

BOOKS

Book Titles

THE CASTLE IN THE FOREST

BOOK I

THE MARCH FOR HITLER'S GRANDFATHER

BOOK II

HITLER'S GRANDFATHER

BOOK III

HITLER'S MOTHER

BOOK IV

THE INTERVIEW WITH HITLER

BOOK V

THE FAMILY

BOOK VI

FARM

BOOK VII

DER ALTE AND THE LIES

BOOK VIII

THE CORONATION OF NICHOLAS

BOOK IX

ALOIS JUNIOR

BOOK X

TO WORK AND TO FEAR

BOOK XI

THE BOY AND THE BLACK SMITH

BOOK XII

EDWARD AND ADOLF

BOOK XIII

ALOIS AND ADOLF

BOOK XIV

ADOLF AND CLARA

A Novel

NORMAN MAILER

1/2 OK

BOOKS

Better Titles

BOOK I	THE SEARCH FOR HITLER'S GRANDFATHER
BOOK II	HITLER'S FATHER
BOOK III	HITLER'S MOTHER
BOOK IV	THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER ✓
BOOK V	THE FAMILY
BOOK VI	THE FARM ✓
BOOK VII	DER ALTE AND THE BEES ✓
BOOK VIII	THE CORONATION OF NICHOLAS II ✓
BOOK IX	ALOIS-JUNIOR
BOOK X	TO HONOR AND TO FEAR ✓
BOOK XI	THE ABBOT AND THE BLACKSMITH ✓
BOOK XII	EDMUND, ALOIS AND ADOLF
BOOK XIII	ALOIS AND ADOLF
BOOK XIV	ADOLF AND KLARA

✓ = OK.

BOOK I

THE SEARCH FOR HITLER'S GRANDFATHER

-1-

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes here without meaning for me, and ~~well, it is~~ ^{that is} a state ~~that~~ ^{that} dispose one toward rebellion. Can this be why I am ready to write a book? Among my former associates, ~~this~~ ^{that} was an activity we swore never to undertake. I was, after all, a member of a mindless intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I

-1-

You may call me Dieter. For now, the name will serve—now that I am in America, this curious nation. If I draw upon reserves of patience, it is because time passes here without meaning for me, and ~~I will say that so bleak~~ ^{that is} a state ~~does~~ ^{to} dispose one toward rebellion. Can this be why I am ready to write a book? Among my former associates, ~~this~~ ^{that} was an activity we swore never to undertake. I was, after all, a member of a matchless Intelligence group. Its classification was SS, Special Section IV-2a, and we were directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. Today, the man is seen as a monster, and I

would not look to defend him—he turned out to be one hell of a monster. All the same, Himmler did have an original mind, and one of his theses—a most powerful concept!—does take me into my literary intentions which are, I promise, not routine.

-2-

The room that Himmler used when speaking to us as an elite group was a small lecture hall with dark walnut paneling and was limited to twenty seats raked upward in four rows of five. My emphasis will not ~~often~~ be, however, on such ~~details~~, since I prefer to concern myself with Himmler's unorthodox ^{description} concepts ^{which have impelled me into} ~~That does oblige me to begin~~ ^{Prove} a memoir that will be distasteful to conventional belief. Let me put the premise directly: I ~~am ready~~ ^{will} to sail into a sea of turbulence ^{if} ~~even as~~ I, an accomplished veteran of mendacity, ~~must~~ ^{will} try to recount the truth. What a cacophony erupts in my spirit! As intelligence officers, we ~~often~~ ^{our findings} prefer to warp the truth. Mendacity, after all, possesses its own art. ~~Now I am burdened with a contrary impulse: the desire to tell it—as, Americans say—straight out!~~ But then, I no longer know exactly why I find

~~myself where I am dwelling (other than for the gross fact that I am in
America—good luck!)~~

Enough! Let me present Heinrich Himmler. You, the reader, must be prepared for no easy occasion. This man, whose nickname, behind his back, was Heini, had become by 1938 one of the four truly important leaders in Germany. Yet his most cherished and secret intellectual pursuit was the study of incest. It dominated our highest-level research, and our findings were kept to closed conferences. Incest, Heini would propose, had always been rife among the poor of all lands. Even our German peasantry had been much afflicted, yes, even as late as the Nineteenth Century. "Normally, no one in learned circles cares to speak of this matter," he would remark. "After all, there is nothing to be done. Who would bother to declare that some poor wretch is a certified offspring of incest? No, every establishment of every civilized nation looks to sweep such stuff under the rug."

All ranking government officials in the world, that is, except for our Heinrich Himmler. He did have the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind his unhappy spectacles. I must repeat that for a man with a bland and chinless mug, he certainly had a mind of his own. *and it was a frustrating*
~~To us who worked closely~~


~~with him, his thought proved disruptive and a frustrating~~ mixture of
brilliance and stupidity. He was not close to any comfortable category. For
example, he declared himself to be a pagan. He predicted that there would be
a healthy future for ~~all~~ ^{human kind} when paganism took over the world. Everyone's soul
would then be enriched with hitherto unacceptable pleasures. None of us
could conceive, however, of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch
that you might find a woman ready to throw herself into a flesh-melting roll
with Heinrich Himmler. No, not even in the most innovative spirit! For you
could always see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that
bespectacled disapproving stare of the wallflower, tall, thin, a youth full of
physical ineptitude. Already he had a small pot belly. There he was, ready to
wait by the wall while the dance went on.

Yet he grew obsessed over the years with matters others would hardly
dare to mention aloud (which, I must say, is usually the first step to new
thought!) In fact, he paid close attention to mental retardation. Why?
Because Himmler subscribed to the theory that the best human possibilities lie
close to the worst. Remember that! I will repeat it often. The best lies close
to the worst! So he was ready to assume that rare but most special situations

could arrive when promising children were to be found in low, nondescript families. Such offspring were, all so often, incestuaries. The word in German, as he coined it, was Inzestuarier. He did not like the more common term of such disgrace, Blutschande, (blood-scandal), or as it is sometimes employed in polite circles, Dramatik des Blutes, (blood-drama).

None of us felt sufficiently qualified to say that his theory could be dismissed. Even in the early years of the SS, Himmler had recognized that one of our prime needs was to develop exceptional research groups. We had a duty to search into ultimates. As Himmler put it, the health of National Socialism depended on nothing less than these letzte Fragen (last questions). We were to explore problems that other nations did not dare to go near. Incest—count on it—was at the head of the list. The German mind had to re-establish itself again as the leading inspiration to the learned world. In turn—so went his unstated coupling—much recognition might be given to Heinrich Himmler for his profound attack on problems originating in the agricultural milieu. He would emphasize the underlying point: Husbandry could hardly be investigated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth was to speak of incest.

Here, I promise you, he would hold up his hand in precisely that little gesture Hitler used to employ—one prissy flip of the wrist. It was Heinrich's way of saying: "Now comes the meat. And with it—the potatoes!" Off he would go on a peroration. "Yes," he would say, "incest! This is one very good reason that old peasants are devout. We need not even refer to our special studies. We know! An acute fear of the sinful will display itself by one of two extremes: Absolute devotion to religious practice! Or nihilism! I can recall from my student days that the Marxist Friedrich Engels once wrote: 'When the Catholic Church decided adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain.' A brilliant remark even if it comes from the wrong mouth. As much can be said for blood-scandal. That is also impossible to prevent. So, the peasant looks to keep himself devout." He nodded. He nodded again as if two good pumps of his head might be the minimum necessary to convince us that he was speaking from both sides of his heart.

How, he asked, could the average peasant of the last century avoid these blood temptations? After all, peasants, as we all knew, were not the most attractive people. If born with good features, the early advantage was soon

Besides,
worn away by hard labor. ~~Moreover,~~ they reeked of the field and the barn.
Their personal odors were at the mercy of hot summers. Under such
circumstances, how could basic impulses not be subject to bestial inclinations?
Given
~~Moreover, there was~~ the paucity of their social life, *how* ~~How, then,~~ were they to
acquire the ability to stay away from entanglements with brothers and sisters,
fathers and daughters?

He did not go on to speak of the propinquity of limbs and torsos formed
by three or four children in a bed, nor the ham-handed naturalness of the most
agreeable work of all—that hard-breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the
hills of physical joy. “That is why,” he declared, “more than a few in the
agricultural sector come, willy-nilly, to see incest as an option. Who, after all,
is more likely to find the honorable work-hardened features of the father or the
brother particularly attractive? The sisters, of course! Or the daughters. Often
they are the only ones. The father, having created them, remains the focus of
their attention.”

Hand it to Himmler. He had been storing theories in his head for two
decades. A great believer in Schopenhauer, he would also carry on about a
word still relatively new in 1938—genes. These genes, he said, were the

biological embodiment of Schopenhauer's Will to Power. They had to be the seeds of this mysterious Will. "We know," he said, "that certain instincts are passed on from one generation to the next. Why? Because the nature of the Will is to remain true to its origins, to what I would call its primal Vision.

Yes, gentlemen, its Innate Originating Vision. This Vision is at the core of our human existence. It is not language but Vision that separates us from the animals. From the beginning of our time on earth, we humans have been seeking to rise to the unseen heights that lie ahead. The noble and aspiring Will has been given to us by nothing less than Creation itself." A profound nod.

"Of course, there are impediments to such a great goal. And they are countless. It is not always possible to protect what is best in oneself. The most exceptional of our genes will only achieve their highest purpose by rising above the privations, humiliations, and tragedies the Vision must suffer, even as these genes are transmitted from father to child, generation after generation. Great leaders, I would tell you, are not the product of one father and one mother, but are to be seen as the rare descendant who succeeded in breaking through the carapace of ten frustrated generations. So, we have the right to

ask—has the Originating Vision been warped by life's cruelties? Has it been lost forever? For most humans, yes. Unhappily, yes. The Vision is usually abandoned in the face of too many agonies of spirit as it journeys from one generation to the next. Yet, this high road is the only one available to the exceptional person who would be a great spirit.

"I will say that I have not arrived at these concepts by personal experience, but from scrupulous observation. I, Heinrich Himmler, would never suggest that I qualify as an Uber-Mensch. I will never be able to claim that I am a genius of the people. That honor belongs to Adolf Hitler. That is why the life-achievement that resonates most in our hearts is the heroic rise of the Fuehrer. He issues, as we know, from a long line of the most modest peasant stock. Let us never lose sight of so super-human an achievement. Absolute awe overwhelms us."

As intelligence agents, we were smiling within. This had been the peroration. Now, our Heinrich was ready to enter what Americans call the nitty-gritty. "How," he asked, "can the brilliance of the Vision not be dulled by commingling? That is implicit in the process of so-called normal reproduction ~~Near to infinite combinations possible, the very presence of~~ with its limited combinations of spirit,

multi-millions of sperm. Yet, consider ~~their duty~~ ^{the mission of each} Each of these spermatozoa ~~has knowledge of the mission~~. It is to travel all the way up to the ovum of the female, that highly-developed and reclusive ovum. To each lonely sperm-cell swimming in the ovarian sea, that ovum will loom as large as a battle cruiser." He paused before he nodded. "Yet, what, then, is the response of Creation? I would propose that Creation would say, 'No difficulty exists which cannot find its exceptional solution.' So, I also maintain that this multi-million of sperm in one man's ejaculation can be compared in spirit to one regiment of infantry. A first-rate regiment. The same readiness for self-sacrifice that will carry such men through an uphill attack on a forbidding ridge must exist in healthy sperm. ^{The} ~~Its~~ ^{such} essence of sperm is that it is ready to commit itself to just such immolation in order that ^{out} ~~one~~ of this immense cohort ^{one} will reach the ovum!"

He stared at us. Could we share his excitement? "Now," he said, "the next question is before us. Will the genes of the woman be compatible with the visionary semen which reaches her? Or can these separate elements be in dispute? Are they about to act like unhappy husbands and wives? Will the ovum look to dominate the sperm cell who reaches her? Yes, I would answer, dispute is the prevailing case. The two may prove sufficiently compatible for

procreation to occur, but the future intent of their genes are not likely to be in harmony.

"When we speak, therefore, of our human desire to create a Superman who can embody the Vision, we must consider the odds. Not even one in a million families can present us with a husband and a wife who are close enough in the inclination of their genes to bring forth a miraculous child. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. No!"—again the upraised hand—"let us say, closer to a million million. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may approach the awesome distances we encounter in astronomy.

"So, gentlemen, logic would propose that any Superman who embodies the Vision, can only come forth from a mating of exceptionally similar genetic ingredients. Only then will these separate embodiments of The Vision reinforce each other. Reinforcement is the prerequisite."

Who among us could not see where Heinrich was leading? Incest offered the nearest possibility for such unity of purpose.

"Yes," said Himmler, as if to forestall all argument, "to be reasonable, we must also agree that life is not always ready to certify such a formula. ~~It is~~ ~~debased~~ human products ~~who~~ usually come our way from these intra-family

fornications. We have to recognize that products of incest usually suffer a host of childhood ills and early deaths. Anomalies abound, even exhibitions of physical monstrosity.”

He stood there, sad and stern. “That is the price. Not only are the strongest tendencies likely to be present in an incestuary, but the unhappy inclinations are reinforced as well. Instability is to be expected, therefore, as a common product of incest. Idiocy waits in the wings. And when a vital possibility exists for the development of a great spirit, such rare humans must still overcome a host of frustrations profound enough to unhinge the brain or induce early death.” So spoke Heinrich Himmler.

I think all of us present knew the subtext underlying these remarks. Back in 1938, we were looking (in greatest secrecy, you may be certain) to determine whether our Fuehrer was a first or second-degree incestuary. Or, neither. If not, if neither, then Himmler’s theory would remain no more than a theory. But if our Fuehrer was a true product of incest, then he was more than a glowing example of the likelihood of the thesis, he might be the proof itself.

Frank claimed to have seen some conclusive evidence. He told Hitler that he had been shown a letter written by Herr Frankenberger, the father of the young man who had bedded down with Maria Anna. This letter promised regular payments to take care of Alois until he would be fourteen years old.

Our Adolf, however, told Hans Frank that the true story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that the real grandfather had been Maria Anna's cousin, Johann Georg Hiedler, who had finally come around to marry her five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to Hans Frank, "I am ready to examine this letter from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank told Hitler that he did not as yet possess the letter. The man who held it was asking much too high a price. Besides, the letter must have certainly been photographed. If so, acquisition was worth little.

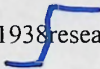
"You have seen the original?" Hitler asked.

"I was able to look at it while in his office. He had two big fellows standing beside him. He also had a pistol on the table. What must he have been expecting?"

Hitler nodded. "One cannot even wish a sudden end for a man like that. The letter, after all, will be in one place and the photographic copy in another."

All of these changes that David & you discussed have been inserted

could not know whether Frank was making it up, telling the truth, or, worst of all, might actually possess such a paper. It could have been the end of Hans Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer must have been ready to wager that Hitler did not want to know.

Since Himmler was grooming me to become his close assistant, he also confided that he did not use my 1938  research to tell Hitler that there were no Jews in Graz back in 1837. Rather, he told Hans Frank. We laughed in unison for I understood immediately. Could there be one official within our ruling group who was not searching for a dominant grip on any and all of the others? Frank was now in Himmler's grasp. Given this mutual understanding, he did serve Himmler well. In 1942, when Hitler seemed nervous again about the Jewish grandfather and asked us to send a good man to Graz, Himmler, looking to protect Hans Frank, told the Fuehrer that he had sent an agent and no tangible evidence was found. Given everyone's preoccupation with the war, the matter could be put more or less to rest. Such was Himmler's advice to Hitler.

are right to call malign. It is even possible that the worst of these spirits collect about a presence whom in earlier times we used to speak of as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a devil or, let me say, the Devil, would certainly be ready to pay great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree. For indeed, how could such an Evil One not be eager to distort the exceptional possibilities that arise from the doubling of God-given genes? All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm with the Vision in the face of the Devil himself."

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. I had not been promulgating a false legend, but an irony. For the story I had concocted out of no more than barely feasible evidence happened to be true. It was Johann Nepomuk Hiedler who ~~did~~ supply the money and Alois Schicklgruber was his secret child. Yet the irony within this irony was that Alois' son, Adolf Hitler was not merely a First Degree Incestuary One-step- removed, but had been conceived in the very center of incest. The niece, Klara Poelzl Hitler, Alois' third wife and Adolf Hitler's mother, was not only Alois' wife but also his blood daughter. Of that relationship, I can soon offer many details.

(the
supplied)

-3-

Alois did well in Vienna. With his good and agreeable face, he was taken on as novice in a shop that made cavalry boots for officers.

He now served young men who carried themselves as if their bodies, their uniforms, their decorations, their footwear and their souls had all been fabricated by some awesome source. Their confidence in their personal appearance had much to offer Alois. These men, he observed, were ~~at ease~~ *They seemed to belong together.* with the beautifully dressed ladies they escorted. ~~On~~ *^* Sundays, he would rarely miss watching their promenade. The women's hats were so finely wrought. *—* He had the passing thought that if he met a young milliner, they could open a shop and young couples of the best and highest classes would visit their store

break
100% - 100%
(next
page)

(Looking for a good)
hand in hand ~~X~~ splendid boots, stylish hats ~~X~~. It was the only business concept
he was to have for many a year, but he did play with such a dream because
beautiful ladies stimulated him. He loved young women. He had had such
contentment playing with his stepsisters, which is to say, as only Nepomuk
knew, his half-sisters.

He met no young milliner, however, and the idea gave way to a better
one. He could never be a cavalry officer since that depended on being born
into a proper family, and he came from a place where more was known about a
pig's habits than the scent a man should put upon his handkerchief. Alois
would not aspire to what was not there. But one thing he knew—he was able
to live on good terms with Vienna. No one back in Spital had been as ready to
improve himself. Early on, then, he understood his own ambition—he wanted
to spend his life in a decent uniform, and be admired for his posture.

At the age of eighteen, after five years in the boot shop, he applied to
the Austrian Finance Ministry for a position in the Customs, and was accepted.
By another five years, he had risen to the rank of Finanzwach Oberaufseher
(Finance-Watch High Overseer) which was equal to no more than Corporal,
but already the uniform was impressive, and for that matter, it usually took ten

First Class Imperial Customs Post in the Railroad Terminal, Simbach, Bavaria. Residence, Braunau, Linzergasse.”

All through his rise toward the highest official rank that was open for a man of his beginnings, he never relinquished any of his good appetite for women. The first principle of Austrian bureaucracy was to do your job, but the more effective you became at such tasks, the less you had to fear for the little indulgences of your private life. This understanding he obeyed to the letter, and had an agreeable time. In those years, no matter where assigned, he would stay at an inn. Before long, given his confidence, he would proceed to conquer the loosely defended bastions of the cooks and chambermaids in the hostelry. When he had gone through all of the available women, he would usually move to another large inn. Through the forty years of his career, his change of residence was frequent. In Braunau, for example, he moved twelve times. Nor did it bother him that his women were not elegant enough to walk with cavalry officers. Not at all! Elegant women, he had come to decide, were too difficult—no doubt of that—whereas maids and cooks were grateful for his attention and would raise no ruckus when he moved on.

Then, he spelled each of the witnesses' names by choice inasmuch as there was no agreement on orthography from province to province, (one reason why Hiedler eventually became Hitler.)

Now that Alois had his new name, he decided to stop off for an hour in Spital rather than continue on immediately in Nepomuk's cart to the railroad station at Weitra. The change from Schicklgruber to Hiedler was sufficiently agreeable for him to feel an upsurge in the happy region below his navel.

This, from long experience, was, he knew, one of the gifts his nature had given him. He was as quick as a hound to sense when female company was near.

Was it Johanna who had put him on the alert? She ~~did~~ live next door to her father, and at this moment Alois glimpsed a woman looking out the window. But, no, that could not be Johanna. This woman looked older than his wife. Now, he was in no hurry to visit.

Yet his steps took him to the door. Once again, the Hound had not betrayed him. For there in the doorway might be Johanna, prematurely deep into middle age, but beside her was a girl of sixteen. She was the same height as himself with the nicest and most agreeable features, modest, well-formed, with a good head of abundant dark hair and the bluest eyes he had ever seen—

contest. Often, they were no more than pawns. Hence the title: Two
Kingdoms. By now, however, we are obliged to take the individual man or
woman into account. I will even say that many, if not most, humans, are at
present doing their best to be beholden neither to God nor to the Maestro.
They seek to be free. They often remark (and most sententiously) "I want to
discover who I am." All the while, we devils guide the people we have
attracted (we call them clients), the Cudgels contest us, and many a particular
individual does his or her best to fight off both of Us. Humans have become
so vain (through technology) that more than a number expect by now to
become independent of God and the Devil alike.

(cut a
few lines?)

This, it can be repeated, is but a first approach to the perversities
embedded in existence, a sketch of the true complexity of events.

(through
the rest
of the
chapter)

For example, I can recover, if necessary, the concealed, even long-
buried memories of a client. Such power, however, consumes Time. (Time is a
word I capitalize since for us, as well as for the angels, it is a resource
comparable to Money's power over humans.) We are always calculating the
Time we can afford to give each of our clients. My need to acquire more
insight must always be balanced, then, against the investment required at

*the narrative
momentum
slow!*

looked to stir up revolutions, but turned corrupt. I knew a few priests in small towns who got into trouble with little boys, and more than a few estate managers who pilfered funds. I indulged petty barons and counts as they gambled away the last of old holdings, and I might as well list petty thieves, drunken louts, and unfaithful wives (of the worst sort—matched by their male counterparts). I had a horde of clients, but only a few could stimulate my more developed skills. So often, I had to serve as proctor for clients born with little who soon proceeded to less. While I could rarely know whether the Maestro was safeguarding my talents for some future purpose or continuing to sentence me to various backwaters, I did take hope on one occasion when he chose to remark that I might yet be given a post comparable in its challenge to some of the epic encounters of our Company during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. Yes, that might still be there for me, provided I was ready to pay unrelenting attention to my humdrum duties with wretches, thugs, and drunks. I did, and eventually, was selected to oversee the work of a number of minor demons who were keeping watch on a young Austrian family whose developed potentialities might yet prove astounding. Insignificant at present was this embryo and his family, but he had ancestral fault-lines full of the

intoxicating stink of our old friend, blood-scandal. So I was to stay close to him after his birth.

I did not dare to ask, but at this point, the Maestro did ~~choose~~ ^{chose} to speak directly to my curiosity. He said: "Why have I been so interested in this creature not yet born? Can it be that he will yet possess a mighty ambition? I may propose that you take him on full-time. But, remain at ease! At present, it is still no more than a project. It could certainly fail. His future terrors must be allayed by the most reassuring experiences you can arrange for him. And you must guard him from receiving any crushing defeats to his ego in the next few years. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential promise, he could, as I say, become your only client. Must I say more?"

All this was uttered by the Maestro with characteristic irony. We never know how serious he might be when he speaks to our mind's ear. (His voice is a cornucopia of humours.)

In any case, I dared not ask: What if I fail? Many projects do. On the other hand, I soon learned how he was conceived.

Now, some readers may notice that I first spoke of that exceptional event as if I were the one in the connubial bed. Now, I state that I was not.

who had been present. It came into my senses with a completeness of odor and physical impact that can be termed absolute. Thereby, it also happened to me. Among us, to be given an exact recollection is equal to being present.

So, I also knew from the incomparable intensity of the occasion that the Maestro had actually joined with the attendant devil for one instant (even as Jehovah offered His immanence to Gabriel during another exceptional event.)

*repetition!
Gabriel
is
also
involved
at
end
of
book*

While I would not be attached exclusively to Adolf Hitler for some years, he was always in my Overview and so I am ready to write about his early life with a confidence no conventional biographer could begin to feel. It is obvious that there is no clear classification for this book. It is more than a memoir and most curious as a biography since it is as privileged as a novel in its freedom to enter many a mind. I could even say that it does not really matter since my larger concern is fear of the consequences. I have to be able to do this work without attracting the attention of the Maestro. And that is even possible because in these latter-day American years, he is more attuned to electronics than to print. The Maestro has followed human progress into cyber-technologies far more closely than the Lord.

✓
=

done

I have chosen, therefore, to write on paper—which may offer a small protection. My words may not be picked up as quickly. (Even processed paper still contains an ineluctable hint of the tenderness God put into His trees.)

While the Maestro has no desire to use up any part of his resources by monitoring every last one of our acts—there are too many demons and small devils for that—he is also not inclined to let us go on ventures he has not selected. Years ago, I would never have dared to embark on this written record. My fear would have been absolute. But now, with America (wallowing ~~in the inundations and engulfments of mass media~~ *its current problems*) one can try to get away with more.

Ergo, I feel ready to continue. The assumption is that I can succeed in concealing my output from the Maestro. Intelligence work can be understood as a contest between code and the obfuscation of code. Since the Maestro is heavily engaged, and his present existence is more arduous than ever—he feels closer to eventual victory—I ~~do~~ feel free to venture out. I have grown more confident that I will be able to conceal the existence of this manuscript until, at least, it is finished. Then I will either feel obliged to print

The unspoken demand of his voice was that the junior officers be ready to applaud with laughter. So, they laughed. "It was exactly like that," he said. "The poor merchant has one wife, the priest has ten, and the Bishop cannot enter heaven—too many wives to bring along."

"Which Bishop?"

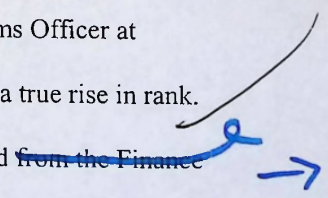
"The Bishop of Linz, don't you know?"

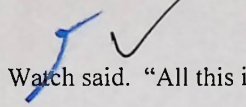
Alois had not forgotten the Bishop of Linz who, six years ago, had refused his application to marry Klara. He certainly recalled how in order to defray the expenses of translating his letter into Latin, he had been forced to declare himself a pauper. That still rankled.

On the walk home, his mood remained foul. He came to an unhappy conclusion: his tirades against the Church might have to cease. He was fifty-four years old, and for many years, had not worried about his position in life. He knew that he would rise in the ranks open to him, but no higher.

Now, however, a friend up in the Finance Watch, had told him that there was talk of a promotion for Alois Hitler up to Chief Customs Officer at Passau. Given his lack of formal education, this would be a true rise in rank.

"However, you must now watch yourself, Alois," the friend from the Finance





Watch said. "All this is still a year away. Keep a good name if you want to be moved to Passau."

He had always seen himself as exceptional, afraid of no one (except for certain superiors in uniform), possessed of a genuine magnetism for women (how many men could say that much for themselves?) and up from the ranks. Moreover, he had never been timid about public opinion. Nobody he knew could say as much. In that department, he was no coward.

But now this respected friend (by way of his confidant in the upper councils of the Finance-Watch) was saying, "Watch out for the townspeople in Braunau."

This caution traveled into his digestion. Because Alois could not decide whether to trust his friend. The man was a practical joker. In fact, he was the same one who had once told him: "The townspeople of Braunau are nothing. You can put your thumb to your nose at them." Alois had indeed put together a good many habits around that remark, but the truth was he had certainly said too much tonight if there was any ground to the rumor concerning Passau. Of a sudden, he was learning how much ambition he had, a real ambition which

that she was even ready to forgive her husband sufficiently to allow him to cross the middle of the bed.

Their second courtship began. She was still breast-feeding Adolf. So, there was no question of a pregnancy. What inspired the return of some carnal interest was her growing appreciation of Alois. He had built strong foundations, after all, for the good future of Adolf. Even as her husband had risen from the mud of Strones and Spital to the honor of an officer's uniform in the service of Franz Josef, she, in turn, was ready to dream of the heights to which little Adolf could ascend should his ability prove equal to the vigor of his father.

For that, however, he would need this same father to love him. Once, in her gentlest voice, she said to Alois, "Sometimes I wonder why you never hold Adi."

"It will just make the other two jealous," he answered. "Jealous kids are not to be trusted with babies."

"Alois and Angela hold him all the time," she said. "They are not jealous. They like him." *Sometimes you could say they love him.*

"Let us keep it that way. Maybe they are happy I do not hold him."

-7-

Alois' promotion came through. The Finance-Watch named him to the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau, and Klara was ~~now without doubt~~ ^{so please} that she was married to a man of achievement. ~~missing~~

On the other hand, they could hardly rent their house before Alois was due to work at his new post in Passau. That was a full day's travel from Braunau. So, there were weeks at a time when Alois had to live apart from the family. In consequence, Adolf could loll in the big bed next to his mother.

If it was grievous that Klara had to put him aside whenever Alois come home, so did the child also learn that the loss of such happiness would be regained so soon as Alois was off again to Passau.

A town doctor reassured her that this medical phenomenon was not
fearsome. Such boys often ~~grow~~^{grow} up to be men with large families."

"So he will not be different from others when he goes to school?"

"Boys of his condition are sometimes active. Highly active. That is all."

These kind words did not soothe Klara. The missing testicle left one more stain on the Poelzl family. Her sister Johanna was not only a hunchback but, according to Alois, half-mad. And then there was a first cousin—a true imbecile. Not to speak of all of Klara's dead brothers, her dead sisters, her own dead children. There was not enough, she decided, of Alois' strong constitution in Adolf, no, none of the strength Alois had so obviously passed on to Alois-Junior. This was also her fault. She had loved her husband on the night that Adolf had been conceived, but only on that night, and in a way—was it unholy?—such a night!

But now—could it be too late?—she would say that she loved her husband again. She came to this conclusion slowly, step by step, over many months, but on one fine night in June, a year and a half after his transfer to Passau, she felt a new respect for him. For just that afternoon—he had learned

Yet, that night he could hardly sleep. He felt that in time to come, the fat boy, Klaus, would be his lieutenant, while he would be captain.

To accomplish such an aim, he came up with a new set of rules. War, he reasoned, was not two armies charging at each other all the time—war was *also moving from side to side.* ✓ *watching animals*
~~maneuver!~~ He did not know the word as yet, but he had an instinct for the concept.

To his new mates he now proposed that they move from the flat field to a hill in the next meadow. Each army could now begin at the foot of opposite slopes, and so would not be visible until one or the other crossed the summit.

Once he had convinced the boys of this change, he brought in an amendment. The leader on each side, he insisted, must not be touched. "The highest officer," he argued, "must always be respected."

To gain his point, it did not hurt that stout, sturdy Klaus was always by his side. All the same, Adi was a little amazed at how well he could deal with these matters. So was I.

given man or woman. Of course, this does not involve daily happenings if they are immense. The D.K. can, for example, disburse whole bonanzas of divine substance into His sunsets which, it must be admitted, do bolster human morale. There, I would call Him a spendthrift, but, then, we devils devote more attention to the expenditures of Time involved in securing a new client. To give years to a promising varlet who eventually goes over to the Cudgels leaves a budgetary blemish on one's record. So, when choosing a target, we try to exhibit more acumen than our opponents.

For example, we rarely fail to attend the joinings of rich and powerful people (so full of infidelity.). As has been noted, whether rich or poor, we do not ignore incest. Other copulations, however, particularly those illumined by angels, present a more demanding task—it is not routine to slip through their blockade. It seems—I dare to speak here only for myself—as if the E.O. has never been able to accept his failure to be present in the hour when Jesus Christ was conceived.

Fortunately for us, Jesus proved to be a not untypical Son. The record we are furnished informs us that He was often at odds with His Father.

also shift their outposts. Of course, this called for larger forces on each side, but Adi was soon able to convince his regulars that more boys should be invited from nearby streets and fields. Of course, they, the originals, having been first on this hill, were entitled to take promotion in rank. Let me offer one of his speeches to his troops.

“Why are we here?” he would ask. “Is it because we need to know more about war? Yes. Because, my friends, when we are big men, we want to be heroes. Is that not true? Klaus, do you want to be a hero?”

“That is what I want.”

“Of course. It is what we all want. All of us. But for that, we must learn more. So, we need more soldiers. How are we to do this?

“I will tell you. It is by talking to all who are willing to join us. We, who are here now, can then be given high rank. And we who command will be very high in rank. Not just captain, or major, but a general.

“Klaus here, will be my colonel.”

Those are the words he used. While I certainly had helped to endow him with an eloquence no ordinary five-year-old could muster, ^I am happy to admit that some of these good turns of speech came out of him.

matter. The land would be given a rest. He was there to raise bees. That was his element. Good honey could become the most prosperous crop of them all.

Indeed, in the last days before his retirement ceremony (which was acceptably eulogistic to Alois and most impressive, even thrilling, to Klara) he did have a series of drinking nights as a closer way of saying farewell to his staff and to the decades of his work. Since he had no desire ever to be seen as a man who would moon over the past, he dwelt on his future, he bullied his junior associates, plus a couple of old cronies, and a few respected town officials to drink more than one stein with him on the merits and mysteries of bee-keeping. Indeed, he belabored each table on each night with so much concerning "the "mysterious psychology of these fabulous little creatures," that the junior officers would warn each other, "Tonight, let's try to keep the Cloud of Smoke from smoking us out with his bees."

~~In truth, he did see~~ *Alois did see* himself as something of a philosopher on this subject. What an achievement for an untutored peasant from the Waldviertel to be able to give a lecture equal to a university savant!

Mayrhofer respected Alois's years of service in Customs, particularly his promotions. Before long, they were drinking together at the tavern.

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

At first, they ~~did drink~~ ^{g. drink} only in the local tavern, but Mayrhofer soon confessed that given his position as Mayor, the premises were a little too raw for his office, and after some deliberation, he even invited Alois to a Burger-Abend, an evening for the town burghers, which was an occasion that took place on four separate evenings each week. The members could attend

*look for my emended mss.
EM*

human had to decide for himself whether the Deity did exist, but he, for one, was certainly opposed to the sanctimony of all those pietists who would run to church at every drop of rain in their lives. He would attend on one day only of the year and that was the Emperor's birthday. "In my opinion, it is Franz Josef who is to be celebrated. Especially after Sisi's death."

He soon discovered that he was dealing with a class of people who had a special attitude about such matters. While they did seem to feel superior to unseemly devotion in religion, yet they were prepared to be formally observant. They were church-goers.

*EM
EM*

If Alois had been a client, I could have alerted him. To be privately superior to religion may be a privilege of the upper classes, but going to church is the keel to maintain social life in the community.

One of the older gentry did reprove Alois by saying, "I would agree that it can prove unsettling to be among those who become over-enthusiastic about every last Saint's Day observance. So often these rites become a haven for unhappy women. But let us recognize that without religion, we would suffer chaos. It is the most dependable deterrent to madness in all of world history."

Adolf liked the new school in Leonding. It was a short walk from the Garden House, and less strict than the monastery. While he was, once more, an excellent student, he could hardly wait each day for school to end. The Kumberger Forest outside Leonding was full of small caves and wooded draws and glens—splendid enclosures where one could prepare an ambush. So, he began to recruit schoolmates to join the battles, and they even began small encounters in the late afternoon, although the major event every week was reserved for Saturday morning.

Adi was also reading the novels of Karl May, and that altered many of his techniques. Of late it had been the Boers versus the English, but Karl May had ^{written} ~~wrote~~ about a brave man named Shatterhand who was always ready to protect white settlers against American Indians.

Not all of his recruits chose to be on Shatterhand's side. That was because an Indian could steal up on a settler from behind, get an arm around the other boy's neck, and declare, "You are scalped." Then the Indians could run back to their dens in the forest before the white settlers responded by charging into any copse where they might or might not be hiding. The settlers

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

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

"What did you promise?"

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

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

"I feel sick."

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

From there, they ran home

*Make the
fire a
little more dramatic?
Put something at risk?*

*and once there felt surprised that
all was so quiet.*

-4-

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

Moreover, there might be repercussions. If he knew that Adolf was one of the malefactors, it would be expected of him, as a good citizen, to inform the authorities. Once he did, however, they could fine him. So, Alois wiped Edmund's spew off his own shirt and hugged him tenderly. He also made a point over the next few days of not looking Adolf in the eye too closely.

*Compare the past
with my chances*

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

Immediately, Edmund leaped out of bed and ran to tell his father. Yet, when Alois came up the stairs to collar the potential runaway, Adolf said, "It's a lie! My brother is always telling lies. This one I will not forgive him for. This lie is atrocious! I'll get him for this!"

"You'll get him, will you?"

Alois was not ready to give another beating. His arms were aching more than Adolf's. Still, he was sufficiently concerned to lock the boy in a room on the ground floor whose only window had bars. Alone, Adolf tried to squeeze his way through. He soon discovered, however, that his clothing, particularly the metal buttons on the shirt, seemed to make the difference. *Those buttons?* *They keep*

kept getting caught on the bars. So he took off his clothes, rolled them up in an overcoat, put them just outside the bars, and stark naked, attempted to wriggle through once more. He was so overheated with fury and righteousness that he did not feel the cold of the open casement window nor hear the sound of his father's boots returning to the room. Only at the sound of the door *being* unlocked did he pull away from the bars, seize a table cloth and wrap it around himself. Alois, entering, the brass key still in his hand, took in the situation,

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

~~Sketch~~ The point is that despite Alois and Klara's prayers, blocked or not, Edmund did die on February 2, 1900, and the family was left in indescribable ~~condition~~. I even felt as if I were one of the mourners. Edmund was the first child for which I had entertained so curious a set of sensations as love (or at least some representation of what might be whole-hearted liking) sufficient to explain the warmth that inhabited me when in the presence of that child. I had not known what I might be feeling. I only knew that even as Adolf was not ready to contemplate his brother's death (for, indeed, he had a secret to bury as direct and powerful as the arm that protruded from the grave) so was I not ready to contemplate it either. I, too, had been culpable.

Check against revision

-10-

Even as the brother and sister came away from the grave, the mourners did pay attention to Angela who was embarrassed at knowing how red-faced *revised?* she was when she tried to speak of how terrible were her parents' feelings. "It is so frightful a day for them—they are both in bed. They are too weak to stand." On she went, embarrassed, red-faced, and yet excited to be the center of this occasion.

Once they were alone, however, and could walk off into the forest, he did say, "Why do I know that my mother will not come to my funeral?"

-11-

Several nights after the funeral, I prepared a dream-etching where an angel spoke to Adolf long enough to tell him that his cruelties to Edmund would yet be justified. Why? Because Adolf's life had been spared in infancy. There was a special purpose yet to come. He need only remain loyal to every command he received from above. In this manner, he could escape all ordinary death. He would yet become God's gift to the people, fierce as fire and as strong as steel.

It was a carefully worked-up dream, but I ~~did~~ ask myself whether such a belief was being implanted too soon. It ~~did~~ suggest that he would never die.

(had to)
stop

ceased, however, so soon as May began to read aloud from his work. He had a rich voice and Adolf wanted to feel that the spirit of Shatterhand was also speaking from the podium.

On his return home, he did not speak of the evening. He had already sworn his mother to secrecy and he felt no need to hear his father's comments. But later that night, after he went to sleep, Alois, poking through Adolf's pockets on a good retired Customs' Officer's impulse, came across a ticket stub.

Next morning, his father chose to say, "I am not impressed with this Karl May. I hear that he has never been to America and so he makes it all up. In addition, he is a convicted criminal—just like your brother. So, if I were you, I would not save the stub?"

~~This May~~ ^{may have} infuriated Adolf even more than the beating. It certainly stimulated the beginning of a number of imaginary conversations between his father and himself. He could not, of course, trust his voice now when disagreeing with Alois, so he engaged in dialogues that could take place entirely within his own mind.

-1-

On the morning of January 3, 1903, Alois was not feeling too well, and so he shortened his daily walk through Leonding and stopped at the Gasthaus Steifer for a glass of wine. To cheer himself up he looked to turn his memory back to an agreeable occasion.

Once, in Customs, quite a few years ago, he had come across a box of cigars whose seal had been carefully removed, then re-pasted. He could discern as much by a thin welt of cement around the edge of the stamp. When the box was opened, he found a diamond under the cigars. He was even tempted to pocket it. The smuggler—a well-dressed traveler—indicated that he could have the bauble if he didn't bring him in for trial. Alois, however,

men and women who might be staring at him. I, in my turn, had to convince him that God would not be angry. In consequence, I was posing once again as his guardian angel. While we can, on occasion, alleviate fear of God by increasing our client's sense that God does love one, ~~it is~~ ^{it does} a tricky task, since the better we are at it, the greater grows the risk that the client will become so pious overnight as to attract the attention of the Cudgels and they in turn will be particularly vindictive toward us because we dared to imitate them. Revised

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

Let me not digress, however, so far away from the funeral the immediate demand was to help Adolf express some facsimile of grief. We were certainly facing a demand altogether different from that first burst when he saw his father dead. Now, in order to locate a few sobs, he had to recover the bits and