

pp 175-189
are in ~~unfiled~~
double-space

190 → 198
triple-space

9.

Klara and Alois were, now, for ^a ~~their~~ brief time happy. ^{the} ~~One could~~
^{Finance Watch named Alois}
~~Speak of this as the largest transmogrification of them all. They lived~~
~~through a time when much went well. Alois was named to the post of Chief~~
Customs Officer at Passau and if it ^{was} ~~proved to be~~ only a provisional promotion
^{since} ~~for~~ he would have to prove himself at the ^{position} ~~job~~ before the title would be secure,

still, it was unheard of [^] such a high promotion, ~~and~~ Klara had the pleasure of knowing she was married to a man of no small powers of achievement.

~~Even Adolf benefited,~~ ^{as well,} They could hardly rent ^{Braunau} the house on

Linzerstrasse at such quick notice, yet Alois had to be in Passau. So, there

were periods, often for weeks at a time, when Alois was living a full day ^{of} ~~at~~

~~travel apart~~ ^{them,} ~~the railroad away from Braunau,~~ ^{at night} and so Adolf could loll in the big bed with

his mother.

~~If the child's joy was profound, be certain that we looked to intensify~~

~~it.~~ If it grieved him that Klara had to put him aside when Alois came home,

so did he also learn that such happiness could be ^{quickly} recovered ^{since in} ~~less~~ a day or

^{would be} two, Alois ~~was~~ off again to Passau.

~~Adolf, on most nights, would, therefore, lie next to his mother, and this~~

agreeable state would last for a year, and then, ~~on many an occasion was~~

~~often~~ even able to continue after the family joined Alois in Passau, ~~That territory~~ ^{On the new}

^{him} required the ~~Chief Customs Officer~~ to oversee other towns, and ^{he} Alois was

away as much as he was back, ^{thereby permitting} and so ~~Adolf often~~ remained within the

nocturnal embrace of his mother. ~~Indeed, this species of nesting was to~~ ^{such}

~~continue until she conceived another child, a boy, Edmund, who was born~~

~~when Adi was five, and that, while not so large as an earthquake, did succeed~~

~~in disturbing the family ground.~~

^{however} But one must not relate these events too quickly. What is the value of

a tale when it inspires no meditation? I proceed, therefore, more slowly than

I would like, and obey the E.O. who will remind us from time to time that the

ground of human meaning is in proper chronology. If we do not know whether A produced B, or B produced A, then we know nothing. Does a man strike his wife because he is jealous, or does he strike her first, and then, in wondering why, become jealous?

In consequence: Chronology is all. I take up the thread, knot by knot,

I proceed to speak of the importance of Alois' transfer to Passau.

*For Alois, the change was not only agreeable,
It must be seen that the difference between the two places was of no*

great disturbing.

~~small moment to him.~~ Braunau, after all, had only a few thousand people.

Its trade with Germany was limited, its smugglers, ^{we were} petty thieves, ^{and} the roads by

~~that route from Munich to Vienna~~ ^{which travelled that route were} secondary, and the tourists who passed

^{rarely} through were ~~no exciting mixture of the~~ well-to-do and greedy, nothing to

catch a good customs-man's eye. Most of the product was agricultural;

weighings were tedious. Braunau was situated nicely on the river Inn, but its

architecture presented humdrum buildings all ~~too~~ much of the same height,

and built in such a scattered fashion as to create no sense of ~~substance to the~~

~~as a whole to the town~~

view. One glance at the town was enough to promise that its dark secrets

would be few, ~~its scandals lacking in stimulation for the mind~~

Passau was another matter. It was ^{part of Bavaria} ~~in Germany~~, not Austria, but by

agreement, Austrian customs were allowed to operate on the German side of

the Danube. ^{buildings that greeted them} The ~~buildings of Passau that were erected~~ on the river bank

gave intimations of ~~old and~~ mysterious origins. Passau was large, and had

once been ruled by a Prince-Bishop. It had medieval towers, it had castles, it

had churches whose foundations had been dug at the onset of the Middle

Ages. To Alois it spoke of grandeur, high duty, ancient crimes, torture

chambers, by-gone glory, and criminal smugglers with imagination enough to be a match for him.

He was frightened for the first time by the responsibilities of his position. ~~If he had always seen himself as exceptional, and knew all too well~~ ^(thought his appearance to be) ~~by constant study in every mirror available, including most especially the~~ ^{a fact}
~~eyes of others, that he impressed the people he dealt with,~~ ^{he had certified} he also knew that it

^a was due to the manner he had developed over the years, ~~a personality when~~
~~he offered a personality~~
^{On} duty of forceful calm which offered no peace to the traveler before him.

The manner suggested that to manifest this calm, he had put a seal on the lava within himself. That was the way to be—the people you dealt with could feel the pressure you kept on ^{that} ~~the lid~~, one tight lid. Over the years he had put together ~~his understanding of~~ ⁷ the kind of official one ought to be by

studying the upper-class officers above him—~~those born in grand old places~~ ^{five towns}

like Passau, those with university learning, and livid, invaluable duelling

scars. They were the ones to model after.

Taking up his command in Passau, he was, however, ^{less than happy.} ~~miserable.~~ He

was reduced to watching himself. While he made few errors, his tone ^{was, he knew} ~~turned~~

~~to~~ harsh. He ^{even} became too demanding ~~even~~ to suit himself. Rudeness toward

inferiors was ^{reasonable} ~~acceptable~~, provided the cutting edge of the criticism was

accurate—one's subordinates learned correct procedure best under the sting

^{a well-applied} ~~a~~ of the whip, but occasionally some trifle would cause him to ^{go too far} ~~lose his temper.~~

Once he went into a tirade because an underling addressed him as "Herr

Official" rather than "Herr Senior Official Hitler." He could sense that his

Passau contingent, so much more sophisticated than the junior officers at

Braunau, were critical of him. ~~Once in a while~~ ^{Now and again} when he looked at the ~~force~~ ^{and slow} ongoing ~~force~~ of the Danube from the Customs' bridge, tears would come to his eyes—he would find himself thinking of Braunau, and of the two wives buried in the region, dear carnal-spirited Franzeska, yes, and for an instant he would also mourn Anna Glassl. No beauty, but she had known what to do under the sheets.

He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to him, was ~~The~~ ^{Herr} ~~Chimney~~. "In what kind of mood is ~~The~~ ^{Herr} Chimney today?" an officer might ask another as he came on duty. He ~~did not know~~ ^{had known} that the juniors were resentful that he did not let them smoke on their shifts, ~~nor did he allow them~~ the small protest of coughing when they came into his office (also known as ~~The Chimney~~). ^{but he} He liked the ~~unfairness~~ ^{injustice} of it. His years had told him that a

good officer ^{should} ~~had to~~ be fair for the most part, but must also ^{remain alert to} ~~be keen to the kind~~

^{using any inequities} ~~of small inequities~~ that will irritate inferiors yet ^{bring} ~~grind~~ them down thereby ^{obliging} ~~to obliging~~
^{the junior officer} ~~them to~~ respecting one's presence ~~even~~ more.

^{After} ~~Once~~ Klara ~~had~~ moved up to Passau, he ^{also turned} ~~became very~~ hard on the

children. Now ^{he} ~~he~~ taught Alois, Jr. and Angela not to speak to him unless

they were asked a question. If Alois, Jr. was outside, he would put two

fingers to his lips and whistle ^{identical to the call} ~~for him~~. It was ~~the same whistle he used for~~

^{to summon} ~~In turn, Alois, Sr.~~
(Luther. The boy, fresh-cheeked, strong, stocky, and with a face like his

father's, had ~~once~~ ^{one afternoon} driven Klara and Angela into hysterics by picking up ~~in his~~

^{that had been chosen to deposition} ~~hand~~ one of Adi's monumental turds ~~from~~ the rug in the parlor. When his

^(Young Alois chased) ~~He was~~
stepmother and sister screamed, ~~he ran~~ after them, ~~and he was~~ also

^{all the while that} screaming. But his cries were joyous, they were crying out in ~~some~~ terror

^{whole}
and much large indignation at the bottomless mischief, wickedness, and
downright future evil of ^{The act.} ~~which boys were capable~~ ^{his boy might be}. After a while Adi joined

^{he screamed with the rest} in their chorus, ⁱⁿ although he was of a divided mind since he also galloped

right after Alois, Jr., ^{his big brother,} during each foray against the females, until ~~young Alois,~~

tiring of the sport, tore off an inch of the turd, whirled around and planted it

on the tip of Adolf's nose.

^{about it.}
That evening Klara told Alois Senior, The beating that ensued for

Junior was monumental, worse than the attack on Luther, ~~and~~ ^{the} boy could

barely crawl off to school ~~the~~ next day. After that, discipline in the house

was ~~simple and~~ profound. When Alois came home from his duties, the

^{made no sound,} children ~~ceased speaking~~ ^(in remorse) together. Klara, unwilling to upset him, and for

~~even~~ ^{the local} ^{quiet} having told him of Junior's ~~filthy~~ deed, was also ~~quiet~~. The supper was

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~~at~~ ^a eaten in silence that could ~~company~~ ^{unusual} to the ~~uneasy~~ ^{unusual} reverence one knows when

~~of~~ staring from a height into an abyss. ~~Even Adi did not say a word.~~ The smell

of Alois' breath, rich ^{with} ~~from~~ meat and sour from beer, mingled with the after-
aroma of the red cabbage.

He would take, then, to ^{the} his armchair, select one of his long-stem pipes,
tamp his tobacco into the bowl with all the ^(heavy-set authority of the thumb) ~~authority~~ of a man of official

^{importance} ~~affair~~ and proceed to ^{overpower} ~~dominate~~ the fireplace with his own smoke. The two

older children went to their room once permission was given. ^{Then} ~~and~~ Adi was
called forward.

Alois, ^{still} ~~just slightly drunk from his pints after work~~, would fondle the
three-year-old's head, and ~~then~~ proceed with a divided grin—fifty percent
affection, fifty percent ^{pure} ~~clear clear~~ meanness of spirit—to blow smoke into

Adolf's face. He would chuckle when the boy would cough. "Ah, it's a —

joke. Can you take a joke?"

As soon as Alois let go of his head, Adolf would smile and run off to

~~(water closet.)~~ ~~(in the smoke he had snuffed)~~
 the bathroom. There he would throw up. The rot of his father's lungs had
 mingled with the smoke.

been in the smoke, the vile smoke. Sometimes, his head bent over the pail,

he would remember Alois making love to Klara and ~~would add~~ calculated
 heard then ~~smiled~~ ~~became a part of the bumps,~~
~~bumps, lurches~~ and ~~groans to the hump, and cracks of his esophagus, his sobs of regurgitation, He was~~

~~that~~
 hoping Klara would come to his aid.

She did not. It was the only year of her life when her feelings toward

~~were as much at odds~~
 Adolf ~~was~~ ~~as~~ ~~much~~ ~~at~~ ~~odds~~ ~~as~~ her fear of Alois and her desire for ~~him~~. She did not

dare to help Adolf at such times. She sensed that the greatest provocation to

her husband/
 Alois would be to comment on the volume of ^{his} the smoke as if all his worst

~~Those kind words~~
 Kind words could not soothe Klara. The missing testicle was one

more stain ~~warp~~ ^{on} and ~~stigma~~ ^{according to Alois} of the Poelzl family. Her sister Johanna was a

^(according to Alois) hunchback and half-mad; a first cousin was an imbecile. ^{Not too good of} And all the dead

~~He~~ ^{He} ~~dead~~ ^{no, there} Alois' constitution brothers and sisters. There was not enough of ~~Alois~~ in Adolf, she decided,

^{he had passed on to this} none of the father's strength that she could see in Alois, Junior. That was

also her fault. She had loved Alois on the night that Adolf had been

conceived, but only on that night, and in a way—was it unholy?—such a

night!

^{could say that she indeed} Now, she loved her husband more, and ~~much~~ more on a night in June,

^(she loved him even more for) after a year and a half at Passau, when he told her ^(whether he had earned) his promotion would

now be permanent; ^{this} indeed, in a half year, he would be transferred ~~to a new line, and would~~

Clarification
 he told her what he
 had learned just that afternoon—his

to serve as,

Lin 3
Chief Customs Officer in a ~~true~~ *city*, the capital of the province, the most

(You could find you could find)
important place in the Service between Salzburg and Vienna.

another child
On that night, they conceived ~~Edmond~~. Perhaps there was never a

hour *Alois* *sons*
night when she loved him more or wanted another child as much. Adi, little

no 2 *a) had come into*
Adi with his one testicle, terrified her to the ~~core~~ the horror in her soul.

~~at the sight of~~ *And did she dare to*
she which waited in dread for whatever was yet to come. She no longer dared to

any longer (live, would) *and*
believe that Adi would certainly live, no, they needed another child, ~~one she~~

one must
could love this time for a new reason — because the new boy or girl would

belong to Alois as much as to herself.

175-190
triple space

9.

 Klara and Alois were, now, for their brief time happy, the largest transmogrification of them all—they lived through a time when much went well. Alois was given the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau (even as Adolf was turning three) and if it was only a provisional promotion and Alois would have to prove himself ~~set~~ at the job before the title would be secure, still, it was unheard of, such a high promotion, and Klara had the pleasure of knowing she was married to a man of no small powers of achievement.

Even Adolf benefited. They could hardly rent the house on Linzerstrasse at such quick notice, ^{but} ~~and~~ Alois had to be in Passau. So, there were periods, often for weeks at a time, when Alois was a long day of travel

~~benefited~~

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on the railroad away from Braunau, and that meant Adolf could ^{look} sleep in the
big bed with his ~~last~~ mother,

If his joy was profound, he certain that he ~~did~~ ^{looked to} what he ~~could~~ ^{to}
intensify it. Never again would he ~~live at night~~ ^{sleep} in so warm a nest, and if it
grieved him that Klara had to put him aside when Alois came home, so did
he also learn that such happiness could be recovered and most dependably.

After a day or two, Alois was off again to Passau.

Adolf, on most nights, could, therefore, share a bed with his mother,
and this agreeable state would last for a year, ^{lie next to} ~~and then~~ ^{It was also} able to
an occasion after. ^{on many occasions after} ~~Then, it was often~~ ^{Several Alois in}
continue when the family moved on to Passau. That was a territory large
enough for ^{to replace the Chief Customs Officer} ~~Alois~~ to oversee other towns with other border crossings, and so
he ^{overnight} ~~back~~ ^{remained}
the father was away as much as he was home, and Adolf kept within the

nocturnal embrace of his mother more nights than not. Indeed, this went on until she conceived another child, a boy, Edmund, who was born when Adi was five, and that, while not so large as an earthquake, did succeed in disturbing much of the family ground.

one must not relate these events too quickly.
 But ~~must learn to hold back~~ *must learn to hold back* (Patience is half of the art of ~~the~~ *managing a*

becomes narrative and ~~the~~ *the* most difficult demand on a devil ~~since~~ *for* we know what is coming, ~~So we are always eager to get to it.~~ *and are usually* An event, however, that ~~lives~~ *is* on the page by itself, denuded of its ~~immediate~~ *recent* past, ~~deprives the matter of its~~ *is often poor in*

resonance. What is the value of a tale when it inspires no meditation? I

proceed, therefore, more slowly than I would like, and try to ~~keep before me~~ *before*

Obey the instruction of the E.O. to all of us. "The ground of human meaning is in

proper chronology. If we do not know whether A produced B, or B produced

A, then we know nothing. Does a man strike his wife because he is jealous, or does he strike her first, and then, in wondering why, become jealous?"

I submit, in consequence, to the ²Devil's Dictum: Chronology is all. I

take up the thread, knot by knot, I proceed to speak of the importance of ~~his~~ Alois' transfer to Passau.

It must be seen that the difference between the two places was of no small moment to ^{him.} ~~the new head~~ ~~the Customs Officer~~. Braunau, after all, had only a few thousand people. Its trade with Germany was limited, its smugglers were ^{usually} ~~rarely more interesting than~~ petty thieves, ~~since~~ the roads on that route from Munich to Vienna were ⁽²⁾ ~~secondary~~ and the tourists who passed through were ^{no} ~~seldom an~~ exciting mixture of the well-to-do and greedy, ^{nothing to} ~~that can catch~~ a good customs-man's eye. Most of the product ~~(that passed through)~~ was

agricultural and weighings were tedious. Braunau was situated nicely on ~~of the river Inn~~

Inn. ~~river~~

but its architecture was humdrum, medium-sized buildings all too much

~~in such a scattered fashion as to~~

of the same height, and not built closely enough ~~to breed a sense of~~

~~create no sense of~~ view, glance, town
importance in the town. (One took at the place and you knew its dark secrets

would be few, ~~and~~ its scandals lacking in sharp taste.

Passau was different. It was in Germany, not Austria, ~~but~~

~~was~~ agreement, the Austrian customs ~~was~~ allowed to operate on the German side

of the Danube. The buildings of Passau that stood by the river spoke of ~~how~~

old and mysterious ~~were its~~ origins. Passau was large, and had once been

ruled by a Prince-Bishop. It had medieval towers, ~~and~~ ^{it had} castles, it had churches

whose foundations had been dug at the onset of the Middle Ages. To Alois it

spoke of grandeur, high duty, ancient crimes, torture chambers, by-gone

glory, and criminal smugglers with imagination enough to be a match for him.

(new position.)
He was frightened for the first time by the responsibilities of his ~~in~~ If

he had always seen himself as exceptional, and knew all too well by constant study of ~~himself~~ in every mirror available, including most especially the eyes

of others, he was certain that he impressed the people he dealt with by having

developed
~~succeeded~~ over the years in ~~presenting~~ *(when on duty)* a personality of forceful calm, ~~a calm~~

~~enforced upon oneself in order to maintain control of himself.~~ He expected

who made others fearful
that he was the kind of official of ~~whom others were afraid~~ for his manner

suggested that ~~behind the calm~~ beneath the calm, he had put a tight cover on

~~the~~ the lava within himself. That was the only way to be—the people you had

to deal with could feel the pressure you kept on the lid, one tight lid. Over

the years he had certainly worked to put together his understanding of the kind of official he ought to be from having studied the upper-class officers above him—all those who had been born in grand old ^{places} ~~places~~ like Passau, all those with university learning, and livid, invaluable duelling scars ~~on their~~ cheeks. As he had ^{soon} ~~decided early~~, they were the ones to model ~~himself~~ after.

In Passau, however, taking up his command, he was miserable. He was reduced to watching himself. While he made few errors, his tone turned harsh, too demanding even to suit himself. Rudeness toward ^{inferiors} ~~subordinates~~ was acceptable to him provided the cutting edge of the criticism was ^{one's subordinates} ~~one~~ learned correct procedure best under the sting of the whip, but

Then he knew that his Passau
occasionally he would lose his temper over a trifle and ~~knew that his Passau~~ ^{then he} Once he went into a tirade when he was addressed as "Herr Official" instead of "Herr Senior Official Hitler," underlings, so much more sophisticated than the junior officers at Braunau,

were in turn critical of him. Once in a while, tears would come to his eyes as

he looked at the ongoing force of the Danube ^(from the Customs bridge) he would find himself

thinking of Braunau, and of ^{the} two wives who were buried in the region, yes,

for an instant he would even mourn Anna Glassl.

He smoked all the time. His nickname, not known to him, was The

Chimney. "What kind of mood is The Chimney in today?" one officer might

ask another as he came on duty. He did not know that the juniors were

resentful that he did not let them smoke on ^(their shift) duty, nor did he allow them the

gesture of coughing ^(too audibly) when they came into his office (also known as The

Chimney.) He liked the unfairness of it. His years had told him that a good

officer not only had to be fair for the most part, but must also be keen to the

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kind of small injustice that would irritate inferiors yet ^{nonetheless} grind them down

^{even} ~~nonetheless~~ to respecting one's presence more.

~~He was very hard on his children~~ Once Klara had moved up to Passau, he became very hard on the children. Also, he ~~He had~~ taught Alois, Jr. and Angela not to speak to him unless they were

put two fingers to his lips and asked a question. If Alois, Jr. was outside, he would whistle for him. It was

the same whistle he used for Luther. Once, the boy who was fresh-cheeked, strong, stocky, and with a face like his father's, had driven Klara ^{and} Angela ~~and Adi~~ into hysterics by picking up ^{in his hand} one of Adi's monumental towels left on the rug on the parlor, ~~and when~~ when they screamed he ran after them, and made a point also to scream. But his cries were joyous, the woman and the girl were crying out in small terror and large indignation.

at the bottomless ^{mischief} wickedness, (184)
and downright future guilt of
which boys, soon to be men, were
capable. After awhile Adol joined
in their chous, although he was
of a divided mind for he ~~chased~~ ran
ran after Alois, Jr, ~~who~~ through each
foray against the females, until
young Alois, tiring of the sport,
tore off an inch of the turf, wheeled
around and planted it on the tip of
Adolf's nose.

That evening Clara told Alois
Senior, and the beating that ensued
for junior was monumental, worse
than the attack on Father, and the
boy could barely crawl off to school
the next day. After that, discipline
in the household was simple and
profound. The children ceased

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speaking altogether when
Alois came home from his duties,
Klara, unwilling to upset him, and
wholly depressed and penitent
again for having told him of
~~Alois's~~ Junior's filthy deed,
was also silent. The supper was
eaten in a quiet that the variety
of ravance when known when
starting from a height into an
abyss. Even Adi did not say
a word. The smell of Alois' breath,
rich from meat and sour from
beer mingled with the after-odour
of the red cabbage. ~~But come~~

He would take them to his arm
chair, select one of his
long-stem pipes, tuck in the
tobacco, tuck ~~in the~~ his tobacco into
the bowl with all the ~~and~~ authority
of a man of official affairs and

proceed to ~~dominate~~ ~~compare~~ with the (186)
fireplace with his volume of
smoke. The two older children went
to their room once his permission was
given, and Adolf was called forward
to him.

Adolf, just slightly drunk from beer
after work and his pint at dinner, would
buckle the three year old's head, and
then proceed with a divided grin —
fifty percent affection, fifty percent
pure meanness — to blow
smoke into Adolf's face. "Ah, it's a job!
You can't take a job," he would ~~say~~
~~say~~ and chuckle when the boy
would cough.

As soon as ~~he could~~ ~~which was at~~
~~the moment that~~ Adolf raised his
hand from the top of his head, ~~he~~
Adolf would smile, and run off
to the bathroom and throw up.
The rest of his father's lungs and

(187)

Stomach had been in the smoke,
the vile smoke. Sometimes, his
head bent over the pail, he would
remember Alois making love to
Klara, and would add ^{calculated} ~~groans~~
~~groans to the natural wailing~~ ^{hums and croaks of their}
~~choir~~ ^{choir} ~~esophagus~~ ^{esophagus} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~sobs and~~ ^{sobs and} ~~bursts~~ ^{bursts} of
of regurgitation, hoping Klara would
come to his aid.

She did not. It was the only year
in her life when her feelings toward
Adolf were as mixed as her fear ~~and~~
of Alois and her desire for him. She
did not dare to help Adolf at such
times, she sensed that the greatest
provocation to Alois would be to
comment on the volume of ^{the smoke} ~~his smoke~~
as if all his worst dreams of factories
at Passau were bound and saved led
by his ~~smoke~~ clouds of consumed
tobacco.

Moreover, Adolf had begun to

to worry her. Cleaning his
wholly uncooperative ^{bottom} (198)
one day (and she ^{didn't} make ^{just} their large
discovery until he was three — such
are the proprieties of the prurient)
she came at last to notice that
he had only one testicle.

She had taken him to the doctor
~~that~~ ^{the} same day only to be reassured
reassured that it was not
uncommon and such boys grow
to be men with large families — "God,
dear lady, gave more than enough
provision to each testicle."

"But will he not be different?"

"Yes, that may be. Some boys with
such a condition, such a minor
condition, sometimes degenerate."

~~It~~ ^{And} such kind words could
soothe Clara only in part. She
considered it the stain, the weakness, the

(189)

stigma of her family. Her sister ~~Johanna~~ Johanna was a hunchback and half-mad, and a first cousin was an imbecile. There was not enough of Alois in Adolf she decided, none of the father's strength that ~~not~~ she could see in Alois, junior, and that was also her fault. She had loved Alois on the night that Adolf had been conceived, but only on that night and in such a ~~way~~ ~~as~~ it unholy? — way.

Now, she loved Alois more, and much more on the ~~day~~ ^{night} he came home in June, after a year and a half at Passau, ^{when he told her} ~~to tell her~~ that his promotion would now be permanent, and, indeed, a half year, he would be transferred to being, Chief Customs Officer in a free city, ~~a permanent~~

the capital of the province, the ¹ (190)
greatest place in the service between
Salzburg and Vienna.

That was the night on which
they conceived Edmund, and perhaps
there was never a night when she
loved him more and wanted
another child as much. Adie,
little Adie, with his one testicle,
had transferred to the core — that core
which waited in dread for the next
pierce of hideous horror. She no longer
dared to believe that Adie would
certainly live, no; they needed
another child, one she could love
this time as belonging to Alain as
much as to herself.

allowed to operate on the German 179
side. ~~It was a large town~~ of the Danube.
The buildings of Passau that stood on
the river spoke of how old and mysterious
were its origins. Passau was large and
had once been ruled ~~by a~~ by a Prince-
Bishop. It had ~~medieval towers and~~
~~immaculate~~ ^{at night it had} ~~immaculate~~ ^{immaculate} castles, ~~and~~ ^{it had} churches whose
foundations had been dug at the onset
of the Middle Ages. To Adolf it spoke
of grandeur, high duty, ancient crimes,
torture chambers, by-gone glory, and
criminal smugglers with imagination
enough to be a match for him.

→ He was frightened for the first time
by the responsibility of his ^{position} ~~job~~. He
had always seen himself as exceptional,
and knew all too well by constant study
of himself in every mirror available,
including ~~not~~ ^{especially} the eyes of
others, he was certain that he impressed
the people he dealt with by having
succeeded over the years ~~in exhibiting~~
that in presenting a personality of
forceful calm, a calm enforced upon

→ had

→ ~~overly~~ ~~in~~ ~~order~~ to maintain control of ~~himself~~. (180)
→ He expected that he was the kind of officer ^{who made} others ~~worshipful~~ ^{fearful}
→ ~~afraid~~ for his manner suggested that
→ ~~behind the calm~~, beneath the calm, he had put a tight cover on all the lava within himself. That was the only way to be — the people you had to deal with could feel the pressure you kept on the ~~lid~~ lid, one tight lid. ~~He had~~ Over the years he had certainly worked to put together his understanding of the kind of official he ought to be from having studied the upper class officers above him — all those who had been born in grand old towns like Passau, all those with university ~~the~~ learning and lived invulnerable duelling scars on their cheeks. As he had decided early, they were the ones to model ~~himself~~ ^{after}.

In Passau, however, taking up his command, he was miserable. He was reduced to creating himself. →

~~The~~ While he made few errors, his tone turned harsh, too demanding even to suit himself. ~~He was not acceptable~~ to him Rudeness toward subordinates was acceptable to him provided the cutting edge of the criticism was accurate - one learned correct procedure best under the sting of the whip but occasionally he would lose his temper over a trifling trifling and knew that his Persian underlings, so much more superstitious than the junior officers at Brannan, were in turn critical of him. Once in awhile, tears would come to his eyes as he looked at the organic force of the Danube - he would find himself thinking of Brannan ^{on the Danube River} and of ^{the river} ~~the two~~ ^{and off the two} who hurried in the Regain, yes, for an instant he would even mourn Anna Glassl. He ~~off~~ He smoked all the time. His

(177)

So, we are always eager to get to it. An event, however, that ^{on the page} lives ~~by itself~~ ~~on the page~~, demands of its immediate part, deprives the matter of its resonance. What is the value of a tale if it inspires no meditation? I proceed, therefore, more slowly than I would like, and try to keep before me the instruction of the E.C. to all of us. "The ground of human meaning is in ^{proper} chronology. If we do not know whether A produced B, or B produced A, then we know nothing." Does a ~~jealous~~ man strike his wife because he is jealous, or, does he strike her first, and then, in wondering why, ~~becomes~~ ~~that~~ become jealous?"

I submit, in consequence, to the Devil's Dictum: Chronology is all. I take up the thread, knot by knot, I proceed to speak of the importance of to Alain ^{of his} transfer to Parson.

It must be seen that the difference between the two places was of no small

moment to our Customs Office. Braunau, (178)
after all, had only a few thousand people.
Its trade with Germany was limited, its
smugglers were rarely more interesting than
petty thieves since the roads on that
route from Munich to Vienna were
all secondary, and the ~~tourist trade~~
~~was~~ ^{traffic} that passed through were seldom
~~anything more than~~ an exciting mixture
of the well-to-do and greedy that can
catch a good custom-man's eye. Most
of the product that passed through was
agricultural and weighings were
tedious. Braunau was situated
wisely on a river but its architecture
was humdrum, medium-size buildings,
all too much of the same height, and
not built closely enough to breed a
town's sense of importance ^{in the town.} One look
at the ~~town~~ ^{place} and you know its
dark secrets would be few, and
its scandals lacking in sharp taste.

Passau was different. It was in
Germany, not Austria, but by agreement,
the Austrian ~~customs~~ customs was
~~at~~

did no more than sigh and clean him ⁽¹⁷⁰⁾
^{roundlessly} ~~(in a listless, listless manner)~~ which made
such an impression upon him ~~that he~~
that he ~~awakened~~ in the middle of the night and
~~could not sleep that night and~~ ~~and~~

wandered ~~into the~~ through the dark
~~parlor~~ ~~into~~ went to his parents' bedroom.
Alois had been ~~away in Paris~~ called to
Paris for preliminary interviews and
the house had not seen him for a week,
^{just before midnight}
but ~~that night~~ ^{he} had come home. Since
the boy had ^{formed} the habit of going to
his mother's bed whenever Clara was
alone, he was ~~not~~ surprised when he
approached the door to hear the most
extraordinary sounds, the gasping and
whispering ^{going into the} and the roar of Alois' voice.
^{It came} ~~coming and going in a paroxysm~~, and beneath
it and above it ^{were} his mother's cries, soft
and deep and full of a torture that
spoke of joy soon to come, so soon to
come, yes, just beyond the reach, and

(171)

through the half-open door (kept open particularly ^{for her} to hear ^{the child's} father in sleep) he stepped and saw a sight his ~~mind~~ mind could not take in, not at ~~first~~ ^{once}, for they were ^{eight} arms and legs and one of them ^{was} upside down, and then they rolled around, and he could make out that Clair's ~~head~~ ^{for they were} head and side-while ~~they~~ ^{for they were} pressed between his mother's legs, and both were making such strange sounds.

He ~~could not understand~~ ^{entered} he walked away as silently as he had ~~come in~~, but ~~in his soul~~ ^{in his soul} there was no doubt — his mother had betrayed him. Just then he heard a final set of cries, torn from her, a sobbing full of wonder and ^{of} joy, and he turned back and peered into the room seeing what he saw by the moonlight in the window and his father was ~~hearing~~ ^{hearing} his ^{large} mother with his body, his big belly slapping on her, and now she was ~~full of~~ ^{full of} contentment, "you beat, you are

a child's deepest feeling, ~~there~~ (174)
have a half-life ~~on~~ of thirty minutes, that
they are not profound. It is the fundaments
of early experience to feel deeply and
to move ~~on~~ quickly, the ~~rest~~ ^{top} half of the
turning ~~to be~~ ^{to be} quickly buried and forgotten, the
remains to stay with the child ~~on~~
the ~~long~~ ^{way} into maturity, a firm cut
of the etching knife into the future of its
emotions.

Then we can leave Adolf. It might be
said that he would never love his mother
as much again, and yet his ~~emotions~~
feelings were more intense for now there
was pain in his love ~~and~~ ^{plus} an anger
that revealed itself by nipping more and
more at her breast with his ~~first~~ ^{first} teeth.
Indeed, he felt like a batter, and when
drawn of often & left in ~~his~~ ^{his} mother's
throughout an afternoon, for he saw him as
a brother. They had both taken a fearful
beating on this side of the heart that is
most tender, and indeed that waiting
until Adolf began after a few ~~days~~

months to take more and more (175)
advantage of today, ^{punishing} him in
the belly, trying to ^{when he comes to sleep} and
sometimes, ~~when he is standing~~ ^{when he is lying down}
losing a kick to the ribs, ^{then} and more, until
the day at last began to growl at her
approach and Adolf in turn would whine
and run to his mother. There was a
period when she was so ~~distraught~~ ^{distracted} by
distracted ~~with him~~ that her delight
in breast-feeding was all but gone. The
slow and ^{irritating} ~~terrible~~ days of weaning were
at hand.

In her private councils, available not
to her child, her step-children, her husband
nor even the confessional ~~box~~, she had
come to the conclusion that she must
have another child - half from fear that now
~~she would get lonely~~ ^{before she would die} and half
from fear that she might never love him
as much again as once she had. Besides
she was entering the year of her marriage
when she looked forward to a late approaching
their bed in a certain mood and manner
for on such evenings, ~~once~~ - after a

these years! — ^{much} (actually) came alive in (176)
the marrow of her pleasure.

Be it noted that the ^{next to} first time we
encountered him (~~that~~ a few pages back)
^{before us,} ~~there~~ he had been (with his nose and lips
in Clara's valve, his tongue as long and
demonic as a devil's phallus (for we are
not without our weapons in the copulatory
arts) and ^{certainly} he was possessed (by us) for
he had never performed such an act
before, and was now so good at it on their
first occasion that there is no other
explanation ^{than} ~~than~~ that it took place within
our presence and because of it.

In the morning, he could not believe he
had acted as he did. To condemn himself!
In bald fact, and to make ~~it~~ ^{up} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{conclusion}
such ~~following~~, he had ~~off~~ ^{before} ~~the end~~
thumped his buttocks altogether over his
nose and ~~mouth~~ ^{mouth} — precisely the
frightful sight that drove Adolf back
to his bed and caused him to bawl for
much ~~but~~ ^{not} a half-hour later.
Yet also in a most unexpected manner

in a true transmutation of sentiment (177)
^{also} actually felt tender toward Klara in
the morning, and this unexpected of
gentleness in concert with the astonishing
pleasure he had given her ^{by way of} ~~leaving~~ ^{his} tongue
a joy whose anatomical ^{specificities} origins — his mother's —
she tried neither to picture nor to comprehend
& (he knew only that she had felt
something utterly unknown before) had
left her ready to forgive the after-climax
of the act, and indeed his leaving behind
actually smelled better than Adolfs had
~~admitted~~ Certainly better than Adolfs
lately.

As a devil, I ~~am obliged to live~~ more
intimately than the angels with excrement
and that in all its forms — the excrement of ugly and
disappointing events, the sour poison of harsh and
unmitigated punishment, the corroding acids
of ~~frustrated~~ ^{frustrated} impotent thoughts, and this
not even as fresh as the ~~fresh~~ various
and seldom profitable aspect of ^{caca}
itself — it is true, as devil, we live in shit,
we work with shit, we even ~~may~~ prosper

from it (as I may yet attempt to explain) (178)
and so it is natural for us to comprehend
a marriage through the lens of the cloaca
— which, I could argue, is not the worst
way — for marriage (at least until it
came to America) was always seen by
angels and devils alike as the mention
of parenthood, and since ~~the~~ it is also
true that, as St. Odon of Clug, stated
so unforgettably (in a remark worthy
of the best of devils — inter faeces et
urinam nascimur) — between ~~piss~~
shit and piss are we born!) the proper
study of marriage ~~resides~~ ^{resides} not only in
partnership, congeniality, freedom and
daily despair, but in the gut and greed
of it all — the daily clamor and dog
knowledge of all the forbidden tastes,
smells, and places, and indeed a marriage
has no foundation until it the sluff of
love ~~locks~~ looks at all the forbidden ports.

So Klara and Alois were for their
brief time happy — which even the
transmogrification of them all and

179
179
They lived through a time when ~~much~~ ^{much} went well. Alois was given the post of Chief Customs Officer at Passau (even as Adolf was turning there) and if it was only a provisional promotion and he would have to prove himself yet at the job, still it was unheard of, such a high promotion, and Klara had the pleasure of knowing she was married to a man of no small ~~means~~ power of achievement.)

Even Adolf benefited from the move. Since the move was major, and they could hardly rent the house in ~~Langenstrasse~~ ^{Lingerstrasse} at such quick notice, and Alois had to be in Passau, there were periods often for weeks at a time, when Alois was far away ~~two days~~ (a long day of travel on the railroad) from Braunau, and that meant that Adolf could sleep in the same bed with his ~~mother~~ ^{mother's} lady.

If his joy was profound, ~~he~~ he certain that we did what we could to intensify it. A room again would be sleep in so warm and downy a nest, and if it gave him

that Klara put him aside when Alois ⁽¹⁸⁾
came home, so did he also learn that the
height of joy could be recovered and most
dependably for in a day or two ~~there~~ Alois
was off again to Passau.

Adolf's pleasure ~~in~~ in this week of
sharing a bed with his mother would
last for a year and then would continue
~~even then~~ ^{when} the family moved on to Passau.
~~for again~~ It was a territory large enough
for Alois to oversee other towns and
border ~~crossings~~ crossings, and so he was away
as much ~~at night~~ ^{as} as he was home, and
~~Adolf was then longer outside the~~ ^{within} the
sleep-warm embrace of his mother more
nights than not. Indeed, this went on
until he conceived another child, a
boy Edmund, who was born when Adi
was five, and that ~~would alter much~~
~~many arrangements~~ while hardly any
earthquake did succeed in disturbing
much of the family ground.

~~too early a surfelt of mystery. For you see, I am neither a man nor a woman.~~

I live instead

~~Rather, I exist on familiar terms with a host of exalted and modest~~ creatures

(4)

~~and persons~~ who are sometimes described as ~~one or another variety of spirits~~, indeed

there are many

~~Those~~ ^{Some} men and women ^{those} who are without a sense of nuance ^{like} would call me a devil or a demon, spirit, or, without much pause, a devil or a demon. That at least, can ~~demon, although I prefer the synonym Daimon for it can also denote a minor~~

god, or, ~~at least~~, an elevated presence. In any event, my all-encompassing ~~consummate~~ duty is

to serve the Only One, ^{also} sometimes known as the ^{Evil} Other One, or by us I am truly in his

as the E.O. — which is our first name for

~~Service, have exercised special influence on events in critical areas of the~~

him although there will be ^{times} others to

~~world~~ follow, most notably the Other Source,

or the Source.

Yet even as I set down these words First explanation, I recognize ~~I have to recognize that I must be~~

that I am ready

ready ^{one of our Cardinal} ~~apparently~~ (to break the first of ~~sacrosanct~~ Rules. What we do, we

do, after all, in secret. No one of our ^{are not} acts is to be revealed, unless the O.O.

~~so orders~~. Indeed, it is one of our ^{ongoing} primary missions to convince the world, or

at least the ^{ruling} majority within it, that there is no such entity as our leader and

~~most~~ certainly nothing like an ~~immaculate~~ and hierarchical order of demons. ^{devils and}

^{disobedience, then, is}
To this degree, then, ~~my~~ ^{present impulse to} mystery, is also obscure to me. For I do not ^{know}

grasp as yet what impels this ^{impulse} ~~impulse~~ to record my ~~long and intimate~~ ^{close} dealings

with ~~one of~~ the most ^{mysterious if prominent} ~~uncharacterizable~~ ^{a gentleman} humans of the century. Needless to

say, he ^{who} ~~was~~ also all-too-human, if, it will be agreed, that the average ^{man or woman}

~~human~~ ^{that} ~~homme moyen sensuel~~ I can often possess large funds of the

In any event, I ~~was~~ ^{was able by the end} inhumane. Moreover, my client became a gentleman whose heart I could

^{his heart} comprehend better than my own (if I may speak of myself as possessing such

^{and I} Obviously, I take pride in this. I certainly did inhabit his case for many years. He was

an incredible specimen ^{rising so high} ~~a rara avis~~ of human behavior. Indeed, he was no

^{as to become} one less than the leader of the German nation for more than a decade, and

that gave him time enough to ^{over a dozen years} ~~become~~ the scourge of the century, this Adolf ^{grow into}

4

I knew him when we still referred to
Hitler, whom I belittled for much too long as "Little Adolf," yes, "Little
Adolf with the big ideas," ^{even} for that matter I know of him in the years when his

the young fellow as

family still called the boy Adi, and he was only nine years old.

6

* (There is no need to develop a forceful ego, that is reserved for ~~men~~ those men and women who are interested in developing major strategies from which follows the insignificance of their memory up on remembering only that which is of the most direct use to them (even when)

~~such a book? I certainly seem less interested in the dramatic than the~~
~~sculptive one.~~

After all, ^{again} Still, it is a loss. I know a great deal. More than any of you who will ^{read this.} I can ^{For instance} enter into many a mind. I can recover the past

^(the concealed) ^{to whom} ^{powers of remembrance} experience of any client I am assigned. My memory, when focused upon a ^(untrue) ^{untrue} single person, is close to absolute, ^{whereas} We can doubtless agree that the average

human has, at best, a critically impaired memory ^{which} manages to function in one or another impaired state, ^{whereas} my sense of recollection, being free of all the distractions that must serve of the needs of human ego, does not need to sacrifice its store of nuance.

^{I am free of the} ^{for an} Indeed, I have no need of ego. I exist, after all, under near to absolute ^{an} ^{set or} ^{structure} ^{from above} within this classical ~~form~~ ^{model} command. That has taught me over the span of my working existence that I am free to develop innovative tactics, but large strategy is not permitted. The ^{overview} belongs to the Maestro. * success with my clients produces agreeable results. One is given a higher ^{life.} In contrast to such ^{men} ^{clients}, I have a simpler ^{life.} I look only to be successful with my clients, that produces agreeable results. One is ^{quite} positions in the structure. Over many periods, I have had many clients, and

Savior or later promoted?

~~space~~
~~for~~
~~promoted~~

who helped in the development of the
 some of these men and women have flourished in the exaltation of our

~~E.O.'s Purpose.~~

ongoing projects. Some, of course, ended by producing little ~~but dire results~~

~~lifted from us by their guardian angel.~~

On such occasions, my career suffered. I was left to languish with a

~~few more secondary figures, and was even punished in the name of the need~~

for greater seasoning. For long periods I was assigned clients of petty origin

and less than modest achievement. I worked, for instance, with waitresses

of a carnal disposition

and housemaids who broke up dull marriages and thereby ruined the amorous

(Along does come to mind)

head of a half-happy household. I encouraged common soldiers to hurt the

morale of their company by desertion, I served workers who rose in their

union and turned corrupt, I knew a few mayors in small towns who got into

trouble with little boys. I served petty barons and counts who gambled away the

last of old

ancestral holdings, and I could list petty suicides, petty thieves, fallen priests,

drunken killers, unfaithful wives, the flotsam and jetsam of human disarray,

ends in action

I had indeed a horde of clients ^{but} all at once, for only a few were there ^{could} to present

^{an interesting} a problem to my accumulated skills. What I lacked in ^{at times being it} male or female

~~projects of interesting complexity or of durate resistance to my counsel, I~~

^{I had all too many} could ~~more than match with the vast number of~~ now nameless men and

women who were born out of little and proceeded to amount to less. It could

have been cause for despair ^{I admit that larger} since ~~grand~~ projects appealed to me as

^{directly} ~~profoundly~~ as recognition from ^a the social summits gives real life to a snob.

While I could never know whether the Maestro was using me for too little, or ^{enlarging my experience for more,} preparing me for ^{on occasion,} more, I did hear from him on occasion. He had not lost his

eye concerning me, and told me once that I ^{remained} ~~was~~ still ^{might be rank again} among his favorites and ^{could} ~~yet be assigned to a venture~~ ^{to a great task} comparable to the mighty ~~a mightier task than any of the Company had been engaged in since the first~~ encounters of the ^{Company} ~~Company~~ ^{yes, all that} during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome, might yet be there for me if I would

^{and unremitting} keep the faith ^{unremitting} pay ^{unremitting} attention to the ~~minor wretches and bullying thugs and~~

drunks who were my ~~present day~~ ^{only} fodder, a, yes, magnificent and mighty time

~~might be coming~~ ^{me to oversee the work of other agents concerning}. I learned then that he had selected a client for me whose

potentialities might be immense. Insignificant was this person at present,

and the worth of his family was not worth measuring, ~~except by~~ ^{but faults which}
~~but for ancestral fault-lines that~~

happened to be full of the intoxicating stink of blood scandal. (~~Blut schandal~~

~~is, by the way, the German word for incest~~), The boy in question, now a

young man, was stricken with timidity, had quit school too early, was an

avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read, ⁶

particularly when he could not understand it, was, in addition, lazy, prone to

temper tantrums, and ~~was~~ possessed of an ego comparable to the size of a

swollen belly. All the same, he was desperately afraid of almost all meetings

with other humans. Yes, this boy was an absolute and unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not hide my reactions from

^{E.O.} the Maestro any more than any of my ^{agents} clients could conceal ^{their active} the smallest

thoughts from me. At once he added: Why this boy? Is it because he ^{possesses} has an

~~ambition I find attractive?~~ He happens to possess ~~the~~ largest ambition one

could possibly ~~has ever~~ encounter in a human being who is not already

? *I may propose that you* It is still no more than a project
insane. So I would like you to take him on. It's a project. Could be
~~It could certainly fail.~~
~~It could certainly fail.~~
~~hopeless.~~ (He will need endless instruction and his empty terrors must be

bolstered with the most confident experiences you can arrange for him. In

time, if he develops ^{the greater part of his potential} promise, he could become your ^{sole} only client. This is stated

as a sign of my commitment to this boy, as ^{Leave it that he is a major} a project worthy of a long

continuing effort.

And if I fail?

I did dare to ask just such a question
Many of our projects fail. Perhaps most of
them. Our source is ~~worth the~~ ^{not unlike} the Dunkopf (*)
~~in that regard.~~

* In that regard, it must be remembered that
we are in a constant combat on tension with the angels
but also with the men and women we deal to guide.
It is a war with three fronts.

At the forces meeting on
the same field of battle
not two, → (go to p. 4)

~~One source is much like~~ 12
~~Too many of our projects fail. We are exactly like the Dumkopf in~~
~~Other source~~
~~we were encouraged~~

~~that regard.~~ Dumkopf was invariably the word he encouraged us to use when

thinking of Him. ~~I am~~ ^{while I} prepared to discuss this later ~~but for now~~ suffice it

that the Maestro sees the Lord as a mighty brute, creative to his fingertips,

~~but~~ ^{yet} an absolute fool ^{he has} with no sound notion of where He is going or how It will ^{might be} all

turn out. Whereas our Arch One, our Other One, does have a vision at least

~~of how the Contest can yet be won.~~ ^{he knows where to take us. It is crucial to our}
~~move to believe that the Contest can be won.~~ ^{was obviously a great}

It was depressed, however. The new project sounded far away from

~~distance away from~~ ^{would certainly be so} fulfillment and prodigiously difficult en route. ~~It would be, therefore, much~~ ^{that}

~~it would~~ in need of good luck—which is to say, favorable ^{times}, favorable ^{times} historical

times. ~~I did not know yet that the boy was named Adolf Hitler~~ ^{name of the} The First

World War and the disasters ~~of lost pride~~ that fell upon Germany afterward

had not yet occurred. There was no sign of favorable times for a venture so

Separate page

pa

2

much in need of ~~successive~~ ^{original} magnifications of possibility. My role, ^{as I saw it,} therefore,

~~was putting me in~~ ^{would seat} as jockey on a horse of ~~unbelievably long odds, worse, the~~ ^{running against}

~~horse had been entered into too important a race. After my client and I had~~

~~failed, I could foresee further demotions~~

All that, now, is ~~neither here nor there~~ ^{not of great interest}. We know, after all, what

happened to the horse. And I who rode the boy (with occasional help from

the Master) and rode him all the way up the steps to ~~human~~ glory (and down

again—which is half the ~~tale~~ ^{matter}, the other half being why I now ^{propose} dare to tell the

tale) can at least explain ^{how} why the short novel I contemplated writing about the

SS doctor and the Jewish doctor lost my interest about the time I recognized

that it was ~~too~~ ^{(too much to content myself with the} small. I knew ^{more} ~~more~~. If I would break the first of the rules of

our ^{Select} Company by revealing even the ^{most obvious} ~~smallest~~ of our procedures, then it was

certainly incumbent upon me to explore much further into what I knew.

31132

At any rate, I ^{can} ~~could~~ speak with confidence of Gilles de Rais and the

Marquis de Sade ^{for} they were two of my clients who did ~~even~~ better than

expected and certainly ^{I encouraged into} indulged Robespierre in some of his ^{EXCESSES toward} ~~worst impulses~~

the end?

yes, these three ^{for certain,} I can name as achievements but I had unsuccessful episodes

^{with} ~~with~~ Lorenzo di' Medici and Martin Luther, indeed, I was withdrawn in ^{the midst of each} ~~each~~

^{another.} case and replaced by ~~other~~. Face to face with Goethe, I learned the nature of

defeat. For his time, he wrote about us ^{with all} ~~well~~, and his Mephistopheles in

Part One of Faust cheers me with its ^{charm} ~~likeness~~—not accurate but witty, witty.

All the same, I failed. There was something impregnable to us in Goethe's

stout spirit. I can only lay claim to injuring much of the readability of Faust,

Part II, and can probably take some credit for confusing the great man's mind

about what he really wished to accomplish. I certainly led him into the

swamps of distraction by encouraging him to go on with all those Greeks and

It is undesirable that
gorgons, and his Mephistopheles dwindled through Part II, ^{and} his Faust became

not much more than a name. Nonetheless, the Maestro saw it as a defeat —

Part I of Faust remained much in our way,
~~[cannot get written too close to the margin] Faust remained [again, too]~~
and we never succeeded ~~in~~ in getting
~~close, for cut it off.~~

*Goethe to disgrace himself in one manner
or another (although we came close with
some of his women and girls!)*

Techniques and tactics

card 334

41142

~~Der Teufel - Sitting~~

stands
Call me D.T. In German it ~~starts~~ for Der Teufel, and although I am no more

the source
than a subaltern of the Only One, I am permitted to use the initials D.T. In

in le Diable in,
English, it would be, of course, T.D., The Devil; French, ~~le D.~~ Spanish,

El Diablo; und so weiter. Given do I could
E.D.; but why suffer the list? Characterized by the terrain I inhabit, you

claim to be
could say I am a European devil, most active in France during the

and
Revolution, ~~during~~ the Directory, and ~~during~~ the Imperium of Napoleon.

I have been
And in more recent times, active, and very much so, in Germany. Since it is

important to understand that what you think of, dear reader, and it was

certainly a devil who devised this little form of literary address that what

card 334, p. 2

~~you think of, dear reader, as demons who know all, let me~~ ^{do not} ~~rush to assure you~~ ^{however,}

^{admit)} ^{as} (that I am not nearly ~~cultivated enough~~ in relation to England, Italy and

Russia, ~~etc.~~ ^{to name a few of specific atmospheres} ^{with intensity.} ^{assigned to}
 where we work, and now that I am ~~in~~
 America, I have a ^{good} ~~great~~ deal to learn.
 (I don't know where this note is going nor what the development of it is.)

(2.)

for a devil to master, but I am now able to ~~that~~ write without allowing my thoughts to radiate out forming a ~~demon~~ ^{coherent} that E.O. expects from all of us. He does not care to use up a vast sum of his resources in absorbing all of our thoughts, but he wants the availability to represent. He is not inclined ^{to allow} ~~interested in any of~~ (any one of his army of devil ^{to} able to register private ~~thoughts~~ opinions.

I have acquired such a skill, however, as I write, my thoughts return to me. So, I feel able to continue my history, my biography, my novel ~~book~~ (call it any form you wish - that is of no consequence to me) ^{about} the life of Adolf Hitler, and indeed I can continue as I have begun with but one minor ~~change~~ of change. I will from time to time, expatiate on the structure of the other kingdoms, that world of angels belonging to God, and that army of devil loyal to Satan - indeed, even these remarks will seem less ~~exotic~~ ^{exotic} to those readers who are familiar with Paradise Lost. (I cannot speak here for the angels but the devil, as devoted to good literature, and Hitler is high in our ~~own~~ ^{own} arena of ~~the~~ those humans,

(3)

we do not look upon as second-rate, worthy
only to be subverted by us into clients.
No, Milton provided ~~the~~ the world of men
and women with a portrait of the weaving
armies and the structure of the domains
of God and the Devil that is, no matter
how distorted and inaccurate, ^{nonetheless}
a poetic hypothesis of how it might all
work.

One can begin with that. We dwell
who serve the E.O. as officers in the
murmured (I can assume you) army of
the damned, are by now well-installed
in just about every corner of human
existence. And, much like the terribly
complicated ~~complicated~~ Japanese game
of ~~go~~ Go, the positions we occupy with
our - if you will - black stones are forever
encircling and being encircled by
the white stones of the angels. (It is even
said that by the end of a game of Go
played by two Masters of the Ninth Degree,
it can take almost as long to count up
the results of these ^{black and white} ~~encirclements~~ as it did
to play the ~~game~~ match.)

To enforce, therefore, this first crude
explanation of the complexities of our cosmic

war, let me expatiate on the
basic balance of forces, for our human
Divine, and Satanic nature, that are
in effect three armies. God and His angels
work upon humans; the Evil one and his
Devil, control such possession, the
individual man or woman often strives
possibly to be beloken unto the to God
nor the Devil, but to be autonomous, free
and the creation of no electing but
his own; he desires to be quiet and then
and woman, the angel, controller, and
the particular subject, or client, or person
or plain man or woman ~~of~~ of God does his
or he must to fight off all external
influence.

Thus, it can be said is the first rough
approach to the subtlety, complexity,
and, often, plurality of the condition
in which we find ourselves — existences
itself. It is, whether ^{or not} acceptable or not,
agreeable, ~~or not~~ an Overview which may
help to explain a few matters as we
proceed with this story and my participation
within it, and it is my hope — given the
circumstances which ~~has~~ ^{has} overtaken me in
summarizing these remarks, — that I will
be able to do more than recount the year,

to come before us in the life of Adolf (5)
Hitler but will also manage to explain
my role, my strengths, my weaknesses,
(even devil's trace profile!) in aiding,
abetting and subverting the ~~own~~ career
of little Adolf from boyhood on, not to
mention the sequel intervention of
the Evil One himself.

I think enough has been said for
now. let us go on with the ~~story~~
~~it~~ story - I hope it is not too cold -
comfort of ~~knowing~~ ^{that you are} beginning to
know your ~~favorite~~ narrator.

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 ~~side~~ 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 bare~~ asses."

~~To~~ 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 ~~a~~^{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 up~~^{now} 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."

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 ~~until~~ ^{since} 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} ~~ambiguity, her condition.~~ ^{condition.}

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

1. v. would
 that
 Or, if he died, that
 night)
 God on

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

Of that night was the wedding party,
they had a reception at the Sommer
Inn and Johann Nepomuk was there
and Johanna Poelzl, ~~was~~ ^{one of} two of 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!"

"~~No~~," "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 ~~you~~ ^{you} limber to
stand in one place for hours on a cold day.

If Others followed them. Customs officials and their wives. One of them had a son old enough to dance a ^{vigorous} polka with ~~the newly-wed~~ ~~Rosalie Schichtel~~ ~~who had~~ the newly-hired maid for the newly-wed, ~~and~~ a girl with crimson cheeks and merry eyes named Rosalie Schichtel 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 ^{very} hot. They in annoyance and half in exuberance Alois kept teasing Rosalie. "Oh, you are the one to turn up ~~the~~ a man's goods in a hurry, are you not?" and ~~Rosalie~~ ~~cheeks~~ Rosalie, already too red to blush would cover her cheeks with her hands and giggle.

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

* flank of a tough old parent. Some thieves, he was
near the same place. A small French boy, each time
it was a small boy and he was pleased to see it. One
arrived at the door and the child was a small
the same Rosalie - a little - a little - a little -

Alois was preparing his next adventure. (106)
She chose to ignore it, ~~but~~ ^{and} ~~that~~ ^{she} was ~~was~~
wishing party, ~~I~~ but she remembered
~~after~~ all the years to come, all the
glens 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 whispered to ~~her~~
~~Ida~~ 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
hardly get to sleep in his bed, but
instead he lived for three more years.
No material was more resistant to
quick decomposition than the hide and *

just three weeks after Gustav and those death
saying ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~after~~ ^{after} the ~~slaves~~ ^{slaves} of Old ~~death~~ ^{death} with
to be ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~three~~ ^{three} ~~accidents~~ ^{accidents} from a galling ~~voice~~ ^{voice} that ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~settled~~ ^{settled} ~~from~~ ^{from} the ~~mouth~~ ^{mouth} ~~and~~ ^{and} the ~~plague~~ ^{plague} of ~~indolence~~ ^{indolence} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~settled~~ ^{settled}

Diphtheria ~~became a presence for~~
~~them that might as well have come~~ ^{into}
their rooms at the Pommer Inn like a
specter from the Black Death. ~~All through~~
~~her childhood, she had heard of that~~
~~plague, but when she heard about the~~
~~death of her brother and sister, it~~
~~was always to wonder, "Is that~~

A gray mucus ~~came~~ ^{welled} forth from
the throat of the two year old and the one
year old, then it thickened ~~to~~ ^{and turned}
into a green phlegm ~~that~~ ^{as} (the mind
of stones. Each child in turn had agonies
breathing, agonies, and the ~~sounds~~ ^{throat} that
rashed forth had the tortured authority
of old people working in the galleys of
their leap to clear a straw's worth of
passage. Gustav went first, young ~~strong~~ ^{strongly}
Custav ~~to be the youngest of all~~ ^{then} ~~lastly~~
Ida, who had looked as if ~~it would be the image~~
of Alois, then came the image of Clara, Ida

upon Clara as the full owner of worse to come.
If she had no doubt who was to blame. It was herself.
Alais had been wrong ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ terms with the girl and for many years
since she could not ~~forget~~ ^{forget} since

→ he had probably gone over in his ¹⁰⁸
heart ~~before~~ ^{that} she had ^{even} seen him
and she could understand. He had
seen a ^{young} boy in Vienna ^{who was} ~~and~~ all
alone and he always wanted so
much. For herself, however, there was
no excuse. All she had ~~wanted~~ ^{desired} was
family ~~where~~ ^{where} children did
not die but grew to their full age, and
yet she had been unfaithful to God
on the night she ~~conceived~~ ^{conceived}
Cecilia. She had dared to take ~~pleasure~~
~~and~~ ^{an} unholy pleasure in the death of
Fanni, unfaithful, and ~~she~~ ^{they} continued
to look for that pleasure against all the
fear and caution that would seize her on
~~the~~ ^{those} nights that Alais chose to make love.
She hated him for his affairs. They were
the most powerful habit in his existence,
she decided, but then she also learned
and that was because she had never been
able to say ~~goodbye~~ ^{goodbye} to the Evil
One after the night when he had said
hello, that hatred could increase desire,
and now she knew what it must have

been like for martyr on the rack, since (107)
on those rare nights when she felt some
love for Alois, her life ^{turned to} ice below
and he would grumble when she set
her down no matter how she kissed
him in a fever to set things right although
~~she~~ ^{but} could not.

"Your mouth gives promise, your
not keep," he would tell her.

~~Thinking~~ It did not feel as if she were
married. Anna Clara and Fannie were
always in her mind, ^{she and Alois (comfortable)} ~~the little dark room~~ in
part ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~remains~~ of the dowries of
both women. Alois had his dowry, well
but Fannie's father had been ^{a wealthy man} ~~a wealthy man~~
Johann Doelgl, and Alois had been in a
foul state after enormous discussion
with ^{her} ~~her~~ father. ^{of} ~~she~~ had begun as a maid
and later had ~~become~~ become a nurse to Fannie's
children, then a stepmother. Now, her own
children were dead, but Alois, Jr and Angela
had been sent to Spital when the ~~death~~ diphtheria
commenced. Then the rooms were fumigated and
it was another that lived in her clothes on
the three separate days of the three great
services at the cemetery. She had ~~not~~ known

"And the Devil?"

"Yes, and the Devil too. They are not as important as we are any more. Who's the Devil?"

"Alvin, you're too far," said his oldest friend.

would speak with the authority of his more than three decades in the service of the Finance Watch, "It is the Emperor who has the power to guide our destiny," he would remind them. "All the real power is there." God could do nothing but kill as off, old and young.

"Alvin," said his oldest friend, "you speak as if you are not afraid of going upstairs," and he pointed to the ceiling.

"Upstairs or downstairs, they only come in at the end," said Alvin. "What is important right here is Franz Josef, what is important is the ~~Emperor~~ Hapsburg empire — that is more important than God."

By the time he got home, Alvin was often in a bad mood. He would scold Alvin, for he would upbraid Angela, he would not say a word to Klara. Now ^{only} once a week, and he was angry at least much the ~~last~~ these deaths had taken from his vitality) he would sit and look at Klara as he had on the night he seduced her.

double space all the way 101-117

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 ^{*such*} a good idea to put ^{*this*} it in the documents."

47 "That," said Alois, *[Alois said, "That"]* after a digestive pause, "is fine advice. It is well-seated," and he put his hand on her 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?"

"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~~ ^{*must be*} the cheeks of her face were as red as the place where he had left his compliment. *"Good luck with the Bishop of Linz," she said, "he is a timid fellow."*
 After waiting a full month, ^{*did not come*} word came back from the Bishop of Linz ^{*until*} ~~a full month had passed~~. *The Bishop would not*
 He ~~did not find that he could~~ grant the dispensation.

If Alois had had little liking for the Church, ^(now look) he ~~now~~ despised it.

"Churchmen wear long black cassocks," he said to himself, ^{"to cover"} ~~because they are~~ ^{their lily-white asses,} ~~always covering their little asses."~~

To Father Koestler, he ^(asked respectfully) ~~said only~~ "What, then, ^{fathers} is the next step?"

"We ^{could be} ~~could have~~ the letter containing your plea ^{That would allow us to} ~~(translated into Latin by~~ the diocesan scholars in Linz. Then we could ~~send it to~~ ^{send it} to Rome. I think the papal court will be more receptive. ^{they usually are}"

Yes, thought Alois, they will be far enough away not ~~to have~~ to worry ^(an Austrian man and woman) 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} ~~I think they will see in Rome~~ ^{they} ~~will see~~ ^{decent} (that the act of providing a good mother for my two children will ~~in the~~ ^{that is} balance of what constitutes good Catholic virtue, ^{a virtue I seek to acquire,} ~~a virtue I seek to acquire,~~ ^{well that not} ~~outweigh this not so uncommon situation of second cousins who wish to~~ ~~marry.~~

His hints ^{were not small,} ~~went deep, his hints~~ were broad. He was one sinner who ^{might be} ~~was~~ ready to return to the mother fold. ~~Alois was pleased with his tactic~~

Father Koestler was sufficiently ^{impressed/pleased to} ~~charmed to now~~ offer up good economic advice. ^{Since the} The translation into Latin ^{would} ~~could~~ prove expensive, ^{it might} ~~it might~~ be wise to sign a Testimonium Pauperatis.

^{"That is, a)} ~~"A declaration of poverty?"~~ ^{Alois did not have to know any}
^{Alois knew that much Latin.}
^{Latin to translate that for himself.}
 "It will remove the obligation, Herr Hitler, to pay for the translation."

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 any debt one could ^{avoid.} ~~avoid.~~ ^{What good were facts if you could not bend them a little.}

Three weeks later, close on Christmas, 1884, the dispensation was ^{Rome granted} granted by Rome. ^{But they still} Now they had to wait again, since ⁹ no marriages could be solemnized until two weeks after the anniversary of the Holy Birth, a further delay that proved most difficult for Klara, since she would be close to four months pregnant by then and showing a wholly unambiguous condition.

"What a big fellow he will be," said Alois.

^{"What is it?"} "How I hope so," she said. ^{What if?} ~~She was terrified that a child conceived in~~
^{if the mother} ~~the dark of certain sentiments could not live, for she had been too far away~~
^{the child?} from God on that night). Or, if he did live, would that be worse? Could one ^{would}
~~transmit one's evil to an unborn child?~~ The thought was there to haunt her wedding.

~~That took place on January 7, 1885, and like many of the nuptials of~~
 Customs officials, it was divided into two parts. As Klara would say in later,

~~years~~, "We were standing by the altar ^{at} by six in the morning, and by seven ^{uncle} ~~my~~
^{Alois} man was ~~fight~~ out there on duty at his post. It was still dark when I came
 back to our rooms ^{in a dark morning}.

That night ~~was the wedding party~~. They had a reception at the
^{came to Brewer's Inn Spital as well as}
 Pommer Inn and Johann Nepomuk ~~was there and~~ Johanna Poelzl, one of
^a Klara's two remaining sisters. She was hunchback ^{and this} which occasioned some
^{corner of the mouth}
^{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
^{her}
 rub that hump."
^{talk so loud, a} "I hear that ^{the} ~~the~~ hunchback has a terrible
^{I hear}
 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 you limber to~~
^{To} stand in one place for hours on a cold day, ^{did not make you an artist}
^{here on the dance floor}
 Others followed. Customs officials and their wives. One of them had
 a son old enough to dance a vigorous polka with the newly-hired maid for the
 newlyweds, 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 ^{at} for
 the center of the wedding feast.

She had also thrown too many logs on the fire and the ^{rest of the} dancers soon gave up, ^{had become} because the room was fearfully hot. Half in annoyance and half in exuberance, Alois kept teasing Rosalie, "Oh, you are the one ^{who is in a hurry} to burn up a man's goods in a hurry, are you not?" and Rosalie, ^{would cover her cheeks} already too red to blush, ^{with her hands and giggle,} would cover her cheeks with her hands and giggle.

^{Rosalie's eyes did open wide when she was teased.} It was no big matter, but Rosalie's breasts were undeniably full, and ^{still from her} they were heaving from the after-effects of the polka, and ^{did open} her eyes certainly ^{wide} ~~It did not need much to convince~~ ^{even that much to convince} ~~did flash when she was teased.~~ All this came near to convincing Klara that ^{ready for} Alois was ^{diversion} preparing his next adventure. She chose to ignore ^{his} ~~that she~~ ^{thought} ~~this night, but she~~ ^{remembered} for all the years to come, ^{those} all the years of sorrow when the child

Gustav she was carrying on this night and the two who were to follow, Ida and Otto were all to die in the same year, ^{instead} and almost in the same month ^{before them} Gustav at two, Ida at one, and Otto when he was only a few weeks old.

^{also noticed} Johann Nepomuk was also to notice the warmth of the room and the look in Rosalie's eye. "Get rid of that maid," he whispered to Klara, but she did no more than shrug. "The next ^{one} ~~time~~ could be worse," she whispered back.

Nepomuk had a terrible nightmare after the wedding party and ^{his heart} ~~could~~ ^{felt nearly to burst. He could} have died that night in his bed, but instead he lived for three more years. No

Clarification → it did not even need that much to convince Klara

material ^{is} was more resistant to ^{rupture} decomposition than the hide and ~~flank~~ of a ^{felt} rough old peasant. Nonetheless, he was never the same, which is a cruel punishment each time ^(such a change for the worse) it visits an old man, and his death, when it arrived at the age of eighty-one was ^{by the same epidemic} in the same manner as the children and of the ^{that took away} the children. ~~same passing plague~~ diphtheria.

15.

Like the Black Death, had diphtheria come into their family.

Mucus welled up from the throat of the two-year-old and the one-year-old, an endless up-pouring that transmogrified into green phlegm, thicker, heavier, than the mud of Strones. Sounds rasped forth from the children, uttered with the tortured authority of an old man and an old woman working the galleys of their lungs to clear a straw's width of passage. Gustav died first, Gustav, ~~the first~~, always sickly, a two-and-a-half-year-old who looked like the ghost of Klara's lost brothers and lost sisters, ~~and~~ then Ida went, Ida,

fifteen months old, certainly the image of Klara, going three weeks after

Gustav. Both deaths lay upon the mother in the after-blow of Otto's death—

Otto, three weeks old!—lost to a galloping colic that gutted him inside-out.

The stench of a baby born to die in its first week ^{of life} settled upon Klara.

She had no doubt whose fault it was. Alois had been on terms with the Evil One—that, for certain!—before she had even been born. But such a matter she could understand. A boy in Vienna all alone and he always wanted so much. Of course! For herself, no excuse! She had desired a family where children did not die but grew to their full age, and yet she had been unfaithful to the Lord God Almighty, ~~altogether unfaithful~~ on the night Gustav was conceived, yes, ^{upon} ~~at~~ the death of Fanni ^{and that} ~~she had taken~~ a secret pleasure she still looked to find ~~again~~ on nights when Alois chose to make

love as a change in ^{his} diet from ^{the} his present affair with the new cook at the

Pommer Inn.

She hated him. But then, she also learned that this kind of hatred ^{was} ~~treacherous~~ ^{treacherous to herself. It seemed to} could increase her desire. She told herself that ^{they may have been a part} ~~now she might know a little of~~ ^{of the torture} ~~what it might have been like~~ for martyrs on the rack. On those rare nights

when she felt a moment of love for Alois, all good life turned to ice below—

he would grumble when the act was done even as she was kissing 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, ^{then} ~~become~~ 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 Hitler family 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 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 miniature coffins of her own three children had been equal to three slashes upon her heart. It aroused the love she had not dared to feel when her children were alive. She had been too terrified of the evil she could bring to those souls, so new-born, so unprotected, ~~so sickly~~. It was only after 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 was gone. Bitter, horrid-tempered, forever angry, Johanna, her sister, had loved the child 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 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.

Alois, however, had decided not to forgive God. To his friends at the tavern near the Customs House, to the men he ^{could drink} drank with after duty, and to the 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 power to guide us," he would remark. "Real power is there. God does nothing but kill us off."

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

"Upstairs or downstairs, the Big One comes in only at the end," said

Alois. "What is important for me is Franz Josef. He is more important than God, yes!"

"And the Devil?"

"Forget the Devil. Who builds the ships? Who makes the railroads?

Men, not God, not the Devil." *Men!*

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

By the time he reached home, Alois was usually in a bad mood. The beer wore 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 to introduce her to specialités de maison. He

→ also: put in the account by hand

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did not speak French but he knew ^{he needed to know} all about those three words. One of the Customs Officers, a man hardly to be ^{relied on,} ~~trusted~~ for telling the truth about his personal life, ^{would brag} ~~still claimed~~ ^{in his youth,} that he had been to Paris. There in a brothel, he ^{from} ~~also~~ claimed, he had learned more in two nights than ~~for~~ the rest of his life, ~~before and after.~~

Alois refused to be impressed. Some of the details were not foreign to him. He had also indulged. Fanni, for one, liked to put her mouth all over the place, and Anna Glassl 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 could actually get all the way ~~there~~ into her, she was as strong ^{in her way} ~~in her way~~ as the Hound, yes, so much like bitches he had seen snarling and snapping at 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 ^{met} put his mouth where she was ~~at her most private~~ ^{most private}, and then he would put the Hound in her mouth ^{so =} he would show her ~~what and~~ where the real Church was located.

Yet on this night when he tried ~~once again~~ against the strength of her closed legs, pushing with all the force of his arms ~~and shoulders, bruising her~~ ^{mouth against her closed teeth}, there came a moment when his breath ^{overtake} ~~seized~~ him with a startling pang. For ~~that instant~~ one mighty instant, he felt as if he had been felled by thunder. Was it his heart? Was he the next ~~and~~ to die?

"Are you all right?" she cried out as he lay beside her seeking to breathe again, all his ^{wound} ~~breath~~ going in and out with the terrible rasp of the two children struggling against their end.

"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 Fanni's death was with her again. ~~So, too, was the Evil~~
~~One with her again and more than ever.~~ *astride him, she turned* Now, she carried out the attack on
head to foot,
~~the body that Alois had begun, and~~ *other* was astride him, her second mouth so full
down of sin *was* on his hard-breathing lips, and *his* the old battering ram *near her face*
~~between his~~
~~legs~~ *was* now as soft as a coil of excrement. Even as she said this to herself,
she took it in her mouth ~~and sucked upon it~~ *ana vidity* with a hunger that could come
only from the Evil One himself—that she knew as she had known nothing
before, there, the two of them, both heads in the ~~other~~ *wrong* place, doing the two-
backed beast, although not two were there, but three—the Evil One never
closer, and by this time, the Hound had come to life *right* ~~there~~ in her mouth, and
Alois was ~~with himself again, which is to say that he felt~~ stronger, and

meaner and full revived, a ~~young~~^{young} man again, he told himself, and began to
kiss Klara's mouth, her first mouth, with all the juice of her second mouth
still on his lips, how much was he ready at last to shit upon ~~his~~ piety—
damned churchmouse, damned church!—he was back from the dead, some
kind of miracle had rescued him, yes, he was there and they could go on and
on, never before a night like this, ~~nor would they ever again~~ better than a
storm at sea, and for one moment, and then for another, then another until it
went on beyond all the moments, she—the ~~finest and~~^{finest} most angelic woman in
Braunau—gave herself over to the demon and was mad with that ^{prime} lust which
would engorge the world, and I knew ~~all of this~~ ^(I knew all of this, knew all of this,) for I was with ~~both of them~~
~~them~~ in 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} ~~of the quivering~~
rings of time when ~~out of the cascade~~ a new time is created, and I, too, now

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dare to speak, I was there for the Evil One, I was present at the conception of

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

even as
in the marriage of Alois and Klara, yes, I can say that ~~I was~~ the Angel Gabriel
was the servant of Jehovah on one his four night so
~~was I the agent, on another.~~
~~(of the Evil One on that historic night when the child was conceived.)~~
~~was conceived.~~

Now, I am ready to reveal more of what I know.

End Part I

~~Note: possible first sentence for Part II~~

Since - do pp 95-104 first - double space
 Then, there was Fanni. Klara had not told Fanni and she knew she

Send back pp 95-104 as soon as they are done
 must tell her. Because if Fanni did not know now, she would find out after she passed to the other side, she had died, and would be left with the unendurable thought that Klara never cared enough to reveal ^{these} ~~this total~~ of acts against her dearest friend.

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

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

"You will take better care ~~of them~~ 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."

Evil One
 Then Klara knew once again that she lived in the realm of the Devil. *Because it at first she felt hurt, she was soon*
 First, she was hurt, and then she was ~~was~~ furious that Fanni could ~~once again~~, *again* send her away, and this anger was so bad ~~indeed that~~ *still with her* on the night of the day that Fanni died, *and now* Klara felt as if she had ~~now~~ become at last the commonlaw wife, *no longer* ~~not~~ the niece, and in bed that night—a very hot August night, she had an experience unlike anything she had known before, her life received *she felt it* another life, which travelled ³ 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 pleasure ~~the most evil pleasure she had ever known~~ and it
~~was not an end~~ ^{indeed}

(She would never feel it so much again (but once), would ~~never dare to feel~~ it

again (but once) since her guilt in the morning was as heavy as the hold of

~~under a water-logged hull,~~
~~deep mud on one's legs~~ She had a dreadful moment of realizing that her

pleasure had ~~been in part~~ ^{come} because Fanni was gone. Yes. All that love she

had felt for the long-sick friend, and with it, this unholy glee, the nastiest

~~wicked and poisonous~~
~~glee~~, because the woman who banished her was dead. Now, she could be the
 wife.

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

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 ~~what~~ ^{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 ~~which~~

~~where you were buried~~ ^{said goodbye,}

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

went on and on. She knew. This act had become of
 to the Devil. He had dug into her loins with a
 deep, evil, knowing hand. The most evil pleasure she

had begun to ^{bother} ~~tease~~ him at odd times, (even on duty!), ^{and} ~~an onslaught~~ that 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} ~~they might write more anonymous~~ ^{writing} letters to the Finance Watch but ^{that} ~~this time such letters~~ would not be ^{no} ~~unanswered~~ nor thrown away, and inquiries would ensue. Such matters moved slowly, but now that Klara was pregnant, it could ^{prove an expensive} ~~be an unpleasant~~ sight if, in four or five months, she could ^{hardly} ~~not~~ 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} ~~liked~~ the woman he would marry. Anna Glassl had satisfied his sense of rank—no question there!—but he did not ^{enjoy} ~~like~~ 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 ^{shifts of mood} ~~in her moods~~. 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.

¶ In Braunau, the incumbent of the Parish Church (99)
to whom Alois was directed ~~from the~~
now proceeded to study the problem and
~~after a month~~
~~after a long week of waiting~~ gave forth
the discouraging news that the power to
grant dispensations ~~did not~~ ^{was} for cases
like Herr Hitler's, did not reside in
him. They would have to apply to the
Bishop of Linz. Father Kuestler 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

SSI
(single
space
indented)

100A

p 100A

Most Reverend Episcopate

These 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 in the third degree touching the second. 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, ~~as can be observed from the enclosed death certificate~~, 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 PÖLZL, Bride

With this document went the essential elements of the family tree, showing that Alois Hitler was the son of Johann Georg Hiedler, whose brother Johann Nepomuk Hüttnier was the grandfather of Klara Pölzl. The Bishop of Linz felt that he could not grant the dispensation, and Alois Hitler's plea was therefore translated into Latin and sent to Rome, a friendly priest having arranged that Alois Hitler should receive a certificate of poverty, a *testimonium paupertatis*, so that he should incur no expense in what was usually a costly proceeding. The papal court dealt leniently with such petitions, and the dispensation was granted three weeks later. Alois Hitler and Klara Pölzl were accordingly married in the Catholic church at Braunau am Inn on January 7, 1885, with the bride nearly four months pregnant, and once more Alois's friends in the customs service attended the wedding. The marriage took place early in the morning, and Klara is said to have complained: "We were married at seven o'clock in the morning, and my husband was already at work at seven."

In the evening there was a wedding reception at the Gasthaus zum Pommer, attended by a few relatives and friends. Klara's younger sister, a hunchback called Johanna, was present. The maidservant, Rosalie Schichtl, prepared the wedding supper and piled so many logs

in the fireplace that her about her inability were all very hot, supper, which was a man, and it would meal. There was no

Since Klara was husband, the marriage, own but never permitted husband, she was observed that she was band's two children every young girl, "no granted to me," and pen?" She was not, he was.

She gave him six children, one son and one daughter, in his second year. I died in her second year after birth. All these the marriage. Adolf, nearly a year's residence more children for me born in March, 1894 and died in 1960. No therefore no living children.

In those days some year hundreds of the measles, pneumonia, died of diphtheria and many children do not Klara's parents died in their eighties. One the mother of a hunchback existed in her family.

all outward appearances conventionally raised their children saints' days, and did class family. Alois Hitler's husband, and his young suffering, but this is true

the local ecclesiastics were worried about covering themselves

Alois' remark

Allois had become friends with Father
Koesler's housekeeper, a plump middle
aged woman with a light in her eye,
~~for him~~. 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} good reason for
our marriage. The ~~wife to be~~ ^{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 digest like
pause, "is fine advice. It is well-reasoned,"
and he put his hand ~~to his forehead~~ ^{to his forehead} on
his full behind as if to test the center
of her wisdom.
^{She gave him a crack across the face.}
"Here ~~it is~~ ^{here it is}, don't you?" 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

his face were as ~~red~~ red as the place ⁽¹⁰⁷⁾
where he had left his complement
~~After another month,~~
~~After two weeks,~~ the word came
back from Long. The Bishop the Bishop
of Long. He did not feel that he could
grant the dispensation,

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

"What then is the next step?" he
asked Father Koeslter.

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

"I thank you for your patience and
your wisdom, Father. I learn much from
that. I think they will see in Rome that
the act of providing a ^{good} ~~letter~~ for my

Yes, thought Alois, they will be far enough
away, not to want to worry about themselves.
To the priest, he said, "I thank you"

two children ~~as well~~. (103)
~~necessity of providing a legitimate~~
~~name for what will soon be with us,~~
must, in the balance of what constitutes
good Catholic writing - a virtue I seek
to acquire - ~~may well~~ ^{and} ~~overcome~~ ^{overcome} the
not so uncommon situation of
second cousins who wish to marry.

Alois was pleased with his tactics.
His hints went deep, his hints were heard!
He was one sinner who was ready to
return to the mother fold.

Father Kaelin was sufficiently
charmed to offer up ~~the person~~
good economic advice. The translation
into Latin could ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~from~~ ^{from} expensive.
It ~~was~~ might be wise to sign a
Testimonium Pauperis.

"A declaration of poverty?" ^{He said} ~~He said~~
Alois certainly knew that much Latin.

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

~~Alois~~ ^{Herr Hitler} ~~restrained~~ ^{restrained} himself from
remembering that ~~as an official of the Crown,~~
~~as an official of the Crown,~~

he ~~considered~~
himself ~~quite~~ well-to-do, thank you. (104)
Instead, he accepted the advice.
He was not so removed from peasant
wisdom as to rush to pay a debt
one could avoid.

close on Christmas, 1984,
Three weeks later, the dispensation
was granted by Rome, ~~but they had~~
~~to wait another month~~ Now they had
to wait ~~another few months~~ ^{again} until January 7,
1985 ~~(which was)~~ ^{for} no more marriage
could be solemnized until two weeks
after the anniversary of the birth
of Jesus, a ~~wait~~ further delay that
proved most difficult of all for
Anastasia since she would be long
to four months pregnant by then ~~and~~
~~without a guarantee~~, showing, without
ambiguity, her condition.

Judith - I'll send pp 8-17
in a facsimile.
True, obviously
have been previously

One consecutive
unit

Pages 1-2 and 8-11, 4, 13

~~After all~~ I know a good deal. It is safe to say that I know ~~more than~~ ^{a good deal.}

any of you who will read what follows. I can enter into many a mind, I can

even the ~~bestial~~ ^(man or woman)

While this ~~can~~ ^{does} consume a good deal of ~~my~~ time, ~~but~~ I ~~am~~ ^{am} able to inhabit their dreams, assigned. My powers of remembrance (when ~~focused~~ ^{insight} upon a single person ~~are~~ ^{brilliant to focus}

~~are~~ ^{are} complete ~~whereas~~ ^{whereas} were close to absolute, where the average human has, at best, a critically

~~a~~ ^{that} impaired memory. ~~The man~~ manages to function in one or another impaired

state ~~but~~ ^{however, is free of the} my sense of recollection being free through training of all the

~~distortions that must serve the needs of human ego,~~ ^{used to} does not need to ignore

~~the enrichments of nuance.~~ ^{(such a mechanism since} I am free of the need for ~~an ego~~ ^{I exist, after all,}

I exist

~~(under an absolute set of commands from above. Within this classical~~ ^{but neither}

~~structure, I am free to develop innovative tactics, but larger strategy is not~~ ^{ruled by} ^{the E.O.}

~~permitted.~~ ^{however,} The Overview belongs to the Maestro. (Hence there is no need to

2

develop a forceful ego. That is reserved for those ^{humans} men and women who are
^{determined to develop their own} interested in developing major strategies—^{derives} from which follows the insistence
 of their memory upon retaining only ^{what} that which is of the most direct use to
 them even ^{if} when untrue.

In contrast to such men and women, I have a simpler life. I look only
^{obtain success} to be successful with my clients. That produces ~~my~~ reliable results. One is

sooner or later promoted. Over many periods, I have had ^{groups} clients, ~~and~~
 whom I was able to develop sufficiently
 to be of use in one or another of the
 E.O.'s strategies. ~~At~~ The majority, however,
 caught in the push-and-pull between their
 guardian angel and my self, ended by
 producing little. ~~A few cases~~ in a few
 situations, cardinal cases, however, there
 was a conversion which I lost, ~~to the~~
~~guardian~~ The guardian angel gathered in
 the spoils.
^{As a result, my}
~~my~~ position suffered. For long periods

18

(after p 11)

I was depressed. The new project was obviously a great distance away from fulfillment and would certainly ~~be prodigiously so difficult — route that~~
~~it would~~ need good luck—which is to say, favorable historical times. (The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet occurred.) ~~There was no sign of favorable times~~ ^{the the portents needed} for a venture so

revised on 2/21

5

intoxicating stink of blood-scandal. The boy in question, now a young man,

triple space p 5-12

was stricken with timidity, had quit school too early, was an avaricious

reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read particularly when

he could not understand it, was, in addition, lazy, prone to temper tantrums,

and possessed of an ego comparable to the size of a swollen belly. All the

same, he was desperately afraid of almost all meetings with other humans, in sum,

Yes, this boy was an absolute and unmitigated mess.

I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not hide my reactions from

the E.O. any more than any of my agents the devils in my direct command could conceal their active thoughts from me. At this point the E.O. actually spoke to me in English my thoughts in English, a language he enjoyed for from me. At once he added: "Why this boy? Is it because he possesses the

largest ambition one could possibly encounter in a human being who is not

Beware! [Be at ease!] already insane? So I may propose that you take him on. It is still no more

than a project. It could certainly fail. He will need endless instruction. His

its
adroit
use
OR
irony.
He said:

6

empty terrors must be bolstered with the most confident experiences you can

arrange for him. In time, if he develops the greater part of his potential

Need I say more?
promise, he could become your sole client. (This is stated as a sign of my

and to you, could become)
commitment to this boy ~~Leave it that~~ *it is* a major project worthy of a long

continuing effort. *As you know, I gave the word "major" for appropriate occasions. (That was one of the loudest speeches I ever received from the E.O.)*
not the likely I fail?
~~And if I fail?~~ I did dare to ask such a question. Many of our projects

The E.O. God in
fail. Perhaps most of them. ~~Our Source~~ is not unlike the ~~Dunkopf~~ that

regard. It must be remembered that we are not only in constant combat or

tension with the angels, but also with the men and women we seek to guide. *To repeat:*

It is a
~~It is~~ war with three forces ~~meeting~~ on the same field of battle, not two.

I was depressed. The new project was ~~obviously~~ a long way away

At present, it was obviously a back-water)
from fulfillment and would certainly need good luck—which is to say,

favorable historical times. (The First World War and the disasters that fell

upon Germany had not yet occurred.) There was no sign of the portents

needed for a venture so much in need of fortuitous magnifications of

possibility. My role, as I saw it, would seat me as jockey on a horse running

against unbelievably long odds. I could foresee further demotions for myself.

On the other hand, the F.C. was serious and better explanation could I find for his long speech.
All that, now, is not of great interest. We know, after all, what

happened to the horse. And I who rode the boy (with occasional help from

the Master) and rode him all the way up to glory (and down again—which is

half the matter, the other half being why I now propose to tell the tale) can at

least explain how the short novel I contemplated writing about the SS doctor ~~doctor~~ *Officer*

and the Jewish doctor lost my interest about the time I recognized that it was

small. I knew too much to content myself with that. If I would break the

Society
first of the rules of our ~~Select by~~ *even the most obvious of our*

procedures, then it was certainly incumbent upon me to explore much further into what I knew. ~~(dropped from pp 2-12)~~

So, we can take up again ^{the story} (of Alois Hitler's family, now that Adolf has been conceived on a night when I declared myself & present as a species of Black Gabriel for the E.O.

In truth, and I would ask those who follow this to make a good attempt to comprehend, I was not in that room and bed of unfettered carnality on that night, nor did I have to be. Yet I was telling the truth when I stated that I was there.

The explanation is simple if one can follow it. Since we live at various levels, in the domain of the warring gods, our rebellion or spirits to time is not at all the same as the human perception of it. With the aid of the experience of other demons, we can travel

back and forth in what is ~~present~~ ^⑨
recognized only in linear fashion
by humans. I did not have to be
~~present~~ present on the night that
Adolf was conceived because
another devil (of lower rank than
myself) had been consigned to
oversee it by order of the F.O., had
entered the tent, as ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~agent~~ ^{agent}
~~of~~ the F.O.'s cohorts can accomplish
(when it is not only desired but
purposeful) and that assigned devil
had been able to pass on the experience
to me with a completeness that may
be called absolute.

For all practical purposes, then,
then, I had been there. I could use
the experience to advance my own
knowledge of Adolf. I need also
know from the intensity of the
~~experience~~ ^{occasion} that the F.O. had joined
his agent for an instant (even as
Jehoshaphat had been with Gabriel for
the moment) (on that other exceptional

~~Season~~ event) I could believe (10)
— for the reasons given above — in my
own presence there as well. For we
devils, any experience, we draw into
ourselves from the participation of
other devils becomes our own. The ~~same~~
can be said of the memories, recent
and long-forgotten of our the men
and women who become our clients.

I, for example, was ~~not~~ not attached
formally to Adolf Hitler for many
years, but the E.C. had placed him
in my sub-domain, in my sphere of
the Overview — the passing devils
who worked on occasion with
little Adolf were there to pass on their
experiences to me. Over a period of
time, I kept up with ^{his life and} him, and
~~as the hour approached when I~~
~~would lack the full possession~~
of him, so did my concentration for
the memories and ~~ex~~ senses of the

minor details in my command taken (4)
more prominence from until I was
steeped in the life of the boy and
young man as if I had been with
him over all the years of his boyhood
and his adolescence. So I may
write about his ~~inner~~ experiences and
his ~~secret~~ ~~thoughts~~ with
an authority no human biographer
could ever attempt.

It is in part this profound desire
~~in me~~ to share what I have learned
that impels my treasury towards the
F.O. I have to come to understand
that I am doing this for myself.
Experience that is communicated
to no one can rot within, and sour
the soul. I, who have lived so long
with the firm belief that I ~~am~~ ~~am~~
a spirit pure in essence and wholly
complete as no more and no less than
a spirit now here to face the seismic

disruption within that I still (12)
sense within me the remnants of a
soul, the truncated ends of ~~new~~
nerves, long lost to an amputated
limb that still promises the body
it will grow again.

This recognition is too large for
~~this~~ ^{the} moment. It will take all of a
this back I may or may not be
able to ~~write~~ ^{finish} before ~~its~~ I know
the meaning of this most recent
insight. I seek then to quiet the
~~shudder~~ ~~the~~ ongoing disturbance
of these last thoughts, and ~~to~~
go back again in this moment, in
these years of living in an America
I can hardly comprehend, a
devil lost in the back of a serious
assignment, to the premise with
which I began — that the story of the
life of my former client will establish
at least the first rough topography
of that terrain in which I search
for the remaining addments of my soul.

Double space pp 57-64

57

sweep worthy of a titled Hungarian, and his face came at you, jaw-first. His inferiors at the Customs Post 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 to ^(that were) whiskers ^{as} imposing as castle-gates ^{to} each side of his mouth. 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 full picture,} honorable ^{as} like the emperor in duty, ^{for} morals and hard work.

^{His wife, Anna Glasl-Hoerer, liked the sideburns, it was true, but for the morals. The wife, Anna Glasl-Hoerer, lost half-}
^{but lost half, ~~lost to him~~}
 of her appeal when he discovered that she, too, was an orphan and had been adopted, ^{In turn,} and she lost respect for his uniform ^{when he confessed,} about the time she learned, two ^{after growing weary to the bone for making up stories} years into their marriage, that there was no Herr Schicklgruber on the parental side of his natal ledger, just a blank. He had certainly not made a point of this detail while courting her.

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 his father? Alois knew better, but now that she was making it an issue, he was not averse. He had, after all, never been proud of his last name, and his wife was not necessarily wrong when she judged that

about a
 fabulous
 when
 Schicklgruber,
 his father,
 Alois
 would
 never
 confess to
 an
 infidelity
 but this
 was
 different
 it told
 her
 at last

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 marshall his arguments that at this late date, what with Eva and two remaining daughters to think of, plus the grandchildren, and the his ^{remaining} part of the farm, how could he declare himself the father? ~~It was~~ ~~too late~~ 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 ~~him~~ another moment to recognize that Georg, having married Maria Anna, was the only one who could be used for legitimation.

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
Carrriage road full of fallen *limbs* ~~trees~~ but 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 ~~there~~ to be witnesses and did not know
how to write, they *each* ~~signed their names~~ as XXX ~~Each of them~~ after testifying
that they had known Georg Heidler and that he had admitted to being the
father of this child, and that the mother had stated the same.

The priest wrote down each of 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 Hitler—the difference in pronunciation coming to no more than the
nearly undetectable shift between “d” and “t” *In a rough voice*) and as the

priest recorded each name, Josef Romeder, Johann Breiteneder, and Engelbert Paukh, the old priest was smiling out of an old man's mouth because he knew they ~~all~~ were lying. Johann Georg had never told them anything of the sort.

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. 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 discourage illegitimacy. Already in some districts the rate was forty per cent. Of that forty, could even half be free of taint of one or another concealed family matter? 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 on paper.

Now that Alois had his new name, he decided ~~on a whim~~ 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 the sound of Alois Hitler, and he soon felt 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 ~~agreeable~~ ^{putative} female company was nearby.

Could it possibly be Johanna? Nepomuk's oldest daughter did live 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 ~~her~~ ^{Johanna}, she was not ~~quite~~ as old as his wife, but ~~he expected~~ she would not look better. Farm life offered no gifts to a woman's appearance, ~~once she was over forty~~. He did not really want to see ~~Johanna~~ ^{her}.

Yet his steps took him to ~~her~~ ^{the} door. The ~~good~~ ^{Hound} hound did not make a practice of betraying him. ~~Once again, his trust in animal instinct was~~ confirmed. For in the doorway was ~~not only~~ 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 that ~~light of the sky~~ ^{reflection} which gleams in ~~diamonds~~ ^{fabulous} ~~behind the glass of~~ ~~fabulous diamonds on the other side of the glass in~~ a museum showcase. ~~She was not a beauty but for her eyes that was enough.~~

He took off his cocked hat and bowed ^{to her} ~~once~~ he had separated himself from the powerful hug and whole steamy kisses Johanna ~~had~~ 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 oldest, since my only son who is still alive will not remain among us for long. He is in Vienna. He has consumption," ~~He is~~

She began to weep. ^{child but} ~~Six children had been ahead of Klara, seventh~~ ^{was her} ~~but~~ ^{(five were now dead, and the young man, now nineteen, would be gone in a year. "God never ceases punishing us for our sins," she said, at which Klara nodded ~~sadly and~~ with absolute conviction.}

Alois had no desire to hear talk 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

mourning as if to keep 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 going to prosper because he was a good and honest farmer. Nor did Alois stay too long.

~~talking with him~~ 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 frows of stubble ^{bottoms of} were stray ears of corn ~~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 ~~the this last gleaner~~) ^{of course,} a good number of the remaining ears. Of course, his impatience was his

^{due to his} (discomfort with the uniform and implicit prosperity of Alois' bearing and ^{Poelzl's} ~~his~~ ^{glum}

^{wood} took no happy turn when Alois said that his ~~own~~ wife was not well and needed a maid who was honest, pious, and of good breeding. Was it possible—not to rush things!-- that Klara might be just that person?

^{The farmer}

Johann Poelzl could hardly afford to say no, especially when he was

told of the wages she would be given, ^{and} for Alois also specified the amount she would be able to send back. Cash ~~that was~~ not dependent on a crop was the finest crop. Poelzl needed money, ^{even} more than he usually did, and the alternative—to borrow further sums from his brother-in-law Romeder or his father-in-law Nepomuk, was ~~too~~ unpleasant. Johanna's disposition had become so sour that he often thought her blood must taste like vinegar, ^{nor} ~~and~~

~~he did not~~ wish his ears to travel down the road of Romeder's sighs as ^{the brother-in-law} he
 came up with ^a his few kronen nor did he want to hear the advice that would
 come from Nepomuk. That would insult his best ^{judgement,} instincts ~~as a farmer.~~ A
^{farmer} ~~man~~ could have fine instincts ^{for husbandry} ~~for his work as a farmer~~ and still have bad
 luck—did that mean he ^{must} ~~had to~~ pay tribute to such bad luck by listening to the
 advice of others when he had already paid once already ^{by this} ~~for an insufficient~~ ~~ly~~
~~satisfying~~ return from his fields? So, he accepted the idea that Klara would
 work for ^{this Alois} her uncle, and his feelings turned over in him with the emptiest rage
 of ~~them~~ all—^{that} ~~which is an~~ anger ^{which its sat} ~~that~~ has lost all heat. It ~~sits~~ ^{sat} in the nerves ~~with~~
 about equal to the cold moment ^{when maggots are} ~~the cold shock of maggots~~ revealed by the overturn of a stone.

A week after Alois' return to his post in Braunau, Klara followed with
 a small chest filled with her small ^{cache} ~~number~~ of clothes and possessions.

74-78 table span to ⁷⁴ back
about the time she learned, two years into their marriage, that there was no

Herr Schicklgruber ^{the (of his natal ledger,} on his parental side ^{(just a blank.}

She began a campaign for him to legitimize himself. His mother, after

all, had been married, ^{Couldn't} and that meant ~~Dr.~~ Johann Georg
Hiedler must have been his father. ~~but~~
Alois knew better, but he was, now that
she made such an issue of it, not
~~at all~~ averse to such a project. He did
after all, ^{his own name} detest ~~the name Schicklgruber,~~
^{the name he had to use,} and his vanity was not necessarily in
error when he ^{judged} decided that the ~~steady~~
~~own~~ vigorous rise of his career had
hardly been helped by ^{Schicklgruber} ~~his name~~, now, all
he had accomplished was in spite
of the ^{damned moniker} ~~name~~.

He went to Johann Nepomuk to see
what could be done. The old man, ^{who} would ~~be~~ soon
be seventy, ~~in any case~~, misunderstood at first.
He thought Alois was ~~climbing~~ ^{climbing} of him as
the father when he ~~decided~~ ^{tried} that he was ~~up~~

his last name changed to what it ~~should~~ ⁷⁵
 should be - Hiedler! ~~On~~ Johann Nepomuk
~~spirit mind~~ a blank and ~~went through~~ ~~once they had arrived~~ ~~that their purpose he did~~
 reading ~~to marriage arguments~~ home as he started
 to protest that at this late date, with ~~four~~
 his wife and two remaining daughters, the
 grandchildren, the farm in Josef Romed's
 possession, no, he could not desecrate
 the father, too late now, but these excuses
 never reached his mouth, they just scorched
 his heart for he realized next that Alois was
 only asking for ~~King~~ Johann Georg to be
 named, whereupon ~~old men being~~ being
 able like young girls to go from one extreme
 of emotion to its ~~opposite~~ ^{opposite} he was furious
 that Alois did not even seem to want
 him, Nepomuk, to be established as the
 father.

In the event, he journeyed with Alois
 and Romed, and a farmcart pulled by two
 horses all of the twenty miles from Spital
 to ~~Do~~ Doellersheim next to Stouner, close to
 a four hour journey on the narrow road with
 its twists and crossroads and ~~fortunate~~
 lack of mud ~~to be expected~~ in ~~fact~~ ^{fact}, and they
 were grateful the ~~ground~~ ^{ground} ~~was~~ ^{was} not too ~~or~~
 it might have taken eight hours, only ~~to~~ *
~~but this was not Johann Nepomuk~~

* for Johann Nepomuk to find
 * ~~fact~~ once they had arrived that their purpose he did

not wish to see, ^{yet} ~~some~~ then became, the (76)
same man, now very old indeed and small
in stature as well as stature (for Döllersheim
parish was not comparable to Spital) yet
the very priest who had scolded for
tuffie with the value of a mare.
recalled

That ^{recollection} passed between the two men ~~was~~
unspoken ^{and unacknowledged} ~~conclusion~~ by word or slight
of expression, they were there for the business
at hand, ~~so~~ Alois, Deborah, ~~Joseph~~ and
two acquaintances they ^{had just met} ~~had~~ known along from
since the last time were to be witnesses and
~~could~~ did not know how to write, they signed
their names ~~with three~~ as xxx, each of
~~them~~ them after testifying that they had known
George Hessler and admitted to being the
father of the child, and that the mother had
stated the same thing.

The priest wrote down each of their names by the best of his own spelling since there was little agreement in the Austrian countryside on which letters should represent certain sounds (which is one reason why Hiedler ~~was~~ soon became Hitler) the difference in pronunciation coming to no more than the ~~subtle~~ ^{undetectable} nearly ~~unnoticeable~~ ^{unnoticeable} shift between "d" and "t" in a rough voice) and

~~at the same time~~

as he wrote each name, Josef Romeder, (77) Johann Breiteneder, and Engelbert Paulh, the old priest was smiling out of an old man's mouth because he knew they all were lying, and Johann Georg had never told them anything of the sort, and certainly never the mother since she was now dead for twenty ~~six~~ years, and their ~~Romeder, for example~~. It was all such a long time ago.

In fact, the priest did not insert the ~~date~~ ~~then they~~ nor his own signature, but on the parish register of June 7, 1837 he crossed out ~~it~~ as "illegitimate" ^{but he} ~~had~~ ^{been} ~~been~~ Johann Georg's name in what had ~~been~~ ^{been} a blank space ~~for the father~~ and smiled again. The document was barely legal or perhaps ~~not altogether legal~~ not altogether legal, but it did not matter, who would be there to ~~challenge~~ ^{challenge} such a change? Certainly not any of the episcopate in Vienna [Judith please confirm] when the word that ~~always~~ ^{came back} ~~was~~ ^{to} discourage illegitimacy. Already the rate in some districts was forty percent, and of them could less than half be free of all taint of one more concealed family matter? No, the priest

had chosen not to inscribe his own name (12)
because he disapproved of all these
slightly little matters which he was
obliged to approve.

Now that Alexis had improved his
name,

Done

74

about the time she learned, two years into their marriage, that there was no

Herr Schicklgruber on the parental side of his natal ledger, just a blank.

She began a campaign for him to legitimize himself. His mother, after

all, had been married, ^{Couldn't that be taken to mean that} and that meant ^{mean} Johann Georg Hiedler must have been ^{had}

[?] his father. Alois knew better, but ^{it} he was, now that she made such an issue,

^{he was} He had, after all, never ^{been proud of his} ^{his last} of it, not averse to such a project. He did, after all, detest ~~the name he had to~~

^{last name and his wife} use and his vanity ^{was} not necessarily ^{wrong} ^{she notwithstanding} when he judged that the

^{it} vigorous rise of his career ^{it} had hardly been helped by Schicklgruber, no, all

^{it} he had accomplished was in spite of the damned moniker.

He went to Johann Nepomuk to see what could be done. The old

man, who would soon be seventy, misunderstood at first—he thought Alois

was thinking of him as the father when he said that he wanted his last name

changed to what it should be—Hiedler! Johann Nepomuk's ^{heart passed} ~~mind went~~

75

through a black and scalding shame ^{even} as he started to marshal ^{his} arguments that

at this late date, what with Eva and ^{two} remaining daughters, ^{plus} the

grandchildren, ^{and} the farm in Josef Romeder's possession, ^{how could he} no, he could not

declare himself the father, too late now, ^{it was} but these excuses never reached his

mouth, they just scorched his ^{Ridley} ~~heart~~ for he realized next that Alois was ~~only~~

asking for Johann Georg to be named, whereupon (old men ^{are as able as} like young girls,

~~being able~~ to go from one extreme of emotion to its opposite) he was furious ^{at Alois}.

^{his own son} that Alois (did not ~~even seem to~~ want him. Nepomuk, to be established as the

father.

In the event, he journeyed with Alois and Romeder and a farmcart

pulled by his horses all of the twenty miles from Spital to Doellersheim next

to Strones, close to a four-hour journey on the narrow road ^{full of fallen trees} with its twists

^{but in its} and crossroads and fortunate ^{on this October day} ~~jack of mud in October~~ ^{and they were grateful}

76

~~the travel was not wet~~ (or it might have taken eight hours) only for Johann

Nepomuk to find ~~see~~ once they had arrived, the one priest he did not wish to

remember.

~~see~~ Yet there he was, the same man, now very old indeed, and smaller in

station as well as stature (for Doellersheim parish was not comparable to

Spital), the very priest who had scolded him for traffic with the vulva of a

mare.

That recollection passed between the two men unspoken and

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, and ~~and~~ since the last three were there to be

witnesses and did not know how to write, they signed their names as XXX,

each of them after testifying that they had known Georg Heidler and ~~me~~ *that had*

77

admitted to being the father of this child. and that the mother had stated the same thing.

The priest wrote down each of their names by the wit of his own spelling since there was little agreement in ^{any} the Austrian ^{pronance} countryside on which letters should represent certain sounds (which is one reason why Hiedler soon became Hitler—the difference in pronunciation coming to no more than the nearly undetectable shift between “d” and “t” in a rough voice) and as he wrote each name. Josef Romeder, Johann Breiteneder, and Englebert Paukh, the old priest was smiling out of an old man’s mouth because he knew they all were lying, and Johann Georg had never told them anything of the sort, ~~and certainly never the mother.~~ It was all such a long time ago.

In fact, the priest did not insert the date nor his own signature, but on the parish registry of June 1, 1837, he crossed out "illegitimate," put Johann Georg's name in what had previously been a blank space and smiled again.

The document was barely legal or perhaps not altogether legal, but it did not

matter. Who would be there to challenge such a change? Certainly ^{no} ~~not one~~

^{one of authority}
~~of the episcopate~~ in Vienna ^{where} ~~when~~ the word that always came from there was

to discourage illegitimacy. Already the rate in some districts was forty per

cent, and of ^{that forty} ~~them~~ ^{there be} ~~could~~ less than half ~~be~~ free of ~~all~~ taint of ~~one more~~

^{one or another}
~~concealed family~~ matter? No, the priest had chosen not to inscribe his own

name because he disapproved of ^{getting} ~~all those~~ sleazy little matters ^{there} ~~which~~ he was

^{bought}
obliged to approve.

Now that Alois had improved his name, ^{on a whim,} he decided ^{to stop}

off for an hour in Spital rather than to
continue ^{continuing} on immediately with the Neponomuk
cart and ~~the plan to wait~~ ^{at the station} where there was
to the railroad station at Ceitra. ^{There was}
an agreeable redolence ~~to his nose~~ ^{at the change of}
name and his ^{name} was a great ~~surprise~~ ^{surprise}, ~~he was~~
feeling a familiar upsurge in the happy
region ^{below} his ^{stomach} ~~thoughts~~, and this, he
knew, from long experience, was one of
the gifts God had given him. It was as
quick as a dog to ~~know~~ ^{know} that agreeable
female company was nearby.

Could it possibly be ^{Sophantia} ~~the third oldest of~~
~~his three daughters~~ Neponomuk's daughter ^{did live}
~~the next door to his father~~, and Alvis
could feel her at this moment as if she
were looking out the window, but no,
it could not be her, she was ^{not} ~~almost~~
quite as old as his wife, but farm life would
offer no ^{gifts} ~~to a woman's~~ ^{appearance} ~~look~~ ^{once}
she was forty and more. He did not
really want to see Sophantia.

But his steps took him to her door. It
hounded ~~him~~ ^{in his pants} ~~did not make a~~
practise of betraying him, ^{gave confirmation} ~~to his trust~~
in animal instinct. For in the doorway

was not only Johanna looking as plain ~~lined~~ ^{as} ~~she had~~ ^{she was} ~~as~~ ^{as tall} beside her was a girl of sixteen, ^{as tall} as himself with the nicest and most agreeable features, modest, well formed, with a good head of abundant auburn hair and the bluest eyes he had ever seen - they were even as blue as the light of the sky that ~~was~~ ^{gleamed in} ~~was~~ in diamonds, of a certain kind, fabulous diamonds on the other side of the glass in a museum. She was not a ~~great~~ beauty but for her eyes - that was enough.

He took off his cocked hat and bowed once he had ~~exactly~~ separated himself from the powerful hug and whole ~~with~~ ^{steaming} kisses Johanna ~~was~~ ^{had left} ^{honest} with her ^{honest} ^{honest} 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 even better in your uniform now - there is more to the uniform, now, yes?" And then to her daughter, and introduced

her, "This is Klara. She is now my oldest ⁽⁸¹⁾
or will be soon since my only ~~son~~ son
who is still alive will not live for long. He
is in Vienna and with consumption."

She began to weep, five children were
ahead of Klara who was the seventh and
but would be dead and ^{that} young man now
nineteen would be dead in a year as
they all knew. "God never ceases punishing
us for our sins," at which Klara nodded
sadly and with absolute conviction and
embraced her.

Olaf ~~took his farewell not long after~~ ⁷
~~he~~ had no desire to hear talk about God,
Spent enough time on that and the
house would ~~begin to~~ ^{be} ~~mean~~ in shame,
whereas now he was ^{engaged} ~~engaged~~ with the
thought that he ^{must} ~~could~~ see more of his
niece. He took

He took a walk with ~~the mother and~~ ^{the mother and}
daughter ~~back to the fields~~ ^{to the fields} outside the
village ~~where to the fields~~ ^{to the fields} that he loved
to the ^{pasture} ~~father's~~ Johann Doelzl, who ~~of~~
a long full of lines that ~~and~~ turned down

* There was no room for Klara to ^{to} this rare lovely
child, Klara, but had in her eyes and a face
gray misbegotten

(82)

in mourning as if to keep in
his long sad nose and ~~paper~~ ^{thin} lips, ~~it was obvious that he~~ ^{it was obvious that he}
up the hope that he would prosper because
he was a good and honest farmer. ~~At least~~
to say, ~~that~~ Alois did not stay too
long talking with him. Poelzl had the
expression on his face ~~of~~ of a man who
still has ~~to~~ a host of chores to
satisfy — on this day, there were ^{stems} (ears)
of corn ^{rows of} (in the ~~stubble~~) not too rotten to
feed to his pigs, ~~but~~ and he stood on
one foot and then the other (as if to wait
another few minutes)
too long would allow the decomposing
remains to decompose ^{a few weeks} ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{soil}
he ~~made~~ ^{made} ~~more~~ ^{more} and his discomfort with the uniform
and ~~poor~~ implicit prosperity of Alois'
bearing did not take the happiest turn
when Alois said that his ^{own} wife ~~was~~
was not well and needed a maid
who was honest, pious and of good readings
~~and~~ ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{was} it possible — not to reach things —
that ~~Alois~~ Klara might be just that
person?
Still, Johann Poelzl could hardly

(23)

afford to say no, especially when he was told of the wages she could beguine and of the comfort she would agree to send back, ~~and the comfort~~ Carl that was not dependant on a crop was the finest crop of all. He needed money, needed it even more than he usually did, and the alternative - to borrow further, seems from his brother-in-law Romena or his father-in-law Deponch was too unpleasant. Johann's disposition had become so sour that he often thought his blood must taste like vinegar, and he did not wish to hear the sighs of Romena as he came up with some kroner on the advice of Deponch who had insulted his ^{best} instincts as a farmer. ~~Just~~ ~~because~~ ~~but~~ a man could have fine instincts as a farmer and still have had luck - did that mean he had to pay tribute to his bad luck by listening to the easy advice of others when he had already paid once already for an insufficiently satisfying return from his fields? He accepted the idea that ~~Kara~~ ~~was~~ ~~work~~ ~~for~~ ~~her~~ ~~evenly~~, and his feelings turned over in him with the

emphatic
~~poor~~ rage of them all - an anger that
has lost all heat, and so sets in the nerves
~~clash~~ with the cold shock of ~~the~~
maggots revealed in the over-turn of a
stone.

A week after Alois' return to his
post in Braunau, Klara followed with
a small chest ~~mealy~~ ~~again~~ filled with
her small number of clothes and possessions.

74

about the time she learned, two years into their marriage, that there was no

74-85 double space

Herr Schicklgruber on the parental side of his natal ledger, just a blank. *He had certainly not made a point of this detail while he had been courting her.*

She began a campaign for ^(Alois)him to legitimize himself. His mother, after

all, had been married. *Why could not* ~~Could~~ that be taken to mean that Johann Georg

Hiedler had been his father? Alois knew better, but now that she *was making* ~~made~~ it an issue,

he was not averse. He had, after all, never been proud of his last name, and

his wife was not necessarily wrong when she judged that *his career, despite* ~~notwithstanding the~~

its success, ~~rigorous rise of his career~~ it had hardly been helped by Schicklgruber, no, all

he had accomplished was in spite of it.

From Braunau to Weitra and from there to Spital
He went to Johann Nepomuk ~~to see what could be done.~~ The old man,
to see what if Johann Nepomuk would help him. The
old man, now turned
~~who would soon be~~ ^{he}misunderstood at first—he thought Alois was
being named
~~thinking of him~~ *Alois told him* as the father when ~~he said~~ that he wanted his last name

changed to what it should be—Hiedler! Johann Nepomuk's heart passed

75

through a ^{quick} ~~black~~ 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, and ^{his part of} ~~(the farm in Josef Romeder's possession)~~, how

could he declare himself the father? It was too late ^{now}. These excuses

^{Just soon enough}
~~did not~~ ^{before} ~~never reached~~ his mouth ^{they just} scorched his pride for ^{he realized next} that

^{instead} Alois was asking ^{being} for Johann Georg to be named, whereupon (old men are as
^{ready} able as young girls to go from one extreme of emotion to its ^{the other} opposite) he was

^{thought of}
furious at Alois. His own son did not want him, Nepomuk, to be established

as the father. ^{It took him another moment to recognize}
that Georg, ^{having married Maria Anna, was the}
^{only one who could be used for legitimation.}

In the event, he journeyed with Alois and Romeder ⁱⁿ and a farmcart

^(two old horses) pulled by ^{Strones, then on to} his horses all of the twenty miles from Spital to Doellersheim, next

to Strones, close to a four-hour journey on ^{a meandering} the narrow road full of fallen trees

but fortunate in its lack of mud on this October day (or it might have taken

On arrival, ⁷⁶ came face to face with the
eight hours) only for (Johann Nepomuk to find, once they had arrived, the one

priest he did not wish to remember, Yet there he was, the same man, now

very old indeed, and smaller in station as well as stature (for Doellersheim

parish was not comparable to Spital), ~~yet he was still the same~~ the very priest who had scolded him for

traffic with the vulva of a mare.

^{This}

~~That~~ recollection passed between the two men, unspoken and

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 there to be

witnesses and did not know how to write, they signed their names as XXX,

each of them after testifying that they had known Georg Heidler and that he

had admitted to being the father of this child, and that the mother had stated

the same.

77

The priest wrote down each of their names by the wit of his own

spelling since there was ^{small from province to} little agreement in any Austrian province on which letters ^{was proper for each sound} should represent certain sounds (which is ^{one reason why} one reason why Hiedler soon

became Hitler—the difference in pronunciation coming to no more than the

nearly undetectable shift between “d” and “t” in a rough voice) and as ^{the priest} he

^{recorded} wrote each name, Josef Romeder, Johann Breiteneder, and ^{Engelbert} Englebert Paulh,

the old priest was smiling out of an old man’s mouth because he knew they

all were lying, and Johann Georg had never told them anything of the sort. ~~It~~

~~was all such a long time ago~~

In fact, the priest did not insert the date nor his own signature, ^{he contented} but on

^{the occasion by a cross} ^{on the page at} ^{dated} (the parish registry of June 1, 1837, he crossed out “illegitimate,” put Johann

Georg’s name in what had previously been ^{the} a blank space, and smiled again.

The document was barely legal ^{it was} or perhaps ^{not} altogether legal, but it did not

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matter. Who would ~~be there to~~ challenge such a change? Certainly no one of

authority in Vienna. The word that always came from ^{that august locus of the Church} there was to

discourage illegitimacy. Already the rate in some districts was forty per cent,

and of that forty, could ^{even} ~~there be less than~~ half ~~be~~ free of taint of one or

another concealed family matter? No, the priest had chosen not to inscribe

his own name ^{because} he disapproved of these sleazy little matters ^{even if} he was
bound to ^{improve them on paper,} approve—

Now that Alois had ^{new} improved his name, he decided on a whim to stop

off for an hour in Spital rather than continue on immediately with the

Nepomuk's cart to the railroad station at Weitra. There was an agreeable

redolence to his mood at the ^{sound of Alois's name} change of name ^{it's hers and he soon} and to his no great surprise, he

^{felt} was soon feeling 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} ~~that~~ agreeable female company was nearby.

Could it possibly be Johanna? Nepomuk's oldest daughter did live next door to her father, and ^{at this moment} ~~Alois~~ could even feel her ^{presence} ~~at this moment~~ as if she

were looking out the window, but no, it could not be her, she was not quite as

old as his wife, ^{he expected she would not look better.} ~~but farm life would offer no gifts to a woman's appearance~~

^{over} ~~once she was forty and more~~. He did not really want to see Johanna.

Yet his steps took him to her door. The ^{good} ~~hound in his pants~~ did not

make a practice of betraying him. Once again, ^{his} ~~it gave confirmation to his~~

^{was confirmed} ~~trust in animal instinct~~. For in the doorway was not only Johanna looking as

plain as expected, but beside her was a girl of sixteen. She was ^{the same height} ~~as tall as~~

^{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

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seen—they were ~~even~~ ^{that} as blue as the light of the sky ^{which} ~~that~~ gleams in diamonds,
fabulous diamonds on the other side of the glass in a museum. ^{showing.} ~~(~~ She was not a
beauty but for her eyes—that was enough.

He took off his cocked hat and bowed once he had separated himself
from the powerful hug and whole steamy kisses Johanna ~~had~~ 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,

^{than ever}
"You look ~~even~~ better in your uniform now—there is more to the uniform
^{pulled her daughter to her.}
~~introduced him to~~
now, yes?" And then to ~~her daughter and introduced her,~~ "This is Klara. She will
^{soon be}
~~is now~~ my oldest, ~~or will be soon~~ since my only son who is still alive will not

^{remain among us}
~~live~~ for long. He is in Vienna, ^{He has} ~~and with consumption.~~

^{had been}
She began to weep. Six children ~~were~~ ^{had been} ahead of Klara, ~~who was the~~

^{but} ^{now}
seventh, ~~and five were~~ ^{dead}, and the young man, now nineteen, would be ~~dead~~ ^{gone}

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in a year, ~~as they all knew~~. "God never ceases punishing us for our sins," ~~at~~ *she said,*

~~at~~ which Klara nodded sadly and with absolute conviction, ~~and embraced her.~~

Alois had no desire to hear ~~talk~~ about God. Spend enough time on ~~that~~ *him,*

He preferred to
and the hound would moan in shame, ~~whereas now he was enjoying~~ the

would soon,
thought that he ~~must~~ see more of his niece.

He took a walk (with the mother and daughter outside the village) to the

They went to the
(fields that belonged to the husband, Johann Poelzl, who bore no resemblance

He had
to this rare blue-eyed child, Klara, ~~but had instead~~ gray misted-over eyes and

a face full of lines that turned down in mourning as if to keep in ~~company~~ *concert*

with his long sad nose *his* and paper-thin lips. It is obvious that he had ~~lost~~

was going to
given up the hope that he ~~would~~ prosper because he was a good and honest

nor did,
farmer. ~~(Alois did not stay too long talking with him.~~ 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 rows of stubble ~~there~~ ^{not yet} were stray ears of corn ~~not~~ too rotten to

feed to the pigs, and ^{Poelzl} he stood on one foot and then the other (as if to ~~wait~~ ^{talk for})

~~after~~ ^{two more} ~~another few minutes~~ ^{ruin a good number of the} would allow the remains to decompose a few aster-
~~remaining~~ ^{nothing} (ears, ~~but~~ ^{Of course, his impatience was} kernels more, and his discomfort with the uniform and implicit prosperity of

^{and took no happy} Alois' bearing ~~did not take the happiest turn~~ when Alois said that his own

wife was not well and needed a maid who was honest, pious, and of good

breeding. Was it possible—not to rush things!— that Klara might be just that

person?

^o Johann Poelzl could hardly afford to say no, especially when he was

told of the wages she would be given ^{for Alois also specified} and (the amount she ^{would be able} could agree to send

back. Cash that was not dependent on a crop was the finest crop of all. ^{Poelzl}

needed money, ~~needed it~~ ^{needed it} even more than he usually did, and the alternative—

to borrow further sums from his brother-in-law Romeder or his father-in-law

Nepomuk, was too unpleasant. Johanna's disposition had become so sour

that he often thought her blood must taste like vinegar, and he did not wish ^{his ears} to

to travel down the road of Romeder's sighs,

bear the sighs of Romeder as he came up with some Kronen or the advice of

his few

man did ~~after~~ he want to hear the advice that would come from Nepomuk which insulted his best instincts as a farmer. A man could have

That would insult

^{for his work} fine instincts as a farmer and still have bad luck—did that mean he had to

^{such} pay tribute to his bad luck by listening to the ~~easy~~ advice of others when he

had already paid once already for an insufficiently satisfying return from his

^{So, he} fields? He accepted the idea that Klara would work for her uncle, and his

feelings turned over in him with the emptiest rage of them all ^{which is} an anger that

has lost all heat, ^{It} and so sits in the nerves with the cold shock of maggots

^{by} revealed in the overturn of a stone.

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

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

As of now, however, this disclosure
~~is not the case, there~~
 Since my disclosure, as of now, is only on paper, it can be concealed

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unless the E.O. is determined to search out all I am doing. If at the end of

these writings, ~~therefore,~~ I decide that I still wish, despite all, to remain

faithful to him. I not only eliminate what is recorded on paper, but I can

every of For a devil, this is ~~more difficult~~ ^{paradoxically}
 sequester its echo in my thoughts. That is no ordinary trick for a devil to ~~make~~ ^{we are}
~~not~~ ^{however} not encouraged to conceal anything from the source
~~master~~ but I have trained myself to write like a human without allowing my

to accomplish then
 it is for a man
 or a woman
 we are certainly

any thoughts to radiate out from me, a condition in defiance of the E.O. who

forbids such a practice. While he has no desire to use up ^{a part} ~~that much~~ of his

resources ^{by taking in} in absorbing all that is in our minds, ^{he} but he wants the possibility to

be present. He is certainly not inclined to allow any one ⁱⁿ ~~of us~~ his army, to

be able to hold ^{separate} ~~entrenched~~ opinions. (And for good cause. He is a master at

reversing a strategy once he thinks it is necessary.)

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^{this curious}
Since I have acquired ~~the~~ human skill ~~however~~ of keeping ~~my~~

^{therefore, these these}
thoughts to myself, I feel able to continue ~~my~~ history, my biography, ~~my~~

^{any what will}
novel (call it ~~which form~~ you wish) about the life of Adolf Hitler. Indeed, I

I can continue as I have begun with but one addition, I will, from time to time,

^{the two}
I will have a word on ~~more~~ ^{the two} ~~on the structure of two other~~

^{that spirits}
Kingdoms: the world of ~~angels~~ ^{spirits} (a happy moniker for them) who work for God, and are
given the happy if somewhat inexact name of angels, (we call them the Goodgods)
God, and the army of devils loyal to the E.O., a.k.a., of course, as Satan.

^{hardly unfamiliar}
Of course, these remarks will not be ~~radically~~ ^{hardly} exotic (to those readers who are

^{also}
familiar with "Paradise Lost." ^{So are many of us} (I cannot speak here for the angels, but devils
in that ^{particular} classic. (I cannot speak for the angels, but ~~devils~~
are devoted to good literature—we consider it a professional need

(The corollary is that we detest most best-sellers for their sentimental inexactitudes.) Be it said that considering the extent of our work with humans, ~~and~~ Milton is high in our

arcana of those poets and novelists we do not look upon as second-rate,

worthy only to be ~~admired by us intellectuals~~. Milton, after all, provided the

rough and ready
world of men and women with a *chart* of the situation within *the Two*

the Two Kingdoms.
Kingdoms, the domains of God and the Devil ~~that, no~~ matter how distorted

is his panorama, it is
and inaccurate (and unfair!), is nonetheless a pioneer portrait of our warring
display
armies. (Or, at least, how *some* of it *did take* place at the commencement.)

Milton, then, as a first model, it is, of course,
One can begin with ~~that~~ Devils who serve the E.O. as officers in the *autobatal.*

seriously misnamed ~~(I can assure you)~~ army of the damned, are by now well-

installed in ~~virtually~~ all corners of human existence. Much like the

immensely complicated Japanese game of Go, the positions we occupy with

our—if you will—black stones are forever encircling and being encircled by

the white stones of the angels. (It is even said that by the end of the game of

Go played by two Masters of the Ninth Degree, it can take almost as long to

count up the results of these black and white encirclements of each other as it

did to play the match.)

To enforce, therefore, this first ~~rough~~ explanation of the complexities

I must offer ^{my own} ~~some~~ rudimentary outline
of our war, ~~let me lecture you, dear reader~~ on the basic balance of forces.

Because of the separate ~~human, Divine, and Satanic~~ conceptions of what

reality might be, there are in effect three armies. God and his angels work

to develop in Their directions;
upon humans ~~the E.O. and his devils~~ *try* to possess many of the same

humans; and the individual man or woman strives feverishly to be beholden

~~neither to God nor the Other~~ *nor to Satan (so-called)*
neither to God ~~nor the Other~~ but rather to be free, to be the creature of his *external* or her
own destiny, belonging to no ~~other~~ force. In the event, we devils try to guide

the Cudgels
our men and women (we call them clients), ~~the angels~~ contest us, and the

particular man or woman often does his or her best to fight off, *Us both of Us.* ~~with more or~~

~~less success, all external influence~~

This, but
That, it can be repeated, is *a first* and necessarily oversimplified

approach to the complexity, and perversity of the subtle condition of

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existence itself, ~~It is, whether or not agreeable, an Overview, and so may~~

~~help to explain a few matters in the course of my participation within this~~

~~story. My hope—given the forthrightness which has so curiously overtaken~~
curious but temper that
this Renthriekt

me ~~is furnishing these remarks~~ *a bit* is that I will be able to do more than recount

Let me be ready also
~~the years before us in the life of Adolf Hitler, but will also ~~may~~ to explain~~

(no devil is without)
~~my role, my strengths, my weaknesses (devils also have a profile!) in aiding,~~

~~abetting~~ and subverting ~~the career of little Adolf~~ from boyhood on, not to

mention the signal intervention of the Evil One.

Given this much, you

~~I think enough has been said, let us go on with the sky I hope it is~~

✓
~~not too cold—comfort that you~~ have had a first introduction to your narrator.

2.

It is safe to say that I know a good deal. I can enter into many a mind,
I can recover, if necessary, the concealed, even the long-buried memories of
any client to whom I am assigned. While this does consume ~~much~~ Time
(which for us is a resource comparable to Money serving ^{way} ~~to the manner by which money serves~~ as the basic matrix
for humans), I am, if necessary, able to inhabit ^{people's} ~~their~~ dreams. My power of
insight when brought to focus upon a single person is close to complete,
whereas the average human has, at best, a memory that manages to function

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in one or another impaired state. My sense of recollection, moreover, is free

usual) that
of the ~~distortions~~ used to serve the human ego. I am released from the need

~~to serve~~
for such a mechanism since I exist within an absolute set of strategic

No need therefore to
commands, although I am allowed on occasion to develop innovative tactics.

~~The Overview, however, belongs to the Maestro. Hence, there is no need to~~

develop a forceful ego. That is reserved for those humans who are

determined to work up their own major *endeavors* ~~strategies~~ from which derives the

tyranny of their memory which *can usually afford to* ~~likes to~~ retain only that which is of the most

direct use to them *no matter how* ~~even when it is~~ misremembered or damnable untrue.

In contrast to such men and women, I have a simple life. For the most

part, I look to obtain success with my clients. In our Company, that produces

reliable results. *One is* ~~One is~~ sooner or later promoted. Over many periods, I have

had clients whom I was able to develop sufficiently to be of use in one or

another of the E.O.'s larger projects. The majority of humans, however,

caught in the push-and-pull between their guardian angel and myself, end by

producing little that is salient for us. ^{Indeed, in} In a few unhappy situations, ~~there have~~

^{my} ~~been~~ attempted conversions ^{we've} ~~which~~ lost altogether. The guardian angel ^{who was my}
^{opposite number} ~~such~~ gathered in the spoils. ~~(Be it said that we do not see them as angels nearly so~~

~~much as our adversaries. Indeed, we call them The Cudgels)~~

As a result of ^{these} several successive defeats, my position suffered. For

^{thereafter} long periods I was assigned clients of petty origin or sadly modest

achievements. I oversaw, for instance, waitresses of a carnal disposition who

broke up dull marriages and ^{so} ~~thereby~~ ruined the amorous head of a half-happy

household. (Alois does come to mind.) I encouraged common soldiers to

hurt the morale of their company by desertion. I served workers who rose in

their labor movement and turned corrupt. I knew a few mayors in small

towns who got into trouble with little boys or pilfered funds. I served petty barons and counts who gambled away the last of old holdings, and I could list petty suicides, petty thieves, fallen priests, drunken louts, unfaithful wives, typical flotsam and uninspired jetsam. I had indeed a horde of clients, but only a few could present an interesting problem to my skills. I had all too many now nameless men and women who were born out of little and proceeded to amount to less. It could have been cause for despair. I admit that only the larger projects appealed to me even as any recognition from a social summit gives real life to a snob. While I could never know if the Maestro was using me for too little, *waiting for me to enlarge* ~~or enlarging my experience for more, I~~

I did, on occasion, hear from him. He had not lost his eye concerning me, and remarked once that I might seek high rank again and could yet be assigned to a venture comparable to the epic encounters of the Company during the first

three centuries of the Church in Rome. All that might be there for me ~~once~~ more, if I would keep the faith—that is, pay unremitting attention to my present wretches, thugs, and drunks. I learned then that the E.O. had selected me to oversee the work of other agents concerning a young client whose potentialities might be immense. Insignificant at present was this person and his family, but there were ancestral fault-lines that happened to be full of the intoxicating stink of blood-scandal. The boy in question, now a young man, was stricken with timidity, had quit school too early, was an avaricious reader who remained hopelessly superior to what he read particularly when he could not understand it, was, in addition, lazy, prone to temper tantrums, and possessed of an ego comparable to the size of a swollen belly. All the same, he was desperately afraid of almost all meetings with other humans. Yes, this boy was an absolute and unmitigated mess.

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I did not dare to ask, but of course I could not hide my reactions from

the E.O. any more than any of my agents could conceal their active thoughts

from me. At this point, the E.O. actually spoke to my thoughts ^{with his} ~~in English, a~~

thoughts, couching them in English, a

inclination to
language he enjoyed for its ~~adroit use of~~ irony. He said: "Why this boy?

Can it be that he possesses the largest ambition one could possibly encounter

in a young man who is not already insane? ~~Be ready!~~ I may propose that you

take him on. *But, be* ~~Be~~ at ease! It is still no more than a project. It could certainly

fail. He will need endless instruction. His terrors must be bolstered with the

And you must guard him from early and
most confident experiences you can arrange for him. *Couching of facts to his ego.* In time, if he develops

the greater part of his potential promise, he could become your ^{only} ~~sole~~ client.

Must
Need I say more? We are looking at a ~~major~~ project worthy of a ~~large~~ ^{major}

~~continuing~~ effort."

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I did dare to ask: What if I fail? Many of our projects do. ^{Particularly the} ~~Perhaps~~
major ones. They are such outrageous gambles,
~~most of them. Our Source is not unlike God in that regard. It must be~~

~~remembered that we are not only in constant combat with the angels, but,~~

~~exist in constant tension with the men and women we seek to guide. If I may~~

~~repeat. It is war with three forces meeting on one field of battle.~~

I was depressed. The new project was at present a backwater, and

would certainly need good luck—which is to say, ~~favorable historical~~ ^{times, that}
would prove historically favorable to us

(The First World War and the disasters that fell upon Germany had not yet

occurred.) ^{felicitous} There was no sign of the conditions needed for a venture so much

in need of gratuitous, ~~even felicitous~~ magnifications of possibility. My role,

as I saw it, would seat me as jockey on a horse running against unbelievably

long odds. I could foresee further demotions for myself.

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any longer,
All that ~~now~~ is not of consuming interest. We know, after all, what

happened to the horse. And I who rode the boy (with occasional help from the Master) and rode him all the way up to glory (and down again—which is half the matter, the other half being why I now propose to tell the tale) can at least explain how the short novel I contemplated writing about the SS officer and the Jewish doctor lost my interest about the time I recognized that it was small. I knew too much to content myself with that. If I would break the first of the rules of our society, then it was certainly incumbent upon me to

explore much further into what I ~~now~~ *know of Alois and Klara now that*

~~So we can take up once more the story of Alois Hitler's family now~~

to
~~that~~ Adolf has been conceived on a night when I declared myself ~~fully~~ *spoke of myself*

as present, as a species of Black Gabriel for the ~~the~~ *Evil One*.

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In truth, and I would ask those who follow this to make a good attempt
to comprehend, I was not in that bed of unfettered carnality ^{certainly not /} on that occasion,
nor did I have to be. Yet, I was telling the truth, when I stated that I was
there, {

The explanation is simple if one will follow it, ^{is considerably} ~~Indeed, it is no more~~

^{less} (difficult than Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity.) Since spirits live in a

^{that} ~~the domain of the warring gods, our relation to Time is hardly the same as the~~ ^{comparable to}

^{(that mystery, Ingesting} ~~human perception of it. With the aid of the experiences of other demons, we~~

^{are able to} ~~can travel back and forth in the~~ ^{through periods of} Time that can only be recognized by

^{so,} humans in linear fashion. (I did not have to be present on the night that Adolf

^{in order, exact /} ~~was conceived to have the experience of it. Another devil (of lower rank)~~

~~than myself~~) had been consigned to oversee it. By order of the E.O., he (or it,

if you prefer) had entered the act, an insertion any of the E.O.'s cohorts can

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accomplish (when it is not only desired but purposeful). ^{Years later that same} That devil had been
^{by my demand, passed} on ^{of detail and carnal feeling}
able to pass on the experience to me with a completeness that may be called
absolute ~~even if it took place years later.~~

For all practical purposes, then, I had been there. I could use the
experience to enlarge my own knowledge of Adolf. Since I also knew from
the intensity of the occasion that the E.O. had joined ^{with} ~~there~~ his agent for an instant
(even as Jehovah had been with Gabriel ~~for an equal instant~~ during that
other exceptional event) ^{so} I could believe ~~for reasons given above~~ in my
own active presence. ^{Whatever is the} ~~Any~~ experiences we draw into ourselves from ~~the~~
~~participation of other devils becomes our own~~ ^{experience.} (The same can be said of
~~absorbing~~ the memories, recent and long-forgotten, of our clients.

I, for example, was not attached formally to Adolf Hitler for many years,
but the E.O. had placed him in my ~~sub-domain, in my~~ share of the

Overview—~~the passing~~ devils who worked ~~on occasion~~ with little Adolf were

there to pass ~~on~~ their experiences to me. Over a period of time, I ~~kept up~~

with his life and small deeds as a boy ^{were sent on to me.} Then, as the hour approached when I

would look to take possession of him, so did my concentration upon the ~~sense-offerings~~

~~senses~~ of the minor devils in my command take on more prominence ~~for me.~~

until I was ^{as} steeped in the life of the boy and young man as if I had been ^{alone} (with

him over all the years of his childhood and adolescence. For that reason I

write about his ^{life} secrets with an insight no biographer could ^{begin to} attempt, ^{without} being ~~barred~~ ^{from his profession.}

It is in part this profound desire to share what I have learned that may

now impel ^{this incontestable} ^{But then,} my treachery toward the E.O. (I have come to understand that ~~this~~

~~is not some species of off-the-register generosity, no, I recognize that I am~~

^{it all} doing ~~this~~ for myself. Profound experience ^{that} when it is communicated to no

~~one~~ will sour the soul. I, who have lived so long with the firm belief that I ~~am~~

~~a spirit, an complete~~ ^{any} no more and no less than a spirit, now have to face

^a the seismic disruption ~~that~~ somewhere within I ~~will~~ sense the remnants of a

soul, the truncated ends, let us say, of nerves long lost to an amputated limb

which ^{will} (insists) on promising the body that it ^{can} will grow again.

A ^{of this dimension comes too early in} This recognition is too large for so early a moment on ~~our~~ narrative. It

will take all of a book I may ^{never} not be able to finish to ^{absorb} begin to know the

meaning of ^{such an} ~~this~~ insight. I seek to quiet the disturbance this thought causes by

returning again to the present, to these years of living in an America I can

hardly comprehend. If I am now a presence who consists of no more at this

instant than a devil ^{without} ~~lost in the lack of~~ a serious assignment, I sense that I

must ⁹ ~~(~~ may it be the saving imperative! ⁾ ~~/~~ return to the premises ~~/~~ with which I

began — that ^{an account} ~~the story~~ of the life of my former client will establish, at least,

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^Q
~~the first~~ rough topography of that terrain in which I search for the remaining

oddments of my soul.

3.

In setting down these basic explanations, I must say ^{that} ~~once more~~ that I

~~am ready to violate Our Rule. What we do, we do in secret. Our acts are not~~

~~to be revealed.~~ Indeed, it is one of our ongoing missions to convince the

~~world, or at least the ruling majority,~~ ^{of the new technological world} that there is no such entity as the Devil

^(there is nothing) and most certainly ~~nothing~~ like two hierarchical spirit orders—the universe is

subject to reason, nothing else. *God, alone, as a solitary mystery, is also acceptable in some powerful quarters. But not the Evil One. One mystery, not two!*

~~My desire, then, to reveal the depth of our clash with The Cudgels, is~~

~~There need be no surprise~~
~~then that the ^{general} understanding ~~of our situation~~~~
~~obscure to me. I can only describe it as an ungovernable impulse to record~~
~~of Adolf Hitler's personality is dying.~~
 He is, after all, a third mystery, the most

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~~my dealings with the~~ most mysterious human of the century, a man, when all

is said, who was all-too-human, if, it will be agreed, that the average man or

woman does possess large funds of the inhumane. In any event, I was able

by the end to comprehend his psyche better than my own. Obviously, I take

(a close to unmeasurable specimen of the human,
pride in this. He was ~~an incredible specimen,~~ and had time enough to grow

into the scourge of the century, this client whom in the beginning I belittled

for much too long as "little Adolf," yes, I knew him when we still referred to

(who grew out of the boy)
the young fellow as "little Adolf with the big ideas."

I can state that he was a most ordinary little Hitler in the beginning — that is, he was certainly an ~~unusually~~ unhealthy baby and terrified Klara with every wheeze of his lungs and burble of sputum.

It is probably true that she was ready to die if he did, Devils are saved at anticipating motives, but our predictive strengths weaken on the borders of mortality. The Devil ^{imposes,} ^{inspires,}

the man proposes, God disposes, is not incarnate as a rule of thumb that we ~~at least~~ often must observe

night before to a neighbor's house where he ~~experienced~~ ^{experienced} all the discomfort of sleeping ~~on a small~~ ^{on a small} bed between Cengel and Abis, Jr (who kept ~~pushing~~ pinching each other ~~over~~ his intervening body) he knew that ~~no small thing was out of place~~ ^{no small thing was out of place} and prominent changes were on their way. ~~for~~ ^{out} everything was out of place, and this perception which ^{not only} lived in his ~~body~~ chest like the with such ~~contradictory~~ emotions as apprehension, ~~but also offered a~~ ^{but also offered a} tingle of excitement, ~~of excitement~~ turned into his first large sorrow ~~as a child~~ when, next day, he rushed forward to his mother's bed and the midwife put out a hand larger than his father's and said, "Don't stay back. Don't hurt the baby."

What made it worse was that

his mother could do no more (192)
than smile at him out of a very pale
face, and put a hand on his head
~~that was~~ so light in its touch, that
he could feel ~~nothing~~ no love in
the caress. Tears came to his eyes.

"Ah, the poor little one," said the
mid-wife and led him out of the
room. "In a few days," she added, "you
can ~~soon~~ get nearer to the baby."

"Will he talk to me?"

She ~~laughed~~. "Maybe you will
be the first to understand him."
With that, she ~~laughed and~~ returned to the bed
where his mother lay so far away
from him.

~~It was worse afterwards.~~ For weeks
he could not get close to K-lara.
There had been a time not so long
before when he would have the same
conversation with ~~her~~ ^{his mother} ~~last~~ morning.

"Mommie," ^{Adi} ~~he~~ would ask, "are you the most beautiful woman in the world?"

~~She would laugh.~~ She would tease his ~~hair~~ hair. "What do you think?" she would ask,

"I think you are the most beautiful."

Then ~~she~~ he would ~~really~~ ^{laugh} and ~~bring him to his breast~~ that breast he knew so well. For it was only a year since she had stopped feeding him, ~~there~~ and ~~now~~ he missed the breast. He would gorge on the cream puffs she often prepared for dessert, ~~in~~ ^{and} would keep eating them until Alvin Junior ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~prodded~~ ^{prodded} ~~Klara~~ ^{it} ~~in~~ ^{mother} would complain audibly if Klara was present, or in her absence would ~~crack a paddle~~ ^{crack a paddle} across his head, & "Don't take them all."

Now, ~~it was hardly the same~~ Klara was often ~~too~~ ^{too} tired to cook, and



Klara, however, pulled new meanings, at least little attention, she switched to give Adi those deep, no little, Alvin, "she would say, "it is a shame."

the temporary servant who came in (194
to do ~~house~~ ^{her} work made so
creampuffs that tasted like sour
milk. It seemed Klara ~~was~~
~~feeding~~ Edmund all the time, ^{so it}
~~seemed to him~~ (Adolf felt a recurring pang, each
time, a new sorrow, ^{but so} so
prevalent ^{that it was all to him} ~~that it began to~~ ~~blend~~
~~in his heart~~ with the sad undertone
of (the) church bells in Passau, so rich,
so many, so ~~constant~~ ^{constant} frequent
that in his ears ^{it seemed as if} ~~she was still feeding~~
^{always feeding} (Edmund even when the infant was
asleep.

A day, ^{if} when he tried to ask her
the same dear question, she would
~~still~~ laugh, but unhappily. "Oh,
I am ^a ~~an~~ old woman," she would ~~say~~
say, "I am not beautiful, Dolfchen,
it is your sister, Angela, who is

the most beautiful."

(195)

Adi did not agree. Angela was undependable. Angela could pinch him cruelly for no reason that he could see. She could be nice, but she was treacherous. "You are the most beautiful," he would say, but his mother would only shake her head.

For the first time ~~since~~ he now inhabited a space that was larger than himself. He ~~had~~ hardly knew what to do. Alois was ~~always~~ ^{one week of the summer} ~~mostly~~ ^{mostly} most of the time. ~~The last night~~ to be lying to take up his new and ^{important} ~~most important~~ duties that, ~~and~~ ^{but} his Ling was ~~far~~ fifty miles east of Dassen, a long enough trip ~~to~~ to keep Alois from coming back to his household more often than once or twice a month. So all the

(196)

added weight of his tobacco, his
heavy ~~big~~ thumb, his strong voice, ~~that~~ which
~~penetrated~~ ^{penetrated} through Adol's vibrations
so powerfully that ~~until~~ ^{until} that was always danger of
an accident, was ~~no longer~~ ^{rarely present} ~~there~~
now to stifle ~~the~~ ^{the} air, and ~~gave~~ ^{gave}
through ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~halls~~ ^{halls}, no, the house
was free ~~for~~ all through the day,
Angela and Junior were away at
school, and Adi ^{thought} was alone with
his mother, except ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~even~~ ^{even} ~~foot~~ ^{foot}.
~~He~~ ^{He} ~~had~~ ^{had} less time for him ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~long~~ ^{long}
was taken ~~up~~ ^{up} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~night~~ ^{night},
when he had ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~sleep~~ ^{sleep} ~~alone~~ ^{alone},
he no longer had his ~~own~~ ^{own} little cot.
Alain, Jr. would ~~present~~ ^{take} it, and
Adi did not always like to
sleep with Angela who would tickle
~~him~~ ^{his body} everywhere and sometimes tell
him that he did not ~~try~~ ^{try} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~good~~ ^{good}.
Often, he would ~~sleep~~ ^{put a blanket} on the floor
just to escape her.

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their leader,
and if you
let anyone
hit him,
you will
be seeing

"This is my brother," he told me,
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] me." Whereupon, he departed.

Adolf came home that evening (198)
untouched, and Alois, Jr. took him aside.
"From now on," he ~~told~~ said, "I eat
the cream puffs first — as many as I
want. Don't you try to cry now, ^{momma's}
^{boy!} I ~~won't~~ won't," said Alois, holding
his breath as tightly as if he were
hanging from a rope.

To his surprise, he was good at the
war games. Since Passau was in Bavaria,
he always chose to fight on the
German side against the French.

Book 4 chs 1-6 double, ch 7, double, chs 8-11 triple 5/20/04

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Alois may have been weaving to a degree, yet, on his return, he was most certainly feeling too alive to enter the house. Instead, he sat by the hive-boxes and fished out a rubber tube he had been keeping in his pocket. Then, he burped. He had had sauerbraten and boiled potatoes ^{with} ~~plus~~ cucumber salad some hours ago, and could still taste those cucumbers. But the burp was agreeable. Despite the cold, he was in no hurry. He had his rubber-tube and he placed one end of it against the wall of the hive, and ~~so~~ began to listen to the thrumming of the tenement dwellers of his little city. A fine sound was there to hear, almost a tune, rich with little swells of contentment. He could ^{just about} swear to that, ~~or just about~~. Of course, why would