

Part I

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The Castle in the Forest

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The Castle in the Forest

1.

You may call me Dieter. That is a name I use and it will do for now—
now that I am in America, this curious nation. Time passes here void of
stature.

If I call upon the art of patience, it is because I find myself in unstable
condition—I am ready for rebellion. The proof is that I am caught up with *the*
awkward notion ~~project~~ *modest* *to*
~~the thought~~ of doing a novel, a ~~slim~~ book that would consist of no more than
an account given by one man to another in a small room at the edge of a ~~an~~
~~eventful~~ *A*
nocturnal uproar. ~~This~~ brouhaha is continuing through the night in a
Konzentrationslager, a concentration camp that has just been liberated by
American soldiers on the very last day of April, 1945. *now at*
it ~~In fact, it is the same~~ }
[hour that Adolf Hitler committed suicide in his Berlin Bunker at the
[Chancellery but nobody here knows that yet.]

As the two men converse, a pistol lies on the table. It belongs to the young American. He is ~~a doctor~~ ^{(a Jewish) a Jewish psychiatrist} a Captain in rank. ~~He is Jewish~~, a part of the U.S. ~~Army~~ forces who reached the camp a few hours ago and were appalled by what they saw.

~~The Jewish doctor~~, ^{this Jewish ~~doctor~~ ^{metaphor} officer} despite his uniform, is very much a pacifist by temperament. So he has withdrawn from the hideousness of the odors, the collective emaciation, and various other appalling sights and pestilential ~~sniffs~~ ^{wheezes} of the just-released prisoners. Indeed, he has ordered his opposite number, a German ~~doctor~~ ^{psychiatrist} considerably older than himself, to come with him into a small sentry room and there, through the dark hours, the two succeed in having a conversation that soon turns into a monologue by the German.

In the course of this long evening, as alone with each other as two souls on an island not large enough for three, the senior doctor, an SS Major attached most recently to the camp, attempts to explain his world view. For the Jew, it is an immeasurably unhappy experience. The account by the Nazi is fascinating in its details, and startling in its ~~philosophy~~ ^{~~Psychological-psychiatric~~ insights,}. If the SS doctor is rueful occasionally at errors that were made, still he is proud of ~~achievements~~ ^{certain} ~~that explored into the uncharted regions of human potentiality.~~ ^{psychological explorations that were made}

The ~~German doctor's~~ ^{convergence is} explanations are disruptive to the young Jew. Worse! This SS ^{intellectual} physician is not without charm. He is tall, quick, and witty (despite the downfall of every last one of his dreams). To give a further turn to the screw, he is ^{—like a good Aryan—} troubled by the vices inherent in his achievements. ~~This last makes him seem human, or, at least not wholly separate from other men.~~

By the end of the evening, the young Jewish Captain is no longer able to listen. Dwelling beneath the pacifist—as one will always discover—lives a killer. Close to ^(a whole loss of control) madness at this assault upon his ~~principles and his~~ loyalties, the American picks up his revolver and shoots the SS man.

^{Such a} ~~The~~ (novel has appeal for me. While I will probably not write it since I do not wish to be bothered with the close labors of making it believable (when, in truth, the real story is more interesting), I do have a title. I would call it The Castle in the Forest. Schlossenwald! The name ^(is not without) ~~has~~ irony, since the camp in question sits on the empty plain of what was once a potato field. Not many trees are in sight, nor is the hint of a castle there on any horizon. Yet Schlossenwald would be exactly the ^{title} ~~name~~ given to the compound by the inmates of the camp. If there was one pride left to the prisoners—the best of the few surviving German prisoners, at least!--it was that they had not lost a sense of irony. They were from Berlin, after all.

If you are German and possessed of lively intelligence, irony is, of course, vital to speech. German ^{CAME} ~~comes~~ to us originally as the language of simple folk, good pagan brutes and husbandmen, tribal people ready for the hunt. So, German is full of the sounds of the stomach and the bowels of hearty existence, the bellows of the lungs, the cries of command that one issues to domesticated animals. Yet, given the ardors required of this people through the centuries, the unremitting imperative to enter Western civilization before it grew ^{too far} ~~(away entirely)~~ from them, it cannot be surprising that the German bourgeoisie ^{who} ~~that~~ emerged sought to be as soft as the silk of a sleeve, a venture that was not always full of reward. For this genteel German proved ^{much} too sentimental. I will not even speak here of the omnibus words, the long words, that were a precursor to the technological spirit. Only the sentimental stuff. Often, the new sounds and phrasings came to no more than tears and ^{honey} ~~syrup~~ (for low-grade minds. Irony, therefore, became essential to a ^{sharp} ~~good~~ German head.

Now, I recognize that this minute disquisition ^{is leading} ~~leads~~ us nonetheless away from a ^{proposed} ~~promising~~ narrative. But then, I ^{also} ~~have~~ to recognize that I am not being truthful at the level ^I ~~have~~ chosen. Or, to be more precise, the level I have chosen is not sufficiently elevated to be convincing. The SS Major,

whom I also call Dieter (since for literary purposes he is a kind of manifestation of myself), would be, according to the scheme of this short novel, an SS man from a ^{an} remarkable elite species of Intelligence group (whose title for those who care about such matters ^{might} ~~would~~ be Special Section IV-2a) directly under the supervision of Heinrich Himmler. My first premise, ^{that had installed} ~~then,~~ was to have Dieter ~~installing~~ himself as one of the camp doctors in order to conceal what had been his role. Given the last ^{down-crashing} ~~crashing~~ days of our German Götterdämmerung in World War II, he ^{had posted himself posted} ~~was posting himself~~ (at Schlossenwald to avoid immediate arrest.

The premise was inartistically contrived. Too shallow. As I know ~~all~~ ^{had to be} too well, escape routes for high SS officers ~~were~~ more sophisticated. ^{From the start, therefore,} Moreover, my literary supposition that Dieter would be pouring out ^a ~~his~~ bloody, blackened and still defiant heart to a relatively naïve young Jewish doctor ^{on the head} ~~for the head~~ ^{to me,} ~~American~~ was unconvincing ~~from the start.~~

I did make ^{one} ~~effort~~. I confess that I actually ^{began} ~~started~~ the novel ~~in the~~ ^{with} middle of one of Dieter's monologues. I had him attempting to sketch out for the horrified and silent ~~American~~ Jew what it was like to work with the formulations that came out of Heinrich Himmler's brain. It is not a magnificent chapter but it is not altogether picayune, and I think it ^{may be} ~~is~~ worth

presenting since it will bring us somewhat closer to my intentions which ~~are~~ ^{will prove}
~~are not~~
~~neither routine nor immediately available to describe.~~

2.

I have spent my life looking to distort the truth while enjoying ^{most of} the lies I told. ~~(Most of them, anyway)~~ Now, to my ~~acute~~ surprise, I find I cannot go on with the proposed novel for a larger reason ^{than} that it is unconvincing. The lies it would tell are at too low a level. Mendacity also ^{will} make its demands on art. By the time one has reached my situation, it is better to recognize that the only lie worth telling is one that is grander or subtler than any you have fashioned before.

Part of this latter-day impulse can be glimpsed in the chapter I will now quote in full. As can soon be seen, it presumes on the expectations of the reader. Our SS doctor never stops speaking and the Jewish doctor does not utter a word. Soon enough, I realized I was not interested in this Jew,

indeed, I had a far better one waiting in the wings. My real desire, now evident to me in the writing, was to search out my own interest ~~on certain significant matters~~. I believe it was for this reason that I observed so few of the essential amenities which skillful writers employ when rounding out a plot that not only did not happen, but could never occur.

So, for example, I do not bother to describe the room in which the ~~well-known~~ head of the SS, our all-too-well-known Heinrich Himmler, would offer instruction to those of us who were his favorites, but then it should not be difficult to picture a small lecture hall with old walnut panelling. Nor will I present verbatim more than a good sample of Himmler's dialogue since that is not always equal to the actual life of his ideas. Nor will I post up the questions raised by a few of his officers in the particular Special Section IV-2a of SS Intelligence already mentioned. By choice, the ^{emphasis} presentation is given over ^{on} instead to the content of his thought. Right there lies the ~~real~~ introduction to my intent—I wish to tell a tale I would be so bold as to declare incalculable, a history ~~that is~~ so resistant to conventional belief that, of necessity, I must approach degree by degree.

The irony is that I, ~~by profession~~^{am} a liar of the most accomplished skills, ~~is~~^{am} now obsessed with telling what is true. This inclination, which for a serious intelligence officer is as fierce as the forbidden urge to destroy oneself, leaves me not knowing who I am, nor where I am exactly (other than for the gross fact that I am in America—good luck!)

Enough! Here is the chapter. It is now an orphan. I present it without quotation marks although Dieter is purportedly speaking to the silent Jew.

You have, Captain, to accept the fact that incest was a signal problem for us since it is the true Gehenna of the poor, the very poor. Families in that category have been concealing such matters over thousands of years. Our own peasantry was much afflicted by it. Normally, no one would care. In the first place, there is nothing to be done. How often, after all, can you pick out a certified product of incest? No, we swept it under the rug, as did ranking officials all over the world, all, that is, except Heinrich Himmler.

He, however, had the most extraordinary ideas fermenting behind those unhappy spectacles. For a man with a bland and chinless mug, he did have a mind of his own. It was disruptive to many of us in its mixture of

brilliance and stupidity, but we did find ourselves listening. He was so much out of category. For instance, he declared himself to be a pagan. Can you conceive of an orgy where carnality would rise to such a pitch that you might find a woman ready to embrace Heinrich Himmler? Not even in the spirit of the game! You could see his face as it must once have been at a school dance, that unconnected stare of the tall thin wallflower who is waiting by the wall. As a young man, he must already have had that small pot belly.

Yet he was obsessed with such uncharted matters as mental retardation in relation to genius—Himmler proceeded often on the theory that the best lies close to the worst. Remember that! The best lies close to the worst! It was virtually routine for him to anticipate that exceptionally promising offspring were there to be discovered in poor large families who have a number of what he called incestuaries, (that is, inzestuars), the word he coined in German because he did not like the more common term Blut-schandal, (blood-scandal), or as sometimes used in polite society, Dramatik der Blut, (blood-drama).

None of us felt qualified to say that his theory could be ignored. You must accept the fact, Captain, that Himmler had perceived in the early years

of the S.S. that one of our first needs was to develop exceptional research groups, an elite of ^{the} ~~the~~ elites, if you will, who were absolutely prepared to deal with questions that dealt with ultimates, or, by his choice, letzte-fragen—last questions. (The health of National Socialism depended, he would often say, on nothing less.) We were there to explore into the kind of problem that others did not care to go near. Incest, naturally, was one of the first forbidden subjects on his list. If the German mind must, as he would often repeat, become the leading influence upon the world, then—so went his unstated syllogism—give due recognition to his earliest preoccupations. Himmler, after all, had been interested first in agriculture. He could emphasize the obvious: Problems of husbandry could not be contemplated without comprehending the peasant. Yet to understand this man of the earth is to speak of incest.

Here, Captain, I can promise you, he would hold up his hand in that fussy little gesture which Hitler used in the early days—that flap of the wrist! This was Heinrich's way of saying: "Here comes the meat and potatoes!" And on he would proceed. "Yes," he would say, "incest! That is one very good reason that old peasants are ~~so~~ devout. We here, hardly need detailed studies

to know that a vertiginous, even medieval sense of sin must sooner or later manifest itself in one of two extremes: Either absolute devotion to religious practice, or ~~gentlemen~~ nihilism. Indeed, if I recall the remark correctly from my student days, it was the Marxist Engels who wrote that once the Catholic Church decided ~~that~~ ~~that~~ adultery was impossible to prevent, they made divorce impossible to obtain. A brilliant remark even if it comes from the other side! As much can be said for blood-scandal. The peasant must be kept devout or there will be land riots." He nodded. He nodded again as if two good pumps of his head should be enough to convince us. And on he went. Let me now summarize a bit of his argument.

Yet, how was the average peasant to avoid precisely these temptations,[?]
he would ask ~~us~~ ^{next?} Peasants, after all, he would ^{remark} ~~say~~ ^{are} sadly, were not often
the most attractive people. Their good features ^{are} ~~were~~ ^{soon worn away by} ~~lost from~~ their brutally
hard work, and they reek ^{of} the field and the barn. Their spirits ^{may} ~~live~~ in
honorable harmony with the seasonal changes in their animals, but their
bodies are at the mercy of hot summers. How, on occasion, can their
impulses not be unruly? Indeed, given the paucity of their social life, how are

they 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 at night, three and four in a bed, nor the ham-handed naturalness of the most agreeable work of all—that hard-breathing feverish meat-heavy run up the slopes of carnal joy. “But, yes,” he declared, “given the hammer and anvil of peasant life, more than a few in the agricultural domain come to see incest as the best, if not the only, option available. Who, after all, will be more likely to find the honorable work-hardened features of the father agreeable than ~~his~~ his daughters who so often are the only ones to see their parents as the center of attraction and the fount of power?” ^u

Give it to Himmler, then. He did not have to be a pagan to approve of this cardinal sin. He had, after all, theories that he had stored in his head over two decades. Moreover, he had not immersed himself in Schopenhauer for too little. He was a great believer in the hegemony of the Will. Heinrich saw the genes—a wonderful new word for us in 1938—as the physical embodiments of this Will. “We know,” he said, that the Will seeks to be passed on from generation to generation because its nature is to remain true

to what I will call the Original Vision. Let us posit that the Will and the genes are direct manifestations of this Original Vision. We need no more than the cardinal events of our German history to confirm the truth of this. We Germans have been engaged from the beginning of human time in an effort to rise from the Ur-depths to ^{those} the Transcendental heights a few of us can perceive.

"How many impediments have been in the way. It became obligatory for the Vision to be able to adapt to the specific frustrations of life. Yet no matter the punishments through which the strongest and best of the genes had to bear, no matter the deviations from the desired course, the most dynamic of the genes kept the ability of being able to return to the Original in-given Ur-depth Vision. We can even fix on the beauty of such an embattled process because the best and purest of these genes were ^{actually} able to retain even more of their power and purpose because of the ~~privations, the very~~ privations, humiliations, disasters and tragedies they ~~had~~ suffered in ^{the passage} being passed on ^{father to son,} from generation to generation. Great leaders, I would tell you, are the product of ten generations, not one. We can measure their success by the degree of high frustration this noble desire is ready to ^{endure} suffer from all

directions these ten times down the line, provided the Original Vision has never been bent wholly out of shape, or altogether lost. In surviving such agonies from generation to generation, one need not be surprised to find occasionally in a family of ordinary people one true ^{prodigy} ~~egg~~. While I, Heinrich Himmler, can ^{not} ~~never~~ feel ready to present myself as such a person, since my roots, I ^{will} ~~will~~ confess, had ^{their} ~~an~~ early transcendental development in Heinrich the Fowler, that great German king of the early Middle Ages who stood chest-to-chest against Charlemagne in combat, ^{which you might say only leaves} ~~and so has left me to maintain this~~ ^{use the room to maintain this} family success rather than need to develop it further. No, the true heroic ~~family~~ achievement that impresses me most completely is the rise of Adolf Hitler from his most modest roots.

"Now," said Himmler, "there are, of course, complexities facing the thesis that the Exceptional One will emerge eventually from ten or even twenty generations of ordinary or even debased stock." Be it noted, Captain, Himmler preferred the use of "Exceptional One" rather than "Superman"

since, by 1938, references to Nietzsche ^{were running} ~~ran~~ into too many confusions of attitude—a not unexpected result if you take ^{attitude given the contradictions of Nietzsche himself} cognizance of the contradictions in Nietzsche himself.

He now posed the criticism we were all contemplating. "How," he asked, "^{the continuance of} can such ~~a~~ family vision not be obstructed by the mechanism of procreation itself? That brings together multimillions of sperm with one highly developed ovum." Again, he nodded forcibly. Was it to suggest that in every difficulty was ^a the most powerful solution? "I would propose, and by instinct I am confident of this, that the multi-million of sperm tend to have the same overall objective ~~even~~ as a regiment of infantry on the offensive ~~are~~ ^{and} faithful in the main to the need to take a given ridge. So, it is possible for the vision of the man and the woman to be compatible provided her ovum is not too much in dispute with the overall spermatoc objective. I admit, however, that this is usually not the case. Compatible enough for procreation, perhaps, but not close enough to share the Vision. When we speak therefore of the creation of the Exceptional One, we must be aware that not even one in a million families can produce such a result. Not even one, perhaps, in a hundred million. In the case of Adolf Hitler, the numbers may be even more astronomical.

"So, gentlemen, the exceptional case is one where there is a striking similarity of vision in the respective genes of the man and the woman. Only

then can we speak of these genes as reinforced, a reinforcement they need most definitely in order to remain true to the Original Vision."

Who could not see where Heinrich was leading us? Incest was the ~~only~~ answer. Obviously, ~~it was incest that~~ offered the highest possibility for such accord, such striking similarity of purpose.

"Yes," said Himmler, "but we also know that the products of incest ^(inter-family fornication) all too often parade before us a host of early deaths, mental retardation, physical anomalies and various other monstrosities of maldevelopment. ~~Yes, and yes; again.~~"

He stood there sad and stern. "That is the price humanity must pay. If the best lies close to the worst, so does the worst occur more often. Not only are ~~the~~ good tendencies encouraged in the child—bad ones are also accelerated. ^{Inasmuch as} Since ^{these} the plus and the minus of all the inner traits come from the same pool of predisposition, we know that our mysterious friends, the genes, can also magnify the less agreeable possibilities. With incest, instability is always close. Mental retardation is waiting in the wings. We must recognize: The finer the possibilities for the future development of a great spirit, so too will excessive restlessness and impulsiveness be present. Obviously, that is

bound to be punished by vast frustration. Social norms ^{soon) and oppress} will bend (the putative
proud spirit, ^{and} ~~it is fair to expect that~~ such massive obstruction can, by early
childhood, unhinge the brain or induce early death." So spoke Heinrich
Himmler.

I think it was obvious to all of us there that these quasi-scientific remarks
were directed toward our real inquiry. At this point, back in 1938, we were
looking (in the greatest secrecy and precaution, you may be certain) to
determine whether our Ultimate Leader was a first or second-degree
incestuary, or neither. If the last, if neither, then Himmler's theory had to
collapse. Hitler was more than the best example—he was the proof itself.

3.

Now that we are done with that ~~one long~~^{single} chapter from a novel that is not to be written, I feel more ready to approach the preoccupation I truly shared with Himmler. I confess. It was Adolf Hitler. He was at the center of an obsession—call it nothing less than that ~~for~~^{is} an unending obsession grows out of a vital question we cannot answer, a question ^{whose presence will} that will prevent us from moving ^{toward} ~~forward~~ in any understanding of ourself ^{until} unless we ~~can~~ obtain a clue, at least, to the secret. Count on it that for most Germans, the first of our obsessions is: How guilty were we? How guilty as a people, as a nation ^{and} ~~(worst of all)~~ as a Vision?

Some dwell on the nature of Hitler. ^{*Their woe is that they try to*} ~~They are obsessed with~~
understand ~~of~~ him. Was he an absolute monster? Or, did he betray himself *and us?*
~~through the spiritual greed of over-reaching?~~ ^{*prodigious?*}

I have neither obsession. I live with the confidence that I am in a
position to declare my understanding of Adolf if I dare, ^{*The fact is that*} ~~for~~ I know him. I
repeat. I know him, know him from top to bottom, from the inside, even—as
the Americans, with their rough grasp of reality, their crude purchase on
consummate vulgarity, are sometimes known to say: “Yes, I know him from
asshole to appetite.”

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. My ^{*persisting*} ~~eternal~~ question is: Do I dare? ^{*when I*} ~~if~~
^{*of coming*} ~~even think of such a possibility, that is, to explain how I know what I know,~~
then I am seized by fear, a primal fear. Do I dare to jump from a height
never before by me attempted?

Caution arises. Caution, after all, is the second seizure, the one that
follows fear, sickly caution. So I proceed as cowards do. I start with the
comfortable and the given, that is, I speak of Hitler first from a distance, I
commence as a routine biographer, I look to his roots, ^{*and*} his forbears, ~~the~~

↓
*P18
of earlier
mess.*

~~I don't have that obsession.~~
~~I have neither obsession.~~ (I live with the confidence that I am in a
 position to declare my understanding of Adolf if I dare, ^{for} I know him. I
 repeat. I know ~~(him, know)~~ him from top to bottom, from the inside, even—as
 the Americans, with their rough grasp of reality, their crude purchase on
 consummate vulgarity, ^{have been heard} are sometimes known to say: "Yes," I know him from
 asshole to appetite."

Nonetheless, I am obsessed. My ^{core} eternal question is: Do I dare? ^(presume? Do I dare?) If I
 even think of ^{beginning} such a possibility, that is, to explain how I know what I know,
 then I am seized by fear, a primal fear. Do I dare to jump from a height,
 never before ~~by me attempted?~~ ^{not same}

Caution arises. Caution, after all, is the second seizure, the one that
 follows fear, ~~sickly caution~~. So I proceed as cowards do. I start with the
 comfortable and the given, ~~that is~~, I speak of Hitler first from a distance, I
 commence as a routine biographer, I look to his roots, ^{and} his forbears, ~~the towns~~
~~countryside in which he spent his boyhood~~, and, of course, the available
~~ghosts and secrets of his family.~~

On these subjects, I have more than a routine haul to present. In
 Special Section ~~IV~~-2a, we worked on just such a biography, ^{In time, it became} as our main
 project. Himmler, of course, was equally obsessed with Hitler, but he had a

well-grounded reason—Heinrich saw himself, after all, as The Successor.

He was ~~therefore~~ ^{work as he} rabid in his demands that we proceed as slavishly as ~~Pent-~~

~~have as~~ ^{Pent-} Bog Soldiers, those poor Moorseldatten of the song, who ~~have to~~ turn up

every piece of turf in the assigned field. Section IV-2a knew more about Der

Fuehrer's origins than any other cohort of researchers in our nation. We ^{not only} were

~~more than~~ competent to present his early biography, but ~~we also~~ lived with

the obligation ~~[I would say it was over a politico-military obligation to~~

^{to} search into the most dangerous questions. We sensed that ~~There~~ were answers

to some of these questions that could conceivably imperil the foundations of

the Third Reich. All the more reason ~~[then]~~ to search for real answers. Once

they were found, we could invent the lies required to buttress patriotic ^{feelings}

~~certainties~~ that might be weakened by nauseating facts. Ergo, we had access

to tools of inquiry that more academic biographers might envy until they bled

from the eyes. Needless to say, Heinrich, as usual, was right. The first of

these tools was incest.

4.

collateral!
 There were, however, ~~other~~ questions. Two were dire. We had to trace out to a certainty whether Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather had been a Jew—that was one hell of a question. And we also had to engage in exceptionally delicate inquiries over the rumor of monorchidism—did our Fuehrer belong to that group of unhappy and hyperactive men who possess only one testicle? It was true that he was usually shielding his groin with his hands when a flashbulb photo was taken, a characteristic gesture, understandably, if you are a monorchid. But it is one thing to fear such a possibility, another to verify it. The inquiry was too full of risk. The only conclusive approach could come by interviewing women who had intimate relations with him. But who could control the repercussions? ~~How much~~ ~~would seep out of such confrontational material?~~ What if word got back to

Hitler that we in the SS were fingering his genital(s)! So we had to give up. That was by Himmler's decision: "If our Esteemed Leader proves to be a first-degree incestuary, then all questions of monorchidism ^{are} ~~will be~~ subsumed. Monorchidism is, after all, a likely byproduct of first-degree incest."

Be assured. Where he could, Himmler would invariably return the inquiry to his ^{favourite} ~~number one~~ theme. He was ^{a man} ~~one of those men~~ for whom power was a necessity—as vital to his well-being as any critical nutrient of the blood. ~~But~~ ^{however, now} ~~power once achieved~~, he was ~~also~~ ^{He might} tormented by the fear that he was, at bottom, a nonentity. ~~So he could~~ ^{He might} lose his high office at a stroke. He ^{kept} ~~found it crucial~~, therefore, ^{hoping} ~~to hope~~ that he possessed a creative mind, when indeed, he did. While his theories were usually impossible to verify, ~~it must~~ ^{repeated} ~~be admitted~~ that he did not think like other people. ~~One~~ had to respect the possibility that he could be correct. Did we have, after all, a better explanation than incest for the Will of the Fuehrer? The thesis became the ~~flagship of the fleet~~, and Himmler attacked any supposition about the origins of Adolf Hitler that distracted us from our main pursuit.

Conceive, then, of how he loathed the idea that Adolf Hitler's paternal grandfather was a Jew. ~~No incest there!~~ This supposition had even come to light as far back as 1930 when a ^{personal} ~~letter~~ ^{Hitler's} came to his desk from a young man

(Alois Hitler, Jr.)

named William Patrick Hitler, the son of Adolf's older half-brother. In the nephew's letter were references to "shared circumstances in our family history," an egregious euphemism ^{a)} ^{indeed} hint of blackmail which William

Patrick Hitler could afford to suggest since he lived in England with his Irish

mother. ^{"Shared"} ["] The circumstances referred to the fact that Adolf's grandmother,

Maria Anna Schicklgruber, ^{used to receive} had been receiving small but regular sums of

money for a number of years after the illegitimate birth in 1837 of Hitler's ^{Adolf}

father, Alois Schicklgruber. ^{It was hard for a poor family not to} In her family, the story was often bruited about

~~that the sums came from a well-to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of~~ ^{believed} ~~that the sums came from a well-to-do Jew who lived in the provincial city of~~

^{was sending the stipend} ~~Graz where Alois' mother had worked as a maid in the Jew's house,~~ ^{and it} ~~was~~

^{assumed} ~~though~~ that she had become pregnant ^{there} in Graz.

^{This} So went one version of the story. ~~It was one among several conflicting~~

^{but in the event} ~~scenarios which I will soon present. In the event,~~ ^{all agree that} there was no name for the

father when Maria Anna Schicklgruber took the baby to be baptized. The

parish priest wrote "Illegitimate" in the blank space ^{that was not an} ~~title~~ ^{after all,} uncommon in those parts of the Waldviertel, ~~it~~ was known as the poorhouse

^{Following} of Austria. ~~After~~ the Anschluss in 1938, some of us were even sent down to

the region to—as ~~the~~ American detectives say—"poke around a bit." Allow

me to skip over the etymology of our researches and ^{offer} ~~present~~ the results. The

not to be
used in the
book

etymology of our findings is, in fact, fascinating, but it is too soon to talk about ~~that~~ if, in fact—^(again assert) I repeat—I dare to do so. Let us say that ~~the~~ fear that rises like psychic smoke from the heat of my obsession ^{is the reason for my} ~~reticence~~. It will take a while before I know how much of the real methods of discovery I am prepared to present.

The results, then. ~~Only the results for now.~~

~~to be~~
X

5.

Raabs, Rosenberg, Rappottenstein, Hardegg, Rosenau, Heidenreichstein and Litschau are castles in the Waldviertel, an Austrian province situated north of the Danube and south of Bohemia, a land of tall beautiful pines. Indeed Waldviertel can be translated directly as "the wooded quarter," and a dark hooded reticence ^(rests indeed) sits in the silences of the forests ~~to~~ ^{to} contrast ~~with~~ ^{to} the spring green of the occasional ~~open~~ field. The soil is, however, and most unhappily ^{is} (not good for agriculture. So the castles, for the most part, are modest, and peasants are poor. The Hiedlers (who later became Hitlers) lived in Spital, and the Schicklgrubers lived in Strones, the latter a village small enough to be called a hamlet. No unexpected sights were there. An Austrian hamlet in the back woods confirms the meaning of ~~poor if you happen to meet~~ dirt-poor. Strones was mud-deep along its one

lane, and, of course, had no inn—only a few dozen small and medium huts stood about unhappily with their ^{damp and} ~~damp~~ dripping peaked roofs of thatch. If

Strones was profuse in pig wallows to the side and rear of each dwelling,

cow flop was prominent in the town meadows. Here and there—to speak in relative terms—there was ^{vibrant} ~~proud~~ horse manure, given the value of dray-horses in ~~such~~ ^{usually} country where a man ~~often~~ ^{usually} had to pull his own plow. When no snow

covered the ground, there were various grades of mud, gumbo as thick as

lava, rivulets of silt, gravel washes, muck and slops, clods ~~and~~ ^{and common} rocks, and common

~~impacted sere and common ballable road~~ clay. Most of the peasants had

never seen a castle. The nearest one, Weitra, was twenty-five miles away, ^{For that is}

^{matter} ~~whereas~~ ^{Strones did not even have a} ~~from Strones.~~ For that matter, Weitra was probably the largest and ugliest

castle in the Waldviertel. Massive and cube-like, it was topped by a mansard roof of insufficient stature. It could even be said that the castle at Weitra had more resemblance to an apartment house on the Grand Concourse in the

Eronx than to an old schloss from the times (before Luther) when people ^{could} ~~not distinguish fear from awe at the sight of~~ ~~fear~~ a church steeple. Nothing like that, of course, in Strones. Not even a

church. One went to the next hamlet for a parish registry, and there Maria

Anna Schicklgruber had the name of her ^{just born} ~~just born~~ son inscribed as “Alois

Schicklgruber, Catholic, Male, ^(and, we remember) ~~illegitimate.~~ Filled with the ^{awe} ~~awe~~ one accords-

a sacrament—in this case a theologico-bureaucratic sacrament—she saw herself ~~recorded~~ ^{inscribed} by the priest as “unmarried, daughter of Johann Schicklgruber of Strones #1, and his wife, Theresia, ^{born} Pfärringer.”

Since Maria Anna, born in 1795, was forty-two when Alois was ~~brought~~ ^{born} to the parish registry, ~~we knew that she had had an ample number of~~ ^{more than enough} years to ~~make mischief~~ ^{enter into illegitimate/coming}. Worse. She came from a family of eleven children of whom five were already dead, ~~and it was~~ ^{it was}, on the face of it, possible, even likely that she had cohabited with several of her brothers. ~~Maybe one of them was the missing husband.~~ ^{could be) (setmate.)} (Himmler had, of course, no ~~immediate~~ ^{immediate} objection to that.) In any event, despite the abysmal poverty of the Schicklgrubers who ~~having~~ ^{had} lost their farm, ~~were~~ ^{and were now} even poorer than their neighbors, she dwelt for the next five years in her father's ~~home~~ ^{two small rooms.} ~~Given~~ ^{while we certainly had} the likelihood of a trove of family secrets, we could not dismiss ~~the still lively question of~~ ^{the} the Jew from Graz. Hitler had dispatched ~~his~~ ^{the} nephew's ~~bothersome~~ letter on to his lawyer, Hans Frank, but that was in 1930 and our Fuehrer did not come to power until 1933. Back then, three years earlier, Hans Frank was looking to reach the summit of the party, and was as close to Hitler as a lawyer can be when he has a client who is always

extricating himself from one soup in order to be scalded in another, and so has real need of a lawyer he can trust.

Frank delivered bad news. The likelihood was that Alois's father was a nineteen-year-old, the son of the head of this Jewish family named Frankenberger. It was a detail that made for a good deal of unhappy sense. In the early middle of the nineteenth century it was never uncommon for the young scion of a well-to-do family to enjoy his first carnalities with a housemaid, experienced, and not too young. This was accepted by the good bourgeois mores of a provincial city like Graz as much more stable than on looking for a sweetheart consorting with whores. ~~To a degree, it might even emulate the style of the living found among aristocrats. To the popular imagination many a castle was a connubial palace of masters and slaves.~~

Frank claimed to have seen evidence. His research, he told Hitler, had produced results painful "to the highest degree." It seemed that there were letters from Herr Frankenberger to Maria Anna that promised to provide regular payments for Alois over the next fourteen years.

All through that year of 1930, Hitler was, however, immersed in his romance with Geli Raubal, Geli, his blood niece, daughter of Angela Raubal, Hitler's half-sister. Our Adolf did not need more complications. He told

Hans Frank that the real story, imparted to him by his own father, Alois, was that

the real grandfather was Johann Georg Hiedler who had married ~~his~~ Maria Anna Schicklgruber grandmother five years after Alois' birth. "All the same," said Hitler to

Hans Frank, "I will examine these letters from the Jew to my grandmother."

Frank had seen them, he assured Hitler, but they were not available.

The man who owned them would not retreat ^{was} from asking an inexcusably high price, ^{and} ~~no, he~~ could not be budged, not by honey, not by threats. Besides, if ^{any} of the letters had been photographed, acquisition would be worth little.

"You have looked at them," Hitler stated.

"One by one, in his office. And he had two big fellows standing there beside him. He also had a revolver on the table. What must he have been expecting?."

Hitler nodded. "Yes, one cannot even hope for his premature death, We can predict that the letters will be in one place and the copies in another."

There it remained, one more concern for Hitler to carry.

In 1938, however, our findings gave another story. It no longer seemed likely that Maria Anna had been receiving money for fourteen years. She and her husband, Johann Georg Heidler, were so poor after their marriage back in 1842 that they never had a home of their own. ~~They lived~~

in her father's house, and ^{for} ~~for~~ ^{they} a time even had to sleep in an empty cattle
 (in a neighbor's barn.)
 trough. Of course, there might have been some money. Johann Georg could
~~be that~~
 have drunk it up. Indeed, he was still renowned in Strones, almost a century

later (Impoverished hamlets are ^{never poor} well to do at preserving mean memories.)

He was ^{still} in Strones for the length and depth of his drunken stupors through
 which, incidentally, he kept drinking. Such a fact ^{could mar} ~~did cloud~~ our second

hypothesis that there was no money. For why would a drunk like fifty-year-
 old Johann Georg marry a forty-seven-year-old unless she had some income?

^{Still, weighing the possibilities, any}
 That certainly reduced the likelihood that he was Alois' father and our

Adolf's grandfather, ^{was reduced.}

Moreover, he showed no readiness to legitimize Alois. ^{Probably, he} ~~Either he did~~
~~not believe wholly in such a possibility, or knew he had~~ ^{had!} ~~(nothing to do with it.~~

^{also}
 Besides, the town legend declared him to be impotent. In the event, he ^{had}
 certainly made no objection when Maria Anna convinced Johann Georg's
 younger brother, Johann Nepomuk Hiedler, to take the boy in and raise him.
 Johann Nepomuk, a hard-working farmer, had a wife and three daughters,
 but he did not have a son.

There was then no salient detail on the side of Johann Georg as the father. On balance, ^{his brothers} Johann Nepomuk seemed ^{more than} more likely to be this progenitor, ^{were still} unknown stalwart, but we ^{the} remained uneasy about the Jew.

Himmler sent me to Graz and I took close measure of century-old records. No ^{man named} Frankenberg in such ledgers! I pored over the Kultusgemeinde of the Jewish Registry of Graz, and was confirmed. Back in 1496, the Jews had been expelled from the region. By 1836 ^{when Alois was conceived,} they had still not been permitted to come back. It took twenty more years, ^{Besides} but then, Graz was the sort of ^{small} modest Austrian city that catered to retired army officers on small pensions — ^{of course, it,} and so ^{obviously on every side, then that,} was reflexively anti-Semitic. On every side, it was obvious. (Hans

Frank had been lying.

^{# I can say + let} Himmler explained it to me, ^{get} ^(personally.) When it came to his own career, Frank was bold and a gambler. Indeed, he did not acquire his ^{final nickname} later name for too little. (By 1942, he was known as the “Butcher of Poland.”) At the time of the nephew’s letter, he was, as already suggested, looking to establish himself in Hitler’s inner circle. As Himmler ^(Hans Frank) saw it, ^{good enduring} he was inventing mythical letters to obtain a ^{reliable} pressure point. That was why there had been ^{Given} such a failure to produce ^{the} evidence. Hitler could hardly know whether Frank was making it up, was telling the truth, or was actually in possession of the letters.

JACD
Is this an S or P
an r in the mss.

It would have been the end for Frank, if Hitler had sent a researcher to Graz, but the lawyer understood his client well enough to ^{wager} gamble that Hitler did not really want to know. ~~He might dip a toe in the water, but his preference was, ^{dry} to stay on dry ground. ~~or, if it came to it, muddy ground.~~~~

Since Himmler was grooming me to become one of his first assistants, he also confided that he did not tell Hitler about my finding. ~~Certainly not!~~ He told Frank instead. I understood immediately. Could there be one official within the Nazi ruling group who was not ^{searching} looking for an enduring hold on ~~any one of~~ the others? Frank, to an effective degree, was now in Himmler's power. With that mutual understanding, he served Himmler's will until 1942 when Hitler, nervous to the end about the Jewish grandfather, instructed our Heinrich to send a few good people to Graz. Himmler, in turn, looking to protect the manifold usefulness of Hans Frank now that he was Governor-General of Poland, reported that no results were found which could be called tangible. What with the pressure of the war and the ambiguity of the reports, the matter should be put to rest. Such was Himmler's advice to Hitler.

6.

The year 1942 is, however, a long way down the road of my account. The same can be said for 1938, and I only mention it again because of a small episode ^{which} ~~that~~ occurred during the Anschluss of Austria ^{high} ~~which~~ happens to offer an insight into Himmler. ^{If I ~~think~~} ~~know that~~ behind his back, he was ^{usually} ~~usually~~ ridiculed by his Party enemies as Heini—ill-gaited, pompous, and as party-pious a Nazi as any mediocrity who has risen too high—~~and~~ ^{but} his detractors were mistaking the outer shell for the man. ^{often} ~~I must say, he fascinated me.~~ Nobody, not even Hitler, believed more profoundly in our ^{most elevated} ~~philosophical~~ principles, ~~and so Himmler sometimes chose to be critical of our actions in~~ ^{am obliged to} ~~what I must call an interesting manner.~~

I remember on the first morning after the Brown ^{Shirts} marched into Vienna, that a squad of them—beer-hall types with bellies above and below

their belts—collected a group of old and middle-aged Jews, professional class, pince-nez absolutely in place, and put them to work scrubbing the street pavement with toothbrushes. The Storm-Troopers laughed as they watched, and that added to the ^{international} ~~(attention attracted throughout Austria and~~
~~Germany~~ Photographs of the event were featured on the front pages of many a newspaper in Europe and America.

Himmler spoke to a few of us next day about the episode. “It was a most expensive indulgence and I am pleased that not one SS man had anything to do with such a vulgarity. We all know this is the kind of action that can ^{injure} ~~insult~~ morale among ~~many of~~ the best of us. It will certainly encourage more rowdiness here in Vienna. Nonetheless, we do well not to reject altogether the primitive instinct revealed by the act. For it was, on reflection, a successful act of mockery.” He paused. He did have our attention. “There is a curious, I would even say covert sense of inferiority among many of our folk that the Jews are capable of working with more concentration on a task than any of us—they know how to study—and that is why they have been so successful. It is very much a Jewish notion that they can win everything by working harder than the host race of any particular country they happen to be inhabiting.

"So, this act, I would say, erupted from the crude but often incisive understanding of the people. ~~It makes a deep statement.~~ It tells the Jews that work, if it is not attached to a noble purpose, is meaningless. 'Scrub away with those toothbrushes,' the boys were saying, 'because you Jews, whether you know it or not, do exactly the same thing every day with your so-virtuous scholarship that goes nowhere but into contradictions, ^{and} your outrageous indifference to how you acquire your wealth, ~~all those riches are barren of~~ ~~elimination.~~' So on second thought," Himmler concluded, "I will not condemn out of hand the deeds of these low-rank Nazis."

Again I have to recognize that I have interrupted my narrative ~~for no more than an anecdote, but I wish to hesitate.~~ It is because I do not know to tell how I discerned the truth ~~(the actual fact in itself)~~ of Alois' conception, *and I state this while recognizing a)* ~~Yet I must also recognize~~ (that nothing will irritate reader more than to be offered a revelation that lacks footing. ~~A fact must be a fact if it is to give resonance to our sense of reality.~~ At best, a fact is three-dimensional and consists not only of its own declaration of fact but also presents the means by which it was obtained. *Then it can offer resonance to our sense of reality.* ~~I, however,~~ *repeat - I cannot do that* ~~My real means~~ *is too attenuated and* will not be comprehensible this soon. Even the resources of Special Section *IV-1a*

~~are~~ ^{to be known} are not sufficient. We did piece together an answer ~~then~~ ^{for} and were able to bend the / tweak evidence ~~enough to bend it~~ in Himmler's direction—we knew that if our end-product would support his case, he would accept it, ^{however,} but the irony was that our conclusions turned out to be correct. This ^{confirmation I} was to learn later by the ^{acquired by the} ~~more~~ exceptional methods of inquiry that are employed among the ^{available to the} ~~serious~~ personnel to whom I actually belong ^{but that is (which is)} an organization ^{too} evanescent by any day-to-day measure to be called an intelligence group. Think of it rather as a nexus of Being that dwells within society. As you can see by the ^{philosophical} ~~putative~~ ^{impenetrability} philosophical grandeur of the above sentence, we are hardly ready for ~~facts~~ ^{any description of myself} ~~about myself~~ ^{I have} But then, I am trapped by the method employed so far. My name, I would remind you, does not happen to be Dieter. (Although that is close enough, ^{for the time being}) I am tempted to add that I was never really in Special Group IV-2a. On the other hand, I was. Since this admission can only add to the confusion ^{with which I shroud myself}, I have to repeat that I am not ready to reveal myself. ~~After all, it is not the reader who will take the~~ ^{plunge} ~~plunge~~. It is myself. I can lose much.

I think, then, that ^{we} ~~you~~ must content ^{ourselves} yourself for now with the ^{that we} ~~we~~ conclusions ~~we~~ presented to Himmler. Once I had brought back the news that the Jew from Graz did not exist, ~~our focus turned to the drunk, Johann~~

Georg Hiedler, but soon enough, we gave up on him ^{we} and moved on to Johann
 Nepomuk Hiedler, the younger brother and honest farmer who took Alois at
 the age of five into his home. ^{we} We also studied ~~traces of~~ the actions of the
 one brother of Maria Anna Schicklgruber who was actually resourceful
 enough to leave the mud of Strones and make a little money as a commercial
 traveler. He was, ^{might perhaps} we could say, an occupational notch more elevated than an
 itinerant peddler. For our purposes, what was best about this brother is that
 he passed regularly through Graz. This enabled us to declare that Maria
 Anna did, in fact, receive small sums ^{mailed} from Graz ^{and so was able to tell} but had told her family that
 it came from a Jew. For a short time, this proved ~~most~~ believable to
 Himmler. ^{took it for granted} He fully expected that Maria Anna was a confirmed liar. A poor
 and promiscuous woman has, after all, more need of artful lies than sober
 truth (much like a rich and promiscuous woman).

We came to the decision, however, that to make Himmler feel ^{confirmed} more
 rewarded on this matter, we would ^{do better} have to choose Johann Nepomuk ^{Hiedler} (the
 good ^{hand-working} younger brother, as our seminal actor. While nothing would satisfy the
 end result but a prima facie case of incest, we looked for the better choice
^{debated whether} and Maria Anna's itinerant brother could
^{was} between the itinerant brother and Johann Nepomuk. It came to the latter.
 Satisfied that, we were locked with the brother
 With the brother, we would indeed have Alois as a full incestuary ^{between}
 into making Alois [→]

produced by a
 (brother and sister, which is First Degree Minor, but that would put the ~~first~~
 focus on Alois:

On the other hand, if Maria Anna ~~and~~ *had conceived with* Johann Nepomuk ~~had~~
 conceived, then Alois would not be the incestuary, ~~but~~ Adolf would. Alois'
Adolf's mother's
third wife, Klara, *(was the granddaughter of Johann Nepomuk by way of his*
 daughter Johanna. An uncle and a niece connected by blood would then be
 the parents of our Fuehrer. We knew that would give us a solid presentation
 to offer Himmler and so we not only settled on this choice but embellished it.
 Our final scenario took on a bit of flavor: Maria Anna Schicklgruber and
we declared, entered
 Johann Nepomuk Hiedler had ~~enter~~ into copulation on each rare occasion
 when she came back *[for a visit from Graz]* On her last trip, Nepomuk, who
 lived a long day's walk away in Spital, made a point of visiting his family in
 Strones, and went to the straw for his carnal hour with Maria Anna. On that
Nepomuk
 occasion, she conceived. He ~~was~~ left in a dreadful state. *could* He ~~did~~ not question
 the news since the act had been out of the ordinary, and she ~~had~~ told him
 right after climax, "*he* ~~Johann~~ *just* you have ~~just~~ given me a baby," but on the other hand,
he ~~he~~ loved his wife, he loved his three daughters, *and* ~~he~~ could not shatter his
 home. All the same, ~~he knew how she felt.~~ *he must* He would respect the matter.
 And did. Under the rubric of money-from-Graz, he gave her sums from time

to time to take care of the boy. In a few years, he promised, he would do his best to take Alois into his own house and raise him with his daughters.

Maria Anna put up with the situation, but how could she be happy? Five years went by before she declared her intention to expose Nepomuk. She was now forty-seven and it was humiliating, she told him, not to be married, and have to face the women of Strones each time she went out her door. None of the housewives trusted her.

Nepomuk proposed his older brother Georg as a substitute for himself. Nepomuk did not like his brother, and the brother did not like Nepomuk, but a new source of money is as vital to a drunk as transfusion of blood to a hemophiliac. I exaggerate, but not by much. Georg married Maria Anna for her stipend and enjoyed the knowledge that it came from Nepomuk who worked even harder in his fields to gather a few extra kronen. For Georg, there was a rare pleasure in using the exertions of a younger brother to pay for one's own dissipations. Nobody can live with a fund of ^{ugly} ~~mean~~ spirit more companionably than a fury full of failure.

Maria Anna, wed at last, wanted Georg to say he was Alois' father, but ~~he~~ ^{he told her that} ~~no, never!~~ She was told she was interfering in a matter involving his honor.

If he had managed in the course of many a spree to ^{inform} ~~tell~~ a couple of his

drinking companions ~~how and~~ why he had gotten married, ~~then~~ he saw all the more reason to make no fool of himself by ~~now~~ legitimizing a damn brat whom everyone knew was not his kid. He might be a failure, but he was not a cuckold. Let the bastard remain a bastard.

This story we presented to Himmler. It was buttressed by interviews ^{worked up} ^{very} with the few ^{old} inhabitants of Strones who were born before Johann Georg Hiedler died in 1857. It was, if examined closely, a ^{dilapidated} ramshackle series of bridges on the way to ^{a necessary} ~~our desired~~ destination, but Himmler was, of course, so busy ^{by 1938} ^{most of the time that} that he could interest himself only in our conclusions. ^{For him,} ^{enough for him.} Obviously, they were perfect for him. We had delivered a family history in which appeared no Jew in the Fuehrer's bloodstream, and ^{had established} his own father and mother, Alois and Klara Hitler, ^{thereby} ~~were now established~~ as real uncle and niece by blood. We had succeeded in making Adolf Hitler a First Degree Incestuary One-step-removed.

Himmler had an epiphany. "This," he said, "more than anything else, reveals the incredible bravery and fortitude of the Fuehrer. Early death or serious malformation is the most likely prognostication for the fate of First-Degree Incestuaries, but the Fuehrer proved fabulous in his powers of perseverance. His brilliance and his Will, his unique properties of character

and insight, were provided by this First Degree intensification of his genes.

We live with the triumphant result. ^{True} ~~Good~~ German agrarian genes proved able to ~~overcome all of their~~ ^{overcome} negative tendencies and thereby find a metamorphosis into transcendental virtues."

At this point, he closed his eyes, leaned back, and sighed slowly ~~and~~.
~~Audibly~~ as if to expel from his chest every spirit not free of dread. "We won't
 often speak of this," ^{(too often,)"} he went on in a low voice, "but occasions of close incest
 can be truly perilous for those who lack the Fuehrer's Will. It is my belief—I
^{would} ~~say~~ rather it is my belief at certain times—that in the ever-present world
^{then} of numinous spirits ^{that} which surround us, there are many ^{elements} I would call malign.
 It is even possible ^{that the worst of these spirits} they collect about a presence ^{whom} that in earlier times we
^{spoke of} ~~perceived~~ as Satan. This embodiment, should it exist, of a Devil or the Devil,
 would give great attention to Incestuaries of advanced degree. ^{precisely} Indeed this
 ominous malignity would be looking to pervert the force that arises from ^{the} ~~any~~
 doubling of God-given genes. All the more power to Herr Hitler, then. He
 has actually been able, I would declare, to stand firm in the face of the Devil
 himself. ^{↑↑}

Little did Himmler know that his remarks could be multiplied by an order of magnitude. Hitler was not a First Degree Incestuary One-step-

removed, he was at the core of incest. He was a bona-fide case of First Degree Primus. As I came to discover. by more exceptional and private means, ~~that~~ the niece, Klara Polzl Hitler, Alois' wife, was not only his wife but also his blood daughter.

7.

Count on it. We are not done with family history. This time, however, I will not camouflage the source of my understanding with the pretense that it is a product of semi-honest researches conducted by Special Section IV-2a. Nor is there need to screen myself any longer behind Heinrich Himmler. Now, I can behave like a conventional novelist of decent but in no way remarkable talents who will (like most such novelists) enter some of the thoughts of such of his figures as Johann Nepomuk, Alois Hitler, the three wives of Alois Hitler, his two children from the second marriage, and two of the six from the last marriage with Klara. (The other four died ^{early.} in infancy, or ~~early childhood.~~)

We are finished, however, with Maria Anna Schicklgruber. She perished at the age of fifty-two, ten years after the birth of her son. The

Josefa, then twelve, ten, and eight, were delighted to have a five-year-old brother, and took turns sleeping in the same bed with him, thus keeping in effect the previous arrangement of no more than two children in one bunk.

~~For~~ Spital, ~~which~~ ^{and} was a full-sized village rather than a hamlet, (the seeds of separation between prosperous and poor had sprouted. A farmer could even, by relative measure, be considered well-off ^{such} and there were a few (in Spital, ^{not only one} ~~but two~~) Johann Nepomuk the first among them. He had ~~two~~ ^{well} bedrooms in his house, and his wife, Eva Maria, kept their home ~~in classic fashion~~ ^{well} spotless. She was most practical. If she had a suspicion that Nepomuk might be more than a stepfather to the boy, she could not, on the other hand, forget the disappointment in his eyes each time she gave birth to a girl. It was probably better for all concerned to have a boy in the home.

He was loved! By his father, by the girls, by Eva even! He was good-looking, and like his mother, he could sing. As he grew older, he also demonstrated that he was ready to do work in the fields. Johann Nepomuk contemplated leaving the farm to him, but there was no balance to count on ~~in that situation~~ ^{not} in the boy's character. He was too restless. He might not be there on any and every hour to overcome all the unforeseen obstacles large and small to the daily work, whereas Johann Nepomuk had so much

love for the work that on the best of days he could speak with his beasts, he could listen to his earth, although he could not say that he was always at ease with the long silences that hovered over the end of the afternoon and the onset of evening. These silences entered his dreams. The sum of his fields, his sheds, his beasts and his barn became equal to one creature, a demanding woman, cavernous, haunting, smelly, greedy, ^{needy, ever} ~~an avatar of need~~ demanding ~~ever~~ more from him. He would wake in full recognition that he could never leave the farm to Alois—Alois was ^{the} ~~a~~ child of the woman in the dream.

Moreover, ~~it was not practical.~~ ^{such} Such a gift would enrage his wife. She wanted good dowries for her three daughters, and the farm would certainly provide handsomely for one, would amount, in fact, to so full a dowry that Johann Nepomuk and Eva Maria could retire with free lodging on the premises.

Indeed, they were to do that. The farm went to a strong young man, Josef Romeder, the son of a peasant who came from Ober-Windhag, the next village. In 1853, Josef married Walpurga, the second daughter, who was then twenty-one, and the marriage contract not only deeded lodging to Johann Nepomuk and Eva Maria, but a portion of the farmland and an

orchard. On the day that the title passed over, the ceremony of transfer proved more elaborate than the wedding.

Nepomuk led Josef, his new son, around the property, boundary line by boundary line, and stopped at every marker that denoted the separation

between his fields and the land of the next farmer. Nepomuk would say,

(on one day) "And if you gather any ~~of the~~ ^{this man's} fruit from ~~your neighbor's~~ ^{even the fallen fruit} orchard, may you labor ~~every day~~ ^{for all your days.} under a black sky." *his son-in-law* After which he gave him a clout on the

ear. ~~Eight times~~ ^{clubbed} at each of the eight separate jogs in the boundary line, he clouted him ~~and each time the blow was not without its thunder.~~ ^{with a fist} Johann

Nepomuk was full of the kind of woe that hangs like weights on one's limbs.

He was not mourning the ~~loss~~ ^{transfer} of his farm, nor even the loss of his daughter,

Walpurga, so much as the absence of Alois. His son Alois was not there

because Johann Nepomuk had banished him three years earlier when the boy was thirteen and Walpurga eighteen. He had discovered them in the hay-loft

of his barn even as he had gone to the straw with Maria Anna on the

afternoon that Alois was conceived. A memory of the glory of his last act of

love with Maria Anna Schicklgruber had never left him, for he had had only

two women in his life and she was the second. *and not at all a* For him, she was no ~~village~~ ^{to him} wench,

~~coarse-grained and ass-bare in the hay,~~ but a Madonna lit by sunlight

through the only stained-glass window of the church in Spital. This image never failed to enlarge his estimate of the volume of his sin. He was living in sacrilege, that he knew, and yet he would not relinquish the image of Maria Anna's face in the stained-glass window. It was reason enough not to go to confession, ^{often} and when he did go—because he knew he must—he would invent other sins for the booth, large sins. Once he confessed to coition with the farm mare, a deed he had never attempted—one does not make love to a large horse for too little ~~and~~—and the priest asked him in return how many times he had committed this sin. “Only once, Father.”

“When was that? How long ago?”

“Months, months I think.”

“And how do you feel now when you use the animal for work? Are there similar urges?”

“No, never.” *I am ashamed for myself.”*

The priest was middle-aged ^{and had little to learn} but already he knew a good deal about the misdoings of the peasantry, indeed there had been a joke among us at Special Section ~~IV-2a~~ that all the devil needed to know about the people in any parish could be acquired by visiting the village priest in his sleep.

So, In any case, the priest ^{could} ~~was wise enough to~~ sense that Nepomuk was lying, but ^{he} was hoping that the account was true because bestial sodomy ^{was} ~~was~~ ^(while as mental a sin as adultery or incest) ~~less grievous than incest, and no worse than adultery.~~ ^{since it would produce no offspring.} So he proceeded to ^{therefore to} exercise the letter of his office without further questioning.

"You have degraded yourself as a child of God," he ^{told Nepomuk,} ~~said~~ "You have committed a serious sin of lust. You have injured an innocent animal. For your penance I give you five hundred Our Fathers and five hundred Hail Marys."

That was identical to the penance he had given earlier that morning to a schoolboy who had himself an underhanded masturbation in class (a stealthy act) ^{and} then rubbed his semen on the hair of the boy in front of him. ^(Incest or adultery would have called for a thousand Our Fathers and Hail Marys - at the least!)

Johann Nepomuk contented himself afterward by confessing to the same priest upon occasion that he still had lewd thoughts concerning the mare, but was careful to do nothing about it. She was, however, a poor substitute for Madonna Maria Anna, and the continuing absence of Alois caused Johann Nepomuk Hiedler to live in an agony of love. He had wept like a Biblical father and had torn his shirt from his chest when he came upon his son and his daughter in the straw. He knew that he had just lost the boy.

The brightest light of nearly every one of his days, that lively young face, ~~was~~
~~would have to leave,~~
~~now gone.~~ (To the shock of the women in the family, Alois was sent away
 that night to a neighbor's house and in the morning was walked to Weitra
 and put on a coach to Vienna.

Walpurga suffered in his absence. Nepomuk did not tell Eva, but then,
 he did not have to. She had more than a notion why Walpurga was to be kept
 at home for the next three years. ~~Even~~ her marriage with Romeder, empty of
 courtship, had to be arranged. Yet Eva, as concerned with the virginity of
 her daughters as a drill sergeant by the look of his platoon, would nag
 Nepomuk to allow their girl to take a short walk on Sunday with a girl friend.

"No," Nepomuk would say. "The two of them will go to the woods.

Then the boys will follow."

^{At On}
 He was in a rage the day he walked the boundary line with Romeder,
~~he was thinking each~~
 Each time he struck the groom on the side of the head, ~~at each of those~~
~~moments at each of the eight markers, he was thinking~~
^{Engg} ^A
 doing to his new son-in-law. ~~So~~ he hit him harder. ~~This new~~ marriage was
^{being} founded on a lie. Therefore, it was crucial ~~that~~ no trespasses be made on the
 land of the neighbor. That would be a sacrilege against the earth. How
 Nepomuk mourned the absence of his son!

8.

Alois did well in Vienna. He still had his agreeable face. In Spital he had been an apprentice to a shoemaker and now in Vienna he was taken on as novice in a shop that made cavalry boots for officers.

The sight of young men who carried themselves as if their bodies, their uniforms, their decorations, their boots and their souls were given over to ~~the~~ ^a ~~one~~ ^{single} noble pledge, had much to offer to Alois. These men, he observed, were at ease with the beautifully dressed ladies they escorted. It pleased him to look at their promenade. The women's hats were as finely wrought as the officers' boots. He had the passing thought that if he met a young milliner, they could start a shop and young couples of the best and highest classes could visit their store hand in hand. Splendid boots, stylish hats. It was the only business concept he ever had, but he only played with such a thought

because beautiful women stimulated him. For that matter, only the ugliest and oldest women were not attractive to him. He loved 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 was dependent on being born into a particular kind of family, not another, certainly not from a place where more was known about mud and manure than the ~~sort of~~ ^{might} scent a man could put upon his handkerchief. Alois was sensible, he would not aspire to what was not there. But one thing he knew—he had been able to leave Spital and live decently in Vienna. No one back where he came from had been ~~as~~ ready to improve himself. ~~Not in such a manner.~~ So, he understood his own ambition early—he wanted to spend his life in a decent uniform, and be admired for his posture and importance.

At the age of eighteen, after five years in the boot shop, he applied at the Austrian Finance Ministry for a position in the frontier guards. He was accepted at the lowest level. Five years later, 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 not bad~~ ^{was good, usually,} and ^{usually} it took ten years ^{rise to this} ~~usually~~ to get such a post.

He had written on several occasions to tell Johann Nepomuk of his progress, and at last a letter came back in 1858. His half-sister Josefa, the youngest daughter, had died soon after her marriage, a great blow to the family, and Nepomuk hinted that he would like Alois to visit.

In 1859, with his promotion to Finanzwach Oberaufseher already guaranteed, he went back to Spital looking exceptional for a man of medium height: His uniform made him a figure of authority in Spital. He might as well have been a young Count for his bearing was graceful, even authoritative.

Johann Nepomuk knew he had probably made a serious mistake in inviting him back, but ^{Nepomuk} ~~the father~~ was considerably older now, and bent like a tree that has lived with too much wind. The death of his daughter Josefa so soon after her marriage had lived in his side like the slash of an axe. He felt too tired to keep watch on Alois.

Indeed, what could he do? Johanna, the oldest daughter, seven years older than Alois, had been married at the age of eighteen, and for the last eleven years had been faithful to her husband, Johann Poelzl, another hard-

working peasant who even lived next door to Nepomuk and gave no one any trouble except Johanna for he usually kept her pregnant. She had once been agreeable in appearance, but now her hands and feet were raw and her features had thickened. She had had six children already, and the first four had died early. ^{Once cheerful in she was now} ~~She had been cheerful by spirit, but had been depressed by~~ circumstance.

Not at the sight of Alois, however, ~~his return brought life to her~~ ^{he} ~~movements.~~ Alois had been her darling when he first came to the house, and she used to fondle the five-year-old and bring him to sleep in her bed.

Through the years until he left, she would play with him, pull at his hair and kiss his cheek ^(and so forth and so forth until) and once ^{begin to roll} when he was ten and she was seventeen, they had rolled together in the hay of the barn pretending to wrestle, ^{but he was only ten and} although nothing happened, he was not quite old enough.

This time, there was no question. At the first opportunity which proved to be the only one, he continued the family tradition of apocalyptic intercourse in the ^{(dust and} ~~dust and~~ aroma of barn straw, and Klara Poelzl, later to be ^[Klara Hitler] mother of Adolf Hitler, was conceived. There was no question in Johanna's mind. She had known the moment each time when Johann Poelzl, her husband, had put a child ⁱⁿ ~~into~~ her. This time had been superior to

"You have made me feel as I have not
 all the others. No small event had taken place in her body. She said as much
~~So it be said, she said~~
 to Alois when they were done, and when Klara was born ~~in 1867~~ ^{which he received} nine
 months later, Johanna sent him a letter while he was in the midst of rigorous
 training for an examination that would bring him up to Finanzwach
Respizienten, the highest rank obtainable in the bottom half of the customs
 service. His attention, therefore, was hardly on Spital. Still, her letter lived
 with him through the years for it was only three words long (three words that
 Johanna was certain of spelling correctly). He read it over many times. "Sie
ist hier," wrote Johanna in the pride of a momentous event (although she did
 not sign her name) and "She is here" took its place in the guardroom of his
~~where it could be even if~~
 heart and was locked away. By now, his mind was wholly on his career. In
 truth, he might not even have made love to Johanna on that lone occasion if
 he had not already been with Walpurga and a year earlier with the youngest,
 Josefa, his favorite back when he was twelve (his first) and so he felt he
 owed it to himself now to have ~~all three~~ ^{the remaining} sisters — how many men could ever
 boast of ~~that~~ ^{knowing three sisters equally well?}

If he measured himself by his deeds, it was in relation to the ^(accomplishments) deeds of
 other men, particularly other lower-caste officers in the Finanzwach. His rise
 was remarkable for a young man with sparse education. In ~~three~~ ^{four} more years,

by 1864, he had another promotion, and still another by 1870 when at the age of thirty-three, he had worked himself up to Customs Collector. By 1875, he was Full Inspector and would write below his signature, on any government paper, the full weight ^{and address} of the title ~~and address~~. It ~~was~~ "Official of the First Class Imperial Customs Post in the Railroad Terminal, Simbach, Bavaria. Residence, Braunau, Linzergasse."

Be it said that all through his rise to the highest rank possible for a man of ~~his~~ restricted beginnings, he never relinquished ^(his good) ~~his~~ appetite for women.

^{the} His occupation was perfect for him in this regard. The first principle of Austrian bureaucracy was ^{to do} ~~paramount~~. Do your job properly. The better you became at ~~your~~ official tasks, the less you ^{would} have to fear for the ^{specialties} recesses of

your private life. This understanding he obeyed to the letter, and had ^{an agreeable} ~~a good~~ ^{during those years,} life. No matter in which place they stationed him, he would live in an inn.

Before long, given ^{his} the ~~virtue~~ confidence of a man who has possessed three ~~sisters~~, 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 women, he would move to another inn. Through the forty years of his career, he was posted to only four border towns between Bavaria and Austria, to Saalfelden, Braunau (where Adolf would yet be born) Passau, and Linz,

yet 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. No, elegant women were ^{too} difficult, ^{he} ~~had~~ no doubt of that, whereas ~~the~~ ^{and} maids and cooks were grateful for his attention. ~~They~~ would raise no ruckus when he moved on.

~~All the same~~ In 1873, he married a widow. Having developed an eye for the social stature, or relative lack of it, in any woman who would presume to pass for a lady—his occupation demanded, after all, some ability to recognize a smuggler, large or subtle, as they passed ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ their luggage through customs, he was not dissatisfied with his choice. He might be thirty-six and she already fifty, yet he could ^{respect} ~~love~~ her. She came from a worthy background. She might not be good-looking, but she was the daughter of an official in the Hapsburg tobacco monopoly that produced a share of the Crown's income, and the size of her dowry was agreeable: she elevated the presence he had begun to develop for himself. They lived well, and with a maid. His own salary was substantial—the principal of the best school in ~~any town~~ ^{Braunau} where Alois ^{was now} ~~might be~~ stationed could not boast of earning as much, ~~and~~ ^{could} ~~as~~ his rank increased, so did his uniform take on more gold-plated buttons, and his cocked hat ~~ported~~ ^{could carry} official embroidery. His mustache had a

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sweep worthy of a titled Hungarian, and his face came at you, jaw-first. His
 inferiors at the Customs Post ^{were told} always had to use his correct title when they
 spoke to him. With it all, he was putting on weight. Soon after his marriage,
 and very much at his wife's urging, he shaved his mustache and grew
 sideburns on each side of his mouth that ^{became} were as imposing as castle-gates.

Now he not only looked like a customs official in the service of the

Hapsburgs, he looked like Franz Josef himself. There he was, a ^{facsimile} full picture,
^{or} ^{a full picture of} honorable as the emperor, for duty and hard work.

His wife, Anna Glassl-Hoerer, ^{admired} liked (the sideburns but lost half of her ^{face} ^(however)
^(some two years into the marriage) appeal to him when he discovered that she, too, was an orphan and had been
 adopted. In turn, she lost respect for his uniform when he ^(grown weary) ~~confessed~~ ^{to her} two
^{of} years into their marriage, (after growing weary to the bone for making up
^{an imaginary} stories about a fabulous Herr Schicklgruber, his father) ^{confessed} Alois would never
~~confess to an infidelity, but this was different. He told her at last~~ (that there
^{such man} was no Herr Schicklgruber on the parental side of his natal ledger, just a
 blank.

She began a campaign for Alois to legitimize himself. His mother,
 after all, had been married. Why could that not be taken to mean that Johann
 Georg Hiedler had been ^{the} his father? Alois knew better, but now that ^{Anna Glassl} she was

~~(which became the way he collected his) was~~
~~was~~ making it an issue, he was not averse. He had, after all, never been proud of
his last name, and ^{Anna Glass!} his wife was not necessarily wrong when she judged that
his career, despite its success, had hardly been helped by Schicklgruber. No,
~~all he had accomplished was in spite of it.~~

He went from Braunau to Weitra and from there to Spital to see if
Johann Nepomuk would help him. The old man, now turned seventy,
misunderstood at first—he thought he was being named as the father when
Alois told him that he wanted his last name changed to what it should be—
Hiedler! Johann Nepomuk's heart passed through a quick and scalding
shame even as he started to marshal his arguments that at this late date, what
with ~~Eva and~~ two remaining daughters to think of, plus the grandchildren,
(plus ~~Eva and~~ Eva!) and his remaining part of the farm, how could he declare himself the father?
These excuses did not reach his mouth before they scorched his pride. Just
soon enough he realized that Alois was asking instead for Johann Georg to be
named. Whereupon (old men being as ready as young girls to go from one
extreme of emotion to the other) he was furious at Alois. His own son did
not want him, Nepomuk, to be thought of as the father. It took another
moment to recognize that Georg, having married Maria Anna, was the only
one who could be used for legitimation.

from p 59

59a
The priest could see that ^{very little} ~~legally~~ speaking, everything was right ~~about~~ the situation. Each of the three venturers ~~hands~~ had ~~signed~~ as they put down their X's and, one of them, Romedee, could not have been five years old when Anna Maria had died, ~~and~~ of course she could not have ^{evening of} ~~confided~~ the first year old! Moreover, Phenu Georg was also long dead and no formal legal proceedings were required and such cases ~~usually~~ ^{non-mally} required a legal proceeding.

The poor parish priest ~~he~~ died what he had been doing for years - he certified these papers, ~~papers for such a long time without dating~~ ~~it as signing his own name to the alterations.~~

p 60

In the event, he journeyed with Alois and Romeder in a farmcart pulled by two old horses all of the twenty miles from Spital to Strones, then on to Doellersheim, close to a four-hour journey on a narrow meandering carriage-road full of fallen limbs but ^{reasonably free of mud} ~~fortunate in its lack of mud~~ on this October day (or it might have taken eight hours). On arrival, Johann Nepomuk came face to face with the priest he did not wish to remember. There he was now very old indeed, and smaller in station as well as stature (for Doellersheim parish was not comparable to Spital), yet the very priest who had scolded him for traffic with the vulva of a mare.

This recollection passed between the two men unacknowledged by word or shift of expression, they were there for the business at hand, Alois, Nepomuk, Romeder, and two acquaintances they had brought along from Strones. Since the last three were to be witnesses and did not know how to write, they each signed ^{an} XXX, after testifying that they had known Georg ^{"in their presence and repeatedly"} Heidler and that he had admitted to being the father of this child, and that the mother had stated the same ~~thing~~ ^{to them personally. They swore to that.} → P 59a

^{the witnesses} The priest wrote down each of ^{also} their names by the wit of his own spelling since there was small agreement from province to ~~Austrian~~ province on which letter was proper for each sound, (one reason why Hiedler soon ~~became Hiedler~~).

INSERT A) p 59 goes to p 60

INSERT A) at bottom of p 60

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[INSERT B]

became Hitler—the difference in pronunciation coming to no more than the, documents in the Waldviertel were often as nearly undetectable shift between “d” and “t”) and as the priest recorded each individual in their spelling as the separate shapes name Josef Bomader, Johann Breiteneder, and Engelbert Faulstich, the old priest was smiling out of an old man’s mouth because he knew they were

lying. Johann Georg had never told them anything of the sort.

He did not, however,

In fact, the priest did not (insert the date, nor his own signature) On the

page of the parish registry of June 1, 1837, he crossed out “illegitimate,” put

Johann Georg’s name in what had previously been the blank space and

smiled again. The document was barely legal. Perhaps it was not altogether

legal, but it did not matter. *Which church authority?* Who would challenge such a change? Certainly

no one of authority in Vienna. The word that always came from that august

locus of the Church was to *encourage certified fatherhood.* discourage illegitimacy. (Already in some districts of Austria, illegitimacy was up to

the rate was forty per cent. Of that forty, could even half be free of ~~put off~~

one or another concealed family matter? *still also* No, the priest had chosen not to

inscribe his own name; he disapproved of these sleazy little matters even if he

was bound to improve them *in paper*, and besides, if all went wrong, he

Now that Alois had his new name, he decided to stop off for an hour

in Spital rather than continue on immediately with Nepomuk’s cart to the

railroad station at Weitra. There was an agreeable redolence to his mood at

below
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A

could
disavow
the
paper
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p59 +
INSERT B
p60

the sound of Alois Hitler, and he soon felt ^{an} a familiar upsurge in the happy region below his navel. This, he knew, from long experience, was one of the gifts God had given him. He was as quick as a dog to sense when ~~positive~~ female company was nearby.

was it who had put him on the alert?
~~Could it possibly be Johanna?~~ Nepomuk's oldest daughter did live ^{left} next door to her father, and at this moment Alois ~~could even feel~~ her presence as if she were looking out the window, but no, it could not be Johanna, ^{she} was not as old as his wife, but she would not look better. Farm life offered ^{fewer} ~~fewer~~ gifts to a woman's appearance. He did not ~~really~~ want to see her.

Yet his steps took him to the door. The Hound did not make a practice of betraying him. ~~For~~ In the doorway was Johanna looking as plain as expected, 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—they were as blue as ^{the} ~~that~~ light ^{he had once seen} which gleams in ~~fabulous diamonds~~ ^{a large exhibit.} behind the glass of a museum showcase.

He took off his cocked hat and bowed to her ^{so soon as} once he had separated himself from the powerful hug and whole steamy kisses Johanna left with her honest saliva on his mouth and face. "This is your Uncle Alois," she said to

her daughter, "he is a wonderful man." She turned back to him and added, "You look better than ever—there is more to the uniform now, yes?" And then she pulled her daughter to her. "This is Klara. She will soon be my ¹⁴ ~~oldest~~, ~~since my only son who is still alive will not remain among us for long.~~ *but for in Vienna and still alive.*" ~~He is in Vienna. He has consumption.~~

She began to weep. Klara was her seventh child but five were now dead, and the young man, now nineteen, ~~would be gone in a year~~ *had consumption* "God never ceases punishing us for our sins," she said, at which Klara nodded ~~with conviction.~~

Alois had no desire to hear ~~talk~~ *some* about God. Spend ~~enough~~ time on Him, and the Hound would moan in shame. He preferred to enjoy the thought that he would soon see more of his niece.

He took a walk outside the village with the mother and daughter. They went to the fields that belonged to the husband, Johann Poelzl, who—no surprise to Alois—bore no resemblance to this rare blue-eyed child, Klara. He had gray misted-over eyes and a face full of lines that turned down in concert with his long sad nose and ~~his~~ paper-thin lips. It is obvious that he had given up the hope that he was *ever* ~~going~~ *even though* to prosper because he was ~~a good~~ *an* honest farmer. Nor did Alois stay too long. Poelzl had the expression on

his face of a man who still has a host of chores ~~to satisfy~~ on this day, scattered in the bottoms of rows of stubble, were stray ears of corn not yet too rotten to feed to the pigs, and Poelzl stood on one foot and then the other (as if to talk for two minutes more would ruin a good number of the remaining ears.) ^{If his} His ~~impatience of course~~ ^{impatience} was due to his discomfort with the ~~uniform~~ ^{uniform} and implicit prosperity of Alois' bearing, and Poelzl's mood took no happy turn when Alois ~~said~~ ^{remarked} (that his own wife was not well and needed a maid who was ~~honest~~ ^{reliable} pious, and of good breeding. Was it possible—not to rush things!— that Klara might be just that person?

^{Poelzl} The farmer could hardly ~~afford to~~ ^{refuse} say no ~~(especially)~~ when he was told of ~~the wages she would be given, and~~ ^{best of} and the amount she would be able to send back. Cash not dependent on a crop was the ~~finest crop~~ ^{finest crop}, and he needed money even more than he usually did, ~~and~~ ^{the} the alternative—to borrow further sums from his brother-in-law Romeder or his father-in-law Nepomuk, was unpleasant. Johanna's disposition had become so sour that he often thought her blood must taste like vinegar, nor did he wish ~~his ears~~ ^{the} to travel down the road of Romeder's sighs as the brother-in-law came up with a few kronen nor did he want to hear the advice that would come from Nepomuk. That would insult his judgment. A farmer could have fine instincts for hisbandry

and still have bad luck—did that mean he must pay tribute ^{twice} to such bad luck

by listening to the advice of others when he had already paid once already by

~~this~~ insufficient return from his fields? So, he accepted the idea that Klara

would work for ~~this~~ ^{the} Uncle Alois, and his feelings turned over in him with the

emptiest rage of all—~~that~~ ^{that} anger which has lost ~~at~~ its heat. ~~It set on the nerves—~~ ^{That sets}

~~As a state, it is~~ ^{As a state, it is} ~~scummy off in~~ ^{scummy off in} about equal to the cold moment when maggots are revealed by the overturn of

~~Scum.~~ ^{at 17} a dead man's last rags.

^{One}
~~A~~ week

after Alois' return to his post in Braunau, Klara followed with

a small chest filled with her small cache of clothes and possessions.

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9.

Anna Glass!
 Alois and ~~Anna~~ ^{second-best} had three rooms in the best inn of Braunau—the Gasthaus Streif. There was also a ^{small} ~~maid's~~ room for Klara on the top floor where ~~the~~ other maids and servants slept.

For a while, Alois lived with the happy notion that he might be able to spend some time up there with Klara, but his niece did not welcome him, not exactly. It was evident to all including his wife that Klara was steeped in respect for her exceptional uncle, but it seemed no cause for concern to *Anna Glass!*
~~Anna~~ not yet! The girl was pious to a degree that would have seemed incomprehensible if one did not understand ^{to what degree} ~~how~~ ^{death was} ~~probably~~ her ^{nearest} ~~closest~~ relative. There were lights in the depths of those pale-blue eyes that spoke of angels—~~not only~~ ^{and} godly angels but fallen angels. Her face was so innocent that one could ask in all honesty what she could know of fallen

angels if not for ^{that} a second sense which is there to tell ^{us} that devils ^{hover} ~~surge forth~~
~~among us~~ ^{at} from the closing doors of ^{life} ~~death~~. Even the innocent do not like to
 dream of the departed.

Alois also envisioned ^(awesome portals—) ~~other doors~~—those doors to her chastity might be
 as heavy as the gates of doom. He was charming to his niece, but made a
 point never to touch her. His wife, by now as unhappy as a crow with a
 broken wing, had put up early with his yen for maids and cooks, but then,
 about the time she began her campaign to expunge the name of
 Schicklgruber, she allowed her distrust of him to take on new force. Never
 had Alois encountered jealousy ^{so} ~~a~~ passionate, ^{so} ~~as~~ far-ranging, and ^{so} ~~as~~
~~intuitive~~ ^{perceptive} ~~much to the point.~~

While he considered his first quality as a man to be ~~his~~ ^{dedication} to
 his work—to the cleanliness of his personal appearance, to the ^{neatness} ~~forms~~ of ~~his~~
 official papers, ^{and high} ~~his~~ respect for punctuality and performance in every working
 hour, his pride was almost as great ^(in any other) ~~for his professional skill~~. He had not
 stood for ~~so many~~ years at a border post looking to root out ~~and~~ the attempts
 of travellers and merchants to cheat the ^{Hapsburg} ~~Crown~~ of its tariff without learning a
 good deal about false presentation and outright mendacity, and now he was

INSERT on p 67

She certainly had ^{to distrust him.} cause ~~he~~ ^{she} had enjoyed a reasonably good period in the last ~~few~~ years. There were days when he made love ~~regularly~~ to three women he could look upon as regulars. In the morning, full of the bounty of sleep, he would take care of his wife, and in the afternoon when Anna Classl was napping and he was off duty his work-sleep his off-duty time coincided with the hour when the chambermaid washed the floor, he usually enjoyed the cognation of her hips as she, down on her hands and knees, slung a wet cloth from side to side - truth be rarely saw her face at such times. And in the evening after Anna Classl had gone to sleep, there was Fanni.

So, if he took a long-range ~~of~~ of Klara Pochyl, it was because his maternal and, for the present time interest was with the ~~former~~ waitress at the inn, a somewhat ~~young~~ ^{young} ~~years~~ ^{years} old

↓

having to exercise such abilities himself in order to divert Anna from the other girl he had taken to visiting on the top floor of the inn.

There was an old Viennese joke that you had a flourishing society

when both the cops and the crooks ^{got} kept getting better at what they did, and ^{kept} getting better. ^{Anna Glasl}
 he thought often of the remark because as much was true for Anna (and

himself. The more acute her sense of what he might be up to, the finer were his lies.

→ [INSERT C. (ms. - next page)]

If he took a long range view concerning Klara Peetzl, his immediate interest was in a waitress, a nineteen-year-old named Fanni Matzelsberger, who was voluptuous but lithe, ~~dark-eyed~~ and by his measure smoldering.

He had learned to shield his eyes of expression when she crossed the room, but that was not easy. She had a restrained yet irrepressible roll of the hips.

That spoke to him: Fanni was a good girl who did not want to be so good.

Indeed, as he soon learned ^{up in her attic room} she was a virgin of the most tormented sort—a girl in the old peasant tradition: She had ^{kept} ~~lost~~ her chastity intact by ^{to} ~~only~~ allowing entrance in the near neighbor ^{a good poke into} which Alois discovered in the course of things ^{up in her attic room}. That was not always a happy tradition ^{for Alois}. The Hound was too large for entrance ^{to} "the smelly and the damned," (as he ^{Fanni} liked to call it). She would moan in a very low voice (so that the rest of

the attic would not hear) but they were suffering ^{stet} over this jamming of ~~of their hearts~~ ^{the embrace} passion. (All the more intense became ^{In the heat of} their heart-to-heart embrace. They ^{the heart} wanted each other, they loved each other, a not uncommon reaction when the ~~promise of carnal ore~~ ^{that} cannot be mined.

He told himself that she was only one more daughter from one more ^{prosperous} ~~farmer~~ ^(she did have a decent dowry) but he also told her that he loved her. She said, "Enough to give up your wife and live with me?"

"I will give her up," he said, "when you give up something too!"

~~No, she~~ ^{No, she} ~~she said that~~ she must remain a virgin. Once she allowed ~~him~~ ^{then, there} what he wanted, there would be a child. She knew ~~that~~ ^{very well} there would be another child, ~~and then she might die.~~

"How do you decide such things?"

"We have ~~had~~ ^{Maybe I am a} gypsies in my family. ~~And witches.~~ ^{I am too a fraud} I feel that I am a witch."

"Because of me?"

~~"I love you more than I should."~~ ^{stet} "You are a bad man and I am a witch. Only witches put their mouths in terrible places. Now, ~~I am afraid~~ ^{I am too a fraud} I am afraid to go to confession."

"Stay away from priests. They are there to suck your blood. They will leave you weak and good for nothing."

They argued ^{about} ~~round and round~~ about whether she should or should not go to confession which induced a vertigo ~~that was~~ not unlike drunkenness.

Given the force of his desire, she gave it to him, ^{she} gave it up, and ^{proceeded} ~~in the course~~ ^{was able to tell him one month later that} of doing so, gave herself. In a month, she told him ^{(she was pregnant. Had} the time come, she asked, to tell his wife?

He no longer trusted Fanni. He did not think she would have become pregnant if she was really afraid of dying. Besides, he had been lying to his wife with so much skill that now he did not dare to confess. Lying, like honesty, is reflexive, and soon becomes as sturdy a habit. Anna Glassl-^{Hoerer} ~~Hoerer~~ Hitler was ^(fifty-seven now) and looked ten years older (although to his continuing surprise she was still a virago ^{at dawn.} ~~in bed~~). To lose her would tighten his financial situation, although not critically, ^{but} on the other hand, he would be giving up a lady for a farm-girl, a ^(most attractive) ~~fabulous~~ farm-girl, but then he had decided long ago that ^{in the end} ~~a peasant~~ ^{woman} was like a stone. Throw ^{a stone} it high in the air but ^{will come} it always ~~came~~ down. Whereas a lady was like a feather. ^{A lady} ~~She~~ could tantalize you with her intelligence. He would hate to give up his increasing skill as a liar.

Here is a sample from the dining room of the Gasthaus Streif.

Anna Glassl: I see you are looking at her again.

Alois: I am. You have caught me. If your eyes were not beautiful, I would have to say that you own the eyes of an eagle.

Anna Glassl: Why don't you just catch up with her after we eat, and give her *a good one*
~~one for me?~~ *for me?*

Alois: You are exciting me, *again*. Your mind is *so* wicked. I *like* it when your tongue *gets* is ~~so~~ crude.

Anna Glassl: Cruder than it used to be.

Alois: Anna, you are exceptionally wise, but, in this case, you are wrong.

Anna Glassl: Look, my dear, I have put up with chambermaids and cooks.

You have come to bed smelling of onions on many a night. I don't care, I tell myself. *The man* He *must* amuse himself. But why do you *still* try to insult my intelligence? *This* That girl is beautiful. At least once in your life make love to a *waitress* working girl who does not look like last *night's* week's pudding.

Alois: All right, I will tell you the truth. I like her looks, yes, a little bit, although she is not truly my type. No, she is not. But in any case, I would not go near her. One hears the worst talk. I don't even want to tell you because you like her.

Anna Glassl: Like her? She's a tart. She's a tart in training. Your true type.

Alois: No, she is diseased. She has an infectious disease between her legs.

I would not go near her.

Anna Glassl: I do not believe you. I cannot believe that.

Alois: Do as you choose. But, I can promise you, she is the last girl for you to worry about.

Anna Glassl: Who then do you want me to worry about? Klara?

Alois: You have a splendid sense of humor. If we were not in public, I would laugh out loud.

10.

Finally, Fanni told ~~Anna~~ ^{Anna-Glass! (two)} that she was three months pregnant and soon
 to show. For ~~Anna~~ ^{say} that was the end of the marriage. To ~~her~~ that the girl had
 a disease when he knew ~~that~~ she was pregnant! Unforgivable! Besides,
~~Anna~~ ^{Anna-Glass! was more} was tired of Alois by now ~~(more tired even)~~ than her fear of being alone.
 She had exhausted herself in mustering up enough of the dramatic arts to be a
 virago ^{at dawn,} Now she craved for peace. She even decided that her jealousy had
 been her last defense against what was even worse—the cold and silent
 distaste that accompanies the end of jealousy. So she moved out. Since they
 were both Catholic, divorce by Austrian law was not possible. To obtain ^{even} a
 legal separation, Anna had to declare ^{not only} their incompatibility ^{but} and her direct
 aversion to him. ~~Since the separation could only be rendered final by mutual~~
^{this} ~~consent~~, Alois had to look at the statement ^{(concerning him. It stood} standing out there bald as a boil
 as

on one's ~~clinging~~ ^{clung} and ~~showed~~ ^{urged him so much that he showed} ~~it~~ ^{on legal paper}. It took him enough ~~to show~~ ^{to show} his copy of the document to his drinking friends. "Look, she says ~~about me that~~ she has a personal aversion. If not improper, I could tell you how much aversion she had. On her hands ~~was her aversion~~ and knees ~~so soon as I would say~~, 'Get ready. I am in the mood.'"

They would laugh and move to other subjects. He was in a state of irritation these days ~~and~~ ^{Anna Glassl's} for more reasons than ~~Anna's~~ ^{Anna's} departure. Fanni and

he were ~~living~~ ^{now} together in the same suite of rooms ~~he had shared with Anna~~ ^{his departed}

~~at the Gasthaus Streif~~ ^{she}. That was fine with him—he was the first to say that

he was not attached to the past ~~and the rooms would be comfortable for a~~ ^{these}

~~pregnant woman~~. Then he discovered that Fanni was not ~~at all~~ pregnant—

she had only thought she might be. Or was it that she had had an early

miscarriage? She was resolutely unclear.

He thought that was a terrible lie to have told him, but what could he do? He had never known more pleasure with a woman and Fanni was full of

fire. She was also as jealous as Anna Glassl, and her ears had perfect pitch

when it came to hearing ~~any whisper of infidelity in his speech~~ ^{hint of oncoming voice}. Soon

enough, she stove a hole in the vessel of his future plans. Klara, she told him,

would have to go. Otherwise, Fanni would.

This was too much disruption for Alois. Fanni would soon be truly pregnant, or so he expected given the hints he took from the declarative surge of her womb at the happiest moment, all of which passed through him even as he was passing into her—not the sort of conclusion he had come to with other women. ^{Besides, he} ~~So pregnancy would be fine. He~~ was certainly ready for a child, preferably a son, to carry on the family name (now that he had one) but when he was not in the midst of good things with Fanni, he thought often of the day when she would be six or seven months along, and it would be

Klara's turn. The thought of future complications did not deter him. It was ~~in the nature of his work to be able to handle enough that he found both women attractive and in altogether different~~ ^{more than one problem at once, and both} ~~fashion~~ ^{women were ~~so~~ attractive to him, yes, truly attractive for once.} ^{unduly,}

As for scandal, he did not worry. ^{unduly,} He had always been the center of gossip in every town where he was posted, and ~~in~~ ^{like} Braunau the townspeople might as well complain to the stars that he lived so openly with a common-law wife. After all, what could they do? He was ^{like} a soldier garrisoned in a town to which he owed nothing. He received his money from the Hapsburg government, and the Financial Watch was ~~too~~ ^{in Vienna and did not} far away to care how he acted in his personal life so long as his work was flawless. His job was secure.

^{having}
He had risen to the highest level of the lowest ranks, ~~and~~ there he would stay. The Customs needed him because it took twenty years for an official to become as practised as himself, and, in turn, he needed them because he could never find another job that paid as well. His training had left him as the perfect instrument for what he did but it was ^{not} a skill that could ^{readily} ~~hardly~~ be used for ^{something} ~~anything~~ else. He was locked to his job, and devil take the townspeople. What they said about him might rankle, but it would not interfere with ^{other} ~~his~~ pursuits. He was going to have ^{one} girl ^{would} to bear his child, and one ^{the other} ~~who~~ looked like a nun (and trembled when he spoke) ^{would} to become his mistress. Of course, she would be ready when the time came. Why else ~~did~~ ^{she} quiver ^{when he spoke?} It was because he could teach her everything he knew.

That was the project on which Fanni intruded. There was going to be no girl named Klara working for them.

"You are mad," Alois answered. "Can't you see? She ^{would be happier} ~~is a nun~~ in a convent."

"That is exactly what won't stop you. She must go."

"You will not speak to me that way. You are young enough to be my daughter."

"Yes, and the Polish people say that a father should never make love to a daughter or she will lose all respect for him."

Indeed, Klara had to go. He could not relinquish what he now had for

(when all was said)
the uncertain promise of a future transformation from angel to ~~ghost~~.

stet → all-compliant lady of delicate.

11.

After Klara left, it was Fanni who suffered. She had liked Klara, and now that their ~~close~~^{too} friendship was lost, gone with it were all the confidences back and forth. Each different from the other, there had been much to learn, ~~from each other.~~ It all ended, however, because Klara was not good at lying. She flushed beet-red with embarrassment when Fanni would hint at what went on between Uncle Alois and herself. (Klara having called him Uncle, Fanni had taken on the habit.)

"Confess," Fanni would say, "you want to be in bed with our Uncle."

"No," Klara would reply, and feel as if her cheeks would blotch ~~forever~~ if she did not tell the truth. "There are times, yes, when, yes, please, I want that. But you must know I won't, I never will."

"Why?"

"Because he is with you."

"Ach, that," said Fanni, "would not stop me for a minute."

"Maybe you, no," said Klara, "but I would be punished."

"This is something you know?"

"Please, I know."

"Maybe you don't," said Fanni. "I told Uncle I would die if I let him give me a baby, but now I think ^{this} ~~the~~ other way. I want a baby, I am near to having a baby."

"You will," said Klara, "and I won't go near Uncle Alois, ~~while~~ ^{as} you are his woman. That is my vow."

They kissed, but there was something within the ^{aroma} ~~taste~~ of the kiss that Fanni could not trust. Klara's lips were firm and full of character, but not completely. That night Fanni had a dream where Alois made love to Klara.

Klara wept just a little before she left. "How can you send me away?" she asked. "I gave you my vow."

"Tell me," said Fanni, "^{what} ~~where~~ is the foundation of your ^{this} ~~vow~~?"

^{swear by} "I vow ^{so holy of vow?} ~~for the~~ peace of my dead brothers and sisters."

It was not the best reply. Fanni had the sudden thought that Klara ^{also} might be concealing a witch in herself—she could ^{after all,} have ~~hated~~ ^{disliked} her brothers and sisters, *some of them, any way.*

Through the Finance Watch, Alois made arrangements in Vienna that would offer clean and gainful employment for Klara in the house of a modest and elderly lady. (Alois was more than ready to protect her chastity.) After four years of good and honest work in Braunau, sleeping each night in the smallest of the maid's rooms, Klara therefore packed her belongings into the ~~same~~ small packing box she had carried on her arrival, and in that manner left the Gasthaus to go to her new employment in Vienna.

If Fanni was now more at ease with Alois, the best of moods could nonetheless vanish in no more than the interval it took to close her eyes and open them. How could she be certain that her distrust of Klara had not welled forth from spite as cruel as the pain of a bad tooth?

Even as she had foreseen, she was pregnant now, and that was part of her contentment. Yet she continued to feel remorse. She had banished the sweetest girlfriend she ever knew, and there were days when she was on the edge of asking Klara to return, but then she would think: What if Alois ^{comes} ~~came~~ to prefer Klara? Then Klara might not be ^{so} faithful to her vow. ~~Still Fanni~~

~~could not take the chance~~. That would not be fair to the unborn child, ~~not if things went wrong~~.

Fourteen months after ^{Anna Glasl} ~~Anna~~ received the decree of separation, Fanni gave birth to a boy whom Alois without hesitation named Alois. They could not, however, call him Alois, Junior—not as yet. The name still had to be Alois Matzelsberger, and this bothered Alois Hitler. He went through a period of remembering what he had long ignored—that a child felt as empty as an empty belly when he could show nothing better than his mother's last name. Now, ^{Alois, Senior} ~~he~~ went to bed every night cursing Anna Glasl.

He was not a man to give a serious part of himself to a serious curse unless he was intent upon it. He considered that form of expression as equal to spending a private horde of gold. Therefore he was ^{particularly} ~~not that~~ surprised when Anna died fourteen months after Alois was born. He reckoned that his curses had had ~~some~~ ^{being} effect, an expensive payment for a necessary conclusion—expensive because there could ^{always} be consequences, ^{springing out} ~~from~~ ~~the~~ curses.

Indeed, her death certificate stated that the cause was unknown, which convinced him it was suicide. ^{that} ~~That~~ ^{not} ~~he~~ did not like ~~He was neither religious~~ ~~nor superstitious~~ (not, at least, as measured by belief in the near presence of God and the Devil (so common among the folk of Strones and Spital.) He

was, as he was ready to explain over any stein of beer, a man who believed in the solid and intelligent progress of dependable forms of government. If ~~God~~ ^{was near at hand} there was a deity, ~~he~~ ^{when} would look upon government in the same manner as Alois did—as the human instrument of divine will ^{exercised} by scrupulous officials like himself. Alois had not read a word of Hegel, but then, ~~he~~ ^{why} did ~~not~~ ^{he} need to? He and Hegel were in agreement—the idea occupied the same air for both of them.

So, Alois preferred a reasonable end. Death should come out of a burst appendix or from consumption even as Maria Anna, his mother, had ended that way, but ~~he did not like suicide, not in the manner of his~~ ^{second mother (or so he used to call Anna Glassl once in a while). Suicide,} ~~however,~~ ^{suicide} left him uneasy—he liked to fall asleep with a fart and a snore, as he put it, yes, the moment his head reached the pillow. Thoughts of her suicide kept him awake. For the first time in years, he felt like a peasant once more. He would have gone to her funeral but he did not care to subject his uneasiness to the sight of her face in the coffin. So he stayed away, and that was another notable item in the gossip of Braunau townspeople.

Nonetheless, no matter how Anna Glassl had gone, she was not there any longer. So he could marry his common-law wife, his new lady Franziska

Matzelsberger, which he did with her belly full of a second child seven months along. She was looking as large as the biggest melon in a field. He was forty-six, Fanni was twenty-two, and the wedding took place in another town, Ranshofen, four uncomfortable miles away and four back for the pregnant bride.

She had sworn she would not have the ceremony in Braunau. It was not only the glances of the women. Some of the boys snickered as she went by.

Alois was annoyed. It cost an extra and needless amount to transport the two Customs officers he had invited by hired carriage. That was no vast amount but all the same, needless. Besides, he was disappointed in Fanni.

His new wife
She was not ~~ready~~ as ready to face other people *as she ought to* as he had thought she would

be and in addition, *as* was a nervous mother—she insisted on having the second

baby in Vienna, *there, she told him,* where the midwife would not be as spiteful. Who, in her

situation, asked Fanni, could trust any woman from Braunau? More expense.

Class!
Anna *with* all her faults, had been a lady—he could, he decided

reluctantly, never be able to say the same for Fanni. It was not that he

expected it of her, not a farmer's daughter, but still she had once showed

progress in such a direction. Now, it was all going backward. When he first

knew her, she moved well, she was ^{quick-thinking} witty with the guests of the inn even as she served them. He thought she was the most ^{witty} delightful waitress he had ever encountered.

Now, however, she ~~was abrupt, she~~ yelled at the servants—all the fire in Fanni had gone ^{to} into her temper. Their rooms at the inn were not properly taken care of. When he suggested to her that they might call Klara back, Fanni screamed for all of one evening.

“Yes,” she told him, “then you can do to Klara what you did to me. Poor Anna Glassl.”

Poor Anna Glassl! He came to realize that Fanni must now be dreaming about Anna. Could they not move forward as husband and wife? It was a bad marriage, he decided. You should not have to get into the same fight every day of the week.

She spent two weeks in Vienna before their daughter, Angela, was born, and in that time he had to pay for a nurse to take care of Alois Hitler, Junior. Before the week was out, ^{Senior} he had seduced the nurse. She was fifteen years older than Fanni, heavy-set, a hard worker once he got her to bed, but he could sleep because she got up in the middle of the night without complaint when the boy was crying for his mother.

from a smuggler at the Customs gate.) ^{when in fact he had only} ~~It was not all accurate he had only~~
bought the big box ^{for her (her)} ~~two~~ days before her death, and so he could not forgive the
gossip. Besides, death, so often, was like saying goodbye to a friend who has
outworn his welcome. In truth, he did not plan to visit the cemetery too
often. His eyes were on Klara. He had almost forgotten how intense was her
presence. Her eyes! Those eyes!

12.

Klara had visited Fanni more often than Alois, and that mended—one would choose to put it so—the wound they had left in each other's heart.

Klara had fallen on her knees before the bed where Fanni rested, and said, "You were right. I do not know if I would have been true to my vow." In turn, Fanni wept. "You would have been true," she said. "Now I tell you to give up your vow. He is through with me."

"No," said Klara, "my promise must be stronger than ever." ~~She felt~~
~~exalted.~~ She had a moment when she thought she might have a true
 understanding of sacrifice. *and this left her feeling exalted*
(She had always been taught to search for such an
as fate of her soul. ~~so that~~ ^{those} teachings) *just such*
 ideal condition, ~~that~~ had come from her father, that is to say, her father-in-
 name, old Johann Poelzl, who was sour ^{on} in all matters but Devotion.

"Devotion to our Lord Jesus Christ is all of my life in each day," he would

tell her—he was indeed more pious than any woman in Spital, and ^{at} many a ~~meal~~ ^{meal} Sunday after saying grace, he would tell Klara (especially after she passed the age of twelve) that to give up what one truly desired was the nearest one could come to the ~~great and glorious~~ ^{Christ} moment when one knew the glory of ~~God~~. But to attain that hour, one must be ready to sacrifice one's dreams.

After all, had not God sacrificed His Son?

Klara had been trying to relinquish her desire for Uncle Alois ^{over} for many ~~It had been gone on~~ ^{It had been gone on} a year, a full four years while working for Anna Glassl, then another four in ^{serving} Vienna for an old lady who ~~had~~ alternated between doting on her and counting the silverware. The old lady had the true fever of suspicion—it irritated her when the count was correct (as it always was) because paranoia ^{cannot be} which is ~~never~~ ^{cannot be} confirmed is more difficult to bear than its opposite. One ^{missing} silver tablespoon ~~filched by five greedy fingers~~ can at least honor one's acumen for having suspected the servant in the first place. The old lady was proud of the manner by which this young servant kept her house in a virtual clarity of neatness, but the honesty made her irritable.

Klara's mother, as if paying for ^{one cardinal} sin with Alois, had changed from a slovenly housekeeper to a good one, and Klara had responded to ^{their} such house duties more than any of Johanna's remaining children. It was as if the

mother and daughter believed that the life of what was left of the family—
what with the ghosts of six dead children ^(to mill about) depended on whole attention to
the ~~daily~~ skirmish against mud, dust, ashes, slops, and the need of plates,
cups, pots, and cutlery to shine.

By now, Klara ^{had} never ^{to} ponder how to do a task, ^{it} required no more
than respect for the labor one knew how to do well. Sacrifice, however, was
apart from such work. Sacrifice was an ache she felt in her body. She ^{If she}
wanted Alois, ^{and} ~~she~~ dreamed of Alois, ^{now} she ^{had} to find a way, once his children

had been put to sleep, to keep Alois apart from her. There was not a night in ^{the}
^{best inn in} (Braunau, ~~at~~ the Pommer Inn (to which they had moved) that Alois was not
staring at her open-faced and slightly drunk from the three steins of beer he
drank each evening after work with one or another or two or three of the
Customs Officers with whom he worked. Back at the Pommer Inn to eat the
meal Klara had cooked in the kitchen of the hotel and brought up to their
lodgings, he would nod, and eat in full gusto without a word, just nods to
show his enjoyment. Then he would stare at her in the privacy of their sitting
room, his eyes ^{there} open for her to share his thoughts. She felt as if all that was
valuable in the most private parts of her body was being grasped in his hands.
Her cheeks burned, her thighs burned, her heart seemed to reach forward as

if to make an offering. She would jump up in relief and disappointment if one of the children cried out in sleep—she heard it as a cry from Fanni's throat travelled all the distance from Laughter-in-the-Woods.

Alois would not have been capable of describing to his drinking friends how he loved her eyes. They were so clear, so deep, and more than full of the desperation to have him.

Why not? Alois kept to the elevated view that he was a man superior to others. What other fellow from the Waldviertel could claim such indifference to religious fear? That was bravery. He ^{often} made a point of ^{declaring} never ~~that he never went~~ going to church, nor would he confess to a priest. They ^{could} not be equal to him. He had his allegiance to the Crown and more than that, no man needed. God was not about to punish those who ^{would} ~~could~~ serve the State.

He had written just the week before to a cousin who had inquired whether a son, now of age, would be happy working on the Finance Watch. Alois had written back, "Don't let him think it is a kind of game because he will be quickly disillusioned. He has to show absolute obedience to his superiors at all levels. Second, there is a good deal to learn in this occupation, all the more so if he has had little previous education. Heavy

drinkers, men who get into debt, and gamblers and those who lead immoral lives cannot last. Finally, one has to go out in all weather, day or night."

Naturally, he ^{felt equal to the sentiment in} ~~was pleased with~~ the letter, nor did he have to think about those-who-lead-immoral-lives. Immorality, Alois knew, was not to be gauged by your private life. Immorality was ^{sailing to pay} ~~delinquency in one's~~ attention ^{whereas much} ~~toward the work~~. Private life was too complicated for judgment. He did not know for certain that Klara was his daughter—after all, he did not have to trust Johanna Hiedler Poelzl's word ~~all that~~ completely. What, after all, was the sense of being a woman if you could not lie with skill?

All the same, he would assume she might be his daughter. Already, she called him Uncle, and he sensed enough about these matters to feel that that made her desire him in a way she would never consider if she thought of him as a man and not a relative.

He knew why he wouldn't go to church, or to confession, he knew why he was brave. He was ready to go in the ^{game} ~~direction~~ that ~~others like~~ drunken peasants and children on top of one another in a bed, might blunder into, but he would not look back in fear ^{and penitence,} ~~(he would do it, yes, he would fuck~~ his daughter.

Which he finally did at the end of a short evening that had been much like all the other short pauses after other dinners when he had looked at her with no deceit in his expression and no activity but to stand up now and again with his pants in full profile thrust forward in that bulge which will always speak for itself. ~~Then~~ ^{he} he would poke the fire and sit down and look at her again. On this one night, however, he did not say goodnight as she put her hand on the door to the children's room where she slept, but instead, strode forward, caught that hand, kissed her on the mouth, and brought her to his bedroom and his bed, where he proceeded to lay a track with his hand ~~on~~ ^{the} ~~veteran now~~ practised at wrestling all the way through the ~~separate~~ defenses of her inner garments, all the way to the nest of hair so long concealed, and it was downy, much like feathers, much as he had expected. Half her body was on fire, half ~~was~~ ^{the} locked in ice, ~~that~~ ^{the} bottom half. If not for ~~the~~ ^{her} Hound, he might have stalled ~~at the gate~~ but then her mouth was part of the fire and she kissed him as if her heart was also on her lips, so rich, so fresh, so wanton a mouth (and all despite herself) that he exploded, exploded even as he entered her, ripped her hymen altogether, and deep and in and it was over even as she began to sob in woe and fright and the wrong kind of exaltation, altogether the opposite of sacrifice. Nor could she stop kissing him. It went on and on like

a child raining kisses on the face of the great adult beloved, and then there were other kisses, softer, deeper, as she learned to use the mouth of a woman just-born. He was the first man she had ever kissed as a man and not as a relative of the family, yes, the wrong kind of exaltation.

13.

So, Klara was now his lover, his cleaning woman, and the nursemaid to Alois, ^{Jr.} ~~the~~, and to Angela. On many a night she was also his cook—unless (having hired a maid to sit with the children for an hour) they went downstairs to the dining room of the Pommer Inn, there in full display as uncle and niece, the middle-aged customs officer in uniform and his demure young mistress. No one in Braunau was fooled, no matter how often she might call him Uncle. It was enough to stir a full boil of outrage that he could sit there like Franz-Josef himself, as if to say, “In company with the Emperor, I, too, have a lovely mistress.” It never failed that on any night that they went downstairs, he would make love when they came back, his voice so hoarse he could hardly speak. “I am your bad uncle,” he would say in the thick of the embrace *it increased his pleasure to be bad and then bad beyond belief.*

"Yes," she would say.

"Your very bad uncle."

"Yes, yes, my ^{bad} uncle," and she would cling to him, hardly able to

distinguish her pain from what was seeking to become pleasure—a most unholy pleasure—"Oh," she would cry out, "we will both be punished yet."

She would weep when it was over. There was all the direct congestion of all that had not come to pass in her, and all that might never. She was, after all, so guilty.

~~Now, it was Klara's turn not to~~
Klara did not go to Mass because she could not enter Confession. She ^{working} was living for the Devil—so she knew!--and Satan was a master to instruct her in subtlety—a terrible subtlety. She felt as if her finest impulses ^{kept bringing} ~~also~~ brought her nearer to ^{the Evil One} ~~him~~, yes, even the loving care she gave to Alois, Jr., and to Angela ^{for} the more she adored them, the worse it must be. Such love, ^{now} ~~being~~ tainted, must pollute their nature ^{by} ~~with~~ her presence ^{itself}. And when she thought of her dead brothers and sisters, she wept within for what she was ^{now} ~~doing~~ doing to them. She could not even trust ^{the size of} ~~the size of~~ her concern for ^{those wrongs} ~~all the wrong~~ she was committing ^{against} ~~to~~ everyone, because to take such an important view of herself was but another sin.

Then, there was Fanni. Klara had not told ~~Fanni~~^{her?} and she knew she must. Because if Fanni did not know now, she would find out after she ~~passed~~^{went over} ~~(to the other side, and~~^{so)} would be left with the unendurable thought that Klara never cared enough to reveal ~~these acts against her~~^{what she had done to} ~~dearest friend.~~

Yet, in the last week of Fanni's life when Klara did confess, the answer was brief: "This is my punishment for sending you away four years ~~ago.~~^{That} It is fair."

"I will take care of the boy and girl as if they were mine."

"You will take better care than I would," said Fanni, and turned her face away. "It is all right," she said, "but you must not come to see me any more."

Then Klara knew once again that she lived in the ~~realm~~^{grasp} of the Evil One. Because if at first she ~~felt~~^{was} hurt, she was soon ~~was~~^{felt} furious that Fanni could send her away again, and this anger was still with her on the night of the day ~~(that)~~ Fanni died, and Klara now felt as if she had become at last the ~~common-law wife, no longer the niece.~~ In bed that night—a ~~very~~ hot August night—she had an experience unlike anything she had known before. Her life received another life. She felt it travel directly to her soul, or so she felt since her soul seemed to reside right there beneath her heart, and she came

close to falling into darkness from ^{the} ~~pleasure~~ ^{which} and it went on and on. The act had belonged to the Devil, He had dug into her loins with the most evil ^{enjoyment} ~~pleasure~~ she had ever known. ^{Never again would she} ~~She would never~~ feel it so much again (but once), ^{delight} ~~would indeed never~~ dare to feel it again (but once) since her guilt in the morning was as heavy as the hold of a water-logged hull. She had a dreadful moment of realizing that her ~~pleasure~~ ^{delight} had come in part because Fanni was gone. Yes. All ^{the} ~~that~~ love she had felt for the long-sick friend, ^{had} ~~and~~ ^{vanished into} ~~with it,~~ (this unholy glee, the nastiest joy ^{she could feel} ~~because the woman who banished~~ her was dead. Now, she could be the wife.

~~No surprise, then.~~ She became pregnant. No surprise that the last tumbler in the lock of her fear of pregnancy ~~had~~ turned.

She never indicated that she wanted him to marry her, but he knew. "A man can be a fool on many matters," Alois liked to say, "but he must learn from the experience he has had. Only on such matters, should he be judged." So Alois knew that if he was not responsive to this new duty, Klara would join Anna Glassl and Fanni in the gloom that led to the box where you said goodbye.

Besides, he wanted to get married. The displeasure of the good people of Braunau had begun to itch at his skin. An intolerable thicket of itching

had begun to bother him (even on duty!), and could last for as long as an hour before it disappeared. He saw it as the venom of the townspeople in full discharge against him. For the first time ~~in his life~~, he considered the possibility that ~~this time~~ the anonymous letters they were writing to the Finance Watch ^{were going to be by the desk officials, no!} would not ~~be~~ thrown away, ^{no} inquiries would ensue. Such matters moved slowly, but now that Klara was pregnant, it could prove an expensive sight if, in four or five months, she could ^{not} ~~hardly~~ walk in the street for the size of her belly. That would put no honey into the letters sent to the Finance Watch.

He could also say to himself that for the first time he did like the woman he would marry. Anna Glassl had satisfied his sense of rank—no question there!—but he did not enjoy the pale smell of her perfume. That was too much like the coffin she went into. And Fanni, to say the least, was not dependable in her shifts of mood. Klara, however, was calm and knew where she came from. He had to like how she took care of his children, and if she gave him a big family, well, nothing too terrible about that. It would shut the mouths of the townspeople.

At worst, what with children dying all the time, a large family was insurance against tragedy. If you lost one or two, you still had others.

Knowing that cousins sometimes had difficulties when seeking to marry each other, he made his first inquiries at the Braunau parish house and discovered a serious impediment. He was hardly unaware of similar obstructions in Customs work—sometimes if he or another officer wished to harass a man who travelled back and forth a suspicious lot between Braunau and the German side, they knew how to delay him with one or another declaration to answer, yes, test the smuggler's patience.

So Alois understood government regulations. These, however, were ecclesiastical laws, and they were very much in his way. He wondered if the Church was looking on him as ^{another} ~~their~~ species of smuggler. The lie that had been certified in the hour nearly nine years ago when he had travelled to Strones with Johann Nepomuk and the three witnesses ~~was now exactly what~~ prevented a quick marriage: On official paper he was Johann Georg Hiedler's son, and therefore, Klara's cousin one-step-removed. ^{By Church ordinance,} For the ~~Church~~, that was too close. ~~He knew the real story might be more interesting, but~~ ² if he would now claim that Johann Georg was not his father, that would make him Alois Schicklgruber again. ~~It was~~ ³ not to be contemplated. ¹ Klara and he, therefore, would have to take the long step of

asking for a dispensation. Whether uncle and niece, or first cousins one-step-
removed, they were ~~not supposed to get married.~~ *too close by blood for the marriage, laws,*
~~accept the marriage~~

In Braunau, the incumbent of the parish church, Father Koestler, ~~now~~
proceeded to study the problem and after a month gave forth the discouraging
response
~~news~~ that the power to grant dispensations in cases like Herr Hitler's did not
reside in him. They would have to apply to the Bishop of Linz. Father
Koestler would help him write the letter.

14.

Most Reverend Episcopate:

Those who with most humble devotion have appended their signatures below have decided upon marriage. But according to the enclosed family tree they are prevented by the canonical impediment of collateral affinity. They therefore make the humble request that the Most Reverend Episcopate will graciously secure for them a dispensation on the following grounds:

The bridegroom has been a widower since August 10th of this year, and he is the father of two minors, a boy of two and a half years (Alois) and a girl of one year and two months (Angela), and they both need the services of a nurse, all the more because he is a customs official away from home all day and often at night, and therefore in no position to supervise the education and upbringing of his children. The bride has been caring for these children ever since their mother's death, and they are very fond of her. Thus it may be justifiably assumed that they will be well brought up and the marriage will be a happy one. Moreover, the bride is without means, and it is unlikely that she will ever have another opportunity to make a good marriage.

For these reasons, the undersigned repeat their humble petition for a gracious procurement of dispensation from the impediment of affinity.

Braunau am Inn, 27 October, 1884

Alois Hitler, Bridegroom

Klara Poelzl, Bride

101-106 (double space)

Alois had become friends with Father Koestler's housekeeper, a plump middle-aged woman with a light in her eye. Or, so he assumed.

With a light in his eye, he showed her the letter and said, "There is no mention of a very important reason for our marriage. The bride is pregnant."

"Oh, we all know that," she said, "but it is not a good idea to put it in the documents."

"That," said Alois, after a digestive pause, "is fine advice. It is well-seated," and he put his hand on her ~~tail~~ behind as if to test the center of her wisdom. She gave him a crack across the face.

"How could you do that?" he asked.
 "Herr Hitler, don't you get slapped a lot?" ~~she asked.~~

"Yes, but I also find a number of women who are not so unwilling as you."

She laughed. She could not help herself. She was sure the cheeks of her face were as red as the place where he had left his compliment.

waiting a full
 After ~~another~~ month, word came back from the Bishop of Linz. He did not find that he could grant the dispensation.

If Alois had had little liking for the Church, he now despised it *to himself*.
 "Churchmen wear long black cassocks," he said, "because they are always *covering* *little* ~~concerned to cover their~~ asses."

~~By~~ Father Koestler, he said only.
"What, then, is the next step?" he asked Father Koestler.

"We ~~will~~^{could} have the letter containing your plea translated into Latin by the diocesan scholars in Linz, and then we ~~will~~^{could} send it on to Rome. I think the papal court will be more receptive."

Yes, thought Alois, they will be far enough away not to have to worry about themselves. To the priest he said, "I thank you for your patience and your wisdom, Father. I learn much from you. I think they will see in Rome that the act of providing a good mother for my two children ~~must~~^{will} in the balance of what constitutes good Catholic virtue ~~is~~^a virtue I seek to acquire—~~will~~^{this} outweigh ~~the~~ not so uncommon situation of second cousins who wish to marry."

Alois was pleased with his tactic. His hints went deep, his hints were broad: He was one sinner who was ready to return to the mother fold.

Father Koestler was sufficiently charmed to ~~offer~~^{now} up some good economic advice. The translation into Latin could prove expensive. It might be wise to sign a Testimonium Pauperatis.

"A declaration of poverty?" Alois ~~certainly~~ knew that much Latin.

"It will remove the obligation, Herr Hitler, to pay for the translation."

103

Herr Hitler restrained himself from remarking that as an officer of the Crown, he considered himself well-to-do, thank you. Instead, he accepted the advice. He was not so removed from peasant wisdom as to wish to pay a debt one could avoid.

Three weeks later, close on Christmas, 1884, the dispensation was granted by Rome. Now they had to wait again ^{since} until January 7, 1885, for no marriages could be solemnized until two weeks after the anniversary of the Holy Birth of Jesus, a further delay that proved most difficult of all for Klara, since she would be close to four months pregnant by then and showing ^{a wholly} ~~unambiguous~~ ^{unambiguous} condition.

"What a big fellow he will be," said Alois, ~~the child~~ ^{the fellow}.
 "How I hope so," she said. She was terrified that a child conceived ~~under~~ ^{in the dark of the night} in the dark of the night ^{could} ~~might~~ ^{might} not live. ~~For she had been too thrifty to~~ ^{For she had been too thrifty to} ~~set~~ ^{set} ~~might~~ ^{might} be worse? Could one transmit one's evil to ~~another~~ ^{another} ~~child~~ ^{child} ~~an unborn child?~~ ^{an unborn child?}
 The thought was there. ~~It was the best of fear to haunt her~~ ^{It was the best of fear to haunt her} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~her wedding~~ ^{her wedding}.
 That took place on January 7, 1885, and like many of the nuptials of customs officials, it was ~~divided~~ ^{divided} into two parts,

(but, would)
 Or, if he did that
 God on that night.

As Klara would say in later years, (copy)
we were ~~there~~ ^{standing} at the altar by six in the
morning, and by seven my ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~husband~~
~~was~~ was right out there ~~on duty~~ ^{on duty} at
his post. It was still dark when I came
~~retained home~~ ^{back to our rooms.}

That night was the wedding party.
They had a reception at the Sommer
Jah and Johann Deformed was there
and Johanna Poelzel, ~~was~~ one of ~~two~~ Klara's
~~two~~ two remaining sisters. She was
a hunchback which occasioned some
back-of-the-hand humor between two
of the Customs officials. "Yes," said
one, "the question is whether Alois will
think it is good luck or bad luck
to ^{rub} that hump!"

"~~Yes~~," Don't laugh," said the other. "I
hear that hunchback has a terrible
temper."

There was music. An accordion was
played, and Alois and Klara did their
best to dance, but Alois was stiff-
legged. It did not make for limber to
stand in one place for hours on a cold day.

(105)

Other followed ~~them~~. Customs official
and their wives. One of ^{them} had a son
old enough to dance a ~~vigorous~~ polka with
~~the newly-wed~~ ~~Rosalie Schickel~~ ~~who had~~
the newly-wed maid for the newly-weds,
and a girl with crimson cheeks and
merry eyes named Rosalie Schickel
who had also prepared a roast leg
of veal and a roast suckling pig
as the center of the wedding feast.

She had also thrown too many logs
on the fire and the dancers ~~soon~~ gave
up because the room was ^{far too} hot. They
in annoyance and half in exuberance
Alair left teasing Rosalie. "Oh, you are
the one to burn up ~~the~~ a man's goods
in a hurry, are you not?" and ~~thanking~~
~~thanking~~ Rosalie, already too red to
blush would cover her cheeks with
her hands and giggle.

It was no big matter, but Rosalie's
hearts were undeniably full, and they
were ~~beats~~ heaving from the after-effects
of the polka, and her eyes constantly
did flash when she was teased. All
this came near to convincing Alair that

* Plunk of a tough old parent. Von Stalder, he was
 near the same which a young
 it with a young man, a young boy, each being
 around for the first time. And he placed it in it, some
 the next morning, as the children and of
 the next morning, as the children and of

Albin was preparing his next ^{adventure} (106)
 She chose to ignore it, ~~for this was her~~
~~wedding party~~ but she remembered
~~after~~ all the years to come, all the
 gleams of ~~now~~ sorrow when the child Gustav
 she was carrying on their night and
 the two who were to follow, ~~Gustav~~
~~and~~ Ida and Otto were all to die
 in the same year, and almost in the same
 month, Gustav at two, Ida at one, and
 Otto when he was only a few weeks old.
 Johann Nepomuk was also to
 notice the warmth of the room and
 the look in Rosalie's eye. "Get rid
 of that maid," he volunteered to ~~the~~
~~the~~ Klara, but she did no more
 than shrug. "The next one could be
 worse," she whispered back.

Nepomuk had a terrible nightmare
 after the wedding party and could
 not sleep that night in his bed, but
 instead he lived for three more years.
 His material was more resistant to
 quick decomposition than the kids and *

15.

Q Like the Black Death *family*
~~had Diphtheria had come into their rooms like the Black Death~~

~~Great~~ ^{up} mucus welled forth from the throat of the two-year-old and the
~~one-year-old~~ ^{an endless uppouring} ~~that transfigured into~~
~~one-year-old~~ ^{thicker} and then condensed into a green phlegm heavier than the mud

~~of Strones. The children made sounds that rasped forth with the tortured~~
~~authority of old people working in the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's~~
~~width of passage. Gustav died first, young Gustav~~ ^{an old man and an old woman} ~~the first~~

~~width of passage. Gustav died first, young Gustav~~ ^{the first} ~~always aemic, always~~

^a sickly, the two-and-a-half-year-old who ~~had~~ looked like the ghost of Klara's

^{lost} lost brothers and sisters, and then Ida went, Ida, fifteen months old, certainly

(08

the image of Klara, going ~~just~~ three weeks after Gustav. Both deaths ~~had to~~

lay upon the mother in the after-blow

of enduring in the ~~war~~ aftermath (of Otto's death—Otto, three weeks old!—

lost to)

gone from a galloping colic that ~~was~~ gutted a baby born

to die in its first week

death settled upon Klara as the origin of what came after

whose fault it ~~was~~ had

She had no doubt what was to be (Alois must have been on some

—that for certain!—

[But ~~that~~ a matter

terms with the Evil One before she had even been born. That she could

understand. A boy in Vienna all alone and always wanted so much. Of

course! For herself, however, no excuse! She had desired a family where

children did not die but grew to their full age, and yet she had been unfaithful

that and God Almighty ~~altogether unfaithful~~ at the death of Fanni

to God on the night Gustav was conceived, yes, she had taken unholy

a secret pleasure she looked for find again

(pleasure at the death of Fanni, and still continued to look for something like

that pleasure on nights when Alois chose to make love, as a change in

diet from his present abba in with the new

cool at the Sommer Inn.

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She hated him for his ~~affairs~~. But then, she also learned that ^{this kind of} hatred ^{could} increase ^{increase} her desire. ^{She told herself that now she might know} Now, she knew what it could have been like for a little of what it might have been like for ^{a moment of} martyrs on the rack. On those rare nights when she felt some love for Alois, ^{all good!} her life turned to ice below—he would grumble when the act was done as even as ^{she was kissing}

matter how she kissed him in a fever to set things right.

"Your mouth gives promises you do not keep," he would tell her.

It did not feel as if she were married. Anna Glassl and Fanni were always in her mind. If she had begun as a maid, became a nurse to Fanni's children, and then a stepmother, now, now, her own children were dead.

Alois, Jr., and Angela had been sent to Spital when the diphtheria

commenced, and they lived, they were ^{back} with her now, ^{the bitter family} all their rooms at the

Pommer Inn still redolent of the fumigation that followed each death—the

odor lived on her clothes after the three separate days of the three services at

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the cemetery. She had known how small a coffin could be—she had learned

as much from the losses in her own family. ^{—but the} ~~The~~ miniature coffins of her own

three children had been equal to three slashes upon her heart. It aroused all

the love she had not dared to feel ^{when her children were alive.} ~~for them.~~ She had been too terrified of the

evil she could bring to ^{those} ~~their~~ newborn souls, ^{so new-born,} so unprotected, so sickly. ~~Only it was~~

^{only after} ~~at~~ the death of Gustav ^{that} ~~she~~ realized that she ^{had} loved him, so charming a

little boy on those rare days when he was not feeling sickly—the hump on

Johanna's back seemed more pronounced after ^{Gustav} ~~he~~ was gone. Bitter, horrid-

tempered, forever angry, Johanna, her sister, had loved ^{the child} ~~Gustav~~ even more

than she did.

Klara had worked hard for those two children, had washed their

swaddling clothes in the morning and again at night. The acts had ^{seemed} ~~been~~ able

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to lift her disposition. Every stain bleached out by the force of her hands ^{from good}
^{might be}
^{as a} ~~as a~~ ^{containing a small}
^{payment for the debt of her sins.}

Alois, however, had decided ^{not} ~~never~~ to forgive God. To his friends at
^{near the Custom House}
the tavern ^{to the ones he had been drinking with for ten years, and to the}
^{men}

newcomers, young Customs officials, he would speak with the authority of

his three decades in the Finance Watch. "It is the Emperor who has the

^{us, 4}
power to guide our ~~Destiny~~," he would remark. "Real power is there. God

does nothing but ⁴ kill us off, ~~old and young~~

"Alois," said his oldest friend, "you speak as if you are not afraid of
going upstairs."

^{the Big One, only}
"Upstairs or downstairs, ^{they} ~~only~~ come in at the end," said Alois.

^{for me}
"What is important here is Franz Josef. Our ~~Hapsburg Empire~~ ^{He} ~~that~~ is more

important than God, ⁴ yes, ~~the Hapsburgs are more important than God~~ ⁴ ~~for us~~

"And the Devil?"

forget the
 "The Devil, too. Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroads?"

Men, not God, not the Devil."

"You go too far," said his oldest friend.

By the time he *reached* home, Alois was usually in a bad mood. *The beer was*
He would
off in a sour cloud. He would
 scold Alois, Jr., he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara.

Now, no more often than once a week (and he was furious at how much

these three deaths had taken from his vitality) he would look at Klara again as

he had on their first night, and he would try to conceive of *how* ~~her~~ to introduce

her to *all about* ~~specialites de maison~~. He did not speak French but he knew *those three words* what that

~~meant~~. One of the Customs Officers *a man* ~~who was~~ hardly to be trusted for the *telling the*

truth about his personal life, still claimed that he had been ~~once~~ to Paris and *and*

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he also ~~claims~~ ^{also} two
there in a brothel (he had learned more in ~~one~~ ^{two} night than for the rest of his
life, before and after.

Alois refused to be unpressed ~~beyond measure~~. Some of the details ~~described~~
~~these details were not so foreign to him after all.~~ ^{also}
described were not so foreign to him after all. He had indulged. Fanni, for
one, liked to put her mouth all over the place, and Anna Glasl was no lady
when you got down to it. And once in a while with one of the maids or the
cooks, they would give him a surprise.

Now, he had this frightened bird whose body heat could scorch him
even if her thighs were as cold as a snow bank. She made love, yes, when he
(all the way there) in her ~~ward~~ ^{ward}
could actually get into her, she was as strong as the Round, yes, so much like
bitches he had seen snarling and snapping at ~~the~~ ^a male dog's genitals.
Klara did not snarl or snap, she just jumped up on the altar, alone, alone,
always alone, she was so private that he wanted to put his mouth where she

^{after} ^{he would}
 was ^(most private) and then ^(put the Hound in her mouth) he would show her ^{what and}

~~where~~ where the real Church was ^{located},

^{this} ^{when once} ^{again}
 Yet on the night ^(he tried) ^(he pushed) against the strength of her closed

^{pushing} legs ^{with all the force of his arms and shoulders,} ^{bruising} ^{mouth} and ^{bruised} her ^{lips} against

her closed teeth, there came a moment when his ^{breath} seized him with a

startling pang ^{as if all his air wished to go in and out at once and he thought} ^{For that instantly one mighty}

^{instant, he felt as if} ^(thunder) ^{the next one}
 he had been felled by ^{a mighty blow}. Was it his heart? Was he ^{about} to die?

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to

^{again} breathe ^{and all his breath going in and out} ^{with} the terrible rasp of the two

^{struggling against} children ^{who had died} ^{to} ^{gang} ^{round} their end,

"^{and} all right. Yes. No," he said, and then she was on him. For she

thought he was going to die and the same spite, sharp as a needle, that had

come to her after Farin's death was with her again, ^{and} so, too, was the ^{evil}

One with her again and more than ever, ^{Now} so that she carried out the attack on the body

that ^{her} (the bottom one) Alois had begun, and was astride him, the ^{old} second mouth so full of sin was

on his hard-breathing lips, and the ^{cold battering ram} ^{as} pride between his legs now was soft as a

Even as she said this to herself she took it, coil of excrement, ~~so she saw it, as there~~ now in her mouth and she sucked

upon it with ^a ^{only} all the hunger that could come from the Evil One himself—that

she knew as she had known nothing before, and ^{there, the two} they went on and on with the ^{both hands in the other places, doing the} of them ~~down the~~ two-backed beast, although not two persons were there, but three—the Evil

One never closer ^{they} and altogether in her soul, and by the time, ^{there in her mouth, and Alois was ~~with~~} the Hound had come to life, and he was himself again, which is to say that he

felt stronger, ^{hell} and meaner and ^{more} ~~more~~ endlessly revived than in a very long time—

a young man again, he told himself, and ^{reversed his body and} began to kiss

Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of ^{her} ^{still} the second mouth ~~there~~

on his lips, how much was he ready at last to spit upon her piety—damned

^{moes}
church~~women~~, damned church! ~~he was going to give her all he got~~ he was

back from the dead, some kind of ^{my} miracle had rescued ^{yes} him, he was there and

they ^{could you} went on and on, they ^{before} had never had (a night like this before, nor would ^{usually}

they ever again, ~~it was~~ better than a storm at sea, and for one moment, and

then for another, then another until it ^{went on beyond all the moments,} was there ~~(for all that hour of love,~~

she--the finest and most angelic woman in Braunau--gave herself over to

the demon and was mad with that lust which ^{always would} is ~~ready to~~ engorge the world,

and I knew all of this ^{for I} and was with both of them in the cascade and ~~the~~

caterwaul of their coming together with me into the womb of Klara Poelzl

Hitler, and ^I knew the moment within the moment of the ^{quivering} ~~oscillating~~ rings of

time when ^(at the cascade) a new time is created, and I, too, now dare to speak, I was ~~the~~ 7

there ^{there for} for ^I honored ~~republicans~~ of the Evil! One, who was present at the conception of

Adolf Hitler ^(to be) (christened Adolfus Hitler) the fourth of the six children in the

marriage of Alois and Klara, yes, I can say that I was ~~more, much more than~~

~~the godfather, I was~~ *the Angel Gabriel of the Evil One*
on that historic night

Yes. Now I am ready to reveal ~~some~~ ^{more} ~~of~~ what I know

End Part I

Note: possible first sentence for Part II

Adolf, however, proved when born to be as sickly a child as Gustav.

~~And Otto~~

Klara had worked hard for these two children, had washed their swaddling clothes in the morning and again at night. The acts had served to lift her disposition. Every stain bleached out by the force of her hands might be a small payment for the debt of her sins.

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