilities came in the form of the big, soot-covered man downstairs, the blacksmith, Preisinger. 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 even as she worked in her kitchen on the floor above and the sounds that came up were curiously engaged with those she

made—the splash of water from a pail to a basin seeming to be answered by a few ringing blows on an anvil.

She knew why Adi was eager to be with the blacksmith. The man worked with fire. She did not wish to explore such a thought—it was best not to search. One never knew from where ^{such} the thought ~~had~~ originated. She had known this since childhood. God was everywhere, ^{but} ~~and~~ so was the Devil. So long as one did not oblige oneself to think, the Devil could have no access. God would be there to protect your ignorance. Klara also knew that one had to pay a price for refusing to follow one's thoughts, but the ^{more} ~~most~~ important obligation in life was to keep the Devil away.

How, then, to explain her love of fire? She was not about to ponder ^{the} ~~such~~ matters. It was enough for her to understand that Adi would be full of awe watching the blacksmith heat a piece of iron in his furnace and that it would be white-hot before attaching another piece, also white-hot, and out of this joining could come further joinings to mend so many useful objects and tools, everything from carriage axles to broken ploughs.

Soon enough came an occasion when she had to visit this smithy. The kitchen water-pump needed a repair on its handle. The crack was soon

mended but then, to her surprise, she stayed a little longer to watch and talk a little. Soon enough, the man invited her to come back whenever she would like a cup of tea.

To her amazement, this brute of a man, this Preisinger, had nice manners. He not only treated her with the greatest respect, but how nicely he could talk! He was an uneducated as herself, yet had a full and easy manner as if, indeed, he always knew his subject well. He did not brag, but did leave the impression which she found most agreeable (even as she had once had just such sentiments about Alois) that he was a person of natural importance. She could hardly believe how agreeable it was to listen to him as she sat in the one good chair of his shop while Adi stood beside her close to transfixed.

Preisinger'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 repairs of all variety. 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 choose to say so myself. There are occasions when I have to know more than the vets."

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

"Frau Hitler," answered Preisinger, "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 tell you. I am able on market days to shoe as many as twenty horses if necessary."

"Yes," said Klara, "there must be a lot of work when there is ice on the ground."

To that, he answered, "I see that you have a natural appreciation of these matters."

Again, Klara had to blush. "Farmers must certainly need you on such days," she replied.

"'Give me a better foothold on the ice.' I hear that on many an occasion. ^{It's} what they always ask for. Once, on a freezing day, I had to shoe twenty-five horses. Every last one of those farmers wanted me to hurry up."

"Yes, but Herr Preisinger would not agree," said Adolf. "He even told me, 'Speed is speed, but one nail misplaced, and that horse will never trust you again.'" Adi's cheeks were flushed, but that was because he could not tell Klara what else the blacksmith had confessed. "Young fellow," Preisinger 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 will find it for you on my backside."

He had laughed, but then, seeing that Adi was bewildered, Preisinger was quick to add, "I am joking. Only joking. A good blacksmith knows

that if you drive a nail incorrectly, you can get kicked for your trouble.

There you are sprawling on the floor."

"How often does that happen?" the boy asked. He was so obviously seeing the event in his mind that Preisinger took himself quickly out of any such ~~event~~ ^{picture}.

"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, Preisinger did not proceed in such a direction. Rather, he was ready to discuss how he might take off old shoes and compound his own special caulk for the hooves—he was proud of the various kinds of problems he was ready to solve. 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 pride in the sea-anchor he was making for a rich man—no, no ordinary problem, an anchor—one had to be certain there were no weaknesses between the ring, the shank, the crown and the flukes.

After her third visit in two weeks, Preisinger insisted on coming upstairs with her one morning to collect all her knives which he then

proceeded to sharpen in his smithy. Afterward, he refused all payment. What impressed Klara the most was that his work clothes might be black with soot, and yet he moved with such a sense of where he was that no marks were left in her clean kitchen.

Then, on a Saturday evening when he must have known that Herr Hitler would be off to the inn for his beer, so did Preisinger come by for a visit, dressed in his Sunday shirt and suit.

That caused no little perturbation in Klara (and in Angela) but he, too, was uncomfortable and sat on the edge of the sofa. Their conversation lacked its ^{customary} usual flair.

Yet Klara would look back on this occasion with satisfaction. That was because Alois was even more disturbed than his wife when he came back and there was Preisinger, huge hands clamped together in his lap, and most apologetic for once. While he left soon after Alois' return, he did bow to Klara and manage to say, "Thank you for your invitation."

Alois herded a number of accumulated furies until he and Klara were alone in their room.

She was contrite. "No, I didn't invite him." She shook her head as if to tumble a few bits of memory back into place. "Well, yes," she then said, "I suppose I did." She had been courteous, merely courteous. Adolf had been spending so much time down below with Herr Preisinger that she thought it would be polite to make a suggestion, no more, that Herr Preisinger visit them for her strudel. But only for some day or other. She had not specified. It had not been a true invitation.

"And you did serve him strudel?"

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

"A guest?"

"Well, a neighbor."

On it went. Afterward, she never knew how much of all this could have been planned. She would deny such a possibility but still, it had worked out well, so well.

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 bored here," he told her. "The noise from below is becoming intolerable."

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

Klara and Alois knew that they would buy that house before they even saw it. It was a collaborative agreement. Each was full of the same determination ^{if} ~~for~~ for altogether opposite reasons.

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This would be all I need to narrate about Preisinger (since they would never see him again after the move to Leonding) but I cannot leave the man without speaking of one of his final conversations with Adi now that he knew that Klara would soon be gone.

Needless to say, Preisinger had fallen in love. It could not be love with any lively hope for the outcome, yet he had felt a quickening in her. Conceivably, it might in time to come be a legitimate match for his own. Her husband was getting old. So Preisinger, full of his own man-made and hard-acquired dignity, was desolate when he heard that she and the boy would soon be gone.

He acted, therefore, in the only way he could. He took the liberty of ~~presenting~~ offering the depth of his working philosophy to the boy. ~~He~~ might be only nine years old, but by Preisinger's estimate, there was true eagerness to ~~receive it~~ ~~know more~~.

"Why is iron so strong?" Preisinger asked, and replied to 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."

Young Adolf did not reply but he did nod. Preisinger decided to proceed further. "Grass," he said, "can be bent by every wind. It has to accept every footstep that tramples upon it. It is the opposite of iron which can be extracted out of the same earth from which grass can grow, but, once mined and smelted, iron is ready to become a scythe that will cut the grass."

"That is so interesting," said Adi, and felt real enthusiasm.

"Yes. You do not step on a piece of iron. You do not trample upon it. Iron will injure any foot that does not show respect." Preisinger's breath grew heavy, his voice was full of ardor. "Iron, pulled from the earth, then

separated from it again by the hottest fire, is ready to become a unique material."

"Unique?" the boy asked.

"Unlike any other. Unique."

"Yes, that is so." The boy paused. He hesitated to ask his question, then did. "What is a will of iron? How is it made?"

Preisinger was delighted. "You need only think of the kind of spirit that is in the iron. It is resistant to every force but the one that created it."

"Do you mean fire?"

"Exactly what I mean. So few can understand how hot a fire must be to mold the will of iron."

Preisinger went on to speak of the wonders of his trade, an outpouring he seldom allowed himself, but the boy was ready to hear it all. "It takes a man of force to become a blacksmith," Preisinger finally said.

Adi, now agog with the mysterious interchanges between the will of iron and the incandescences necessary to subdue it, would make the mistake later that night of trying to explain it all to Angela and to Edmund, but Alois also happened to overhear ~~this impromptu sermon~~ ^{exposition} and proceeded to roar

with derision. "The mark of a truly stupid man," he announced to Klara, "is that he takes his own occupation so seriously that he comes to believe it is superior to others."

Klara, now in the course of developing a few private opinions, decided that Alois had also puffed himself up to the sky when he worked at the Customs House. "This country would be bankrupt without us," he always used to tell her. As was her habit, she smiled at him and shrugged.

Nonetheless, Preisinger's encomiums to the will of iron were to prove of considerable use to Adi after he received his first serious whipping from Alois. That came after the collapse of numerous forbearances on Alois' part. The spirit of restraint he had been looking to develop as a protection for his heart and an atonement for whipping Alios-Junior came to an end on a given night of late autumn dusk when Adolf was out playing soldier in the woods with a few students from the monastery and ~~he~~ happened to stay out much too late. Normally, Alois had only to whistle as evening approached and Adi would race upstairs from Preisinger's shop or come whipping back from the nearby woods. Indeed, if he didn't arrive by the echo of the first whistle, Alois would put him over his knee and give him a token whipping.

In secret—he would hardly admit it to himself—he liked the feel of Adi's buttocks.

On this night, however, Adi stayed out—the lingering light in the forest excited him. He saw the last of the sun's disappearance as one more variety of fire. It was night before he came through the door.

Alois, brooding over the boy's attachment to Preisinger and Paula's condition—just that day she had been trying to jump a little up and down (which, the doctor had assured Klara, would be a sign of development) but the child had soon given up. Despite Alois' coaxing, she had not tried again. That left him morose. Then, Alois had to whistle again and then again. The interval became so extended that Alois could take it as a willful insult.

So, this time Alois gave him a real beating.

Full of Preisinger's precepts, Adi took a new oath. He instructed himself to have the strength to live with whatever came down on him now. He would fortify his will of iron. Even as the first blow fell, he was issuing further orders to live with a will of iron, yes, live with a will of iron. Now, he would fortify such determination by biting his teeth against each and

every remembrance of his sobbing before the priest and weeping before the Abbot.

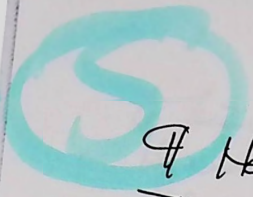
Tears stood out in his eyes yet he would not allow himself to cry out. He must anneal his will into iron. Preisinger's mighty biceps oscillated before his eyes even as he was being whipped. Let his father injure himself against a will of iron.

12

Fixed Mar 2
5:00 p.m.

Too little is understood about the nature of samitleny. It is in everyone even in the worst of the worst. While Alain can certainly not be seen, ⁱⁿ such a light, he is characteristic of ~~such people~~ ^{people} who have done thoughts and offering his nerves and meat and skin to the rhapsodies of a well torture, ^{in return for engaging} the kind of inequality that Dona-Brita Samitlen is reviled for ~~being~~ reaching.

The difference is simple. The
saints work for their redemption, men
and may reward ~~them~~ ^{them}, men
and women of middle value,
may be as complex as saints or
more so, but they are also ~~workers~~
condemning. The sentimentality of a
few of their sentiments is, therefore,
a mark against the D.T., a ~~disorder~~
presentation — as the Master is
always ready to point out to us —
His carelessness, which is virtually
as immoral as His Gollard.



How the Plastic Lovers (671)

Dummkopf's system Karma, is far from being of use to our purposes, is much too equitable, (provided the arrangements are not unjust). Indeed, the Dummkopf as I see it has created a system that could work well for him. It accepts his limited condition as a Deity. He possesses great power of creation, but he is not all-powerful, indeed his power increases or diminishes through the success or failure of his creatures. As they learn by coming into contact with a universe, not created in whole by God Himself, (perhaps not even very much part) but a world that exists out there for his creatures to live, work with, dominate and be dominated, so all of their experience can flow back to him, and he in turn, may profoundly strengthen further in his artistic instincts that look to shape the future.

Yes, it is not difficult to see why our plastic detractors, ~~renewalists~~, ~~and others~~ ~~Dummkopf~~ it is of no use

to him. The ~~Deepest~~ lives in the present. (673)
He works entirely with all the humans
he manages to employ. He soon stores
— or so I would warrant — the ^{322 ref} ~~most~~
precisely where the monitoring angels
decide on conditions of release, yet
there is a target ~~of~~ for some chosen few
of the Master's best devices to ~~be~~
to infiltrate — if ~~it~~ that is ~~possible~~
possible — I do not know. I am not
one of those chosen devils.

I know enough however to
perceive that reincarnation is a process
that he sees as a restraining wall
to his plans, purposes, his intelligence
itself. To capture someone in a given
life, ~~have to~~ have to have to relinquish
one's control at the ideal, and
then look, if possible, to find and
capture them again — what a wonderful
repetitive process it is for ever. Perhaps
our double-edged wills can wear on
the ~~enemies~~ energies of the Damned of
but it can also exhaust our
resources.

The Master, of course, is the epitome
of resourcefulness, so ~~per~~ ^{his} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~reincarnation~~, ~~transmigration~~, ~~transmigration~~, the ~~processes~~
are detectable — we are present after
all at most moments of conception.
Moreover, the Master is ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~world~~ ^{world} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~universe~~ ^{universe}

Indith - I may be
absent
page 673

Fixed by
Norman
3/13/05

faith in his perception of the (674)
Gault of the Dammkopf. He is forever
reminding us that the D.K. is a vain
artist, and does not have enough
discrimination to ~~reach~~ virtues
his monitoring organs in the nuances
of reassignments. To the contrary, the
D.K. mucks it all up with his excess
of compassion (as if he is still in
competition with Jesus.) Some don't
would argue that it's not his excess
of compassion, but his sense of
self-indulgence. He does think ~~of~~
too well of his works. He sees every
written (even the ones we recall had
guttered) as being at the least
splendid in intention. (I can offer
De Altra as one example.)

~~He~~ I feel even sufficiently confident
to say that the D.K. stresses his
forgiveness longwinded. (Indeed, he goes
to - He has so little control over
earthquakes and floods!) So he
shows compassion like a damned
fool, like a spendthrift. ~~He~~ So
much that it is wasteful, so many people
heavily involved in by God Himself
winds pick up for next to nothing.

675
If Gwynn ~~was~~ ~~an~~ ~~ongoing~~ ongoing
settles with the Cudgels, it is agreeable
to have some long peckings as well.
The Dammkopf, however does not
give up too easily on those who
die. He does not save their souls, but
he certainly reanimates them, sends
them out again, and whenever find
them, we pick them up, as I say,
for a song, a kiss, a one-waltz stand,
Some are so ~~so~~ easy, we cannot
even congratulate ourselves. It
is just one more reason for us to
keep calling him the Dammkopf.

675